

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 11

6:38 35 9-3

Book 11. Yes it's got 11.

This one'll trip you out. Know why? I'm celebrating. My big victory. I did it. It's all mine. I've won. I'm going to savor and relish and all those things one does, before I've got to share it with anybody else. Cause ya see...nobody else knows about it yet. Jus' me. And this'll be the only time, the last time, it's mine and only mine. So I'll take a little time to congratulate myself.

First of all, I'll think of those who can't be here, that gave their all to my cause, and are nowhere to be found. I think of me. I think of a normal, healthy individual with a bright future, a happy person well adjusted and nestled into a loving relationship with a woman.

I'm very sorry he didn't make it.

Next I think of Teresa. My loving girlfriend Teresa who trusted that 'me', who believed in him with a strength she'd never allowed herself to believe in anyone else. The two of them were lost together. I will miss them. I thank them for all they gave to get me here.

For here it is. Mine. The big one. The big prize. Wealth beyond imagining. A life of extraordinary events and accomplishments. Celebrity for whatever that matters.

I fucking did it. How about that? Incredible. I've got to recognize, call it vanity, what the fuck ever - but it is quite an accomplishment. Wouldn't ya

say... Dig it. I'm a fucking \*rockstar\*. Victory. I'm going to enjoy it now before everyone finds out.

9-5 4:06pm 33

Yeah retard. I started smoking again. Know why. I'm stupid and as Eric said "love has thorns". I couldn't fucking take the heat. Or lack of it. Caitlin not calling me back. Huhht. I can't wait till I quit bein' such a pussy about this shit. I got so fut up by it all that here I sit in the South of France. Suckin' back a double iced coffee. In the hot motherfuckin' sun. God damn me. I'll never fucking learn. I'll be 32 in a month and still, I'll never ever learn.

So I guess it'd be better if I didn't harbor any illusions of not smoking. Likewise any god damn illusions about having a decent girl. Too bad for me. Stay with the program. 33. Only a month. Maybe there's a coupla surprises out there still. Maybe not. I should've known...I mean about Caitlin. Yes. I most definitely should have fucking known. Oh well.

Writing in blue with the pen I got at Desert Springs. The night JNY made email contact with me and thus began the end of me + Teresa because I was sure, I fucking knew, that girl was gonna be something to me. Something that got under my skin alright.

Sitting in the sun and it's hot as balls out here. That's hot.

Guess I'll have another smoke and finish me coffee inside. Whew. Little bit of a draft - there that was welcome.

There. So much better. I'll never fucking quit again. Fuck it all. It's not like I need to sing pretty anyway. Shaky motherfucker. Nerves. Like a beaten dog.

I guess I'm not feeling quite so victorious as I was yesterday. Er I mean the day before. Finish this inside it's horrendously hot out here.

Hey who the fuck are you anyway. Why, I'm Joe Taylor. Still me. Can't shake that. Woke up that way. Dyin' that way. Hope to have some fun in between. blah blah blah blah Practice tonight. That's good.

Can barely see. Honestly. It's dark as fuck in here. Yes it's dark. I will not create an awkward scene here. I will motherfucking not.

Anyway. Butthole. Cramps in my cranny. Lingering stench of rot blowing like a torch from your pelvis. That's about how I feel.

Nutty.

I just walked by girl with dog said "Hi." Spooked her no doubt. C'est la guerre. I'm a lil' off I guess. Never have been much for social flippancy. I'm always steppin' in bear-traps. Ouch. Motherfucker hurts.

Children. There's a kid at the bar. I have almost no patience for children. Anyway. Fuck 'em.

Bjork. I like Bjork. She's playing now.

Here I'm gonna flip ahead to the end and see what happens. But I'm gonna continue to write this as though I don't know the ending. I'm just going to pretend.

I die.

Well anyhow we all do. No, you didn't know that. Yep. One day you will die. Could be a long time from now. Could be you're already dead and just don't know it.

I want to kill the part of me that still hopes. Carve it out with a steak knife and crush it beneath my heel. So here's what happens. I looked.

Absolutely nothing. Except this special brand of nothing can masquerade as anything in life. A career, a girlfriend. Great change appearing as nothing. That's what happens. Nothing. Not a god damn thing.

Here's what I'm gonna do. Whatever the fuck I want. Because to be honest with you. All I care about is fucking and having enough money to get by. Nothing else. And they aren't even all that important. Besides that I hope I can write a coupla good songs. Something

with heart. I do have that ability. When I receive it. And that happens.

So you never fucking know. I never do. Maybe you do. Makes me want to laf out loud. Laf laf laf my dopey head right the fuck off my shoulders. It never mattered.

It's all theatre. All performance art. Theatre.

Plays. Playtime. Acting. A pretty obvious metaphor doncha think. Yes it is. I know it. So I guess I'll go out tonight. Social blackout seems cancelled. Know why. I do. Cause the body needs some affection. The needy god damn body wants and wants and it don't let up.

Well I hope I learned something from the blackout. I hope I can carry it with me.

So I hope I learned something from Caitlin.

I'm never goin' through that phone phoney-ness again.

Count on that.

Later.

**9-6 12:25pm 32**

Whatever motherfuckers. Café Urth. The twenties are almost here. I hope I do better with the twenties this time than last. So I smoked a whole pack of cigarettes, and Caitlin still didn't call. What're ya gonna do.

What the fuck. That is not a question. So I broke down and did ask the lord what the fuck. I said: "Hey god, what...the...fuck." And then Simone called. She invited me to see her at Le Deux. A fancy-dan restaurant where the busboys make 200 bux a night. I enjoyed seeing her. She called me because she felt lonely. Well, I could dig that. We hugged. Smooched a little. Nice stuff like that.

I am up to my gills (my energetic gills) in this LA swill. Surrounded by the children of the rich and famous busy becoming whatever it is they become. I

could retch up my spleen if I still had one. Alas I only have an energetic spleen. Alas.

So, at least there is a foxy piece of hiney sitting to my left. I would mucho mucho enjoy some calisthenics with. Thing is...the body is hungry but the mind is...well...busy staring at ants on the ground. Wish the two would go to meetings.

Social blackout. Did I carry any of that with me here...if so I activate it now.

Well well. Had a practice last night. That's good. Need to come up with a bunch of new songs though...getting a little tired of playing the same 7.

So. Do ya know how motherfucking happy I'd be to hear from Caitlin. I mean that shit would make me...happy. Really happy. So pathetically happy that it would no doubt be better if she didn't call to save myself from the collapse that would surely follow my sugar high.

Some security guys just lugged in some bags o' cash. Out of a Brinks security armored car. That's bad as shit. Steppin' out in bullet proof vests, handguns. Those cats mean one thing. Business.

So I am beginning to believe my magic does not work in the realm of love. Romance. It's a damn shame.

Anyway. The faux seriousness of these LA kids. So fucking fake ass sincere: "Good to see you again." Like two old soldiers met by chance in a smokey basement bar.

My ass.

So I'm not smoking...not now. Know why. I smoked the last one in the pack this morning. But if I had one. I'd smoke it. Well I fuckin' would. I don't know if I \$3.50 want 20 of them though. But I probably free want one.

