

Read the horribly revealing and embarrassing sequel to “Beta” entitled “5-Year”. Books 1-5 (approximately 50 thousand words or 110 pages) of “5-Year” are available as a PDF download for just \$2. Paypal and credit card accepted. Go to <http://www.pigzenspace.com/5year.html> to get your copy.

BOOK 1

4-8-3

While my oatmeal's cooking I'll start this thing off.

Wait a second. I just heard someone call me weird.

I guess I could've imagined it, or maybe it was telepathy. I don't know for sure.

Anyway, this promises to be about as fun as an ass-probe with a serving-fork.

This'll be my story.

Nobody was innocent, so none of the names'll need to be changed.

I hope the experience for me is more like projectile vomit than dry heaves.

Pen just died, right on time for me to eat.

First off, there are a couple ground rules. Some for me, some for you.

I intend to write down every ugly nugget of this bizarre tale, so mom if you don't want to hear it, stop reading now. Might not be a bad idea.

It'll be like the time when I was 16 and had to fess up to having caught the crabs... but times a million and a ½. By the way, I subsequently caught the crabs 5 more times - or at least I thought I had. They're hard to see.

Sometimes I wasn't sure but napalmed 'em anyway. Once you've had the crabs, you damn well never want 'em again. They're hard to tolerate.

I intend to write this shit down and keep movin' ahead. I will not be re-reading what I've written. I'll forbid myself to proofread or re-check. And when,

if ever, I type the motherfucker into a computer it's goin' down word 4 word. Nonlinear and scatterbrained et alia.

You should know that although I'm trying to tell my story and stickin' to it...it is still just a story. Reason being that the English language, or any other that I know of, is not perfect, not infinite, cannot capture actual events. So, this is more like a surrealist interpretation. Whatever.

Jesus I need to stop for a second. This isn't going to be any fun. Cigarette break.

Where am I now?

I'm in the bedroom of my apartment at 2355 Griffith Park Blvd., LA, CA, 90039. I'm sitting on my bed. The blanket below me is a virulently ugly shade of pea-green. The fabric is scientifically formulated 'poly-something'. My older brother Rob "loaned" this pilgrim-blanket to me when I moved out of my college dormitory in '91. He found it on the grassy hill of Scot's Stadium after a University of Virginia football game. I like it.

There's a cigarette burn to my right. I put that there probably in about '93 or so. Burned a hole right through it. It turns out poly-something fabric is not impermeable to intense heat.

I'm leaning against a rust-orange colored 'husband' - what a bad name for furniture - my friend Amyt gave me when I turned 20. He also gave me a bottle of vodka.

Looking forward I see my accumulated possessions that made it out here to CA in the Ford.

There's an old black bookcase I've known since childhood. Its twin is in my parent's house in Morehead City, NC. This one stands filled with 2 ½ months worth of crap including:

1. Books - a couple by Depoch Shoprah, some sci-fi, and some historical fiction a la Richard Sharpe - good read those.

2. Receipts, bank machine offal - didn't balance my ✓ book for a month and ½ 'cause I just didn't give a fuck.
3. Writing pads with to do lists, lyrics and album title ideas - the latest: 'soft gee'.
4. A tin my Ford travel alarm clock came in which I keep condoms in - I buy Trojan Magnums and wink at the check out girl when I buy 'em - that is a lie - I don't wink.
5. A notebook I used last year when I was crusading for a record deal for my band Lystra - then a duo, or 'two-piece'.
6. A mostly empty packet of musty smelling incense.
7. A check from Wolfgang Puck Catering - my employer - that I haven't cashed yet but did sign already underneath the warning: We're all goin' ta hell.

The table stands (a bookcase is a kind of table I guess) about as high as my knee - I'm 6'5" with shoes on. The paint is black and worn off around the edges showing the dirty brown of the wood grain. Today, you go out and buy a painted bookcase and below the paint, guess what, crappy particleboard bet you your next good idea.

My parents must have had this in the living room or their room as we 3 kids were growing up because it reached old age without Batman stickers or racing decals. We three: Rob oldest now 34, me middle now 31, Sam youngest now 29.

Just a guess - I'm overly descriptive. I'll circle the nouns and highlight the verbs for those impatient readers. Just fuckin' with ya.

Atop it - we all know what "it" is don't we, sits my travel clock. I bought it for \$11 on sale at the Ford dealership. Admittedly it was an impulse buy. The clock unfolds itself. You just push a button and it

stands itself up. Cool. It has a calculator function and can tell time in 8 different time zones. Just in case I happen to find myself in Rio de Janeiro I can hit a button and BOOM! Accurate time. Made in China.

Also made in China is the one-liter thermos standing beside it. It is wrought of silvery metal and has a black plastic top. I bought two of them. I brew the loose tea my mom bought for me from the health food co-op in them. English Breakfast.

When I went up to pay for my thermoses the two girls at the discount store checkout were kind of flirty. I paid by credit card, and when I had to sign on the sci-fi plastic surface with the "pen", I just scribbled something down.

The girl, the brunet - like I remember - asked, "Is that your signature?" As if I was just warming up or something.

I went on about how the credit card wasn't really mine. Joggin' their ears you see. Blah blah, hah hah, etc. She looked at my DL, that's drivers license for you who didn't guess, and said how I looked a lot...how did she put it...worse now.

I was unshaven, probably with dark circles around my eyes etc. I said the picture was my evil twin. The blond - there was no blond - said she had an evil twin and the two girls and I kind of chuckled. "Like Superman" one of them said.

As I was walking out they girlishly laughed and I heard one of them ask, "Do you think that was Superman?" Piss break.

Beside the thermos which I just refilled (not with pee smart ass - tea); is (ooh I just used a semicolon, gotta cut that out) a coffee mug which I bought in a thrift store in a 'burb of DC one time I when I was shopping with my ex-girlfriend Teresa; about whom I still have murky unknowable emotions. 'Murky' by the way is law school lingo for 'hard to distinguish'.

I bought two mugs, one of which was black with gold lettering (about some embassy or some shit) and this one, which is still in heavy rotation. It's white Pyrex or maybe Fire King. On the front is a rendition of some pervert-looking flasher type in a hat and raincoat with baggy eyes and a quixotic look on his face. Above him is the emblem "Acacia Mutual Bad Guy". The back reads, "I had a bad idea". Funny to me...epitome.

On the back half of the bookstand is a cool lamp Teresa gave me for my 28th. It arrived at my DC apartment in a box with a b-day card and a shirt I think. Oh yeah, she also gave me a cool clipboard made of joined sections of pretty wood.

