

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 8

11:35

### Book 8

8-14 52 I thin'

No shit. 6 legal pads. 1 spiral. This is book 8. Interesting events: Stephanie (Damn my girlfriend is smokin'), just sold one of my 610L cabinets to Sam. \$200. First buy back option. I just moved hoping that the stench coming from the beauty supply + salon would go away. Helped a little. Man that place reeks. Just emptied out my bank account: \$7.75. 3 bills. 3 pieces of coin. So I'm a bit on the broke-ass side.

Damn there's a roach the size of a feral pig on the sidewalk. Just sitting there - standing there. Standing there I mean it's not kicked back on it's ass with its lowest two legs crossed er nothing. Reading a tiny scrap of paper. Smoking a tiny handrolled cigarette. Horses, in the upright upon all fours position are considered standing. So why not roaches. They are distantly related if you believe evolution.

Anyway this dude just walked by me, 30's mideastern looking. He said "eat". So I looked his way and said "pizza." No it doesn't make a great deal of sense. But what the hell does afterall.

The roach hasn't moved. People are walking right over him, feet landing inches from him. And this guy, this cool character of a roach...well he's just standing there. All nonchalant. So I guess I'll be getting a coffee refill here soon. That'll leave me with about 7 bucks for my coffee date with Nicar.

I haven't seen that bastard flinch once...not even an antenna. If ants were called unts would we have radio and television antenna. Probably.

Jesus Stephanie is a looker. Gorgeous. Probably 5'10". Long tan sexy legs. Long blond hair. Smokin. I made everyone leave who was sitting out here. No surprise. It'd be nice if some pretty girl who smoked sat down out here so I could bum one from her. So I'm not done with cigarettes yet after all. Su-prize. Repeat. Repeat.

Just got me refill. Damn roach is still just standing there. Whats he tryin to prove. The nerve. I believe he's startin to irritate me. I might have to step over there and knock him down a peg or two. Squash his brazen ass.

Some woman, I almost said chick, just walked by with the wooden soled sandals on like my Mom used to wear when I was a kid.

So tomorrow I can get the oil changed in the van. Milage is at 1,150 with the new engine. I feel bad about pushin it but, hold on, I'm changin' it tomorrow.

I keep seeing women with babies. Either strapped to their chests or some other such arrangement. And I think I may have figured out the look that they have. It's a special look. They're proud. Fully and honestly happy and proud.

The guy I said pizza to just walked back by...and into the beauty shop. Speaking all the while in (I don't mean to be insensitive here) a foreign and very gay tone of voice.

I'm telling you man Stephanie. Wow. Astounding. And tonight. 7 o'clock date with Nicar and Stacy from Australia is flying in at 8. Hey now, don't jump to too many conclusions. I'm aware that energy out = energy in. So even if I hook up with either of those two

tonight and Stephanie who'll be working (handing out flyers for a gentlemen's club god love her (she didn't know it was for that till she took the job for \$10/hr.)) wouldn't ever find out. It still would have a direct impact on the energy and chemistry b/ she and i. And this, I have a feeling, is a nice little gift from the universe to me. I don't intend to fuck it up.

Just saw Andy - Andrew, Adam?? From p-staff. We worked first over a year ago at a frat party at cal-tech as bartenders and have catered together since as well.

There's a big ass pigeon. Right by el roche. Still no movement.

Jesus Christ but the automobile sure has changed the world. Adam. Going to mention me to his employers who're hiring for a Maintenance-1. Cool.

Gay dude just walked by. Gay dudes have the best posture. No shit. Anatomy book perfect posture. Not that they're a different species but if some alien culture were to subcategorize homo erectus-queer and homo erectus-hetero the h.e.q. would be a well built, neatly trimmed hair, excellent posture figure and the h.e.h. would be a slumped over, pot-bellied, unmanaged coiffure, stoop of a figure. Yep. That's what I think. Anyways. I probably should get on with "my day". That action packed sequence that, I'm presupposing, will entail looking online for restaurant work / odd jobs...then laying down on the sofa with the fan pointed at me.

Well as much as I want that roach to be eaten by a bird or stepped on, or rolled over, I guess I'm not going to get the closure I desire. So I'll just leave him standing there as the tiny mites crawl upon the expanse of his shell and disassemble him bit by bit.

*Phyllis and Sue at the larchmont bk store checkin my refs. potential employers.*

Dropped into a bookstore on my way to my car. I'd left a resume there and was checking back. Looks like they want to hire me. Yeah, we'll see.

**8-15 10:23am 52**

Sometimes I think it's got to be me. Talk about a fucked up situation. The people at ford didn't even have a record of the fact that I'd had my engine changed there. Dude asked me like four, no shit, four times.

"Here?"

Then the manager asks me if I've got my receipt.

Jesus Christ. So I'm like, it's got to be me.

Whatever. Then the guy behind the computer's telling me it an \$80 diagnostic to check on the rattle the a/c is making at idle. Fuck that.

And to top it off the robust latina is making eyes at me again. Oh fuck.

Hot fucking day.

What a fucking day yesterday was too. That's why I'm redoing 52. After writing things just coasted in a sargasso sea kind of way. Horse latitudes.

Well at least things went better with Nicar than I had hoped. She didn't even show up. Stood my ass up like a dead cock-roach. I waited for a god-damn hour in the south of France. Just sitting there like a bump on a log, checking my phone for the time every 4 minutes.

Oh and I called Stephanie. She didn't call me back. No big deal. I was a dipshit to call so soon anyhow. Whatever man. It cannot be explained.

I guess it's me. It's got to be me.

"I've" got to be "me"...and "I've got to be me."

So now I'm stuck in boring ass glendale while the amigos at the dealership sabotage my expensive new engine they can't seem to make a record of on paper because their jealous about the hot office girl eye-balling me.

O.K. to simplify. This time next week - 45 - I'd like to: a. be working my ass off between Bistro K, the bookstore, and catering (I mean no free time) and b. I'd like to be getting to know Stephanie better.

I'm sitting here in some nauseating disney-land-esque fake ass "old style market street" with the wrought iron chairs (yes I'm sure) tile covered tables - potted shrubs, doric columns, fountain with 3 huge green cartoon frogs spitting water, and fast food chain shops i.e. sbarro, panda xpress and yes motherfucking starbucks whom I just gave \$1.40 to or less than 1% of the money I got from Sam for the Sunn 610L he bought from me.

