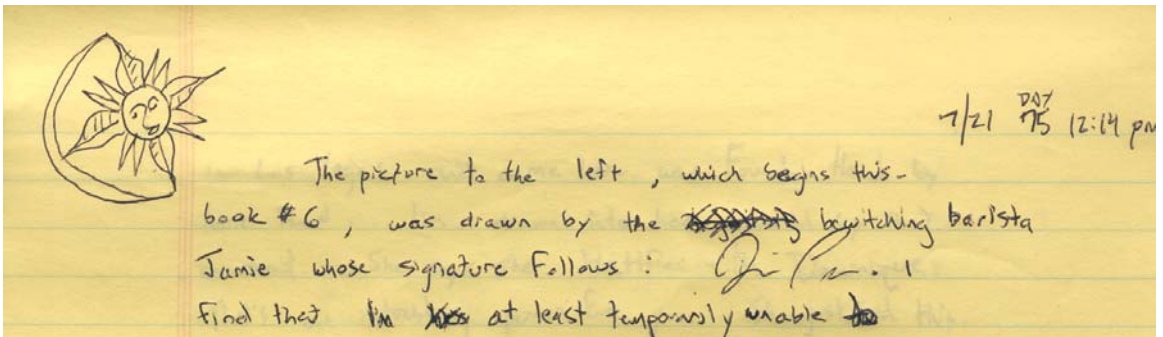


Read the horribly revealing and embarrassing sequel to "Beta" entitled "5-Year". Books 1-5 (approximately 50 thousand words or 110 pages) of "5-Year" are available as a PDF download for just \$2. Paypal and credit card accepted. Go to <http://www.pigzenspace.com/5year.html> to get your copy.

BOOK 6

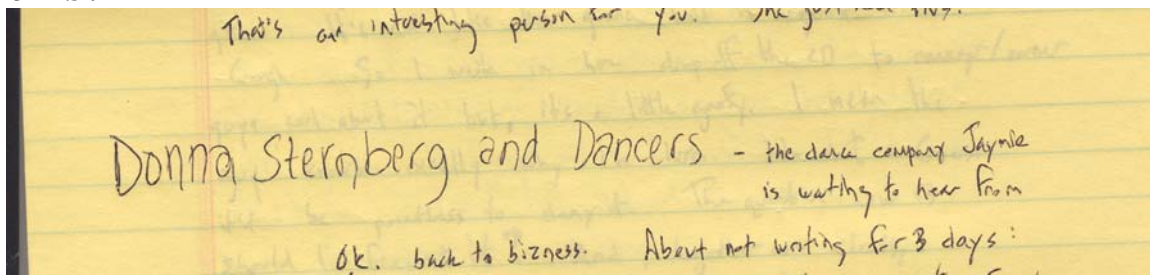
7/21 day 75 12:14pm

The picture to the left, which begins this - book #6, was drawn by the bewitching barista Jamie whose signature follows:



I find that I'm at least temporarily unable to spell. Also worth noting is that the above has got to be a record number of scratch-outs thus far in this record. This should improve as I can become less scatterbrained slash nervous. The word - for the record - which I tried to spell above was beguile - be-guy-ell - beguile - beguiling - Jesus Christ I don't fucking know how to spell it. And besides what does that matter. Think I'm gonna play some acoustic guitar here. Come in and play some of the old set. I'm in perkatory café. Ten guesses why I came here.

Whatever. I just spilled my coffee - note the stain at the bottom of the page. I need some coffee on the inside, not the outside. Oops. Just caught myself rereading this - even adding things - definitely a no no. it goes down as is and stays that way or it doesn't go down at all. I guess that'll help preserve any shock-value or embarrassment I may feel when one day in the far flung future I allow myself to read this nonsense. I just got her to sign it: guess I'll have that and the artwork scanned in later. Why am I here? Question mark applicable. I want to know more about Jamie. Get to know more about the girl who told me the reason she dropped out of school in Las Vegas and came here was Fountain Head by Anne Rand. I'm drawn into her world by that comment. She says she identifies with Dominique. That's an interesting person for you. She just read this.



- the dance company Jaymie is waiting to hear from.

O.K. back to bizness. About not writing for 3 days: I lied. Seems to be a bad three days to leave out. Enough's going on that's interesting that I don't want to leave out plus I'm going to be sitting in airports and on planes for hours and it's a lot of free time not to write in. EZ. I've got all the time in the world. Act 3 begins. Perhaps a few days ahead of schedule. Or perhaps it is that the segments merge and transform gradually rather than bookend. Of course they do there are no finite beginnings or endings. Those are make believe. I thought just recently can something -

jumpy - that begins in one place yet goes infinitely in another direction still be described as infinite. I thought about it and realized just such a thing is an impossibility. Does not exist in reality. Can not exist in reality. From where would such a thing start.

7-22 74 11:35am

Perkatory. You know why. She ain't here I'll burn some time here till I've got to go meet my new boss in Santa Clara or whatever the fuck it's called. So, Holly didn't call last night and that doesn't break me up too bad. Still and all if she never planned on calling me back then she shouldna given me her #. But, whatever. She's a likeable girl. It's not like I'm gonna hold it against her. Cough.

So I walk in here drop off the CD to manager / owner guy's cool about it but, it's a little goofy. I mean the guy knows exactly why I'm here. No shit. Guess it'd be pointless to deny it. the question now is should I flaunt it? And, together now class, we answer that question always: Yes.

Jesus I'm flying. Way way too much coffee. I could probably beat Juan Valdez at a game of "hot hands" right now. So what. Caffeine's a fun drug. Sittin on ze blue sofa once again. About ½ hour to go till I leave for new job. I was going to meet JNY today but...hey I'm not surprised. Nor am I upset. Whatya gonna do. Low key. Well well low key here. So I go back to NC tomorrow. Interesting stuff to be expounded on later. Today. I guess you just never fucking know what's gonna happen. Fuck it man. All the time in the fucking world. No need to worry. I should've asked her out last night / er ah for last night.

Just found out from the owner of the joint that no, dumb ass, Jaymie is not coming in today. Well how about that shit. What fuckin ever man.

Interesting dream last night. I was walking around a house that was being built and man the place was huge. I was in the - for lack of a better term - or perhaps because it is a better term - great hall. Massive fire place. Huge. Thirty foot ceiling. Crazy. Fun stuff. I also remember that I called some English guy 'Limey' because he was getting on my case.

Dad paid for my car insurance today. I'm a musician. Those two statements must correlate somehow but I haven't quite gotten it figured out. I would like Jaymie to come in. That'd be cool. I'll send out the message. I would be a lot happier if she'd come in here. Sit down on the sofa with me, talk a while, and then we'd agree to go out tonight. Well whatcha gonna do. That's what I want. I don't however find it extremely likely. Oh fuck it man. You simply never fucking know what's gonna happen...when it comes to women.

Just about noon. I'll wait till - what - 12:15. Sut'm like that. Ok. I remember I asked her if she was working today...she said yes. I can't figure that out. I guess she thought she was. Well I wonder what she's thinking about this now. I mean - this isn't exactly usual form. I know I'm comin' on kinda strong. It's a result of the fact that I'm bookin town for 10 days. All in all and of course everything works out the way it should. So I guess I don't see the dancer till I get back in town. Hey that's ok. Gotta be for the better. I need to get a little smoother with my relationships with women. This didn't have to be so complicated - oh of course it did - but what I mean is I could've arranged it - couldn't I have? - that I'd spend time w/ her before I split for NC. Well well well, the folding chairs are more comfy than I gave them credit for. Guess I should hit the bank on the wayout of town. I got no moo-la. Fuckin hot in here. Got on my tank w/ the butterflies on it. funny stuff.

So'd I mention the tank top I saw a caterer wearing that had 'for Joseph' written on it. Don't know what the fuck that is. Or the Joe plays hardball shirt I saw. Or the The Liar is coming shit I seen. So fucking what.

I'm gonna let it go now. Expectations and pent up energy I've been revving up for this now, for a day now and, while it's disappointing it's nowhere near tragic. Let it go. Go. Go. Gone. Changed. Evolved. I asked for the knowledge of who I was going to make out with next and I got the info Wily Coyote. That's not Jaymie I'd guess. Not today huh.

