

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 2

4-11-3

Hey everybody I'm back and guess what...dramatic pause...I've changed. Hush falls across the assembled audience mainly consisting of cockroaches, ants, termites, and a few ticks towards the back of the crowd: artsy ticks all malnourished like a dried up raisin...but the boots are still the same and maybe today I'll get around to telling you how I got them.

Coupla other items first. I'm trying out a new tea. Bought it at the bulk store for hippies on Hyperion St. Tastes vaguely like beef broth. It's supposed to be English Breakfast, but I look down and expect to see onions and carrots. All in all not too bad.

Second. I'm trying to make cornbread. My mom showed me how in Morehead but I couldn't quite remember so I went by gut impression and bastardized a recipe for corn muffins that was on the side of the corn meal box. The ingredients I measured: 2 cups corn meal, 1 cup flour, 2 eggs, 1 ½ Tsp baking powder, 1 cup rice milk. Ingredients I ball-parked: long pour of molasses, long pour of olive oil, healthy amount of salt. Mix well. Smell to check if smells like food. Put in oven at 350 until it's done.

I hope it's edible. I mean come on, I got most of the ingredients right. I'm just trying to turn the conglomerate into some kind of crumbly, delicious treat. Can't be that hard. It'll be terrific. Just wait. You'll see. I trust my instincts on these things.

You like cornbread doncha?

I do. When I was about 8 I ate so much of it at one time that the smell of it subsequently made me nauseous for years. I ate so damn many of the little corncob shaped muffins that just the smell made me gag for years. I'm not kidding. Like cornbread hangover.

See, I was a weird kid too.

More beef broth. I should get a few pickles. Actually beef broth is a pretty darn nice restorative.

One time Teresa and I, just this past fall, made a cut of London broil my dad had bought for us when he and mom were up to see Rob + Layne + Maeve (my 3 yr. old niece - a real firecracker). Wouldn't that be Rob + Layne = Maeve?

Anyway, after Teresa and I had eaten there was about a cup and ½ of meat juice left in the pan we had baked (broiled ??) the meat in...we didn't know what to do with it. Teresa was advocating chucking it out in the back yard. But I told her that would draw every dog for miles. She's got a cat we both "raised" named Monkey. A funny cat: cat food junky, litter box funky.

So after thinking about how it would clog the drains and just go bad in the fridge, I picked up the pan and drank it. Pretty damn tasty.

Time to go take a peak at the bread. Hope I don't vomit all over the door of the stove.

Sure is risin' pretty good. Guess I got the baking powder amount okay.

Had another enjoyable evening last night. Brigitte and I went over to Chris' and heard roughs of 3 Lystra songs.

She said it wasn't what she expected. That she'd like to hear it in a real studio: "I mean we all know how great Cool Edit Pro is but come on." She said it reminded her of a Bivouac song. That's okay by me...not that I know who the fuck Bivouac is.

I'm glad she didn't say a whole lot of b.s. about it. Not that I'd expect such from her.

Can smell the bread from here in my room now.

Just checked it. Still pretty mushy - mooshy.

It was Brigitte and me, Chris and Sophia (Chris' squeeze for the past 8 er so months). We had a pretty cool time hanging out. She called Lance, and Chris and he talked. Lance is a "caricature of himself" said Chris after talking to him.

"Hey dude, so do you party?"

"Do you skate? Are you into skateboarding?"

Chris' like: "Hit me over the head one more time with that. I get it. You skateboard." Funny.

Brigitte said Chris looked so young. She said she wouldn't be surprised to hear he was her age. So in the band we've got a 31 year old 24 year old (me) and a 27 year old 22 year old (Chris) and one "old guy" (Rady).

I met my diagonally opposed upstairs neighbor Andria...Aundria. She said, "I met the old guy." I laughed at that, said, "What did you call him?"

Then I intentionally got her name wrong about 5 times.

"So you're the one who lives upstairs with her brother right?"

"No that's April. And Shewannashimi (or some shit) lives downstairs with Mike...but she's never around...she makes movies."

We were standing on the sidewalk at the bottom of the stairs. Met on our way to our cars. She's pretty. Probably my age. An actress I think. Nice smile. Nice looks.

"Oh okay." I'd say. "Your names Amanda right?"

"Aundria."

"Oh okay. You live upstairs?"

"Yes with Stacy."

"Oh yeah I met her once."

"We never see you guys."

"Yeah we're pretty reclusive, don't like direct sunlight you know." Later I thought it would have been funnier if I'd told her I only take human form a couple times a week.

"Oh. I met the old guy."

"What did you call him?"

"I live upstairs."

"So your name's April?"

"Stacy."

"Got it."

She laughed as she got into her car. I tried to look serious as I walked to mine. Wouldn't mind some social time with them. Rady told me she was wearing a "Trail of the Dead" band-tee when he met her and Stacy. Stacy's in the biz - music that is. She's a looker.

Lettin' the bread cool, took it out. Had split on top. Stuck a knife in it. Think it's done.

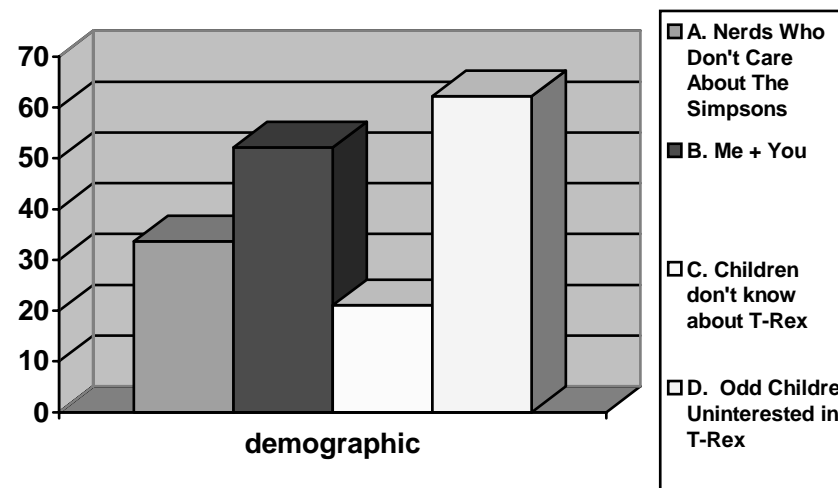
My biceps hurt like hell. My arms have cramped into a T-rex posture. I guess this makes me look a bit like Mr. Burns from The Simpsons too. I suppose that covers both demographics. I wonder if there are more people who know T-rex or Mr. Burns.

