

## PAST

Memory and nostalgia seem to be living evidence that the past exists. Memory calls up the past, enters into the nooks and crannies of personal events—old birthdays, girl-friends, stock market events—while nostalgia is a mood haven in which we can store past moments, and at our leisure pore over select events from the past. We can ruminate over the time when Aunt Jane came to dinner on the wrong evening, or chuckle to ourselves as we recall Uncle Charles' dramatic recounting of an encounter with a boa constrictor near Bomodi.

What though is the past, which we write of confidently in the preceding paragraph? Does it exist? Can you pose the question this way? Or if those flat footedly 'philosophic' questions fail to cut the mustard, here, how about asking the question this way? If the objects of memory or nostalgia or memory exist, where are they and what do they look like? Can we touch them? Can we show them to our children?

Admittedly a clever wordsmith can build a word house in which to house our increasingly intricate mind explanation, of the reality of the past and of nostalgia. I salute the brilliance of such a wordsmith. We are, however, not trying to win a game. We are just trying to make plain language sense, and to make sure we are not hurrying ourselves into constructing castles in Spain. That's, all we're up to.