2:20pm. Cat + Fiddle. New perspective. Bench across the entrance from the other bench. Sunny spot. Doesn't smell quite so bad here. Just got back from San Marino where I had my job meeting for Desserts and More...er ah Vanilla. That was a joke. Here's why. It's like a '03 Calif. Version of the first restaurant job I ever had. When I was 15 I washed dishes at Ken Smith's place...Desserts and More...Ken flew his plane into a mountain this year. What are you gonna say about that?

So what reminded...oh wait...don't get me wrong...although Ken and I didn't always see eye to eye I never felt he was a bad guy...I liked him...but he was kind of a screw-up. Any freakin' how. What reminded me of Desserts and More was the two way mirror on the floor off the office. Full circle. So I started out making \$3.25 (min. wage Va. 1986) an hour to wash dishes and occasionally make someone an icecream cone...more like take out the garbage + clean the bathrooms. And 16 years later I'm making \$7.00 (min. wage CA '03 6.75) hr. to shlep out desserts and tea. Funny stuff. Does it matter? Makes me laugh so I guess it matters a little. O.K. so I'm sitting here writing and getting further jacked on coffee. I've struck out yet again for attempts at seeing one of the young women I'm interested

in. Camille isn't here and she's the reason I came here. I wuz gonna ask her out. Whatever...she was prob. here earlier and got cut when the lunch trade slowed down.

So here's the scoop on the girls. Amy's sick with the flu. Kelly and I have become platonic. Holly never called. Jenny M. has yet to call and I'm not holding my breath. I wrote an email to Ambel's psychic gay friend...including how I was interested in Ambel. (Doubt anything will come of that.) I missed my opportunity with Jaymie...for now but I did drop a CD at the café w/ the home # on it so there's a chance - slim one - in hell that she'll call. Otherwise I'll look her up when I get back from NC. Play a show at the café. Etc. Kimberly I'll hopefully see again at the Burgundy Room in about 2 weeks. Camille ain't here but I may try to take her up on the "rain check" sometime after I get back. That's the local crowd. When I'm in NC I'll hopefully see Monica. I will see Teresa. I'm writing email to Rosemarie. If I could see any one of them (local girls) tonight I think that'd have to be Jaymie. Feel the most attraction to her. Tonight. Rest of today...who knows.

My comprehension comes and goes. What the fuck'm I gonna do now. Like my cell phone the fool is still searching for a signal...sadly he gets no service. Throw the fool. Into the ravine.

Magic. OK. I'll magic up my date for tonight. Even if the universe is working against me. Ta - da. That should do it.

One date for tonight. Just got myself a refill. I dig that about coming here. The self-refill station is the best.

So a practice tonight. Pack. Get a lift in the mornin'. Fly to NC. Get back and work at Vanilla. Start dating these attractive girls. Maybe even make

one a "girlfriend". Get a show for the band. Start playing out. Work the demos. Live. I wonder if Jenny M.'ll call. Chances of that are about the same I'd say as me chucking the ashtray from the table in front of me into the top level of the fountain. About 50/50. About a 20 foot throw to a 6' height about 10" wide target area.

So...I saw the girls who work in this place through the window having lunch. One of those caughtcha lookin' this way things. I don't exactly know who caught who though. I haven't looked back. Guess I'm just a chicken shit when it comes down to it...no wait what am I saying...I am not a chicken shit...don't call me that. Oh No. I'm out of ink. No biggie I just borrowed one from the waitress. She's cute. Nice plaid skirt on. So there goes the wolfgang puck pen Olivia gave me at Adam Sandler's wedding. I believe I used it almost exclusively on the book too. Ok ok. They've got the propane piped out here under the patio floor. Interesting stuff. Reminds me of the dream about the house. I remember seeing what looked like flexible fluorescent light bulbs snaking from a spot in the floor. I can remember thinking how odd it was. Ok so that waitress who's pen I have...she picked up the book off the table in front of me. I guess Camille didn't even work today. Jesus Christ. Can we just get on with this. Simplify. Release. Simplify repeat.

7/23 12:30ish pm 73

Sittin' on a god damn airplane. Lucky for me though I've got the easy exit in case of emergency seat. The escape hatch is right beside me. A new pen. "New" being a relative term since it's one of the bics I bought in that store in Brooklyn Heights about a year ago...for law school. Funny stuff that. I may even - probably even took notes with it. Funny I'm looking back fondly on that already...only took a year to walk it

off. Guess it's a mixture of relief and pride I feel about the whole thing.

Flying is always interesting. Spoke at some length to Stacy from Australia on her way to Charlotte. Attractive blond 36 years old - Simone's age - sexy woman. Tattoo of "love" on the small of her back. Interesting stuff. I enjoyed her company. If fate and time were to swing it around I'd even enjoy it some more. O.k. So Amy and I spent the night last night she came over about 2:30. Nuf said. I guess someone could look over my shoulder or whatever and read this shit...fuck em...who even begins to fucking care. Yeah, like I'd get all uncomfortable about that.

I've got to quit ignoring the obvious. Like for example...upon arriving at my gate the most attractive young girl - 21ish if that...babe...caught my eye. We did the look game. Of course I didn't talk to her...being difficult...that's my forte. She's sitting across the aisle from me now. Go with the flow. What the fuck ever. Jesus h. fucking Christ do you believe this shit. It's good to be alive. I can believe this shit. These times in your life are short fucking lived. I'm finally fucking with it...at least a little bit. Sober. In my dream last night I was offered pot "lithium" she called it. Turned it down. Like I said though. I've only been single for 7 months and the first 3-4 of that were aftershocky as hell. And no doubt I'll be married before I sneeze and hear gezundtite. So pardon the fuck out of me if I enjoy my one vice. Can't leave those words alone on the page. My one vice. Sounds too freaky. Anyhow. Chapter 2. Over. Chapter 3. Starting.

Jesus - Aside - the young woman beside me is a fox. Well whatcha gonna do. Just put on my seatbelt. Like that's gonna help. What a joke. Seat belts on a jet. Gee, hope we don't get in a fender bender...with a cargo jet...at 35 thousand feet and 450 miles per hour. A full

on 4 point harness with the HARN Nascar head and neck restraint thrown in to make the lawyers happy wouldn't do a damn bit of good.

O.K. I've decided I'm going to make out with the foxy young girl on my right. That's my point of view on the topic at least. Yep. Grab her by the back of the neck and small of the back and make out right here on the fucking jet. Right in front of all these random bastards. Then, maybe we'll throw a couple airline blankets on the floor here and spend the rest of the flight having sex across the country. How about that shit. Fan-fuckin-tastic. As I wrote those last words she said something like "that's too nice" or I don't know what. She's a looker though. Be nice to grab that well tanned ankle and kiss the inside of her leg. Four hour flight. Plenty of time to write. I'll guess her name now. What's your name beautiful? Begins with a C? Caroline? Jennifer? Kelly? Tara? Amanda?

Heck I don't know. I hoping it'll come to me.

What's your name doll? What do they call you? All those pestersome 22 year old boys so nervous when they call. So certain their in love with you? I'm just wondering? Tracy? What's your name love? Do you think you'd like to make me nervous too. I could dig that.

She has a pretty speaking voice. Just had a "single serving" conversation with the stewardess - who by the way has 2 shoulder straps. She's all full of bustle too. I brought a coupla slices of homemade pizza with me. Getting hungry. But I'd prefer to hoist Tracy's legs above her head and eat her like an ice cream cone. Holy Shit. Would you listen to me. I need a punch in the face and stomach. Uh oh. I'm falling in love. Such sweet beauty the young women have. Best thing on the planet. By far. Haven't smoked since that time I broke down when the shit hit the fan. Maybe she's from LA or perhaps is going to RDU

also. Shit man. This is pure crap. I can't believe I waste time writing this shit. Whatever.

