

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 10

8-25 42 10:01am

Larchmont. Book 10. It's funny the way my nature keeps me on track. I was walking here about to cross the street, asshole in the Jeep Liberty honks at me...admittedly I did cross when he had the green. So when he honks at me what do I do? I fuckin' stop. I stand there in front of him. He's sayin' shit to me but I'm like "Whu?" "Huh?" Hand to my ear. He keeps sayin' some shit. Typical 30's yuppie fuck in a brand new Jeep Liberty who bought that commercial about how it sets you free from your office job. So he keeps getting angry and I'm like..."you're talking but I can't hear you. You can hear me but I can't hear you." Then once the light has changed I walk over to the corner. He's jawin' away at me so I'm like: "Look at you. You fuckin' joke. In your Pussy jeep liberty. Fuckin' penny racer." Then I ignored him and kept on.

So. That motherfucker is sure to come into the bookstore. And it's sure to hurt Sue + Phyllis' business to have me as an employee. So. I should do everyone a favor and quit now. Nip it in the bud. Oh well. Crazy Rockstar is as crazy rockstar does. I'm sure I look nuts too. Black K Mart poly-blend pants wrinkled (catering pants), old red Izod-type not Izod shirt faded and wrinkled - hole in stomach area. My Dad probably wore it to work at the Exxon. Redwings. Brooks Bros. Same holey toob socks. My hair looks fuckin' nuts.

What a trip. I just fired myself from that job the same way I fired myself from Zen Sushi, from Red neck bar, by just bein' me. "They're gonna put me in the movies..." All I got to do. Is act naturally.

At Zen Sushi some woman got pissed because as my manager had repeatedly told me...charge for water. So she starts yellin' at me...the bartender...and I start yellin' back. I end up askin' her if she thinks she's special...at a pretty loud volume. Last shift, that was. To be fair I'd just found out that day that Pop Pop had died.

So I give myself 10 days or less here on yuppie lane. Well if catering gets off its ass I wouldn't care. Maybe I'll have to look into the Maintenance 1 position...Adam called me with info about...and keep on keepin' on.

There's already a weird vibe here. Whatever. Celebrity is good. Correction. Celebrity is bad. Correction. Celebrity is different.

I'm pretty fuckin' happy the universe guides me the way it does. I maybe would've worked for that bookstore for months...unpleasantly enduring the seething hatred of the locals. Wealthy cocksuckers.

It's funny. No doubt.

So dreams. Dreamt about an apartment across the way from a rite aid. 3rd / 2nd story with a lil' porch down town area. I sat on the porch. I sang wordlessly a melody. Then I got embarrassed thinking I may have sounded high - -in my dream I knew I was high. Went back inside.

Later dream. I'm wrestlin' with a girl...Brigitte I think...but not Brigitte...a girlfriend. She pours orange juice on my jeans...on my open fly. Some other dude is there and he looks kinda like the dude from party of 5 the older brother...he's like "you guys want to go to a

superbowl party?" I'm jokin' with the brunette like I'm gonna give her a wedgie.

Sure I know how to cause a scene. Who's askin'?

I should've known this'd be fut up. On my return trip here I heard one of the songs that would always play at Sol y Azul, blarin' out of a small SUV. Bartender / server at Sol y Azul. I quit that one even though the local rich assholes - Saks 5th Ave...down the street...made a bit of noise about my being employed there. Honking while driving by (someone just honked now), getting visibly upset at me or doing that pained "I'm such a good person for putting up with you look." Either way. Hearing one table say: "I hear they've got a sicko working here..." or having a hostess emphasize the word "sick" one too many times in conversation. Or hear a manager do the same. Or having a table get up and Run out when I start to wait on them...no shit.

Everyone within my line of sight has gotten up and left and those tables are avoided. People don't want to sit in my path of vision. Guess I'm frightening.

Anyhow. A young black guy clapped his hands twice before going into the coffee joint. Applause for this morning's performance? So I guess, 10 days or less at Chevalliers. I upset the neighborhood.

Another time I upset the neighborhood was the one time I did moan. 2 seconds max. "Ohhh..." In the shower. It was a bit shocking, having never done that before. Teresa and I, just the week before, had had a conversation about how being loud during sex makes your orgasm better...I was trying it out for the one and only time.

See that. That's my shit. Why you been looking at it like you like it? I can put it on a plate for you if you like...

I'm drying off. I say...

"Yeah I hope you did hear that." Just at a loud conversational tone. I remember walking through the kitchen, the bathroom was at the front of the apartment, off the kitchen. I walked out and thought. "My life just changed." I was right.

Refill? Not to refill? That's the question. Not that it matters.

I think I may have just been fooling myself into thinking this bookshop job could work...I'm good at that self delusion. Ignored. I can't imagine it doing so. I should go in today and tell 'em to keep lookin'.

If you want I'll go put a big steamer on a plate for you...

Would you like that fuck face?

At my catering shift, Patina, I saw Michurco, a girl I met a long time ago with party staff. Later in the evening on my way out of the kitchen area with a tray I heard her say "Bater". In a hushed voice. The manager back there coughed. I coughed, touched my hair...that kind of thing.

So I go back in and I say. "Michurco did you want something?"

She said "What."

"You called my name did you want something?"

"I was just saying something and looking at you...I don't know what I said."

Cook who'd heard the interaction says, "...I'll take you on."

So I go back and I'm like...after taking another tray out... "That's so weird I was sure I heard you say my name." She's like...nope. So I'm like "you know what one

of my favorite sayings is?" She's paying attention.
"Blow me while I shit."

"What?"

"Blow me while I shit." Deadpan delivery looking right at her.

"That's heavy man." Her comment. Certainly not a parting shot.

Anyway. The ins and outs, odds and ends of being Joe Taylor. "The Beater." Pretty high school girl sat across from me. Too young. I mean way too young. 17.

Someone said "sick" out of a car window at me.

I remember when that happened in Durham when I went to print covers for the first Lystra 5-song. Standing by the open hatch (the rear door) of the windstar. Car drives by and the word "Sick" is spat at me. I think it made me angrier then. Now I'm just..."ok". Any mother fuckin' way. Should I ask the t-nager for an email so I can let her know when Lystra's playing. Maybe. Maybe not. It would be good to get her age group interested. That much is true. 42. Almost into the 30s. I'll analyze the issue: it would not be especially cool to ask the girl...unless I do it specifically to add to the list. And that could be. But I'll feel a bit like a heel.

Anyway. It does not fucking matter.

11:35. Cat n' Fiddle. I'm their 1st customer. 48 mins. on meter. Even though .20 didn't register. So what. Anyway. They're makin' coffee. They're gonna bring it out. I paid 2 bux advance. They usually just hook me up w/ the free stuff.

So I'll start the countdown at chevalliers...10. See how close to zero I can get.

Had to move. Too sunny.

Anyhow. I was thinking on my way to Larchmont this morning about how this "book" really sucks. And then it occurred to me that it doesn't matter. That I should write about whatever the hell I want to. That in all likelihood I'll never let anybody else read it and so write what I want. That basically settled it. So guess what. I did talk to the young looking girl across the way from me.