I wasn't the happiest kid on the block Oct. 5, 1999, so receiving this lamp etc., was quite a lift. This was when I was in law school. I'll tell ya about it later.

The lamp is wrought of silvery metal with an adjustable-flex type neck. It stands on a round base with a simple black on/off rocker switch. It has a cone-shaped head with a rounded back, ventilated with breathing holes in a circle. A full spectrum bulb is screwed into its mouth. Studies show children learn better under full spectrum bulbs. I don't have any children but I'm not done yet. Learning that is.

To the left of the lamp, my right if I turn to face it, more accurately further into the foreground - is a glass of water. But, my friend, it's not that simple.

The glass is a heavy survivor of a glass. Heavy duty, and approximately pint-size, it's the mixing glass of a Boston shaker I bought for freelance catering work.

It's odd going into rich, and I do mean rich, people's houses in Beverly Hills to bartend or wait. I've worked for people who've got pictures of them with Barbara Streisand, or she's their kids' godparent or something. I've worked for movie stars like Burt Reynolds and Ann Bancroft. Sexy woman. Ann Bancroft I mean.

I dropped this glass...more like knocked it off the table...and watched in fascination as it bounced off the metal legs of the chair in the corner to hit the floor (wood pattern linoleum "hardwood" over a concrete slab). It wasn't even chipped. Wanted more in fact. That night I dreamt it was broken.

Behind the glass are a few more things and then my special little catalogue is complete. A Leatherman. A buck-knife. Two 50-cent pieces.

But of course, you germ of a person, it's not that simple. Gem, I meant gem.

The Leatherman. The last of a long line.

My first one, I'll call it L1, was stolen off the top of my Marshall half-stack between sound-check and show-time at a one-time club on Ave. A and 11th street called Brownies. The manager and later owner of the club also happened to be the manager of my old band Capsize 7.

Capsize 7 would arrive in New York, unload our shit into Brownies' basement via the doors on the sidewalk, and go sleep where we slept (usually friends and/or co-workers from our record label Caroline). Brownies was like home away from home. So it ticked me off when L1 was stolen there.

L2 I lost I don't know when, where.

L3 I lost in the woods outside Teresa's apartment when we were first dating, roughly 5 and ½ years ago. I put a fence in her backyard so her annoying / crazy-as-shit Border collie could run around a little while barking itself hoarse. The shabby fence I put up wasn't much of an obstacle to the dog, whose name was_____. Fuck I don't remember. I left a blank for... a - ha! Barney. Well Barney escaped easily.

The neighbors called the cops about Barney's barking. So the dog went to stay with Teresa's then still married mother and deeply disturbed father. Not a good turn of events for the dog.

Not too long after relocating, the dog got hit by a car on a nearby highway. Teresa suspected, and I have no reason to doubt, that Mr. Henry "Hank" Caulfield had a helping hand in Barney's death. Maybe a little 'park by the highway at night and let doggie go for a little run'...while barking itself hoarse.

Hank once told me to my face about shooting one of Teresa's cats with a .45.

Anyway I looked for a long time and never found L3 in the scrub trees and bushes I put that fence through.

L4, once again who knows...bottom of a drawer of some chest in storage maybe?

So L5 sits on my black bookcase.

The file of the Leatherman is dirty with corrosion from cleaning off the battery terminal on my mom's Honda, which I drove in law school, and parts thereafter. The terminal would get so corroded I'd have to pop the hood and slap a monkey wrench on the positive for a good connection. Did that for a couple months till I finally bought a new screw-on heavy-duty after-factory terminal-end from the auto parts store.

Funny to remember...I'd go down to the parking level after class (the building was built to be a mall) and pop-slap crank-click bang-go. Got pretty quick at it. No wonder I was ostracized at school. That plus everyone thought I was some kind of a pervert. I'll tell you about it later...they hated me already before that. The whole pervert thing was just a perfect way to make it fucking painful. Not impossible mind you. But, I'm getting ahead of myself. You'll see. I'm going to write it all down. It's a little gift to myself.

So I've had L5 for 3 ½ probably 4 years. It's an old soldier, doing a good job of stickin' around.

I put the Leatherman on my right hip towards the back when I'm playing guitar. Not because it makes me look tough, although I know it has that effect, but so I

can utilize it. After all, I'm a superhero according to some, and therefore I need a utility belt.

The lock-blade buck-knife is beside L5. Something else I 'borrowed' from Rob about 7 years ago.

I used to carry it in my pocket. I'd walk around Greenwich Village with my duffel bag (Uncle George's sea bag from the Marine Corp so not actually a "duffel" bag). I'd have this knife in my pocket and it's 3am. I'm walking from Brownies or some bar to Stuto's apartment on 13th and 2nd, remembering how he told us about witnessing someone getting knifed on the sidewalk. I'd feel real secure at 6'5" 165 lbs. with my 2 ½ inch lock blade.

Of course the ubiquitous, "That's not a knife... This is a knife."

I remember carrying it in my pocket when I'd fly to LA from NC before our government...er...ah...the terrorists took down the twin towers.

I'd had lunch with Amyt the April before that happened in 'Windows on the World', the restaurant at the top of one of the twins.

There was an old black man working as a custodian in the restaurant's men's room. He'd give you a towel. You'd give him a quarter if you weren't sophisticated enough to understand the art of gratuity, or a buck or two if you were, and were in a suit to boot. He was short in stature, gray at the temples, with a kind face. I wonder if he is still alive. Probably not.

I'd carry the buck-knife in my pocket when I'd fly out here to LA in the mid-nineties to see my college girlfriend Jennifer. Flew with it in my pocket when Capsize 7 came out to LA to record our second full-length record. That record is 'still in the can'.

Coincidentally, I'm listening to Drive Like Jehu right now. Mark Trombino, the drummer for Drive Like Jehu, produced and engineered that last Capsize 7 recording.

Beside the buck-knife there are two 50-cent pieces stacked one atop the other. One's a bicentennial and one's from 1971...same as me (I too am from 1971).

Got one in change at the post office and one when I was working at my parent's bookshop this past winter. It's called 'The Bookshop - New and Used' by the way. Between K-Mart and Food Lion.

These coins are instrumental in my decision making process. If I have a choice to make, "Should I do this?" "Is blah-blah a good idea?" I flip the coin. Then I get a second opinion.

In a tight spot? Faced with a dilemma? Ask the coin. Right every time.

There's lots of neat stuff in my room. All of it's mine. I've named some of the more pertinent pieces since I'll be looking at them as I pause, pen poised in the air or touching my lip, thoughtful expression on my handsome face.

