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RED SPIRAL

7-26 2:26 pm

Burning a lil' time. W-Street Southern Colony. Gorgeous blond ahead of me in line at the opposite end of the awning. Way down behind me. Sittin w/ her boyfriend. Nice breeze. Whatever.

Just talked with Elizabeth. Not a bad chat. I do believe we've parted on good terms. Not a bad piece of negotiation for a little sexual encounter. Hand job and heavy petting. That sort of thing. Stevie Wonder's playing. What? O.K. I guess that wasn't very delicate of me.

In about 5 minutes I'm gonna walk through that greenhouse next door. The one where the unspeakably attractive young girl works. At least, the very least, I intend to wink at her. I may tell her I fell in love with her at first glance. I'll say: excuse me...you may find this odd but I love you. I don't know what magical powers you have that can break a man's will so easily but one look at you and I'm beyond speechless - I'm torn in half. My heart is yours. Then I'll say I'm just kidding. Maybe I'll just say...you are one of the most attractive young women I've ever seen. That's a bore. Form follows function. Her function in my universe is that she's a beautiful girl I'll probably never get to know. My function towards her is that I'm some guy from here living in LA that finds her attractive and is crazy enough to tell her so. So the form is: smiling strangers. Smiling strangers second encounter can be a hello. I can't believe I got this writing notebook for a dime. Pretty cool. 2:40 time to go.

Karen - the girl at the nursery. Lovely. From Ithica N.Y. went to the Rochester institute of technology. Art department for graphic design. Enjoyed a nice conversation with her. She was going to give me her # but I ended up giving her mine + my email. I'm at Maple View Farms now trying to eat an icecream cone before the damn thing melts.

Dr. Smith visit successful. Gave a lil' blood for a HIV test. One a year till I'm m'nogomous again. Maybe even 2 a year. Not like I'm having unprotected sex're nuthin. Anyway.

When Karen and I were finishing up our conversation she said: You weren't here to get a present for your mother were you? I said it was my cover story. She said 5 bucks was pretty cheap. I said tight budget. She told me "get outa here" "See you". That was pretty much it. she lives in P-boro with a friend of her family's. wonder if I'll ever see her. Naked. What? Naked. OK that was just to "see your reaction". Admittedly, it was a course thing to say. Beautiful brown eyes. Deep coffee brown. I hope she calls. I hope she writes. Maybe it'll be something big. Who knows. Anything's possible.

Pretty view from here. Ice cream was buck fifty for a scoop in a sugar cone. Pretty damn good. Sitting in a rocking chair corn fields to my front stretching off to the side. In the distance, maybe ½ mile from here - a big open barn and a silo, can spot some cows down the road. up on a rise. Everything that's in my view practically is green. A cow is mooing. There's a couple calves in a trailer behind a truck parked across the road. Power lines run off on the old timey wooden T's style poles - to my front. Straight poles to my right. Smells like nature. Grassy, earthy smells. Smells alive. Lush. Fragrant. Quarter after 5. About 15 more minutes and then I'll go to Rob's.

Karen. Blindfold? No. Cigarette? Yes. Thank You. Ah...Karen. Bang! She's got a sister lives in Seattle. Sounds like a pretty good reason to see me in LA, huh? I think so. We'll see. I, obviously, will leave her alone. Just wait and see if she makes contact. I think she will. To some degree. I bet in about ½ wk I'll get an email. I'll write her back. We'll write back'n forth for a while. It's going to go to phones then or not. I'll then hang out with her in December...or not. If we go to phones I'll see her in December, I like her attitude. Nice freckles on her cheeks. Put it this way. I'd like to see her again. There's a sweat bee. Haven't seen one of those in years.

? NOT SURE

7/30 9:00 am 66

Rufly day 66 in the countdown. Nowthen - one word - which makes very little sense - making even less sense - the whole point of the countdown is that it is supposed to signify a beginning point, and an ending point. It delineates. Bookends. The point beyond which things will change. Unfortunately therefore, the point before which things will not. Most likely not. Because I had thought it was the time before which things had to change or I'd allow myself to go off the deep end. It was a warning. It was a threat to the universe...by then or else. I've still got sixty sumt days for my mind to change but...I don't think I'm gonna lose my shit in 6? Days. Ya know, hows that gonna do me any good to start getting drunk, smoking, a repeat of July of '02. That month was dark. The month before I left for law school, still hoping Lystra would pull through for me. Of course it didn't.

Said hi to Tammy when I got here. I'm at the artsy café in 5 points. Still working on cup o' coffee #1.

Still waking up. In my dream last night a woman made a nice offer to me. She said: "I'll cook for you." Of course I couldn't recognize the voice. Tammy and I just did a 'look'. That's offly - oftly - distracting. Throws me for at least a little loop. Loop - a - lito. Saw a piggly wiggly stencil outside. I'll believe it but you see...you've got to prove it to me. One of my goals: see Tammy with her hair down. Way cup. Goals. I've got ta way cup. Aside. Aside within an aside. Jesus I'm in the South. People act so differently here. So animated. Goofy. Chalk it up to down hominess. Old people here are more likely to be this way. Less conditioning. Piggly Wiggly. That's funny. Funny that they beat me to it. I'm definitely getting a bumper sticker for the practice room now. Oh yeah, my aside: a further evolution of the unnecessary coffee sleeve. Build the sugar + fake sugar packets into it with tear away bottoms. That way you'd add it to your coffee + then...wait...affix the packets to the side via a gummy substance or tear away paper. Yeah. Whatever. What the fuck ever. Who the fuck could even begin to care.

Piggie. Jesus that's funny. I have mentioned that I'm called piggie now, right? Pig sounds. Etc. Even heard that in Cup a Joe Timberlyne when I was talking to Amber. Who successfully deflected my attentions. Christ on a low calorie cookie. Sitting in a ½ booth. Leaning - right now against the wall. I've got on my indestructible khakis. They don't stain. Looking at a display of cups that according to the placard were made while working here by the staff. Cartoons or artwork drawn on the side. My phoenix shirt. Pea green short sleeve indie rocker must have...has risen from the obscurity of my closet to enter rotation again. Boxers Sophie R.I.P. Teresa's dog chewed a hole in the hip on my ass. White socks. Redwings. Black in k bic pen from the van...from Brooklyn Heights drug store...from law school. Dime red-covered subject notebook. About time for my first refil. 9:25. Extra consonants are more

often than not redundant on a good day otherwise vestigial. Yeah what the fuck ever. Who mother fuckin cares. Piggie. Piggy. Piggy.

She's smart. Cut me down to size. I'm going to write small for a little bit in honor of her near complete defeat of me and my little ego. ego-lito. Pigy elo gito. Pigy-ego-lito. What ever. Jesus H. outwitted easily by the barista Christ. Tammy don't got no time for dipshits. Too bad because I, if I can claim to be anything, hand on the bah - ble...I'm a off kilter, goof ball, not serious, need anti-anxiety meds dipshit. Honestly. Ok. I can write normal size again. Rob, as a result of my telling him about beater and piggy...thinks I should seek professional help and take anti anxiety meds. Help me deal with "it". Same crew in here today. Back on the horse. I bet I can engage Tammy in conversation successfully without her making me feel stupid. That's my new goal.

Break for a coupla mins. so my booth...before I cease...is ½ cushioned bench...a la booth...1/2 chair. It's a hybrid. I'm sitting on the more comfy side. The booth. I'll take me a lil' break from this shit now before I lose whatever coffee I've managed to get down. All in the name of sex. I just want to fuck Tammy. But to fuck her I've got to get to know her. Which I want to. Stopping.

Ok. I'm back. Honest approach. I'm here for a couple more days. I'm from here though. We are similar in age and apparent "genre". I find you attractive. I have no designs beyond wanting to see you with your hair down. Hair down. Hair down. Put your hair down.

Hey I just talked to Tammy and I didn't feel stupid. She told me about how she got a Mother Mary shirt in Juarez Mexico. Woman. I'm attracted to her. Tammy. Just now I had a nice conf. conference...conversation with Tammy. She lived in San Francisco for a while. Moved out there with her drummer

boyfriend. Told her I'd try to drop off a CD on Friday. She told me to prioritize it "low". Not to worry. I will over time develop some kind of a relationship with her. She bought me the refill sitting to my right. I enjoyed the brief time I spent with her. I'd, correction, I will spend more time with her. I will see her with her hair down. Sexy girl. No question about it. She's 30. Good.

So. The air is warm and heavy. The trio of mother hens beside me have been excited to a state of constant conversation.

Quote: "They need to go to Wallmart and..." blah blah blah. Southern accent applicable. Some might say necessary.

Quote: "\$200 to holy trinity orthodox church..." blah blah blah.

Some guy walked in after getting out of his oversized Denali stomping a good amount of red clay off his shoes. Not getting anywhere near all of it off. I said: "You're not gonna make any friends that way..." as he walked past. I'm sitting by the front door. Tammy.

O.K. These women are planning a wedding. Parting: "Thanks for comin' up here sugar." Spoken conversational tones then. "Have a Great Day." As though christening a battle ship. Day including 2 syllables.

So in my dream last night Toms and I had to go into a violent mad max city to get some drugs from Dr. Smith. As I was leaving with the goods - Chris got em not me he, Smith, said "I've got some kind red bud." I made the pantomime smoking pinched fingers to the lips squinted eyes. Looked at the two young girls that were flanking him. They laughed. Related no doubt to the prozac and potential anti-anxiety drugs.

Funny that.

I trust the universe to give me what I need. The correct path is delivered to my stumbling feet. 10:30. About time to go get something to eat. Oh. This coffee place is called The third place. Just live. Joe Taylor, keep my balance and sing at the bleacher seats. Something to eat. Bagette. However the French spell bread. Starting to drift. Must maintain focus. Can't lose place now.