A: nerds who don't care about The Simpsons

B: people like me + you

C: children who haven't learned about T-rex yet

D: odd children who are uninterested in T-rex



Sub-group D bothers me the most. I mean, how can a kid not care about T-rex. Children and dinosaurs have a lot in common. All mouth. Uncaring destruction of property. Heightened awareness of dominance. Difficulties with Triceratops (mother figure).

Anyway that reminds me of a thought I had driving home a couple days ago. I saw a long fire truck go around the corner. The kind with the driver on the back end. Guy was sitting back there in his fireman outfit. Massive yellow and black helmet on his head.

I thought to myself: assemble at random a group of men, 15 - 65 years old. Ask them if they'd like a turn driving the back of the fire truck. Percentage turning down that opportunity: Zero. Each and every one of us would, if given the chance, put on the helmet get back there and show a 'thumbs up'.

"Ready when you are!"

Gays, deaf, even blind. Any male would take the day off to play firemen in a heartbeat.

"I'll do it!"

"Over here!"

"Ohhh Yeahhhh"

"I'll drive your big red engine thexy."

You get my drift.

(The lisp was used to indicate the homosexual...this is not to be taken as a derogatory slant on homo-sex. There are in fact more lispy heterosexuals than homosexuals, I'd wager)

That reminds me, Saturday at the Vulfgahng event will be the premier of my sketchy mustache. Matt's gonna love it.

I have discovered a new breakfast food. My cornbread is the shit. Glad I wrote that recipe down. Problem is since I'm not re-reading this shit I'll have to wait till I type it into a computer to get it. Damn that's good. Dunking it in some molasses. Crumbly yet moist inside. Nicely defined surface. Like the thin

ice of winter's last freeze on a sleepy pond. Heavenly. Excellent with beef broth hot or cold.

Better watch I don't eat too much. You know what happens when I do that. Buick!

That nice old Spanish gent is playing guitar again over by the window.

"What was that?"

"Would I like to what?"

"Oh, okay...ha ha ha."

"I get it...it's a small guitar."

"Funny."

"No keep playing I'm just saying that was funny."

"What you just said."

"Little guitar?"

"You did too."

"Whatever."

I bet it was the molasses made it so damn good. "Robust" flavor. Nice tawny coloring. I can see me on the cover now. Dusty chef jacket. Hat askew. Generous smile as I hold the pan for the camera. Smudges of flour on my cheek and nose. Look of triumph in my eyes.

"Julia!"

"I want Julia!" I would yell.

"What's the matter Julia? Afraid. Afraid of cornbread hangover? Face me! I am your father." Or some shit like that.

Jesus I make me laugh. Gigglin' like a schoolgirl on nitrous. Reminds me of when I'd be in yoga class with all these stretchy serious types going "ohmm" all around me. Sometimes when I was in a difficult pose...like the inverted fetal position I'd want to say: "Anybody got a cigarette". Or when I'm staring in surprised morbid fascination at my own asshole I'd want to say in a hushed voice: "Shoot me. Please shoot me."

But I didn't. That's life.

Betcha didn't know Julia Childs played a part in the French Resistance during WWII. Pretty cool huh?

I should write more dialogue. Really eats up the lines.

About 10:30 now. Thin' I'm gonna go play some guitar.

Ten of one. I took a nap.

Got to yell at another asshole last night.

Brigitte was parking her truck. I had been on the cell phone with her standing on the street looking for her. As she was pulling in to the spot across the entrance to Chris' driveway (parking there ain't easy) some kid...I mean some dick head...said loudly out the window from the apartment adjacent to Chris':

"Gonna get some pussy."

This really pissed me off.

I said, "Somebody said what?" in a pissed off loud voice.

"Somebody said what motherfucker?" Louder.

"Well I guess somebody shut up?" Loud.

"I guess somebody shut up." You see.

I am looking for a fight I guess. But nobody is gettin' away with that shit around me while I'm able-bodied and young and unimportant enough to get away with it, without having someone else do it for me. Fuck that guy. Later I reflected that it was, in all likelihood, just some dumbass trying to sound cool.

Well fuck him. I'm not a fucking charity for assholes. If you're an asshole I'm gonna call you on it. Period.

So I'm goin' to play guitar eventually.

Right now my housemates Robert and Becky are home. They're pretty cool and easy to get along with. Considerate, all that necessary shit. And, thank the lard; I managed to land a girlfriend before they got here to get me out of the apartment in the evenings.

And, not to mention, to keep me from having sinful thoughts about the young lady, whom I try to think of in

a sisterly fashion but it comes out like Darth Vader, "A sister... You have a sister", more like sinister.

Anyway, I'm proud of myself because I haven't consciously lusted for her once. Subconsciously. That I can't control. Has been less merciful. It's not me I'm worried about. I'm not so unscrupulous as to try anything. Not in a million fucking years. Not even a little white anything. Not poss.

But I did wake up this morning with a little present from my subconscious that had her across me in a most memorable way. Mornin' wood. Poppin' a tent. Whatever.

I'm not saint fuckin' Peter and Brigitte hasn't been able to for a lil' while now. Can't believe that's buggin' me. I used to be such a sex camel. Drink from the Oasis when I'd go back to NC to see Teresa. Drink up then back across the desert. Thankfully I had more than one hump.

There's a package outside my neighbors door. I'm sitting in the living room with the metal-grate safety-door (security against Indian attacks) shut and the door-proper open. I must resist the temptation to turn it upside down. It's got these arrows on the side. This way up. A big fruity looking swoosh of an arrow.

"Thith way uhhuaaap. Cutie."

(Again the speech habits of homosexuals are, for the whole, more intelligible than those of the heterosexual or the a-sexual...the 'not-a-fucker'...populous. No offense.)

I do want to turn it over but I will resist.

I'm sitting in a chair I saw by the side of the road in Los Feliz. Like a tooth left beneath a pillow, I scooped it up and dropped a nickel on the ground. It's an off chair. Rady says it looks like a dog sat in it.

The fabric, which is a faded floral pattern you'd expect to see in a...I want to say cerebellum...what's the

fuckin' word for old southern mansions...antebellum.
Blank.

