

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 12

11:10am 19 9-18

Book 12. Last one I hope. Thursday. Hurricane Isabelle is going through MHC right now. I hope all is well...well enough. I'm at Chevalier's, Larchmont. I quit smoking after my last one on the way home from work last night. Nuf said.

Started getting' snappy with the customers so I went + bought a cuppa coffee.

Cater tonight, same Fri, Sat, Sun. Good. I'm so in debt.

Well here's my enjoyable thought for the day. I believe I have reached a point where I cannot be stopped by interference from the squirrels. No amount of slander or mockery can be sufficient to alter my course. I am bound for my just deserves, that is certain. How nice. I'll enjoy being rich. I'll learn to fence.

To put it bluntly, at this point I'm unstoppable. I will be a rich famous rock star and there is nothing you or anyone else can do to prevent it. I'll have the women, the cars, the houses, the stuff. It will be mine despite your best efforts to prevent it. Now, how does that sit with you, hmmm?

Holly. Back in the pix. Peripherally. She tol me when I saw her last night at work that she never got my messages. Came over and talked to me during the evening looking into my eyes the entire time.

Arianna. Pretty Latina Wolfgang girl spoke + joked with after the shift. Nice brown eyes.

Anna the coed Friday night. Michelle of S.O.F. which I have not forgotten. Noel. Maybe sometime soon

for a drink. Juliet across the street. Jenny, maybe I'll see her again.

9/21 2:00 16

Sitting in fowd out chair café urth. Fuck LA. That's all I got for ya. Nowhere to sit...asked some chic if I could sit at her table while I waited for one to open up...I got the...up-yers look.

But I won't insult her. I don't care if I ever come here again. I'm pissed.

Just asked some old black guy. He rejected me too.

Fuck 'em. Tuff shit ladies. Just swooped in took a table from a coupla girls.

Working at the Emmy's tonight.

Aside: walking to H+H from Whitley where I parked, it's past Cherokee, I got cat-called by some girl in the snobby apt. building Darby + her princess sister used to live in.

"Whooo. Whoohh." Continues for a while.

Then sung in a chant slash infant song: "There goes da Bater. Dere goes da bater."

So what do I do? I start looking over my shoulder as I'm walking like she's talking to someone else even though I'm the only one on the sidewalk at 9:30am Sat. Then I put my forefinger to my cheek...turn it like I'm Shirley Temple. Smile a little. Keep walking. Chuckle to myself 'cause the whole incident was kinda funny. 2 blocks later some guy looks at me says "Don't worry man" as he's walking by, then "it'll be o.k." with a thumbs-up + a smile. A Latino man w/ tattoos (I say this because if some cracker in an abercrombe shirt had said it I'd have smacked him). I say. "I know. I know."

Just dropped a penny. Don't care to pick it up. Fuck pennies. I pick up nickels and nothing smaller.

Foreign woman to my left. Familiar. Nervous about being here by herself. I'll leave her quite alone. Don't know where I know her from.

What in the hell. That's what I was thinking as I sat on a chair in H+H (Hollywood + Highland) and lay back on another...looking at the ceiling. Interesting that I'm still here. Unbelievable. Thinking about all the times I've worked in that room beginning in Nov. '01. Lots of change.

Oh. Well. What the fuck ever. No doubt lots of change to come.

Died my hair nutmeg again today. Last time was beg. of Aug. I'm such a Fancy Dan.

Dude started cheering upstairs for his team again this morning (12:45) morning to me. So I called out...Dork. No more cheering. I was hoping he would so I could tell him to shut the fuck up. Fuck Face is yelling "Yeah Baby Fuck Yeah..." Dumbass shit like that. "Shut the fuck up." That's what I woulda said. Time to smack someone. I know that'll happen eventually and it's amazing how well behaved I've been up to now but any day / week / month now some stupid motherfucker is gonna cross that line where I get in big trouble for it, to where I can get away scott-free and I'm gonna knock quite a lot of sense into him. It's the little things that make me happy.

So I'm conducting a 24 hour experiment. I've come to believe that I can not be picked up by an attractive woman. I dun thin it's possible. So I'm betting the universe a nickel that it can do it. So by 2 o'clock tomorrow...the bet is on.

Need to eat. Warrior is hungry.

15 9/22 12:15ish

Cell phone still broke + unpaid don't miss the motherfucker one bit. Sippin' my coffee loud tryin' to provoke a reaction. Shit is easy. Nobody ever steps up. They just don't. S.O. France. Some ugly skinny art guy working the bar. No Michelle nor any other hot chix.

The chick over on the sofa's makin' her keys jingle at me.

Once again this place is fulla abercrombe poon and pussies galore.

I don't too much give a fuck what they all think. Nope.

I care. Sometimes. Sometimes I don't.

Worked the M E's (Emmy's) last night. I did me wittew expewiment about seeing what the universe could cough up. Got lifted by a girl name Alicia...sexy brunette and, surprise, friend of Amy McMillan's. We was gonna go meet for a drink at cat + fiddle after work but I got out too late. Went there she'd already come + gone.

The most attractive girl of the night had to have been Deborah Messing who sat at the table beside mine with all her yes people and fans + Ass kissers comin' by to congratulate her on her Emmy.

I tried to make the evening entertaining for myself. When I saw an attractive women walk by I'd say loud enough for her + others to hear: "Damn" or "Look at that" or "Mmm Mmm Mmm" or "Good Lord" or something to that effect "My My My."

Some of the women thought it was funny, most just ignored me.

Same 'tude with my table dude.

No VIPs but some snobby bastards ('bout 7) and 4 normals. I was all bidness.

I'd say stuff w/in their hearing like "Hey, who's the girl with Cojack?" talking about a bald guy and an attractive chick next table.

You know. It's the little things.

Like the way I was sipping my coffee loud as I could for the first 15 minutes I been here. Fuck these jokers.

So I got no work today. Jus' the wasting time b.s.

I might wag my tongue at the guy that just walked past. Why the fuck not. Anything for a good time.

This is a laf. There's basically no point to it.
Chicken fighting the kids in the pool.

Anyway.

I recognize that this jokey-ness is actually
masking a cold cold fury that I had best keep a close
eye on.

Whatever.

Aside: I had been asleep for like an hour or so
when upstairs broad gets home with her superfan
boyfriend. For some god damn reason they decide to hang
out right outside my bedroom window laughin' + carryin'
on. Making the light of the parking lot turn on + off +
on + off. So I say:

"Go Away."

