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BOOK 5

Fri-

DAY

7-4-3 9

2

about

12

noon

?

BOOK 5. Look how generous I am, I devoted a full 5 pages of empty space at the front to waste paper space. I mean they've got to last and act like the forlorn hope until the end of time. As these sheets are stores under drips, mushed into piles, they will be the first to go. And that's what they're there for. Coupla ideas before I continue. Whale ghosts. Memorization. Back to the intro. Odd observation - a couple women stood in front of me - posing it seemed...and the one picked the other's nose. I'm not kidding. It went like this. Two women late 30's, one attractive one not so much so, pause in front of me. One does the - you've got something in your nose look. The other hunts for it. The one - the "pretty" one - repeats the gesture on her own nose. Other hunts again, no luck. So - the one reaches over and digs it out. How about that for an omen. I haven't shaved in almost a week. I must look pretty nuts with my hair all outa control. Dark red O.P. t on I used to cook at Margaret's in. Cut off shorts - jeans.

Espresso Roma on Larchmont. Rule still applies. No ogling - can ask out one per day. Oh...after I stopped / rather finished book 4 I got up to leave the table and kicked - accidentally - the little purse off the chair of the girl in front of me. Started up a conversation. Bought her a cup of coffee. Made some stupid jokes. She has beautiful dark brown skin, she's tall and statuesque. Great small of her back. From Puerto Rico, actress / model, Stephanie. Wrote her a note in Spanish to get her phone #. She gave it to me. As I met her...her + her friend had been speaking spanish, I told her I spoke a little: she said say something in...I said 'Estoy enfermo en la cabeza como un estudiante de la munda.' Quite a mouthful for right off the top o' my head huh/ had a practice last night, new song #8 maybe called one for you is sounding pretty good. Playing our stuff - for me + Chris T. at least is pretty f-ing hard. A good workout. Muy dificil. Looking forward to seeing if Stephanie gave me her real #. Thin' I'll call her tomorrow. Nothing wrong w/ that eh. Hope it works out better than Laurel did. Lauren I mean. Nice breeze. Fuckin' 4th of July. Who gives a shit. Independence Day. As in from Great Britain. As in escaping tyranny. "Funny" how most of the world considers us to be tyrannical now. On the good side. I didn't have to sink a buck into the meter...parking patrol's got the day off.

This café has a dearth of booty. Dirth. So fuckin' what. Who the fut cares.

Memorization. I was thinking about time last night. Is it? Is it not? It seemed after some consideration that it is how we mark cause and effect. Keep track of our actions. First I did this and then I did that. An hour from now I will feel a certain way. A day from now I will most likely not much remember it. At least probably not. Now I don't (and for good

scientific cause) believe that time is a railroad track...linear. So is it cause + effect or effect and cause. So elusive. Each choice of free will creating a new existence in the multiverse. Yeah...don't know about that one.

Sidenote. I don't give a fuck. Fuck all this shit. I'm all bullseye right now. Hit it and I'll leave - quit - gone. Do it. Make me quit. It couldn't be easier for you. But I know you wont - my opposition, my enemy - because you're a fuckin pussy.

Back to memorization. So I decided that I might try to memorize as much as I can (of a limitless amount) of each moment, as continuously as possible. And I am. It takes focus and I usually forget that I'm supposed to be memorizing. But I'm trying. I think I'm in a lesbian neighborhood / hangout. Jesus I hope that doesn't make me a lesbian.

AnyWho. I like the memorization thing. Helps me "stay in the moment". That's a good thing.

Whale ghosts. Ships sink. Whales think. the drunk drinks. what does the ghost think as the drunk falls down alone in the dark, dark alley.

That's it I'm done. Can't improve on that. It's all downhill from here. May as well pay the corkage fee and start feelin' around in my cloaca for fun. Cause I don't think I'm anything but done.

Capt. Memo. Memorize. In my dream last night I saw Jenn Stander and she asked me if I remember Nico...but she pronounced it Knee Co. I - unfeeling prick that I am - asked her if she could give me Kendal's #.

Side note. At some point in time I would like to become a parent but...I pause here...I am so **damn** glad I'm not one now. For real. I am in no way prepared for said experience. Don't want it not now. Later...fine. Now...fut no. I sure did like that little bit about

whales and drunks. Too bad I'll never be able to read it again. Because once it goes down here...I never see it again. Rules.

Child Preacher. What the fuck kind of culture allows that. But that's pretty much what a T.V. is. A child's mentality preaching at you for as long as you're willing to be a victim of its cathode rays. What the fuck ever. Still got a cough. Lungs clearing out. Amy and her "friends" are going to the beach...I don't much feel like going. They're nice people. Don't get me wrong...but we don't have much in common. And I'm tryin' to be nice about this.

Thoughts as a group of hipster youngsters (20's) walked by: 1) he needs to pull up his pants 2) she needs to pull down her shorts 3) she needs to pull up her skirt. See the problem with memorizing is that you end up puttin' a lot of junk in the attic...know what I'm sayn. Admittedly I'm in no way the ideal individual to make a human record of life but...who fuckin' cares. Capt. Memo keeps me from zoning out too much anywho. I told Amy I'd call her back...something I need to do and am not looking forward to.

Haven't stopped being tired of the bullshit. I still am. Hey - I just realized...I met my goals yesterday...I got a beautiful woman's # and wrote. Yes. Today: I'll eat a lot, see an old-flame. Two simple things...goals. Whatever.

One thing to remember. The universe is perfect. By memorizing as much as possible of it I improve...ok that's a stupid thought...lettin' that one go.

Here's an unfair judgement for ya...hipsters shouldn't be allowed to reproduce. They should be made to grow up first. I mean: I've you've still got to dress like a fuckin' posterboy for the dork generation...you should not be allowed to have a child. You can't rebel and

rear children simultaneously. Can't. put you're dumbass mesh trucker cap away with your damn sleeveless t-shirt espousing some unnecessary irony buy some goddamn shoes and grow the fuck up before you start pushin' that stroller around.

It's too bad I can't form any opinions.

5 minute rule has gone into effect. I've finished my refill and it's about time to go. So the universe can cause me to stay...or not.

Hung out with Mike J. in my dream last night. Talking to a coupla girls with him. Down to 3 mins. So far no good. 2. 1.

day 91

July 5th 9:30

Yes. Café Urth. Why God. Why me. Coffee here is good. Little breeze. Hoggin a 3 top. I'm sucha meanie. I probably look crazy again. Wait come back. Where are you going? Oh the tragedy. Measure 2x, cut once. Measure 2x, cut once. Funny bit of work. What fuckin' ever. Ok. My table sux. I'd like to be less in view / on display. 9:40 got till 10:20.

Thing is though I just want to move once. Is that too much to gad damn ask. A once move chess game. Cpt. Memo. This morning some girl walked by my window and said "no sex." I don't know why she's complaining to me. I'm doing what I can. Not my window exactly more my front door. So it's day 91. When day 1 comes around that'll be just about coinciding with one year no-alcohol. Watched a movie last night at C. Toms. Rady had a fosters. So he can drink. He just doesn't. a distinction. I can't drink. Not now. Although. Oddly enough. In my dream last night Maeve, I think it was Maeve - gave me a shot. I was at work're something, I was tired, I walked by and she

gave it to me. A shot glass full of somethin. Better table? I'm in the sun.