The local populous doesn't seem too happy.

Last time I was here I met a crazy woman...told me about how she was stuck here waiting for some doctors appointment with no money and nowhere to stay. She was definitely affected by some kind of disorder and or court ordered antipsychotic meds. I wonder how long that record has been skipping for.

Same but different batch of unemployed or otherwise disenfranchised lingering about.

Whatever you say jackass.

I don't know why I wrote that but it seems fitting.

Just for the flying fuck of it I am going to ask that latina out. The question is not why. The question is: "why not?"

Pack of cigarettes on the table in front of me. Figured if I was going to flirt with them I may as well take them home - so when the 610L \$ went through I went grocery shopping (bananas, folgers, seltzer, dial soap-gold, and cigarettes). If Stephany and I don't work out I guess I can quit again. But she smokes and I know damn well I'm gonna smoke with her. So if it's to be she + I then we'll smoke and when she suggests quitting I'll quit too. Simple. It's easy, watch.

Not that it matters but today I'm sporting old jeans tank top red wings...blue short sleeve button up shirt I've already sweated through.

Jesus ½ through August and still not working Christ.

You know. I bet within the next 6 years I'll reproduce. That's gonna be far out. In my dream last night a little girl tried to follow me out a door. I blocked her the way I used to block Monkey, keeping my legs in the way...I was carrying a box or something. She told me I couldn't go out without permission. I told her I got secret permission.

Fake ass 18<sup>th</sup> century looking street lamps going down the way here. All curly "iron" work and (come to think of it these chairs probably aren't "iron" either - just pot metal). Translucent plastic made to look like dirty glass. People find comfort in the usual themes. Form follows function goes out the window. You're left with the crap.

Hey...no more starbucks. I've got to be more conscious of where my \$ goes. OK. ½ hr 40 mins then I get to leave. Here's what I learned from my time with Stephanie. You never know. You'll never guess. Silence is as important as sound.

So when she came over on Tues night we went to the practice room. I played my acoustic set for her. She said each song was better than the last. As we were

getting ready to go when she was close to me I turned out the light and kissed her. She kissed me back. Pause. Take a moment, quit reading, and just sit there for a second.

She grabbed a guitar pick as she left. When she made to put it back worrying about how much they cost I made sure she took one.

Afterwards laying on my bed with both of us fully clothed...we made out for a while...nice and intense. Then she lay on top of me. Just lay. That was nice we agreed. When I called the next day I said I knew I was being greedy wanting to see her again so soon but sometimes I'm a greedy guy. In hindsight I wouldn't have called. Whatever I'm not perfect and you'll never guess what happens next.

Abilone eyes. No Apalouosa eyes that was it.

Left my fucking lighter in the van. Way to go.

Where's the punk rock kids when you need em.

Nothing is real.

By the time the light from the sun gets here it's already 8 minutes old. What does that mean. Who cares. That doesn't even merit a question mark. Rhetoric. All performance art is dog shit.

This has been both as exciting and enjoyable as I knew it would be. Just my luck to drop the van off before their "employee meeting" that's supposed to last just an hour but we both know it'll go an hour and a half. Bastard saboteurs...only kidding. So am I not being indulgent: coffee and tobacco. At least I'm not stupid enough to fuck with alcohol even though for the first time in a LONG while I had the urge to have some...a glass of wine.

So then I thought, maybe I could try just drinking wine...then I quickly thought...yeah right that'd work.

Maybe I'll just have one cigarette. Same difference to me. Can't be done. I either smoke...or I don't. I either drink...or I don't. And I'd better not. Not until I'm idle rich and simply don't give a fuck about me or those around me anymore...god I hope that never happens.

**10:41 8-16 51**

Power outage on Melrose at Café Urth. Thank you very much Bush administration you may now feel justified in raping the planet of its remaining oil supplies. Coincidence. Bullshit. Whatever.

Got an email from Rose. Glad to see it. Maybe I'll see her sometime. I think she's pretty amazing.

So I got the bookshop job train on Monday. Good stuff. Think I might drive to Pasadena today for coffee at Twin Palms, check in at Bistro K. Damn I paid for my parking with my last change and now this. Guess I'll give it 10 more minutes. Bummer for this place losing their power on the busiest day of the week for 'em. Yeah. Boo hoo hoo.

Still haven't heard from Stephanie. Sucks the way I let that bug me so much. I think I might be blowing it out of proportion. Whatever. I've decided I can't smoke. Bought a pack smoked em all but one. Can't do it. Terrible for my voice.

Yesterday was trying. Went and hung out with Stacy. She wore a string bikini. She was a flirt. I kissed her goodbye told her I'd met someone a coupla days ago. We had a good pizza on the Redondo Beach Pier tourist trip. Pineapple and pepperoni.

1:26. Cat + Fiddle. Smoking again. I give up I'll never fucking get it. I'll never know, ever. So I'm starting to smoke a month and ½ old marlboro ultra

light. What a bastardization of tobacco. There goes Mel. So. I, in my infinite wisdom called Stephanie again, after I'd not heard from her. I'd even erased her number from my phone. Anything to feel like I had some control of the situation. Took the scrap of paper her #'s written on and hid it in the back of my bookcase. What the hell.

And besides that who am i kidding. Am I not too old to behave in this fashion. It's hotter than hell in the direct sunlight. Bearable in the shade, although I am getting that glaze of sweat. Poured a glass of brandy into a bathroom sink in my dream last night. Glad I'm not drinking again. Yet. Wha...Yet? Uh oh.

Black levi action slacks, dark green short sleeve button shirt Teresa and I found in P-boro at Martha's Barn or Betty's Barn or some such shit. I asked my self what I believed would become of Stephanie and I. The only feeling I get in response is a feeling you could equate to the way a drum sounds with worn out heads...I felt flat and less than snappy. I've got on the ice-pick / pincers type old rusty thing I found outside my house the Prizio house in Springdale Connecticut. I've got a vague memory of some kid and his dad coming by and looking for it later, the kid all upset. I told them, like the childish little-shit liar I was...haven't seen it. It may be that the kid had come by the day before showing it off to me...or I could be makin that up in my head. Pris, friend of the family, said in a session of channeling another spirit that it had been a family heirloom. Well, obviously, anything is possible. And how uninteresting life would be were it not.