Jesus. What's my life going to be like when I'm not such a lonely unsuccessful bastard? I don't know. I thought about what would make me happy...record in stores, record on the radio, and shows. That would make me happy. It would. I wanted to dream of myself at 47

last night. I thought: let me sleep that sleep. That is some comfortable good sleep I'm betting. I picture ya know, home-owner, wife. The good stuff. Well if I did I don't remember it. Anyways. That's 15 years from now. Believe that shit. Wonder what color my hair will be. Kidding.

A doggy up the porch a way just cacked. At least that's what we used to call the coughing sound Skipper made when we were younger and she was older and had a phlegm problem. Skipper. Skipper Roo. Rooley. The family dog. We all loved her. She licked my dad's toes. Towards the end...the last 2 years I guess, she had phlegm in her lungs. It would freeze on her nose in the winter. And she'd cough up a little pile of it now + then. When this happened we thought it sounded like "cack". So we called it "cacking". The dog up the porch. Just cacked. If it was a person I am suitably impressed. ½ hour left on the meter.

Tuxedo pants, my new ones. New used ones from Hungary with the adjustable sides. Black socks. Red wings. Hair dye. Lite blue / off white slash grey I don't know what the fuck you call it...pearl...dirty smoke...color button up short sleeve shirt on. Shoe lace. Calipers rusted shut on a black silk string.

The question. More coffee? Do I want a refill? First of all I should understand exactly what refill means...it means, dipshit, more coffee. OK. Fine.

To think about: I'd like to bum a smoke? I make that a question because I'm not sure.

So a beautiful foreign girl. Dressed like 1969. Freckled and French. Listed in order of importance. A pretty brunette. Went by not too long ago scouting for a table.

To be precise I am paralyzed by how fucking needy the body is and how pissed off and bitter my brain is. My brain. So pissed off. It's actually quite annoying how not on the same page they are. You know that look dog's get when you make 'em sit before you drop the

treat into their snapping jaws. That look. That, I'm being good. I'm your faithful companion look. That's the expression that crosses my face when one of these totally sexy girls comes into view. I better go talk to somebody about that. It's a good thing I'm so funny. Don't know how I'd make it otherwise.

Jesus Christ. 3:08pm. Coffee bean + reaf. Know why? Chasin' tail. Hey. At least I'm up front about it. There is one reason why I'm here and it is because the body is a greedy basard. And how.

Adelle, and Geraldine, two French girls I spoke to at Urth. Adelle is a looker. I told them she smote my heart in two. I offered to take her to the orient or buy her dinner. She declined. I told her I was free if she wanted to take me to the Orient. Dig that.

The body ain't nothin' but a hound dog. That is true. Despite the fact that it has caught a few rabbits in its day it still ain't no friend of mine.

Observation: People are going to look back on the limp biscuit look - goatee, short hair, and laf, laf, laf.

Second observation: I drool some.

I'm caffeinated and I just bought a pack of cigarettes. I'm turning off my brain now. It simply gets in the way. God damn brain.

So any motherfuckin' how. Blondes 1, 2 and brunette 1 are not here. There is the girl with the dopey friends who's my age that I oh so impressed with my wit (not so) about ½ year ago. Claire. I don't know. She don't care for me. I do believe she's familiar with my rep though. One time when I was leaving here she was heard to say "Probably going home to cry." She has a special place in my \_\_\_\_\_ (insert organ here) as a result of that.

So. It's interesting the way luck + sunshine has seated me opposed from everyone else. I'm off to one

side. Apart. Alone even. Everyone else is a dozen feet away, it's like I'm on stage. So what.

The question is now do I give in to the caffeine + nicotine and start making funny faces at "Claire"? No. I'll be considerate. Mind my own god-damn business. I wish the blonds were here. I wanted to talk to them.

Jesus Christ listen to me. Still starin' at ants. OK. I've got till 4:11. Fucking Fuck Fuck. I wish a genie would appear and club me with a cod or a salami or something to knock some sense into me.

You know what. I'd fuck Claire. I would. She's good lookin' in a feisty kinda way. Yep. That's the body for you. A real independent thinker.

Hey Claire. Let's screw. Me + You. No poetry. No mysterious she loves me / not. Just sex. That's it. Guess not. Life will go on. This is stupid. "This" is 100% stupid. However, I'm not convinced that makes it a bad thing.

Me and my shadow. Sittin' on the porch of corp. coffee in Hollywood. Damn me. So I called Caitlin yesterday about 1 pm.

No reply.

Called again today..."Don't know what happened...etc etc. Call me or see you ..blah blah." Don't expect a damn thing.

The finale will be an email where I will try to eek out a net positive from the mess somehow. After all...I do like her. She seems like a girl with integrity...I guess she didn't have the energy to get to the bottom of the truth about me. Energy / motivation / courage. Define it as you will. Makes me sad. But god damnit what the fuck am I supposed to do? Whatever. It'd be nice if the blond's show up but what makes me think they'd be any different. Besides. I am never going through the call me back torture again. I won't. Ever. Do that to myself again. I don't fucking deserve slash can't fucking take that. ½ hour left. Boy this is fan-fucking-tastic. Talk about a good reason to reenact

social blackout. This is like sitting in a hot porta poty with a hornet's nest in it. No not quite that bad.

Oh well. I'll leave here soon + go play guitar. Maybe drop into Perkatory. Well. Time for some hard truths.

There is no-one here for me and there will be no-one here for me. I'm too difficult to match. So I'll find my partners wherever they lie and I won't complain. If I get lucky enough to have them.

The sad thing is...is that I want companionship not just to get off. Shit I bet I could "get off" with the equally lonely Simone tonight. Maybe I should.

But I'd like someone I can invest a lil bit of myself in. A girl-"friend". Honestly God. I don't know why you insist on keeping me so alone. I've been this way since...well I guess Saxapahaw in, I guess that was May of '01. And when I was in the 'pahaw I just got drunk all the time and Teresa + I weren't exactly the happiest. I bet we were both pretty lonely then too. So...dear lord...why doncha cut me some slack and guide me ½ way to a dame I can make something with. Or is that impossible for me? Do I have to wait till I'm successful as a musician and accept the then easy pickings my new status will give me (it's all part of my rock + roll fantasy). I'm going to feel let down if that's the case.

Isn't there a broad out there willing to take a chance on ol' Joe. If that's the case I'd like to meet her. No f'real. I would. I don't get the vibe that my erstwhile would be workout partner "Claire" (not her real name) is that girl. As a matter of fact I don't think I know her. Or she I. Or he her. He-haw. Daisey Duke. Hold the Mayo. The mayor of hazzard.

There is no money and there is no crowd.

There is no lover for my heart. Anyway.

Some dude in traffic last night in the passenger seat in a car stuck beside mine started honkin' his girlfriend's horn. Looking all self-righteous. So I

looked over, the girl looked concerned. He looked like Fred Durst. I rolled down my window after the 2<sup>nd</sup> honk, under the guise of lighting a cigarette. Inviting him to say something. He did not. Light changed. He said under his breath "Sick, Sick."

I said clearly, "Fuckhead." That was that. That's why I need a girl with more heart than guts than sense.

I leave now. Play guitar. No blonds. I'm a hero.

6:47pm. Coffee dumb ass bean + fucked up leaf. Los god damn Feliz - I'll go ahead and just tell you my favorite part of being here is the fucked up stares I get. It's either that or the "I'm doin' you a big favor" face. Those are my two recognition expressions. Whatever. Not that it matters.