Gettin' some sun. Got kinda stir crazy yesterday. Almost got on the highway and kept drivin. Was gonna find a motel, order a pizza, etc. As it was I just went to Pasadena. One small step... Today: yesterday, time. Never saw any old flame. Did eat a lot. Am going to call stephanie and try to make plans. 25 mins. till parking's done. Then what. God damn I am sick of this shit. O.k. realistic plans to survive the next 3 months. I will not drink / smoke. I will work out. I will sing. I will continue to write. I'll try and get a steady. I'll stop catering and just get a fuckin' job that is reliable income. Or I'll sign up with another casting agency and just keep fuckin' along cause I'm gonna have ta start calling on my demos. I will try to enjoy myself as much as I can considering how fuckin' weird my life is. I'll try to memorize. I'll go with the flow. I'll mail out a fuck load of demos. Considering that I may give up in 100 days or so I should try to maximize my remaining time. After all what would come next in that case? Return to MHC. Morehead? Jesus I'm gonna have to live in fucking Morehead? Again? Poor? Hugely in debt? Go back to school?

My hair's gettin' longer and longer. Jesus Christ I feel sorry for anyone who reads this. Now. What I'll form. Create. In a way we recreate ourselves by the moment. See how the hobo looks compared to the doctor. The look in the eyes, the stance, the air. That is created by the person. Sometimes I'd like to break the clippers out and go back to ¼ inch hairstyle. So much more comfy for summer. Amazing how quiet it is after that stinkin trash truck left. There goes the woman seated to my fore. Who'll sit there now I wonder? I'd prefer: female, 20's, athletic or slim, good teeth, completely naked, \$20

bills as a skirt. Asking me if I want to borrow some \$. 10:08. Gotta leave in 5. It's hot as fuck anyhow. I'm not writing anything interesting anyhow. So the only reason I'm still here is to see who takes the seat beside me.

What would it be like to be a square? To dress like, purchase like, talk like, be a square. Who the fuck knows? I think it would suck. But that's just me. I don't know. Who sits there may have to remain a mystery. Bird just flew across my vision. Birds are great. Squares, who cares. Whales think. Oh it's a middle age couple.

MONDY 89

7-7 11:25am

Elvis is on my stereo, there he goes. Windstar is fut up bad. Gettin her toad. Neighbors have been droppin'. Stacy - who I will be fuckin' - borrowed an egg. Shamoney - who I will fut second - I said hi to her. See I'm not such a bad guy. Sage gave me advice in my dream when I refused to wait a week to take a test - didn't want to do a practice so I left - waited upstairs in broadus wood. Sage had a gtr. Dude w/ girlfriend to my left had a gtr. He was talking me into not quitting I think. the girl got in my face + said something but I don't remember what. I don't remember what Sage said either cept. As he was leaving he gave me his number and the name on it was Sage. Interesting name. Sage. Waitin'. Waitin' for Rady to wake up so he can call triple A. Save me \$45. Worth waiting for. Oh yeah - also in my dream saw the platinum haried girl again. No idea who that is. Whateva. That girl Stephanie never called me. Lil' intuition tells me she will. Sure. That's pronounced with 2 syllables "Sh-" "errr". Shu, Err.

I win. I'm Joe Taylor. This angel on the front of my shirts comin off. Soulmate. Soulbabe. I'm deciding in my subconscious how hard I should be on you all. B'leave I'm gonna make you feel it.

Infinite largeness. Infinite smallness. Time isn't linear. Reaction, action, effect, cause. Every choice makes a new one. "One", oneness. Love. Cpt. Memo. Dogs hear things long before you or I can. They hear things we can't. that sound is there we just don't know it. It's still around you like the universe. The energy we use consciously and subconsciously. Soulmate. Kharma Dharma. Whatever. I'm going to enjoy this. this part is awesome. I'm like a tea bag. Flavoring the space I'm in. We are all stars. I want a silver ES - 137 classic hollowbody gtr. Elvis just said "getstar" "guistar". King Creole. Cool. Who's to know. Maybe I'll buy one knew in September '04. Only \$1300. B.S. I find one used for 8. WOMEN. MONEY. I did tell you this is supposed to be the most lucrative year right. So I guess I've got some serious catching up to do b/ now and Nov.

Just got my neighbor to move his truck so the windster could get toad. Guess I'm gonna have to be nice to 'em now. "Mikeeey!" "Yo Mi----Key!" you get the point. I'll be nice...but I'm gonna be an asshole about it.

Windstar did throw a rod just like I'd feared. It's fut bad. New engine. Just like I thought. Well, at least I didn't have to pay to have it towed IN. Talked to Rob @ it. He said call Dr. Engine; Mom+Dad're calling back. Anyway to look it's gonna mean no car for a lil' While: maybe 7 mo.s ???. Days like this I just want to be the fuck outa here.

Left a 2nd message for Stephanie. Doubt I'll ever hear from her. Guess I'll keep the note as a memoir.

Could be I may have to take the GRE like in my dream last night. Just hang in there right. Right. For What? WHAT. 89. Can I make it 89 more days? I can. I can. I can.

July 8 2:10pm day 88

LACMA. RADY + I, van is still at dealership gotten to drop the diagnostic charge. Like they sure worked hard for that. Fuckin a-holes were gonna charge \$80 to have looked at it and said: "Yep," "it's broke alright." I said "Can you cut me a deal?" They dropped it. Damn Right. Now I'm walkin' around lookin' at this shit and writing at the same time. Talk about lookin like a poseur. Maybe they think - anyone who looks + gives a shit - that I'm working on my thesis. Yeah. Gud one. Hey look at me I'm so deep. Deep thinker right here. So. So. I've decided to quit smoking in return for a very sexy girlfriend. No shit. That's the deal. Rady's out on the balcony still I'm inside lookin' at some Italian painter's shiite called "The Anguish of Departure". Dude was 28 when he made it. Giorgio de Chirico. Wonder if he'd like The Major.

Well I'm gonna have to get to it sometime so here goes. Things sure have changed a lot since the last time I was here. I was here Oct '01. With Teresa Caulfied. Found out while here that Pop Pop - died. No, that's not true. Found out at my Apt. when my Dad called and then Teresa + I came here. Nutshell of changes in the past 21 months. Went to lawschool dropped out. Broke up with Teresa. Moved back to LA. Stopped drinking started, stopped. Started smoking, stopped, started, stopped. Began taking prozac. Been more sad than happy. I admit. More confused than certain. More tragic than comic. I would like to say something about my hopes for the next 21 months but I don't do that kind of thing anymore. It's pointless.

Hope my tuner shows up today. If not I've got to go buy strings. Practice tonight. Hope Patina gives me work. Trying not to collapse or fall down like that house in my dreams.

So I'm lookin' at a vessel from Japan, middle Jomon Period, 3000-2000 BC. Earthenware. Tall pot. 2 ½ ft. tall. maybe 3, wide at mouth. Intricate. Between 4-5 thousand years old. Wow. Statue from 1100's. Who was god when that pot was made 4500 years ago? What is 4500 years ago? Wood statue of Bishamonten is cool. 1250 AD. Holds trident vanquished a demon. Sometimes you end up spending too much time on the description plaque and don't look much at the work of art itself. I doubt that's what the creator intended. Japanese (Chinese?) dragons are bad as hell. Looks kinda like the one I saw on Rob's arm in my dream. Green w/ red wings on his bicept. Pretty damn cool. The zen monk Fūgai was an itinerant hermit. Carefree Hote: points the way to the moon (enlightenment).