Anyhow. I give up man. Stephanie walks into my life...breaks my poor lil' heart, gets my hopes way up high, gets me addicted to cigarettes again. Then disappears. I go see Stacy, do not get her into bed when I clearly wanted to and could've...because I don't want to fuck up the energy b/ us. Way to go. Well, I

don't regret that...I told Stacy it had been torture making her feel good about things...and left. But the point I was getting to is that there is no other force more powerful to a single healthy male than a beautiful woman. Sometimes just her eyes. Nothing else matters. Knowing this why do I even bother thinking about this possibility or that. There's nothing that can be done about it so I'd be a hell of a lot better off if I simply quit thinking about it. But because it's so significant on a subconscious level beyond one's control, the best I can do is continue on business as usual. Left right left right. At least until it mellows and refines or whatever it does by the time one has grandchildren. However it must improve - .

If Stephanie is in fact history to me the next time a suspiciously unbelievably attractive young woman falls into my arms, lap, etc. I will take it with a grain of salt. The universe, as always, continues to fuck with me. It must be that I deserve it. Correction. I deserve it.

Here comes at a slow waddle a veteran if the civil war. Right this way. Blue garbage bag over one shoulder. Filthy long john shirt. Scratchin at lice. Pants hanging off a skinny ass frame. Just opened the door...saying "hello hello" in what could be an irish accent. Poor old goat. Guy was walking like Charley Chaplain. Looks like he fought for the south. I wonder what regiment he was in. did he fight with Stonewall Jackson? Shot by his own men. A common man risen through the ranks. Used to walk around with one arm raised in the air and other peculiarities as a devout man in his faith. Taught Sunday school against the state laws to 'colored' children.

Betcha didn't know that. Not that it forgave him any other actions harming the black people under slavery, fighting to keep them in it, etc...but he thought

every person regardless of skin tone should be able to know the lord.

And if you believe some scholars...slavery was on the way out and the south had every right to succeed. Before the civil war federal law was tenuous in comparison to what it is now.

What it is. What it will be. I'm fucking sweating it's so hot. The coffee's probably not helping. Oh yeah...I told myself a week ago I'd have a new girlfriend by tonight. Well I did...but we broke up. She just quit callin my ass. Just like with Nicar I'll probably never know and diminishingly care. Fifteen minutes left. Last thing I need is parking ticket #8. Ocho. Whatever man. Some fucker in a BMW rear ended me at a stop sign. Gently enough I could tell nothing was damaged afterall that's what bumpers are for. I didn't even stop. He did - I noticed and checked out his bumper. I saw this...so I pulled over too. It was de facto his fault so I guess I pulled over in hopes he might have some choice words for me. I'd have loved to yell at the guy. Oh well, he just drove on by.

These cigarettes are so scientific. I should leave em alone. Fucking hot. I can't believe I called Stephanie again... I think she might be Holly'n me. Breeze. Much better. I wonder if her sole purpose was to keep me out of bed with Stacy. Funny how the universe works. Maybe it was to get me smoking again. Whatever. Maybe she'll call me tonight and we'll fuck like the suns goin nova. Maybe I'm askin Mell out any minute now. 5 mins left on the meter. It just doesn't matter. It just doesn't matter. It just doesn't matter. Reference meatballs when the team lost the basketball game.

3:24pm. Twin Palms. Coffee. Writing. No sign of the chickadees I came here to ask out. C'est la vie. C'est la guerre. OK. Whatever. I guess I may be hoping for a little off attitude. Any excuse to be a

dick head. No to be honest I'm clearing house. Asking out every girl I'm interested in. I was hoping to see Lora. But. I guess she no worky. Restaurants are all the same. Wutevah. The coffee here's not too bad. Lil droplet of water stifled the cherry of my cigarette. Water left in the bottom of the ash tray after its dishwasher vacation. OK. So I'll stay here for about 40 minutes. Then go ask out Courtney. Then later...I'll drop by the burgundy room and make eyes at Kimberly. Asked out Mel. She's got a boyfriend. Got me so flustered I left without paying for my coffee. Big whup. Anyway. Writing passes the time and is a good reason to get the hell out a the apt. It'd be cool if I could get some lunch shifts at B.K. but I doubt it'll go that way.

Everything turns on a dime. I have no idea how I'll be feelin' about shit one week from now. Could be anywhere on the scale. Good to shit. Fantastic to fucked. Whatever. Give me a steady hot ass hell girlfriend or give me death. It does seem like that's all I currently care about. I'm not going to dissect why. I'm sure it's indicative of something...yet...who fucking cares what that something is. Not "me". "I" don't seem to be able to do much more than mutter on about how cockroaches don't sit, they stand. ANd...the crazy thing is...that it quite a valid point of view.

I do not understand women. Perhaps that is also part of my problem / their allure. Anyway, How's the weather? How's things going at work for you? Been going out and having any fun or just work work work. Seen any good shows lately. Eaten anything overripe lately. Shown no mercy for no good reason to someone you didn't know? When was the last time you kissed a stranger? On the mouth. Lil' tongue. Think you might be gay?

Just makin' conversation.

What did you want to be when you grew up? How far off the mark are you?

Did you know the French invented the process of canning food during the Napoleonic war of the early 1800's. 1809, 1810, sutm.

Where are you goin'? Where's the fire? Am I freakin you out? Do you like being freaked out? I kinda do. That and being a little scared, under pressure, those are cool. Golfer on the tube...masters or some such shit. Was a waiter for him at Anne Bancroft's house. Wuteva.

Sunglasses at night on the radio now. Bought that 45 when I was a child. No shit. Correy Hart. The b-side wasn't as good. Can't even remember it.

So Dad told me that I might have to move back to Morehead and work at the bookstore if something happens to him health-wise. I told him Rob was the best man for the job. But of course I'd be there. Hopefully that won't happen I don't want my Dad's health to hit that low. Not that I think it will, it won't. At least that's how I'm bettin. Yeah. Things change, life's change. You can't fight against it. Best you can do is fight hard for it.