I sat by the fire I had been tending by my hut. In the rain. First girl I saw after this was the blond with the orange Falcon. Yeah.

2 part plan. 1) Mind my own business through 1 cigarette. 2) Leave. Go play guitar.

God Damn Caitlin. God Damn Stephanie. Goodness I'm full of Vitriol. Vitriolic.

Saturday. When the earth has gone around the sun and returns this same relative spot...I'd love to know what I'm doing then. I hope things are better.

**28 9-10 10:57**

The twenties. Good.

South of France. Lots to mention so I'll be brief.

One. Some dude coughed rudely when I walked in and I want to kick his ass. See that's one of my new ideas. It is time to use my fists.

Two. Simone came over last night. We got Frisky. She left. I met a girl named Kassie at Burgundy Room, made plans with her for later this week. Vee shall see. Juliett, a waitress at LA Petite Greek cross from Chevaliers came in and picked me up. I'm supposed to drop by to see her / seal the deal. She's prob. my age

couple plus from London. Nice legs. I wrote Caitlin 'course I haven't heard from her, told her she should've let me explain whatever caused her to disappear.

Three. The boyfriend of one of the upstairs new girls inadvertently did me a favor coupla days back when he said: "I heard he was jerking off on his porch." Talkin' bout me. See that made me think...well I guess I don't know what the fuck they're sayin' about me and since that's a lie...a lie told knowingly...it's prob. all lies. I'd be happy to tell anyone the truth. I'd love to.

This was actually a nice realization. The next morning the shoelace around my neck broke in the shower. I chucked it. Sure would be cool for the truth to get out. Oh fuckin' well.

Still and all. I'd like to kick the guy's ass that said that upstairs. Don't worry I'm workin' on it. Motherfucker was listening to a football game the following morning...he's cheering like he's in his dorm / frat house. I'm waking up drinking my tea. Thinkin' about reading my book. I told him to shut up. He did. He shut the hell up. Course on the way to his car he had to do the clapping / smacking hands thing before he left...had to get the last word. Fucker. I'll enjoy punching him in his kisser.

I guess that'll do it for now.

11:27 cat + fiddle. Smoking. For now. I dunno how much more of this shit I can take. I get sick of the pathetic looks from people that don't fucking know me. Fine.

So Michelle did make an appearance at s.o.f. when I was there. She was on her way to school. I couldn't bring myself to try to say anything to her as a matter of fuct, fact, I was only able to look in her direction after some soul searching. Couple things I learned from this. One. I didn't manage that situation very well. Two. I can't chase her. I don't believe I have the

optimism to chase girls like her anymore. She'd be a catch. But, looks like she's gonna have to catch me.

Should've gone to Urth. This is a bore. Plus. The people here don't like me. Fine. At least I get to make faces at the industry hacks that work at "killer tracks" and imagine how I'd punch them in the sternum. I'd step into it see. Thank the lord there's only 28 left. Man I'm done. Diner coffee. Quite a step down from s.o.f.

Aside. I sat with tea, had a cig. on the steps to the upstairs apt. Later on I hear in a mocking Mickey Mouse voice "Hi I'm beater." From upstairs. So I guess I'm not givin' those girls any afterall. Zero. I'm not donating shit to any of my neighbors from now on give'm less to say about me later.

People still drivin' by the bookstore + honkin' for no reason. One black dude walked by and gave me a look like I had a cucumber stickin' out of my ass.

A latino man looked right at me + honked on Hyperion a coupla days ago. My fans love me. People still drivin' by and yelling unintelligible things late at night.

Still haven't written a good new song. The last one I wrote is good guitar but not nec. a good song. One before that is nice melodic mellow gtr. but nothing to jump up + down about.

Sitting close to the fountain. Facing away from the road.

Nodoby else here. They only opened 10 mins. ago.

Stephanie + Caitlin. Two of the best looking girls I've spent time with, both 22. Both ditched me. I fut up w/ Stephanie. Caitlin I don't know what the [Beater] fuck happened. So god, care to explain. What the fuck was that all about? I don't get that shit. Merely torture I assume. Know who I'd like another crack at, Lulu, the girl I gave the TV to. Alexia too. The girl I met in line at the Bar Marmont job applix...the one I didn't chat up.

Jesus. Can't you fucking see how Done I am. I am so thoroughly through. 28. Go by fast would ya please.

Blue Haggar trousers, grey socks, redwings, yellow button up shirt, faded hair dye, stains on my teeth. My hair looks insane.

All n' all not a bad spot to waste my time. Bit too sunny. Thin' I'll go sit in some shade when I get the energy to move. Maybe not. It doesn't fucking matter anyhow. My financial situation is so fucked. I put my bills on my desk out in the living room in a pile. Don't even bother to open 'em up. What's the point. The preceding was not a question. Stay in the chasis. Just stay in the chasis. Look out if you want, watch it all go by but relax in interior of the carriage. There is No reason (No point) to complain.

The waitress, Veronica came by + refilled my coffee. I paid her...I don't want any pity coffee. So I coughed up a buck. 9-10. My god. A year ago today I was in Brooklyn in the throws of decision making about law school. I'd been doing my homework, going to class. Had read 100s of pages of law school shit already. Already knew it wasn't for me. Dropped out. Think the last day I went was 9-11. It was windy. Two years ago today Chris, Chris + I were outside of Greenville on the unfinished highway...took the Lystra promo photos we used that year. Three years ago I was in Saxapahaw living w/ Teresa ['00]. September. I'd been playing with Chris for a coupla months and we were working up to our first show...the cave. Barely remember it now. Drinking my ass off. Had stopped smoking at that point though quit in July '00. Four years ago '99 Sept. I was in law school D.C. just getting going at Wash. Coll. of Law. '98 I was preparing to go to NYC to record an acoustic demo at Sony Music Publishing's in house studio, trying to get the balls to go to NYC to move there. '97 I was living in 1802 Fordham blvd. w/ Jacob + Sam doing sound at L506 had recently quit Margaret's. Hadn't yet met Teresa. '96 I in

Calif. recording the second full length with Capsize. '95 I was awaiting the release of "Mephisto" on Caroline. 2004 I was \_\_\_\_\_. Living in NYC again enjoying a city in the fall that has a fall and playing music + living off it. There goes a billion Kilowatt damn. Whoops.

I wonder if I'll be drinking again in a year this time? I guess I hope not. Thank god this writing project is winding up. I begin to loathe it.

I resemble that statement.

Leave her alone. Let her be. Nothing will work out and I know I don't mind. Because I've lost and there's nothing left to try. I wonder if that shit'll ever come out. If the minute on my cell phone...a huge fucking horsefly just landed on my arm. I was looking for a sign I guess I got it. I'll call that record horsefly "if" it makes it out.

Simone said I'd put on weight too. That's good.

15 mins left. Guess that puts me at the apt. around 12:40ish. I've got nothing to eat there I should go shopping but I hate to spend the money. Whatever. I'll eat caterer food tonight I guess.

Fuck it. Stay in the chasis. Enjoy yourself with Kassie. Your name is not Lassie.

Sandwich. That is the only way this shit works out. The missing piece has got to come to me the same way that sandwich did. Sure.