Not any view. But lots of leg room. She doesn't - like how I can't seem to veer away from the topic of the hot chick sitting across the aisle. Ooh...take off...this is the coolest. Really cookin' down the runway. I wonder what take off speed is? Airborne. What was I gonna say? Oh who fuckin' cares. I wonder if she wants to wrestle. She suites my tastes quite well. Could be good for me. Could be good for her. Good for you, doll. I bet it's a one syllable name...Jill. Trish. I wonder if she asked if I'd let her read this...you know what. I probably would. Because what harm could it do? So I've got impure thoughts. I'm concerned. Real worried. Dynamite. It would be fun to see her reaction to it as a matter of fact. I wonder how off the wall that is? Oh whatever. Getting flumoxed. Confused. I began to wonder about how I'd talk to her. Whereas that's got to be the simplest thing possible. Attractive rocker girl just walked by. Wonder if I

Well, as it turns out her name's Adrienne. She's 17. She's from Florida. She's visiting her Mom and Mom's husband in the dessert outside LA. Wow is she gonna break some hearts. All star cheerleading team if you can believe that shit. I got her address and I'll mail her a CD. I still would like to make out with her even though she is a minor. Isn't that awefull of me. Probably. She's not even done high school. Jesus H. Jail-bait Christ.

Kate Hudson's in this in-flight movie. Saw her backstage at the A.F.I. De-Nino thing. She's a looker. Looks better in person of course. In the air. Somewhere. Enjoyed my conversation with Adrienne. Adrienne - the beautiful illegal to my right. I - and this may seem off to some people - But I noticed when the Capt. was speaking and he paused the video that in the reflection of the screen one could see if one were

discerning enough, see the reflection of the young woman sitting at the window seat same row as Stacy. Pretty face lashes of her eyes flatter her cheekbones high and drawing a nice rounded line down her face past her mouth. Her nose is just right for her features neither too small nor too big with just the correct amount of angle to it. One hand has been drawn to her mouth most of the time. Sometimes looking out the window. Beautiful. Her knuckle drawn up under her nose. Lowered lids as she gazes down pretty gentle forehead going back to brown hair, Gorgeous. Art.

Guess you might think it off that I notice but I do not. It's beauty. If to admire beauty is wrong then shoot me now. Lovely full lips parted. Becoming a smile. Reacting openly and unguardedly the way dear Adriane does...young. Too young to be afraid to show how she feels yet. Too used to a supportive environment where her full range of emotional response is supported and appreciated...rather than scorned offhand or mocked or simply ignored and ignored with indifference to the target of your ignorance. I'm wearing my teflon coated khakis. Can't be stained. Spilled a little coffee on 'em when I threw away my glass + can. Glass \cong cup. Beaded up. Came right off.

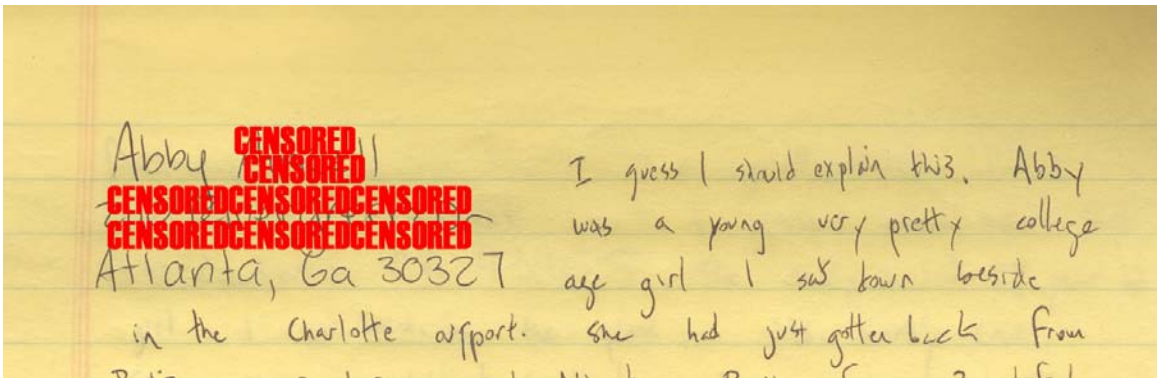
So there's this tiny little trash can outside the bathroom for - got me - tissues and maybe 8 or 9 styrofoam coffee cups. I put my cup and can in it. Thinking - well - that's probably a reasonable amount of garbage for such a small receptacle. The lidded opening is only about 5" square. So then, having seen me throw some stuff away a coupla guys - 40s, fully grown independently thinking men - CRAM - stuff their shoe box size lunch garbage (which they idiotically paid the stewardess \$10 for) into the thing there-by filling the bin to the top so the lids gotta be flattened down the next time someone with any reason tries to throw a coffee cup away. People. I mean holy shit. Where the

fuck is your head? Oh and the reflected girl has a lovely neck. Sweet hollows where shadows shade her dimpled tendons falling into her chest. I'm trying to bounce a message off the screen at her: "Stick your tongue out. Do it. Come on. Stick your tongue out. Ahhhh. LaLaLa. La." Nope. She won't do it.

That's the Verazano Bridge in New York. They're by some artificial bridge in? Brooklyn. The characters in the movie. Oh. Maybe not. Although the bridge sure did look it. 2 hrs. 15 mins. till landing. Everything goes where it should.

7-24 11:34am E.S.T. 72

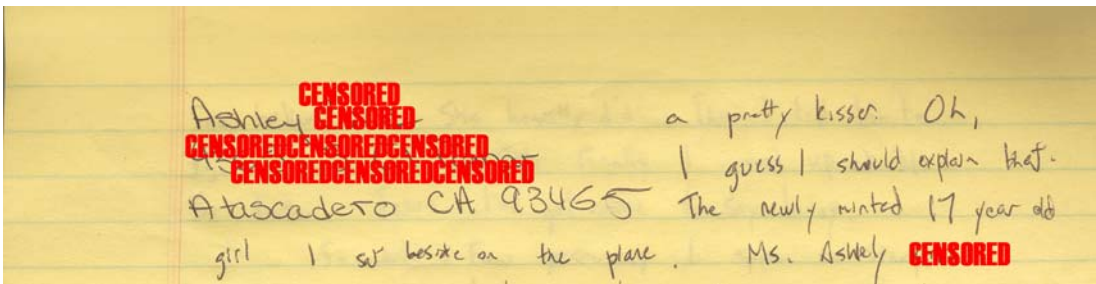
Interesting. Café Driade. Chapel Hill. Used to come here back when it first opened in '95. I was driving a '65 Impala Chevelle at that point. 4 door. The windows when wound down left the chassis completely open. No bar separating the front from back. That was cool.



I guess I should explain this. Abby was a young very pretty college age girl I sat down beside in the Charlotte airport. She had just gotten back from Belize. On her way to Atlanta. Pretty face. Beautiful young girl. Talked to her for about 5 mins. Adriane -

pretty girl too. That made two teenagers. Oh the girls, er, ah, guilt.

Rob picked me up at the airport. On the way back I wound up telling him a lot of the concerns I have. The paranoia I have. Paranoia Rob says because he just doesn't think it's possible that I'm called "the beater". He says people don't have that much time and energy to single someone out to fuck with. More or less the results of our conversation is: it eased my mind a little. However. Rob didn't convince me it's all in my head. And as a result also - I've caused one of the most compulsive worriers in my family to worry more about me. Anyhow, it was kind of nice to let someone else besides Teresa in on it. speaking of Teresa I don't know for sure if I'm going to see her...in Asheville. I left her a message this morning. We'll see. She left me a message about how she might not be going because her friends back is hurting. The friend she was going to see. Anyhow. I'd like to see her but admittedly it's not the most convenient time to do. So...lest you think I've reformed from my lechery before I continue I'll say...the young girl to my left has nice breasts and a pretty kisser.



Oh, I guess I should explain that. The newly minted 17 year old girl I sat beside on the plane. Ms. Ashley Smith. She was enjoyable to speak to. Nice energy. When I would read and zone out I'd pick up her vibe a lil' easier. Almost noon here. So almost nine in LA.

Ok. So that girl's a paralegal. Wants to go to law school in '04. She's got sexy legs. Mosquitos. Kind of a bother. Ya don't get those in LA. This place is so artsy. Noon. No more use of cell phone. No more mins. Or did it switch over today?