I asked her if she'd feel uncomfortable about just giving me her email address. I might have even shook my arms at arms length palms down. To indicate "nothing more..." So she was glad to. She and I spoke for a while. I asked her for her email address for my band's mailing list...I asked her conversationally if she was old enough to get into shows. She looked at me as if I were particularly stupid and said "yes."

"You're 18?" I pressed the point.

"I'm 22."

Her name is Caitlin. We talked more...her sister and friend showed up. She's an actress - lives in miracle mile area - studied film making, drama in college. She's a film maker too. Had just come from an audition. We talked about how you've got to let those things go after you have 'em (phone call from a manager, audition) or else it's too much to hold onto your hopes.

New coffee mugs here. Bigger. Glass. Interesting handle.

Veronica got me the coffee - fresh pot - Mel's gonna be "takin care of me" and the superfoxy hostess I ignore is here. I'm the only one here. The fountain is splashing noisily.

So like I said. You never, ever know. I've got Caitlin's # and a verbal agreement to go out on a date...sometime. That's good. Sometime I'll be askin' out Michelle...there's somethin' better about that

situation 'cause she knows I'm "The Beater." That should be capitalized, huh.

I like that Caitlin seemed interested only after hearing more about me...as in the degree Biology, law school...etc.

Just not drawn to my unnatural beauty.

I look forward to practice tonight. Keep the music alive.

Oh my.

Mel just topped off my coffee. I told her she looked nice today.

"I do?"

"Yeah."

"I just woke up and was late for work."

I wonder if I'm offending those I write about by the mere action of writing about them? I don't know.

I think in between being me and writing about 'em I should cover the majority of the people I happen to interact with.

I wonder how this hole got in my shirt. Grizzly Bear claw? Tip of a saber? Moth? It's an old shirt so probably moth. It's about a quarter in size. But a moth may have begun the work successive washings and worrying may have enlarged it. I wore this shirt a lot when I was 21, 22, haven't much since. I like it though. It's a nice texture. A nice faded red also. 15 mins. on the meter.

No more smoking.

Not for a very long time.

Rockstar. Rockstar. Rockstar.

What does that mean? Rockstar. I don't fucking know.

So I called Jules from Germany. She was busy last night but said she'd have time early in the week. Yep.

Maybe I should steal that mug. I rather like it.

Left Teresa a message. Need to catch up with her.

This page has the record for new paragraphs so far. Hows about that. I just ignored superfoxy walking by...

I don't think I can win either way. Probably offended someone by not eyeballin' her. O.K. Fine. I'll fess up. I'm leavin' her alone because in the non-rockstar phase of "The Beater" she's offended by me. In the rockstar phase...I'll bet she sings a different tune. But like I said. She's rockstar foxy. I think I'll let that one go and if she comes back to me...she's mine.

Rockstar.

The Beater.

Not much time left on the meter.

I'll come back here when I'm a rockstar. That'll be fun. I'm not kidding.

Like Mel's tattoos.

I like melba toast.

Just about time to go. That capital J started out as an S for some reason.

Guess I'm gonna start playin' out on my own.

8-26 11:01 am day 41

South of France. Americano. Michelle. I'm nervous. I am. God damn it. You'd think I were some sort of developmentally disabled misfit. Whale. Exhale. I must do something about this today. Whatever, the coffee here is good. Rockstar. Me? Yep.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

So are you or aren't you. Are ya. Cause if you are you pussy fuck you'd better show some style. No shit. Personality, you've got some. So use it. Do not dive. Think I'll just cool it for a while.

That is the best option.

What will be will be. Florida. She's a Florida girl.

I think it might be appropriate to talk about me.

It's clear I can attract girls of Michelle's looks.

So the question becomes does her energy compliment mine.

Girl with the dog just got here.

Inhale. Exhale. Energetically. The girl I start to see has got to be tough. No shit. Tough. She's got to be able to put up with the madness that she'll get her fair share of if she's my comeback girl.

There is no rush. I'd like to simply take my time. Ok. Put out the e-. Like a dragnet. What comes back to me. That's mine.

Great the fuckin' kid is here. Makes me feel off, oddball, havin' a child around.

Jesus. I can't think of anything smart to say to Michelle at all. Honestly I can't. Sure I can. It's just a weird environment / situation to try to meet someone. A busy employee. A customer.

Me + my shadow.

Joe Taylor. Joe Taylor. Joe Taylor.

I'm a musician. Honesry. I am. I'm quite good. Honesry I am. I'm centrally condensed like a star should be. My core is heavy.

Part of me would prefer to blow this and get it out of my system. Ask her out...get a sweet decline. Leave.

Never come back. Another part of me wants to go bum a cigarette from dog-girl.

By asking her perhaps I can do both.

Learn more about her.

There is no way to know. No way to tell. Anything is possible. She might like to go out. She might not. But she might. Be into it.

Yes I'll give you my #.

Yep I'll go out with you.

The straight forward approach.

"I've got a crush on you. Do you want to go out sometime?" Jesus H. Christ.

"I don't know what to say." Ok. That's simply Joe Taylor for you. Subtle like a barge. Savvy like a drunk bull. Whatever man. I fucking do what I want. At least it's a plus...for her. I'll make sure of that. You'd be makin' a mistake to fuck with me...motherfucker.

Joe Taylor of Lystra. Singer / guitar player. Rockstar. I hate this flute bullshit. The sound system music.

Not much for me.

Don't worry I'll be out of here soon. Go bum a smoke off dog-girl. O.k. It's an implied no. She hasn't answered me yet but god...that's fucking rich.

In the most pompous coffee bar in LA I ask out the barrista. Nice. Well. We'll see. 1 or 2. Which do you think it is: I made her uncomfortable. That's always bad for a potential date. But that's simply how I operate. I can't stand the negative pressure the tension...it's all I fucking get so I get it. You couldn't say no louder. But at least I don't have to come here anymore. Unless I want to try to pick up some other chick.

41 8-27 10:17am

Corporate coffee bean + t leaf. \$1.50 small coffee. Freakin' people out man the looks I get around here. Being the Beater. I don't owe you people shit and kicking your asses collectively is going to be...shall we say..."nice".

So I asked out Michelle...she didn't give me an answer which is of course as good as a no. I gave her a Lystra CD...little parasite that it is...and left.

"You didn't have to do that."

"It's ok they're cheap."

"Have a nice day." she sounded kinda pissed.

Use it like a tool.

Went out and met Caitlin last night. She and her twin Melinda are actresses. She's also a film maker. Melinda is a photographer.

Smiley. People always all around me doing the same self satisfied smiley. Mainly guys in conservative clothes.

I don't owe you a god damn thing fuck face.
Period.

It's the little things. Well I like the counter girl. She's nice.

Use it like a tool.

Rockstar.

So Caitlin had me on the list for Juliet Lewis' rock bands last show. I guess they're friends. That's right the Juliet Lewis from Kalifornia etc etc. After the show her sisters Melinda and..

Sabrina?? (maybe that was a different friend) we all went to Kibitz room in Canters. It was crowded so

her sisters took off...she + I had dinner and a nice conversation. I followed her to drop off her car. Drove her a coupla blocks to her apt. Chaste kiss goodnight. Watched her till she got into her building. She turned around + waved. She waved. That was surprising...and I dug it. More about her and I's conversation later.