Wonder if I'll ever come back here. Maybe, maybe not. I have a week opinion on the subject. I'm guessing not. Good-bye. Good-bye to romance. Good-bye to friends. I'll see ya. Good-bye to all the rest. I guess that we'll meet. We'll meet in the end.

One more thing. Had a dream about a terrific gtr. A yamaha acoustic with some terrific pickups in it...sunburst black to natural. A beauty. I'll keep an eye out for it.

9-10 26 10:46

Earth. The final frontier.

Sit someplace and write. That's it. So I'm table-less in full sunshine with some bitch sniffin' at me and botherin' me for attention. A black lab. Medium coffee.

Guess I could sit with the girl in the red dress if'n I wanted to n'shit. Wutevah. A table'll open up.

Jamie. R.E.M. Singing.

Listen to the colors.

Wash out your ears and listen to the colors.

Time to book a show.

They've just about merged. It can happen any time.

I want a god damn table.

This is a new paragraph too.

I want to sit in the shade.

Sáde is a cool name.

That was an intentional pun.

Since I helped out someone with seating last time I was here I expect similar treatment. Give me a fucking seat.

There's a ladybug on the chair-leg.

26. Twenty-six.

I still got nowheres to sit. So fucking what.

So I got a table. Wucky me.

Sippin me coffee.

It's bad to be too much of an asshole.

But it's good bordering on essential to be somewhat of an asshole.

Listen to the colors.

Jeans, non-fancy, black dress socks (right one has a hole in the heel), Brooks Brothers belt, Redwings, soccer referee shirt from 17 years ago. Cigarette. Bic pen from law school. Hair dye (faded more red again). Smoking a Parliament light.

So, get this, mental info system informed me last night on the way back from eating w/ Chris + Chris: She

loves you. Nice thought but I have no idea who. Well there's a limited #.

But it's not a small #. If...if shmif.

From the halls of Montezuma...

I have Brilcreme on my head. It's in my hair. I discovered Brilcreme. And it is good. 'Hair groom'. That's what it sez on the tube. Bought it b-cause when I worked my first Patina shift I got a talking to about my hair. Dude said: "This is Patina, you need to do something to groom your hair."

Well it sez right on the god dam tin black with orange writing tube: HAIR GROOM.

I bought it 'cause I figured it wouldn't have much of an offensive smell. Anything else would've Stank I bet. N' guess what. Just smells kinda like a barber shop, that's it. Nothing too offensive.

I sang better last night than I have in a long time. Don't know why. But Ah did. Ah sure deed.

Ah sewer deed.

Anywhat. I sit on a chair. Urth café. I'm 31 but I've been tellin' people 32 for a month now even though I got more like a month than two weeks left of it. I'm still pissed. Full of vitriol. But I'm beginning to have a bit more fun. Sick of my girl-situation.

I'm supposed to see Simone tonight but I know there's no way in hell we could be a couple so...all in all it's pointless. Well not completely pointless.

So look god. Do me a favor and drop a steady off for me. It's about that time. Am I that difficult to match someone up with me. Jesus. It's not like you'd need an 8 day week er nothing.

No no. I get it. Who lotta nothing for Joey. You big meanie.

So. I'll keep this brief cause it's off the motherfucking wall. First I'll set the scene. I'm working at a beer truck shlepin' overpriced Heineken to people at a REM concert. Patina shift. First song (I can hear the band but not see 'em) is Begin the

Beginning. Miles standish proud. And guess what I hear. In between the lyrics Michael Stipe shouts out "Beater". No shit. People treated me a little strangely for the rest of the evening. How about that shit. The insurgency began and I missed it.

It's a simple plan really. I'll just listen to the colors and enjoy watching it unwind. 26.

This is boring. I'd like a girl my speed to talk to, my speed being a bit of a difficult thing to match apparently.

On a new topic...I'd like a new barbeque grill. I miss cooking out.

Still got ½ hour on the meter. Guess I should do something.

4pm.

Mornin'  
2 thousand + 3  
but who's counting.

**25 9-12-03**

My cell phone ce la morte. I don no what language that is but what I'm saying is it died. Don't worry, I didn't pay for it. Goin' on month three stickin' it to the m.f. cell phone co.. Fuck them. Ros Feriz. Corporate coffee bean + reaf. But who's counting. Figure'd I'd come here + fill up on some stink eye.

Working at the Emmy's tonight. Presenting the award for...duh uh Ahmean...bussing god damn tables. Maybe if I hussle Hank + Tom'll let me out early. Joking. Hank was owner tom floor manager where I working doing the same exact bullshit 10 years ago.

Well at least some things are workin' out. I am catchin' my share of stink-eye. The snobby locals to this neighborhood [Ros Feriz] have bought hook line + sinker any ol' thing that's said bad about our hero. Mwa. I don't care if that's not how the frenchies spell it.

Aside: last night on my home from burgundy room [Noel] a red Camero passed me at a light and I got the "piggy" and then a honk. Also. I worked at Hollywood + highlands Kodak center for Wolfgang Puck (he was a guest in attendance for a chef's party)...anyway. I worked hard and I guess I impressed the kitchen staff 'cause when I was pissin' I heard "He works hard hard hard hard hard...cause he's the liar!" Sung. Well, the damn liar huh. Guess that is one of my many names.

Not to mention that under her breath the lesbianish looking butch to my left called me...freak or weirdo...I ferget. After I wrote that line about hook, line + sinker. Guess she's one of the fish.

Noel, introduced to me by Tiffany...Italian...28, lawyer. Foxy. Phone number. Call her soon. Don't mind if I do. I'd lay odds at about 15 to 1 that anything productive'll come of it.

Alas, the eye candy is in short suppry today.

One, a single, attractive girl brocked from my view by the butch dyke a la left.

Getting warm.

Sweatshirt (medium blue) from dollar store (6\$ I thin' bought it in Ch-hill (Carborro) actually with Teresa got the ¾ maroon for Sam. - Like it - tank top w/ dragon fly icons - 2 left - Hanes grey boxer briefs (my shorts got rots a whores)...cut off jeans shorts some 30 years old with a button design no longer in manufacture, grey socks (Dickies) Redwings. Belt (the leather one). Hair dye. Bic pen from Brooklyn.

Kassie hasn't called. "She's not gonna call."

But I still feel her presence strongly in the force...so I don't think she's disappeared for good.

Still haven't figured out who loves me. Maybe I haven't talked to her yet.

Too hot for the god damn sweatshirt. I shed it like a snow crab crawling from beneath a camouflaging cover of kelp.

25. Such a nice day. And a fine number. It's a prime number squared. That's gotta have some magic. 2<sup>nd</sup> degree prime not divisible by anything but its parent.

Sometimes when a really pretty girl walks by me I'll say: "But I love you." In a soft heart broken sotto voice.

Why? Same reason I told the telemarketer this morning (9:30) that Chris couldn't come to the phone because he is terrified of it. A phobia. A difficult thing...she then asked me if I could answer her questionnaire and I told her I have a very short attn. span I don't even remember what you're talking about. More of a why not than a why.

People with kids are so immune from my fucking with 'em...that's probably one reason why they get on my nerves. Walking around with their SUV size strollers..."you can't fuck with me I've got a kid" [sung like a childish song] ). Parenthetically speaking of course. Not to mention that ya can't smoke around 'em.