"Go Away." "Huh Huh Huh" [Mimicking a dorky laf.]

Then after a moment of silence.

"Go upstairs go wherever it is you're gonna go,
just go away." Not too long after I decide sleeping in
the living rooms the way to go so I let her know how I
felt by saying at a loudish volume, "Fuckin' Bitch."
Then took a blanket + pillow to the sofa.

Finally I have made a little \$. Not much
mindya...maybe 8 bills. And it has all got somewhere to
be. So I put 5 ones fun \$ in me back pocket when I came
here. 3's gone. Smooched a kiss at the dude who walked
by. No reaxon.

Boring.

9-23 14 9:30am

Corp. Coffee. Spain. Stink eyes. Coughs. The
usual. Appraisals. Some admiration. Two weeks. Had a
practice last night. I sounded like shit.

Aside. As upstairs girls were leaving her
boyfriend gave me a "Bater" quite conversationally loud.
Of course my door was shut and a movie on so arguably
not but...I was tired.

And I felt like shit so I let it slide.

But each time they get a little bolder, a little
closer, they're actually nearing the place where I'm
gonna smash their ass in the face.

Spoke with Anna yesterday. She was too busy but
kinda told me I could call her any time.

Alicia + Noel did not return as of yet my calls.

Dig this. There's something coming. Some final
offensive...well let's not call it final because I'm young
yet...but an offense-ive to my many many fans. I can feel
it. Something on par with the "ooohh" of 4 years ago
that so enraged, and disrupted everyone. Something even
more flagrant. Something right in their faces.
Because...it's not about becoming a rock star anymore...not
when the game's gotten this big...it's about winning. And
I will.

So I allow it. I place my energy around and within
it. I create it. This massive strike to my enemy's
camp. I love it. I nurture it this next step. The joy
of it. Occur. You are welcome. Come. Be real. Live.

Two weeks till countdown zero.

With each inhale I drill closer into it, each
exhale I push deeper in. Creating this great offensive.
This lovely maneuver. Punching in and through. One
way. Just the one I need. I load into the space I
make my music, me, the writing, the past, all of it,
cramming it in and pushing deeper and deeper and
lighting it and blowing it through like a cannon firing.
My way. The entire way.

Oh the sympathetic looks. Man, those...I've got a
word for 'em. Unnecessary. But that's not the kind of
thing that you can tell someone...they've got to figure it
out for themselves.

As far as the girls go...I'm not concerned. It's all
going to work itself out properly. I've no doubt.
It's, this whole 'dilemma' 'circumstance' 'morass'
'soirée' is one thing...looked at from different sides.
It all solves itself.

Immediately.

Bird just flew right by my head.

If I'd've had my timing right I could've lunged out like a doggie and snatched it in my jaws.

Everything goes where it should. Period. Hard to believe how much things can change and still stay the same over a year.

Last year right now I was getting W.A.S.T.E.D. in Brooklyn. Fut up bad. Then I moved to Pittsboro to try to figure out me + Teresa and had one hell of a time with that. One HELL of a time.

Refill. While I was gone some 30's (oops that's me too) late 30's dude - no offense man but - square-bee pulled up right fucking beside me so I moved. I don't mind the sunlight. Feels kinda nice actually.

Fucking California. Cold this morning- not really just not hot - now it's hot. I took off the blue + white (more like grey) check shirt I bought for 2 bux at kill devil hills 10 years ago with the rip in the back from leaning on the sliding door of the Brown October. We'd taken off the inside panel to try to fix the closing mechanism. Left some jagged metal exposed.

Drop of coffee hit the page. Made a pretty pattern. I shall study it.

It's fucking hot. Everything is suspect.

It was only a year and some months ago that I wanted JNY and music...Lystra duo. Well things change. I haven't seen that girl in over a year. If I hadn't had a coupla dreams about her I'd have forgotten her by now.

Now I want the big HIT. HIT HIT HIT. Everything else will sort itself out.

Finish my coffee. Go.

Breeze, that's good.

9-24 13 10:30ish

Fucking urth café. While I was in line some old guy motherfucker shot a "sicko" at me under his breath but I didn't realize it till he was gone. What he'd muttered I mean. I didn't think that chasing him down

would earn me any points with the ladies. But I'll tell you what. It makes me angry.

I'll console my thoughts by realizing that I'll never see that fuck again and, he will have to see me for the rest of his natural life. Already I couldn't pick him out of a line up. So...I guess it wasn't that devastating.

Fuck all this shit. You think I want any of this.

Aside. The crows have arrived. Caw Caw.

I don't want the billboard on Rowena that has both the posting of the cat's face and the hand drawn face with the 3rd eye, over some movie advert.

I don't want the asshole in line here today of the appraising-cum-admiring looks from the odd groups. I don't want my fucking playhouse apt. or secret fort practice room where I've still got to live like I'm 15.

My shit in piles, some neat, some a mess.

You think I give a fuck either way. Notice you laughing at me only for a look at a hurt reaction from me. Notice you chin up eye-balling me in some display of insincere sympathy. Fuck all of you. I don't want even a little of it.

So maybe the question is, what do I want.

Aside from my foot on the throat of my enemies looking right at you. I want the money I've earned by being this character that exists in your minds. Specifically I want my apartment, my space with all my shit out of storage in it. My art. My furniture. My stuff in the kitchen.

It's time for another ingenious assault. I allocate the energy to it now.

I want a business minded professional to handle the booking and label contacts for Lystra. For me. A manager for me. Know why? Because I fucking hate the worms that work in this industry. I can't fucking stand them.

I want a little fucking room that you can't invade. I want completion. Can we finish this SHIT already or what.

So less than 2 weeks until the god damn countdown is over. And then. Well I guess there's lots of and thens then. One of which is if I feel like getting wasted and buying a pack of cigarettes I'll do it. Even if that sounds stupid as hell. And I tell you. I don't want to.

I'd like that person who'll manipulate the worms to arrive on scene. A tricky SMART savy motherfucker with at least a little mojo. So I got a question universe / God / you...where the FUCK is my HELP. Huh? You ASSHOLE. Where's the YESSIR.

WELL?

Let's see what you've got for me. Let's see how good you are.

Deborah Messing. That was interesting. How good are you at delivering the hired help.