Fuckin' hot day out here. Thin' I might book it someplace with some shade.

Caitlin. Black tank top. Black + dark green skirt. Nice big blue / green eyes. Heels. Terrific legs.

Of course just as I'm about to go, a foxy chick moves into the table across from me.

Anyway.

Worked at Ch'valiers...day 3. 7 to go before I'm into unknown uncharted territory there.

Maybe I'll take off my shirt. That'd help me cool down. Why not. I'm outside. Granted it is a place of business.

Think I'll magic up the babe across the way.

I could move the umbrella to my left from that dude's table to mine. Just shift the fucker over. How would you like that smiley old guy? Yes. No. Bet one look from crazy hair Joe would shut yer ass up.

I'm tempted. Magic. I'm the crooked magician. There's stickers up around Silverlake of a cute faced boy with a 3rd eye broadcasting out. Hey! That's me! No hands. Look ma. No hands.

Sun has moved enough that I'm getting a lil' shade now. That's appreciated. Saw some guy at the Viper Room last night...thought I knew him but from the company he was keeping (pretty rich actors) I'd say I knew his image...never met him. But I eyeballed him enough that he

was checkin' me out. I had on Jeans, old lady flower T shirt. Cute cocktail waitress and I flirted. Some girl standing beside me with her frens grabbed my butt. No kidding. Just grabbed my ass. So I grabbed hers. Told her it was a fine hiney and that I'd probably follow her home. She seemed to like the idea.

I shifted the umbrella 'cause I thought the dude left.

He came back as I was doing so. Big deal.

Shut yer fuckin face uncle fucker.

So. I'm gonna go over and tell the attractive brunette across the way I love her. Actually that would be spelled "L" "U" "V". as in sweaty I'd like to have a solid romp w/ her L.U.V.

Of course it could be that she's just a flurt. "F" "L" "U" "R" "T". So here's my answer. I made my hair look stupid. Brushin' it all back from my forehead. Why. I don't give a fuck.

Of course I'll go talk to her. It's simply a question of technique now. How do I intend to do it. Like a freight train. Cow-catcher. Moving through a massive herd. Coal smoke billowing from my stack and lingering back for miles.

Just make her laugh. That's what I'll do.

11:31. Coffee + Leaf, Sunset. That's what I did. I walked up and told her I was on my way to an important meeting and did my hair look ok? She laughed. The laughs kept coming as I went into how I was a musician and I sent out my band's CDs by throwing my mailers gently at the mailbox and those that didn't get in just piled up at the front of it. As successful a technique as any I knew of and the one I preferred.

This is my 3rd and final cup today. Brought the same cup so it only cost me \$.69. I so smaht. I save whore amelican dorrah.

Switch seatage. The exchange of seats to my preferred seating...where I sat a coupla days ago. Fine. So I guess between the parking and costs assoc. w/ Urth I prob. saved \$3 by coming here instead.

Anyhow. So I'll go and play guitar. Rady got a new bass amp and it sounds good. A Fender 300 watt with the Sunn plugged in too, sounds fucking good. So I live now on the top of my chest. I don't leave. Not for any reason. Ever. Makin' sure I don stay too long 'cause I am NOT gonna fork over \$3 per 15 min. for parking. I can't wait to start playin' out.

Used to think I wanted a tattoo. Don't think so anymore. Saw Monkey in my dream last night. I like that cat.

Kelly. That's her name the girl I made laugh. She went to Duke Law. Just graduated. Leaves for Melbourne in the morning. So. I said nice talking to you. She said thanks for makin' me laugh this morning. You bet. I left.

So history might be about to repeat itself. I have a 7 o'clock date with Jules the German tonight. Do I once again decline any offers? In the better int. ...I can't even finish that sentence. It's rather repulsive. I like Caitlin. I have a date with Jules. Those are the facts. I think if I live on the top of my chest like I intend to from now on that all should be quite well. No sheet.

Anyway. I'll be leaving in a bit. Go eat. Go play guitar. Sure I'd talk to that brunette. If she looks at me again I'll make a funny face at her. No sight of blonds 1, 2, or brunette 1.

Joe Taylor. "Me". I should burn this shit before anyone else has a chance to read it.

So. Anyway. Caitlin. Stable. That's the word that appeared in the dictionary when I thought of her. Stable. Steady. Reliable. What more am I looking for. I've got till 12:20. ½ hour more to go.

I need to do laundry. There is no \$ and there is no crowd.

So I asked Caitlin how she could have a guest list at Juliet Lewis' rockband's show. She said, "I know people."

I said o.k. like she told me she had a run in her stockings. I look forward to seeing her again.

God damn this is annoying. I can't wait till I'm finally doing something with my life that's worth a fuck.

I'm hungry. I need to get laid. So what else is new.

Today is day 41. Soon enough the countdown will be over. What then. It's going by pretty slow and pretty fuckin' fast all at the same time.

About time for the 5 minute test. 11:58 if by 12:03 nothing interesting has happened, I leave.

So in my dream last night there was a little boy Rob + Layne's son I think they were callin' Monkey. Pretty funny. Rambunctious kid.

Well it's the final line of the page. So fucking what.

12:03. And wouldn't ya just know it. There's an interesting blond right in front of me. I don't presume she's interested but then again I don't much giva shit. Not too mention the interesting brunette sitting with

some dork across the way. I think I'll do my slightest raise of one side of my lower lip. Sad look in my eyes. Sad face. I want to fuck that blond. Think I'm makin' that up? I'm not. Candidly. She has a nice body. Bye Bye. Anyways. Is that wrong of me? Maybe, maybe not. Perhaps I'll go talk to her. She just sat with her friend outside. I don't know if I've got the courage. Maybe it don't have it in me. What will I say? Yeah. That's an accurate picture. Who the fuck cares what I'd say. I'll go over and tell her I've got this condition that has caused my ass to be covered with freckles. Or as Chris Toms said at the end of practice knowing I was on my way to a date: "Remember Joe, nobody's got freckles on their ass wear a condom." I admittedly didn't get that joke until I was turning off Lankershim onto Oxnard.

12:10 guess I'll go ahead and run out the hour.

So fuckin' what. That's my story. I'm stickin' to it.

14 mins. exactly till I got to go fork over 3 bux. I'm not payin' so I'm goin'.

10 mins. official. Glad I didn't talk to the blond. Make that Real Fuckin' glad. Some real stupid fuckers just went out there and said what's up. Big hug hello, etc. Jesus I can't wait till I have something more interesting to write about. No. Shit. No. SHIT. SHIT. NO. NO. SHIT...KaKa.

8-28 9:43 40

Could it be at last...the end of the 40s. Anyway. So in 15 mins I'll go work at Chevaliers. It's Starbucks for me now. Corporate coffee. Found out Roma Espresso is a chain too so...poker up front and liquor in the rear or...is that backwards? Win either way I'd bet.

Ran into upstairs Stacy on my way to my car. She was wearing a red plaid smoking jacket, no wait, it was a bath-robe, get those confused. Sexy. Sexy. I repeat. Sexy. So next time I see her I'm going to invite her over for coffee and a conversation.

Met Jules for a few drinks last night. Bartholomew. More on that later.

If you have nothing in common with someone it's best to acknowledge that and move forward. Being mindful of your differences is acceptable.