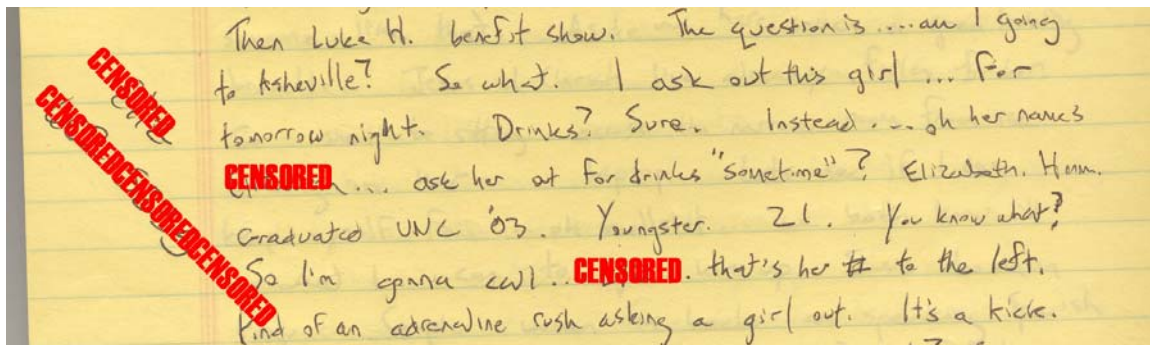
Went and saw Monica this morning. Took a picture of her. This pissed her off it was a surprise. I said hey look over here...then pulled the camera out from behind my back. Snap. Pic. Back to zero.

What to do. Ran into Jacob at weaver street. He informed me the benefit for Luke is tonight. Here's a shock. I wanta get some poon. I intend to hook up with someone tonight. How about that? D'ya think I need to lighten up on the caffeine or not? What the fuck. Who the fuck cares. Jesus Fucking Christ. I bet if I were to approach the situation exactly right I could hook up with the paralegal to my left. Jade tree sent us a rejection email. So much for being on Jade Tree. So. Sitting on the plane...I'm talking to Ashley and she's telling me she's 17. Like just turned it. A bit later I tell her I'm 19. She believed it. She honestly did. Then I tell her I'm 35. Then I tell her 24. Finally I wound up at 31. The truth. Jesus I've got nothin to say today.

So while I flew yesterday I spoke to Stacy, from Melbourne, gave her my #, she's calling me in 3 weeks. Adriane, Abby, Asheley. 'Twas with the exception of Stacy, the day of the A's. how about that shit. All of them under 20. Goin' ta hell. Except Stacy. She's fully mature. I liked that tattoo "Love". Small of her back.

Question. How restrained should I be tonight. If I don't watch it I'm liable to hook up with some Ch' Hill chick. Perhaps I should avoid the whole scene by asking out this girl to my left. Tonight. Diner w/ Rob + fam. Then Luke H. benefit show. The question is...am I going to Asheville? So what. I ask out this girl...for

tomorrow night. Drinks? Sure. Instead...oh her name's Elizabeth...ask her out for drinks "sometime" ? Elizabeth. Hmm. Graduated UNC '03.



Youngster. 21. You know what? So I'm gonna call...Liz...that's her # to the left. Kind of an adrenaline rush asking a girl out. It's a kick. Now I'm all shaky and shit. That's ok. Ok? Ok. LA? Yes LA. LA Ok? Sometimes. Sometimes not. Or perhaps better put I'm ok sometimes.

So the trick is I asked Liz out for drinks "sometime". When do I...ok...she just came back and asked me about plans for tonight. So, I said...show at 506. Get a drink before. Callin her at 8. Good. Good Good Good. Question. How awkward and weird's it gonna be to take this young girl to 506? ANSWER: Who the fuck cares. The universe provides.

1:17pm cupa joe timberlyne. One more try at writing. Need to see if I can spot a pattern. What'm I gonna do when I'm attached again? I'm gonna need to get a new hobby. Right now it's like I've got poon-Turret's. Wuteva'.

So the door to the theatre next door is open and I sit here thinking maybe I'll get up and check out a movie. So this is where Rose and I had coffee last time I was here. I applaud my decision to just pick up a girl from outside the scene. Could be more complicated than necessary if I were to pick up say...Nicole or

something like that. Aside - here comes a good looking brunette. Jesus H. Christ I've already fallen for her. So she'll be sitting across the narrow room from me working on her laptop. Lets see if I can keep myself from...oh bullshit...we both know I'll do what I can to pick her up. She's too damn foxy. Coupla women in back are speaking Spanish, reminds me of LA. So anywho. Rose informed me this place was a lesbian hangout. Well if the brunettes erect nipples when I saw her, causing her to put her sweater on on this hot day are any indication...she is wonderfully, happily for mankind, heterosexual. She sits with her back to me. She cuts a lovely figure. Knit natural color loose weave sweater hangs around her shoulders covering a sheer white tight lycra tank top. Jeans the color of new cotton with the bright yellow / orange stitching cling to her narrow hips tight on her waist, butt, and thighs. She's in good shape. Very nice figure. Thick soles on her flip-flops. Give her added height but she's already tall enough w/o them from what I could tell. Nice gold medallion ear-rings. OK. So if you don't get it she'd the most interesting piece of art in sight from my vantage. Sitting on some sparkly red foam cushioned vinyl chairs. Red and silver sparkle the kind you'd see on a Motorcycle seat on a carousel.

Three in a cab pulling out of the parking lot in a '90, '91 Ford F150. Looked like a 2WD. Piece of plywood for the tailgate. Tank tops, unshaved. Local color. N.C. People talk funny here. Good to be back here though. I think in front a me is Carroll Thomas. Shawn's wife. Shawn was a waiter at Aurora...where I was a bus boy during my introduction to the Ch-Hill music scene. That was when I was 20, 21, 22. Very fucking young. So when I told the group I was sitting beside at Driade I was about 32 I got the same "no way" reaction as usual. Shawn has a terrific sense of humor. Funny guy. I could, I suppose, walk over and see what's playing. Wouldn't mind seeing a movie. I've always

gotten along pretty good with Carroll anyhow. Actually had a crush on her for a while. Back to the present. Well maybe not, just an aside...I remember going to a rave south of Chapel Hill at the building beside Roma's Pizza...both destroyed now...I remember talking to Shawn out front. I remember him telling me he was 26, this I think, when I was 21. 26 sounded so...so...so...old to me back then. the girl I asked out about an hour ago...she's 21. I'm 32. Old as hell. Perhaps older. I was right. That was Carroll. Just went over and said hi. Told her to tell Shawn what's up. I don't fuckin know. I guess the whole thing was a little awkward. Not that that matters.

Coupla punk kids just pulled up outside. Nice posture on that girl. No seriously. She has nice posture. I hope I didn't freak Carroll out too much. It's an art-house theatre...so I go over and ask about the movies...then I ask if they've got anything with a lot of action in it you know, explosions. They say no. It was a chuckle. The imagination is a vivid device...I just envisioned the feel of that girls lower stomach. I'd imagine it's flat, soft though, soft hair spare on her abdomen. The courser hair of her pubic region stark and harsh in contrast. Virile. She's sitting in such a way as to be unassailable. Outside the reach of my attention.

So, Liz. Pick her up, go have a drink about 9 ish. Goto 506. Then, if I had my way, drive out to some field with a clear view of the stars, talk, make-out. I don't anticipate an overnighter. I think it would be a little brazen of me to make that ass umption. I'd like to make her ass umption. Sweater girl. Hey and hell I'm only human. At least that's what I'm supposed to think.

I don't know why but I think a spoon with a face on it like hey diddle diddle would make funny t-shirt. It's a 5 dola matinee next door. Maybe I could talk

sweater girl into going to see a movie with me and we could make out in the dark empty theatre. Theater. Spelled fancy or normal the ideas still the same. It's tempting. I might even ask her. Hey, wanta go check out a matinee. Maybe she'd like to see a manatee. That would be interesting. They're mammals too. I bet she would. I bet she would go see a matinee with me. It's interesting that this shopping center has maintained its health the way it has. You'd think with the new Harris Teeter across the skreet that the Food Lion'd go...that gaping hole would then spread like a cancer throughout. Nope. Seems to be doin' fine. It's got some interesting places...Margaret's, here...across the street the big theatre, the art -theatre through that door. So if that brunette wasn't working on her paper or whatever I probably would try to make some waves in her direction. I'd like to bite the back of her neck. Amber. I just told 19 year old Amber that "While she's an extremely attractive girl she's also extremely young." I asked her if I could buy her a milkshake. Speaking of Dairyland's Maple View Farm's. I asked her out. Damit. She's a dancer, she's in school in Boston. At least I should get her address so I can mail her a CD. Jesus H. Incurable Christ on a god damn cupcake. Tell you what I'd like to do. Have her follow me there. I'll buy. We can hang out for a couple. That'll be cool. She does have excellent posture. A+ + in the posture dept.