(BC 738 - 824) "the monk from Tanxia" Zen Master Chinese. Distaste for religious symbols. Burned a wooden image of Buddha. Monk got upset. He said "I burned it to get the sarina" (the ashes of Buddha - venerated). Monk said: "How can you get sarina from an ordinary piece of wood?" Tanxia monk replied "If it's only wood why are you upset?"

illustrious monk Takuan (1573 - 1645)

The cold attacks the Buddhist monk,

Snow fills the town;

A pair of honored wooden Buddhas lie

On their sides in the fire.

From far away comes the sound of singing and flutes,

Bringing feelings of past and present longing;
Unintentionally, the musicians have
Understood the monk's thoughts.

I will try to be conscious of that energy in
me from this point forward.

7-9 1:15pm day 87

Van'll be ready in 10 days. More or Less. Just
ranted at Rady about the band. About how the 150 bux
for the covers ain't shit in the big picture. Bottom
line is I shoulda quit when I was 27. Good lord. I
wish Geoff hadn't been such a motherfucker about the
way the band broke up. If he'd just waited another
year and let it die a natural death. I would've bn.
O.k. I'd've gone to and finished law school ok. I'd
be married. I'd have \$. I can barely even imagine.
There I farted. I feel much better. So by numbering
the days I can look forward to a tangible failure.
Just let me get this over with so I can quit and go
home. And drink again. And try to get outa det.

I decided no-one will ever read this unedited.
What made me decide that was the idea of my children
reading it. As is that wouldn't be cool w/ me. Some
stuff just isn't anybody's business.

. So 87 days left. Mainly this is a sufferance. So
now I'll describe what I'll do in 87 days. I'll get
rid of the practice room. I'll sell the Sunn cab.
It's going to be fall. Early fall. I'll just be
turning 32. I'll have 4 months left on my lease.
I'll invite Jenny M. out to lunch to close that book.
I'll no longer play music. I'll just work as much as
I can doing whatever I can untill I can leave. I'll
live out the remaining 4 months - I'll allow myself

top drink + smoke. I'll try to continue to write. I'll move back to M.H.C. in Dec / Jan. I could pay Jan. rent and split. I'm very much looking forward to quitting. To being done. Fini. I could be persuaded not to leave if the following were to occur: I fell in love out here, or people start calling me wanting to be a part of Lystra. But I need to be prepared because realistically neither will occur within the next 87 days. I don't know what the chances are...I don't even think I know what "chances" are. But. I can't even bear to write it down. I don't think it'll happen. Just let me go. Let me go. Just let me go. Why are you torturing me? I know you're not going to like it. I no no-one will believe in it. So let me go now. I want out.

Is't it's 4:55pm now. I just bought a pack of cigarettes. They've got that funny taste cigarettes get when you haven't been smoking for a while. 10 days w/o one. No big deal. Buying a 6 pack. That would be a big deal. Smoking pot. That would be a big deal. Cigarette. Not smart but not terrible. So I'm outside leaning against the building. More or less outside my living room. Wow man. I'm so sick of getting fucked. Why do I feel so fucked. I'm stranded no car. Both my jobs haven't done shit for me. I accepted a job on Saturday in Manhattan beach but I've got no motherfucking way to get there. Smokes are making me feel twitchy. 2 weeks till I go to NC. Thank God. I've got to get the fuck out of here. Don't think I'm losin' it just not likin' it. Can you dig that. Oddly enough I'm glad I'm smoking again. At least for right now. I've got to get a plan to stop being so fucked. Maybe I'll write some esoteric bullshit to get my mind off it. A-bout time being imaginary and photos are actually "alive" and the ocean is a metaphor for your subconscious and blah and whatever and who the Fuck cares.

Time for a pick-me-up. I'm good at what I do. I will one way or another come out of this o.k. I will see it through. 87 days will go by fast. Success either will happen in any of its many shady forms or it will not. I will not say I don't care. I will not admit to caring. The last 10 days have sucked bad. The next 10 days w/o a car might suck even worse but I'll cope with it anyway. I've got enough money to eat. The van is being repaired. The CD's will eventually get out. Not that that matters. Not that it doesn't matter. Wuteva. At least I'm not feeling as crazy as I was the days before Rady got back. Man. No more smoking pot for me. I believe that's taking the submarine a little too deep. Me tiny lit ew hed miwt im plo w d. 5th cigarette in my mouth not yet lit. there we go. Used the lighter Simone gave me to light it. Jennyanykind's on my stereo inside. You can just hear it above the neighbor's stereos, t.v.s, ets. Amy called. Someone called and hung up on our machine while I went to get smokes. Bet it was "the" call. Someone must've got the CD and loved it, but we weren't home...the moods left em...and they've already forgotten about us. I wish Jenny M. would call or email me...I'd like to get that figured out a little better. Whatever. I'm not going to hold my breath. I ought to just forget about her. That girl stephanie never called figured as much. Someone's calling their dog next door. Couldn't make it out. Amy did call. That's precisely what makes her dangerous, she calls. We haven't got enough in common for a decent match though and I'm not even...I repeat...not even talking about a serious relationship. Jesus. That's not for me right now. I don't think a serious relationship would be appropriate with anyone right now. Even if Jenny were to call the next best thing would be a couple hang-outs. Nothing at all major. One more celebratory cigarette then I'm taking my over-contemplative ass inside. Or maybe to the store for a

12 pack...no just kidding...inside. A little piece came off the back of my guitar. Kinda sad. I want: ca sexy girlfriend. I want: a decent fucking full time job. That is, L o r d, what I want. May I PLEASE have them. Cut the crap. The girl doesn't have to be perfect just pretty cool with a sexy body + pretty face. The job just has to be bearable. That's it. Ya hear me. That, God, is all I want. Deliver. D - liver. Thanks for listenin'. A fly just landed on my knee. Great. Excellent omen. Excellent.

7/12 12:43pm day 84

Everyone shuts up when I enter the room. Hey can't you see I'm in the room. Shut the fuck up. Shut up. Am I or am I not sitting right here. Time to put the telepathy to work for me. Fuck you. Shut the fuck up. Van is still fut all up. \$4,200 gran total. So much money. So much more debt. Just wrote Teresa a letter. I'll call her, or try again to, when I leave this place. It reminds me a lot of weaver street. Bunch of new-wave hippy-types. Some entertainers thrown in. had to switch tables screaming child inside. Couldn't deal with that. There's some 3 yr. old wandering around like a time bomb. Can't wait for him to come over and call me daddy. Not sure why I don't like children but I have an idea so I'll ball park it:

1) People think I'm a freak. 2) Parents get upset if their children approach freaks. 3) I get unnecessary scrutiny and judgements thrown my way then.

Still there's not too much that can be done about it. they're fucking everywhere. Ice coffee at the coffee table in Silverlake LA CA. What the fuck am I doing here I ask myself the implied question that is constantly circulating inside my head. So what. I've got about 50 packages out after I got a ride to the

post office. That should in my opinion be enough. I do look forward to playing out at least once. Wrote Teresa a letter. I miss her genuine-ness. Chris Toms' B-day is tomorrow. He'll be 27. He was 17 when he joined Capsize 7. That's along time. There's an overpriced nicknack shit booteek behind me. Guess when I get up to go I'll check it out. Got till 5 to burn time - Oh - those 5 cigarettes I smoked outside my apt. were the only 5 I've had since I quit 2 weeks ago. Pretty good, yeah. Too bad too. Because I liked smoking and it helped pass the time. 84 days. That's all I've got to endure. Then I can quit. I hope we can get at least one show in b/t now and then.