Anyway the fabric is in tatters coming away like an unwrapped mummy. And, strangest of all, the bottom is rounded like a rocking chair. First time I sat in it I went straight back till I was looking at the ceiling. So first I thought we'd keep it around as a gag chair.

"Oh yeah well it looks like shit but you've got to try it out. Its sooo comfortable." Back you go.

Leaned against the wall it's quite comfy. Nice carved wooden arms with a lustrous patina chipping away scroll ends with a fluted Grecian column descending the body of the chair. It's almost like a chair you'd expect to see in a cerebellum mansion.

The beautiful cerebellum mansions of the south. Cooter, Boo, Hollis, and Stumpy.

I did have kids named Hollis and Stumpy in my 3rd grade class along with Larry Snow and my best friend Jon Brubeck. He was part Indian. Cherokee if I remember.

There did come a time, middle school, where I couldn't join FFA (Future Farmers of America) and get that cool jeans jacket with the emblem on the back, and had to become a 'prep'.

Reason being that's not what my popular older brother Rob did. So I tried to look the part. Wanted the acceptance so badly. I remember talking with Jon outside the cafeteria later. Catching up with him. He had fully taken on the role his group demanded. Blue jeans - smoking - 'shop class hero'. I wore a green Izod and worried about how cool my tennis shoes were...got picked on a lot, got pudgy.

Our conversation was stilted and awkward.

He told me, "You're a prep."

I wish I hadn't become a prep. Whadya gonna do in 1983. I didn't know any better. Sorry about how Broadus Wood kinda left us behind Jon. I remember how we used to tie our Kamp-King knives with string to our belts to look cool.

Individuality sure is a hard thing to find. Took me over twenty more years. Hard as hell. Then the hard part is not yelling at the assholes who haven't gotten it yet. Thing is, that's about as helpful as yelling at a squirrel that runs across the road making you slam on your brakes and spill your coffee.

Takes less effort if you just give 'em the finger.

So I'm surrounded by free furniture. After being here a coupla days Rady and I walked to a nearby overly-expensive painfully-hip café. Noticed some decent furniture on the sidewalk. Came back with the windstar and picked that shit up. Got a bookcase from beside Simone's apartment.

Hit 'em with some Lysol. Good as new. Strange ass knew. Strange hobo piss and hobo ass knew. Whatever.

I bought the Lysol after I gave a prostitute a lift home. No shit, just gave her a ride. She offered a freebee but I turned her down. She told me her ride didn't show up. Some cabbie that gives her lifts for free down Sunset blvd. while she talks dirty to him. I was making a right on Sunset. Had my window cracked to let my cig smoke out. She walked in front of the van and motioned with her hand. "Give me a lift?"

Somehow I knew she wasn't lookin' for work, just a ride, so I motioned back, "Okay. Get in." She did.

Light-skin black girl maybe 25 but her face was tight with stress and made her look more like 35. We talked a bit.

She told me about how she moved here from New York to help her sister with a baby. She said her sister's pimp hit her ear and made it bleed. Told me she played Tom Sawyer in a school play in 3rd grade. She had wanted to become an actor.

I didn't offer much about me. But I did note how weird it was.

Said how we were just born into whatever luck we got. How, I said no offense to her, I had just been talking to some rich girl in a café named Sade or some

shit. And how I had listened to her complain about how sad she was because she just found out her dog 'snowball' had died. This beautiful girl did at least have the sense to be hesitant to tell me the dog's name.

So I told LaLa about Sade (not her real name) and her troubles. Like she was on top. Some rich girl actress always jettin' off to NYC, and her, LaLa stuck on the bottom and here I was - middle class Joe - in the middle. LaLa said:

"I got this. That's lucky for me. I got real lucky."

I couldn't argue with that.

I dropped her off at the government housing by the 101 freeway.

She said "Good lookin' out," as she shut the door kinda hard and walked off without lookin' back.

[Somebody just jingled their keys at me]

So later that night I called the NY # the rich girl had given me. I told her it was only fair that I tell her about LaLa since I'd told LaLa about her. I left this on her machine. So, I said, here's my number (which I left), and I'm going to erase your number from my phone so you don't have to worry about getting any more strange phone calls from me. Then I erased her number.

That night I bought the Lysol and sprayed down the surfaces LaLa had touched in the van. Nothing personal, but she does handle strange dick for money.

The next day at the same café I met a beautiful 19 year old Swedish girl that I fell for on the spot. Talked to her for a while. Then she followed me out to my practice room slash storage unit (I didn't have an apartment yet) where I sang some songs to her.

I even wrote down the words to a song I wrote about my break-up with Teresa and had her sing it with me. A pretty head voice. Fantastic beauty she is...somewhere out there breaking hearts.

She came out to the practice room with me because she said she needed a TV, and I told her I had one if she wanted it.

I got the TV when I helped my Asheville landlord take a load of stuff from his electronics repair business to the dump. We threw away microfiche readers, black and white monitors, adding machines, lots of nice shit. He wanted me to add this Sony Trinitron to the pile. A big boxy thing, it was a monitor too, with fasteners on the side to hang it from a wall. I said I'd keep it. He was dubious but he let me.

Later that night with Teresa, in our apartment...which breaks my heart to think about...I turned it on and got the same 2 channels our other TV did (which came from Rob's in-laws)...without the speaker-wire hooked up to the back and draped around the room like we were tuning in the mother ship. No sound though.

After some puzzling I stuck the end of a speaker wire into an 1/8 inch jack input on the front thinking it was an audio-out and if I completed the circuit maybe it'd work. Vwalla! It did. I clipped off about an inch of wire, stuck it in the jack, and we had a new TV for free.

Well the damn thing made me think of Teresa. Right before I moved to LA she had tried to get some \$ on it towards another, smaller TV at a pawn shop. I was there. The guy offered her \$10 for it. I told her, "my advice, keep the TV." She probably wanted to get rid of it for the same reasons I did. It made me think too much of her and our kind of sad times in Asheville, where she'd cry while she was sewing and I'd sit pathetically drunk on the porch finishing off a pack of cigarettes. So anyway.

I gave the TV to her, a beauty named LuLu. LuLu...LaLa...was the universe fucking with me? I got her number. You know the rest. Called her too soon. Talked to her like she was an idiot trying to make her laugh. Blew it. Never saw her again. Although she did give me

a present. When we were sitting at the café she was smoking. She offered me one, and although I'd quit 2 years before I said:

"Hell yes I want one."