Just about 4 now. Time I'll be leavin soon. Time for the big dance soon. Just as someone asked me last night in my dream. "Are you ready for the big dance?" You bet. My pen was made in Mexico. Says so on the side. Got it in North Carolina from some coffee bar hack. Now it's closer to home than it's been in years. Maybe months ago - it could be that this pen was its constituent parts of vats of ink, rubberized goo, oil, dirt, chemicals. It's livin the highlife now...soon enough it'll be part of some mountain of trash. Fine. Soon enough I'll be landfill too. Just of a different and more temporary nature. I'll be my constituent parts

long before this pen. The flesh will melt off my bones and I hope, be carried away by the smoke of my funeral pyre. That golfers winning. Way to go dipshit. Anything is temporary. This too shall pass. I think some Chinese emperor or something had his ministers or chamber-pot boys or concubines er someshit come up with a saying that would be true in any situation. That's what they gave him. This too shall pass. How about John Lennon's All you need is love. That works too huh. Whatever. The chicks I wanted to see ain't here so I'm gone.

7:18pm. Just drove through the cigarette booth and bought a pack of cigarettes. Way to go fuckhead. So now I'm sitting outside 'Perkatory' at least it's got nice furniture. Prefer the metal shit to the plastic shit. Coffee tastes flavored but whatever, I'm the only customer (or was when I got here) so I'm not going to be a dick about it. So far the highlight of today was asking Mell out and having her respond no. At least she did so in a pretty cool way: "I'd love to say yes [smiling] but my boyfriend would kick my ass." Chris just called leaving a message: plane comes in Monday 8 pm. So I'm sitting out here on the sidewalk. All by my lonesome in the dying light. Wonder if I'll top that. Mell's rejecting me. I wonder if I should dare to hope. Kind of sick of this pen looking forward to it's going dry. Kind of sick of this. Kinda sick of that. Etc. Etc. ad nauseum fucking fuck ass bullshit. God damn it all to hell.

The people who own this place...the guy Sean + girl Connie?? Think I'm a block head for sure. But I'm not, I'm just "me" Joe Taylor. They have said impression from seeing me behave like a psychotic love-sick puppy towards Linda. Well. It's how I felt at the time and I don't happen to care one way or the other what they fucking think about it. Finally cooled down. By sitting outside to smoke I've effectively banished them

to the interior. Lets call that the "Joe Taylor effect". Oil and water. Raid and cockroaches. Amen. Thank you lord jesus christ. Thank you in your infinite wisdom for granting me the ability and or nature to freak people out. Make them uncomfortable. What have you. Extra. Extra what have you and no olives, or is that no Jalive's on half. This too shall pass. All you need is love. Nice planting out here. Mishmash of wildflower types and ivy growing up a lattice. Two of em one per end of the premises. You could put em both in a yugo but they're still nice. What have you. Ok. Kids are funny. Bunch of teenagers just walked perilously close to me. I'm facing away from the street. This isn't the Brady bunch's neighborhood if you take my meaning. I eyeballed em as they got close to keep from being thunked on the head or somethin...the kid closest to me looked to the side and out of the corner of his eye like..."Hey don't look at me I didn't do nothin'." Funny. Anywho. Don't think I'll be lurkin here ferever 'er no shit. But it's much too boring to just go back home so maybe I'll make an appearance at the South of France. Rady went to go see a movie with Claire and then to the Drive by truckers show. I'm not a big fan. Their music is very benign. Whatever. I doubt they'd like Lystra so we're even. I guess I'll stop scarin off their bizness. I should go play guitar but I think I'll save that for tomorrow.

**8-17 10:57 50**

It's unknowable. Can not be reasoned or even guessed at...to any productive end. So I'm not going to be concerned about it anymore. It is escaped from the grim granite walls of the fortress of my mind. Over the ramparts in a blowing gale and down a grapple. Splashing through the shallow water of the moat, pockmarked by shots fired by the sentries and riddled

with the heavy rainfall. It scrambled up the glaciis dragging the leg with the twisted ankle, having dropped the final 15 feet to the muddy moat bottom. And away. And out of sight to compatriots waiting in a boat on the storm tossed bay shores. To a watery ending striving for an impossible surface I do not doubt. Along with my career expectations and ambitions, realistic sense of hope, goodwill towards all men...those guys aren't sailors. They no doubt sank. Sinkers.

Of course I didn't hear from Stephanie. And Kimberly merely confused me. Seriously. I have no idea whether she wants to fuck me or tell me to fuck off. She treats me a bit strangely. The sort of patience one might show an especially stupid child.

Well the forest is a dark and dangerous place and sometimes it's simply best to keep your feet moving. Left right: repeat. Oh whatever.

Kimberly. I get so frazzled by how stupid I behaved around her...the degree to which can only be expressed by repeating what I said to her. Which I will do when I work up the courage. Got so special over it that I psychically told her I love her. I did. I imagined a little troll and had him deliver the message. Sometimes I'll put a little pilot in a paper airplane. Or a tiny captain in a toy ship. Off you go.

So I got there and she had on heels, platforms, and looked made up. The hopeful side wishes it was for me. I see her, go over say:

"Kimberly." She looks forward for a beat, then turns to me with the stupid child smile.

"Are you taller?"

"Yes I'm taller."

"The height looks very becoming on you. I'd give you some of mine if I could. I'm freakishly tall. That's not always a good thing..." blah blah blah walk

away and notice her but don't approach her again. Dumb ass.

But I did find a twenty on the floor so it wasn't all bad. Held it to the light. It's real.

At least today if I don't hear from Stephanie I'll know that's no good. Thank the lord for the little things.

There is no money and there is no crowd. Money was at the helm. Crowd rowed. They drowned in the storm.

So here's how I'm going to finish the Stephanie heart-break smoking relapse...Tuesday I'm going to write her an email the introduction to which will explain that I must have misrepresented myself somehow, etc. etc. The body of which will be written as a chinese man with poor english. For example: I call you two time...how come you don't call me back. You break my heart. You mean. You mean girl. Something like that.

Think I'll sell the 610L today. Some guys coming by the practice room to check it out. I want an electric guitar. Thinking of an S.G. I wonder what life'll be like in a week. You know what? I have no idea. I mean I'm sure I'll be in the same apartment etc. but...anything else is speculation. More or less that can't be reasoned either.

Unknowable. No amount of divination or tea leave inspection will help.