So last night as I slept, or half-slept. I thought I'd like to spend time with my match. I'd like to be doing what I should be doing with my life. That's Not too much to ask for is it. So I asked god for it. don't care if rock or even music is the direction I should be going in, just fucking point it outand drop the bread crumbs, open the fucking door. I'll be a fireman for all I care. I'm just sick of the universe sabotaging / fucking up massively anything I attempt. I'm not fucking kidding. I'm tired of the bullshit. I'll become a god-damn traffic cop or dump truck driver if that's my mission in life just help me get there. There's got to be some direction I can go in that wont be so massively objected to. It's fucking hot. I'd like to spend time with my match. Someone who gets where I'm coming from. Someone - maybe even - who's got a similar history to mine. A person I can spend time with without communication difficulties extraordinaire. That'd be cool. I'm fuckin outa here. No reason to be here. I fucking hate this place. Fuck that nick nack store I'm not looking.

7/13 day 83 2:35

Boy do I dominate a room or what. I think I'll pick a fight before I leave today. Who's it gonna be. Oh yeah one more thing these artistically overinflated motherfuckers do these days towards me: call me "pig". Make pig sounds around me. The blond in front of me has got the look people have when they fucking hate me. So the thing to do is crank up the fuck you. Ultra confident. The motherfucker across the room. I think I'll stare at him until I scare him. Yeah, that'll be fun. Fuck these people. I admit I came here to be an asshole. I have the ability to stare down anyone. Maybe I'll just sit here with one eye closed. Fucking with people is such a good time. Fuck all you. Made a table leave. Man do I like to make a scene. Just hurry up and fail. Making people uncomfortable. That's the most fun. Fuck all you. I'll give attention to anyone. I'm sure the way it all works out is complete failure or complete success. So it hardly matters. You pricks don't even know there's a barrier much less push it at all. Things on my mind while sitting at the coffee table. Wouldn't mind getting a new girlfriend.

This place may as well be empty for how much you assholes mean to me. Seriously. You're gonna judge me. I been doing this for 10 years easy at this pace. Before that I was a musician for the previous 11. At least to the degree you fancy yourself. Fuck you. It's like chapel hill was in '92/'91 times...whatever. How to pick a fight: eyeball obviously a guy's girlfriend and then look challengingly at him. This is gonna take some time. I'm starting to understand what I'm doing. I'm giving right back what I received over the past 4 years or more. I'm not going to prevent myself in any way from doing this: the establishment is completely destroyed. See a pattern. I guarantee I'll be standing at the end of it. I'll

enjoy it. In my opinion we don't have to be friends. I'm quite content to be all of your enemy. I don't think it's gonna hurt my career at all. Let's just get it out in the open. You were gonna fuck me anyway so lets just get it out front. I don't need any of your women. I don't need any of your hipsters. I don't care if any of you ever in any city come to my shows. None of you frighten me physically. None of you intimidate me. So - where do I fit in here. With my 4 year old Redwings, tank top with the little angel iron on. Black faded to grey dockers I've waited / cooked / toured in.

First I'll analyze the insult. Pig. Kinda week considering I engineered it by eating as much as possible when at catering events. What do I make of it? Relatively painless. It's a reach as far as insults go. I'm also kinda proud of it too because not just everyone can instigate an entire city of hipsters into a hate campaign. Strong reaction, huh? Maybe because: I'm so goodlooking? Maybe that plus - I'm so fucking smart. Maybe that plus I'm talented as fuck. Maybe that plus I'm a lot cooler than these people. Maybe that plus I'm going to be a motherfucking rockstar. But most of all Perhaps because they can't no matter how hard they try (and they still try) can't break me. Never have, never will. I just posed for about a ten count. Trying to have some fun here. Here goes again. See I want something to make me cackle like an old lady later on today. [Oh - Chris Toms is 28 today.] Known him for over a decade.

So - the pose. Legs crossed at the thigh. Good posture. Writing pad in lap pen poised. Gaze ahead with chin slightly up. Face soft. Lips soft. Eyes soft. Even breath. Here, I'll do it again. Desperate bid for attention?? Nah. Staring at a point in space in my imagination. Gettin kinda sick

of having long hair. I'd like to shave it all off but in my imaginings I've got the longer hair - it's a better rock look. You dig? It'll be interesting to see what becomes of the email I sent Jenny. I baked C.T. cookies for his b-day.

7:10 pm Boy sometimes I am unnecessarily angry. Two thoughts. God can hear every little thought you have. 2. I am drawing towards me what I want. It is like I'm a black hole. They're gonna sign me. My sexy girlfriend's coming to me. Pulling it in. pull. What I want. In. Drawing it to me.

6:30am day 82 7-14

It's 6:30 am. Polvo is loud enough to annoy my upstairs neighbor on purpose because I'm getting a little sick of the banging around on the goddamn ceiling. Little bit passive aggressive. But, hey, if I can't sleep neither can you. Just shut my window - well it was actually a bit of a slamn. S L A M N like damn. Guess I've got to walk to the post office today. Bit of a drag that. Should I: turn off my stereo now and say: So I'm getting a little sick of the banging around. Or perhaps not. Fuck em. I fucking dare him to say something to me. At this point I may just say "You know what. I guess I just don't give that much of a fuck if you like me or not. Maybe, as a matter of fact, I don't like you." That should wrap up the conversation pretty nicely. Question: do I want to walk to P.O. on Vermont. I was thinking of walking to Silverlake Coffee shop today anyhow. That's probably about ½ the distance. I'm not sayin' shit. Fuck 'em. Things to do over on Vermont: coffee shops, bookstore, bank. Monday the 14. Fuck.

Oh yeah. I wanted to surround myself - the little airspace around me I can control - fill it with success and good luck. Because a person can think whatever they want to about me but that opinion stops

about arms reach out, it can go no farther. That's mine.

You know. I've got 50 packages ready to mail, and my options are walk miles to mail em or wait. I don't much feel like walking all day (Vermont)...maybe I'll just say fuck it. Maybe atwater. That's not so far. About 3 miles. Maybe 5.

O.K. So I just went upstairs knocked on the door, had to say "Hello". Finally the girl answered said Todd wasn't home - a chickenshit lie - it 7:10 am - fuckers cars out front - said I was getting sick of not getting sleep. She said they were moving out in 2 wks, I said good. End of confrontation. Should've done that weeks ago. What else should I do now that I've been putting off?? Something to ponder.

12:07pm 7/15 81

Just applied at a coupla restaurants. Got Rady's Jeep. Applying at at least one more today. Meeting at 1:30. Taking a ½ hr. to enjoy not being in my apartment. I'm at the Larchmont café. The place is empty but the breeze is nice. Guessing I've got at least a ½ hr. left on the meter. Lystra practice tonight. I love my new tuner. It's the little things you know. Hung out with Amy last night. That was good for me. I better get a job pronto. I'm thinking of the places I've seen the bung hole er a bungalow room would be more enjoyable. Take what I get. Just tried to answer my phone (# restricted)...no it wasn't a girl it was the nursery calling to see if I want to deliver plants for 8 bucks an hour like some kind of Forrest Gump. And you know - I kinda do. Making faces at people is fun. Just pushin those social boundaries a lil. Kinda nice, kinda, or it's actually a lot more than kinda - nice not to be stuck in my apartment. Looks like I've got a 40 hr. a week job

delivering plants for \$8 an hour. I could take it, but should I is the question. If I take it I won't be able to call on my demo. That wouldn't be any good now would it.