Hey. Guess the fuck what. It's —————> 9-24 again. Gato. Dude is playing note by note 'the old familiar places' on his clarinet. Reminds me that Teresa plays clarinet. Pity coffee. Bartender bought it for me. Veronica is waiting.

Well. Fine. Veronica. Think about it. I'm going to ask you out. Within the next 40 mins or so. So you tell me. Would you like to? Or do I scare you? Or does my notoriety scare you? Or are you into it. Dating. Making out. Sex. Laughing. Watching movies on the sofa. Eating Chinese food. Making tea in the morning. Out for a drink on the odd night.

No work. I had a girlfriend for 5 years. 5 god damn years.

When will this become easy again. Not constantly combative. I look forward to that.

O.K. Here it is. I'll magically travel into her "heart". Pose my question. Can we go out sometime?

Receive my answer: maybe if things were different. So be it.

Wut. The. Fut. Anna is supposed to call later about a date. I'm sure.

O.K. Here's the way. If she brings out a pot to top off my coffee I'll ask her out. If not. I won't. So Veronica be forewarned if you offer me coffee I'm gonna ask for your number. Do me a favor ghost friends and tell her that.

I won't be alone any longer. I won't have it.

I won't "suffer for my art" or for anyone any longer either. What's the fucking point. I just don't give a shit.

So I've got to find a hard core girl...artist / writer / somebody with a drug problem. Someone who'll enjoy dating "the beater". Someone with a crusader complex. Oh boy lucky me.

So today. I've been thinking about how 'fuck chasing girls'; I know as a result I'll over do it. swing hard for the fence for a while. Ask every girl out I feel like. That girl Alicia never called me back guess Amy (her good friend) put an end to that (a swift end no doubt).

Waitress brought me a fresh cup. Whatever. What the FUCK ever. None of this is even real. That coffee's not as old as the other at least.

Bring it on. Gimme some change. Nice cool breeze just come through.

There are times when the universe astounds me with its obvious synchronicity and providence (if you can call it providence considering we're all united - a part of the one). And there are other times like lately and now when I feel quite forgotten, ignored, and cynical. Because I haven't been given SHIT for a long long god damn time. So which is your true nature? Care to tip your hand?

Yeah. Fuck you too.

4:15ish. Went to Kinkos after Gato y Fiddle.
Working next 3 days catering. Radiohead concert next 2
days. That's prob. 100 bux each night. That's good.
Means no practice tomorrow night, but big fucking deal.
What have things come to? I'm at Sunset + Fairfax in a
pick up joint coffee bar Huey Lewis + the News is on the
radio. To my left is a 15 year old girl to my right a
62 year old man. What the fuck. Well at least a girl
finally came in that's close to my age. Not that it
means a motherfucking thing. Yeah. Don't Laugh. Don't
Laugh. The joke is on me.

O.K. Here I am in an hour. Fuck all this shit.

Open mic. Monday - Fountain and Wilton
'rocketilian' 9pm.

4:50. Just scared off another girl. D - anna.
Think I misspoke 1 time too many. Big fuckin' deal. I
guess the apathetic bitter guy approach don't work too
well. Not that there was a chance in hell anyhow. She
was however from Silverlake and didn't drink. Whatever.
13. Fuck it. I can't date a musician anyhow -
especially one that probably sucks.

9/26 1pm 11

I think all of the above are at least close to the
truth. South of France. No beautiful barista (again).
So that's it. Ahm dun. As a matter of fact I was on my
way to corp. coffee bn + leaf to get the drip when I
thought, well maybe I'll run into Michelle. Too bad.

Worked at Radiohead selling beer. H-Bowl. 75\$.
Saw Natasha S. Talked to Paulette and Anna. Two young
girls. Anna 19 Paulette more like 27. Then went to
Burgundy Room where Jamie tried to pick me up. If only
one of us was a little lighter.

Got let go by Chevaliers yesterday...that's how come
I was able to work Radiohead. Funny that.

If I hadn't gotten fired I probably wouldna seen
Natasha. Did I mention I ran into Natasha S. - the girl
I was in love with when I was 15.

I was kneeling down behind the beer schlep table
about ½ way through the evening. I see a strong figure,
a presence, coming my way. She had on a blue silk
Kimono and her hair was short and sticking straight up.
As she passed I stood up...said "Natasha?"

She said. "Holy Shit," or some other bit.

She said "How weird I just thought I saw you 5
hours ago...but told myself you were in law school in NY."

Yes odd that.

We exchanged #s. I hope we use them.

Aside. The universe had up to now of late been
sabotaging subtly and effectively any efforts I have
made towards pursuing a new girl. Cassie, Caitlin,
Stephanie, Alicia, Anna, come + gone. Not successful.
Anna. Always had school work. Alicia was worried about
Amy's feelings. So. Fuck it.

Fuck this town. Fuck these people.

What I'm getting is it's time to play.

See what kind of an impact that has (if any) on my
life.

Yes so Chevalier's canned me because I had a
widening (like her Ass) personality conflict with Sue
the younger owner. She kept saying shit to me like:
Come hither. Crap like that. Wanting to stand beside
me and guide me with childlike instructions through
simple tasks one person would clearly be sufficient for.

She told me I wasn't fitting in. Yeah. No fucking
shit.

There is no point in being here. I should leave.

Observation. Dreams are seeded with little things
(objects, events) that you will see some time in the
future that will make you remember the dream. Cool huh.
Sometimes I catch myself lording over people. Looking
hard at 'em + thinking to myself: "Yeah, that guy and
me...we have a lot in common." Sarcasm. Eyeballin'
people. I suppose that isn't very cool.

After all I did upon standing in line at Burgundy
Room walk up to some guy and say, "You checkin' me out.

You eyeballin' me." He must've been foreign he had to ask his friend what I'd said. Then he said no. Not scared no. Kinda "too bad for you" no. Guess I earned that. Get this fuck over with. I'm sick of it.

9-29 8 lpm-ish

Nine days till the motherfucking countdown is over. Cat + Fiddle. Nice shade. Fairly cool. Practiced with the band last night. Chris T. 4 tracked it. Coming along o.k. Mailed a kit to Spaceland today. Finally. That only took 8 months. Slow on the take off eh what. Well I guess I've got an attitude problem. Correction. I have an attitude problem.