So I started smoking again. I still smoke her brand, Marlboro Ultra Lights. They, quite simply, are Ultra.

Oh yeah, I did try to kiss her in the parking lot outside the practice room. I landed a very chaste kiss on the cheek. A kiss so platonic a nun would think you were a fag.

I think that bears repeating.

A kiss so platonic a nun would think you were a fag.

I've seen her since then just once, in a dream. I do hope to see her in reality again sometime. Who knows. Although, when I met her I was a little: how did I put it in my email to Jenny, "soft in the head", right after my breakup with Teresa...maybe we'll meet again.

Like I said when I was walking out of Chelsea's T-room in Asheville when Rady and I were stuck there cause his transmission blew out - "Maybe we'll meet again, I don't know. The hand of fate will decide."

I met a girl in Asheville that night that wound up giving me a blowjob.

Met her at a bar that was having an open mike night. I brought my guitar but was too chicken to take the stage. It's crossed my mind that she might work for the CIA or whatever government sub-group is tracking me. It all has to do with how I lost my spleen...but more on that later. More on that later too. The blowjob I mean.

What a weird fuckin' night that was. Whoeeee. I tell you what. Never a dull moment.

Gotta check my email see if I've been offered any work. As I was writing I was walking from living room to my room. I went out of the sunlight, and in the dark

my blue ink looked black. I swear to God the thought crossed my mind:

"The CIA broke in and switched the ink in my dad's Exxon pen." Tell you what...once you open that door...

Holly Sheet its 2:15. I've got to call Amyt soon and wish him a happy 32nd.

4-13-3

Didn't write yesterday. Spent most of the day in bed with Brigitte. That's how a Saturday should be. Plus I got a letter from Teresa that was quite hard to describe...and had a conversation with her that made me feel...well rather heavy hearted. And just as when I'm reading it I say to myself: "can't process this right now." I don't much want to go into it.

Sufficed to say I could tell she was crying on the phone, even though she said she just had a cold. We said neither one of us ruled out getting back together. Man that makes me think. In light of the jovial nature of the writing I was doing I didn't want to write all day in a funk. Teresa thinks I've lost it a little. Need therapy, that kind of thing. "Have you talked to a professional about any of this?" "No hasn't even crossed my mind."

Crossed that strange multicolored fruitful wasteland of a mind.

Stay loose. Chaos is mooshy. Don't clench. Things to remember today. What would Carlo do?

I ate a ton of food last night. Catered for Volfy at an "E.R. 200th Episode" party. Got the cute actress a drink. Chatted briefly with a coupla cute employees: Genelle - tall blond, Holly - cute blond, Jennifer - cute brunette.

I'm trying to build into my infamy the fact that I can eat a lot. Like a bear. So I, at the end of my shift piled massive amounts of beef, potatoes, shrimp, asparagus, and risotto (which I didn't care for) on my plate. Ate it all (sans risotto). Sopped it with a

coupla rolls. Ate some desserts. It was good. I can eat what seems like an impossible amount, and then I reach a point where I can eat even more.

When I worked the Oscars I ate 3 king size Kit Kat bars. The most of any employee.

I learned this ability while eating beef with my dad. There's always room for more prime rib / ribs / roast / porterhouse / t-bone / tenderloin I have learned.

I was going to tell you about my boots. Got 'em at a shoe-store. Now you know.

So chaos to me isn't bad. It's the soup of limitless possibilities that we live in. I had this notion that I was thinking of it wrong: like broken glass. When actually, it's more like one of those rubber toys you squeeze and the eyes and ears pop out. Smooshy. Mooshy. Maleable. Resilient. Something to thin' about.

So I was walking around bussing glassware and plates last night, and I started thinking. I'm getting too old to still be on the bottom. I'll be 32 this Oct. That's haywire. Then I got the idea. Nothing ever changes. Even if I get lucky I guess I'll always be the tall distinguished looking weird guy walking around with a wise-ass smile saying "how ya doin'" to people in a conspiratorial tone. Same smart-ass look on my face.

Because, the paradox as known is: nothing changes, nothing remains the same. To occupy my thoughts at work I'd also remind myself: 'miles of sky above me, miles of earth below.' This was comforting for some reason. Timeless. Takes your mind off those around you. Then it occurred to me, 'miles of sky below me' too. Nothing is real.

4-17-3

Been working at Universal Studios Theme Park. Got in trouble because I said the word "Ass".

I have since been told that's a "no-no" in a theme park. Ass. Ass. Ass. Ass. Ass. All day long with the Ass. What do I have to do to get fired? Ass. Working there tomorrow and Sunday too. Oh fuckin' boy. Like a fast-food job. Well now I know.

One more thing. People pantomime smoking at me.

As if I'm supposed to get all steamed every time I see it.

Why isn't everytime a word when everywhere is? Who knows. Anyway. Anal-retentive-middle-age-softy-need-a-punch-in-the-face made that at me on my way home. I've decided that if anyone pulls anything overt with me in traffic again it's: 1) put in park 2) keys from ignition 3) open door 4) approach asshole 5) yell at asshole (with a possible) 6) get into fist fight.

Who knows? That'd sure be something. Getting into fight in traffic. I doubt I'd get into much trouble as long as I didn't swing first. Could be fun.

Endurance. It can't be underestimated. Ass.

4-22-3

So I was about to make something to eat when I'm in my room, folding my laundry, and I hear "Eat" or maybe it was "Beat". I don't know which.

A woman's voice. White girl. Came from one of the apartments back or back left. I don't know. I've heard this before. Coupla times. Can't tell if it's because people think I starve myself or what. Tied into the whole "beater" people driving by my house and honking shit.

I swear I was at Brigitte's apartment (that's still working by the way) and I heard some neighbors say.

Man: "You're Jesus." Woman: "Have a drink."

I think it was "Have a drink". Maybe it was "Eat". I don't know. People wouldn't be so focused on me if I weren't so outstanding I guess.

Whacha gonna do? I guess I'll take it as a compliment. Knowing that everything goes where it

should (the way it does basically) makes most everything slash anything bearable.

Because it does. Everything goes where it should. The way it should be. All in all though I'd prefer my neighbors would shut the fuck up. Yet, as I know, every motherfucker has the right to an opinion.

My cell phone bill is fucking \$240. God damn cell phone. Makes me want to boil the fucker.