This way you'll have a better idea of where I'm coming from. Perhaps the same way you'd better understand a photograph if you knew its periphery or what was behind the photographer...or behind the painter for that matter.

For instance, when Marilyn Monroe stood on the grate and the blow from the subway blew her dress up around her legs - behind the photographer, was there a crowd? Was there a man and wife walking by, the woman looking stern-faced at her gaping husband. Are those two things separate, or connected?

Beside me on my bed...my twin-bed mattress and firm, comfortable box spring...I actually just spelled that comftorble...I better go eat some raisins my blood sugar must be low... my comfortable if not a bit small bed...my feet and ankles hang off the end...me and my new girlfriend barely fit...snugly in a nice way you could

say...we stay at her place but have napped here before...we have yet to have sex in my apartment but have at hers thank the lard...no breach of protocol the artsy model-actor who lives above me never gets laid...again thank the lard...probably still hasn't figured out he's gay yet...

Anyhow - 'well I never!' - okay, beside me is an old lacrosse jersey from when I was about 12. Rob played on this team...it was in the big-kid league and the shirt is big too... it's see-through so much of the cotton is somewhere else now. The jersey is a mustardy yellow and #22. My lucky number, or part of it: 222.

We played lacrosse in Charlottesville, Virginia, a city so cosmopolitan that the sophisticated sport of lacrosse is played in the public high schools. The jersey sits on my yellow sheets, again thinning to see-through. The sheets are faded daisy-yellow with stronger yellow and orange diagonal stripes. They're as old as I am. My pillow is where it should be...where my head goes dumb ass...the cover is a nice mustard-yellow made that way from washings with new blue sweatshirts and the like.

The pillow itself is a foam pillow also as old as me, as opposed to the feather pillow that was my grandparents, probably stuffed in the late 1800s early 1900s with the feathers of birds since gone extinct. It's stuffed behind my back now helping the husband to support me. I don't know what I'd do without the support of my husband. Not to mention all those dead, extinct birds.

The girl that broke Teresa's and my heart wore that shirt the night I cheated on Teresa for the first and only time in 5 years. That is if you don't count Maureen, the girl I fooled around with when I was so drunk I couldn't think...floating around in the Sound off the deck of Sam's girlfriend Charlotte's parent's house.

We went skinny-dipping. It was right before I went to law school. Sam and Charlotte were out of sight on their own. I asked Maureen if she wanted to float

around for a while. Kindly put, a voluptuous girl. I touched her breasts and brought her to orgasm with my hand while she stroked me with hers. I remember asking her if what we were doing was okay with her and talking about me cheating on Teresa, about how I was about to go to law school, about how blah blah...I was more wasted by far than her...I remember talking about how casual sex was insignificant. She likened it to eating a bag of Cheeto's.

I told her I just wanted to hold her for a while. And Jesus - we were both naked single people in the warm water of the Sound between MHC and Atlantic Beach. The stars were out. She asked me to kiss her. I didn't. It would have been cheating to me while - I don't know how - what I was doing with my right hand wasn't. Some heavy breathing later and after declining to fuck her which (according to my fuzzy memory of it) was up to me...I declined cause once again I didn't want to cheat on Teresa...how fucked is that...not to mention no condom...She pushed me away huffily and said "Bag of Cheeto's". Cheater. Cheetos. Get it?

I made my way to the dock where it turns out we were within sight of Sam who'd been wondering what happened to us. I said to Sam - "I just came close to cheating on Teresa but I didn't." A truth and a lie.

Sam had a concerned and I think hurt look on his face, and looked relieved when I said this and I felt guilty. Later I told him the whole story because this incident was the first sledgehammer to my identity and the fracture was there. No denying it. Once again Teresa I'm sorry. Now you know all of it. No more hurt for you I swear to God.

It's evening now. REM is the background music. Thought I just heard someone say "computer". That's the latest slander. It's funny. I don't quite get it. May have been my never gettin' laid upstairs neighbor or someone else. Who knows? Problem is once you open that

door, the one that allows seemingly impossible facts into your life; it's awful hard to shut that door all the way. Know what I mean? Too bad for you. I guess.

Like I said it's evening and I just ate a massive plate of pasta, sausage and onion, spinach, etc...so it's slowin' me down just a little. You might want to read a little slower to get in the mood.

I had a dream I was yelling at you Teresa. I felt bad about it, so I just gave you a call a couple hours ago and left a message.

In the dream we were driving in your truck. We'd picked up some guy with long blondish brown hair like mine used to be; he wore a tank top and had a wiry muscular frame. He was polite to me even though I was givin' him shit to make sure he didn't get any ideas about you. We were all in the cab, you sat between us, the blond guy was driving-steering, but the pedals for some reason were on my side. I was horsing it to make him drive like he meant it. We stopped up in the mountains - like Asheville I guess - and there was snow on the ground.

You were telling me that you wanted to take me up there to see the snow. That it was pretty. I was yelling at you about how I didn't give a shit about any snow about how I grew up in Connecticut, and Virginia where we got a lot of snow, and I didn't care about it.

I was frantically irrationally angry with you...but of course I was upset about something else altogether. I needed to be somewhere you see. So we got back in the truck and my legs felt so weak. I couldn't push the pedals no matter how hard I tried. I told you "my legs are so tired". Soon we stopped and long hair guy - me I'm guessing - got out and started walking up a path beside the road. He was carrying something, I don't remember what. A sad dream.

Teresa, I'm sorry I hurt you...I cried about it the night you called all upset. You sounded like you did

last year when you'd call here upset and I'd try to soothe you.

After we talked I went to Brigitte's place...I had said on the phone that I hadn't made it with anyone yet...well the opportunity came up...and to put it mildly I did not. Our talk put a major dent in my thinking.

The last time I'd talked to you you'd told me that you'd been seeing someone. Well that night I went to a bar and whadya know I got Brigitte's phone #. First time I'd gone out to a bar on my own since being back in LA.

So when I heard you upset, it fucked my head up. I didn't eat for two days. On the 3rd day I walked down the street - Melrose of all streets - and got a smoothie at Jamba Juice when Brigitte was getting one. I had been trying to fast for 3 days but after that I ate. Glad I did.

But anyway that fast of green tea and cigarettes was largely showing the universe (with you in it) that I could play hardball too. The night I cried there was a windstorm in LA, winds up to 65/70 mph and a tiny earthquake too. All for me. I'm so lucky.

Rumor has it...like I'm getting into my car outside a café and hear "He's probably going home to cry now"...that I'm weepy cause everybody's always pickin' on me. Yeah well fuck them I kick their asses and only notice the smudge on my boot later.