(Too bad about the cell phone. Really tuf. So long podner. All the things I should have said. The things left unspoken. That's what hurts the most. Remember the good times. That's what I tell myself over + over + over. That time I wanted to test how far I could throw you before you broke. You made it off the landing dock just fine. I knew you would. That time I pretended I was going to throw you out the window of the car only to catch you in my other hand at the last second. Memories. And then the time I threw you at the wall and you broke...but came back to life just like Jesus did. Oh yeah, that did break the piece of shit...I've been using Rady's phone which is just like my old one.

Movin on. This place is boring. Nobody's even staring at me funny anymore.

Yeah so uh...I'm at the other coffee bean. I don't learn. I should say when "I love you" is spoken plaintively (like a plaintiff) parenthetically speaking of course, one must place the emphasis on and draw out

the "you". Rising a whole note within the oo part and then dropping back down. Try it with me:

"But I love you-oooh." See. Now imagine you're a hot chick and your walking past me and I say that to you.

See what a dick I am?

I don't know why this came to mind but I was thinking just the other day about how on Buck Rogers they (the tall skinny commander and the curvaceous brunette) (tricked out Buck's room to look all 70's with the dark lighting, the disco music, the big poofy furniture. Now why the fuck would I think of that. I don't care.

Gettin' a lil' shakey from all the fiends. The caffeiends. And the teens. The nicoteens. If I was 13 years younger I'd have a band called the nico-teens. I'd play guitar and nico would sing.

"But I love you-oooh.") Parenthetically speaking of course.

So on my way here. There's a convert. Mustang '65 in the lane beside me at the light. Dude's sayin'..."He's awesome...supermotivated...blah blah blah, I just want to hang out with him sometime..." or some such shit. Then when I'm pullin' off (driving away you smirky bastard)..."it's like the seat-belt..." course you know I don't always wear my seatbelt cause the lord can take you at any time. So. As the beater, or liar, or who ever I'm hailed as, I guess it's not inappropriate to talk about me while I'm there in earshot like I'm the pet cat or some shit. No offense but good stuff bad stuff it's all the same to me.

So I was standing outside the b.r. and a really fine looking skater girlfriend asks me for a light. She's with her skater who's got his board + was holding it up in the bar like a trophy. I don't try anything. But I do send out an energy bomb and explode it right in front of me + her. The bomb sends out a "it's all ok" vibe. She feels it. She takes a shuddering breath and

says "o.k.". Then as though she'd lost her place, stumbles back into her conversation with the sk8r.

Still a ½ cup left. I got a "refill" from the counter girl so I tipped the \$40 change off the bill. I think this might be more entertaining than Urth. Know why? More misfits, more stink eye. More odd looks of appraisal.

Rady + Toms were at the bar with Sophia too. Sophia on a (limited engagement. They walked in when I was talking to Noel. Hot Italian stuff that she is. We were facing each other sitting on bar stools, my knee b/t her legs, but snuggly at that. I kept crackin' the stupidest jokes with her. "Lemmee guess your weight?" Then a large #. Same with age. Tellin' her when I get up in the morning my hair sticks straight uplike I've been electrocuted. Putting my hand on my head fingers up like a rooster for visual aid. That kind of off-the-cuff bullshit) routine. Parenthetically speaking of course.

But I love you-oooh.

What a guy.

11:11's when I checked in. Don't know the time. Don't want to pay for parking.

Fuck parking. I don't want to pay anymore period. I'm done. Fuck that pay me shit.

Ya know I'd like to talk to a broad. I would. Talk talk talk talkey talkey. Spocky.

Fine. I'll go talk to a broad, I don't care if we go out...yeah whatever.

OK lord. I'm receiving you. Send me one for some amusing conversation. You know. Yuk it up. You've got 5 minutes. ¼ till.

Bored.

Lord.

I'm bored.

4 minutes.

You can do it. A broad with a sense of humor. A female broad mind you, I don't swing the other way.

Listen to the colors. Wash out your ears and listen to the colors.

Just gave out a - nother cigarette. That makes ¼ of this pack I've given away. Sorta defeats the 2 for 5 bux value pack deal I got.

Oh who fuckin' cares.

?am 22

9-15 about 11:00 maybe

22. If you're with me still you know 22 is a thankfully low #. Blessedly. Or as I say in my retarded accent...bressedry. Corporate coffee bean + tea reaf. Ros Feriz. Stink eye oddly absent today...has mutated into a kind of look-of-wonder. Wonder-look. I suppose when I looked into the future, el futuro, and saw that I am the shit I wasn't looking too far away.

Still n' all. Guess it still affects me 'cause I'm shaky today. Still shaky.

About 3 years ago I was in N.Y.C. and I saw Willem Defoe...he had this cool smile on as he walked around. I mean...that man is known by almost everybody (expectedly in that section of N.Y.C.) parenthetically speaking...and he knew that of course. So what's he do. He doesn't walk around staring at his shoes or blank faced like the lord not seeing his servants...he's got a smile. A nice to meet you but I'm in a hurry smile. Like that shit.

So this has occurred to me. If I could be broken by any and all of my feeble detractors...it surely would have happened by now...so I'm calling it. Lets see your hand...your cards dumbass...I don't think you've got a single pair. So why don't we stop pretending. Lets be what we are. Shall we? Surely all that hatred must bog you down. It, honestly, is about all I can do to keep pretending so in the interest of pursuing better interests I hereby abandon the game. You've become boring...beating you too easy. I remain...apparently...undefeated.

Red wing boots black fading to cordovan. Black socks. Brown virgin wool pants (double pleated to my consternation). Black Brooks Bros. leather belt I bought for 65 bux when I thought I was gunna be a lawyer. Referee shirt.

Listen to the colors. Wash out your ears and listen to the colors.

Caw Caw Caw. The crows are laughing at me.

I'm broke. Went out with Noel last night she had to buy. I figure 23 bux is a fair price to pay for our first date. Fair in that I spent 70 on Caitlin and didn't get a damn thing in return except a headache.

I am relieved that I'm almost done with the countdown. 22 days is a cakewalk. Not too much longer before I finish this motherfucker. And then what? I don't have any god damn idea. Perhaps it's the first of a trilogy.

Met a cute 22 year old at the Emmy's when I worked Sat. night at some Emmy's event. I was wearing my tan waiter jacket...she had a short black dress on and was helping guide people to their tables. Apparently her Ma was involved with the event somehow. So I walked up to her + said...

"Excuse me could you help me find my table. I think there's been some mistake. When I got here they made me put on this waiter's jacket." or something along those lines.

Anyhow her name's Anna and I memorized her #. I'll call today and see if I remembered it right. She attends Pepperdine. She lives in a dorm-room. A damn dorm room. Ha.

Attractive coupla Asian pretty girls across the courtyard. I think I've been identified by them. maybe I should go over and say hi. I'd love to. Don't mind if I do.

Wut. Are. Yew. Tawkin' about. You can't go and harass unfamiliar women anymore. Not now that yer famouse.

So fine. I'll put it on the floor. And send them an energy bomb. I like your looks. Let it go. It travels slow. Breaks like a water balloon over them. There I've communicated to them.

God damn shakes. Nerves. Like I'm on stage. All the time.

Caw. Caw.

Unwind. Wind down. De - celerate. De - ssert. Just De - serves.

Wunder how much longer I'll be smokin' for Days or Years...decades, centuries?