Piggy.

8-1 4:40 pm 64?

As before not sure. Man am I fucking tired plus out of it. Not sure. Why. Just relax. Everything goes where it should. Folgers single livening up a cup of hot water I got here in the Airport. RDU. Gate 2C. My cup is the same cup I got my ice in at Smithfield's in Clayton, NC. I sit here in my indestructible khakis - teflon coated - a pair of nice, thin, (I like thin socks) blue dress socks I got in MHC. Brought'm outa retirement. Black becoming cordovan Red Wing boots, white catering dress shirt untucked with sleeves rolled up.

I'm shaven. That's in my favor. Although I'm sure my hair must look insane. It's getting long enough that I've got to tuck it behind my ears on the side. It's quarter of 5 so I've got at least an hour before I board ze plane. I'd like to have a conversation with a pretty girl to help pass the time. But I feel a bit like a dumbass so...what the fuck I'll try it anyhow. It's getting where I can't tell where chapter 2 ends and 3 begins. It's perhaps a slide rather than a jarring

impact. Either way I'd bet it's 3. Please please please sit me next to some cute girl I can chat with and not some yuppie dumbass or annoying red neck. I guess it's all up to fate. My layover is in Pittsburgh. Steel town. The Taylors are from outside of Pittsburgh.

Chapter 3. What we've all been waiting for. The big finish. The answer to your unspoken question. The piece of the puzzle you've been missing and didn't even know it.

So. I guess I'll finish this coffee and get some tea. Afterwards I'll mosey down closer to my gate and expose myself to my fellow passengers. So to speak. I mean I'll strut back and forth before them. All the better to gain their attention.

Jet rumbles overhead.

Saw the movie Adaptation last night w/ Sam. It was awful. Sucked. Did not like it. Stressed both me and Sam out. I do NOT recommend it.

Still at gate 22. Just got some tea and came over to talk to the very pretty blond. Fate was kind and gave me a choice of seats to sit down next to her by. I got her email address and will mail her a CD. Pretty Girl. Going to Philadelphia, not LA. Has a friend who lives in Santa Monica, nice blue eyes. She just went to check on the possibility of getting on a different flight. Thunderstorms over the airport have temporarily closed it down. Whatever it'll all work out the way it should. Of that I have no doubt. If an opportunity presents itself to take a later flight - tomorrow even - I'll take it. Whatever. Just live. Glad I've still got a lot of food. 2 muffins. 2 bananas. Chicken sandwich. Some banana bread. Rumble. Thundah.

Anna's back. She is quite beautiful and has a very nice energy. A pleasure to be around her. Much better

company than some frat boy or "artiste" such as myself. Anna's a lefty too. Quite attractive.

Music. If there were music in the air. Permeating each of us. Throughout. What would it be. I think I can affect that. I'd like to make it harmony. Synchrony. Soothing. Loving and affectionate. Strong and sympathetic. Multilayered. It just got lighter in here. Maybe the sun's coming out. Nope. More thunder. Rumble.

8:30 pm Pittsburgh time

Flight d-layed an hour. Boards at 9:10.

Sittin on the god damn airplane about 9:30 Pittsburgh. Met an interesting girl named Michelle in the airport. She works there with the food service. We talked for a while. Her brother's in a band, and a friend's in a band in LA. Friends of Jane's Addiction. I liked her. She had a nice no bull shit attitude. Sexy girl too. 34 w/ 13 yr. old kid but her figure didn't seem to give that one away. She's affiliated w/ the bastards that charge \$10 for a sandwich on the flight. She told 'em I'm her cousin and so I'm getting a free one. She caters too. What do you make of that? Good luck huh. I'm going to mail her a CD. Somethin else huh. So the waiting game.

So I didn't get a chance to drop off CD's for Karen or Tammy. Sam's going to do that for me. He warned me "You know you're sending a dangerous messenger." I said "I know." Let the chips fall where they may. Tammy Karen. Who knows.

Chapter 3. I had to borrow \$ from Dad to pay my rent. I swear. That is the last time I will ever borrow money to get by from Dad. It will not happen again. I will prevent it from happening again.

Saw Stephanie Phillips in a coffee shop in MHC after going to the beach with Sam. That was great, Made me feel good. She looks terrific. She's got 3 kids - from a former marriage, and another who's a step child. When she walked in I thought: that's an attractive woman. She looks like a woman. 3 kids has that affect I'd guess. Tomorrow morning I start at the Vanilla place. What a laugh. The girl to my right is a gorgeous black girl with café au lait skin. She's from Toronto. I told her I'd been to Quebec City and that I thought the bacon in Canada was great. I wonder if she's a model or something. She does look exotic enough for it. I think it would be best if, after all our delays, etc. I left well enough alone. No trouble at all. So to speak. Stacy from Melbourne - may call me on her way back through LA in about 3 weeks. Adriane from Florida, 17 mailing her a CD. Abby from Georgia on her way back from Belize, 20 or so, mailing her a CD. Ashley from California knows local DJ's mailing her a CD, 17. Amber from Chapel Hill, 20 soon, mailing her a CD...cause I said I would. Tammy and Karen delivered CDs via Sam. Loved seeing Monica look forward to her being here in late August. Michelle at the Pittsburgh airport, got me a free meal...mailing her a CD. Anna from Durham, beautiful 25 year old on her way to her friend's marriage in Philadelphia discouraged cause her flight's delayed, mailing her a CD after we write email. Elizabeth from the crazy catholic lawyer family. Right person for the right job. Interesting person. Next time I'm in Ch-hill I'll call her for coffee. Kim Calhoun seen at coffee shop in Ch-hill. Sexy girl. Mailing her a CD. Mailing Monica the other 2 songs. Monica's fav. song was hatchet syndrome. Am I forgetting anyone. Goodness. The saga continues. We're about to take off. This part is the coolest. Really cookin now. I wonder what land speed we get before lift off 150 mph? Got me.

So just live huh. I've decided that as a gift to myself I don't have to worry about shit from this point forward and I don't need to do anything more than what I would naturally do and everything will take care of itself. Because that's exactly how I want it. I told everyone that I'd see 'em at X-mas but I had that dream where the van was going to NYC in Oct. so we'll see. We'll see if I'm right. I enjoyed speaking to Anna. I wonder how she'll respond to my e-letter. Time will tell.

12:40 pm 63

Lets just say today is no. 63. Just to get the fuck on with things. In between switching notebooks I got confused. That happens. So I'm in Perkatory. Came here to see that girl Jamie but she ain't here. My CDs here but ain't nobody heard it. So the fuck what. Coffee. Then practice room. Or maybe buy gas / buy food. Gotta live. I hope I get a god damn wolfgang offer today. No work. Which brings me to just another stop on the freeway of hijinx, such is my life.

I go to my new job at the Vanilla and it turns out to be \$7.00 an hour. Period. No tips. O.K. I'm fucked for sure if the best job I can get is \$7 so I offered to work out the schedule but when she declined, I declined the cash for the hour I was there and split. Chapter 3. Har Har Har. What the fuck. I should've known there was no chance in hell that was gonna work out.

Skim it. it's too dense to take all at once so I'm just gonna skim it. Rents paid. Thanks to dad. I swear to god I'll never again get my dad to pay my rent. I'll sell shit first. I will not do it.

The coffee here is pretty good. No shit. Bummer is the mofo styrofoam cup. They need to upgrade that shit to paper. Whatever. I wonder if Sam's gonna be

able to make any of my special deliveries today. Who knows. No hurry.

So this here. On the table under my pen and left hand. Is a spiral notebook. It contains 70 pages. It has a red cover. It is college ruled. It's medium sized. (10.5" x 8"). It is not perforated. It's made of the usual notebook components. Paper. Covers. Wire. No shit. you think I'm joking but I god damn am not. I lately thought a funny album title would be He Hate Me. Like the XFL player. Wudya think about that? No. OK. Place is motherfucking empty. Wonder if I'm going to the burgundy room tonight. See Kimberly. I like her star tattoo. All the time in the world. What a bunch of shit. That has no fucking meaning. All the amphora's in Alaska. All the earthworms in Burma. Who said that? Joe Taylor? For real? He's crazy.

Just me. The girl who needs four weeks or more to put in my CD. A pretty girl I ain't seen before with a hummingbird tattoo on'r ankle. Radiohead's on the stereo. So I have one hundred dollars. No money coming my way without work. My credit card is maxed - 5K. Practice room rent is due in 11 days. Maybe I'll sell the sunn cab. I guess I'd sell my stereo first. I will not borrow more money from Dad. No.

It was good to see everyone. I enjoyed being back in N.C. I could move back in Feb. Although I'll doubt that as long as I can. Date Tammy. She's my favorite from that bunch. Yeah. Just like that.

I weigh 180 lbs. doesn't sound like much but I've put on weight. For real. I used to be 173-5 lbs. lighter. Boy oh motherfucking boy. I took the sticker off my free meal thanks to Michelle that says sandwich on a blue star. I put it on my cell phone. It's there to remind me how things work. You're nice to somebody. You give them a little something. They are nice to you. They give you a little something. It's like there's a room full o'doors with people standing in front of them.

Find the right one that you click with and they'll let your sorry soaking wet cold and miserable ass in. find the right one because it's usually jumping up and down and waving arms at you. It's not supposed to be hard. But I'm so damn good at making it that way. Terribly good at it.

Linda and Connie. That's their names. Just got me a refill. So I'll spend \$10 gas \$20 food. Sandwich. All caps. Sitting with my legs all crossed at the thigh and you know what? Because of my boxer briefs which're a little snug...it ain't real comfortable for my balls. Maybe I'll ask young pretty Linda if she'd mind coming over here and readjusting my package. She could walk over - doing some cleaning or adjusting chairs or something...and I'd say:

"Excuse me, Linda?"