Dude in the practice room next to mine..."Yeah he was cryin' and she was rubbin' his stomach...everybody in the complex heard it..." and then when he heard me opening the door "I wouldn't blame him you know blah blah blah...".

Hey I admit I've been fucked with and I think it may have made me cry one time like 3 years ago in DC when I was totally cracked. But not since and not again...maybe choked up once or twice on the phone, once or twice, but you wont tell anyone will you? Funny shit.

Oh yeah, sorry Brigitte about including you in this sordid tale. I still haven't worked out if you're aware of it or not...my infamy that is. You have noticed we get stared at wherever we go though. Puzzling? Keep reading. Oh and I won't tell anybody about how you like me to pull your hair when I'm kissing you and we're doin' it. OOPS!

Jesus my hand is starting to cramp. Usually that only happens when I'm jerkin off, only kidding. I just called Chris, I'm goin' over to his place to work on mixing down the latest and hopefully last Lystra demo. I hate that word. Demo. D-mo. What a gay word.

4-9-3

It's morning and I just got back from Brigitte's place. Got lucky with her, not last night...I mean in general. Pronounced heneral with a twist of the mustachio or 'el bigote'. "Not last night" due to biological timing issues...'nuf said.

To clarify the REM record for the second half of yesterday was Reckoning. Now I'm listening to classic guitar. Sounds kind of Spanish, I have my old stereo, which I'll eventually get around to telling you about in a cupboard above my closet. Sometimes when I have this CD playing...usually when I'm sleepy...I imagine a somber faced old Spanish gent up there sitting with his tiny legs slung off the side playing a little guitar.

Sometimes he'll look at me in between songs and ask in his thick accent, "Would you like to play a little guitar?" Then before I can answer he'll laugh and begin to play another song. Ah the imagination, so spicy, so calm, so chaotic, yet peaceful like a meadow. I need to drink some tea and smoke a cigarette.

How odd I seem to be wearing exactly the same clothes (with the exception of a t-shirt) as I was yesterday.

Oh yes, I didn't take a shower...failed to get around to it.

I got back from buying a weight bench for \$50 from some kid on the coast (cleaned up it's worth about \$350). I then wrote sum and went to mix down. No shower. Though I did consider it when I got in my car to leave Chris'.

I leaned over, pulled my tee away from my right armpit, and...SNUFF. "Yes, that does smell a little off." I thought.

I considered the time 10:40 already. If I go shower and change I'll only have about 10 minutes of consciousness with Brigitte, who gets up early as hell.

I figured I wasn't that bad, and besides it had almost been 4 weeks of dating. Perhaps it was time for the one-day un-showered challenge. And then I thought, maybe if she does notice she'll think: "Gee, he likes me enough to be so confident as not to shower before coming over. He must value spending time with me to the degree that he will avoid going home to shower and change, just to see me." You see, it all works out.

In short I have on the following. Redwing boots, brown dyed black per special request, over the ankle...top three are speed laces...size 12 ½ (I guess - bought 'em 3 years ago). Black redwing socks, work-socks bought same time and place as the boots. Brown, dark like black coffee, virgin wool trousers, pleated size 36 waist, hemmed by Teresa back in Asheville, also about 3 ½ years old. A black leather Brooks Brothers 38" belt, had to punch a new hole in it with L5 cause I'm so lean and good lookin' now. Jimi Hendrix tee given me by my brother Sam on my 15th b-day seventeen (oh shit!) years ago this fall. A dark blue sweatshirt...x-mas gift from mom year before last. Black knit watch cap...read wool 'whatever they're called'...stocking cap...duh can't think, more tea. The tag says "Cap, Knit, Watch, Wool 100%". Gift from Teresa x-mas, b-day or spontaneous, can't for the life of me remember which. Dark blue Hanes boxer-

briefs. Fingernail polish...an ugly color on my right hand. Index finger. The remnants of Channel Egoist Platinum deodorant. I'm such a Fancy Dan.

Currently I'm holding one of my dad's gold plated Exxon pens. I'm weighing in at, I'd guess - not been on a scale since January - about 180 lbs. That's just cause I hate to admit I probably weigh 175 fully dressed and soaking wet.

After all that time grunting and taking the lords name in vain on the weight bench, I've managed to add a whopping ten lbs. of muscle to my frame in the past 8 years. Way to go Champ. "Adrienne!"

I've got light brown hair that was blond and curly when I was younger and still gets that way sometimes. It's going gray gradually beginning (so stylishly I might add) at the temples. It's currently that in-between goofy length. I'm not much to look at from the side being a thin, ass-less man. But I can look imposing if I face you cause I'm fairly broad shouldered, which I inherited from my father. Unfortunately I didn't get his bone structure en toto, his wrists are massive, the kind of wrists you'd be glad to see swinging a fire-axe to rescue you from danger.

If you saw my skinny wuss musician's wrists swinging that axe you'd just scream louder.

I did get the big hands though which is cool for guitar playing. Six fret stretch ain't no sweat. I've got a heavy brow, which makes me look serious, and high forehead from my mom's side of the family, but the rugged handsome good looks are all Taylor. Nah I'm a pretty little thing from my mom's side. Whatever. I've only got one tooth and I'm cross-eyed all the time except for that blessed four or five minutes after receiving a blow-job...when I can finally see straight.

Wouldn't ya know it but every item I mentioned on my person has an interesting history behind it. But Christ on a cupcake I don't know if I'm up for it yet...all that storytellin' sure is wearisome.

Before I get into all that, I'll tell you a little about my morning...and why it is I've got the time to sit on my ass and write all day. It appears I am pre-imminently unemployable. Over-under-lefty-(I am)-oddly qualified to cater on occasion and play music.

Being notorious, being Superman, has its drawbacks. I've been told I've been hired three times...to later get the cold shoulder.

Not that my resume is that awesome...I have a habit of quitting a job after four or five months or three...and moving. But anyhow.

Walking back from parking my car (today is get-a-ticket Wednesday) this sorta pretty girl jingled her keys at me.

I know it sounds crazy but this shit really happens, honest engine.

I no longer care if it's mockery or support but that jinglin' the keys thing seems to be the latest way of those in the know to say 'hi' to me.

That and blowing your nose like a horn, which I've been doing since I was a child, and seems to have caught on around here.

This dude (or dudes?) in Brigitte's complex waggles his key chain when he walks by her bedroom. Blows his nose like a fuckin' train every mornin' about 7 o'clock.

So this girl as I'm walkin' back from my car does the key thing. She's not getting' into a car or anything sensible like that. She just wanted to say, "I know".

