

I have yet to know myself. Perhaps if my nostalgia persists, I am desiring to extend my life by going back. But I feel it is more than an extension of life. Nostalgia is not a satisfactory word to explain what I mean because it connotes more than one idea. The pathological part of the word destroys the beauty of it. Yet it almost expresses what I mean. One respect of it, as the psychologist would say, is the desire to return to the womb, for what reason I don't know, unless it is the uncomfortable job of waiting to be born again. I can think of much better places to return to. One hears the expression, I want to capture my childhood. I don't want to capture it, I want to meet it, the way one would want to meet an old friend.

It is more than just feeling the contrast of my present comfort to that of my past discomfort, that is unhappiness. In going back to those scenes of childhood.

Viewing those scenes of childhood, I believe I can better know myself. This is but one reason. Another reason is a mystic one, or to express it in modern terms, extending back into time and to meet those locales that created those impulses of intangible moments—of an ineffable poetry that childhood walks through unconsciously.

Only the perspective of years bring about that consciousness that was dreamlike poetry of pain and pleasure that we were enjoying.

And even now when visiting London I feel that unmistakable pull towards Lambeth, Kennington, Brixton, and other of my dream lands. And I am often embarrassed when newspaper men say, "Are you going to visit your old haunts again?" They are not haunts in their sense of the word.