4:30 11/23 pm

OK. I'm high. Last time I got fucked up was... September 30th I believe? And that's over ½ a year ago mind you. So being a little high right now is just all right by me.

Stereo is on playing Seaweed, Four.

I bought on Chris' recommendation a pair of speakers from Out-of-the-Closet. A thrift store for homosexuals. Jesus I just teetered like an old man high on absinthe.

Anyway. I bought these two, I'd say '91 spkrs - JVCs - for \$20. The sticker on the top of 'em said \$20 each. But the dude that rang me up said they were 20 total. He said:

"That'll be \$20."

"For both of them?"

"\$20"

Strange smile out of the side of my mouth.

"OK."

And they're on the floor. Just hooked 'em up.

The JVC thorax was at Chris' for mix-down. I just thought. We should j buy CD cases, label's etc. [- diff j.s huh -] and make a second 5-song demo. 5 oldies 5 not so oldies. ← title "5 not so oldies".

Jesus. Anyway. A new 5er - ok.

I've got 'em on the floor and the JVC transformer arms - the detachable speakers - are on (see I can spell it) the shelf above my closet. It's like having 2 big

speakers 10 feet tall. Big JVCs with a 10", 3", and 2" and up above them the lil' JVCs with a 5", and a 3 ½". Pretty cool. I should call Amyt and tell him about them.

Stupid recent thoughts:

1. I can't remember what the thoughts were.
2. I'm gonna go out w/ Chris Sophia + Paige to a bar when they call.
3. I'll read the journal I've written so far.
4. Chaos is smoshie.
5. The two hemispheres of my brain draw "j" differently.
6. My speakers rule.
7. I accomplished the first two objectives 1 and 2.
8. Time to accomplish 3 and 4.
9. The first quarter is over.
10. The catering "you can go to hell" smile is cool.
11. I'll paint the nail of the index finger of my right hand.
12. I'll hang a little star silver on my neck on an old leather shoelace.
13. I'll grow a mustache.
14. I'll take off Seaweed and put on Seam.
15. I'll take off Seam and put on REM, Fables.
↓hey it fit.
16. I'll say "Say what motherfucker" out the window because I thought I heard someone say "Beater" or "Big Eater" or "Computer" or "Weird" outside my window.
17. I'll smoke a cigarette.
18. I'll believe that in some way this all is good for me and in the long run everything is going to work out.
19. More on that.
20. That I am of one sound mind on this and that one day in my future...I'll look back at all this

and think...everything that happened has made me a stronger, more understanding, appreciative human being...that I was correct in believing in my intuition...in following the inner voice that has no language...that 7 Chinese brothers can swallow the ocean...that it will make me happy. And I hope I get there before I'm an old man.

Odd turn of thought... I was just congratulating myself on only getting blowjobs on the occasions between Teresa and Brigitte. Not to equate the two. I'm not that high. That was, chronologically: 1) "the German girl, name slipped my mind, in NYC that stuck her finger up my drunk ass when she blew me." 2) the girl in Asheville, Sue or somethin' like that - the CIA girl - ha, ha, ha. 3) Simone - who I plugged a coupla digits into...ha! Just kidding. No I'm not. Just kidding. Nodding. No I'm not.

I mean. There were times when unprotected sex was an option. And - my god - how stupid would that've been. Also, intercourse is much more personal. I didn't want to fuck a stranger. Jesus Christ.

So today I had a melancholy...imprecise, so inadequate, useless word. I thought about how I'd love...I wished...that I could walk out the concrete back steps of the Saxapahaw house...out into a muggy warm night with a half-moon...into a night so quiet that the swipe of the goose wing flying by feet out of reach, three outlined in silver, is the audible sound that competes with the farm's hay-barn's sweet scent for your attention. Walking out and looking at the sky with Teresa, seeing Monkey run around in the back by the bench beneath that one tree in the backyard. Remembering a pleasant evening grilling out and drinking beer. A beer is half empty in my hand and still nearly full in hers. I've got my arm around her waist. The wind blows and the smell of old charcoal glowing grey and amber, more still and grey now...reaches us. I wanted

that for a night again. Last night I dreamt of a girl - a young girl maybe 10 or 11 with Teresa's curly red hair, but blond beneath. She had a necklace...homemade...of beads...a pendant...a heart...and wore a concerned almost sadly serious expression on her face. I remember someone - Teresa I am guessing - saying, "Where's the disposable camera?" then the dream drifted. Wow.

What the fuck am I doing?

What the fuck am I doing.

I'm not as high now.

5-6-3

Jesus ass Christ I'm bored. Worked a Wolfgang shift today - more tomorrow and Saturday. That, by the way, is a good thing. Love that 4 hours at \$20/hr shit. Other notable events.

Smoked pot with Brigitte a couple times. That is fun. It's about ¼ till 11 now and I'm hoping she's call me back so we can screw. I was going to put something else down but why mince words. I need to get laid. I think it's been like a week.

Some of the older women I work with are starting to look sexy. Makes me think, I don't care how fat, bucktoothed, halitosised, man-handed a woman was...if you were trapped on an island with her she would start to look good. I mean it. Her name could be Bertha with an ass like a pair of hefty bags waiting to get picked up off the street, she would make you salivate. The wonders of nature.

So anyhow. On to more pleasant subjects.

I was working with this guy today and we were rolling some cambros (term-of-art for giant thermoses) to put ice water in them. He tells me his name's Arron.

I say "With an A?"

He says "Yeah the guy's way of spelling it. The manly way."

So I say "Yeah my name's Sue. That's with a p. The manly spelling."

The comment was kind of swallowed up by a coupla other guys showing up, but since it was off the top of my head and fairly clever I thought I should record it.

Come on Brigitte. Call me. My damn phone doesn't ring ½ the time so I've been checking on the ¼ hours to see if she's called. About that time.

Shit. No call. Makes me think I've got to develop a back up supply of poontang. Not that I think cheating or, better put, two-timing Brigitte would be a good idea. Reason being I wouldn't hide or lie about it.

Besides, I don't want to hurt her, I like her. I have an affection for her. I'd like to think she has one for me.

Listen to me, 31 ½ dating a 22 ½ year old.

Hey, don't knock it. It don't xactly suck.

So I bought a stereo receiver and CD player.

Receiver [ib4e except after c] \$40 - 170 watts dolby surround sound.

CD - 5 disc carousel \$18 (what I had on me after buying the receiver when I asked if he had a CD player to get rid of).