At least I've been getting a fair amount of catering shifts. Making some money at last. As a result I've been able to buy lots of food in the last 4-5 days...plus a belated B-day CD for Rob...Client - heard it in Chris T's car.

Also finally packaged and mailed out the CDs to all those girls I talked to when I went to NC last time.

Won't they be surprised.

Cat + Fiddle. Yep. That's where I am. No shit.

Writing with a Sanford uniball pen the kind I used to like when I was in college (a decade ago). I think I picked it up off a table at an event. Writes fine. It's a fine-point.

Fancy Dan jeans, Redwings, grey tube socks, blue Hanes boxer briefs, tank top with hair dye spilled on it to resemble a heart. Looks about the color of blood - blood stain I mean - brown.

So. I burn the time. Burn Burn Burn.

Maybe at some point in my life I won't have time to go to cafés and write...no I doubt that.

Lest you think I've reformed and cleaned up my ways I will now list the women I would fuck in their order of desirability: 1) Superfoxy brunette with the nice chest slim waist pretty face I believe I'll be having molasses with in my rock* future. 2) Brunette shapely hostess

slash waitress with the cherry ass...she looks fit and I'd bet she's a lot of fun in the sack. 3) Any other non-fat 18-40 year old woman in the place with a nice figure. In subgroup 3 I would designate desirability based on the following criteria - a. ass b. legs c. chest d. face e. brain.

Before you get pissed at me you should realize that it's not my fault. It's my body's fault. Blame him. Having a set of balls causes me to think this way. I can only hope I mellow with age. If I still think this way when I'm 70 I'm jumpin' off a bar stool. I'll do it.

You'd think more of the very old dealing with constant pain would do that...off themselves...guess they feel pressured not to. The things we do for the ones we love.

I just figured out it's 8. 8 days left. So next Tuesday. The countdown for what it's worth will be over. And soon thereafter if not then period...this book will be done. Finito. Through. Fuck You.

Teresa + I's 6th anniversary would have been the 3rd. More about that when I feel like it.

Go into the heart of it. That's what I should do...

I just watched this bird working on a piece of cracker big as his head. Another bird same species came down and took it and booked. Just like that. The one who got robbed is still pecking around in the same spot like a dip-shit. Other bird flew away. Allegorical to what?

Still N.S. Coughing up crud but less + less. Snorting out crud but less + less. The machine is self cleaning.

Anyway if you look close at almost all actors + models you can see in their photographs - moving or otherwise - that right beneath their expression that they're faking (acting) is the self-satisfaction...the smug look of..."I'm acting" or "I'm a model." That's what you're looking at. That's what is being taught to the

millions. Self-satisfaction is good. Fake humility is good. Yep. That's what I think.

So I could get a free trim + coloring on my b-day. I'm to be a hair model for 200 bux if I'm chosen. Not sure how I feel about that. My hair hasn't been touched ever. The hair on my head now started from a shaved nub of a head + has grown for almost a year - unmolested save for a handful of dye jobs. It's never been combed.

Big fucking deal.

Alec, the executive chef for Patina Catering offered me some kitchen shifts after I worked as a kitchen assistant at the wedding last Sat. Nice compliment that. I might take 'em up on it.

Any Fucking Way. I'd like to see Monica. Also. I'd like to have my girlfriend situation squared away. Enough of this in due time bullshit.

I'd like to know how long it will be before I fuck that sexy waitress...I'll hazard a guess...is it years? No. Months? Yes...close to 12 sut'm b/ 350 - 400 days. Boy. That's a long time. A cruelly long time. Maybe I'll have to see what I can do about that.

She's rock* babe so I guess that means I've got to become a rock*. It's cool. No big deal. No time at all.

I wonder how many people are gonna be me this year for Halloween. No, actually, I don't care.

So. Things are lookin' up. I did my laundry. I've got catering shifts to go to. I might get a show for Lystra soon. I changed the sheets + blanket in my bed. And. Almost all my bills are paid. How' bout that shit.

Been takin' it easy far as the magic powers go. Haven't made the dogs bark. Only set off one car alarm. The crows still Caw at me, gather where I go...but not so much that other people notice.

Guess I'll do two quick trix. One. Woman, girlfriend, sexy partner...to me, to my voice. Two.

Help-hired-help for the band...to your success, to my voice. Now. Now. Now.

That oughta do it.

10-2-3 5 3pm

Five days left. South of France. Redwings. Old ripped tube socks Teresa gave me. Fancy Dan jeans (\$85). 2\$ shirt from Kill Devil Hills with the holey back. Brooks Brothers belt. Pocket change. Keys. About 20 bux in assorted 5's + ones. Hair dye. Brill Cream.

So. Here I sit broken hearted. I like the floor in here. It's all worn out in some interesting colors. By design I'd bet...well obviously seeing as there's a checker pattern of plain concrete.

Catch you up. Lots of catering. Haven't called Polet yet. But I did see the young girl I asked out at the LACMA event where I bartended. She + her friend came over + talked to me. I've already called her back (a coupla days later)...left a message that...was pure Joe Taylor. "If you want to get some coffee or something that'd be cool...if not...well...uh...I'll see you in the future bye." How about that shit. Fine. Fine whatever. I don't get why. I don't care why. I begin to think there is no other option. I begin to become pessimistic and angry. I know it is only temporary. Simone came over yesterday afternoon for a visit and "improved my mood". I basically-however-am in the dark as to why I'm not taggin' a hot piece of ass on a regular basis. Not sure why. Do not know why. Whatever.

So Nikki has come + gone. I dreamt the superfoxy chic at the cat + fiddle is named Jennifer I said

*Es ist ein sliner Tajin CA,
Some (wie iwwer) will so
Leip gutv kaffee - ves*

Will mon mehr?

To her as she looked out the window. "Should I blow it, Jennifer?" The above is the handwriting of Christina Von Kessling, photographer / caterer...she + I had coffee yesterday afternoon. She has a terrific sense of humor. She's taken. And not with me.

Gonna practice tonight. That's good it's been a while. I need to focus on my singing. I need to be the best singer I can. No word from Natasha and / or Anna...no surprise there. None.

Went + saw Interpol last night w/ Chris T.R. and what's her name...Chris' g-friend. Blanked on her name...Sophia, that's it. They have a hit song about me. Beater. Well well well. Join the club. Everybody's got a hit song about me. Can't wait to hear what the god damn Strokes have got to say about it. God Damn.