I call Caitlin today. Met her here on Monday, 4 days ago. Thing is...you never know what's going to happen. Ya don't. Off to work.

1:08 Chevalier's. Asked if Sue minded if I wrote. Nope. Just move some boxes first. Think I'll brighten my mood. Caitlin. That's not bad at all. Caitlin.

Some crazy woman just drove down the street honking her horn. Crazy lookin' old lady. Looked like a nutty puritan. Oh ok. I guess you don't like me. Doin' my job for me. Use it as a tool. Guess what now. Some guy walked over to the car: "Hey some people are tryin' to eat lunch out here." Use it for what it's worth as a tool. A device. The one creates the other is the only way to the top.

And if I can endure this guess what: I'm rich. The Taylor family is rich. My children's families are fucking rich. Tom's and Rady's families are...rich. And if my grandchidren spend it all I hope they have fun before their broke asses go out and get a job like the rest of the world.

So you see. I don't only persist for me. It's for my family. Just like Fonz says: Do it for your family.

Even if it does occur to me how far away I am from where I need to be. Where I need to be to do anything for my family. But. You can do a lot in a little time sometimes.

Besides. I get the feeling this is just going to get to be more and more fun. And I'm looking forward to it. To a degree I feel like I'm some sort of un-crushable newly discovered metal that some group of especially lacking-in-wit scientists keeps putting into the same 90 ton hydraulic press to see...I can't be crushed...time and time again. Same outcome. Same lame attempt. It's not gonna work. Hey guys. You're wasting your time. Well whatever. The chicks dig it.

Anyway. Bets on whether Caitlin disappears when she finds out...she's got to already know huh? I don' know...I don' care. All I'm waiting for is for someone to say it to me then I'll tell anyone who'll listen. So. Caitlin...I'll see her when I see her. I won't sabotage this like Stephanie + Michelle. That's what I'm tellin' myself atleast. At least. Two words? Who cares. Two words.

So Bartholomew is a demon, a devil, that appeared to Jules when she lived alone in Dublin. At first he appeared to her as a large intimidating monster. But he was keeping her awake so she spoke with him, quieted him down and he wound up about muppet sized. She honestly saw and spoke with, interacted with a devil / demon in her apt. called Bartholomew. I asked several times to make sure she wasn't kidding. She was not.

So. She saw a devil. She's writing her dissertation about the antichrist in film. She's having a drink with me. She told me she used to smoke a coupla packs a day, drink and drink lots of coffee but she gave it all up because she got sick. About a year ago. Now. I know what you're thinking. "Sick". As in enferma en la cabeza, como mi. Si mi amigo.

So I don't judge. She saw a demon. I'm gonna be a rockstar. And people hear my thoughts. How are you today? I'm fine. Satan. Excuse me. I didn't say anything. Yes you did. Did not... Satan. There you go again. Did not. Dit too. Beezle... Stop it... Bub. Hey lady I'm droolin'.

Jesus. Yeah, Him too.

So I'm such a long, long, long way from where I need to be. But. I'm feelin' pretty good. Caitlin.

I just saw the nutty old honkin' lady walk by to the right of the store...whinin' something to her (?) daughter that I guess had outdistanced her. And now there's some kind of ruckus coming from that direction. Almost sounded like a street preacher goin' off on some whacko whatever the wackos do. God damn Whackos. Prosteletizers. So one hour 'till departure.

Call and order strings. Uh-oh. I just started a to-do list. That's not allowed in this piece of work. Piece of somethin'. What I'd like to do this evening. That's more fun. I'll call Caitlin when I get out...like around 4.

Aside. Crazy honker just made her way by the front squawking... "Anything can happen." squawky blah blah blah... "30 minutes..." blah blah. Same squawky voice I heard before. Well we'll see how long I work here. Day 4. 6 left.

Yep. So call Caitlin. If she's still into me, plans for tomorrow night...tonight would be preferable but a bit hasty. Then...maybe go play the open mic. at perkatory. Then. Practice. Sleep after eating. Wake up. Write. I know I left some shit out but...tuff cookies.

Talked with Teresa last night. That was very nice. I miss her.

Fancy jeans. Redwings. Black Dickie socks. Brooks Bros. belt. Fancy hip button-up shirt with avocado, royal blue and robin's egg blue vertical stripes. Black checkered pattern in between the stripes.

I bet being wealthy is gonna be nice.

[Still no smoking]. I envision. I would place a hand on the back of Caitlin's neck and, making my way through her hanging curls, find her lovable lips, round beautiful kissing lips, and kiss her. Feel her body move the way a girl's body moves when you kiss her...gentle shifting, moving closer. I would do that tonight...but I can wait till tomorrow night if I've got to. 40. I'm not working at Don + Cyn's Hideaway. I'm not catering an event for partystaff, time to go about.

40 10:02 8-29

Urth. 1.25 parking. 2.25 coffee = \$3.50. And nowhere to sit outside. Yet. So I've temporarily parked my ass inside by the front door. Topics: Never. What I want. Proceeding from here. Anyway. Just moved outside. Getting some sun shouldn't kill me. This way when one of the bastards currently seated gets the fuck up...I'll take their seat. Further topic: impressive.

Broken down Ferrari across the street. No shit. \$200K car with the hood up and some lady bendin' over like she was in Mario Andretti's pit crew. The humor in it.

First though. The pity. I must look like shit 'cause people keep looking at me like an orphan boy on X-mas morning. No shit. Yeah.

Social Blackout begins soon. So I haven't been fired from the bookstore yet. And. To "my" knowledge. I have not yet been rejected by Caitlin. Keepin' my lymph nodes crossed. Whu? Whu? You can hear me but I

sure as hell can't hear you fuck face. That's a quote. So. shade. Moving sideways in the world.

O.K. to get to the major issues of the day. The word "never". Never is about as real as Santa Clause. It's a childish thing to say. Wanna know why? Because when you say never you're simply saying "not until I die and then I don't know." F'real. You, after you're dead might find that what you thought was "never" is actually always. So never ends right when always begins, or is it the other way around? I'm confused. Not to mention that maybe everyone was just waiting for you to die so that they could do whatever had been covered by "never". So. You never know.

Try it. Come up with a "never" statement that defies my theorem. Becha won't. Not ever.

So. Day 40. Not smoking. I like it, I miss it. I've almost got myself talked into continuing the countdown tobacco free and then re-evaluating at that point.

Did I mention I still haven't been fired from the bookstore?

Good for me huh?

What I want. I want to play continuously in front of terrific crowds...and I want a sexy girlfriend with a good brain. That's it. Well, not exactly. But that would be a terrific start.

I don't change. I fuckin' don't. Can't teach me.

Furthermore. Playing shows, night after night to large crowds (100+) that is what I want. Night after night after night for years. And my girl. Just make her smart enough not to be recognizably stupid, and in shape enough to be sexy. And a pretty face would be nice too.

Proceeding from here / now. In order to proceed from this point I will have to be comfortable. That's all, not 150% feelin' like Tony the motherfuckin' tiger just comfy. The way I intend to be this way is...exactly how I intend to be this way. Regardless of strategy. Regardless of impact on my search for the pole.

Hawaiian pretty girl just walked by.