OK. Everything goes where it should. She has declined the ice cream offer. Guess I got a little cocky. Jumped the gun. The gun-a-roney. The gun and barrel. The McGun special.

7-25 9:20am EST 71

Open eye café. Jesus H. Christ I've got it good. I've got it bad at the same time. Nut shell. So I met Liz from café driade and we went to the lantern followed

by the cave followed by 506 followed by her place and some heavy petting with a happy ending. I am at least temporarily parked in a large felt covered baby shit orange chair. Moved. 'Twas bad for my posture. I'm choosy. Besides get more interesting light from the reflexons off the car windows here.

So Liz's 23 years old as of last week. She was raised devoutly catholic by a family of lawyers and boy oh boy is that one fucked up bunch. It may seem like unfair editorializing but her brother, also an attorney, is a 26 year old virgin addicted to porn. Her parents split up and after being married over 30 years now find themselves with, for the woman, an 80 rich man who - as the woman told her daughter - doesn't need viagra, and a 22 year old girl for the rich lawyer dipshit. Both parents went to law school. The kids are both gonna be lawyers too. And they're all fuckin' nuts. Liz, well she has her good points - two of em nicely shaped and below her chin, but she's been a little fut up by shit. i.e. She's slept with 26 people in the last three years she's been active. If I spent my time that way I'd have slept with 126 people by now, as it is I've only



been with a mere 40 or so. But I don't have the benefit of a Catholic upbringing to rebel against. OK. As for the address at the top o' page. I guess it's become a bit of a game. A terrible, terrible, sick game. I'll be sending CDs to attractive teenage girls all across ze country. And, I must be stopped. Whatever. I'm worried. Deeply concerned. The way you start up conversations with these attractive young women

who look meaningfully into your eyes. It's so wrong. Off the wall. You know how it is: a wiggle in de walk. A giggle in de talk, an address in de book. The beginnings of a mailing list. You could say. Amber says she goes to Cup a Joe a lot. I'll be goin' by there in a coupla hours. Wonder if I'll see her. Meeting Eliz at 2:30. Driade. I'd like to take her back to her place after coffee. Take her back to her nice, I mean very very expensively nice apt. and get a little Friday afternoon nookie. A lil' sump'n to tide me o'er for the weekend.

Gonna see Monica when I get back. I dropped in on her at the jewelry shop yesterday morn. After talkin' for a bit, I snapped her picture without asking her - did I tell you this already - maybe I'm a lil' sleepy still - man. Anyhow she hit me a coupla times kinda pissed. Man, Monica. Had a crush on her since I was, what 23? Almost a decade now. Last time I was here we made out. I look forward to doing that again. She's moving to Tempe, Ariz. Not too far from LA if that didn't cross yer mind yet. It has crossed mine. She's gorgeous. Beautiful. Still looks 23 even though she's my age. Foxy. Beautiful color to her skin. ½ hopi indian. This place plays pretty good music. Voted best cup coffee citysearch 2002 for triangle area. But hey, it's no starbucks. Yeah and fuck the horse that guy rode in on too.

So some woman is talking loudly (one sided, obviously) on her cell phone. What an unusual addition to our culture cell phones are.

"Oh Really!!" "New York!!" "Well You'll Do Great!!" Oh really. So fucking what. So happy for you and your invisible friend.

Morning with Rob Layne and Maeve was nice. Very nice. Coffee. Some good music. Terrific morning.

I don't (aside) know what it is these days about having a lot of keys and jingling them but it sure seems popular. Trend?

So in my dreams about my Chapel Hill house - the one where M. Holland and Layne and Maeve have come to see me...Maeve is still very much a little girl...not much older than she currently is. So. That's either close or it ain't gonna be. Guess which one I believe in?

Attractive young mother plus infant son on hip with superman shirt on...just entered. So, question for me, do you now or have you ever, believe you started the superman trend. Examples: superman theme played on radio night I left 2820 unlocked with radio up loud. Pearl Jam song Given to Flying. Woman - er a girl - holding up "I love you superman" sign outside MTV T.R.L. person driving by apt. yelling "I really do have superpowers." During telepathic pot incident. Superhero comments by Bridgette...Brigitte...Kelly. Girl in Brooklyn law school saying...black girl...to friend "I ain't no superhero' in reference to me. Holy smoke. Young woman w/ kid is Heather from back in ze old days. Capsize 7 played a show in her apartment. She used to live on Estes drive. I remember dropping by in brown october, what I called the '85 chevy 20 cargo van Capsize 7 toured in. She looks good. Prob.b 35 ish.

Ran into Laird and Brian from Zen Frisbee last night. Two people that were actually my friends instead of tangentially appropriated friends of Sam's. Correction. I've considered Murat and John Bowman, Jacob my friend, Bo...too. However they are Sam's friend 1st and foremost, no question. Wut now? Fut no? Next question. My goals are simple. Spend the next 4 hours writing. And or reading. And or go back to Rob's for a nap. I did only get about 5 hrs. sleep. Then go to Driade. Then...then...then I'll spank that chubby butted little lawyer offspring while I'm dictating the model penal code to her. Three cheers for the infantile

Porky's II inspired comment. Hip Hip. Repeat. Ad Nauseum. Ad vomitum. Still no word from Teresa. Liz told me when I was standing in my jeans in front of her that I "looked like a rocker." That was the nicest thing I'd heard all day. Mah-ket. Mah. Mah-ket. Mah-ket-abiwity. Mah-ket-abiwity. Whatever. The things one puts up with to avoid having to jerk off.

Looking into the future. The reunion. Tomorrow. Seeing uncles and aunts. Some cousins. Going out on boat. Reading on sand bar. Eating sandwiches barbecue chicken crabs, that crazy marshmallow salad aunt Angie makes. Driving Mom and Dad home because my Mom is a good day driver but at night...still competent but makes me nervous and my Dad knowing I'll be sober will allow himself a few drinks. So. Sat, Sun in M.H.C. back up here M, T, W? or S.S.M. in MHC. Back to MHC Th. F. for Mom's birthday this Thurs. I fly from RDU early evening Thurs / Fri? can't remember. So doctors apt. on Tues Afternoon. That means it'd be better to spend Mon night here. So drive back Mon. Drive back in time to see Monica Monday. So Sat, Sun M.H.C. Monday, Tues nights here. The question remaining is Weds night here or Morehead? I will wait to see where my incentives lie. Incentives Lie. Incentives Lie. They sometimes do, huh? Yes they sometimes do. 71 days. Seventy one. So I come back here after the reunion and see Monica, hang out with Sam in Raleigh. And, maybe arrange a date with Amber the dancer. Also see Liz. She how you say in your country...she "gets into it." Jeepers does she. I repeat. Jeepers.

Jeepers.

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Jeepers.

So then after next week I'll go back to LA. Back to winning the hearts and minds (and adding to my mailing list) of all the countless attractive young

women. Don't be trite. One must draw one's inspiration from somewhere. I get mine from the ladies. That and I intend to shore up the finances of my families next 5 generations at least by elevating us to that ever more exclusive club. The upper class. Because once you're in...it seems to me a lot easier to stay there than to make it there. Be them lazy bastards like me or not. Correction. I'm no bastard. And the ladies love me. Oh, I guess that didn't have anything to do with anything. Actually to correct myself yet again, it has everything to do with it.

Get back and start my new job. Start my new girlfriend(s) also. Maintain 'relations' with Amy. Still hang out with Kelly. Start calling on the CD. Get feedback. I look forward to that. Shit. I look forward to all of it. Act 3. The chapter I'd like to focus on the music. So last night, before I went to sleep I was telling myself. I hate music. Don't even know why I play it. It's like I'm speaking in tongues. Involuntary. Turret's. Creative Turret's. It's crap. Unlikable. Beyond appreciation. Not too long thereafter I thought...it sure would be nice to do something with my life that utilized my abilities and talents. Instead of what I'm doing...restaurant dumbass work. And it sure would be nice to build that house. 72 days. So you only get over that hump once. The big one. The big climb on the roller coaster. The release from the tow plane. After that it's like iron chef and what you can make of it.