She'd come over and look like, can I help you with her brown big pretty eyes and say. Nothing. The look'd do.

"Can you help me out. It seems my balls are a bit scrunched up 'cause of my boxer briefs. They're kinda snug. Would you mind readjusting my package for me?" I'd ask.

Her eyebrows would arch. She'd lean back an place a hand on her hip. Assessing the situation.

Then without further ado. She'd grab and square my shoulders. Then she'd lift up my leg that's crossed with a grunt. She'd place it on the floor. She'd take a knee. And carefully, as though returning a carrier pigeon to its cubby, she'd rearrange my package. "Now that's service" I'd say with a wink.

If I could have anything. Absolutely anything. That's what I'd have.

I lost Adriane's address. So Florida girl don get nuttin. Hate to be around her when she figures that one out. Talk about a tantrum. Phew. Phew.

Phew.

What an odd word. Phew and phar between.

Empty. Nobody's in here but me. I could lay down on the floor and nobody would even notice. Or give a shit.

Coupla people showed. Na-eda. Linda's friend the guitar "pluck". I say pluck because Linda - who was born here and is Latina, said pluck in a english slide. Listening to her speak spanish is a pleasure. Also in here is a buxom blond in her hot pants and sports bra. Tres sexy. Eating a piece of cake that'll give her curves a little extra oomph. Oomph - Phew. Oomph. Phew. Oomph. Oomph. Dig that.

So here I sit. And I think. I'd like to see Linda with her hair down. I would.

She looks great with her hair in any position. I call her tomorrow at 10. We're going to the beach. Yes, there are times when I could fairly be called a lucky bastard.

8-1 11:46 62

Sunny fucking day hot ass fuck right here at my god damn little two top in urth café. This table is reserved so I'll be changin locations soon. I do hope it's into the shade. I just had an extremely frustrating conversation , not due to the contents but due to my fucking cell phone. Cell phones. What the fuck. I actually said out loud: I'll never use my cell phone again. I said it pronouncing each syllable in a monotone until the final syllable which climbed the

scale. Causing the statement almost to sound like a question. A challenge.

Some oldsters just showed up. I'd get up and give em my seat...but the sun would surely kill them.

So anyway. I'm at a different table now. Whatever. Yet again. A different table. Again. In the shade. O.K. Lot of beautiful women here today. So the fuck what. I repeat. So the fuck what.

Today has been stellar so far. I feel like I woke up with a part missing. First. I meant to get up at 9:30 so I could have coffee and wake up before calling Linda. Beautiful latina Linda. Yeah. I woke up at 10:10. Sucked back a cup of Folgers. Called her. Her service has been disconnected. That's so fucking perfect. Yet I'm not bothered. We got along good. She's got my number. It is a little awkward. If she doesn't call me I am gonna feel - lets just say - one step removed. Won't stop me from playing there this Thursday for their open mike if I'm not working. I guess the theme so far today has been that the telephone can be your enemy.

Just looked away while I was writing. I wrote below the line, it's like drunk writing. Swerving all over the place. I need to get my shit together I feel all fucked up. Last night was a gem. Lots of funny shit. Stay tuned.

I just saw a guy that looked like that drunk Aussie from the red neck bar. I actually looked hard at him. Is that him? Yeah. That guys gonna come here. Whatever man. I don't even know why I'm here. Bullshit. I'm here for the girls. Period. No other reason at all. Sure. It's a pleasant atmosphere to drink coffee and write in but overall. The girls. No question about it. Expanding on that topic I just spotted my favorite. Why - eyes. That's why. Her eyes. Spectacular. I allow myself that. Just like I

allow myself the certain knowledge that I don't have to do a single damn thing to create this future I want. The thing is barreling towards me. I am on a crash course. I will allow myself to have absolutely no worries about it. None.

The same applies to each and every aspect of chapter 3. Do you wonder why? Not that in a million fucking years I'd tell you. But I god tell you what. That is. The way. It is. Two brief asides: some guy just walked buy muttering "the cheese...I didn't do anything..." talking to no one. I think - strange environment to find a fairly well-kept psychotic. Turns out he had an ear piece in I couldn't see and was talking on the phone. #2. Avery fat woman holding a little fucking dog, toy dog, to her chest just assumed the table beside me after two good looking chicks got up. One of which had the ol' g-string show off thing going on. Oh. The sadness. What the fuck. My phone's off. Motherfucking broken. Man. Fat lady's havin a hard time. Waiter's like: sorry no dogs allowed. She's like: he's small, he'll be ok. Then she's like: I've got to sit down. Like. Even though she's been told that she can't sit there she's as immovable as a ship run ashore in a storm. Look. It's not like I judge and dislike all fat people. I don't. Large people are different from fat people. Large people are big because their genes demanded it. Evolutionary (if you believe that crap) processes have demanded that their frames be larger. They survive hard winters. Etc. Etc. They took a sword cut to the side that killed the skinny clansman next to him. Etc. Fat people, on the other hand, are fat by choice, even subconscious choice...it's acceptable to them to be a fat ass. I think that's fucking pathetic. Jesus fucking Christ you see some real beauties here. Rockstar girlfriend sexy. Anyhow. I'll just state for the record that people who find it acceptable to be a fat ass are not evil. They've just been misinformed, sold a

bill of goods...lied to by their culture. They must suffer enormously (no pun) as a result. I had to carry two jugs of fryer oil out to a truck at the end of an event last night. Probably about 25 lbs. per. So carrying them I weighed 230 lbs. Significant difference. Fat lady just knocked over the cup of water she had on the ground for her pathetic - couldn't survive a day in the wild - dog. Look. I guess that applies to people too. If you couldn't survive a day in the wild you're pathetic. Day is the limit for dogs. Week for people. I know. I fucking know I could survive on my own in nature. Even without training. I think I'd like it. Fuck. I might even prefer it. I could probably use a refill. Even though I feel all fucked up and coffee might not help. So the fuck what.

Just got a refill. Much better. I mean the coffee. It's much better than my first cup. The waiter that hooked me up...I like that guy.

Jesus what the fuck happened here. When I got here...there were a duo of hot chicks to my right...now fat lady is going on about her fucking pathetic excuse for a dog ...all the different levels of his complex personality...impressions of his cute bark. I'd like to fucking grab it and run. Hold the fucker for ransom. You know what I think. I should do it. Anyway. The girl behind me is annoying the fuck out of me talking about her foreign trips in a whiney voice. Whatever. I shouldn't get distracted so easily. It can't make for good copy.

I'm all itchy from my coupla days old sun burn.

I know you care. I could see it in your eyes.

I'd like to talk to one of these girls. I'd bet if I let the universe guide me in that direction I'll find that I do. Who the fuck cares. Staring down smirky hipsters is like my favorite thing to do. No shit.

It's the greatest. Can't no hipster withstand my glare. They deflate.

Whatever man. I'm starting to get pissed off. 12:50 still no phone service. So be it.

Just live. Keep my balance. Sing for the back bleachers. Don't work for what someone's trying to give you. Guess I should get up and give someone else my table but looking around I see people who've been here longer than me. Not many admittedly. Whatever. I'll finish my refill and go.

In the meantime I'll focus into the background. Look beyond where I am. If one of these broads wants to talk to me they will. I don't think that'll happen. That's no big deal.

I went to Burgundy room last night. Hoping to see Kimberly. No such luck. Not very fun. Don't much care for that place but it does provide some entertainment. Just for the sheer fucked upness of the place. I saw Geny - G - Knee there and she 1) didn't remember me 2) did remember the incident when she was on the floor 3) did say she was drunk at the time. I'm not the smartest but that don't make too much sense to me. Time to book almost. Almost done with my coffee. Whatever man. What the fuck ever. I was wrong. It's 12:48 now.

3:55 pm 8/4 61

Whatever. Cat + Fiddle spot in the shade. Interesting 24 hrs. Pretty girls walking by. Too bad they're on their way out. Well they sat back down. Maybe to talk to me. So I guess I'll talk to them. Nope there they go. On the way out the one in the black t-shirt dress pulled up on her g-string. Nice move that. If there weren't women I'd jump into a crevasse. Such enjoyable things to be around. Anyhow before I got distracted...I'm having coffee at the cat + fiddle. Have

to come next Sun night...they've got jazz. So last night Amy came over. I waited for Linda to call...she said she would at "12 - 12:30...more like 12:30" make that more like 1:23 after I'd already called back Amy to come over. But on the plus side: she still wanted to meet me at the bar at 1:30 so that's got to be a good thing. So I'm sitting at home waiting for Amy to show up and Linda calls...I see that it's her number and decide I can't answer it...what would I say? The truth most likely. How would that help my situation? So Amy shows up at 2:30 we have sex, she's out by 7:30. That is pretty damn good. Changed all 4 tires, gassed up and hit the road. So this morning I call Linda and it turns out she's working at the café tonight so I'm dropping by before practice. I want to kiss her. If the place is empty I might try. Tis my attempt to try. Went to practice room last night played an hours worth of acoustic crap. Good for me.

Have you ever had pine cheese? Pine cheese. You know. It's a by-product of the harvesting of pine nuts.
(1-10)

Funny? Write how funny you think it is on the blank below then turn the page and to prove how powerful my psychic powers are I will guess your choice (1-10). Thing is though if you look at the next page before writing your answer (in pencil) below it will cause my psy-powers to overload and it wont work. Go ahead.

See. I told you it wouldn't work if you looked first you cheater.

Anyway.

I'm a conduit of energy. I'm nothing but a well-made pipeline. I am wide open. Nothing obstructs the flow.

Still writing with the pen I borrowed at Café Driade.