I'm such a cocky bastard. Just did the winky at a punkish pretty girl w/ died red hair.

So like I was saying. I will proceed exactly how I intend to. I will...recognize the situation and see what it requires of me to be the most comfortable. Then I will proceed to act that way.

However. I am forced to admit. Regardless of how I may adapt to my environment I will always remain exactly the same in the interior. 'Cause that's simply how it is. Whatever man.

Sel referral. Right? No. Hey lady. I drool some.

Never. What a joke.

½ hour left on the meter. Then I don't fucking care what I do. Go play guitar. Order strings.

Wanna hear something funny? My girlfriend is smokin' hot. I make boatloads of cash. That. Is funny.

So odd occurrences: 'Coupla drive by heckles. Car drives by guy lets rip with - "OhhArghlghrr" or something like that. Then later a guy goes by and yells out "So Fucking..." and then a word my imagination had to supply to fit barely heard phonetic...demented...talented...not sure. Bad timing. Also...one of the girls in my building let loose with "the sound" an orgasmic sound. Go figure. Some impressive stuff. Especially the drive by's. Dudes driving by +

yelling out their windows...takes a lot of courage, moxy, guts...you get it.

Impressive stuff.

Anyway.

I don't give a fuck. I say whatever I want. I live exactly how I want.

I just told the beautiful model next to me that she shouldn't let her boyfriend treat her like a puppy. Cause he fuckin' was getting her to repeat his special order for breakfast...egg white scrambled toast burnt..blah blah motherfucking blah.

Damn. Too much caffeine. Little too amped for my own good.

Fuck I would like to smoke again. But I won't.

Fuck who knows...maybe she likes it. I'd guess she does the way she's hangin' all over him. Guess he's bon jovi 'er some shit. anyhow, wasted breath. But...it remains true...she shouldn't let him treat her like a puppy. The ferrari's gone. I don't know where to. Or how.

Startin' to get bored. My coffee's all gone. Fucking disneyland. What a weird place to live. Forget about it sweetheart. I'll most likely never see her again. That's ok.

Anyway motherfucker. 10:55.

10:43 Aug. 30th 39

Social Blackout. Sitting at home. Cobbler is in the toaster oven. Cup of Folgers to my right. Hard "g" in honor of my Da. So. Today, even before my second cup of coffee I've had a drive by honk...and one of my neighbors told me to "eat" or "beat" or I don't know

what the fuck they say. Some dude upstairs is getting into the act too..."Ah Ah Ah". Anyway.

What everyone needs is the simple truth. Honestly you do. If you knew the simple truth of the matter you'd be less, shall we say, panicked. Agitated...unsure of how you intended to fuck with me...unable to operate without your convenient handle. So here it is...nutshell... It was four years ago (are we all tuned in) I was taking a shower I, how do you say, stroked the plucked turkey neck, when I climaxed, I said "Ohhh". I believe it took about a second for me to utter that. Not too loudly - but my bathroom was walled and floored entirely in ceramic tile and I had the window open (which opened onto a communal concrete patio slash courtyard). This "Ohhh" or perhaps it was more of a "Ahhh" or "Uhhh"...that's it "Uhhh"...shocked and scared me because it was a lot louder than I thought it would be and I knew I might have been overheard.

This was a one time engagement. A one-time-only vocal performance. Toweling off...I thought, "My god I hope that wasn't overheard". So what did I do? Already not liking the enclave of stuck-up fuckers cum ****pronounced koom**** prep-school pussies I lived with I said "Yeah I hope you did hear that." Admittedly brilliant. Once again not too loud...conversational volume...so that if someone was biting his nails in concentration to hear...he'd certainly have heard that comment. The bathroom acoustics were a natural amplifier.

As I said in an earlier statement, ad fuckin nauseum, Teresa and I had just the week of the incident discussed how loud she was during sex. I was "trying it out". I can even remember a conversation with Teresa soon after where I told her I had tried out the 'loud orgasm' thing - she said "I knew you would".

Wow. What an impact.

I must apologize for the exhaustive analysis but - being molested by you bunch of Uncle Chester's for it for a decade is, in any light, fucked up.

I simply can't call what I did perverted.

Can you?

Maybe you can. Maybe that's just wrong to you huh. Dude goes "uhh" in the shower once after having a conversation about it a couple days before. Maybe that's just over the line for you. Or maybe you're just a piece of shit. Personally - ten years later - I think you're shit either way. You're totaled and can die as far as I'm concerned.

We clear. You need to play with someone's shit some more go feel up a porta-jon.

(Authors note - ten years later here at Weaver Street where I'm editing this - it is a very well known and big deal. Most of the cocksuckers here have an opinion on it. Just one "uhhhh". You know - it really doesn't make your orgasm any better, Teresa was kiddin' herself.)

So that's it. That's the extent of my crime.

I've never spoken about it or made excuses for it. Why bother. No-one would understand it or believe it. And besides. It's been a magnificent "Fuck You" to people I can't stand.

If there's anymore to the story you're makin' it up to get yourselves lathered up because that is the gods honest whole truth and nothing but the truth. Oh. I'd start to get heckled and people began fucking with me not too long after that (fall '99). I'd remain defiant by making a sound back at them "Uhhh" but back at home I was just sitting in my chair...getting drunk off cheap beer, smoking cigarettes, and feeling hurt.

That's all. 100%. How do you fancy that fuck face? You like. That's it.

Now. As a result of that and a continued defiant stance on my behalf...I'm fucking famous. The Beater. Last night walking to Caitlin's some teenage kid yelled out from the backseat of a car at me. I'm walking down the sidewalk - away from him - he say's...(sounds like) "Mr. Bates Mr. Bates" This kid was obviously yelling at me nobody else around and it was a hey! Tone of voice. So the 3rd time I look. He gets excited.

"Oh my god it is him!" "Awwwww!". The kind of aw you'd do with one hand over your mouth and a finger pointing.

Whatever. I just kept on walking.

But you see. That's what life is like. As a result of that one second of "Uhhh" and my natural behavior following that. My natural reactions to being harassed. I think there's a song about it...

"They're gonna put me in the movies
they're gonna make a big star outa me
they're gonna put me in the movies
all I've gotta do is act naturally."

Yep. Nothing would surprise me now. I wouldn't be too shocked if 10 years from now teen-agers have posters of me on their walls.

Isn't it fucking great. I didn't really even do anything and look at this fiasco, this crazy fucking life I've got. And I bet it only gets better.

But anyhow.

The one creates the other.

I wouldn't be at all surprised that this is the primary reason I get a recording contract. Afterall - I'm already fucking famous. I'm more famous than a lot of the god damn actors and "celebrities" I serve food to or sell books to and they fucking know it.

Fuck it man. Social Blackout. I'll take my ham sandwich now. I'm callin' in my debts. Should be easy. Oh. And the beautiful thing is that I want everyone to know the TRUTH. NOW. Know it. IT'S TRUE.

The cobbler's better on the reheat.

I like Caitlin. I got another kiss goodnight. This one more willingly. Still, a quick press of the lips. Hers soft on mine. And she's gone and I'm waiting for her to get into her building and a wave goodbye and "see ya". A kiss hello was nice too.