Ze blond sitting outside just put her hair back. Tall. Nice legs. Pretty face. Maybe I'll make ze eyes at her. Maybe I'll make ze soft cries from her. Ok Ok. No disassemble number 5. If I can't chase tang what the hell can I do. Shove me in a burlap sack and chuck me off a bridge. I'll sink. To the bottom. I'm heavier than you think.

72 days. Means nothing to me. I'm not sure if I'll get a refill here or not. Prob. will. I'm still deciding what I'll eat for breakfast. Either bread from a good bakery W. Strt. Yeah I guess that's it. Bread. 10:50 am.

Jeepers...no not that. At this rate I might be done with 6 before I get back. If not then soon thereafter.

Just a guess. But I bet that Catholic Rebel would like it in her hiney. Not that I'm volunteering or anything. Just that with all her sound effects she's trying to make a point for sure. Ohhh. Ohhh. Ohhh. Ohhh. Jeepers. Hey if the shoe fits...

I wonder if I'll ever live in Ch' hill again. Like I said...I've had dreams about it...that's not to say 'I've dreamt of it.' So according to my psychic rules of future events it will happen. But of course...maybe not. Maybe not at all. I think I could be comfy enough here. It would have to be different though. Quite. I'm actually enjoying the liberties of LA. Chapel Hill might put too much of a governor on me. I can be as crazy a motherfuckin asshole as I want in LA, don't fuckin care. Here there's more repercussions - right. Right - no fuck that. There are no repercussions anywhere. Once you let one place make a pussy out of you you may as well be a pussy all the time. Everywhere. Only as cool as you are on your worst day at your worst disadvantage. Anything else is just showmanship.

Anyhow. Aside. My favorite part of a woman's leg is where, just below the curve of her ass, the thigh takes that little swell inwards. That spot right there. Magic. No complaints about that. None. If I could shrink myself down to size to fit there. Perhaps live there in a thimble sized little house. I would. It would be heaven. Occasionally I'd take day trips to the forest. Maybe as rent I'd clean out her belly button lint. It would be a good life. Nice dimples on the

blond outside. Dimples in her cheeks caused by the pen in her mouth. Life is funny. Sometimes funny ha ha. Sometimes funny sad. Funny I don't know what. Funny I don't know why. Funny that I'm not especially sure where when or who. Or care. Now I'm back to funny ha ha. It's a cycle. It's sick. Sick lick. Sick lickah. Sick lickah. Cyclical. Like a cycle. A psycho. A sicko. Ham sandwich. Served by a young woman in bra and panties. 5 min. rule. This is gettin' old. 5 more mins. if mothing interesting happens I'm outa here. And thus will end this one of a great many in my series of sick lickah vignettes. 3 minutes left. Nothing so far. Andy from Lizard Snake Peppers Hop Flop Fly and Lefty just walked in. Ain't seen him in a long while. Chick across the way's leaving. One minute. He's heavier and showin' his age a bit. That would be life. Two of my fellow patrons're leaving. Guess I'm next. One minute. Seconds. Time.

12:03 pm Cup a Joe. The beautiful young dancer is herein a summer cotton dress that shows her figure to good effect. Jesus Christ. She's here with her boyfriend looks like. Guess I'm giving that guy the willies. Whatevah. Think I'll give 'em the blinkey. So what. They just left. I'd bet that Amber put that dress on for me. She was being flirty yesterday. Maybe it was just a play to make the poor guy jealous. Whatever. Guess I'll put on my sad but indifferent face as they drive by. Good by. What the fuck ever. Maybe I'll give Liz. a call. No no. It's quite alright. Unwanted attention turned off. There's too many fish in the sea. Like that beauty working at the nursery in weaver street south of town, she was so good lookin it hurt. Once again a borrowed pen. Something borrowed something blue. I hope I see Kimberly when I get back. Betcha I will. Just ran into Daryl and Murat at Weaver St. Daryl walked right up smiling "Joe Taylor". Not

exactly a repeat performance of last night. When he wouldn't acknowledge my presence. Whatever. You know how it is...equal and opposite reaction.

I made Amber laugh. She walked in when I got here. That made some contact with me. She didn't have to do that. As a matter of fact it gave her a brief moment to be alone with me. Beautiful girl. Just increasing the amount of information between us. Not to worry. I've got the monster. No harm done. That's safely said. At least not yet. At least not yet. Hour and ½ till I leave. OK. Think I need to go back to Tea when I get back to LA. I've allowed myself the coffee as a substitute for smoking. Could probably tone it down a bit now though. I'd like to think Amber put that sun dress on for me. Yeah I would. Gee. My hearts like a cannon rolling free below decks. Should be in Morehead by 8:30. Want to avoid traffic around Raleigh if I can. I should've said something like: nice dress. Yeah, and I should go and tell that girl at the greenhouse how attractive she is. Sure. That's what I should do. I should watch it because I just might. I guarantee I'll be going back that way before I leave LA.

O.K. Magic. Hit me. Beautiful girl. There is an absence. By the way, regardless of what you're thinking, I am not a poor stupid fuck. House me. I want a house. Time. It's time to cash in, so take what I've made take all the effort and experience of a lifetime and give me an even trade.

This is my 5th cup of coffee since I woke up at 7:30 ish. Well that's about one cup per hour so that's not so bad. Jesus not a single good looking young girl Christ. Dirth. In Absencia. Nary. Only Harry Mary. Hary Cary. 5 minute test. I just thought of a funny term for plastic surgery or breast implants: after factory. LA's got so many beautiful girls but a lot of

'em have some after factory work done on 'em. Well I shouldn't be too shock't. This is a lesbian hang-out.

1:20 Driade. They've built a nice stairway and lower patio since I last came here. Or rather last sat out here. But then again that must've been at least 5 years ago. Do believe I've caused an uncomfortable silence to descend upon the back porch. I must frighten people. Maybe I look crazy. Maybe I am crazy. Fair enough. Who the fuck wants to be sane. Not fuckin me. So 3rd café. 3rd borrowed pen: back to black ink. Bic Co. pen writes well. Pardon me for a second while I just say, Poon Tang. That blond to my left dates or is married to or has worked someplace...whatever she looks familiar. Sitting in driade back porch table. Shade. Elizabeth's friend Tom is inside. Said hi...when I walked in. he's cute I sure would like him to tackle me from behind makin' all kinds of gruntin' noises and wutnot. Funny? No. Oh come on. Then I'd spoon up with him and he'd say reassuring things in my ear all night. Funny? O.K. He's a large sized overweight gay man who according to Liz. gets angry and sometimes yells at straight guys he likes for not being queer. O.K. That can't be that safe a habit.

It's fucking hot. Alright. She, blond on left 2 tables away, good looking, nice posture. I'd like to see her without her shirt on. Honest I would. I'm not just saying that. Bare chested as it were. As it were. I'd bet, and I'll put money on it, that if one were to run one's finger down her side from her armpit, past her breast and down her hips that one would find that to be a very pleasant and well drawn line. Starting with a gentle inward turn, then out and around the swell of her breast's side then further down a smooth rib cage over the tawny hair of her pubic region and down the side of a hip. Over the swell of it towards that spot on the back of her legs where I've put

my thimble tent. In that lovely spot by the forest near the fishing hole. Oh quit. That's too much. She is familiar. Caroline's friend. Friends with Jacob, Darryl, etc. Her name is...Kim.

That was just Teresa on the phone. She is going to Asheville but won't be there till late tonight. Plus it's kind of a...oh I don't know what I was going to say there.

Her name's Kim. She's studying for her massage therapy school final. Used to live with Caroline on Greensboro St. Sweet in a way that wouldn't be at all out of place in a girlfriend. You know - some girls are aunt sweet. She's more lover sweet. But you probably could've guessed where I was going with that one. Just to go ahead and get it off my chest I'll say it. I would like to have sex with her. And I'll tell you why. Attitude. Eyes. Body. Memory. It would make an especially pleasant memory. Blindfold? No. Cigarette? Yes. Ah. Thank you. Now let me think. Kim. Bang. Nice memory. Sure ok whatever.

CD mailed to her of Lystra. Told her I'd put a mix on it old + new Lystra. She took my hand and looked in my eyes when she said bye. That was worth the price of admission by itself. She said she'd pass it on to Caroline also. Cool. Yes, so that would indeed be a happy voyage down her side.