7-16 80 1:40pm

Café Roma. Job hunting. Plant delivery guy people are gonna call me. Wolfgang tonight. Got hired by Patina today. Calling me in the next coupla weeks. Problem is they haven't got any bizness till the fall. Ok. So I'm sitting in an air conditioned room. Van is repaired. Cost a shitload. Need job badly. Credit card is maxed. So what. So what am I doing today. I hope that place in S. Pasadena gives me the job. That might be o.k. I've emailed a couple dozen people my resume and faxed a couple more. Feel kinda gay just sitting here writing. Maybe - just maybe - that's because it is kinda gay. I should've asked out that Ford girl. Maybe next time. Just moved to the outside table. There's a breeze. Tonight - perhaps I'll ask out Olivia if'n I see her...which I doubt I will. Also, I'm going to call Jenny M. tomorrow and set up a coffee date. That's going to be interesting. Practice is going o.k. We've started to get a bit tighter. Chris T. said he wanted to record but I'm kinda sick of the homemade demo b.shit. if I could be granted a wish today that would be no more home made demos. Rady mailed out 20+ to labels today. That's cool. Very cool. Maybe I'll go by Ford tomorrow and talk to that girl - sheesh I didn't even get her name. I repeat. Sheesh. I guess I ought ta book it back home. I don't much feel like being here.

7-17 79 1:33pm

Urth Café. I never learn. 79 left. Into the seventies. Like that. So today. I called Jenny M.

she emailed me back saying she'd be up for coffee. She's gonna call me next week. We'll get coffee Tues she said. Chapter 2 is wrapping up thank god. It was fairly difficult. Thankfully it was kinda short. Just smiled at some guy for no reason. I don't know why.

On my way back from working the ESPY awards at the Kodak last night I was on Franklin - just keeping up with traffic and the asshole behind me starts honkin his horn. So I slow down. He honks again and asks like he's gonna pass me on the inside - clearly impossible - guy was just being a dick. So I stop the van. open the door. Get out. Walk back to his car - right in the middle of the street - and ask him what his fucking problem was. All in all the guy handled it pretty well. I even told the guy I was gonna kick his ass - which I kinda wince at now - because it's singularly lacking in wit. I must have been too tired to come up with a decent insult. I mean what kind of stupid shit is: I'm gonna kick your ass. He said 'oh yeah' I said 'it might be fun'. So I didn't exactly handle myself well - I should've thrown a coupla snappy insults at him and left. A block later I stopped the van again, got out, and walked back - I asked the guy - pudgy 27ish hipster band t-shirt - "so do you just drive around like an asshole honking at people?" He said: "Dude, You better watch out." A bus was coming and I was standing in the oncoming traffic lane. Didn't ruin my night or anything...I got Holly's # at work. Holly's a foxy blond at the Highlands I've had a crush on for over a year. I'm looking forward to seeing Jenny to get all that 'cleared up'. It needs to be put in a stronger light.

So my dream last night was oddball as hell. I was helping take care of some old woman who was wheel chair bound - but it's like - I just happened to be there...then this older guy shows up - like Dad's age.

That's not the case actually. Started out about early 60's then sort of became how I remember Da with the arthritis worn hands, wrinkled brown skin + immense knuckles. Then there's a ton of people there almost all women. Brown haired, a family and the old man's like "it's not going to be easy...there'll be times when..." and he made a funny expression. I said...I know...I didn't think it was going to be easy. Go figure on that one. But it was a nice big healthy family with that family warmth in it. That was cool. Old man had longish grey - black hair. His wife played with it - it was pulled back behind his ears, when he was talking to me and he got this don't bug me look on his face. Like the attention annoyed him because what he was trying to say to me was important. Anyway. Close to the end of Chapter 2. Tough chapter. Started out with the breaking up of Me + Brigitte, then I got stoned for 2 wks every night. Became super paranoid. Came real close to getting into a fight with the guy upstairs. Worked at the redneck bar. Saw Kelly. She's not callin me anymore...don't know why, not like I wasn't honest and up front with her. Last time I saw her she told me about how she'd been part of a 5-way. I told her I'd be up for me + her + some other girl. That was it. Amy. Probably going to see her tonight. So on the plus side of things I've been getting laid. Jesus - aside - the things women wear in LA. This women to my right has gauzy pants on so sheer that were she to bend over I'd be able to tell if she was a natural blond. Chapter 2 - bought my new tuner which is bad as shit. The little things that make me happy. Mailed out kits to all the old contacts in management from Lystra last year. Mailed out to 20 indy labels handful a' majors and a couple lawyers. Now I just need more work. Patina hired me so Sept. on through the holidays should be lucrative with \$20 and \$16 / hr. jobs. That'll be good. But for now...I've applied

a number of places...applying at another in an hour. Oh yeah, and somehow I managed to blow up the Ford. I don't know how the fuck I did that. So I hope chapter 3 is good. And we all know which act has the most action don't we. Act 3.

Just got me a refill. Caffeine. I like the coffee. I like Holly but I don't think I'm gonna write anymore about her. Rest of whatever is b/t me and her shall be off the record.

Some of the people in LA are ok. The rest just make me laugh their heads are stuck so far up their asses. Practice tonight - that's good. Aside - the woman who just walked by had a nice hiney. I'm so glad Lystra's a hard electric rock band now. I think it does me good to be able to get some of what's inside me out. It's fuckin hot today. Thirty five more minutes on the meter. I'd kinda like to talk to a pretty girl. Any takers? For conversation. August, Sept., Oct. should be an interesting 3rd act. Thirty two in two months plus. How bout that. Time to get going with the music. Looking forward to "I became..." instead of "I will become".

7/18 12:30pm 78

Coupla items. People upstairs are movin' out. Like to think I had somethin' to do with that. Now I'm working on the people next door. I was talking on the phone with Teresa and the motherfucker next door is coughing and shit in reaction to what I'm saying so I - had to move smelled like spilt beer where I was sitting - I said 'hold on a second' to Teresa, covered the receiver and yelled 'What the fuck.' He shut up. I'm sitting at Cat + Fiddle now drinking coffee. Nice day, overcast, cool, rained this morning which, for the uninformed, is quite a rarity for LA. Still writing with the wolfgang pen. A real trooper.

Sitting at a bench. I got a little table in front. About knee high and rectangular. A six foot tall fountain with 3 levels is immediately before me. Place is relatively empty. Large irregularly cut flagstones in pastel colors line this fairly large courtyard. Trees here and there. Annoyingly loud table just plopped down to my left front. Over-ruling the babble of the fountain. Oh well, you can't have everything.

Good lookin' waitress I'm going to flirt with appeared. Think she's the same one that waited on me and Simone when we came here for our afterbreakup talk. I first sat down at the bench where we'd sat but - like I said - it kinda stank over there. So Holly...oops I forgot I was going to say is a real doll but I forgot...nothing about Holly.

Been sleeping on the sofa for a while now so I won't get pissed at the guy upstairs. I might go off the deep end so I'm avoiding conflict.

Wearing t-shirt that reminds me of Jenny, it's also my lucky number. Allowing thoughts of her to rest in my subconscious because I need some resolution there. I hope I do see her before I go back to NC. Going to my best to take the discomfort I have about her out of my system. Just a little useful confrontation. You see, the thing is that I've given her a very incorrect impression of the kind of person I am, and so I'm gonna try and set the record straight. I like that I'm finally getting around to this. I'll admit sometimes I take the long way. Two things to congratulate myself on: getting the CDs out, seeing (imminently) Jenny M. It's about time.

I'll also be seeing Teresa I. Soon. Going to meet her in Asheville (of all poignant places) next Friday night I hope.

Think I'll get up and get a refill in a sec. Tipped the girl a buck, hopefully refills are free. Nice outside place to sit and write. Even getting a little bit of rain. 40 mins left on the meter. Guess I don't have too much of a problem hanging out here till then. Don't have to work. Duh, no, shit. But I think I've got the job in San Marino at the café dessert place. Tues next week, I meet with Mandy. She just now called.

