

What is behind the hysteria of jazz? A "sunshine" chameleon. A Duke Ellington ect and other orchestras ect. packing the "houses" and the audiences going beserk over music [xxx] and [xxx] It only [xxx] being an artificial, pretentious imitation of Africa [xxx] dance. But entirely without its drama and vitality. Is it the people's revolt against modernism? Parallel with their jazz music is the popularity of the Hillbilly songs. Sixteen tons ect. Is it destined for the present century? At the revival of The Gold Rush I noticed a teenage boy of about 17. His laughter was interesting. It had a lateral divisiveness and an irony about it. When it came to the sentimental parts, I could hear him exclaim "Gee!" Then silence. It seemed that he did not want to go all the way with the character—even in the laughter. He was keeping his laughter outside of the picture and the character. The whole tone of his laughter was [xxx] and objective and self conscious as though ashamed of it.

This morning as I sat at breakfast I looked at my twelve-year-old son as he closed his large brown eyes for a moment and stared langorously from the effects of a good night sleep. An expression of rare beauty comes at moments over every child's face. As he looked down at the table, his nostrils flicked, as did the corners of his full mouth, which, afterwards, winced—an expression of [xxx] sensuousness. As I gazed at him, I endeavored to analyze what was the charm of youth—the mystery of its beauty. Like life, youth is a mystery, a state of wonderment that is its attraction. What I mean is that the unattractiveness of old age is the lack of wonderment. The charm of youth is that

it cannot understand itself, it is continuously searching and discovering more [xxx] in itself—more wonderment. Youth, its soul is self love, vitality and excitement. Its [xxx] potential sorrow and disappointment.

There is no such thing as disorder in life, no matter how you confuse a thought to other people, it is always clear to oneself.