So the last song they played: PDA (public display...affection) in their encore. I kinda felt like people were eyeballin' me. Well what do you expect. I guess I'm not wired to consider myself as famous I'm constantly retreating to a place where it just isn't real. Yeah...good idea that, eh what. So back at the van the crew behaved a lil' oddly to me. I made jokey jokey. Hid my upper lip above my front teeth. Said: "Hows ery body doing?"

Second cup of coffee. For \$2.50 each. So I've gotta energize and do some writing. I haven't been able to get much down and I know as I draw this to a close I'll be leaving a lot of questions unanswered. Well tough shit. There's some stuff I don't much feel like going on about. So I repeat myself...so fucking what. I'm doing this for me...not you, you worthless ball of monkey dung.

As we walked into the show some joker said: hurry up you guys are on in 5 minutes. Had a pennywise shirt on and wuz all tatted up. Huh Huh Huh.

Aside: Got drive by shout-outs after the show. "JOE!!" Also. Sophia was sniffing like she was crying on the way home but I attributed that to Chris + her.

Aside. Just overheard "Michelle used to work here." Well. I guess she'll have to come see us play.

Neat how the countdown ends right after my 32nd b-day.

Can't believe I'm 32. Big fuckin' deal.

So there's some flyers up I don't get. More up now right by 2355. More about them as I figure them out.

The face that looks like mine with the 3rd eye head band on...don't especially get that.

Somebody behind the wall to my right keeps knocking. Almost as if they're trying to communicate. Shave + a hair cut. Come on chicken shit do it. Knock Knock knockknockknock.

Anyways. So sometimes I'll wake up in the middle of the night. I can reach out with my thoughts and make the neighborhood dogs bark. No shit. How bout that.

Yeah so anyway. I was thinking I'd make a solid attempt at some writing today. Something creative, something someone else might want to read...then I think. Well fuck that. Anywho. Here's something creative for you to read. The new girl who works here is a nice looking piece of ass. Jesus did I just write that. No I didn't. My **testicles** did. Don't blame me. Blame my balls.

Oh. And I'm not paranoid. I don't think I've got enemies. I just have a very large tuf-luv support group. Then again I'm not here for the yucks, I'm here for the bucks. Motherfucks.

God that is an annoying look that dude walks around with on his face. I just gave him, a little while ago, the look I gave the guy that got angry at me for kicking his rear bumper when I was walking behind his car and he was backing up.

Crowds are leaving the H-bowl...after Radiohead. He's backing up in his civic with the after-factory

muffler from quoting Rob "the cheeze shop". So...without diverting from my path I kick his bumper. Not hard enough to hurt the bumper or my foot (one of which would break before the other I have a feeling). Dude jumps out of his car...or rather opens the door and gets a good look at me and doesn't get all the way out.

Leaning out his door he starts yelling at me calls me a bastard. Didn't I see him backing up? Didn't I want to apologize for kicking his bumper?

I take in...fat white guy big enough I could punch him without feeling guilty, abraham lincoln beard, shaved head...yells a lot.

"Fuck you dick head." That's all I say to him looking at him hard. "Fuck you dick head." I don't mix it up. Fuck you dick head covers it.

"Aren't you going to apologize for kicking my bumper?"

"Fuck you dick head," with the middle finger.

That was that. Dick Head. I wonder how many guys he intimidates with that shit. Looks like the kinda guy to pick on little guys. Well...next time maybe he'll think twice before he starts ranting. Maybe he'll take a good look first. I mean fat fuck probably outweighed me by 20 lbs. But I'm spread a little taller and not so much around the middle. So I don't feel bad about that and I will admit that I rather enjoyed it.

Well one of my stated goals in coming here was to pick up a piece of hiney. The blond that just came in qualifies. As do the giggling girls behind me.

As for last night's crowd. I'd take that. I'd have that crowd at my show.

Ok. So soon the countdown is O.V.E.R. Then what? I'll even use one of my few question marks on that. Then what? Then nothing. Then 2 scoops of...life.

No magic contract. No magic manager. No magic girlfriend. No magic checks in the magic mail. Just...no catering, uh, I misspoke, no countdown. Plenty of catering. Catering. Drink + Smoke if I want - which I

don't. Keep chasing after some girl who will NOT EVER show up. Accepting compromises. Denying my fame. Shout out drive by's. Michael Stipe yells my name. Interpol says my name. Nobody else says it to me. I don't acknowledge it. I'd be happy to. I think I may have heard Caroline from Patina catering calling me BTR. Interesting that.

November will happen. Then what. Then is the future I saw disproven? Question?

Aside. Tomorrow is the 6th year from when Teresa + I started going out. It's also Jennifer Stander's birthday.

Yeah. So anyway. I'll call Teresa even though I've got no right doing so.

And I'll finish this memoir soon there-after. I think they took power sanders to the floor and created the look. Pretty cool though.

What the hell ever.

I wonder if I'll ever see that girl JNY again. I guess she may have finished her guest star role in my life. That's ok. Too many children in here. I'd like to leave now.

Guess tonight I'll go to the art thing I got emailed an invite to.

One more thing before I go. All this attention that I don't acknowledge...it's motherfucking poetry. It's reward in itself. Poetry. It has it's value. All by itself and unspent.

Think I'll go buy a coupla CDs. I've got Mastodon, Alice Donut, and The Cows in mind.

10-3-3 4 11am

Corp. coffee bean + leaf. Coupla attractive women here, and I differentiate between women + girls 'cause it dawns on me a girl might be more trouble than she's worth. So. A couple. If I could find one with enough fire in her I might be in luck.

You gotta have Low Hopes. Gotta have Low Hopes.

So. Called and left a message with Teresa today but that's between me + her so that's all I'm sayin' about it.

October 3rd. Wo. 4 days till countdown over. Thanks the stars above for that.

What am I gonna do next. You see it would be time for THIS PHASE to end and the NEXT PHASE to begin. Thing is that hasn't taken clear form yet.

Went to Amoeba...they didn't have any of the CDs I wanted so I bought Jawbreaker's Bivouac instead. Even though I'd listened to that on cassette enough to have it memorized my copy is LONG GONE so I thought I'd make the purchase. Fourteen dollars and a nickel. How about that shit.

I was gonna buy 2 Black Sabbath used but I didn't have enough \$. So I bought Bivouac new. Whatever. It's still a great record. I don't like it as much as I did when I was 23, but hey, who does.