So I'm walkin' by and smokin' a cigarette and I shake my head side to side like "well la-ti-da" and keep walking. Block and a half later I cross the street and look back. She's a little farther down the road now. I looked at her, she looked down kinda guiltily.

Sum total of the interaction...she's not too bad lookin'. Wonder if she's got a crush on me now.

Oh yeah, as I was walking into my apartment building through the faggy little gate that I want to

chain to the back of the ford and drive away with, a car drives by and says "Oh" or "Joe". I couldn't tell which so I just gave 'em the nonchalant pistol finger casually pointed down.

I'm the Fonz of the freaks I guess.

So, the trick is, in short, when I was in law school in DC, the word is that my neighbor- upstairs- side-combo? (I don't know because I've never gotten anyone to tell me the straight dope even though I've confronted probably a dozen people and even offered them up to \$250 to tell me the fuckin' deal) the word is that I was some kind of perverted jerk off who spent all day watching internet porn and moaning and groaning when I spooed.

So, over time, I was given the nickname 'The Beater'.

As I go on I'll explain everything that happened in DC in detail and my reasons for thinking these apparently paranoid, but so sadly and humorously truthful things.

There's so much to it I promise you'll laugh till your shirt's wet around the collar with tears and drawers are full to bursting with the foments of uncontrollable bowels.

Just a couple more weird trips before we go on.

I'm also supposed to be some kind of genius cause I had all this planned...or some kind of Jesus-figure cause I'm still a nice guy despite it all. That and people can hear what I'm thinking sometimes.

No shit!

I want a view of the geraniums from my padded locker, please sir.

Oh yeah, that car driving by just reminded me. Starting in DC and continuing wherever I've lived since, only dying down recently since I guess they've figured I'm winning or some shit now, people drive by where I live and honk.

You know honkin' past the law school, honkin' past my apartment, honkin' past where I work, honkin' past my house, honkin' past my parent's house.

My enemies show such admirable solidarity for a bunch of pussies.

True, I've got a lot of shit in my head but it's organized into neat little piles. I swear.

I will try to get it all down and my reasoning behind it in some understandable fashion. There's a lot so be patient. It may not, as promised, make any damn sense so too bad for you but I did say no editing.

I seriously won't read any of this shit even once after it's written. Makes it kinda disjointed, like how I mentioned Jenny yesterday and still haven't gotten around to explaining. Well you'll just have to wait.

It's 11 am and I've run out of tea and I'm hungry. Break time.

Makin' oatmeal.

Cheap breakfast. I worked it out once to 8 cents a day.

Buy the oats + raisins (respectively one cup and ¼ cup a day) bulk...thanks again to mom's health food co-op. Pour some black strap molasses and rice-milk in and - BOOM! Healthy meal. That's what a freak like me eats for a routine.

And one more thing...

Sometimes I think there are undercover government agents doggin' my trail. I'll mention a couple examples later.

Here's a life-of-Beater story for ya.

Just a couple days ago some preppy lookin' kids hit me with a "Ohhh" as they were driving by in heavy traffic.

I said, "What was that man?" not really angry but willing to play.

The longhaired hippy boy laughed, maybe 20 years old I'd guess...so I chased 'em.

I nosed out into their lane and got after 'em as fast as I could. I turned the corner and went a couple blocks lookin' for 'em, but they were gone. Too bad.

Not that I'd have hurt 'em if I had caught 'em. But I certainly would have yelled at them. Because, social conditioning to the contrary notwithstanding, yelling at people in anger...even if you're really not that angry, is quite fun.

In the past 2 months I've had two good yell-at-an-asshole encounters. One was in a bar, one was in traffic, and both times I was clearly in the right.

Rob says I'm the only adult he knows who does this and that it's unstable behavior.

O.K. Rob is usually right but I've got to disagree on this one.

Yelling at assholes is a fun, healthy, good time. (3 yell-at-asshole experiences if you count the guy outside Trader Joes who asked me if I had time to hear him talk about the AFLCIO or ACLU...I don't fucking remember which.)

Oh yeah, I also receive psychic dreams about future events in my life. Like Merlin, it seems I'm living my life in reverse. Examples to follow.

Added now to the list of things on my bedside black bookcase is an upside down pill container to remind me to get more vitamin P today.

I've been taking Prozac since last Oct. It's not bad shit. Took a while to kick in, but then it kinda made me feel just a tiny bit stoned all the time.

Little things seem more interesting. Things seem funnier. Etc.

I used to swear I'd never take an antidepressant thinking they were for pussies and that if you just didn't drink too much and got exercise you'd be fine. I was wrong. Give me vitamin P.

Pause.

I just took a break to assemble my weight bench.

Nice damn weight bench. It's massive, "Olympic", very tough looking. I didn't even put the 45 lbers on the bar...do that a couple times and I'm through. Gonna have to work up to it.

Metallica is playing loud now: "Kill Em All".

Okay it's quarter to one. I cater at 7 pm. Gotta leave here at 6:15 er so making time for traffic. Start getting ready about 5:15 shower, shave, iron, etc. 4 ½ hours. Maybe I'll be able to get through describing what I'm wearing and still have time to eat and lift weights. We'll see.

So anyway. I guess it all started around the time of my 10-year high school reunion. I can remember driving from DC to Morehead in late August I think, or maybe it was September, and listening to a Deepak Shoprah tape, along with study tapes for my classes which I'd made on my 4-track.

The guru was telling me about how anything is possible, we are just energy and other forms of energy, namely the rest of the universe, is sympathetic to your will. You want it you got it, simply put.

So I'm thinking, "Oh yeah - well guess what: I sure as fuck don't want to be a lawyer, in fact, I want to be a musician so, universe, I hereby make that happen." Shazam! Soon enough to become true.

So at my high school reunion I get wasted and play ping pong with old classmates and only occasionally have to fend off jokes about "Elvis" Taylor or "big-shot gonna be a rock-star but look at you now".

Capsize 7 did well enough that people could reasonably have thought I had a shot. Anyway people love to kick the fallen mighty and I got my share.

So I got back to the Washington College of Law where I'm sure I exuded contempt and hatred for all the frat boy over-achiever types around me. After all I did hate them with vitriol only the kicked fallen mighty can imagine. I guess I thought I was better than them and tried to stay aloof. Didn't give out my correct phone #

to the registrar, etc. I made few friends, and from the get go I was the outsider.

Not just that but the tall good-looking very smart outsider who walked around like he was bad as shit. The perfect guy to hate.

I wasn't even dating due to the fact that I was staying true to Teresa. We talked every night on the phone. Hung up saying "I love you". Later in school I'd start to get that too "I love you." People would say it under their breath around me. That's what I mean by "get that". You know, mockery?

