

Today is my birthday. Today I am 14 years old. The time is 4:40 and the date is December 13th. I am in the library. For my birthday I received a record of Roland Kirk's album "We Free Kings", and a shirt. I feel... I don't know how I feel. This feeling is unexplainable. It is a feeling of existence. It's getting dark outside.

Opposite me there is a shelf of books. I will describe them: "Anthology of World poetry", "The Oxford Companion to American Literature", "The American Treasury 1455-1955", "A Library of Literary Criticism", "Masters of American Literature", "The Oxford Books of American Verse", "Digest of great American Plays", "The Oxford Companion to English Literature", "The New Century handbook of English literature", "The Concise Cambridge History of English literature", "The Viking Book of Poetry of the English speaking World" in two volumes, "The Oxford book of English Verse", "An Oxford Anthology of English Poetry", "The Home Book of Verse, Vol I", and others, on into the thousands. Wait a minute. I'll go get one.

Without looking, I reached in and took one. It's "Milton Cross' Encyclopedia of the Great Composers and their Music." Volume II

The words above were written four days ago. I didn't finish my description because I saw my mother outside, waiting for me, so I went home to listen to my new Roland Kirk record.

This girl which I mentioned here

Several days ago - her name is Tamara. Her real name is Sonya but everyone calls her Tamara, and that is what I call her. Saturday, being dizzy and aimless after "The Manchurian Candidate", walked down to Calvin's (now Aaron's), in, she gave me her terrific smile, I smiled back and filled her in on the dazed look in my eyes and the movie which had turned me inside out - I asked if they had any cups for the water machine with empty cup dispenser, alas, they had none, so I went over and selected a record - Bobby Scott's "A Taste of Honey" and asked Tamara to play it. She did so and I sat down on piano-bench to listen to nice boppish, David Elmout-like music. Which was too much, not only for me but also for the customers, so we had to take it off much to my irritation right in the middle of the 3rd band. I went and browsed some more, later, when there weren't so many customers, I picked up Ray Charles/Milt Jackson's "Soul Brothers", slit the cellophane cover with my thumb to open it and told Tamara to put it on, I had it and she would die listening to the purity and truth of crying blues, "How Long Blues" She did so, and we sat down to listen, she on floor, me on piano-chair, but soon on floor too, so as to hear better. Taken away by the music, I sat there, blank look in eyes, thumb-

nail in mouth, childlike and innocent, when I saw, in a car passing by and staring at me with sarcastic smile of the one who sees an idiot, Critchet, queen of teenage bitches, looking disdainfully at nonconformist me from her popularity whirlpool. But she hell with her - and with all those ~~for~~ production like people, too busy doing nothing to ever be different, to ever think, to ever see, hear, smell, cry, laugh, scream, moan, or do any other thing real humans do. Those people are not lucky. They are not glamorous. They are ridiculous. They are absurd. I do not envy them. I pity them. For they will never know the beauty of Roy Charles' crying alto saxophone. They add nothing beautiful to anyone's life, and therein is their absurdity. The only life worth living is the one which brings beauty to one's fellow man. For, as Ornette Coleman said, "Beauty is a rare thing" Beauty is the great gift of life. If we do not give beauty to someone, we are worthless. For, God or no god, this is our purpose on earth, to ~~spread beauty~~ ~~and truth~~. Bring happiness, and beauty - which in itself is the only real, unshakable truth - to each other.