Aug 31 9:26 38

Dad's Birthday. He's 62. I guess from here on we just get closer in age, my Dad and I. He's 30 years older, but when we're 90, 60 that won't look like all that much I bet.

Social blackout continues. No coffee bars, no bars period. Went out for some burritos with Chirs + Rady yesterday then hit a music store (guitar center) and went to practice. Practice was cut short because I broke the only G string I had. 25 packs of strings minus D minus G. Luv that.

Second cup of Folgers. Sitting in the big brown pleather easy chair Rady and I picked up off Rowena.

Startrek sandals, OP trunks, boxers, 'Blackfoot Bronco's' tee. The sandals have a mesh foot pad to massage one's soul. They're black plastic with a silver Startrek insignia on each Velcro strap. Shorts are

black + white, floral a la Hawaii. T is black with green + white letters Blackfoot Broncos "Blackfoot" in an arch above a picture of a...bronco...and "Broncos" beneath.

Writing with the gold Exxon pen.

To my right is the old desk pappy gave me...I took of the "complaints" sign I put on it. Left is a table cum lamp Rady brought; sitting on it is a red plastic cafeteria cup I stole from Pomona College on a catering job.

So it occurs to me one cannot give the finger from the back of a scooter. I had some guy on a Vespa give me a, shall we say, knowing look. "I know your dirty little secret you pervert." Yeah, 4 years ago, one second, "uhhh", you got me. Anyway.

One, it would be dangerous on the constantly Frankenstein-ed pavement of the streets of LA patched up rough, to take a hand off the handle bar. Two. Hey lets face it, you're on a scooter. You giving me the finger is like having a crazy person tell you you're nuts.

Jules the German girl: "Joe I think you should seek help. You're crazy."

Me: "How would you know. You're crazy."

See how it breaks down.

Man.

The truth. It's so much better than whatever the rabid posse of squirrels that's been chasin' me has in mind...whatever that is. But I tell you. Man they have loved having a handel on me. A label. Really gets 'em off. What would they do without me.

Teresa was in my dreams last night. Beautiful Teresa. I miss.

Have I ever described her? Long curly red hair, beautiful red, deep, thick curls. Poignantly beautiful Nordic features, pale skin, blue eyes like snow in morning light, freckles when she's been in the sun. Tall, thin long frame. Smooth skin over legs ass and stomach. Yes I said ass. Lovely small of the back and handful breasts with supine pointed nipples. I could go on.

So let's say it was nice to see her in my dreams.

Got bored and went for a drive last night. Out to Smokey Bear road off 5 N. It's nice. you go through a national forest without any trees and all there is around you is massive sloping hills and dark. Dark below, Dark above. Cars heading both ways. Sometimes though you hit a corner and you feel like you could be the only one out there and that's nice. Closest to solitude I seem to get. No mental garbage. Just me. Alone.

My c's look like I's look like one's look like 2's.

No wonder I got a D in handwriting in 5th grade.

So today I get to call Caitlin. I took a day off, didn't try to reach her. Letting that cook at a low temp. So that the full flavor will activate.

Stephanie's shooting pix with Rady Thurs. Damn. Wish I knew what happened there. I don't think it's over + out but I could be wrong. I don't suppose I could've handled that situation any worse. Oh well, showed me I can't have just one, cigarette that is.

So I think I'd like to make her dinner.

Sometime I'll have to tell you about the second date (the toilette issues). On the night of the first date I looked up at Mars, the closest it's been to Earth since Neanderthal Man, and I saw a shooting star. Pretty cool huh.

Last night I imagined being a cave-man. What I'd do in the evenings. I figured I'd attach some logs to the entranceway of my cave left right and up. Then I'd stand in the entrance with my club and howl and sometimes make a melody sometimes just yell a challenge and I'd strike left right and up when it suited me 'bonk' to make a rhythm in my song. I guess I'd do this to defend my territory and attract a mate. Why else?

I don't know if supine is an appropriate word to describe nipples, I can't even remember what it means and used it mainly for alliterations sake. Good for me.

5:45pm. Called Dad. Called Caitlin left a message.

Been a frustrating damn day. First I feel like a pathetic fuck when my Dad asks me...are you gonna make your rent...and I think, nope not by a long shot but say lets wait a coupla days and see knowing I've still got 5 days.

570 AM is my background music. Sitting on my bed just made some tea. I hope I hear from Caitlin tonight but, I didn't call her for a day I shouldn't be terribly surprised if she returns the favor...or even doesn't call back period. I just am waiting for her call. That's the gist of it. I'm sitting here thinking...damn I hope I see her soon. And I hope soon enough I can win her charms...

Well whatever.

Social blackout may be good for regaining some focus, not spending money, and clearing my head but I tell you what. It's real boring.

38. What was the point of the countdown? Oh yeah. After the countdown, I'll be newly 32, and if I choose I can drink again, smoke again, prepare to leave. It'll also be 8 years since my band Capsize 7 put out Mephisto on Caroline rex. What a fucked up 8 years. Boy oh boy,

talk about doing it wrong. Here's how repressed I am: I don't drink, smoke, no drugs and more or less don't have sex. Maybe, lately, once every 10 days to 2 weeks. Fuck I rarely ever jerk off.

No wonder I'm so tense. You know what I ought to do, I should drink a 6 pack. Smoke a pack of cigs and fuck that crazy German girl. That sounds like the perfect idea.

Tell you what. I'm gonna look at the ford clock to my left and if the minute hand is even [no hands just digits actually] I'll do that which I prescribed above...6:09 36secs. I guess I got lucky. I was already figuring out how I'd rationalize that one.

Imagine a time and place when I've got lots of money. Seriously. Millions. The kind of money where I could loan someone I love 50 thousand and forget it. I mean, never worry about it. How bout that. I could dig that.

So this countdown is gonna end the beginning of the second week of October. It is linked to the above idea. This isn't a countdown to make me feel cool or good about my image it's about money. So I FUCKING NEED someone to step up to the plate and support Lystra financially. No fucking shit. Time to commit. Anyhow by the end of October if nut'n happens I'll at least know my dreams haven't been the true guides I hoped they were. Cause about Jan. of last winter I asked to be shown in my dreams when I'd be able to expect money from an outside source. And I saw a check and it was written in red ink...and dated Oct '03. So... Could be wrong. I could be so fucking wrong and I admit...at some cost. This tea is quite good.

So. I'll work out, couple days rest, one day workout, coupla days rest. It makes me happier. And I'll fill my time up with some kind of work 'cause catering is a jo-o-o-oke. Dad forwarded the results of

my AIDS test on paper to me from Dr. Dods. Healthy. Gesundite. Maybe now I'll call Nicholette and go into porn...now that I got my papers. Yep. Sure I will. That's what I'll do. If the minute hand is odd on the fold up ford travel clock I'll do it...porn...6:22 07 secs. Too bad. That coulda been some easy money.

Yes. So. Anyway. More employment. More exercise. More sex. And more playing out shows with my band. Could be a good time. Before I know it it'll be November. Good God or Bad God or whoever the fuck listens to this: Please let Lystra have some fucking Respect. Pappy says we're the best band in the building. That's gotta be good for something.

If the time is odd I'll get up + make more tea:
6:33 10.