Mockery by classmates, usually short guys and fat chicks. They seem to have the biggest gripe.

Three years previous to law school I had been on tour with the last Lollapalooza ('96), playing the third or 'indie' stage.

Capsize 7 was enjoying the product of six years of working hard, touring our asses off for almost two years, and dreaming so very hard.

Hopes.

The contract Capsize 7 signed with Sony Music Publishing and Caroline Records (3 record deal) denotes up to \$300 thou of money coming our way. I felt like I was set. Kicking ass.

Little did I know how quickly K's (K is a law school term for contracts - I just did that to prove I really did go to law school) are dissolved in the music world.

Towards the end of the band, and up through law school, and for some little time thereafter, I was a drunk. Every night 9 - 15 beers. Five was when I was being good. I had 5 the night before I took the LSAT.

So anyway. After the break-up of Capsize I stuck around Chapel Hill NC where I'd been a quasi celebrity and took some major flak about what a loser I'd become. My band had had to fight hard to get any respect. The high guard old school scenesters had mocked us endlessly, claiming we took ourselves too seriously. We

got no respect and only grudging mentions in the hipster press with little exception...thanks to Dave J. and "Trash".

But some assholes talked major shit about us, and one dickhead - tiny dick - I can't remember his name, wrote a column in the Chapel Hill Herald about how evil Capsize 7 was and how my band's success was all about me. How I must be stopped. Not kidding.

We did sell out shows but it wasn't all local love. Big shots get fucked with.

One time when I wasn't looking some fucker put a q-tip in my drink at a show. I don't want to know what was on it. I turned around and looked hard at the 3 guys behind me. They quickly left.

Of course you never find that asshole. They get away every time. Deal is that whatever motivates them to act that way is their punishment. Tiny dicks most likely.

I'm trying to frame my mindset upon entering law school. I wore a little, "fuck with me will ya..." bravado back in Chapel Hill. Childish I know. Pointless and empty. But guess what...I was pretty fut in the head about then. "Fut" sort of means "fucked". Now you know.

One more thing. I had a best friend from age 17 - ?. His name was Geoff Abel. He and I roomed sophomore year in college, and shared apartments and houses right up through when the band was about to die.

Me and Geoff started playing guitar as a duo called "Echo of the Spheres" in '90 ('89)? We shared a kooky sense of humor and, I think, admired qualities in the other that neither possessed.

He was my last boyhood friend if that makes any sense. How many people do you meet after your teens you ever call your best friend? I'm speaking to the part of the population that reaches "adulthood" now.

So, just as he told me the night he broke up the band, I guess I loved him too, and what I saw as his betrayal of me fucking hurt.

Our friendship was put under pressure in '95 when the band was starting to gather acclaim. Partly because I got the idea in my head that maybe I should get more of the contract \$ due to the fact that I was the principle songwriter. Little did I know how stupid that idea was and how much it would cost me.

"\$" is pronounced "money". Now you know.

By the way I did pretty much write the songs and still do but I don't fucking care about the money. In Lystra if everybody gets a third then I don't have to worry about the bullshit of people trying to write parts just to get a credit and I can cop attitude with Chris and Rady. If I was a dick about the \$ I'd have to kiss their asses. Fuck that.

Anyway, so my identity had taken a double blow.

Geoff and I began to hate each other and he took all the friends with him. I dissolved into beer and self-pity. Became a very unlikable person.

I maintained that isolation through the next years, and still do to a degree. I relied on my brothers and Teresa for friends. They were all I needed. Worked fine.

So a year after Capsize broke up I started dating Teresa. We met on Oct 3rd 1997 at a party I was having for my birthday (which is on the 5th since you asked) and to celebrate quitting smoking. Which lasted about 3 days.

Teresa and I lived together, and then moved to Asheville NC where isolation and alcohol ruled.

Then in late summer '99 I went to law school.

The summer before law school I'd get off work at "Chelsea's Tea Room" where I'd been making sandwiches or washing dishes for 6.50 / hr. I'd buy beer and cigarettes if I needed them and go sit on the back porch

of our apartment listening to old Capsize material or NPR. There I would get drunk.

By the way I'm starting a NPR backlash. Those wannabe intellectuals driving their oh-so-safe Volkswagens can suck-a-nut.

NPR sends me messages occasionally. I've heard "Am I sane? Am I sane?" "Beater" and "Sorry". Sorry most recently after the tide of public sentiment began to swing for me. Not to mention Bruce Springsteen, Tom Petty, and most recently Interpol have written songs about me. I shit you not.

Well I guess I was pretty soft in the head when I entered law school. I had been Capsize 7 Joe, now I was not. I had been best friends with someone who stabbed me in the back (or so I thought) and now I was with my safety blanket girlfriend. Time to start being paranoid and worrying guiltily about the f-ed up incident in the water with Maureen.

What a crazy fucking period of time.

I used to drive this scenic highway on the Va. Side of DC, it had parks on it and a view of the Potomac.

There were a couple places I thought about driving off. One or two where you could really get some good hang-time before you hit. No shit.

It's not that I didn't have any support during this period. My family was there. Teresa was the stalwart and steady good woman that she is - and beautiful too. And my friend Amyt (best friends since 16) was there.

During the early nineties Amyt had been doing his own thing, I had been doing mine, and he hung back while I inserted my head into the ass of the oh-so-political Chapel Hill music scene.

He was there for me while my post-Capsize 7 world slowly turned. I think through his and my dad's good intentions I got inspired enough to fill out the paperwork to get into law school.

No small job by the way.

But anyhow I'm trying to say that upon entering law school I was a changed-for-the-worse man.

I had sacrificed a lot to meet the coolness requirements of a crowd that would never accept me anyway. The ultra cool power brokers of Chapel Hill that never let me and Geoff forget that he and I had once been in a fraternity (for a year we joined Delta Upsilon, which no longer even exists at UNC - Chapel Hill) and that Capsize 7 had been a "frat band".

So I adopted the fake cool that 22 yr. olds are so good at. "I've seen it all, I'm so bad."

I didn't laugh out loud anymore. I always left without saying goodbye...sometimes in mid-conversation. I became as Rob put it "ultra confident".

I did this because it was the way to survive getting fucked with so much. I still do it. I'm the baddest motherfucker you'll ever meet. No kidding.

The D.U. frat house was razed to the ground. I happened to see the empty lot last time I was in Ch-hill. A pro pro...er, however you spell it.