So fucking what.

I was at a catering event Sat. night and one of the caterers had a wooden tray...looked custom made. I asked her if she made it and if it had "the natural" written on it. I thought that was funny.

At the Burgundy Room on Sat. night I met Valerie a very sexy girl the kind you won't take home to momma. She's in a group of 4 girls who wrestle in oil half (or I guess almost entirely) naked. She had been there flaunting and flyering. I said, when she walked by me, in a dopey southern accent loud: "Hey what's yer name?"

She and her friend looked at me kinda surprised cause I'd just been standing there against the wall for about ½ hr. She smiled at me and said

"Valerie" as she was walking outside to the foyer to have a cigarette. Later I walked up to her and said: "You sure are pretty do you have a boyfriend?" in the same tone of voice.

She held up her hand and said while looking through her eye-lashes "Five."

"Oh 5," I said. Then I switched my voice to normal and said: "Nah I'm just joking. I was bored and you looked like you'd be a fun girl to talk to so I thought I'd come over." Smiling.

Her friend, also sexy, fishnet stockings, Valerie had on garters and nylons, said "We're flyering." Valerie "Yeah give him a flyer."

That done they walked back inside. Val. (I'm gonna call her Val.) sits on the bar showing off some great legs, leans back and starts rocketting them one by one at the knee into the air. Nice stuff. Her show is this Friday. Think I'll be going. I've gotta piss. Back in 2.

More coffee. Self serve. That's what I like about this place. Dude to the side looks like Steve Malkmus. No shit. Looks like but I guess is not. The chick he's with is rock star attractive though. As if it matters, or I fucking care. The power of pussy. It's a force to be reckoned with. I need to wake the fuck up about it. Well it's best to indulge now while I'm single and still can catch the occasional girl's eye. Remember before you judge - I was a drunk and in a monogamous relationship for 5 years. Almost 1.75 of which were spent in Long Distance status. Famine. Then feast. I could have made things so much cooler with Teresa if I'd been able to control my drinking. Sorry Teresa.

Yeah like thats the best I can do. Sorry.

That dude may not be the Pavement guy but he's got something going to get a chick like that: \$, fame. Who knows. Maybe he's royalty.

So what.

Four-thirty.

Anything you observe, see, hear, etc. that instant you "observe" happened a fraction of a millisecond before you observed it. Water droplet falling. I see it move through space attracted by gravity but before the light can make it from it to me - 25 feet - the droplet has moved. I'm getting in a hugely exaggerated sense - yesterday's newspaper.

Just one more example of how what you think of as real. Is not real.

So what.

At least I'm in the shade.

Last night I dreamt of a big house and a party in it. I got drunk - I was smoking. I woke up feeling like shit and there was broken glass from dropped beer bottles on the tile of the bathroom floor.

Get this. My reflection showed I had white pancake make-up on like some elizabethan era courtesan with black lipstick on. I had some kind of brown stuff stained around my mouth, chin, cheek. Someone had written in felt tip on my face "Kiss Me" with a arrow drawn to my mouth. I remember washing this off in the sink.

What does it mean? Fifteen mins. left on the meter.

What the helvetica.

There was a tribe in eastern europe in 100 BC (a celtic tribe) called the Helvetii. Go figure. What's the connection. Do you know? I don't. I don't know. Stop yelling at me. Stop it. I don't know how could I possibly have the answer to that?

½ cup more.

Jerked off this morning first time I'd done that in a while. Thought of Linda. I wonder what she'll have on tonight when I see her. I bet she'll look good.

XXXX

Looking out through the gateway to the sidewalk I just saw a young black kid in yellow shorts drop his jacket accidentally. He had it slung over his bookbag. Too far to yell. Too late to run after him. Don't much feel like Running after him...I've lost jackets before it's not that bad. He'll get over it.

Maybe he's got a quarter bag in it and ½ hour 15 minutes from now he'll get harassed by some cop. Maybe it happened when some ghost grabbed it as he was walking past. Kid hasn't come back for it yet. Still lying there untouched.

As it should be. Dropped my resume...they ain't hiring.

What the fuck. Hey kid turn around and go back and get your jacket. Hey Kid! Your Jacket! Jesus H. jacket dropping Christ on the sidewalk.

Little Whitey and the Liars. Possible band name idea. What do you think. Funny? How funny one to ten. Write it below and in a display of my psychic powers I will accurately predict your answer on the following page. Write it in pencil below and don't cheat this time.

2? Hey thanks a lot. That's just great. Really appreciate your finely tuned sense of humor. Runs like a top. You're the greatest. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. No you are. 4:55 meters up.

Oh it's not a jacket. It's a towel.

8/5 2:15pm 60

Holy shit. What a motherfucker of a day so far. Got hired by the 4th catering Co. I sure do have a lot of jobs for a guy who never works. Hey guess what. The beautiful rock star girl is starting here as a waitress. Nice. And. The same waitress I had yesterday is here. We smiled. Said hi. Boy I sure do fall in love a lot for a cynical merciless bastard with a heart of alabaster. Sitting in Cat + Fiddle getting an unpleasant whiff from somewhere occasionally. Fountain is in front of me.

O.k. Cool it. That waitress is a knock out. Fessing up here. A.T.W. (All the way) she's stunningly attractive. And a waitress. Cool it. I think she likes me. I bet she can't wait to talk to me. Find out all about. Me. Uh huh. Yep. No. Not really.

Café Draide pen still in effect. She actually has pretty good tray skills. Why do I become such a dork around extremely attractive women? Do you think extremely attractive women like that? Do you think they want to be told they're extremely attractive. They're just people after all. Same emotional range. Same failings. Same useless constant attempts at the unattainable. Everyone thinks what they most want might be unattainable. It is partially what drives us to attain it. Makes us want it more. Increases our desire.

So I walk in here and the bartender - girl I've ordered from before is like...coffee? She knows me too well.

Went to Southbay this morning...pains me to think of it. I got hired. Then thought...well I'm all the way over here I may as well check it out. So I drove around. I got lost trying to leave. Couldn't find a coffee shop. Found nothing worth stopping to see. The

air smelled nice though. Did get in a shouting match with a box truck driver who was trying to cut me off.

Not much of a match since all I did was yell fuck you and give him the finger.

Some foreign old lady just walked up to me showing me a post it with an address on it and talking some mumbo jumbo. So I'm like. Excuse me? Oh. You're looking for that address? I'm not sure what the address is here but (I wave my hand uphill) I think you want to go that way.

She had dyed red hair. A lot of make up on. Sounded Eastern European - Lithuanian or something. Anyway. No really Anyway.

So towards the end of being stuck in hermosa beach I beseeched the Lord for his guidance.

I said: "Good Lord, get me the fuck outa here."

I said: "Good Lord, guide me the fuck out of here."

He did. He certainly did. I found the main road and before you know it (10-15 mins) I was back on 405 moving at a crawl.

Got off took La Cienega to 10. Much faster.

So when I came here yesterday I broke a 20 on my coffee. Same deal today. Where does it go? \$5 gas. \$10 saltines, ant bait, chipotle flavor tobasco sauce - luxury item but I cook with it - , \$2.50 coffee, \$2.50 coffee, So my coffee drinking has become a 5\$ a day habit. Unacceptable. I'm gonna cut that in ½.

Thankfully I'm in the shade. Need a refill. Dear Lord, please send one of the foxy waitresses over here to pour me some more coffee and smile. Good Lord I beseech thee.

So I went and saw Linda after practice last night. She was too busy to talk much. Don't get the impression we're gonna be romantic any time real soon. Guess I'm

free to hit on Jamie again - although Linda when I told her about Jamie did say Jamie had a boyfriend. Oh whatever. I'd prefer the brunette who just started here. She's the one for me. If she comes to me. Anyhow.

The label that gets me. Gets me. The girl that gets me, gets me. Besides the tall one with the tattoo is quite a looker too.

So I'm, gonna play on my own at Perkatory coupla Mondays from now as an opening act. She - Connie - "was going to offer" me a weekend night on my own but I told her I'd rather open up for someone. I'm unknown. So I ain't gonna draw...yeah right.

I suppose I'd better get my own damn coffee.

Joe Taylor. That's all I've got to do. My sole obligation. Be myself. Be the energy conduit. Be the most efficient conductor possible.

So I went and got me own coffee. There was a fresh pot brewing. Maybe I jumped the gun.

There's like 3 tables of lesbians here. Did I stumble on another lesbian bar? Café? Jesus. Can't blame em the chicks who work here are rockin'.

Hot. So I just took off my shirt. My button up merchant marine shirt with the cut-off sleeves that says Sykes on it. Hard not to feel like a major dork when you do that but...whatever...I was sweating my way through it. So what. Life goes on. I do feel like a poser though. But, take heart, I probably just look like a fag. Faggot! There, to complete the pose I just kicked one leg up on the table. Now all I have to do is place one hand behind my head and part my lips just so...Faggot! Now I'll moisten my lips with my tongue. Faggot!

Tank top. Taupe pants, redwings with blue socks. Blue hanes boxer briefs. My brooks bro. belt, black, simple. God I'm such a dork.

Nice courtyard they've got here. I think if I were a lesbian this is exactly the kind of place I'd want to go. Hu hu hu hu.

So before I went to sleep last night I thought...listening to Isis in the dark. Lyin' naked on top of the brown wool army blanket I borrowed from Teresa. I thought...someone to hold. Precisely I thought some one for Joe Taylor to hold onto. Someone for Joe Taylor to hold onto. A mantra. Like a prayer. Over + over. Someone to hold. Well I guess we're all alike in our weaknesses. Nice cool breeze. Nice breeze just spun through. More of that would be good.

Joe Taylor. That's all I've got to do. It's chapter 3.