In my dream last night I opened the dream version of the pincers that have been rusted shut on their hinge since I found them. Turns out in my dream it was a mathematical device used in drafting...the drafting of 19<sup>th</sup> century forts. There were two parts to it in my dream. I opened the smaller one first (it looked more like the real one) and when one side moved the other did to in sympathetic motion. Then towards the end of my dream I got the larger more stubborn part to open. It looked

like a stylized "W" sorta like the wu tang "W". it opened along two seams. Teresa was there with me. It made me happy to open it. Resolution. Resolution. Resolution. Just give me an answer. Yes or know barely even matters anymore. Yes of course. How'd you ever guess. Simply marvelous of you to guess. I want it to end. I want it over.

What the fuck am I doing here. It's not that I'm miserable. I'm just at a loss. A loss for what? I don't know. It'll be over soon. I promise.

Da doo doo doo. Da da da da. Is all I want to say to you. Da doo doo doo. Da da da da. It's meaningless and more that's true.

Me hairs gettin long. I'd like to buzz it off...but I know I won't. Not yet. There will come a time when I take it down to a ¼ inch. Or less. Count on it. No guard.

5:16. Jesus fucking hilarious Christ I'm not stable. I'm fucking not. It's essential to recognize that and have a sense of humor about it. allow me to fill ya in. I called Stephanie left her a message about how Rady wanted to shoot her...had a stylist...all that. Then I called her back and told her it was mean of her not to call me back and not to do that to guys. I did. I told her it was mean. Then, hours later...I wrote her an email and I tell her I regret over reacting but please take a minute and write me back to let me know she got back together with her boyfriend or she thinks I'm a freak or too old or something ending with I wont bother you anymore and I hope you have a sense of humor about it. Thing is and what I never considered is that her room-mate has recently come down with a form of MS and requires help opening doors and other things. She may have gotten worse...or any # of things may have happened. But I just assumed it was either my curse or reputation or what-have-you or just bad luck...that fucked it up for me. Anyway you look at it, it is fucked up.

Man. And then I called Linda up and left a message asking her out. Fuck me. I'm totally not stable. Well what the fuck. At least it's interesting. I could be unstable and boring. Man that would suck. Fifty days left. Last couple have hurt. Bad. Don't want that anymore. I'm so emotionally vulnerable right now...I've got a heart of stone...but right now it's soap stone. Sorry bastard.

Corporate coffee from the bean and leaf. Haven't been here in a long ass time. I'll guess. Fifty days. I've had thoughts of clearing the slate girl wise. I will no longer be preoccupied with any girls from CA I know by name. If I know you by name. Forget it. Clean slate time. One good thing about this coffee place...free parking. Free. 50 days remain. Come the fuck on isn't there some label interest out there. Strike it up man. What an odd screwed up motherfucker of a life I've got. All in a days work. That saying doesn't apply to "me". Oh yeah. Tomorrow I start at the bookstore on Larchmont. Good to have that. But I'm crazy enough that I doubt that'll last. I don't, offhand, even know why. I need to play music out. Might as well it's why I'm here. Strike it up man. Bring the noise. They've been having a hard time renting the upstairs of my apt. bldg. Good. I like it empty. I bet some punk rock chix move in up there. Who cares. I'm nuts. What else is there to say? Of course if I'm right and my thoughts transmit into others minds and the many bands that have written songs seemingly about me have been about me then...superman etc. ...then nuts sounds pretty fucking good to me.

Resolution. That's all I really need. No victory parade or anything...just yes or no. No would be awesome right now. A straight across the board no fucking way. I'd jump up + down. Hell yeah! They said no. I'll bounce checks if I don't put a deposit in Monday. How's that for cool. Maybe I'll sell the 610L today. Dude

might call. Nothing much matters anymore. I moved out here thinking I'd see Jenny some...I have not. I thought I could generate some interest in my band, so far no good. All I've managed to do is max out my credit card again. 50 days sounds about right. I don't know how much longer I can justify any of this. The little bit of success Capsize 7 got may well be the worst thing that happened in my life, to date. It allows me to believe it can happen again. If only that hadn't happened I'd be so much better off and less troubled. Much much much less troubled. Once again the joint empties after I appear. The Joe Taylor effect has lost none of its potency. What the fuck now. So a punk rock girl in front of me said "I'll be your neighbor." Yeah o.k. Make of that what you will. From this point forward any girl that makes like she wants to be with me is gonna have to Prove it. No shit. This is a crazy fucking ride. I may as well see what happens next. Here we go. I'll give it the 5 day test. Let's see how things trend over the next 5 days. See if they won't improve. Fuck I hope so.

**8-18 11:56am 49**

South of France. Catchin attitude from these fake ass motherfuckers from the second I walked in the door. Fuck these actor poser types. There isn't a set of balls in the entire place. Not one. Thing is. I can be a nice guy. I chose not to. For example. Guy at the bar seems amused by me so I walk over to him and put my arm right next to his, edge it closer and closer until I make him move his arm. It's the little things that make me happy. I do it again. I eye-ball him. He ignores me...well as much as I allow him to. Funny shit that. So now I'm, eyeballin' this pair sitting next to the door. I'm posing for them. You see, I make this work for me. I am using it to my advantage. Fucker needs a shave. Poseur fuck. Maybe I should ask to sit

beside the one fuck face...on the love seat sized sofa. This is just another level of the same frat boy shit I saw in college.

Anyway. So I'll be havin it workin for me from this point forward. Just moved. Whatever. Spoke to the barrista. She broke the ice for the crowd. They're talking amongst themselves now. See lil' sheep. You're in no danger. Whatever. I made my point. I'll look relaxed and hopefully lull someone into an attack. What will be will be. Lets see. It wont take too much to tip the scales in my favor. It'll be fun to make it happen.

Internal commentary: you'll never be the same again. I hope you had fun because now the real work begins.

So. Yes that's me. Who the fuck are you? You bet your fake ass it's me...and by the way, who the FUCK are you? Should be interesting. Anyhow. Just about done here. I've had my fun. The girl I wanted to see isn't here. I'll probably wait just a little bit more before moving on.

Trained for an hour ½ at Chevaliers - the bookstore - wont be back 'till next week Monday. Some lot of hours to start out with, eh. So...I let total success go. Patina, Wolfgang + P-staff still employ me. Also Chevalier's. Whatever. Not like I make any money.

This week I'll - play open mike night Thurs. at perkatory. Hopefully see Kimberly.