Dad just called when I was making tea. Talked to Sam too. Made me feel good. Dad's like don' worry bout the money. Sam's sayin' think twice before you sell that cab. They had steak + tuna some shrimp burgers. Wish I was there too.

More tea.

What am I going to do with all my contempt. I have a lot of it. I could make a hat, a fish, a puppy dog, a bird.

The heron is laughing at you.

The dogs are barking at you.

The face with the 3rd eye emitting rays on the back of the street sign like andre the giant has a possee...joe has a possee.

Guess not. Guess no Caitlin tonight in my tea.

Ants. Everywhere. Climbing on my clock.

I enjoyed holding Caitlin's hand under the guise of talking about her rings. I was holding the one...hand in mine, fingers comfortably wrapped into mine, talking

about her missing moonstone...she brought the other up to join the party...talked about the ring she got in Paris. Sitting at a table at a coffee place outside. A coffee table as I'd written and then scratched out. So maybe she'll call tomorrow. The kiss at the end of the date. Very nice. Then. "Wait for me to get in," she says to me turning and I roll down the car window.

"Sure."

"I know you would." She walks to the door.

What a wonderful world.

7:11pm. So I passed a hipster in a Volvo late model with DK for Denmark on the back - like anyone gives a fuck he's been to Denmark. He starts to make a hipster smirk of superiority at me...maybe cause I'm BTR maybe cause I had on sunglasses and my old lady flower shirt and looked nutty...but anyway it annoyed me. So I did the T-rex driver where I sit up close to the wheel and put my elbows to my chest and stick out my forearms while drawing back my chin in a rictus and I waved at him and said "Hiiiiiii". And then just made some noises like someone laughing through their nose with a bad cold. Well. It made me laugh. You've got to have fun sometimes. And besides...

Insert your own besides here.

I want a bottom Marshall 4x12 cab.

9:27am 9-1 37

Ever see that episode of Star Trek where Spock informs the bridge crew he's decided to change his name to Spocky? No? It was great. One of my favorites. And it only exists in my head. That's it. My tea is seeping. No more folGers bags. This tea bag was in the car, I swiped it from some catering event...a wolfgang event I believe.

My t-shirt is holey.

That's an interesting flavor. Almost tastes like tobacco. So I didn't hear from Caitlin yesterday. Perhaps today?

4:10pm tea. T of green. Ok. So I guess I won't be hearing from Caitlin this afternoon, maybe this evening but I'm not counting on it. It would be nice.

Blue shorts I bought with Teresa with a 34 waist that don't fit me when I get back from a trip to NC. Redwings, white socks, shoelace around my neck.

Today, the first day of Sept., Labor Day, hasn't been all that bad. I went to the practice room, wrote a guitar line that I like quite a lot...4 tracked it...it almost has a tinge of Van Halen in it...almost. I lifted weights. I ate well...about a pound of ham, peas and onions, fried up in a pan, a tortilla broiled w/ some cheese on it.

Sitting on the less than 100% comfortable sofa Rady + I got off Rowena. Good enough for the hobo...good enough for Jobo. A 40 watt bulb is in the desk lamp I bought for law school w/ out the shade on it.

Its warm and the tea is making me feel hot.

Read Raja Yoga this morning for a while. Some really cool ideas in that. Got it when I was last in NC a lil' over a month ago.

Aside - I seriously need to have some quality time with a young lady if you get my drift. Been too long and all my clean living doesn't do much to staunch my libido. I'm easy as hell right now. So I hope I hear from Caitlin. Remember the Alamo.

Social blackout continues. It's been helpful in reminding me of what I'm here for. I brought the Sunn out of the room...lots more space in there now. Shipping the head back to Sam in NC. Guess I'll keep the cab

here till I sell it or figure out what I'm gonna do with it. It has a comforting presence. I like having it around.

I wonder what the reactions have been if any to the D-mo. I don't guess it's been heard by many yet and the quality is so "unprofessional" that I bet it's just shrugged off by most. Too bad for them. It had better be too bad for them. I want Lystra to make Chris, Chris and I very wealthy men. Social boring ass no chasin' girls blackout. What a drag.

Inhale. Exhale. Better.

Sandwich.

Still haven't mailed any CDs to the girls I got those addresses from. It's kinda stupid. But I guess I'll get around to it sometime. Sam went to the greenhouse in Ch-Hill but didn't see the young brunette I talked to. Also, he had a CD in his pocket to give to Danny but she seemed to be in a bad mood so he didn't push his luck.

Jesus I hope catering picks up. This is pathetic. It's like economic blackout. Anyway I still get this sneaking suspicion that things are starting to come together. Making Lystra happen. Being with my come back girl. Enjoying things more. That all is coming together. Why? Cause that's what I would have happen. I will it to happen.

6:00pm. Jesus Christ I'm bored. I was just washing my hands after taking a piss and I noticed two ants meeting. They seemed to be having some kind of conversation. I imagined it as follows:

Hey, I'm a fuckin' ant.

Yeah me too. Look at me I'm a fucking ant.

Sure do miss being a Nazi.

Yep those were the days.

Or Hey you're nothing but a puny ant.
Well look who's talking.

Bored.

So I've decided I'm never going to do this to myself again. I find it extremely unpleasant to be put in a position of waiting for a girl to call me...and I mean extremely unpleasant. I fucking hate it. I almost want to call up and sabotage it just to get it off my chest. Almost but not quite. Not this time. I don't know why I hate it so much. Maybe it's being at someone else's mercy combined with an unfortunate tendency towards pessimism. But whatevr. I'm NEVER going through this again. I will not do it. Period.

So in order to finish this out I've decided to take the slogan from the Ontario license plate and believe she is mine to explore. That Caitlin digs me, that she is actually quite smitten by me and I've got nothing to be worried about with her. She's mine. She's mine. Caitlin lvs. Joe. Yep. That's how I'm lookin' at it. What's the point of seein' it from any other angle I ask you.

There I feel better. Caitlin loves me. Dig that. She does. I can just tell. I probably should've called her on Saturday but it's an insignificant thing. I'll hear from my honey soon enough.

Define soon. No I won't. Soon equals now minus a long time plus too long a time. Whatevah.

Jesus H. Fuckface that designed the doors on these apartments should be keel hauled. They are right fuckin beside each other at a right angle. It's awkward as hell. You've either got to be friendly or got to ignore one another. I choose the latter. But that's just me.

Two more yellow pads to go...then (minus the one I took for daily minutia) I've finished a 12 pack. Hip Hip...

36 9-2 11:42am

She still hasn't called. And I got a p-mail (psychic letter) saying 'it's not what you think'. Hmm. I already knew it wasn't what I think so where does that leave me? It's probably a legitimate p-mail, I got one from Michelle saying 'Just don't ask me out.' I did anyway...what happened...she's out! Tagged out at first.

Black K-mart polyester pants I bought 2 thanksgivings ago to work a catering shift at somebody's house. Mrs. Jackson, some rich as hell woman living in Bel Air. Star Trek flops. Shoe-lace. Hair dye.

Still no catering.

So if it's not Caitlin I wonder who it's gonna be this week? You never can tell. That's the funny part.

Social blackout rather cuts back on my verbosity. Don't have as much to say at home I guess.