I'm juiced up. I got energy. I'm pullin' my cigarette out of my mouth like I'm saluting the seargent major.

I wonder when I get to play my next rock show. I do hope it's soon. It needs something first. Some element is missing. I haven't got that figured out yet. I should call the mofo's I sent the de-mo to but I have a hard time having the incentive to do so. It's like I'm bussing tables at a restaurant and a group comes in of "important" scene-sters...Mac from Superchunk with Ash from Polvo maybe Dereck from the Cradle. I just don't want to go over there and take their salad plates. Man I do not. It's funny that way. Well I'm not going to. Tell Hank tell Tom I fuckin' quit. Not anymore for me this business of pretending to be your servant. Let's be serious. Can we do that?

Coffee's gone. Time to move. Go see what the cheese tastes like at Fairfax + Sunset?

Oh one more thing. As I was leaving the courtyard of Cat + Fiddle where Noel bought me dinner, a homeless looking Latino squared off at me at the exit and made the pig snort at me. I do believe it was a sign of respect, I didn't know what to do, instinctively I flexed my arms in front of me and brought up my shoulders...looked him back and growled. Maybe not the ideal response but I was caught off-guard. Wutevah. It's weird being known.

Hey motherfuckers. I'm here. God damn but why?  
Maybe that will make itself No, No, No, Known. Fuck.

A steady lover. I will take a steady lover.

Maybe I'll try being queer. Just kidding. I know  
I'm not queer. Topic has been covered passim. Present  
throughout.

Pee Pee.

Shaky bastard. I'm sittin' with Chris now. The  
pretty blond who had the shade to share.

Listen to the colors. Wash out your ears and  
listen to the colors. It's afternoon. Not by much.

I'm already sayin' stupid shit to her. Don't be  
dishonest...don't be overly honest. Lest you forget women  
come to you. Lest I forget.

Chris, Christina that's her name. Wonder if she  
could be a steady lover for me. Yeah. Gee. I fucking  
wonder. Let it go. Abandon ship.

Here's my info. 3 pieces of tobacco leaf just fell  
out onto the pad. Preceded by a cute blond exiting the  
main building.

I refuse to pretend. I do.

I'd like decent conversation. Tawk. Can we? Is  
that possible? Whatever lets just see. I'll be funny.  
But I'll be light handed with it. I just want to find  
which painting the safe is hidden behind, not pick the  
lock.

Chances are. Bad. I energy bombed her. She's not  
interested especially. That's o.k. I'll try and make  
it a net + for her.

She's in music. Speaks the language "mix down..."  
etc.

Thing to remember. I already am the person I've  
seen myself become. I'm that guy.

Anyhow. Be the engine.

Today. 22. A lucky number.

Interesting. The people ya meet. She was a model  
for years + years. She's now a comedian. Chris Lezetc.  
Maybe I'll see her again sometime. She's one year older

than me. That's nice. I like talking to people who've  
walked the walk. Yeah. 'Tis good. People.

So now I'm broke. Flat fuckin' broke. Again.  
Well at least nothing I care a whole lot about is  
crushing me. I mean. My cell phone is unpaid for 3  
mo.s just about. My credit card is maxed and was denied  
at the gas station. But who the fuck cares about that  
shit.

Not me.

Not me.

I repeat.

Not me.

Fuck them.

Beater. I'd better start gettin' paid for it.  
Honestly. I mean I'm workin' hard here.

Bein' me is a full time job. So far I haven't been  
getting any benefits. 'Tis about that time.

Guess I'll go home soon + call Anna. Better get my  
car out before I owe \$ I haven't got. No shit. No \$.

**9-15 8:52 22**

Terra Firma. Urth. Got in the van went to Arco  
bought 31 bux worth of gas on my fut up credit card (HA!  
HA!) and said...well...where the fuck should I go...I know  
what I want not sure where to get it..."terra  
firma"...enters my mind. So here I am. Why I am I  
believe I've already explained. What I am is a subset  
of why I am. When I am is a nonsensical question. How  
I am? Fine. How you are? Who I am. Depends on who  
you ask.

That about does it.

Answer all yer questions?

OK...the end.

## EPILOGUE

Well I hope you enjoyed my book. It has concluded. Surprise surprise ending, eh? Well it just goes to show you you never know what yer gonna get. Or what's gonna get you.

My right arm. It is up in the air. Straight fucking up above my head. I'm saluting my girlfriend. Where-ever she is. OK I'll admit it. I'm lonely. So I know she's out there. I'm just saying hi. Here I am. This is imaginative. My hand was holding my cigarette and transferring it from my mouth to the ashtray and repeating it.

Thing is I know exactly what I want for a girlfriend. I mean think about it...you can't want something without knowing exactly what it is. The definition of what you want is defined by its lacking in your life. So I raise my arm to salute her. Exactly her. Know what I like about that. No-one can make me lower my arm. No-one but her.

So I guess I should enjoy tonight. I don't suppose either way I've got many of them left. Nights of relative obscurity.

So. Observing the obvious. I see immediately to my fore 3 very attractive Italian ?? girls. Inside I saw a coupla foxy chix at a table and behind me in line there was a tall pretty girl. I've got 6\$ and change in my bank account.

I don't much feel like having a fake ass conversation right now. No pick up bull shit. I'd rather spook somebody or weird 'em out with odd conversation than do any b.s. routine.

So no shit. No poo poo. Here let me show ya.

Poo Poo?

No thank you.

Man. Woman. Continue.

Coupla girls moved into my left. College girls. Perfumed. American.

I'll leave any girl be that won't meet my gaze. Eye contact. That's the key. If you can't meet me there I suppose won't anywhere else. That's one thing I dug about Jamie...unafraid of meeting my eyes. Likewise with JNY. When I was stranded on the island and she parachuted down.

Not for long. Not for very long.

Not feelin' much like barging into any conversations.

Arctic Turtle. Good band name. Snow white shell size of a polar bear.

Somehow able to maintain warm body temp...by eating enough seals I guess...or Eskimos.

Hand straight up. Raised high. Should be able to narrow the field by specifically drawing the girlfriend. Thing is...in a year I expect things'll be a lil' diffren't.

They were a bit diff. a year ago.

3. I dunno. 3 what? 3 who? 3 when? 3 why? 3 how?

Unbelievable. That's the truth. My life. Unbelievable. Maybe I'll start painting my nails. I sure have said a lot of dumb shit in this book. I'm gonna have a lot of explaining to do. Long talks with anyone who'll read it. That's related to me.

There the trio goes and to my credit all I did was ask 'em what time it was. Of course because I'm ass-backwards in my karma I'm sure I should've asked one of 'em out. But a'course. Nope. Whatever man. Sick of it. Not that I didn't spot openings for conversation. I did. I just didn't take 'em. That's life. I'm a nice guy when I shouldn't be and an asshole the rest of the time. Yeah.

Jesus I'm pissed off. The way things are now. The way I'm wasting my life. All I did after writing today was go home and sleep. Rady bought a big ass TV for the

living room. Incredible. So I watched about an hour of Clockwork Orange (which I hadn't seen in years) and then slept. Oh - I ate too. Sardines + a can of beans + slice of ham some bread with chz on it and some crackers (mustard + Tabasco on 'em). Parenthetically speaking. So there are moments when I feel like I'm wasting my life. God damn it. Fuck the whole fucking thing. Well there it is. I'm angry too.