2:03 Guess I'll be seein' Liz sometime soon. You know. Elizabeth. Lawyer's daughter. Going to her place kinda reminds me of Sarah in Asheville...the last stranger I had a sexual encounter with. Met that day...bed that night. A one bedroom. Same big ass bed. Same oversexed, correction, high sex drive. Over sexed isn't a term one should use lightly lest it be turned around on the one accusing.

Gotta admit. The idea that Amber out on that sun dress for me sure is appealing. O.K. what have you. It's Friday. In a week I'll be back in LA. Glass of water...well a paper cup. Now that tastes like Chapel Hill water.

So. The questions. How do I behave towards Liz. when I see her. Affectionately. Warmly. No public affection. With cool indifference. A wink. A quick grope when there's no one looking. Should I demand that she go to the restroom and remove her underwear and put them in her purse. If so would I willing to accept the consequences. Whatever they may be. Whoever they may be, with.

OK. I've had entirely too much caffeine. Amber. Kim. Elizabeth. Monica. Amber, or Angel as I jokingly called her when we met briefly inside. She laughed and said "nice try". Next time I'll have to try a little harder. 2:20.

Woof. Woof. Woof. I'm a doggie. Gonna drive for Morehead tonight. I'll guess the hour of my departure, 7:15pm. Just a guess. Act 3. Begins. The island girl to my right has nice posture. It's a lovely way that she's sitting. Nice cool piece of breeze just went by. The funny thing would be if Liz were to stand me up. Or at least get my partial attention. Just kidding. You know I think that might be the closest I've come to disgusting myself since I started writing this shit. Whatever. This chair's startin to hurt my ass. 2:30. The agreed upon rendezvous time. I hope she dresses provocatively. Well I do. Just dripped coffee on my arm. That's good Forrest.

I look forward to going out on the boat. I also look forward to having a good diner tonight. I notice this pen was made in Mexico. Hecho. What the fuck. Who the fuck even begins to care. Fuckin what ever. Jesus. God damn it. the fucking moments that make up my life. So glad to be making the most of my

time. 72 days. One at a time. Each moment a little closer. Each moment further towards some imaginary destination that's less real, less probable

9:42am

7-29

Day 67

27 would be 69. So 29 must be...67. In the later 60's. My how fun flies when you're havin time. Sitting in some god damn café. Motherfucking small cup of coffee in a ass kisser of a togo cup steaming on the (well it looks like slate) slab of slate I'm sitting at that makes up my table. It's 9:42am. Probable. Whatever that means. That's the word that appears at the top of the page. Standing by itself. No punctuation to keep it company. Simply the one word. Probable. As though anything at all were probable. As if probable had any meaning whatsoever. The word is wasted mental effort. The inevitable outcome of addled minds. The unavoidable cul-de-sac of confusion. The lawschool of the unfocused artistic mind. Someplace to simply wind up.

Well, if I'm going to speak, so to speak, of attorneys, I may as well talk about a successful one: my friend Amyt. Foreclosing on the house across from the one he's been renting in Redhook. God only knows - well I'm guessing she and a few more, how much he's paying for that.

Talked to him a coupla days ago. Going to make an effort to stay in better touch with him. Told him I'm writing a book. Seems I've told more'n a few people that white lie...as though anyone would read this shit for entertainment. Oh well, stretching the truth never hurt anybody...right? I mean come on name one instance where stretching the truth caused anybody

any...well...ok...I guess you do have a point. Aside. My coffee cup is laid bare. It stands naked in its white austerity. Stripped of its drippy pointless unless you're driving a car lid, stripped of its insulator, sleeve, what the fuck ever you call it. It holds more'n the mug. It's also less spilly than the mug. Not to mention Sam'd said yesterday when when we came here that he was tired of drinking out of mugs. There might have been an ulterior motive for that that I'll relate later. But they sure do make you take a lot of crap with your coffee. Lid-Sleave. I think the natural...aside...when I get uncomfortable I crook my neck and lay my head to the side a little bit pointing my ear at the ceiling. Need to lean it the other way. D - fiantly. So as I was saying. I think the natural evolution of the bullshit you've got to carry your coffee off with would be little pockets in the sleeve for creamers and sugar packets. Then specialized and marked holsters for sweet n' low, equal, nutrasweet, et mother fucking cetera. That bears repeating. Et mother fucking cetera.

So I'm doin the ol sitting sideways in my seat thing. Leaning back against the wall. I don't know the name of this fucker. Coffee fucking joint. It's in 5 points Raleigh. I'm visiting Sam. Well I'm, as any student of this brilliant piece of lit-re•ture would tell you...I'm visiting my family from LA. There - a mouthful of coffee. I'm savoring it, no need to swallow immediately.

So I'm indoors now that I don't need to be outside to smoke anymore. A lamp hangs from the ceiling to almost head-butting height. Straight cord suspending a bell - well to be honest - more like a hat - shaped lamp. A round oversized bulb peaks out lighting up the white + stained interior of the metal hat. Painted - Well I'm kinda tired so I'd have to say green or dark er - maybe black. Looks rather like hats I've seen in pictures of the far east. Viet-nam. China. A wide

shallow cone. So. The wall is crepe. Plaster. Sparkle. Floor is a kitchen style red clay tiles. Chairs are old and wooden. I wonder if they've got school rooms in their history. The room is a shoe box ending in a wall of glass at an oblique angle. Somewhere to sit outside. The families have taken off. Well by that I mean the stroller crowd. Wearing conservative white shirts and khaki shorts breastfeeding their thankfully and oddly quiet babies. About time for a refill. The wall I'm facing contains the coffee bar with its glass case o' baked goods. Tattooed arts girls work the counter. Some are attractive to me...some are more likely to attract other lesbians...yet still attractive to my generous eye. Sitting beside me at my left is a sexy 30 sumpin arts girl. Black bangs cut short o'er her eyes. Black tank. Coupla tattoos. Good listener she is, her friend sure likes talkin. So I'm goin to Ch-hill in a coupla hours. Because I'm a fool I'll go to Cup-a-Joe and repeat this performance in hopes of seeing Amber. The lovely teenage heart-breaker.

So the wall facing me is rust covered with hints of gold. It's an artsy place with local paintings on the wall. Refill. What ever. Place is emptying out. Guess there goes the morning crowd. Maybe I drove them all out with my hawkish and piercing gaze. What the fuck ever. Anyhow time to go sit my ass outside where the sun can improve my color. Well, actually, I'll wait for the loud as fuck monarch food truck to leave.

So anyhow. Sam comes in here and a cute girl behind the bar is like "you always get yours to go right?" During a short conversation while exchanging money. Sam's like "Yeah" even though the answer...hold on...wait a sec...a stretch of the truth...I think maybe Sam allowed himself to be called a different name...No that's not it...oh shit. The anecdote came out a little awkwardly. I think you know where I was going with

that. And I do think it was the to-go cup. Wish that Monarch truck would fucking finish unloading and god damn go so I could step outside.

Caught up with some more people last night. Lee Smith was bartending at OCSC. Kept me well in soda water. Spoke with Dave R. again. Ashley, who worked with Rob at weaver street a long time ago. When Monica tried to introduce us (?) Ashley said "Joe and I go way back." Then she started to take it back but I was like...yes actually we do.

Saw Amy J. She's put on weight. Some good looking girl named Dianne with died red hair was hitting on me fairly obviously right in front of her boyfriend. That was odd. She was a looker though. I was a little short with her trying to keep out of trouble. Good. Mother fucking slow ass monarch truck driver just got in the cab. However the attractive young barista with the star on her arm just returned from where-ever the hell it is sexy young coffee maids go. Dave. We talked about Dave Kaplan. Randy's his assistant. Knows Dave by name. That's interesting. Small word. It's a small word afterall.

My date with Monica. One of the sexiest women I've known. Looks great still. I wanted to kiss her last night. She let me on the cheek. There's a story there.

Aside. I saw a person walking in. Only a t-shirt cause the rest of the body was blocked from view. I thought. Nice perky little breasts. Shure she's a little chubby but still. She walked in and turned out to be a guy. Man-boobs. Jesus h. do some fucking push ups Christ.

Been here an hour. My arse is gettin' sore. The sexy girl is 30. She's got a star tattoo on her arm - the same star as Kimberly on her neck except hers - whatever her name is - is blue and black.