Aside / odd happening. In line Trader Joe's to pay, someone safely anonymous behind my back says "Evil". I guess people have begun to think of me as evil. Joe Taylor. I'm not evil, I'm just a very resolute stubborn bastard who's actually got a backbone and these fashionable pussies can't recognize that for what it is. Simply because they encounter it so rarely in their sycophantic circlces.

OK. So if I had to bet a hundred bucks as to whether or not I'll get a call from Caitlin today I'd bet...she'll call. What the fuck. I overdrew my checking account - I just deposited 77 bux took 20 of it got 12 left in the bank. For a smart guy I sure am a dumbass

about money. And women. The two things that matter most. Depressing thought.

7:49pm. She's not gonna call. She's not gonna call.

Worked 4 hrs. at bookstore, easy work. The only difficult thing about it is having to shelve away one way or another the people walking by making a moaning sound or the funny looks or people calling out beater (as I was walking down the sidewalk). So it's not exactly difficult. Just trying. To be more precise. Lets see. 2 "ooooohh" think herbal essence shampoo commercial..at least 2 very strange looks, one distinct "beater" as I walked to the bookstore after buying coffee. And one more when I was leaving in my car. It's impressive stuff. Wow.

Sometimes I'll pick up this pocket dictionary and ask for an answer to a question. As when I asked about Caitlin and got "potash", then "narrow", before that "needle". When I asked about Michelle I got "Mr." When I asked about my job at Chevalier's I got "monolith". Not that it means anything. I asked my coworker Danielle to say stop when I was flipping the pages...she got "scoundrel". Appropriate since I intend to bed her. I asked about my band and got "threshold" and "rock". Neat huh? You don't think so? Up your but with a coconut.

So I've got \$100 riding on whether or not I hear from Caitlin tonight. We'll see.

I'm full. I ate a lot. Louisiana style sausage + onion + peppers in tortillas w/ cheese like a burrito. Ate 2 big burritos. Add some S+P + chipotle Tabasco and you got yourself a meal.

She's not gonna call. It's ok I dreamt of her (and a number of other very attractive girls) and she told me she's still hung on her old boyfriend.

It's tea time. I sent my apartment mates a p-mail saying come on over for a cup of tea. Nobody's showed up yet. It's my party and I'll cry if I want to.

Damn. Some lookers in my dream. A blond, a brunette. Wish I could remember some names. I think I saw Stephanie too. She was one of 'em. Wouldn't be terrible (or terribly surprising) to have her come back to me.

Towards the end of my dream I saw a tan blond...my girl, very tan skin. One of my chest hairs had come off on her and I pulled it from her tan chest saying 'Looks like I made a donation'. All will be well.

So I make dogs bark with my thoughts. No shit. When I wake up and start thinking to myself the fucking dogs start barking. No I'm not kidding and there is a noticeable enough correlation that my neighbors have been telling me to be quiet, shut up so I won't make the dogs bark. I guess they think I'm talking to myself instead of simply thinking. Imagine that. They think I lay there and talk to myself. That's funny. I'd like to get as good at reading their thoughts as I am at projecting mine. Right now I just get bits and pieces, whispers.

So Mark or Sharmony woke me up this morning from my dream about the blond...guessing it was Sharmony, by making a slapping sound. She was really goin' off. It woke me up. Spanking sound. I almost applauded. Get this. She does this to try to, and here's where I get a little fuzzy on it, shame me or insult me I guess. Ya know. The Beater. She's beatin'. Smack. Smack. Smack. One time one second four years ago plus defiance equals this. Man. I think she's a little touched.

I'm not even gonna mention how there seems to be a covey of helicopters followin' me around. Showin' up where I work. Nope. Won't even mention my personal little airforce.

I guess I'm not sure if it was Matt or Sharmony. I bettin' the chick because I think I intimidate Mark and Sharmony wants my lovin' but she's not gettin' any. Although both are welcome to come over for a spot of tea.

It's funny how these people will act civil towards me on the sidewalk. Not funny ha ha, more like funny like a bloody bowel movement. Performance Art. That's what it is. I do have a hard time not applauding their efforts. Magnificent.

Too bad Caitlin came + went. I guess that's the nature of the beast. Sorely tempts me to break social blackout. Warrior needs food. Warrior is about to die. Or am I the wizard. I get confused.

What an incredibly interesting life I've got. No shit. Never a dull moment. I did tell you about the devil stencils and stickers with the 3rd eye on 'em, yes? Co-inky Dink.

Whatever. It's time to put this show on the road.

Aside - even knowing what she thinks of me I'm still going to bed Stacy. I'm gonna bed the shit out of her.

So I'm not sure yet what I'm gonna do about how my working at Chevalier's is going to hurt their business. Hancock Park. That's the name of the little stretch it's in. I wonder if that's after Win Hancock that I'm reading about in my book Gods + Generals. That'd give me a new irrational respect for the place. There is no linear time.

So with each breath in I take more of my victory into myself. I draw it in. It builds in me. I'm

mainlining it in imaginary I.V.s into my arms and neck. It's silver. Force feeding I to me. I'm enjoying my victory. And I will continue to take it in this way until I'm satisfied, I'm dead, or I'm insane. Insaner. Spocky.

Damn boring ass social blackout. What the fudge am I gonna do all damn Wednesday. Woden's day. Let's just pronounce it Woden'sday. That's whose day it is. We just bastardize the pronunciation now. Not to mention the spelling.

Op shorts, star trek flops, shoelace, hairdye, smoking stains on my teeth. My op shorts had a white fuzzy string in 'em. It bugged me so I took it out. Strictly a velcro thing now. 'Lil dangerous. Cheap thrills. Only kidding.

So I'll do whatever helps Phyllis out the most. Quit, stay, whatever. She's a neat person, 82 seems like a woman in her young 70's. Amazing. A pleasure to be around. They just don't make 'em the way they used to. People were a lot cooler. Her husband flew in WWII. He's dead now, Bud was his name. There's an old photo of him in sepia tones in the back of the store by the bank vault from the 20's...leather flying helmet and goggles. Amazing. Beena bookstore since. The vault is cool as hell. The door's over a foot thick with massive levers and massive blung-veels. Blung veel is the word I just invented to describe those round devices used to secure submarine hatches, turn on and off water mains, etc. Forgot the word for 'em...blung-veel.

So. Who's next...chic-a-dee.

I think I might change my outgoing message on my voicemail to: Herro, Joe Taylah not heah...prease reave a message afdah da beep...unress you a jew, crippuw o ah faggot cause god hates you...native americans may transmit smoke signals now.

What d'ya think? Funny? No? Up yours.

Well it's funny because I...oh whatever.

One way I could start gently harassing my neighbors...start to give them odd presents. Perhaps leave a basket of potatoes out front for 'em, by the mail boxes with a sign saying help yourself and a little change box with a note saying "honor system." I mean come on that would be funny.

I know you're not supposed to both talk about a joke (write about) and do it but I may have to make an exception this time. Start out with potatoes then go to...packets of ketchup and mustard from fast food joints. Quarter each. Honor system. A way to make a little extra money.

Well that about does it for book 10. Lets all join hands and sing the theme song together.

She's not gonna call.

She's not gonna call.

She's not gonna call.

She's not gonna cah...all.

Goodnight everybody.