So to enumerate: 1) lonely 2) angry.

Way to be.

Magic. That's my way out.

So I'm a lonely angry magician with one arm in the air. So it goes.

Wutevah. I should go home.

Anyhows. I'm just gonna sit here. I'll eventually finish my cold coffee. I'll smoke another cigarette. If my new girlfriend drops by I'll probably know it. I'm not in a foxhole. Not hiding. Just sick of trying.

Another topic.

I'm nobody's servant. I am not a servant of the music biz. Or any motherfucking body else for that matter. Later.

Didn't have the 50¢ for the refill so I go.

**9-16 21 10:45am**

Guess where I am. Right down the fucking street from Sol y Azul in Old Cock Sucker town Pasadena. Cops just pulled up I guess they're gonna try and intimidate me out of town. I'll punch one of those motherfuckers in the face he gives me a hard time. So I'd like to see JNY. Maybe I'll get magic. Plenty of Stink eye here. On my way in I got the pig sounds and an "Oh" in the parking strux.

Well. My mofo coffee is free cause my debit card didn't go through. So I could sit here for an hour if I chose. Not that I will.

Man it's odd I'm getting the stink eye from EVERYONE. Seriously. You'd think I had a cod bungee'd

to my head like a dead fish hat. If it's not stinky it's not zactly nice.

That's a fact jack.

Funny I got free coffee. This fuckin' place owes me a cup. Cock suckers. Maybe I'll push my luck and ask for a refill. Huh Huh.

I see what I meant by not many of these left. Everyone in Old Town seems to have my #, or at least what they've been told is my #.

I think, after energy bombing the one attractive girl out here that she actually might want to speak to me. Nothing but net.

Sometimes I get this uncomfortable feeling like...hey what the fuck. I'm beginning to realize that's when someone's stinky eye-balling me. It isn't pleasant. So I'm learning to pause when this happens...let it pass. Sometimes in the past it has made me flinch.

I'm going to send a shockwave through the ground now that will let JNY know I'm here if she'd like to say Hi. She's 21...turned on 15<sup>th</sup>. I envision slamming the ground with a sledgehammer. BANG. There, she knows. She can come say hi if she wants.

Devil, Liar, Piggie, Beater, I wonder what's next? Rock star?

Caw Caw.

Well I do inspire some strong reactions do I not.

All I gotta do is act naturally.

Black action slacks. Yellow + blue tube socks cuff nearly ripped off. Redwings. Black Brooks Bros. belt. Sikes merchant marine shirt. Faded hair dye. After I get paid I may go for a dip. Like skipper used to get but this un dyes my hair dark.

Hey bonita...sure is hard to flirt with you with your back to me.

So this morning. I'm sittin' on my porch, suckin' back tea and tobacco. Girls upstairs start chiming in so I tell 'em...clap for me. Clap for me. Clap for me. P mail. I get a clap. One. Dig it.

Last night as I was trying to go to sleep I put up a fire of all the bullshit. 1 huge bonfire. All the sacrifice pain + loss + bullshit. Lit. Huge flames. I ran around it with my shirt off feeling at once the burning heat and cold night air. The grass damp with dew swishing as my feet cut through it unheard above the cracks and pops and roar of the flames. I took off my shirt and threw it to the ground. I ran around it with my arms in the air. Then I grabbed each person I could think of by name in the music bizness, the record industry, and I with both fists held them by their shirts right up in my face. My breath right in their face. I looked into their watery eyes and I said:

Give it to me. Give it to me. Look at the fire.

Give it to me. Mark from Artist Direct said he would.

Then I said I was going to hold them right under my nose. Right in their comfort zone until they did. Then I confused them by letting them go but I asked a crow to watch over each one and remind them to give it to me. Kio called me weird. Fuck Kio. Give it to me. Caw Caw. The end.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

You don't have to like me. Not even a little. But I'd like it if, and I believe it would be better for you, if you didn't spend so much energy and time disliking me.

Let's think about other things, productive things, you could do with that time.

You could learn a foreign language.

You could become a better cook.

You could do volunteer work, help out your community.

We both know the kind of opposition I receive isn't free. That shit takes time and effort, organization. I mean I know you like it...let's call it one of your guilty pleasures...but seriously. You should get over me. I'm just a man, I don't hurt nobody. I'll be dead in 60 years giver take a few. So what's yer big whup. The biggest reaction yer gonna get from me is my Mona Lisa smile so you should lurn to pass on it.

The firemen just went by sirens blaring for me.

Strong reactions.

What if there were a fire now in the opposite direction?

Check the time.

See if I can't get a refill.

Got one. Gave 'em 50 cents.

On my way out the door I was going to say hi...actually I was going to say "Hey beautiful do you mind if I talk to you for a coupla minutes?" But...a homeless looking woman was in my path and bummed a smoke from me. Scuse me can I have a cigarette. She rasped out.

"They're terrible for your health you know that."

Yeh I'm a heavy smoker.

I can believe it.

Well I did. I approached the two and said into the air between them. hey beautiful...

Then. Oh, I was talking to her. The blond.

She's got a class in 20 minutes. Under normal circumstances she would. I told her she was a pretty girl and left it at that. Should've listened to the universe. I was informed that it was obviously a bad idea. But...hey who're we talkin' about here. Mwa. I do not listen. I do not learn.

So fuckin' what.

I suppose that's supposed to make me vulnerable or something huh. That a girl in a café rejects a pass I make at her. Tell it to my fucking chin. Let's converse with our arms and fists. That's what time it is. Time to punch one of you bastards. Step into it and a right hand to your gut. See how you like that. Any takers?

You motherfuckers don't still think I'm your god damn servant do ya. Because I will disabuse you of that bad information.

Swear to god I will.

How am I going to respect the woman who comes to me if she does so only after I'm rich? That is the question.

There is no apparent answer although I'll admit to a certain feeling coming over me.

Ya never find what you're looking for. That's why I don't look anymore not for a god damn thing.

This book's about over. Thankful for that.

There goes the emergency squad. Sirens blaring. When are people going to realize my will is indomitable. I may as well say it. As long as you oppose I will resist. It's my nature. Even in death.

Speaking of. After this life when we're all on an even playing field and there is nowhere to hide. I will come and find each and every one of those individuals that owe me a karmic debt and I will exact their payment. I think that's cool.

There they go. Back to the firehouse. Sirens off. No fire? Well don't get upset you're still gettin' paid.

Lots of Asian pretty girls in this section of town. I'd forgotten.

Hey ho. Don't know why but I feel a.o.k.

21. Three weeks remain.

Wunder if Anna will call. No. I guess not. She, I'm sure got a steamin' heap of b.s. about me from others throughout the course of the evening as she pointed me out.

Thing is I'd bet my eye teeth that's all about to change...change...and that my ill repute will become an assistant to the first pursuit of mankind.

I betcha. Wanna bet. I betcha anything you wanna name. Know why? I've seen it.

Outa here.

#### 9-17 noonish 20

Larchmont. Starbux. Getting stink-eye like crazy. Everybody shut the fuck up. They do. Not sure what to make of it.