The whole frat thing went downhill in the 90's. Show "Revenge of The Nerds" to a teenager today and they won't get it at all. "How come all the cool people are gettin' picked on?"

Oh yeah, NPR uses an anonymous computer voice to fuck with me...the pussies don't wanna be identified.

So I'm smoking cigarettes again.

Someday I'll have to tell you about the 19-year-old Swedish girl "Lulu" and how I started smoking again after two years off.

I'm listening to The Archers of Loaf, "All The Nations Airports". I should stop listening to them before I start ripping off Eric Bachman again. Not that anyone would notice. Who the fuck am I? Rhetorical question.

God I'm getting sick of writing this shit down.

Think I'll eat and then take a little digestive break, later maybe lift some weights.

See ya Fuckers!

Just lifted weights.

First time in about a year.

Didn't even have to put the 35 lb'ers on. I did 20 reps with 90 lbs. Then, planning to do 20 more, I managed only 15.

Then I added 10 lbs to each side, and did that one time.

Then, I took the 20 lbs back off, and did 90 lbs 12 times...then 8 more times. And then I was pooped.

That was enough bench press...on to easier work.

Shameful, my cousins could lift that off their chests without waking up, if you were dumb enough to drop it on any of them when they were asleep.

Writing is difficult now that my arm and hand are weaker than usual. I hope I don't have to do any heavy lifting at work tonight.

Later I'm going to go see Simone, my rebound girl.

More about her later.

She's crazy like me but a cool girl, I think.

Never been anything but cool to me. I like her. She gives good head.

Lets all take a moment while my mother throws up.

Just kidding I'll edit out the nasty before my mom sees it.

No I wont.

Okay now I'll wait for the rest of you to throw up...better?

4-10-3

Just woke up.

Jennifer Stander called me. I like talking to her. It's true.

She was a phone voice that helped me out when I was at my most fut up back in law school.

We dated back when we were college kids. I was 22, she was 21, and we went out for like ½ year...then off...then on...

Since you don't know her I'll describe her for you.

Pretty brown hair framing a lovely European face with deep mocha pools for eyes and a beautiful full mouth.

A very pretty girl. Petite. Nice shape.

I'm sore. I need some tea.

I catered for Wolfgang Puck last night.

I kinda sense my immediate supervisor, Matt, doesn't like me terribly much. So I've been harassing him to see what he'll do.

When I checked in at work, I walked up and said "Gil Gerard".

He was signing everybody in on the time sheet in his special binder.

"My name should be on there somewhere," I continued.

He actually got miffed.

He said, "Joe," huffy, kinda, "Zip it."

He told me to zip it. That was great. Then he curtly handed me an apron.

So many of the guys that work in catering are gay, so I get a kick out of acting like an over-the-top tough guy. You've gotta have fun sometime ya know.

At first I thought Matt was gay but I doubt it now. He picked a looker to be his assistant. A girl named Rachel whom I uninhibitedly tried to pick up. I knew I'd try sooner or later so I thought I might as well get it out of the way. To my surprise the hurried needy approach was unsuccessful. Go figure.

Everyone in this biz with a little authority takes it quite seriously, so I try to inject a little levity where I can.

Example.

Last night during staff-meal, I was standing at the food table, near where the plates and flatware were.

They had run out of forks. Occasionally a girl would ask me - or guy - where the forks were.

"Where'd you get your fork?"

"I found mine over in the corner, on the floor."

Doesn't seem like much. Say it enough times though and it starts to get funny.

One guy, gay I'm pretty sure, demanded of me: "Where are the forks?" He used his I hate retarded people's tone on me.

All I did was point. You know, whatever.

Then one of his companions said of the aggressive fork-demander, "You're not playing around. Heh Heh Heh." "I guess you mean business, Heh Heh Heh."

So I said. Loudly.

"Yeah. You did kind of say that like an asshole, Ha Ha Ha Ha."

Of course he didn't have anything to say back. I had made my point.

Later in the evening he gravitated towards me while we were working. I guess he did this either to show that he wasn't such a bad guy after all, or to flirt. Don't know. Slash Care.

Simone was ice-queen. Wouldn't look at me. I said "Hi" after I walked over and that was the extent of our dialogue.

One time after having her ignore my jokes and attempts to make contact I walked back to the kitchen with a couple trays of desserts. One was kinda heavy in my hand and I saw her on my way to scullery:

"Can you help me out with this, it's kind of heavy." I said.

"Oh...truffles." She said. She took one off the tray and walked off.

Funny. Left her a message this morning. No need for the negativity.

Think I'm gonna grow back my mustache for a kick.

Pavement, "Brighten The Corners" is playing now. It blows my mind when I meet people approximately my age

in bars and such that in conversation about music don't know who I'm talking about when I say Pavement.

It's like...what are you? Part of some sub-culture that exists above the mainstream. Obviously you're not part of the underground. You're not even on the ground. What kind of bland world do you live in huh?

Whatever. Opinions are like fishes, some are pretty, some ugly, but in the end, it's just a fish.

Well I meant to get all into my wardrobe of yesterday but whaddyaknow...I changed...I was meandering a bit too much anyhow.

Oh yeah, one more anecdote. There was this foxy blond that caught my attention at work last night. I tried to catch hers, but at these fancy-shmancy events, you can't be obvious or ya might get fired for being overfriendly with the clientele.

So I'd wink at her and then rub my eye as if I had something in it.

Anyway, when things had slowed down I took up a spot, tray at my side, next to another guy doin' the same thing. Nothin'. I stood where we could make eyes.

Not me and the dude, dumbass. Me and the blond.

So, for conversation, I made some jokes with the guy.

This was an action movie premier: "Bulletproof Monk" with Jet Lee and Chow Young Fat. There were stages in the Ballroom: the big ass room at the top of the Kodak Center that holds 1700 people. On these stages were performers acting out kung fu, or wired up and floating around doing flips and other such nonsense.

There was an impressively built white dude doing kicks and back flips in the foreground.

I said to the other caterer:

"That guy's my latest student. I teach kung fu. He's coming along pretty well." Deadpan delivery looking foreword at the blond. She had short hair, and a great figure.

"Oh really?" He says, "So are you pretty cut underneath that shirt? Must be. Must take a lot of strength to teach that stuff."

He was supposed to laugh at me but he was buying it. So...

"Oh yeah I'm ripped as shit." Glancing over at him.

"Where do you teach?"

"Out of the basement of a burnt-out house on the East side."

"Why do you teach in a burnt down house?"

"Cheaper rent."

"So you're squatting there and teaching?"

"Yeah, kind of. The place is abandoned."

"How much do you charge?"

Girl was laughing. Tossing her head back. Women do that so well.