One o'clock. Got the job. Well that's good. This is probably a fun bar. I should come here sometime. The movement of water is interesting to watch. It's all math of course. But the logical follow-up question is, what isn't. And if there are no numbers but the fraction of one, what is math anyhow. Watching the droplets shatter and spray is like visual music. Lots of harmony, synchronicity. Things going where they should because they're pleasing that way. Consonance. Not dissonance. Even in the thunder of a waterfall there is no dissonance. No cornball music here - big improvement over coffee bean or other chain cafes. I was talking to a girl at work named Anna who's written one book and working on a second - not that one can honestly call this a book - but it is getting a little long - and she recommended rereading and rewriting. Don't think that's for me though. I don't want to read this shit. Don't know why anyone would. (Except maybe to see what happens at day 1, or zero.) Had patches of hair growing on my back last night in my dream like some kind of sasquatch. They itched. Don't know what that means. My new jobs gonna be morning, day, or at latest up to 9 pm. That is good because it 1) wont interfere with practice 2) will allow me to still accept whatever wolfgang shifts I get.

Amy didn't call me back last night, lil' bit disappointing. Maybe she caught wind of me asking

Holly out and didn't like it so much. I know, no more about Holly. the waitress has lovely breasts I notice. Actually they both do. One more refill. The rain is nice. Wish it rained more in So. Cal. But it don't. It most certainly don't. She's got a nice smile. I think I'll tell her so. Why the hell not. It's not like I'm grabbin her ass or nothing (even though I have to admit...). Just delivering a compliment. But in doing so one should note that the delivery is all important. It must be spoken with confidence - now that was cool - a little grey bird with a red breast just landed on top of the fountain, stood there with his legs getting wet and ducked his head down for a coupla drinks. I bet the hostess is the waitresses sister, they look a lot alike. And that's a good thing fort them. Both pretty girls look like they've got more than a little Mediterranean in them. Greek maybe. Dig it.

I've only got 5 more minutes or so on the meter so if I'm gonna make that girl smile again I'd better get to it. I think that'd be a good thing to do. Footnote. Her name's Camille, I asked if I could buy her dinner, she said comeback and we'll raincheck that. I shall.

One minute left on the meter when I got to my car. 5:30pm now at the god damn Starbucks down the street from the practice room. Motherfucking power went off mid-wash so my clothes are on extended soak until Frank can get there and flip the switch which is, of course, in his office. I wouldn't have it any other way.

So the people living beside me have taken to calling me 'pig' and 'beater', I'm going to have to do something about that real soon. Of course I will. I don't let things like that sit for very long. Fucking whatever. Pretty dynamic lifestyle I've got here. Think I'll go see Camille in the next 3 days or so. That'll be good. Gonna ask Holly - oops. Forgot.

So. The rest of the evening. Finish my fucking laundry. Hang out with Amy tonight. Canned bullshit music playing in the background. Things to look forward to: confronting my asshole neighbors, having sex with Amy tonight. Guess till then my nights gonna kinda suck. God-damn fuck this place. Easy. This is all experimental, temporary, and changeable at my will, and as long as I can meet the occasional Camille, Holly, etc. and make some \$, and not take any shit, things'll be just fine.

People. I bet that motherfucking power's not even back on yet. I'll have to strike when the time is right as regards my annoying neighbors. I don't get the feeling now is the time., so if they're smart they'll be real cool for a nice long period of time. But honestly, I hope they aren't. I hope I get provoked. They've got one coming.

I should quit quit smoking. I miss it sometimes. Like now. I'd like a smoke right about now. But I know it'd taste like shit.

May as well head back and put my laundry in the dryer. 6:50pm Motherfucking Frank still hasn't shown up. Laundry's still sittin there. Back at Goddamn Starbucks. Probably for the last time, well who knows. Saw this place called perqatory or or perc...blah down the street. Fuck Starbucks. Corporate ass. This is a funny enough scene though. Looks like the slime ball opportunistic 'managers' are working the young naïve impressionable 'actresses'. Something to see. The look on these guys faces. It's so fake trustworthy. If somebody with that face wanted to work with me I'd tell em to go straight to hell. Poor girls.

So I'll sit here for a while longer, maybe 15 mins. Maybe two. Don't think I can take too much more of it. at least I didn't have to pay for the hot water refill for my new quite weak green tea. Wilco, or

some ripoff there-of is playing...I do not like wilco nor any of their knock-offs. To me, Jeff Tweedy's voice is so characteristically interesting that at times it gets on my nerves. Songs like uncle tup. "Black Eye" are terrific but the poppier stuff just makes me want to break shit.

Ok. I'd like a coupla cute flirtatious women to park it to my right. James Taylor's on now, he's from Chapel Hill too. Wait a second, this is too country bullshit to be James Taylor. Some country hack who ripped off Fire and Rain's chorus er something like that. Goddamn wish I'd listened to my gut feeling and not done laundry. He's got to be back by now. It's got to get better than this.

Just met Rose. She works at Perkatory. They have open mike nights thurs. Think I might come and play. You know why? One reason only. The chicks who work here are hot. That's it. thee only reason. So I'm sittin in a plush big ass blue sofa. Quite comfy actually. It's the kind of sofa that encourages terrible posture. Oops. I forgot to tip Rose. I'll tip on the refill.

So there having 4 bands tonight. Wonder how my shit'd go over if I could even pull off the ol solo show any more...it's been a while...Almost a year. Managers not a dumbass hiring only cute girls. Whatever. I like yelling too much to become an acoustic wus again. That's ok. I bet these girls think I'm in the lower half of my twenties. Funny that. Rose, she's a looker. Loo - ker. Luh - kur. Luh - Kuhr. I say. This place is new and it feels like some kind of a club. Well, if I've got nuttin better ta do, I'll play every Thurs. Maybe develop a following. You know how that goes. I'm funny enough. Make em laugh. Smile. Etc. 'Lil bit loaded. Anti-hammered. Signed up on their mailing list. Mailin' a CD to Rose'd be cool. My tee shirts probably older than most of these

girls. Is that a bad thing? Nah. But I'd say it is some-thing. Well there are the finer things in life and the coarser things in life, and there's no law saying the coarser things can't enjoy the finer things every now and then. Need to lay off the caffeine. Gettin a lil' bit jumpy.

Can't believe I'm gonna be hangin out with Teresa this coming weekend...8 days. That's gonna be some-thing too that's for damn sure. Fucking whatever. Its all going to be alright. At least that's what I think. Don't worry about me. Simply put do not. I'm quite capable on my lonesome. All these chicks are gonna be Lystra fans think that's a guarantee. Well the end of book 5 is in sight. That, of course, would make sense seeing as chapter 3 begins in less than 2 weeks. What do you know about that. Ok. Assuming I'm going to come back here and play, which I intend to, I'd better decide which one of these attractive young ladies I'll be dating. So, according to the way they were introduced to me...unnamed sexy longbrown haired girl with the thong - I saw her first, but she didn't have too much to say to me. Rose, girl I talked to second, wearing a light summery dress with beautiful long curly brown hair fair skin nice legs, an interest in music; she seems to be quite serious. Saw the tattooed blue tank top girl before I spoke to Rose. I don't much know. Blond with the big chest in a grey tank top seems kinda quiet - not that that's a bad thing. Think I'll blank my noodle and accept the answer...two Roses including Gypsy Rose might be too confusing...no not necessarily, that's a terrible excuse. Whatever. They of course have a choice in the matter too. But if I had to simply pick one, it'd be the unnamed one - she smiled at me when she walked by a coupla minutes ago. Whatever though. We'll see. We will see. They're having bands starti

7/19 1pm 77

That's gotta be lucky 77. So the girls name at the Perkatory is Jamie. Too fuckin hot outside I've moved in. Just kinda leanin' here like the spectacle I am. Drinking coffee of all things. AMBLE, EMMANUEL. More later.