15 mins left on the meter. Let it all go.

Think I'll go drop another $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Leave my shit here. You can fucking have it.

Just like that kid's towell. Nobody touched it. Think I'm making some kind of an impression on the trendy art fag yuppie pussies that work off of here. It's like recording facilities + studios. Privilege jobs handed around a close knit community. Fuck them. They're afraid of me. I've got what they want + will never have. Drive. Lord knows I got my drive. If the good Lord wills it my drive will translate into sucess. Shit I can't even spell success.

I ok'd it...getting my own coffee. The brunette didn't seem to have an opinion on it. Didn't register the blond's reaction. My work here is done.

No service.

Last night at Perkatory was leaning against the bar and I saw through the window the hot blond I'd noticed inside we made eye-contact. I shut one eye like a pirate. She laughed. It's the fucking tree that stinks. People are driving by honking at me. Word.

Actually it's just fuckers setting their oh so necessary car alarms.

People who walk around with their sunglasses on all the time. What the fuck is that? Huh. What the fuck is that?

Thank god I'm not the only one writing this song or else nothing would ever come of it. good Lord. Who the fuck cares.

½ hour on the meter. Practice tonight. Then what. Amy was drunk last night when she came over and she fucked up my seeing Linda. Well well well look who likes to point the finger and blame people. So I'm not thrilled about seeing her again. Although she did leave jewelry at my place. I think girls do that on purpose sometimes. Correction. Girls do that on purpose.

I have no defense against that chick. She's too good lookin'. She could even be a bitch smart as a lawnmower and I'd still be completely disarmed around her. I fucking hate that. It's uncomfortable. I don't hate it. It's not that bad... It makes me feel little inside. Only kidding. It's what it is.

Well - my attitude towards the pussies who work here...you may not like me but I could still kick your ass. Ain't that right pussy boy.

Two plates one hand. She's actually a good waitress. I didn't know they came that good looking. I mean, there's lots of extremely beautiful bad waitresses, but good ones...not many. Excepting loved ones, ex-girlfriends, etc.

Energy. Whatever. I made a funny face at the blond waitress I think I may have seen the beginning of a smile. Nice that. Ok.

What do you want to talk about?

Music. I love it. I've decided. I want to do it for a living. I was playing the major in the 8x8 room w/ Chris + Chris + thought...this is as much as I can ask for. I love this shit. I do.

So I've made up my mind. 2 months left in 31. Lets see how they turn out. Maybe now that I've finally decided shit'll actually start to work for me.

The next time I move out of LA I don't want to move back. Lets finish it right this time.

15 mins left on meter.

They come to me now. Labels. Girls. To me. I'm not doing a damn thing from this point forward. No thing. No promotion. Sure I'll continue to call the XXX individuals (crossed out fuckers) I mailed it too but that's just for fun. I like the surprise when they give me attitude and I give it back because I don't give a fuck. I don't. I also like the surprise at how heavy it is. Yeah, that's right. Heavy.

Compared to what we were doing.

Observe. In my current capacity as caterer loser that comes in here to write that fox is out of my league. But I'm not that. I'm Joe Taylor. Lead singer guitarist songwriter for a bad as shit rock band. I'm not some pussy lawyer or industry cup cake like the trio of dipshits to my left slinging lingo about the industry and talking all self important. I'm doing exactly what I want with my life. I want to get on a first name basis with these beauties. Is that so wrong? Well, is it? Oh, it is? why. Fuck you I said why. We're just people I'm not stalking anyone...so I write here a couple times a week it'd be nice to come in and say..."Hey Suzie." or "Hey Camille." and whatnot. Especially whatnot.

Jesus Christ my hair looks stupid. It's ok foxy I'll leave you be no heavy glances I know you're out of

my league. I'm not stupid as my hair looks. It's ok. I dig it. Things had better improve soon I think I've gone plumb crazy. No not lead poisoning. Just bonkers.

8-6 59 9:54am

The fifties. How nice. Let's see if I can enjoy them without the sexual repression and fear of rampant communism running amuck. Anyhow enough of that b.s. Time to be goofy. To perform. Pour on the Taylor charm. What the fuck. Sunny here. For sure. O.K. in short. I'd like the blond to my right that I made eyes at in line. I enjoyed the fact that her nipples got hard. O.K. It's true. Maybe. Maybe Joe wants blond. Spoken like a caveman. I'd like to chase her with the brunette to my front. Why? Dumb question. Because. Because we're alive and that's what ya do.

Damn. I just saw Caroline walking away. Remember her? Frenchie. Whatever. I just did my blink but because I didn't draw it out it probably looked more like a twitch. Dip shit. That's ok. I bet I'll see her again. So I'm leaning into the shade. About 40 mins till departure. Anyway.

Energy. Through the top. Wide open. Goofy bastard. The best things in life are free. I would like to talk...of course I would - I wont even bore you with that sentence.

Still waking up here.

Place has emptied out since I got here. I seem to have that effect.

Left. Right. Write. Tava and Christine. Actress + producer of dog shows. Cousins. Funny stuff that. Whateva. Now I should do what I can to have a chaser of brunette.

Fly me to the moon.

Joe Taylor. Now. I exist within my skin and about a foot out.

Something funny that happened. Last night I was thinking about the girl I want. I thought Stacy's name as though calling her. I heard a slamming sound from upstairs.

Words are a joke. They're party masks for what is actually the point.

Excuse me, I was just posing for the brunette. I would like to put my hand on the outside of her leg cupping the inside of her knee. I'd like to draw her leg to the side as she gravitated to me. Well I would. Tava was talking to me like I'm 21. I must look young. 10:23. Not too much more time left on the meter. Whatever. The choices we make. Back to what I was saying.

Energy. We're like flares hanging from parachutes. In a dark sky we illuminate each other. No words are necessary. Act as you would if there were no spoken language. Just like that. Be honest to your impulses, your internal guidance is not a liar.

Oh. And where-ever you are. That's your house. Home. Comfort.

I just thought of a good joke. But the thing is. I can't tell you. Because a good joke can only be performed or informed. Not both.

Flares.

will I never die

8/7/2003 58 10:50am

Larchmont. Sun on my thorax, abdomen, yet my face is greatfully...blessedly...shaded from the hot desert sun. Went by cat + fiddle not open yet. So I'm here at Larchy. Shit fer t-day...training at two. Didn't see it

before but there's a fucking starbucks on this street too. I'm actually at the coffee bean + fuck head. Corporate coffee. What the fuck ever. Hot.

Holy shit that's a fuck load of money.

Damn my girlfriend is smokin.

I said that like a mantra in my mind between 10:30ish and 1:07am. No shit. I said it internally to try to better understand it.

Just called another god damn restaurant. Dropping by today. Avoid Avoid Avoid Avoid. What the fuck ever. Fucking break I'd like. Got an email from Josh G. Good to hear from that old soldier.

What the fuck. That's what you get for being a nice guy. Buncha old people sitting beside you. Jesus h. Christ. Get me the fuck outa here.

Controlled Descent. Some argument over whether or not to change the band name. Looks - "Sea Air" - quote from grand dame beside me. Any motherfucking how - looks like it's Lystra.

Pretty coupla girls on the inside. O.K. Tricky situation not much ease in this transaction.

Punk kid at register free refill - tipped him 50 cents. I'm a fucking champ.

Holy shit that's a fuck load of money.

Damn my girl-friend is smokin.

At least I get coffee.

Killing my roses.

Full on shade. Better.

I've only been here about 40 minutes if you can believe that shit.

Extremely...You know. I guess I won't waste anybody's time mentioning the hot chick that just walked into the coffee shop. Must be boring copy.

It's stranger than fuck. Being me I mean. Odd odd life I have.

Holy shit that's a fuck load of money.

Damn my girlfriend is beautiful.

Linda. Is sexy.

I'll never buy a BMW. Not that it matters.

8/8 11:33 58

Dropped Chris Toms at the airport this mornin. Before 7 am. Went back home and slept 'till 9:45. Had sort of a headache all day. Don't know what the fuck that's about. I'm hoping it'll go away as I have some coffee. I've just been having tea so far...at the apartment. So I go out for coffee. I'm at the cat + fiddle coffee's on its way. I sit facing the street. There's 3 benches in this lil' courtyard and the one across the place has been taken. So I'm here...further away. Coffee tastes like diner coffee here. Nothing wrong with that.

So this week I've met Linda, and yesterday Colleen and Laura [Lôra] from Twin Palms, a place I applied as a host. Funny how I was thinking about making one a main focus yet when I woke up I knew it was simply a waste of effort. A leaf just fell on the table so maybe I'm wrong. Got two work offers from wolfgang but by the time I got to the library both were gone. I'm not using Rady's computer anymore since he got pissy about me leaving it on and threatened to put a password on it. Whatever. What the fuck ever. A bit disappointed that he tweaked so easily. Well different people have different hot spots. Wutevah.

Dude just walked in the courtyard entrance turned and headed for the artfag offices. I thought to myself...I bet I could beam that fucker in the head with my coffee cup. I mean he came straight and then turned to my left and went along a wall like a duck in a shooting gallery. I totally could've scared the fuck out of him if I didn't hit him. Of course...I'd a been in a spot of trouble then.

Jesus Christ I'm broke. At least I've got gas in the tank.

Holy shit that's a fuckload of money.

Damn my girlfriend is smokin'.

Things are getting dull. Time for a change.

The buildings around me have a Spanish villa vibe. Clay tiles, stucco finish, wrought iron trim. Tree's growing here + there. Flagstones below your feet. Stench of industrial strength cleaner all around you. Oh, except that last part. That's more restaurant than villa.