"Quart of malt liquor. That's a quart per practice. Not a month."

He chuckled. Finally, I believe, understanding I'd been bullshitting him.

"I prefer Colt 45, getting kind of burnt out on Red Eye Bull."

What followed was a conversation about how malt liquor corresponds to certain beers. Like, Colt 45 is just the leftover Budweiser, the nasty shit down at the bottom of the vat. How Old English 800 was really strong Olympia. Etc. Etc.

Then we got back to looking busy.

Just as I was getting the nerve to approach the blond to say hi she took off. Good for me. Probably would've gotten awkward and ugly...like my inner-adult.

So when I'm at these things like the "Governor's Ball", the dinner after the Oscars, I walk around and straighten my back, keep my chin high, throw my shoulders back and smile like a nut.

The smile may be accompanied by a "Hey, how ya doin?" spoken softly to the pretty girls.

The smile is pure smart-ass. It's just a notch down from the kind of smile that begs to be smacked from the face.

But truly, I don't give a shit.

Sometimes when I'm carrying a tray or a bottle of wine hither and yon I will imagine how far I could throw it at that moment.

I see it arching up towards the wall. I think, "If I were to sky-hook it I'd probably get the best distance." These distractions make the time pass.

This shit, writing, is like I remember swimming laps to be. The first couple suck bad, but then it gets easier as you settle into a rhythm.

I'm gonna go take a shit now. Wanna watch? Best seats are in the tub.

I'm gonna go play guitar and grocery shop...get some vitamin P.

I hate fucking Trader Joes. Pretentious art-fag central. We'll see what Mr. ACLU has to say today.

By the way what makes me mad about him is that he ought to pamphlet outside an Albertson's or a Food4Less in a less volvo-stroller-rich-kid part of town where what he's talking about might actually help someone. Opportunistic Fuck Head.

It's evening now and I just ate a bunch of snack food. Hot & Spicy Cheese-Itz and some peanuts and raisins. Bought a lot of food today. Probably about \$60 worth. Should last me for a while.

Then I went out to the practice room and made some decent progress on a new idea.

Then, Simone called me back and suggested we meet at a bar for a drink and a talk. We met at the Cat & Fiddle on Sunset.

We sat on a wooden bench facing the courtyard. The sun was either just in our eyes, or if you leaned back, your nose.

She wore all black. Tuxedo pants and black collared shirt. As I walked in I thought how German she looks. Which she is. Gives her a cool accent. Her English is pretty damn good.

She ordered a Sienna Amber and I got a club soda from the pretty tall waitress.

She told me she'd never been sexually rejected by anyone before, and it wasn't okay with her.

"I'm not chopped liver." she said looking a little concerned.

She's 36 and looks good for her age. Full breasts, slim and yet still voluptuous.

She went on to say how you couldn't turn people on and off. Like I presumably had. That she had made a conscious decision to begin seeing me. And she expected more in the way of consideration than I had shown her.

We were on our way to the Oscars to work when (she works for Wolfgang too, she pronounces it Vulfgahng) I told her I'd begun seeing someone else and it pretty much meant we'd have to drop the foolin' around part of our relationship.

I'd been telling her from the get go that I might start seeing someone else any day, and that I didn't want anything heavy. More like friends who get in bed together.

She'd told me about how she didn't want a conventional relationship, and that she didn't plan to marry. I told her I could respect that.

Deal is, she started to care for me due to my disfunctionality, which she rates as pretty massive. She knows a lot of fucked up people and hasn't exactly lived in candy-land herself either.

One time we went to Skybar in downtown LA. We were about to get on the elevator and two artsy types were gettin' off. One of 'em was saying to the other: "Weird Man...Weird."

For some paranoid reason I thought he might have been referring to me so I said:

"You talking to me man." I walked out of the elevator after them. "Hey you say something to me."

I guess I was being kind of threatening.

I didn't exactly say it in a friendly way.

Well of course not. He wasn't talking to me. He said as much. So I introduced myself, apologizing.

"OK man, sorry about that, my name's Joe...thanks for being a sport about it." Er...ah...something like that.

They gave me their names, we shook, I got on the lift, they were glad to be rid of me and visa versa.

Simone looked at me like "What the fuck."

We chuckled about it. She was like:

"That was uncalled for. That was not cool. What was that? How you meet people or something?"

I brushed it off like:

"I don't know. Sometimes I can be kind of an asshole. Sorry about that."

So you see. I gave her plenty of reason to like me, right?

So last night I saw this woman that looked, from the back, a lot like Jenny. The girl I cheated on Teresa with.

I even walked up to her, "Jenny?" Just to be sure. It wasn't her.

"Sorry about that thought you were someone else." I walked away.

Later that night in the kitchen she was one of the fork-questionnaires.

When she picked up her plate she said, "This is where you get your plate?"

"Mm-hmmm." I mm-hmmmed.

"It's so big." She said smiling at me.

"Yeah, get a load of that."

Where'd you get your fork?

"I found mine over there in the corner on the floor."

So when I went to the library to respond, hopeful as a child on X-mas eve, to a work offer from Wolfgang (which are sent via email) that had been offered at 3pm for a 5pm shift (that I missed) I got the bright idea of making contact with Jenny.

She wrote back promptly. 'Twas good to hear from her. More about the context of that later.

On a different subject, Brigitte called and complained about her job to me. Fine. I know how to listen to a woman complain. I'm a pro.

She and I have plans to hang out after she goes to "The Garage", a shit-hole rock club where she's going to see her friend from San Diego play.

Later we'll be going to go over to Chris' to work on the Lystra mix a little.

This'll be Brigitte's introduction to my music. I hope she likes it. If she don't, I hope she pretends real good.

We're also going so she can meet Chris. Her friend Lance is looking for a room. Chris' got vacancy in his apartment due to the fact that Kim, his roommate the 'artiste', is ditchin' on the lease. Gave him a week's notice.

Lance is in the skateboard scene and photographs bands (whatever the fuck that means).

I haven't looked back on this. I said I wouldn't and I don't plan on it. But I may be giving some of you the impression that I chase a lot of tail. Okay you're right. I do currently chase a lot of tail. But you have to remember; 4 months ago my 5-year monogamous relationship ended...painfully. So if I'm going overboard then...so what. It's just nice to be free to talk to women. Call me a poon-hound if you must. But smile sardonically for me when you say it.

Thanks. You're sardonically pretty when you smile sardonically.

Well looky looky. I've just about finished one legal pad. Took me two and ½ days. I'm not going to

count today as a whole day 'cause I haven't been very verbose. Every day I write the book.