So I drove up to burgundy room last night but was too worn out to enjoy it so I kept on goin. Drove around for another ½ hour and went home. Slept.

That's life. A booger just fell right out my nose onto my shirt.

Someone just said "Beater" from the car window. Thing is it didn't sound like an insult.

Whatever. It's a beautiful day. Nice + Cool. Overcast probably about 60's Fahrenheit.

Called Nikki, called Monica. Expect they'll call me back right after Natasha and Anna. Huh huh huh.

Catering tonight. Think it's a movie premier. Becha I'm gonna chase a little tail tonight. Might as well make "chasin" my middle name. Oh whatever. I'm not being serious. I don't just stand around with my mouth open droolin'. I make jokes with women. I enjoy their company. Their company is GOOD.

Redwings. Brown dress socks that were Da's, or possibly my dads. Old blue jeans with some brown hair

dye splashed across the fly. Looks like dried blood. Brooks Bros belt. Referee shirt.

Maybe I'll try to get your attention blondie. Maybe I've already got it. If I were a knight and the tables were spaces on a board I could take you.

She's got an army fatigue shirt on. Fancy jeans. White chuck taylor's - high tops. Short died platinum with dark underneath hair. I'd guess about later ½ of 20's...but then again I've only gotten a peripheral look at her. Cute face, pointed features. Her eyes seem like they're the most prominent feature of her looks. Nice olive complexon.

I'm sitting here. Thinking the occasional impure thought. Por exemple...I'd like to have my hand on the back of her head as I fuck her. Pulling her hair. Oh fuck. I think she must've heard me...she just left in a hurry. It's not like I was leering at her or anything. That's too bad I'd like to have talked to her.

Well the lard closes one door and opens another.

Aside. The security guard that (well the first one) checked me out on the way into Interpol was the guy I was joking with the first night of Radiohead.

Anyway. Still coughin' up residue from smoking. I think most of it's outa my sinus. But the lungs. They're still kickin' a bunch out.

Attractive (Let me know if you're getting sick of this - send a post card to... "oh yeah fuck you too" care of "King A-Hole" Last p.o. box beside the boil on your fat hairless ass.) woman to my left. Has a dog. Has a foreign accent.

"Well behaved dog." I say.

"Yes, she's a sweetheart." she says.

Pause. Cough. "What kind of dog is it?"

"Every kind." she says.

Pause. Pause. Cough.

"I'm a blend as well." I say.

"Excuse me?" she says.

"I'm a blend as well." I say again.

"We all are." she smiles.
Older man joins her at her table.
Fashionable and attractive + foreign. An attractive woman.
I wish this pen would just go ahead and quit.
So I just noticed the girl to the far left has new sneakers on - very white - and it reminded me of a part in my dream last night where I was looking at shoes. Picking up different kinds. Checking them out. There was only one shoe per type. They - as in most shoe stores - were displayed as singles.
Maybe it's some kind of allegory for my love life.
So it's about noon. I just got a refill. I'm workin' on it slow 'cause I've already had enough caffeine.
The flaming gay guy character from Leno is here with 3 friends. When I lookit him he looks at this imaginary point in space and through his huge sunglasses looks as though he expects a cookie.
I've got a cut on my finger from banging my knuckle putting a crate of plates beneath a table. I think it could use a lil' disinfectant.
Guess I'll go ahead and book it soon. This pen isn't much for working up hill. Well I guess most not-for-NASA pens are that way. Maybe I'm just writing now to take up space on the page. Maybe.
My hair looks stupid. S.T.U.P.I.D. So fucking what. It's been growing 11 months now unchecked. Dyed about 4 times. At Radiohead somebody told me I had the Jack White look. Well I guess that's about as close as I'm gonna get to describing it.
Think I just got a "Beatah" shout out.
Extraordinary. 3 birds just flew into the little patio area. 1, 2, 3. Wonder if they're brothers, or friends.
I'm not drinkin' that whole god damn refill. Don't want to be that juiced up.

or

10-40-3 3 10:30 so

I don't know where I am even though I've been here 2 other times. Max's or some shit. 6th and Fairfax. Trying to block out the bullSHIT flyin' at me from the table of chicken shits to my immediate left. I'd like to tell them to shut the FUCK UP but I can't. Whatever. They're talkin' politics. FUCKERS. SHUT UP.
"He's a Nazi!"
"That's what scares me!"
Just 2 excerpts. Glad to see hyperbole alive and well.
I will now tell you how many attractive women are here. Care to guess?
No?
Try it. Guess.
"Zero."
Right. Zero. Not fucking one.
That's better. Tea took a lil' time to seep. English breakfast.
I take it back. There's a couple attractive married women here. But no hot chix.
The tea's not bad. It's a little more subtle in flavor than the blend I buy at the bulk store.
Ah ha! The place is called Mani's. Says so on the wait station POS screen. Anyway.
Worked this morning 10am to 3pm. Not bad ate a lot of Wolfgang food brought a lot home too.
Practiced. Went through the set pretty quick. Good to practice. We need to start playin' out.
So in the interest of finding a woman to enjoy. In the interest of my happiness. I did a bit of magic and envisioned planting a tree in my evening. Someone. Tonight. I fortified the soil like a loaf of white bread. That way my thin spare ground can sustain her until her being there cycles in some health...it will gain in fertility. Simple magic trick.

Redwings - recently polished - looking more + more cordovan. Old jeans with brown hair dye stained on the fly. Dark blue dress sock. Black dress sock. Brooks Brother's belt. Da's old button up satiny shirt...off off off white. Nice serious collar. Pack of Stallion candy cigarettes. I'm having one now. Virginia football camp half-tee orange. When I was a lil' kid I cut off the bottom half. Don't ask me why.

Why?

I said don't ask me why. Fucker.

Girl in the back of the place is packin' up some cigs.

Smack Smack. Smack Smack. Smack Smack.

So I'm a display in a 3 window alcove. All I'd need is another glass wall to my left and I'd be in a motherfuckin' tank. Table in an alcove.

Cut on my finger is healing fine. I know you were worried.

I'm a wee bit tired. Need to start playing with Lystra so I can finally get someone to love. If ya know wut ah mean. Seems to be a dismal stretch of bad luck I got here.

I shouldn't complain. If it weren't for real bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all.

So at the burg-room I met and talked to Danielle, Holly, some coupla other girls...I seem to remember there were three names I wanted to remember. Oh well.