Oh before I go. Turns out Stephanie just wanted sex and I looked too deeply into it. So ironic.

The best thing about all this shit, I'll admit, will be winning it. Which I am absolutely 100% confident I will, and soon.

12:36 cat + fiddle. Fairly peaceful here. Not so bad in the shade. The hostess is foxy. And the frat boys in hipster clothes are nowhere to be seen. And it's 1.75 for a bottomless cup of coffee not 2.25 for a tiny ass "Americano", fuck the South of France. I only went there to prove a point. I'm not goin' back there any time too soon. Fuck them.

So Stephanie wrote me back saying I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions and I'm "totally cool" and no hard feelings. O.K. Guess I did, guess I am, guess their aren't any. So the poseurs I see going into the building to the fore are "Killer Tracks" a BMG division. Yeah I bet. Real killer. Buncha fuckers like Brigitte...disaffected well to do kids with no real drive other than to seem fashionable. That and rebelling against their parents. Because they feel guilty they were born so lucky.

I want to fuck that smiling hostess. Well I motherfucking do and I'd ask her out except I just asked out Mel last time I was here and I've got to establish a lag time.

Taupe savanes, iron stallion grey acid wash harley davidson t, redwings. Not smoking. Although I'd like one, I don't think I can. I want to ask a girl out. Maybe I'll go to Pasadena and see if Lora's at the T.P.

Hope I get some motherfucking catering shifts soon.

Veronica. Good lookin waitress. Told me it's cooler inside. She's right. I'd like to take her out too. Well, I would. Fun jokin with her. Yellow jacket just buzzed me. Neat creature. Zig zagging back + forth. So fast.

Am I going to go inside? Maybe. It's pretty f'n hot. Much. Much better. Any mother fuckin how. Empty in here.

Empty bar in the afternoon. Feels like I work here. Hey Veronica. Come here and talk to me. It is rather why I came in here. The girls.

Cigarette. That's what I'd like. But I wont. Will I. Cool it. get to pick Chris up at the airport tonight.

Anyway she's got to prove it to me. Prove it.

Half hour remains. It may be cooler in here but outside was more interesting. I wish I had more faith in providence. And I don't mean daddy god is gonna buy me a toy truck. I mean there's a her. So fucking weak. I am. So give up. Yeah sure.

Use it to your advantage. Back outside. I couldn't concentrate in there. 25 minutes left. Imagined spending time with JNY last night by a fire. I enjoyed that. She is still in my head...why...tenacious imagination I have.

Aside. Flip-flops. Very LA. Very stupid. That's all I've got to say about it. If I do go to Pasadena I'd better just have a club soda. I'm amped up enough as it is.

Fuck man. I hate this shit. dating is a drag. When I think they aren't lookin for a steady boyfriend it turns out they are and vica versa I get em confused. 49. The final 50...they've begun. Whatever man.

I'd be happy just dating Kimberly. So I guess it's possible I might not work till next Monday. I hope that's not the case. So I don't much think I'll be living here past late January. As a matter of fact...because Melida lives in NY - I bet I'll be moving there soon and that'd be ok by me. If I can afford it. Right now I can't afford shit.

Anyway. I'm not asking out Veronica. She's just being nice because she's nice. But she did tell me she

works M, T, and random other shifts so I'll see her again. No hurry.

Fucking bourgeois pig. Who the fuck do they think they are. Pompous cock suckers.

So to recap. This week I averted (narrowly) having sex with a 5'10" body to dream about, and a romp with a mid thirties Australian beach girl. Way to go team. Maybe this week I can not get laid by three attractive women. Fingers crossed.

1:50 Los Feliz library. Waiting for computer time. Last time I was here I met Nicar and saw Stephanie...that was last Tuesday...6 days ago. Both came and went. It's hard to give a shit. Seriously it is. I would like to see Nicar again. Getting stood-up is not the norm. Wonder what the fuck happened. Yeah so anyway...I bet my next girl will come to me, and hopefully come back again. She could be my come-back girlfriend. Lovelorn am I. I hope some punk rock girls with hopeless crushes on me move in upstairs. No shit. Hopeless, Crushed. Hopeless Crushed. Band name? Nah.

To my advantage I will use my notoriety. There has to be a way. And before you start to think I'm some kind of dork...know this...at least I don't wear my sunglasses inside...with my hat on backwards like that dude at the last table of this row.

2:57. Twin Palms like a fool. Colleen ain't here. Don't see Lora. So I'm a sittin here like a dipshit. Writing. My book. I just wrote half a sentence but it was complete shit. That's a hearty slice of lemon in my drink alright. Club soda. So good. Iron Stallion. The iron stallion's drink of choice is club soda, a hearty slice of lime or lemon is acceptable, but only if it's fresh. Ya dig.

3:01. Times tickin on by. Damn. Saw a coupla brunettes lookin at the upstairs. Car had Maine tags. A new Saab. Whatever. I knew punk rock chix couldn't afford the upstairs. Whatever. Argue it however you like. This too shall pass. I'll ask...Do you think there's a romance in the future b/ me + my neighbors? Do you think it's possible for me to keep them from becoming a couple of bitches I can't stand? I basically would say the odds are even. And the possibility exists that both may become true. The veins in my arm look blue.

Use it to my advantage. I will leave it to the universe to do right by me. I am so out of it. Why am I even here. What is the fucking point. So Chris needs a pick up about 8. What the fuck'm I gonna do till then. Write, I guess. This too shall pass.

My girlfriend is hot as hell. I make shit loads of money. So I want 604 to dig us enough to have us play a show for em. I want a steady girlfriend with mutual satisfaction. I want to win. Now. Lets get it going. Lets get started.

That girl Stephanie would've ripped me to shreds anyway. I don't think I'd've handled that all that well. Better to make the end quick and with as little damage as possible. I will have another girlfriend. That's just a fact. I'm wondering what she'll be like. Use it to my advantage eh? I hope she's hot and smart and cool. Tell you one thing she wont be, chubby. No more chubby girls. Really.