Went out with Amy last night for coffee. Think she and I are dun. I guess we served a purpose. But the last time I saw her she was drunk and annoying. And besides. We're too different. I don't want to talk shit about her seeing as we've dated for a couple months but you know how it is...once you decide you're moving on those little things you used to overlook start to bug the shit out of you.

I can't believe I'm 32 in 2 months. Once I'm 32 I guess I'll officially be able to say I'm in my early thirties. 31 is still...well just 31.

Just said hi to the hostess. She walked by with her hostess smile on. I get the feeling she could rip a broken arrow out of her thigh and not lose that smile.

Bet I could chuck my spoon into the fountain from here. I'd really have to arch it though...too many obstructions. I bet nothing would happen if I did. Took some of the stupid shit off my walls this morning. Stuff I'd found places. Started feeling like I was living in some teenager's room. I put a "don't stack" shipping sticker on the wall. I cut out a story about a mountain lion killed after stalking a biologist. I had some orange tape from a "queen mary" catering lingo for car t...that said "Don't Touch"...I had some masking tape from a broken peppercorn grinder saying "don't use". I threw all that shit away. I took the "Joe's" off the door...it had been on a bag I had stored in the back of the bookstore. I put that in my shaving kit...an acceptable place to collect meaningful meaningless shit.

I'm going to interview as a 'talent scout' at some LA hack office building in an hour. Can you believe I'm actually going to do that shit? What a fucking waste of time. Jesus degree in Biology one year of Law School Christ. Whatever.

Leaving in like 25 mins. Guess I'd like some more coffee. I met Mel. The cute brunette waitress with the tattoo. Cool name Mel. She told me to help myself to the coffee. She and I are gonna be friends.

So after having the dream where I was talking to Dad by a fire...did I tell you about that? I was sitting on the hearth smoking a cigarette. Smoke from the fire was hitting me but oddly enough so was cool air and rain...as though rain was coming down the chimney.

I thought I heard some chick yell "dangerous". Don't guess I know what to make of that. I guess sometimes girls just like to get attention. Correction. Girls like attention.

Anyhow.

So Dad and I are talking about his health and how fucked up having to take all that pain medication is.

And long and short of it is we both agree the best thing to do would be for him to get the back surgery.

I've wanted to have that girl's name for a while. Mel. Glad to have it.

Wearing blue dockers?? I think maybe some other kind like actually...I bet they're Savanes. I got in about '96. Too big in the waist for me. They're blue with a orange spotting pattern on them on one leg from where I splashed bleach on them.

Redwings, black Dickies socks, brooks bro.s belt...yellow tee shirt Rob gave me from a lacrosse team he played on about 17-18 years ago now I'd guess. The shirt is very thin. The number is 22.

12:17. About ten minutes left on the meter. Then I'm gone.

Another duck just walked down the wall. I guess I'd have to stand up to get enough room for a good range-of-motion. Bang...the cup would smash into the wall and the snobby art-show biz hack hipster fuck would throw his hands up and either 1) sink to the ground and piss himself or 2) run like a scared chicken. Either way it'd be funny as shit.

Don't get upset...I do maintain a small reserve of impulse restraint.

8-9 10:55 57

11 o' the clock

One hour on the meter. Urth café. Bad mood for a coupla days now. Hot as fuck. At least I'm shaded. The pen I got from Driade fell off (I had it clipped to the cover) on my walk to the van so I'm using a papermate I got at a job interview. Don't remember which one.

Good Lord in heaven above or angel of darkness ruling a lake of fire below. Something ain't xactly clickin for me and I'd appreciate it if that would change.

Holy shit that's a fuck load of money.

Damn my girlfriend is smokin.

I'd like to fuck the blond to my left. She's very sexy. There is that straight forward enough? Whatever.

O.K. besides finding the blond beside me extraordinarily beautiful. Which, Luv., you are. But besides that...you'd think I have a lot to talk about seeing as it was a year ago today 8-9-2 that I got "into" lawschool and thus began a year of chaos and mayhem. But before I get into the shit...I should tell you why I'm here.

The coffee is good and strong.

Beautiful women are probably the crowning achievement of god. I want to sit and write. Also...people judge you by your looks here and that's one thing I've got going for me.

Too bad for me the foxy chicks left.

But on the plus side I'm fully in the shade.

What. The Fuck. Am. I. Doing. With. My. Life. Who cares.

Oh. I'm sure you do. I bet you're chock full o care.

I'm so conflicted. I fucking hate hipsters, yet what am I if not the most refined, absolute hipster there is. Of course you don't have to be a genius to diagnose that. People hate because they're misdirecting negative energy towards themselves. Whatever. At least I get to start playing guitar out again.

I hate it when you look at someone and they get that expression like a dog takin' a shit...like hey...yep...you got me...I'm a dog takin' a shit...it's a cross between embarrassment and performance. Dog shit = performance art. All performance art is dog shit. There I wrapped that up nicely. Refill.

Coupla points: I broke my phone by throwing it at a wall. I called Linda left a message she has yet to call me back. The last year of my life has been in fucking sane...but then again so was the before that and the year before that etc. etc. back to about '93. Think I'll die my hair brown today for a kick. On a SCALE of 1-10 of happiness I'm probably about 4 today. Last night I fell asleep on the goddamn sofa...at about 10:30. Woke up at 1:30. So much for Friday night. I wish I could still smoke. I feel like I've been in the pool too long. This town is disgusting.

Anyway. So I got "into" lawschool 8-9-2. Didn't find out till 8-12-2 (Monday). Left for N.C. 8-15-2. Teresa found the box of condoms + we unofficially broke up 8-20-2 (I guess). Got to NYC 8-21-2 or so. Classes started like 8-25 I don't fucking remember.

Whatever. Stayed in school till about 9-11-2. Left for NC 10-1-2. After cheating on Teresa again. Was a drunk for 9-2. Lived in P-boro for 10/11-2. Back to MHC for 12-2. Left for LA 2-3. That's about as much as I can get out w/o puking now.

OK. You know what 10-4 equals? A good piece of ass. 10-4 = good piece of ass. Done.

3 ish 8-9

Perkatory. Laundry is in dryer. Linda is working. Ice coffee. Just played through an acoustic set...about 45 mins. worth I guess. The hip hop song playing now is a rip off of Fugazi's Repeater. Long Beach all stars members of Sublime. Interesting. I guess. I know.

One year ago today. Linear time is a fucking joke. So what.

Lifted weights today.

That shits good for ya...exercise.

Alright. Linda. I bet we could be good for each other. She certainly is a fox. Who knows. Only an hour ago I was thinking we'd only (at best) become casual friends. Maybe we could do more... See what I mean. I need a lil' focus. Whatever. I think things are a. o. k. Nothing. Everything. All energy. Infinity.

My girlfriend is smokin hot.

Damn that's a lot of money.

My hair is dark brown.

Learning all the time. Get yr. energy straight.

Looks. Ok. Enough addendum and miscellany. Nutin' but junk so far.

**Sunday 56 10th Aug.
about 11:30**

Setting: Dappled sunlight of cat + fiddle bench nearest the fountain.

Ceramic waffle house style mug o' coffee on bench-like table.

The table is from all accounts...actually made of wood. And I did ask a few people... The varnish is coming off. Wrought iron base with decorative studs big circle diameter of which exceeds the table. It's Sunday so parking is free.

I just switched points of view. I'm now in a shaded part of the courtyard...2 steps further from the fountain.

One table of 30 somethings, a trio, 2 guys and a girl. Look smartly dressed but not fashionable - one of the guys is wearing Richard Petty style shades and looks a lot like Michael Jackson believe it or not.

The fantastically beautiful hostess / waitress is here. But no sign of the tall, lovely Mell.

Much cooler over here in the shade.

Yeah, honestly, no shit, you should try it. Shade, when it's hot out...actually has a cooling effect. Something to do with being out of direct sunlight. However...you should know there is still plenty of indirect sunlight in shade. Otherwise it would be called "darkness". But still, the difference between direct and indirect sunlight is astounding. I've read (or perhaps it was in conversation) that the existence of our atmosphere allows light to bounce around and thus create indirect sunlight. Like sound underwater. One of the things people point out about photos from the "lunar landing" is that there are shaded elements to the pictures. Like the spacesuits are tri-tone. Light, dark, shade when they should just be twin-tone...light and dark. The skeptics say this proves the existence of atmosphere where the photos were taken... o.k. I don't know enough about it I guess. That dude looks a lot like an older fatter mike. No shit. Same disgruntled expression...problem is if it (and I'm just fucking around...Mike's not old + fat yet) were he'd have recognized me for sure.

The blond waitress I here. Man she's a looker too. I've got to keep a cool head.

Well well well look who moved again. Starting to get the feeling the employees here are getting sick of me. Whatever. Like I fucking care. Nice courtyard.

In order to keep from being ostracized I'll float the appropriate attitude. Done.

What the fuck ever.

Burgundy Room last night. Followed by a Cahuenga tour courtesy of Tiffany and her friend Christine. Interesting if not enjoyable. "Shoe Star" or some such shit...hip hop dane crowd. Little cig. smoking in the back. Tiffany got us through the guys out front. There was a wait. Next was Beauty Bar. Funny smell to that place. Smoking in the back. Collegiate crowd nothing too smart about it. Next...back to Burgundy Room. Vanessa - not Valery - was bartending - she had some lingerie style hot pants on...got up on bar and did her routine. She did it well - fantastic.

This little pussy abercrombie type with a yellow golf visor on I think said something under his breath when I walked by him on my way to the bathroom. I let it go. As his punishment I'm going to make all the girls who work here have a crush on me. No shit. Little fucker. It was too faint to be sure or I'd have called him on it. Believe me I would. Honestly. I would have. What do you think I'm chicken? It's fucking hot today. What the fuck ever man.