How I met Danielle was interesting. I was talking to this woman named Shawna...older worman (worman - what the fut?) older woman who worked for a skateboarding clothing co. I noticed that this girl at the bar's ass was HANGIN' OUT. I mean inches + inches of ASS hangin' out. Some gauzy g-string floating around above it. So I told Shawna - "I'm gonna drop a piece of ice down that girl's crack." I did.

I came back to her. "Two points."

A little childish...admittedly. After a bit I went over and told her it was me who'd done that. We talked

for a good while about people and the interesting thing is...she held my hand for the entire conversation. I dug that. I told her I thought most people didn't do that anymore. This, she told me, was simply a false impression I had.

Danielle. Not too long after her boyfriend got there and she kissed him in front of me. Don't ask me why. Whatever. Liked her company. I don't give a fuck about Mohawk-boy.

I think a girl just waved at me from outside. I looked behind me. Nobody else. Whatever.

Earlier in the evening at burgundy room I was talking to Shawna. And the couple beside me who'd been makin' out did something I'd never seen before in a bar. She got on her knees and...whew...I get ill thinking about it...joking. Short story short...she blew him.

Not ½ hour later I'm standing in relatively the same spot and a fight breaks out. Dig the scene...shallow space between the bar and mirrored wall. Couples and singles lean against the wall and brush up and past people to go from back of bar to front to back to front. Etc.

I ignored the blow job. Said something to Shawna like "it's a free country."

I put my glass of soda water on the ledge for drinks and raised my arms...not into having some drunk fucker in a tank top slam into me. I was actually ready to add my 2¢ to whatever went down. Nothin' did though.

So those were the two odd points of the night.

I guess for the sake of my balls I'll go back there again tonight. I liked talking to Holly and her friend Vicky.

Whole lotta words goin' down on this page that don't mean shit. Not shit.

It isn't just the women I fuck and the money I bank.

Is it? No...of course not. These things take up too much of one's time only when they're in short supply or absent. At least that's what I'm hoping.

Here I'll make a guess. Was that girl waving at me because I'm the Beater? Or because she simply thinks I'm good lookin' and she's a waver.

I'll guess again. I'll never know.

So don't ask me why.

My tea is on its second hot water and it's weak.

Table of talkers left. Good. As a matter of fact the joints pretty much emptied. It's about 11:30 by now I suspect.

Maybe the waver will say hi to me when I walk by. I'll see. This pen is starting to dry heave. Only 2 days left. Teresa left me a message. I'll call her tomorrow. She thinks the Beater thing is all in my head. Yep. Sounds good to me.

I'm 32 tomorrow.

I'm still itchy all over + I don't know why. So don't ask.

"Hey Joe, what's with the -"

"Shut up. I don't know so just shut the fuck up and let's see what happens."

Yeah. So let's just shut the fuck up and see.

10-5-3 2 9:30am

I'm 32. Or, as Susanna from Burgundy Room last night put it...thirty-terrific. Big whup.

I'm in Woodland Hills. I'm here to see if I can get paid 200 bux for a fancy hair cut. I'm at Wella / Sebastian studios - I guess it's beauty school. Drinking complimentary coffee. It's complimentary to something...but I'm not diggin' it too much.

Went to that bar almost got into a fight. More on that lately. Er ah later I'm tired.

Lot's of luck. That'd be good.

Message from Nikki on machine when I got back. That's the best thing happened on the 4th.

I'm too tired to write anything that makes any damn sense...

So I'll just write nonsense for a while to amuse myself.

I wonder if Muse and a-muse are related.

I would like to think the people on my home-world don't miss me TOO much.

My shirts wrinkly. I liken it to a prune. I am a dried plum. Or, I liken it to the skin of potato soup, cooled down and shifted.

Yeah so it's like 11:45pm now and I'm at S.O. France. I just met Alexia a pretty young girl. She was holding a gallon of water when she asked me if I was in line. She's about 6' tall. No shit. Still doesn't look tall to me. I must be tall as hell.

Went and saw "lost in translation" tonight with Rady. It was our b-day night out '03. Now it will live in infamy.

Anyway. I hope Alexia comes back in here I'd like to talk to her...some more.

Left a message for Nikki this afternoon. She didn't call me back. Guess what? I don't fucking know why. I just don't.

Heard from Mom+Dad, Teresa, Rob and Sam...in chronological order. I also heard from Marcus Rios and Monica S. who called not knowing it was my big day.

Let's see. Tomorrow I practice.

No bizness like no show bizness like no show bizness I know.

It's fucking warm in here. And I'm drinking coffee.

I bought Alexia a cup of tea. Nice of me, eh.

Well before we start going on about how nice I am you should know it's entirely possible that I did that for my balls. Entirely possible.

Still coughin' up stuff. Not good that.

So I'm officially a year older today.

And tomorrow is the last day of the countdown.
How about it.

Hold the phone. Count to a million and other such bullshit I can simply edit out later.

People keep callin' me sir. I don' get it. No shit. I mean do I look like a sir. I think there's something behind it. Whatever. It ceases to amaze me.

Rady told me he felt like calling people up for work (photo work) was a useless endeavor. I told him pursuing a useless endeavor was better than endeavoring to be useless.

Turned that around on him didn't I.

"Stealthy not wealthy" tee - only diff. from this mornin's get up. Brown jacket. Same god damn brown jacket I been wearing since 1995. Boring young man I am. To date my brown jacket has been and remains irreplaceable. It in terms of success as a jacket is undefeated.

No free haircut. I guess I'm stuck lookin' like a dumb-ass.

Made a coupla burgers before I went to the movies. Trader Joes no hormone beef. First time I've prepared red meat in my apartment. When we got back from the Vista the place stank like a bag of dog food. No shit. Smelled horrible.

I wouldn't be me if I didn't admit that I suspect Alexia is getting the scoop on me "the Beater" from one of her friends outside she's bumming a smoke from. Well that's just fine. EZ come EZ go. Maybe she'll still have the guts to come in and talk to me. It's actually a pretty good litmus test for if a chick is worth hangin' out with. I'll admit though...I keep glancing at the door when it creaks hoping she's coming in to talk to me.

Think I'll have a refill.

Bitu - unique or the only one. Persian name.

That's cool. Just talked for a coupla minutes to a Persian pretty girl. Gave her 3 compliments off the cuff.