Admittedly I'd like to trace her side from the neck down past a breast to a line of ribs to a soft stomach skin to her belt line down to her inner leg and thigh. 'Twould be a most pleasant voyage. I'm doing the sideways seat again. Aerosmith t from '87. Black action slacks. Red wings. Going from black to cordovan. Quarter of eleven now. Aside. I'd like to watch from the bed as she - coffee maid - leaned over to sort through the clothes on the floor for hers. Undies, pants, bra, shirt...dressing with the slow precision women have. Returning ear rings to their proper slots. I wonder if girls ever think of them as left and right or simple as a couple. Interchangeable. Yes, so surprise of surprises I'm distracted from deeper more significant thinking (bullshit bullshit bullshit) by the desire to simply put, so to speak, fuck the girl in the pink t shirt with the saucony running shoes and tight fitting Jeans that show a nicely kept figure.

I should probably go but the music they're playing isn't bad. And were I to leave it'd be for wellspring and then for ch-hill. And then the Doctors appointment. Even though I don't necessarily want one I'm going to get a m.f. aids test. O.K. Aside. Said coffee maid is sitting with legs crossed lips apart tongue partially out. Sexy as fuck. Here's my analysis of what she smells like. Fresh Flowers. I've decided that, when appropriate I'll choose women by their smell. She smells like flowers. She smells like flour. She has pretty brown hair. Tied back. I want to see her with her hair down. I get the feeling that's something I'd have to earn. I'll be coming here tomorrow too so there's no need to go for the jugular. I just figured out what 5 points is - a star. I'd like to see her naked lying on her stomach. I'd like to run my hand over her skin, her form from calf to back of her neck. Well I fucking would. I'll get her name. I will tell you. Monica. Was good to see her last night. She is moving to Tempe in late August. I'll be seeing more of

her. Long term relationship. Auf Wiedersehen. Whatever the fuck that means. On the back of her shirt. Maybe her name is Sophie I don't know. Oh yeah - my new motto - just live. Live now. Sophie you have lovely breasts. Beautiful curve. They are the most beautiful art. So the question is...am I out of here. Do I come back tomorrow. Of course.

Sonic Works. I was standing at a urinal. Looking out the window. Thinking to myself in my dream last night. The next vision I see will be my portent as to the future of my music. I picked a face out of the street scene. It walked towards me. An asian man. Sunglasses on. T-shirt said Sonic Works with a picture of some firecrackers lit on it. Sonic fire works. Turns out the person was Sock-boy. I was explaining to someone - Teresa I think - Sock-boy put out a compilation I was on in Capsize 7. At the end of the dream I got in Teresa's truck with her and Murat.

Sophie is the little girl's name. I don't know the maid's name. The coffee girls are talking to some woman who brought in her 3 year old. The woman's pregnant. And fat. Big girl. They get that way. Both of em. Just live. It's Tues 29th. I've only had two small cups of coffee. A third for 50 cents is ok by me. Funny how dollar sign comes before and cents after. Funny that. Refill? Yeah I bet. I bet I'll be seeing Monica out in Tempe / LA too. We made out last time I was here. She got pissed at me b'cause I didn't call her from LA and because I went after her friend Rose like the day after. She mentioned Rose in conversation to drop that particular piece of info. Tammy's her name. Danny. Front of her shirt says whats up back says good-bye. I asked what language it was in and she said German. I told her my shirt said Aerosmith - She said "Aero - Smith" "What language is that?" "Old English." "Nice to meet you." "Nice to meet you." Nice brown eyes. Brown eyes growing lighter towards the center. Nice

Spanish guitar playing now in here...some Spanish man singing too. "Would you like to play a little guitar?" "Ha ha ha."

11:20 Tammy. I intend to see her with her hair down. Honestly. Healthy. Nice smile. Not strung out or hung over. Seems like a together girl. Be quite a catch. Not much room left in 6. Nice guitar work. Simplistic rhythm though. 2/4 time I think. Like I know. I been a musician for most of my life and I can't even tell timing signatures.

Old guy regular just got here. The girls told him about the new table that sits to my fore...in the center of the room. Can't believe I been here almost for the entire two hours. Well it has been 8 pages. A writer writes huh. That's what Amyt said in conversation at least. What does Tammy smell like. Here I'll catch her scent. She smells like a new vinyl record. Pretty nice.

That's an oddity. The bathroom doors have triangles and polka dots one point down one point up. Polka dots flanking the point. What's odd about that is that last night at OCSC I thought - when I was having a difficult time distinguishing which of the figurines on the door was the girl...I thought that it would be simpler if they just had a triangle point down for men - emphasizing broad shoulders and narrow waist idealized male...and base down triangle for women emphasizing birthing hips. Kinda like that here. 11:33. Almost time to go.

O.K. Before I go. What's the most outrageous thing I could say to Tammy? May I touch your back? May I reach with my fingers below your jeans and rest my palm on the small of your back? Fingers finding her undies or the beginning of her cleft backside...Well may I? Jesus Christ it's not like I'm asking the world of you. I'd simply like to place a hand over the small of your back covering the narrow channel between the

muscles there...running down into your jeans over whatever little imperfections may lie there...a mole you never see...a freckle. Women. Woman.

11:40 don't want to get Rob a ticket. 2 hr. parking. Time to go. Drop off cup + smile at Tammy say thanks. Go.

12:40. Cup a Joe. Coffee is actually better than the artsy place in 5 pts. Girls who work here aren't as cute though. Hey, you can't have everything. Said hi to Amber on the way in. she's talking to the young artiste outside. She narrowed her eyes when she said hi. Not exactly a sign of affection. Guess she was wearing that sun dress for someone else. O.k. Just a passing fancy. She's much too young to flirt with anyhow. Tammy on the other hand. Just right. I'll go there tomorrow and see her again. Yeah no shit. Of course I am. Going out for a beer w/ Sam at the Jackpot in Raleigh tonight. I just drove off Amber. How embarrassing. I didn't mean to offend. It's o.k. Simply put unwanted attentions are unwanted. The simple answer is that I'm too hopeful. Optimistic might be a better term. So it's quarter of one. I could see sitting here and writing for an hour. We shall see. Damn...this coffee place is weird. Little short on the balls. Department. Flies are bothersome too. Got a couple of 'em doggin me. Where to then. driade? Should I call elizabeth? Probably not. I mean what would be the fucking point. 5 minute rule. It's 12:51 now.

The same coupla women speaking spanish are sitting in the same seat. The one sitting with her back to the wall facing the window in pants, again. The one with the loose long hair in a skirt facing her, in a skirt, again. Attractive. Women. Attractive. Women. The one facing the wall playing with her hair. Perhaps noticed my attention. She has a nice anklet on. So anyhow. As I left the other place I chucked my cup,

said thanks to the one obviously lesbian crew cut barista, turns out Tammy was out of view behind the register / display. She said "See you Joe" as I left I smiled at her, said "See you." Anyway if I could have things the way I want I'd have Tammy be at Jackpot tonight.

So. I went to Eckerd to buy a writing pad because #6's got one page left. Looked for a bargain. The kind I wanted was 4 bucks. Fuck that. Kept looking. Finally found one for \$1.59. went up to register girl says that's a dime. I'm like...no comment. She's like they're 10 for a dollar. I said "I just want one can I sell the other nine back to you?" she laughed. So by itself the pad was \$1.72 but throw in 9 more, a helpful checkout employee who scanned a coupon I didn't have and all of a sudden I'm walking out of there with 10 pads for a buck and tax. Nice piece of luck that. That is if you believe in luck.

What the fuck ever.

The reunion was enjoyable. Got out on the boat coupla times. Ginny Lee looks terrific. Healthy...radiant as my Mom and other aunts agreed. I'll be back in LA before I know it. To begin in earnest the rest of my life.

Anyway.

Time to book.

Guess I'll write 6 and a half in one of the little pads I bought. High School sized - or law school for that matter - "subject notebook". It's college ruled which is a plus.

Coffee here's good but I guess I won't be back here for quite some time. Next year most likely. Bet the effeminate looking owners'll be glad about that. Glad to have me gone. If I'm not charming them I'm scaring them off.

Whatever and who the fuck you think would possibly in a million god damn "years" (whatever a "year" is) care even an infinitely small amount taking place over a fraction of the time it takes you to blink. That is if you're a person and not a sperm whale. They blink amazingly fast. It's never been captured on film. Some scientists think they don't even wink.