

2b

We would visit her friend Jessy McCarthy, an Irish comedienne whose son Wally was my own age, and we would sit on red plush seats in ornate saloon bars and nibble on dry spring cake and take sips of mother's port wine while she talked shop with her friend. Sometimes she took me on an excursion alone while Sydney was at school.

My earliest recollections are of London in the spring.

children soon forget.

"My young un" and the bread and butter. The queen's jubilee. Misery and sadness. I want my mother. I feel. I am distinguished.

I resent the grandchildren of the King. They give me a feeling of inferiority.

For some reason I am noticed for the first time by the authorities [?]. I sense it is because I am the son of an actor, a feeling my father was a great man. My mother refers to him as an artist who will finish up in the gutter.

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The Hon. Huey Long monopolizes the Congressional floor for six hours. Then immediately afterwards he rushed to print and in one paragraph explained what he had been trying to tell Congressmen in six hours, that the long and short of it. Either Huey must think [xxx] men are [xxx] we are distraught or maybe he wants to flatter us. If so he better try some other way.

[Notes on Hanwell]

There was a poetic beauty about Hanwell which saddened me as a child. The sadness was in the country air, the lanes, and in the shadows of the long rows of horse chestnut trees when we filed by in twos or on many country walks. It was in the yellow sunlit wheat fields. Now I understand the sadness of that beauty, which was that I was no part of it, no part of the lush scenery because I belonged to the school and the beauty was outside of it. I felt I was no part of it—no part of the lush scenery, like other children, because I belonged to the school. And all the beauty was outside of it. I felt I was no part of it, like other free children because I belonged to the school. The location in which the school was situated was beautiful. But we children never noticed it, or if we did, its beauty saddened us, because we were no part of it. Why is it that institutions, insane asylums and prisons are located in the most beautiful spots? Like graves and prisons they are usually in a beautiful locality. Now memory embellishes my childhood with poetic beauty and the anguish and despair I want to touch again, not for the sensation of [xxx], but for its magic.

I felt ponderously imprisoned although the school was secluded in a beautiful country side, no inmates were ever part of it—we were on the inside and the lush scenery was outside.

out of the poorhouse [xxx] Syd and I. A room with no bed in it.

My first visitation, my first book. Bachelor buttons.

Aldershot

The mimic deputizing for mother.

Mother tells me of [xxx] and the little girl on the swing.

As I grow, I feel a sense of shame. I realize we are poor and inferior. I enjoy my mother being pretty.

I lie to well dressed little boys. My mother turns up shabby at school.

[someone else's handwriting]

Ces hors d'ouvres ci sont plus mauvais que ceux-là que la
bonne a acheté

hier.

C'est le plus léger pain

Mon meilleur ami est à Paris

Le pain le plus léger

Bon meilleur le meilleur

Bien mieux le mieux

she found me sadly starring at her. "Cheer up," she said. "Aren't you glad to see me."

~~"Of course." I answered mournfully. "But you look different." "Naturally," she answered cheerily, patting her face with an old powder puff. I was away for eight years. I am thankful to be alive."~~

"Of course." I answered mournfully. "but you look different."

She knew what was on my mind. "Naturally," she said. "I've aged. But I'm thankful to be alive."

I remember I was impressed with the courage in her reply. It shook me out of my gloom and gradually she became again the adorable mother of my childhood.

I resented her beauty, her charm and talent for histrionics depressed me. Although I thought her wonderful, I openly expressed my dislike for her.

My love for Jesus was so extreme that a strong desire grew within me to die as soon as possible so as to meet my Jesus.

My pity for lambs going to slaughter. I am will for a week.

I discern beauty in a song: Honeysuckle and the Bee

I sense the magic of life, a feeling of its wonderment. I discover I can dance.

All dressed up and no place to go.

Feelings of artistry expressed by the desire of wanting to be a preacher.

Frustrated at 8. No way out of Lambeth.

Poverty and false pride. Our living quarters.

The story of Jesus and Jerusalem. The pretty Sunday school card that made me want to travel to the land of sunshine. But it cost 50 pounds to go there.

Sex impulse and a shyness born of inferiority. A yearning at the age of seven. My first [xxx] love at seven with a girl of fourteen.

[Notes for Biog]

The revolting realization that everything came out of the ground, a sudden loathing of nature because filth encourages growth.

I suppose all the emotional beginnings are important to a psychologist in determining the type and character of the man and explain his actions, potentialities, talents and leanings, which he later manifest in life.

The first humor came to me from my mother. It was her imitation of one of my father's aunts who had a peculiar way of speaking and talking through her nose. The first phrase I ever laughed at was: "You'll never get well if you pick this."

My mother told me was the expression of an aunt of my father's, and for some reason I thought it was funny. So did my mother.

Caricaturing humanity especially appealed to my mother. Her objectivity to life gave her a keen sense of humor, not alone about other people, but about herself.

She would sit at the window and comment on the pedestrians passing by, sitting inside, [xxx], as it were, and expressing their thoughts from observing their demeanor as they passed by. Some would slunk by looking aimlessly pre-occupied ahead.