Had to get a new tire. I was driving...well let me start at the beginning. I pull up to quick-e-mart as Rady calls it. (Rady's Mom wanted to call him Hollis but Mr. Rady knew a Hollis he didn't like) and I say buy me a pack of Parliament lights if they're less than 4 bux. I give em a 20. He brings it back. \$4.48. too much. See I knew I could get 'em at Arco for \$3.88. Just 30¢ and change above the discount booth price of \$3.50. So anyways. We get back from practice. I drive to Arco, on the way to my car I get heckled by some neighbors in the apt. bldg next to mine. Not the first time this group has had something to say...or some noise to make. So this time it was (softly) "Beater" then loud laughing-at-you kind of laughter. So I ignore it, get in the car and with the door open so I'm illuminated I give 'em the mona-lisa smile. Drive off. I'm pissed.

I'm distracted I'm thinking about how I'm gonna call 'em down to the sidewalk to talk about it. I hit the curb turning into the Arco. Blows a pretty new (still 40-50 thou left on it) 90 dollar tire. Lucky I didn't fuck anything else up. I change the tire - takes ½ hour put on spare. Buy pack cigarettes. Drive back and park with my 95 dollar pack of Parliament Lights. Park right in front of the apt. w/ the hecklers HOPING they talk shit. I eye ball 'em. Not a peep. Go inside. Knowing this is my last pack of smokes. I've made a deal w/ myself. After I've got a platinum record in my hand I can buy a pack of cigarettes. So this pack I'm smoking now...tis the last for a while.

The stink-eye treatment I'm getting around here reminds me of old town Pass. Same vibe. That's fine by me. Keeps life interesting. I don't much even feel like correcting the bastards of their misinterpretation of me. Fuck 'em.

I was lying on my bed with my head on the husband feet stretched across to the rocking chair. Blanket over my head and I thought...isn't that reason enough...all the stink eye I get. I mean. By being here I'm kinda saying fuck you too. Maybe looking for a fight.

Wolfgang tonight + Sat. Patina Sun. Maybe I'll make a lil' money. Jeans. Redwings. Black dress socks that used to be Da's (I think) black leather belt. "I'm out...got a gun" t-shirt.

Anyway. The songs in my head. Woke up with "Simple Man" Lynard S. "Call Me" Blondie later, and believe it or not "Truckin'" on my way here by the Grateful Dead.

Last pack of cigarettes for quite some time. Good.

I'll tell you why. My voice craps out during our songs if I smoke. It makes me a bad singer.

Things I've figured out. I will not be a salesman for Lystra anymore. I won't be calling people in the industry. I won't be mailing out Demos. Not me. Not

again. I take back all that energy and reallocate it elsewhere within myself.

Likewise I also disintegrate any energy I've been wasting on picking up girls. I will not waste any more energy on girls. I hereby reallocate that within myself.

It dawned on me that I'm wasting songwriting energy. I haven't been able to write a decent song in a long ass time. Too preoccupied with why nobody gives a fut about my demo.

So now I figure...well fuck that shit. I'll simply do what I want to which is play + write. I'd also like to get shows. I have yet to decide if booking shows is fucking bullshit too...I think it depends on the club.

So no more fucking around with shit I'm not interested in. Things that just aren't me. After all I'm interested in is writing and playing and the rest of it can go straight to hell as far as I'm concerned.

So. I hope I can start cranking out the hits again. Since I've dropped being concerned about becoming successful.

This street does remind me of Chapel Hill. I didn't much care for hanging out on Franklin street either. I enjoyed being here while anonymous but being known here is a game of stink-eye one-upsmanship.

So it can all change. I'm pulling the backbone out of it. It's a life fillet. Can become something else at any point. I'm not attached to my stuff. Neither to where I'm living. I have no attachment to my routines in particular. It can all change. It does all change.

It'd be nice if some chickadee would come sit out here too so I could ask her to watch my stuff while I took a piss. Oh well. You can't have everything.

Bic pen from law school. Still going strong. Bought a 10 pack.

Lady just walked by me talking to me like I'm the pet cat again. "No, that can't be true. That can't be

true." That speaking to the air...like I'm supposed to bite my nails about it.

This street could all change for that matter. Phyllis told me it was a field 80 years ago. Owned by Mr. Hancock (not Winfred). I don't see why 80 years from now it shouldn't be field again. It could all disintegrate for all I care. Shit that goes for just about all of LA. Fuck. Fields are good.

Come on sweetheart park it so I can go piss. Park it.

Three pages remain. Then it's time for the last book. The even dozen. The dirty dozen more like.

So.

2:52. Yeah so what. Porch. 2355. Tea, cig. Write. Somebody just drove by + honked. Blue Honda like that squirrel upstairs had. Anyway.

Blue ink refill in the gold Exxon pen.

Mike Jackson was in my dream last night. He had long curly hair like he had a decade ago. I was glad to see him. We hung out for a while.

So I'll be (unless otherwise interrupted) hanging out w/ Anna that I met at the Emmy's coming Friday.

I called her this mornin'. She's studying for a test though. A good lookin' newly minted 22 year old. Three time the lady I'd bet.

Lefta message for Noel. About getting drinx tonight. Then I remembered. I've only got 7 bux. Not much fun avail. in LA for 7 bux. The best things in life being free.

Swervedriver on Rady's stereo. Haven't listened to them (outside of being in Hollis' car) for quite a while. So now I've got 4 hours to burn. And no money. At least the gas tank is  $\frac{3}{4}$  full.

Man. What a lot of looks I was getting on Larchmont. Jesus. So I'll go to work there an 8 hr. tomorrow followed by a Patina catering shift at LACMA. Not to mention I'll be feeling a wittle bit off due to the new status of Nonsmo-King.

Simone called last night 11:15-ish. I don't know how much of a great idea hookin' up with her again was. Now don't get me wrong. I like her. She's cool. But. Hey lets just fucking face facts put 'em on the table...she's 5 years my senior and I can date women 10 years younger than me. What would you do?

Oh who cares what you would do. Nobody listens to you anyway.

When Noel + I were at Cat + Fiddle Mon night I do believe I caught a jealous look from tattoo-Mel. No, that's not just my ego talking. I thin' she might like me a wittle bit. If she's lucky, not enough to ditch her boyfriend.

There's got to be someway I can make fun of the situation on Larchmont. Maybe I'll start wearing nail polish. Maybe I'll go into work one day dressed as a woman.

Maybe I'll start wearing a band-aid on my forehead. Right where the 3<sup>rd</sup> eye is and I'll draw a star on it.

So this. This apartment. This street. The furniture. All can disintegrate. It is free to leave. To go into the past. Just as I thought sitting on my sofabed looking at the fake wall in 2820 a year and ¼ ago. I'm done with this. This should change. It has served its usefulness.

So I'm doin' a wolfgang shift tonight. Guess I'll ask someone out fer a drink post-shift. Don't know who yet mebey Sunna (ooh). Mebey some other broad.

I dunno. Should I? It doesn't worry me anymore. Why on earth should it. I've withdrawn my energies from said goose-chase.

Now what the fuck am I gonna do.

Sleep all the time?

I mean before if I wasn't chasin' tail or playin' music I was eatin' sleepin' or on my way to do one of the above mentioned.

Maybe I'll learn a foreign language.

Become a better cook.

Do volunteer work.

If you didn't spend so much time fixating on lil' ol me you could become a much better person.

Said the spider to the fly.