That's pretty cheap, and the equipment is newish and in decent shape. Sherwood and Kenwood respectively. Playing through the big JVC's. Turns out trying to pump out to two 8Ω JVCs and two 6 Ω JVCs was too much for my poor old box. Did it in. Kind of sad. It was a good stereo. Got me through high school and most of college.

So my new stereo is loud. That's good. I like to have my music loud.

Finished the demo. Going to give Brigitte a copy when I see her not-callin'-me-back, not-puttin'-out ass.

Mailed a copy to Jenny G. today. I sent her an email a month ago saying I was going to. So I guess she'll see it tomorrow or the day after or somethin'.

Put a simple note in it. She is somebody else's girlfriend afterall. Don't want to seem like a pest or a dumbass or a jerk or...you get the idea. I would like to hear from her though and I'm hoping she'll call or

write and tell me what she thinks of it. Yeah, that'd be nice.

Landlord's coming by tomorrow with some shmoo to appraise the property for a loan. In the lease it said no smoking in the house. Robert asked me if we should clean up and hide the ashtrays. If I'd been thinking I'dve said:

"Good one Robert, clean up and hide the ashtrays."

But as it was I just said:

"Fuck that. If he's got a problem with that I'll fuckin' move out." And I would too. \$600/month and it's not that great. Can't smoke in the house? Fuck you. I'll come smoke in your kitchen while you're making breakfast. I'll smoke in your bathroom and blow it your face while you're taking a shit. I'll play L.L. Cool J on your stereo loud as shit and smoke in your living room next time you have a dinner party.

That's how I feel about it. Not that I was overly precise or anything.

Two more things. The mustache is back full flej. And my boss at catering told me I work like a horse. I didn't say so, but that was the nicest thing I'd heard all week.

5-8-3

Jesus it just keeps getting better and better. My life is so interesting, it would make a good book.

About 6pm waking up from a long nap...just getting my 8 hours, 5 here, 3 there. Whatever works.

Got high with Brigitte last night. She rocks. Time spent with her is time well spent. Definitely developing an affection for her.

It was fun, she told me about her poetry writing and that she can't beat the stuff she wrote when she was 16. First of all, that blew me away. 16, however, was just 6 years ago for her. Capsize 7 had already broken up 6 years ago, when I was 26.

It's wild being able to spend time with someone so young. Having her share her thoughts with me is great...and vicariously being 22 again is off the wall. To a degree it is a privilege beyond compare. Seems she's had her depressive stages too...I b-lieve I can relate.

So, high, I'm laying there thinking to myself and...get this...when I'd have a particularly funny or emphatic statement in my mind the party across the breeze-way would react as if they could hear me. As if, I was speaking out loud instead of just speaking in my mind. And no Dr. I was not speaking out...lips were shut, etc.

So I ran an experiment. I thought, ok, if you can hear me - get louder. They did. Their conversation got louder. So I thought: ok get even louder. They did. They got louder again. Then I thought - make a loud noise that'll wake up Brigitte. Nothing. I guess they shied away from that.

So then I was thinking to myself: would I rather be crazy because I can hear voices that nobody else does, or, would I rather be crazy because I can think so powerfully that people fucking hear it as though I'd spoken. I chose the latter. I mean, if I'm going to be nuts it may as well be for a cool reason instead of your normal abnormal.

Anyhow I started thinking how I'd create a layer around me and Brigitte, an insulator that would keep my thoughts and her thoughts together behind a force-field like a thick layer of fat. I imagined it and I saw two lines going towards the layer surrounding us...and only one getting out. I then, as a creative extra, made it so that the only thing to get through to a recipient would be a horrible smell...like the worst fart you've ever smelled.

Well, shortly thereafter I heard a female voice say: I think I smell a skunk. Jesus...what in the hell.

Then I had the notion of turning off the receivers... I discarded it because it seemed like a dangerous thought.

Some car door slamming started. Front door. Slam! Car door Slam! OK. So then I thought a question at Brigitte: What do you think of the band name 'Horseless Carriage'? She made a sleepy audible reply of 'uh-uh-oh' like 'I don't know'.

Immediately after my thinking a question at her she answered. So I chuckled to myself, and drew up behind her in a cochara ...that's Spanish for 'spoon'.

So what got me onto this subject is that when I woke up from my nap...and I've noticed this before...right after waking up, my thoughts are especially loud. Dogs start barking, etc.

Aside. When, in my mind, I tell the dogs to shut up, they do. Funny huh.

Interesting life. So as I'm stretching and waking up, some dude outside across the parking lot, I doubt the upstairs guy cause I kinda think he wants me to like him...but some dude says: rainman like - quick fire - odd tone-

"This is insane."

"You can't hear this."

"I hate my Mother," er some shit. The latter stemming I believe from when mom called and I was car-pooling. I spoke with her for a moment then asked if I could call her back...which I did moments after dropping the riders off. I guess my tone may have sounded dismissive, and I chuckled to myself kind of embarrassed after hanging up. 'My mom calls me all the time' not being the image I wish to convey...not that that would be a terribly bad thing I do love mom and all 'course. But I know how fast shit about me travels. People are fucking fascinated by me.

But Jesus! What's the outcome of this...are people going to start stalking me. Hounding me. I hope not.

Hey. Being crazy is loads of fun you should try it.

One of the cutest things Brigitte did while we were high was when she was talking about high-paranoia. When you think everyone thinks you're high.

She said, "They know... They know..." First pointing away from herself...then pointing at herself. She's got a great, neat mind. Cool girl. Leopard. She's the giant mother cat with the cubs in my dreams.

One time I dreamt there was young bear chasing a leopard cub. Funny. She loves leopard print: sheets, cups, etc. And my animal brother is the bear. I wear a brown jacket all the time.

Whateva. Kind of cute.

I'm going to call Pris sometime soon to talk about some of this shit. She knows about energy. Jesus how quick would I be locked in a straight jacket and doped up if I talked to a "professional" as Teresa has repeatedly suggested.

Aside #1. Teresa moves to Nashville tomorrow. Spoke on the phone with her at length this morning. Still saying 'I love you' to her. I do. I do.

Aside #2. Jenny G. wrote me back. So I wrote her back. Lives with her German boyfriend. Like I'm that much of an idiot. Still it would be nice to see her.

Life.

Beats the alternative.