No I mean it. No more chubby girls. Even if they're pretty. I don't want to have to worry about not touching some part of my girlfriend's body because I don't want to make her feel self-conscious about it. I also wont date a rail skinny girl. Curves are good. Lazy fat is bad. I saw a hiney in a pair of jeans in a dream getting out of bed with me. She was brunette. I guess she's next. Couldn't recognize the face. She was

slender. I just wrote "light framed" then crossed it out. Doesn't sound applicable to a girl's body...more like a truck body. And I'm not one of those guys that's in love with a truck. That's what it is I like about this place. It's a cross between Crooks and Raps. It's Craps.

7:48pm Café Urth inside temporarily. I'm sure I'll pick up and move my ass sometime soon. Oh yeah. Deal was I'd let myself come here but I must as my assignment speak to / pick up a got girl. O.K. Dad loaned me \$400. So. I guess all that I was sayin about not borrowing from Dad anymore. I guess that was just bullshit. Funny. Bullshit seems to be a side-effect of breathing for me. It's pretty outside. Cool. Being around this many well off people in this night-time environment sort of makes me think of lawschool. I can't believe I went to lawschool. I can't believe I finished my first year. As the rumor was propagated that I was moaning in my shower, jerking off to the listening pleasure of a neighbor...this rumor lit the campus of frat guys into a fire of fuck-with-Joe-Taylor. I couldn't look at people without them sniggering behind their hands. Nothing satisfies like givin people who're dying to fuck with you the perfect thing to use to destroy you. 2 weeks before finals...my first semester. I would walk down the hall and people would rudely shut doors in my face. I'd walk across the library floor and people would make "the noise" at me. And of course how did I react. I would make it right back at them. I acted like fuck me?, fuck me? No, Fuck You. No shit. then I'd hole up in my basement apartment and count the days until I could leave. And I'd talk every night on the phone to Teresa who I remained unswervingly faithful to the entire 9 months in D.C. And I'd drink a twelve pack. And I'd play guitar and 4 track songs like EZ's for Losers. And I'd listen cringingly to the laughter

my 30 year old landlady young rich princess that she was laugh with her friends about me. And I'd fuck my hand to internet porn. And then I'd watch tv...until I'd throw up. Yeah. That was the life. So next time I think things suck I'll simply remember how bad they can be. Not eating. A constant sucked out pain in your gut. Breathing so tight exhales become involuntary shudders. For months. In the hardest year of one of the most competitive post graduate work available. Sometimes I'd be driving along the parkway overlooking the patomic...and I'd see a curve and I'd think about how many seconds I'd be airborne before I hit the rocky riverbed. And what kept me focused (aside from the fact that I couldn't do that to my family) was that I knew it would all lead to this. I will be signed. I will have my life on my terms. I will make a fuck load of money and the next 5 generations of my family will be rich. So fuck you if you don't like it. No shit. the way I've reacted to it, not the accusation (actually I think I did groan in the shower one time) (unnecessary personal detail); by not allowing the people who fucked with me to get me to quit and by continuing to present a fighting stance I somehow gave people the idea that I'm some kind of superman.

So I still get called..."Beater." Whatever.

Some stinky fuckhead just sat down practically on top of my ass. So I look at him and I'm like "Kinda close man doncha think?" Then "Kinda close?" He says in some foreign accent "Yeah they really pack it in here." Some people do not fucking get it. Funny shit. Well everything goes where it should. Guaranteed. This joint might actually be more interesting at night. Guy's French. That explains things to a degree. Jesus Christ I've become a café guy. Pickin up girls. Lookin fashionable...to the extent I find that possible.

What the fuck ever. I still intend to see this shit through. That's one reason day 49 doesn't bug me

quite so bad. O.K. I'm hearing French and Hebrew. I thought the French Jew was extinct. No that is not funny. It is not.

I made this curvy blond in hot pants blush. She was standing in line. We locked eyes. So I think I'll ask her out. Here's my plan tell me what you think. She will eventually get in line for the bathroom at which point so will I. I'm going to write my # on a ten dollar bill, put hers on the other half. Tear it apart. I've had worse ideas. I need to ask out one of these girls or I haven't done my homework. Still haven't killed this pen yet. Jesus. Long winded bastard of a Mexican pen. Anyhow. Free to a good home. Too bad one can't find sexy girlfriends that way.

Last time I was here in the evening I had coffee with...I think her name was Stephanie too...met her at the Burgundy Room. Got her #. Anyhow. I need to use my notoriety as a tool a promotional device for Lystra. I will. It's going to be priceless. One. There is only singularity. Without being too redundant unnecessarily. Intelligent vanity is interesting. So much vanity is just a brand of stupidity. I'm glad I'm almost there...I'm gettin sick of this in it's current phase.

Anyhow. I insist in believing my life is going to change for the better. I have been lead to believe that. So if it isn't true then it's all been a lie. Then everything I've been listening to for internal guidance is suspect. Then, in that case, I am one pissed off individual. Ten till 9 this joint is full on Monday night line out the door.

And you can relax on both sides of the trax  
Cause maniancs don't blow holes in bandsmen by  
Remote control.

Roger Waters. Being here is like playing a game of spot the artiste. The tables have got the talent and

the company men. The industry fucks. I just did my cheeseball wink at a foreign girl in line. A couple beats later I rubbed the corner of my eye. No apparent response. I even said "how ya doin" to her companion. Like talkin' to a stuffed chihuahua. Not that stuffed chihuahuas are very common. Whatever. I've always got the stupid southern guy thing to fall back on. A default. I repeat. I am glad this part is almost over.

Can't fucking wait to start working again. I hate being broke. Equally I hate feeling useless.

So I called and left a message for Linda. No response. Left a message for Lisa. No response. I think I would enjoy being pursued for a while. No shit. you'd think the idea were completely absurd. I must be continuously oblivious to it. Clueless like a country kid in - oh whatever the fuck I'm tryin' to say. The girl who blushed made it right past me without my noticin'. Anyhow. I would be pursued. It's odd...someday that might be the norm. Well... I don't intent to be singal - jesus I spelled that sing - al...single for all that much longer. 4 years max I'd say. So I guess that means I want to be married by 36. I want to date my wife for at least 6 mo. - a year prior to marrying her so that only leaves 3 to 3 1/2 years left of being single. And time flies. One interesting thing I've found as I've aged is that I'll meet anyone's gaze now. People lookin at me don't scare me.