So I went to Urth, I didn't get any writing done because I started talking to the girl in front of me. Turn out her name's Amble and she's 29, used to be a model and is now a real estate person. Turns out besides being beautiful and sexy with terrific blue eyes she allows me to sit with her. I start telling her about what I'm writing. She's kind enough to sit there while I tell her about Teresa + I's breakup including the two times I cheated on her. I tell her a little about the music. She tells me about her divorce. Then her friend arrives, she says I can join them so I do...guy's name is Emmanuel although she calls him by Mano. He's in his 40's and gay and psychic. He tells me not to worry. That I could live to be 90 if I wanted. That I have a kind heart, and that money will come to me. Guy gave me his card. That's how I plan to stay in her world. Think I'll mail him a copy of Mom's book. That could be cool.

Espresso Roma. Lot of foreigners. One good lookin 35 yr. old art girl inside who disdained me. That's the price I pay not to support the evil coffee chain across the street. Coffee Bean. Trying to lay off the corporate coffee. But I gotta tell you this place is a little bit disappointing. All downhill since the 1st time I came here. Saw some beautiful girls that time. Not so now. Just moved seats so I'm not eyeballin the couple that decided to sit in front of me.

LA. Strange place. I was going to go to the beach but I started to go and thought, well that's a pretty damn long drive. And it would have been at that.

Jesus boring Christ. One more minute and then I'm going to sit in the AC.

Sitting at the window now. Sitting at a table now. Movin' round. Amy. Kelly. Jenny. Holly. Camille. Jamie. Amble. Going to see Teresa in a week. Maybe when I'm in NC I'll hang out with Monica. Jesus. Who'm I kidding. Release. Release. Let go. Empty. Nothing to worry. Exhalation. Four pm now. To do. What.

I should lay off on the coffee. I need to get laid tonight. Maybe I'll see Amy. If I had it my way I'd hang with Holly tonight. Maybe she'll call me back. I left her a message about going to see a band play on Monday. Spent night at Kelly's last night but she want to demote our relationship to platonic...or maybe that's a lateral move.

A band practice would be nice tonight. Rady got photography work for next week. Good for him, his mood was getting a little low. Guess I should find another lift to the airport.

Psychic said I should keep writing and composing - which I agree with - and I shouldn't be hesitant to talk to people about what I'm writing. Ok.

Here's what I'd like from the woman two tables in front of me. I'd like to fuck her tonight. Hell, I'd like to fuck her now. We could get in my van, head to my apartment, and fuck until both of us are exhausted. Then I'd like to part on good terms and repeat a couple times a week. Sex. Exercise. Nothing that's supposed to boggle the mind. A step up from friends, way to the left perhaps, and way way down the ladder from boyfriend girlfriend. Way down the ladder. She's writing. I wonder what. If I can't think of a good reason why not I think I'll go talk to her about it. good idea? Who knows. I wont try to pick her up...although I'd allow her to pick me up. Funny. She

coughed right after I wrote I won't try to pick her up. Maybe I should. Maybe we should go and fuck. I've got the equipment. Condoms I mean. Duh. What'd you think I was referring to. Maybe I'll even tell her I'd like to take her back to my place and get some healthy exercise, fuck her till we're both soaking wet and so is the blanket we're laying on. Her ass and thighs slick with her sweat and from the sex. Maybe I wont exactly tell her that although it'd be interesting. I mean, I'm starting fights with random dudes I may as well get in trouble with the girls too.

4:25pm. If I do proposition her so bluntly I'll never be able to come here again. Acceptable loss. Her reaction would totally be worth it. I mean I've never done this before. Just ask a girl if she wants to go have sex. I guess she might slap me. Acceptable outcome. So much caffeine. My hearts pounding. Maybe I'm nervous too.

Walkin' down sidewalk. I did talk to her. Didn't ask her to fuck me though. Know why? That's fuckin gay.

Indyday

7-20 12:50pm 76

Yeah so I should've known. Back at cat + fiddle to see Camille and she's not here. Ain't that always the way. Went to Night in Tunisia café last night to see Ryan McNeal play. Actor Ryan McNeal that I know from party staff. He played 5 songs earnestly and although he's not a guitarist he's got a good enough voice and his songs were pretty good. I liked the shit he'd say in between songs too. Funny as hell. Nice guy. Midwestern. Itho or someplace. I hope the guy makes it.

Just spotted the foxy waitress. Think it might be Camille, although her hair's different today and didn't get enough of a look for a positive ID. Made me lil' nervous though. Don't know why. Guess I can still get nervous about asking a pretty girl out. Nothin' wrong with that. Not her. Bummer.

So when I was talking about asking that girl to fuck me - I'd like to apologize for that. Drives will be drives. I'm not saying I'm sorry, just that it's most likely offensive to most people. Should've had something to eat before I came here. Lots a' old people eat here.

So as I was waking up this morning on the sofa I had been spending time in my dream with some girl and I heard "I love you" in a female-young-20's-voice. You know, I should be glad. Anywho. After going to Night in Tunisia I sat at home for a while, then figured I go out. What actually got me to put back on a shirt, get my keys + moneyclip, and go was the idea that I'd pick up a girl by being totally honest with her. Sort of an offshoot of the whole will you fuck me campaign. So I get there and - Burgundy Room - things are synching up for me. Parking is a breeze - midnight hollywood + cahuenga - that's rare. I go inside and approach the bar. I order a club soda. While I'm waiting to get it the girl on the stool in front of me gets up. I sit down. Nice, the place is crowded. I sit there for a while in the loudasfuck rock music - Buzzcocks - Smiths - that kinda thing. I don't talk to anyone for a while just suck back the soda and spit my ice at my glass occasionally. After a while I catch the eye of the prettiest girl in the place. I give her the ½ wink ½ funny face like a pirate followed by some blinking and facial stretching. It makes her smile. She's average height - 5'5"? dyed platinum short hair slim figure nice breasts, wearing a tank top with lacey straps and a black bra beneath

and some kind of white slacks. She's got tattoos. There's a cool one of a star on the back of her neck - and that's lucky for me - an inscription in Latin on her arm about how love heals the wounds of love. She sits on the stool beside me at the bar after her friend - they're a trio - gets up. I strike up conversation. She's a bit tipsy. But not that much. I think she says Emily for a while but she's saying Kimberly. I'm Joe. We talk. She works at a hair salon coloring hair. She's flirting with me by dancing on her stool with her friend Maria - or Marianna - and leaning back against me.

Two 'punk rock' kids - well probably about her age 25/26 - she's a cancer just had a b-day recently. So two punks start eyeballin' me. And I overhear comments like - pay for the medical bills - etc. They've got the spiky hair, many many tattoos, and fashion down but that don't mean shit today. I just play it cool. Suckin back soda water spitting ice cubes at my glass - sometimes making the shot sometimes missing. These guys aren't very big - and although size matters a mean little guy can still kick the shit out of you - so I'm not real concerned. I've also been sort of lookin' for it for a while so I figure so what.