Avoid. Avoid. Avoid. God damn people are annoying. Whatever. Focus. I'm here to write and talk to Mell. Mell is the one I've picked out of this lot...but nothing probably will come of it and besides...I couldn't possibly trouble her, you, or anyone to give a shit.

So last night some interesting developments with Kimberly. I saw her. Approached her. She brushed my advances off...saying I was too aggressive. So I ignored her. She started being un pequeño...a very little subtle bit...flirtatious. Go figure.

There's a bird in the fountain. Facing me. Pretty cool.

Lets talk about me for a while. I'm a guitarist of no small ability. I can sing loud and on key most of

the time. I can come up with reasonably interesting phrasing for the music and words. I've got a fair share of strange experience. I look forward to playing again. So the fuck what.

Dudes talking about the "legion of doom" at the 3 top. Pretty cool. I tried making a funny face at the cute brown hair / blond waitress...can't tell what effect it had. It was sort of a consternation slash puzzlement look.

Black levy's action slacks. Redwing freshly polished + shined, white socks, white boxers, brooks bro. belt, Madras print button up shirt. Short sleeve. Was Dad's. its probably 30 years old. Thank god I don't drink alcohol anymore. Leather choker necklace on. I'm probably creeping the waitress here out. Whatever. It's all done with good humor. Black stains on the two forefingers of my left hand...from polishing my boots.

I need a shave. I need a job.

Fucking Hollywood.

Hope I get that twin palms job. Hope I get it to-fucking day. So I dreamt oddly last night. Just spoke to Veronica. Brown hair / blond hair... Lovely Spanish accent.

Dude next store just lit a smoke. Damn there are times when I miss that. I'm sure I'll smoke again. Just not anytime real soon.

Smart-ass-grin. I do that a lot. Just flashed it at the blond who hooked me up with my coffee for free.

So last night on my way out I bet the universe a nickel I wouldn't be giving a girl a ride home. So what happens...Tiffany is too drunk to drive her friend home so I do it. I chucked a nickel out the window.

Correction...the base isn't wrought iron...merely pot metal. I'd guess it's about noon plus a bit now.

I've envisioned Kimberly and I...what I meant by that is that I've seen a split second of us having sex with Isis playing so I know it'll happen.

Smart ass smile returned by waitress.

I've noticed I get scents sent to me psychically also. For example last night before I left for my 'wild night on the town' I thought of Kimberly with the nautical star and received a brief, slit second of her perfume. No kidding...a delicious vanilla based concoction...I hadn't seen the girl in 3 wks and didn't remember any perfume before but there it was and later when I talked to her I told her it was alluring - it was the same smell - I told her I just came over to take a hit off her.

Same thing happened before in between meeting Brigitte and dating her.

So. Kimberly and I are going to connect...just a question of when.

Got about 5 pages down. I'd quit but the coffee's free and Veronica's sexy and buxom. Besides what the fuck else am I gonna do? At some point today I'll drive to Twin Palms and check in on my potential employment.

My phone is broke. I threw it at the wall...I don't miss that piece of shit at all.

Focus. I believe Veronica has my attention...I definitely find her attractive but...if Veronica...No Mell. And Mell and I have yet to reveal our potential. I need to make an educated decision. An educated guess.

Mother just trucked a kid in here...in a stroller announcing an 8 top. Whatever.

Kids look so damn stupid. Jesus this place is about to become a fucking preschool.

Talk about an easy time convincing me to leave. Ok. One more cup of coffee. The mug is small. It probably doesn't hold much more than a cup. A tiny ration. However...they're sitting away from me so it's probably bearable.

I think part of why I don't like being around the young family crying child thing...besides the prima facia fact that they're annoying...is that I can't be confrontational, hostile, or anything fun toward them. Can't hit on the women...they hold no interest for me.

I think I'll wink at Veronica next time I see her. Bottom of the pot. Tastes homemade. The last couple mugs from my coffee maker always tasted this way.

Too bad. No eye contact with V. I think I'll call her V. Till she tells me not too. No Mell today but then again I already knew that. Chances are I won't see her again for week'n a half or so. That's been the frequency so far at least.

Unless of course I were to "bust a move" on Veronica. Then she'd appear in a heartbeat to make me feel like a dumb-ass.

A little sore from lifting weights yesterday...good feeling.

CHARACTER: ME

Me me me me me. If you haven't guessed yet that's what this whole long drawn out complaint is about. Me. So if you're not into me. You should just flip to the back. And find out what happens.

I haven't seen hide nor hair of that super foxy hostess since about ½ hour ago. Too bad for...me. I'd like to pour a bottle of molasses on V and make her my favorite flavor. Crying children. Jesus Christ I'm sure "my" kids'll be a lot cooler. Please Lord.

So anyhow. You've got the setting and the character... Now how about the conflict. What is the conflict? Man vs. Man. Man vs. Nature. Man vs. Universe. Man vs. Self. If I have an arch-enemy he's / she's yet to appear so Man vs. Man is out. "I" like nature. "I" am part of the universe...and "I" like the rest of it. So "I" guess it's Man vs. Self. Yeah Man vs. Self (Calif 50, 200, '04) as decided by yo momma. I can't cite for shit anymore. Good thing I'd rather not be a lawyer.

Woman with a huge black and red feather boa just walked by the courtyard entrance. I shifted to the seat facing the sidewalk...guess I wasn't specific. I never made the connection before boa constrictor, feather-boa. I wonder what boa means in Latin, or is it born of a different root. If something can be "born" of a "root". If one allows that then one must allow sprout from he womb to describe birth as well.

When you were born.

I came into the world, sprouted from the womb as it were, in early Autumn 1971.

Hostess is out. Goodness she's a looker.

Life goes on. Focus.

I'm gonna go sink my head in the fountain. In order to return some blood to my head. She's not real friendly...at least not yet. Maybe someday. Maybe someday not.

There goes feather boa on opposite side of the street.

Hey hey we're the junkies.

8-11 Monday 55 11:45?

I'm at starbucks on Larchmont less said about the better. I've got eleven. I've got \$11 and change in my

account...actually take \$1.40 off that for the god damn coffee.

Sitting at an outside table. Topics for today: one year ago to the day tomorrow to the date but referencing the day because it's Monday...I got into law school. Jenny got back from Germany...three or so? days later. I saw her the day before I left. Found out Monday left Friday as I recall. And so began a hectic and quite expensive trip to the east coast and back. Expansive on several fronts. I'm still wakin' up. Can't believe it's only been a year its felt like 15. To get to the point...it's not been easy.

Larchmont. Hot and cold. It's like the return of the locusts. The pretty women are back. So much the easier to distract me from my task at hand. To record the crazy life or one Joe motherfucking Taylor.

Second point for today. I'm still emotionally fragile. All it took was one look, eyes only, over the shoulder of a friend and my heart was in my throat. Seriously, I met her look at a squint...she was smiling at me. I came close to barfing up a pint of blood.

Third point. If you could have anything at all. Any situation included what would that be? I saw some old man walking "makin' his way the only way he knew how" down the street in some electric blue running pants. It crossed my mind that that's what I want...those pants. Then I told myself that that was a non-answer.

But was it. F'real. Was it? I'm not so sure.

I stained my shirt. Look like a retard. Oh well. Coffee cups drip sometimes. Life goes on. I'd bet if I did it all the time I could make it fashionable.

Met a tall blond at the end of my dream last night. She was a dentist? I asked her if she was the dental hygienist but then she said she wanted to be the dentist. But don't we all?

Then she gave me a t-shirt with "Lystra" on it.
Yeah what the fuck ever.

Oops. Caught myself posin. Neck all stretched out
in wonder...far away look in my eyes, one leg cocked out
one under the chair. Got ta cut that out.

I drooled on myself. I'd like to say that like
forrest gump to one of these fashionable types walking
by.

Hey lady..."I drooled on myself." While laughing
like the village idiot (whom I have had the unaccustomed
piercing pleasure of being promoted to from time to
time.)

"I drooled..."

"Hey Mister can you help me!" "I drooled..."

O.k. I'm starting to laugh to myself...that wont do.
I've got to get this right...I'm too broke to waste my one
writing opportunity of today.

Everyday I write the book. Ya know I had to put
that in there somewhere.

If I could have anything? A steady flow of
fantastically beautiful sex partners. How's that genie?

One of the thoughts I had as I was drinking my tea
was...I'd like the life I was supposed to have back. The
one I lost when Caroline fucked Capsize 7 up. Then it
occurred to me...to "me"...that's bullshit. You live the
life you're supposed to have...Capsize 7 taking off is
just the life I'd've preferred...or is that the case?
After all I feel like I'm ready to tackle this as an
adult now whereas before it was like a spring-break gift
package won in some MTV game show?

So anything you want. The yogis and gurus would
have you believe that that was possible. It is.

(want

Fine. So I don't just want a recording K. (K is lawschool for contract). I don't just want money. Although that is part of it...just saw a little dog scampering at the end of a four-point harness. Running ahead of his owner-lady and scrabbling his feet at the sidewalk like a hamster at the edge of an aquarium. Huppy as hell. An analogy for what?

Jesus. Just caught my reflection in the glass, I look terrible. Crazy. The lost expression on my face is priceless. Second cup is about gone...so the question becomes...a 3rd?

You know when you look like shit you may as well run with it. I just ran my hand through my hair sticking it up.

I like prozac. You feel high all the time.

Hey dude..."I drooled on my self."

What the fuck...ever. I think I'm just about primed for a new girlfriend...the fiercest one of the ones I'm most attracted to. You know something...when I thought that last night to god / universe I thought the word "fierce" emphatically and at that exact moment I heard a girl shout and Rady sneezed. Whatever. I'd like Kimberly. There's something about her. Here comes the law. Man it'd be weird being a cop.