Whuppee - I'm almost done with legal pad #2. 10 pages left. At the rate I'm going now though that'll last 'till June. OK. So what.

Do delusions of grandeur count if you don't want the grandeur?

Magic thoughts. One sign of insanity. Well, like I said if I'm gonna be insane it'll be a-la-Sinatra. My way.

So. How would I feel, what would be my frame of mind, if my future as I've seen it (touring, success) were a certainty. Absolutely going to become reality as

sure as I will continue to live. Unassailably unavoidable. Fate. Where I'm going.

I thought on this and wasn't able to come up with a really specific answer. Best I got was that my attitude would be a shade of "You'll See." This is how I think. "You'll See."

Am I sending this philosophic thought to myself? Does it serve a purpose? What is creator what is created? I live, so I believe completely, and am given to it. Like an unborn child, I am this. "You'll See."

It will be taken from me when it's ready. That was my thought for Brigitte.

Her thought to me, when we were high, lying there cochara, was like wonderful smelling warm snow floating down around me...filling the space around me.

It was beautiful. I didn't allow it to take me at first. Then later, I did. I let her take me. Surround me. Envelope me. I guess that's trust. She can have me, right? Is there a hint of fatalism in this? You tell me.

No actually you shut up.

5-9-3

You know I don't especially want to do this but I'd better go ahead and get it out of the way. Brigitte dumped me last night. Said I didn't offer enough stability. That she couldn't see it working out in the "long run". Ok. Me neither but so what.

I think that was a cover story. Curiosity did not kill the cat. The fucking sniper did.

She stayed in and watched a movie by herself, "Mothman Prophecies" with Richard Gere (hidden message in this???...?..?). Then afterwards, at about 11, she called me. Said she was too tired to hang. I said okay and hung up. Then, worried, I called her back and pressed her on it.

She said she wasn't "feelin'" it anymore. "They know," looks "they know." What am I to think?

Anyway she's got the CD. We'll both see what becomes of that. So far nothing. Ask me again tomorrow...or I mean the day after that, or maybe the day after. Anyhow. I suspect I'll stay in loose touch with her...call her about every 5 or so days for a while.

Funnily enough, it happened on the same day Teresa broke up with (by way of moving to Tennessee) Andrea...er, Andreas. She told me about him, and that night I met Brigitte. We dated for the exact same span of time. I also dated Brigitte just long enough to give her a CD. I thought she was part of that. Well, umm, I mean...cough...well I guess I was wrong this time. First time for everything.

What did it mean when I surrendered to her? Did I just surrender the CD? Was it just a 2-month fling and that's it? I guess so. And what the hell does "2-month fling" even begin to define? I sure as hell don't know.

Other coinciding events: I started initiating contact with Jenny during this week. I'd like to get more info on her...I mean...I talked myself into breaking up with Teresa and moving out here, partially using her as a device to convince myself. And that was a 5-year relationship...versus a 2-month fling.

OK world...what else have you got for me (just this band guy). With promise.

5-23-3

Guess what. It's chapter 2. That's the way things work, go on a vacation, come back and it's a new chapter.

Chapter one saw the creation of the demo, jobs, and an ersatz girlfriend.

While I was back in NC I talked to Pris, she's psychic. She said all my paranoia from law school was in my head. OK. Fine. Less said about that the better.

So chapter 2 begins with bright burgundy hair and the mustachio shaved off. Too bad about the mustachio, I kind of liked it. But, I'm pretty sure I'll have better luck with the fairer sex (actually, they really aren't all that fair, sometimes I don't think they're fair at all) without it.

SPKN' ('speaking' not 'spanking'...) of, I asked a co-worker girl named Correy out to a matinee. Got her #, I'll call her Tuesday or Monday, I don't know.

Pris recommended that I ask to be "wrapped in protection", that I needed to do it twice a day at least. She also said I need to take better care of myself. That I need to be aware of all the negativity I wander through. OK. Sounds good.

She also recommended that I do affirmations. I do want, I do desire, I want...etc.

So here goes:

I want a sexy girlfriend that is cool I want her to have a great body with a terrific ass and beautiful legs I want her to have a lovely chest too, handful breasts, just right. I want her to have a face that is exotic and poetically beautiful. Remarkable looks. I want her to be smart with a good sense of humor and an easy laugh. Brunette, black, blond, or red hair is fine by me. I want her to be about 26 years old. Not too much younger than that. I suppose if I had to 22 and up. I want her to have excellent taste in music. I want her to be sexually gifted and uninhibited. I want her to be giving but not meek or subordinated. I want her to have fight in her but not be a victim or terribly cynical. I want her to live relatively close. I want her to dig me. I want it to be easy and natural between us. No fronts, nothing forced. I want her to be light of heart but deep in thought. I want her to come to me. Also...I want a 3-5 record deal from an independent label distributed and funded by a major. I want that major to pick us up after our first album comes out. I want to

do Lollapalooza again. I want a great tour with a band I like and respect playing major venues. I want Ted Gardner to be our manager. I want this to come to me fast but have it feel natural. I want it to stick and for the career this is the beginning of to last until I'm an old man. As a result of this, this fall I would like to begin earning at least as much money as I would have been making had I continued in, and graduated from law school \$80 - \$125K dollars in range. I want this to come to me. I don't want it to be like pulling teeth. I want it to be as natural as breathing.

Good for now.

I'm sure I can come up with more that I want when I feel like it. Oh by fast I meant ≤ 10 weeks. Girl + Music w/in 10 wks.

5-26-3 11:58pm

Once again I'm high.

I've been getting a thrill lately out of playing in traffic. I walked out of the liquor store having bought a pack of cigarettes. I walked to my car parked on the side of the road in the loading zone in front. And although cars were coming, I didn't look up once on my way from door to door.

Put my change in my pocket and got my keys out and wiz there goes a car by. And another. I've also been driving intentionally close to objects on the highway - barricades - walls...like I'm testing my aim. For some reason I like it when it's close.

I also have been hearing above the sound of my stereo or a car going by the voices of people saying "Weird" or "Beater" or whatever. Fear. "Sick."

You get it. I know it's imaginary and fear based. Guess my experience in Washington left a bigger dent than I thought. Anyway. I'm down.

Shit, I think it might have something to do with the bummer of a time I just had with Brigitte. First

I'd seen her since the 1st week of this month. The 7th I'd guess.