Some of the amigos give me the raised eyebrow look - I kinda smile back. Half smile. Aside - just walked in and self served some coffee, with permission, at the wait station. I'm starting to like this place more - and the waitress I mistook briefly for Camille - she's a fox. Not that that matters now I can't go for her w/o looking like a complete Fuck-head. So back to last night. She's leaning back on me and - although it could be mistaken for tipsy girl having fun - I'm hoping there's a reason for it. We're getting along ok. I brush the outside of my hand against the side of her arm. It startles her a little, she moves the

arm out of reach. She doesn't get up or react in any other way though. Aside - it's fucking hot out here - I'm sitting in the same spot in front of the fountain in a little patch of shade. By a real tree - in a big concrete pot with stones in the concrete like sedimentary rock, with fake plants lining the base - since this place is a bar too I bet you could root around in there and find all kinds of interesting things - lighter, cig. butts, broken glass. Who knows. Working my way through cup #2 then I guess I'll leave.

So not too long after brushing her arm she gets her purse and I think she's going to I say "Are you taking off" she says "no, just going back to talk to my friend." Which she does, possibly about me? Maybe. The whole time I'm thinking I'm taking this girl home tonight. This night is disposable - I was just going to sit on my ass and wait and see if Amy would call when she got back from Santa Monica. She invited me to go with her and her friends to see a band - her friend Sean's band - I'm like - Fuck that - although I didn't say so - I leave her a message about how I'm staying on this side of the city and she can call me when she gets back if she so chooses. That'd be after bar closing time she says on the message she leaves me. So - oddly enough - I don't even consider the possibility of asking for Kimberly's #. Conversation never leaned that way anyhow.

So after talking with her friend she comes back to sit beside me. I overhear a larger friend - guy, of hers asking her if this guy's buggin her. I pay attention wondering if it's me. She says no. kind of a yes - no, so then I ask Kimberly - I like that name - if I'm buggin her. She says no. No - no. I then ask her if anyone else is buggin' her. She - I think - is a little pleased by this and says no. So time passes. It's already about 1:20 am by now. She and I talk some more but it's frustrated by people leaning in to

order drinks. I pull my stool closer to hers and tell her - part of the honesty bit: I'm getting frustrated because I'm trying to talk to you and people keep leaning in to order drinks so I'm pulling my stool closer to you if that's ok. She says they're her friends. I say I'm not saying they're bad people. Also I told her the only reason I left the house (as if I live in a house) was to talk to a pretty girl, after I asked her why she came here. Honesty - the policy. So here's where I start to take risks. Time passes, after a bit she gets up and dances with her friend. I just bide my time. A girl - punk rock chick - comes over and takes her stool - named Stacy - she says hi - I say "who are you?" We speak briefly. She says she's just payin her tab not hitting on me, I say don't worry about it, she stays put after paying, we talk more. She tells me to buck up. What she doesn't realize is that I'm already bucked all the way up. I guess she mistook my patience for moping.

So I go over after Stacy gets up "Nice talking to you...", "Nice talking to you." I go over to Kimberly and offer a ride home because I'm sober and trying to do my "civic duty". I mistake her answer for a yes and go on about how there's more painful things I could do - no skin off my back, etc. Then after some clearing up I realize she said no. she then goes on to say she comes here all the time. I'm like oh great. Because I haven't "been here" in a month and not likely to return any time sooner (that's what I was thinking then - it's arguable). I say nice to meet you, etc. then as I'm leaving Tiffany, Chris T's hook up and subsequent complication does the "Hey Joe" and I'm caught in conversation for five minutes. Then - I like Tiffany by the way - Kimberly has moved to the bench beside me right in earshot. So I'm tryin' to leave again and I say to her "Nice to meet you maybe I'll see you sometime in the future." She says yeah but acts like I just insulted her. Ok. Out the

door. Then Tiffany catches me in conversation again with her friend - a large black girl who'd had too much to drink and told me I could call her "brown sugar". Kimberly is still outside. Aside - the waitress tall brunette has a short black skirt on nice legs and a delightful wiggle in her walk. Like I said though. Complete Fuck-up. OK. So I see Kimberly and catch her eye. She's talking to a small framed latin guy, like they might have a little something going on. But I give her the wink, pirate face and she winks back with a little smile. Nice. Now of course I'm trapped.

Chopper overhead flying low. Those things are cool. Think I just saw it fly - slide around a corner the way a powerboat slips through a turn.

So I'm stuck. And here's the risk. I've got to wait her out. So I - after denying the offer to be walked to my car by Tiffany and Brown Sugar, who told me she'd get my back - she put her leg out in front of her and said, speaking of her foot - she'd put it up anyone's ass that messed with me. Nice offer. They leave and I lean against the wall pretending to give a shit about my cell phone. I look at her maybe once and no more. I don't want to seem like a creep who can't take a hint. So I lean. Wait. Soon - 5 mins - I start thinking 'Please just leave so I can go home'. Because there's still a chance. I don't look up for a while. Finally I do and they're gone. She and her friends. It's just me and the civil war soldier playing guitar. And some guy jacked up on some shit who wanted to shake my hand. I said "Thanks-man- I'm-ok-Don't-worry-about-it" like one long hyphenated word. Aside - there's roly pollys in the dirt below the fake plants. I learned my lesson about shaking drunk or drugged out hands back in '92. Mike Jackson and I were dropping off Capsize 7 press kits at clubs. We dropped one at the fallout shelter. On the way

back to the car some guy's - old scraggly civil war casualty - drunk, was in the stairway of the building we were in. I, being 21 and a little naïve thought he might have something to do with the club - I'd been directed to the booking guy's office by the girl up front. So I took the opportunity to shake his hand. It was covered in shit. He'd been wiping his ass with it. Or cleaning out whatever slime passes for shit that flows from a dying alcoholic's ass, from his disgusting trousers that I noticed too late. I was just a little thrown you can guess. It was raining hard outside. I washed my hand in the rainwater gushing down the hill where Mike had parked his CRX. Funny stuff that. It's a metaphor for my life in the music biz.

On to happier non connected thoughts. I hope that was Kimberly this morning. Don't shake hands automatically. You'll regret it. I'll be careful about Kimberly. I fear she might be troubled. I've got to go take a piss and get my free refill. Hope I get to wink at the beautiful waitress.

No wink. Coffee + Piss 100% successful. Time to wrap it up.

On the final page here. A couple with a kid are in the courtyard and it makes the thought cross my mind that even though I'm indulging myself in women now - there will come a time when I need just one. Just the one to bear the children, raise em with me and be company for the rest of our lives. Quite something that. When I get that figured out there is no length I wouldn't go to for her, no friend I wouldn't cross. Lot's more interesting things to come it seems. Chapter 2 is over. Guess the next three days before I go to NC are no-chapter-land. Twilight-twi-time.

Aside - some more people - trendy couples - showing up. Seriously considering NOT getting a tattoo now. Any pussy can get a tattoo. Fucking coldplay was on

inside when I took a piss. I hate that band. Well not hate. I just haven't got any liking for them. I don't spend energy on the negative. Wonder if Paulson's gonna move here - the busser looks kinda like him. Thank god 1 and 2 are done. Boy oh motherfuckin boy. So let's see what Act 3 has for me. I want act 3 to be about Lystra. Oh and I'd also like to start dating women who are extremely attractive. No I'm not kidding. Book 5 took 16 days. It's 2:22 my favorite time. A coupla beautiful women just showed up. Right when I was gonna leave too. I choose the brunette in the black dress. It's good to be focussed. Running out of room. 1 and ½ lines left to go. I should write something profound: beautiful women are infinite, but you only need one.