One year ago. Ok universe. Good one. You got me good with that one. Now what have you got for me. Hit me.

8-12 12:40am 54

Boo-shwa pig. No fucking shit. This place is hipster central. Says they have a night-life here so maybe I'll be back. However - it did cost me all my

\$2.25 in change I found in my night stand...for an Americano...see they haven't got drip coffee. I repeat. No coffee. What the fuck. I've got my "victory-in-the-gulf" t-shirt on for lafs. The barista's a looker talkin' to another looker talked to another looker Tina earlier. Tina had such large breasts that it obscured what was on her tank top. I could make out it was a jeep...or rather the very top half and bottom half of a jeep the middle being obscured by the shelving effect of her pair...she said

"What is it?" in a tone of voice like I'm some kind of dumb ass. So I say back. "Yeah...what is it." Like a dumb ass myself.

So she says a jeep. I say I couldn't tell she chuckles. Ha Ha motherfucking ha.

"Hey sweetheart your tits are big" wouldn't have had the same effect.

Whatever. Said hey. Jesus I'm a doofus.

O.k. back to the matter at hand. I'm still broke as shit. As a matter of fact I better sip my damn coffee cause I can't buy another.

Odd dreams last night. Trying to solve a murder. Fucked up that. The problem I so often face...going off topic here...the dream was stressful...anyhow - my prob is me lack of focus...

Por exemple...cute blond girl and I was makin eyes and I said hey but didn't commit see thing is I'm not in any hurry.

So to commit. Decision making. I have picked the girl in sight that I'd like to meet and spend time with. She's sitting at the bar in front of me...facing away.

Why do I wish to speak to her? I'll tell ya. She's healthy looking. No kidding. The girl looks healthy. She's got terrific legs. I like the style of

her dress. Ok. Done. See that wasn't so hard just had to figure out who it was that was all rufflin' up my energy. Twin palms wouldn't hire me due to the conflicts my catering will bring. Jesus. I guess I'm either due for a gov't check - a new credit card...or sellin' some shit. I guess I'd sell the tuner first...then the Sunn 610L. Maybe about \$750 right there.

So one year to the date ago I got into mother fucking law school. To the date I found out about it at least. Jesus that girl was a looker. She left. No hurry. God damn no money. Fucking coffee in here ain't cheap. 2.95 double 2.25 single. Whatever. Successful people come here. People with good jobs. My only job is being Joe Taylor. I like to think of that as a good job. After all it's all I can do. All I can fucking do on a good day. Joe Taylor. That's me. And, as the women of my imagination, slash psychic encounters keep telling me, I'm right. Pick a moment any point in time. Past present future. Ask if Joe Taylor is right or if he's lyin. You'll find I'm always right. Anywho. Love the positive vibes. Simply devine.

That last sip of americano actually had a barbecue taste to it. No shit. Tasted like mesquite + hickory smoked coffee.

So when inquiring where I wanted to go today after I couldn't find parking in the Los Feliz library 2X. I heard, in me cabeza, the south of France. So I guess this is about as close as I'm liable to get any time too soon.

Everything goes where it should. I've emptied the bar in front of me out simply by sitting behind it. Guess I have a presence. Yeah, I guess I have a presence.

O.K. I'm out of tokens. No more chits to trade in for a saleable good. Bird dog.

I don't know why but. Bird Dog.

Bird.

Dog.

Bird dog.

A real go getter.

I don't remember when I graduated but I can't feel oppressed anymore. Not below you, you bastard. I'm not sayin' I'm better than everybody but You...you fuck, are Not getting one over on me. That much I promise.

The barista has nice pert tits with no brassiere and nipples erect...just like in France.

There's b-grade art of nude portraits on the wall...just like in France.

Some French guy approached the bar to pick up his salad...just like in France.

Girl at the bars got the same bookbag Kama Kramer had in high school. Things sure have changed.

Bird Dog.

The fact that a child is sitting in here doing schoolwork is entirely apropos. Lots of children in here.

1:35 Los Feliz Library.

Bird Dog...Yeah. Spoken in tone of someone who is advocating another's position. Weird weird dreams. No startling new information. Just eyeballed some fucker on the way out of the library who seemed to take offense to me. Well you've got to have some fun sometime.

The cover of US magazine has just informed me that Cameron Diaz and Justin Timberlake are romantic. How wonderful. 25 minutes till I get to check ma' shit on the internet. Job hunt. Check mail.

It doesn't just take all types. It must require them. Because somehow. They survive. 20 mins. to go.

Still here in LA. How much longer I wonder. Not forever I hope. Not eternally as in damnation...I hope. I guess it's time for a new credit card.

Believe me that wasn't out of the goodness of my heart. But maybe it could work out to be good for my heart.

Think I'll go all out this time. Pledge undying devotion like a well fed dog. Oh, as in what the fuck'm I talking about...a knock out looker latina statuesque came in for the computer at 2:30 it would've been too late so I offered her mine after I was done...take about 5 mins. for my internet shit.

Well, sometimes you win sometimes you lose. So how do I want to phrase my inquiry:

Can I get your number. I'd like to call you sometime. When can I see you again. Would you like to join me for a drink tonight on my yaught (I can't even spell yat).

Yat. Yaht Yaght Yaht. Nicar. Nikar. Pig. 7pm. Thurs. coffee. A little present to myself. Three mins. till internet.

Nikola Tesla invented the AC motor. He was born in 1888 - Serbian. That's what I turned to - electric motor.

8-13 53 12:15pm

Cat + Fiddle. Coffee. Put'n it on v-check card 'cause I got no more money. I mean it no more. So I'm offering Rady the Sunn 610L for \$200 and if not I'm selling it elsewhere for 4. I bet some sucker around here'll pay 4 - 450.

So I didn't make a dime yesterday but I did meet Nicar. We're gonna meet for coffee in the south of

France tomorrow evening. Also...I went to some open call for runway models on Ventura blvd. Way the fuck away and who should I see there but the very same foxy blond I saw at Los Feliz library but didn't speak to. So...this being very coincidental I said hi and spoke with Stephanie. In filling out our info sheets at this place I put Satan as my Father in the emergency contact slot...showed Stephanie she laughed. I locked my keys in my car. She helped me break in by suggesting I hit the unlock button instead of trying to pull the handle like I was doing. Slapped high 5 and had a cigarette when I finally got it.

53. The days are passing.

How about that two beautiful girls...beautiful in one day. Nice that.

So after the excitement of the break in...I offered to make her lunch so we came back to my apartment and shared a quesadilla. No kidding. She's from Champagne, IL and at 22 has just graduated with a degree in advertising / communication. I think. came inside. Much too fucking hot outside. So I'm sittin and writin' an' a drinking coffee...lil' nervous cause I want to ask out Mel. But I wonder when the time for that is.

So Rady mailed out #2 to 604 records. Otto's gone + White Spider. Vee shall see. Don't hope for very much. You'd think I'd know that by now. So I paid for all that time on the damn meter. I'm not leavin' till it's all gone.

OK. I'm not very easily interested in anything not a beautiful woman. So I'll tell you what. Melissa. Thing is. I will ask her out...but should I today? This afternoon. What should I do? I don't know let me ask someone I trust.

Joe, what would you do? No seriously Joe, hear me out...there's a foxy waitress here I've noticed for quite some time and we, from appearances have similar tastes /

interests. I've only spoken to her twice and only at her place of work where...even though I'm not her customer she's still got to be nice to me. What then is the correct approach?

Well Joe, let me tell you what. Quit bein such a loose cannon I mean, even with all that red meat you stock up on in Morehead I'd say you've still got a good forty before evil Dr. Sphinctersnatch pulls your prostate bleeding from your anus. So cool your jets. Haven't you learned anything about women? They come to you. Low to no pressure is your only viable route...through this, however pleasant, treacherous mountain terrain. So what will be will surely be. Don't push in a pull world. Does that answer your question?

Well Joe, it would if I didn't think all that flowery talk was just hiding the fact that you're chicken shit. Fraid. Fraid o'failure.

Fine then fuckhead. Ask her out...hear her tell you she doesn't give out her number or has a boyfriend or any one of a million plausible ways to say no. then slink home. Then realize you won't be coming here anymore...then look like a wounded bandsman like y'are.

Who said that?

Whatever.

That did me no good.

Y'know what. I'm sick of coming here anyway.

Caught myself rereading. Can't do that.

Never read this shit myself...just wrote it.

So get this. I'm woken up this morning by a phone call from Stacy (Melbourne, Australia) she's flying into LAX tomorrow and might spend a coupla days in LA wanted to know if I had time to hang out. I said sure. So perhaps I'll find out what Australian for doggy style

is. Just kidding. Shock value does have its value. Shockingly enough.

Dude just brought his 3 year old into a bar like she's a talking bird. Hey everybody lookit my talkin bird. Yeah, real fuckin nifty. Whatever. Kind of a dirty floor in here doncha think?

Any mother fucking how that's just my opinion and accordingly has a minimal value.

The parent / guardian looked at me expectantly. I looked back like...yep that's a kid. Seen 'em before. Anyway.

Radioheads on the PA.

Anyway. Time's up.

Just pointed out the kids location to the father. Seems like a nice guy. I'm a judgmental a-hole. So I didn't ask out Mel. I left. Now it's 4:30pm and I'm wait'n on me dinner to cook. Arrr.

Called Stephanie a bit ago she said she'd call me later from her babysitting gig. Asked her if she wanted to go play some drums. I just want to spend time with her. Doesn't matter what we do.

Anywho. It's 7:30 just woke up from after dinner snooze. So. I guess this'll do it for red cover spiral notebook. I reserve a coupla pages at the end for future ripaway accidentes. ;Accidentes!