Rapid fire fashion. She gave me a coupla nice compliments about my abilities to drink caffeine and sleep right after...which I can usually do.

Whatever man. Not too much room left in this pad and I'd planned on this bein' it. For at least a coupla solid reasons: 1) I'm sick of writing this shit 2) this shit is gettin' repetitious and old...and not in a good way.

Well that 3 pattern I was noticing didn't make any damn sense after all. How about that SHIT.

Nikki Monica Teresa Alexia Simone Polet Rose Natasha Christina. Off the top of my head those are the girls...Jenn Stander...JNY...I'm thinkin' of...rock*Jennifer from Cat + Fiddle. You ever think you're done pukin' and it just keeps comin + comin.

So anyway.

Here's what oughta happen now. Now that the countdowns one day left to go.

I should...begin to see synchronicity working for me on a front page obvious basis...shows should start coming to me. Doors should open for me. It should be effortless. The girl should take her place with me as a part of this seamless process towards ease + success.

Is that what really oughta happen? Not sure. OK I'll revise it. I should start playing more more more music out. It should really become legit. Touring, etc. it should get off the ground in an organic fashion. But it should motherfucking GET OFF THE GROUND GODDAMMIT.

Look. I wouldn't even be doing this if it weren't for the visions I'd been given so all that's got to happen is for those to become impossible and I can quit. Become a drunk again or whatever plan B is.

Whatever. I'm gettin' tired. Starin' off into space + shit. Guess what. I am not surprised Alexia

didn't rush back to say hello. Not surprised. I'd say mark my words, but that would be repeating myself.

OK. Here's a good one for you. Jesus. Dear Jesus would you make yourself useful and guide that sexy young girl Alexia back in here to this chair beside me so we can get to know each other...talk...laf...become sex partners...Thank you Jesus, sincerely...my balls.

Oh. My. God. My balls just prayed to Jesus.

Pretty cool huh.

Let's see if it works.

Well I may as well give the other team a try in the interest of being fair.

Satan. Sweet Satan. Please do me a favor and bring that sweet piece of ass Alexia back in here from outside smokin' her cigarette to sit in this chair, look longingly into my eyes, hold my hand, talk, laf...and become sex partners...please do this for me Satan...my balls.

Oh Great Goodness me. My balls just tried to make a pact with the devil. Is that fut up or what?

What?

Nope. That is fut up. Big Time.

Well let's see what happens. I know she's not comin' back or I wouldna bothered. Afterall I wouldn't know who to send the thank you card to signed My Balls. No need to wonder how my balls can hold a pen.

You shouldn't be surprised. I think my balls wrote most of this bullshit when I wasn't lookin' anyway.

What the fuck.

That's too bad about Alexia. She was too young for anything more than a fuck to work out anyway.

Yeah...Excuse me...where's the problem.

Notice the change in handwriting...the above was written by my balls...as I stretched.

Note to self: I'm nobody's monkey.

last day

10-6-3 11:30

Hour on the meter. I'm in larchy catchin' a fair degree of stink eye combo odd appraisal. Starbucks. Ya know I may hate 'em but their coffee is \$1.40 for a small (which they call a tall and excuse me but that's just like adding some 9's on your price...not foolin' anybody) and it's not bad coffee.

People do not know what to make of me. They just don't.

Separate. I thought this morning after I was woken up by a girl calling out "beat off" and another girl laughing. I thought. O.K. There's got to be some point to this. It doesn't much upset me. It doesn't much do anything anymore, but just like the alien in Star Trek will insisently repeat over and over some nonsense word at Picard or Kirk...I get my share of nonsense too. So like the captain I will endeavor to find out it's meaning.

I asked myself what do I make of it. Looked for an answer in my heart. After some reflection I get - it's so I can be separate. Apart. Different. Unlike the group. Not part of your group. Bit a. One. Unique. I'm up for it. It's just a more precise version of social blackout. And hey maybe it's like training for bein' a rock * eh.

So there. I accept being apart. Not of you. I have the obvious exceptions of my family, a few close friends, and sometime...a woman. That's enough for me.

Went and saw Lost in Translation with Rady last night to celebrate our b-days. I also gave Rady a framed picture of a raccoon on a tree branch with a full moon behind it. A photo in a pretty nice metal frame...dusty as hell was on the top display shelf at 2nd hand store price tag 15 bux but it was so dusty I talked em down to 3.

Back to the movie. Bill Murray was damn good in it...he made it tick. Rest of it...hey I'll admit...not bad

even for an obvious display of gratuitous flagrant nepotism. Some of which leaked through as a glorification of the phantasees of some rich princess.

But like I told Rady on the way out of the theatre...I liked the scene in the strip joint and I enjoyed watching her walk around in her underwear. Admittedly I did say this to provoke a reaction from the artsy bassards leaving the art house theater.

So let me get this straight. I said something, communicated an idea I didn't honestly believe to provoke a reaction. How unlike me.

Only 6 pages left in this notebook. I wonder if I can wrap it up.

I guess I must like being separate. Distinct. Distinguished. Yeah I like that one. Distinguished.

I'm beginning to wonder what kind of broad volunteered to be my life partner in the time before we were born and choosing our lives. She must really be something.

I have been separated so I may as well enjoy it. It is...at the risk of sounding maudlin...liberating.

So the whole point of the countdown was that if nuttin' happened by now I could quit...I could blow it...drink smoke...fuck it all. Right? I mean that was the point.

Well. Like I thought. Here I am on day one...last day...not SHIT has happened. And, as a matter of fact I think I was happier as a drunk smoker. No shit. Well no surprise, escape and denial are a comfort.

It's noon. I've got a ½ hour yet.

Nice cool day. Sixties. Redwing boots, mismatched grey socks of different length and style. Brown virgin wool pants. Brooks Bros belt. White crew neck t that's ripped in back.

Separate.

Maybe the countdown was just supposed to make sure I got to right now? Ya dig. Well I guess that's timely since I'd already declared that if nuttin' happened by

Nov. it was all a joke anyway. And besides what the fuck else'm I gonna do. Don't quite have the incentive to chuck it all yet. So I guess I'll simply do what I've always done. Tell myself I'll get it all in a year. Tell myself it'll all make sense eventually and I'm on the right track.

OK. FINE.

That's it. I'll now sign the ending with my own blood. Nice talkin' to ya.

J T