She was morose, silent, and odd the entire night. But she invited me in after our walk back from the coffee joint, "To watch TV and hang for a while".

Decided I'd give her one more chance because she's giving me mixed signals. "Not ruling out 'making out' as an option." Etc. I don't know. I'll call her next Saturday or so and see if she wants to see me. That'd be cool I guess.

In the meantime I guess I'll call Emily, Correy, and maybe see that hot chick at the Burgundy room this Friday. Maybe I'll work with Amy, or some other foxy wolfgang girl and ask her out. Maybe Jennifer Stander and I'll spend time. Maybe I'll get Kendall's # from Jenn S. and give her a call. Maybe Jenny G. will e-mail me back. Maybe I'll call up Teresa Caulfield and catch up with my one love. All things being equal...things still seem kind of confusing nowadays.

I did notice on the phone tonight, when I told her I didn't want to watch TV at her place, that she did a shuddering inhale of breath...the kind one does when one is emotional. I heard that the night she and I reconciled, when she didn't want to sleep with me and I asked her why. She walked back into the bedroom and she said..."So now you're mad at me for not wanting to have sex with you?" So I am still attached to her...one more try.

As in all things: I've just got to separate the real from the imaginary.

I got a sticker nametag with my name typed on it. When I got home from the catering job I got it at, I took it off my shirt and put it on the wall above my pillow. A couple days later I noticed how it oddly resembles a tombstone.

5-27-3

Making tea. Day off. Boring. Went to café. Met a weird couple. Guy had burn-scars. Girl, beautiful, tall, weird, said she had 2 Dr.-ates. Yeah right. He said he "drew pictures". OK.

During our conversation he said, "Are you smart?"

I said, "I get by."

He said: "I'm smart."

So I said, "Smart enough to drink chocolate milk with your coffee?" Making fun of the fag-a-chino he was drinking.

Good one.

Hey thanks. And the beauty of it was I didn't have to think about it at all - right off the cuff.

OK it wasn't that good.

Music is on...Superchunk "On the Mouth".

Think I can hear: "beater", "computer", "weird", over the top of the music. Crazy huh? Oh, at work I said to this guy M.J. and some other dude that all they play in the theme park (I wheeled around an ice-cream cart at Universal Studios for 7 hours at \$10.50 / hr.) was songs like "We got the beat".

They did that look-down-and-laugh inside joke laugh. Yeah, "beater" is all in my head alright. Sure. We heard Portishead at the park - strange choice for a theme park broadcast - that's what started the conversation.

T-pot's whistlin'...letting it go for a while to irritate the neighbors. Been goin' for a while now.

Went and got it. Hope that annoyed somebody.

So...I guess I'm wrapped in protection. And now I'll reiterate what I want:

- 1) Sexy girlfriend with a fit body and a beautiful face. Cool as hell with excellent taste in music and a very pro-active healthy sex appetite.
- 2) A hit record via a 3-5 album record deal with an indie supported by a major, or a major with cool A+R, a great tour with a

band (and or bands) that I like, playing large venues (clubs) and enough honey in the pot (\$ in the account) to equalize what I gave up by not finishing law school.

So there you have it: what I desire...what I want.

I need to get laid.

Called Correy...she said she's leaving town for a couple weeks.

Called Emily...I interrupted a conference call she was having at work...that must've been a laugh.

I'd like to see Kendall, but the only thing I can come up with that wouldn't piss J. Stander off would be to go to where she takes yoga. OK. Fine. But that might seem a bit weird to her...it does to me...and besides I don't want to take yoga classes anyhow. So fuck it.

As per request #1, universe, I want her to come to me in such a way that requires little or no effort on my behalf. And as per #2 I want that to happen so fast as to be stunning, yet feel as natural as breathing. OK? OK. Right? Right.

I wonder what this shit reads like. As I wrote earlier (I recall) I haven't read any of it since it's gone down. Not a fucking word.

Since I'll be doing what I'm doing: playing music + catering 'till at least October, I guess I've got a minimum (and probably much more since my lease aint up 'till February, and besides I'm having more fun doing this than anything else I can think of) of 5 months to finish it.

I'm guessing I'll be able to write enough of these pads to feel like I've got a good story down...enough shit going on...etc.

Vee shall see.

Maybe someday I'll have someone else read this shit and have a good laugh.

Mailed 4 CDs today: Paulson, Dave R., Tracy S., Lee Waters. First ones mailed slash given to non-family

besides Brigitte, and she didn't like it enough to speak more than a few sentences about it. I recognize that more likely than not this "demo" - fucking hate that word - won't do a damn thing for me.

Following that analysis I reached or came to the conclusion (not in a back and forth hand motion mind you) that I'm having fun with music still and don't want to quit. When I'm not having a good time...I'll go. Re-assessment scheduled for October, '03.

I turn 32 then. I guess I'm beginning to think of that as old. It's old. 32. 32 < 25? No 32 > 25. Simple math.

5-28-3 high 12:53 am

Dude upstairs just knocked on the floor three times. Loud. Shouted "Beater" at the same time. I'm sitting here listening to music not terribly loud...just got back from band practice. And he's gonna fucking knock on the floor to tell me my music's too loud. Fuck him...where does he think we live? Fucking suburbia? Asshole.

So I say: "What the fuck was that?"

Coupla minutes later three more knocks on my ceiling, louder...

"Come in..." I say in an annoyed voice.

Then I get up and turn the loudness off on my stereo (cause that's where all the low end's comin' from ya know). And that's been it so far.

Then after a few minutes I got embarrassed because...get this...I thought it might have been him fuckin his girlfriend and the bed's knockin the floor [paranoid high thought] and said "Jesus I'm high". Whatever. It wasn't that 'cause no more trouble... Anyway.

So I'm thinkin' I'm gonna have to confront him on this.

Go by and say: "Were you knocking on the floor last night because my stereo was too loud?"

If you were then fuck you asshole because I fucking pay a lot of goddamn rent to live in this artsy fuckface demented smurf village called Silverlake...and part of the deal is that I don't have to live below some weak-ass, hardcore for a year or two, retiring into my oh so financially secure nest-egg-laden future. I don't owe you shit.

This is not acceptable. I can't live beneath my goddamn grandmother's evil twin...so fuck you...don't ever knock on the floor on me again...I don't even want you to wake me up if the place is burning down. I'm fucking serious.

I know I can take a hit better than that guy can. I might even get to kick his ass.