9:15. Guess I'm goin ta pick up C. Toms in ½ hr. Tick tock...3 years 5 months 30 days 11 hours 59 minutes left of being single. Tick tock. O.K. I'll be going soon so I'm going to open up to the universal energy flow...which one? Anyone? Maybe not? Girl with a pretty smile in a Sari asked for the chair opposite me. I gave it. Gladly.

Universe Universe which ones mine

Any of them here any of them here any of them

Universe Universe which ones mine

Any of them here any of them here any of them

Nobody bothers me. Keeping my head down I focus. Lucky for me I'm the only Joe Taylor here. Life is so bizarre. In 8 years I'll be turning 40. I can't fucking believe that. Sari. Universe. What fucking ever. Come on pen. Give up. You're going to run out of ink eventually. Give it up.

I'd like top be pursued by some foxy women. No shit. Oxygen. Sex. It's not the biggest mystery in the universe or anything. We all do it. Or at least we all should. The best things in life are free afterall.

Kimberly. All I specifically need is one sex partner...not dozens. Some of these girls are too young for contemplation. IL-legal. Simple. It's the simplest thing in the world. You don't need to be smart, you don't need to say anything, you can even close your eyes if you want.

So psychic T. Universe Universe which ones mine. There is no excuse for losing ones focus. Taking advice now from my inner / higher self. Should I approach and try to woo that table of young Italian girls. Teenagers. Sexy. No good reason why I shouldn't right? Right? No man. I am not going to put on my sheep's clothing and saunter over there I'll stay right here in the edge of the wood. If ones strays too close, well that's a different story. But I'll just sit here and my 32 year old ass can't wait for better days that are sure to come my way. Besides. If I did get one to date me - I'd probably lose her by freaking out about how she hadn't called me. I repeat...just the women I'd be on an even playing field with, or at a disadvantage to. As we've seen.

9:43. Chris' plane's gonna be landing soon. Holy shit. It's like late in the game. At a late date. It's acceptable to pick up a girl if you make it a gift

regardless of the outcome. If the net result is a positive for the girl no matter how you do.

**8-19 10:06am 48**

The South of France again. Had such a bad time / fun subversive time here last time that I knew I had to come back and leave them with a more accurate or rather calculated impression. So. Here in the final 50 I use it as a weapon. Had to relocate. That sofa blew...no back support...bean-baggish in nature even if sofa in design.

One thing about the South of France, the coffee here's good. Use it as a tool. Being objectified. Being central to conversation and attention. Jesus though...the coffee is extremely good.

Stealthy not wealthy t-shirt. Tuxedo pants. Redwings. Still puffy faced and far away eyed because I haven't been awake for very long.

With regards to what was on my mind yesterday. The trouble I experienced in DC was even more fut up considering when I moved there all I wanted to be was left the fuck alone. I'm serious. I had just come from being laughed at in Chapel Hill as the beautiful loser...big shot brought low. Then I moved to Asheville with Teresa where I'd lose my shit if I went into a shopping mall. I seriously couldn't handle it. Walking down the street downtown required talking myself into it. I mean I still felt either recognized or pointed at wherever I went. So much good music has brought to my life. So when I moved to DC I just wanted to blend in. Be ignored. Be left the fuck alone. I didn't even give out my phone number accurately to the school registrar (a calculated move).

Oh. I didn't tell you about my last night in Chapel Hill. It's poetry. Fuck man. You'd better gear

up for this one. Go and get a drink...take a bathroom break whatever. Aside: Two beautiful girls are sitting out on the sidewalk having a cigarette. I'd very much like to go bum one from them. I wont though. Because if it were two frat guys I sure as fuck wouldn't go. However I may go talk to them...may. They're both regulars here, I don't want to fuck up my chances with the one regular here I saw that I've kinda got my hopes set on.

Anyway. So I went on the last night of living in Chapel Hill to a party. It was spring of '98, May. The windstar (recently purchased) was packed and I had plans to get out of Chapel Hill, move in w/ my parents in MHC and then move up to NYC. I had been working on acoustic material and was planning on recording a demo at the Sony Music Publishing in house studio - which I did. Teresa moved to MHC too. We'd been going out 7 months. So I go to this party. It's a late night scene. I'm somewhat drunk already. I go to the bathroom. I don't pull my dick out of my shorts all the way. I piss down the front of them. Yer typical inverted "V" stain all down my shorts. I can't believe it. I finish the bottle of beer I'd been concentrating on instead of pissing. I throw it in the garbage can. I look at myself in the mirror. This is too perfect. On the night I'm leaving a town that has hated me and laughed at me and done nothing but inspire defiance in me. This is how I'd leave it. Humiliated. So be it. I walked out of the bathroom. Thinking how perfectly cruel fate was sometimes. Right outside the bathroom this guy sees me. One look at my face. His was sad, covered with empathy. He said:

"There's a back door."

For some reason I didn't take it. I guess I knew it'd be the laugh of the year anyway so...I walked right out through the crowd. Left right left right. People pointing and laughing, hysterically. I stared straight

forward. I ignored those people I knew. My sole purpose was to get to my car. So it was...I'll tell you straight...one hell of a long walk. Through the main room of the party, my head buzzing from all the blood that's rushed to my face. Through the yard. Trying to keep from listening to any specific thing said...I knew I wouldn't want to remember it.

Down the street past a group of friends that I could hear making sharp inhales. Shock. Worry. No eye contact. I think one of em may have even started to say something to me but another of the group hushed her.

Into my car. Drive back to the empty house. A long drive. Quiet filled with self pity and hate. Teresa was out of town. My other roommate Jacob was in the hospital having a heart valve replaced. To the refrigerator. To drink whatever beer there was. And then. Get this. I changed into a pair of pants. Put on my Wu-Tang t-shirt that says Ain't Nutin to Fuck Wit real big on the back in yellow. And then to Local 506 where, even though they'd already made last call...Dave R. knowing it was my last night (I'd been running sound filling in for Dave Schmidt) and seeing the expression on my face. Dave told Norm...who had multicolored dread locks for years...to give me a drink. I had a shot of Makers, and a beer. Dave bought em. A going away present. By this point I'm sure people from the party had made it down the street to 506 and I'm sure word had spread about my little accident. But I acted like it didn't happen...except for the crazy look on my face no doubt. So I took my shot...drank my beer. Received a coupla good byes...and left. That night. After going home and getting my final belongings from the house. After checking it over for anything I may have forgotten. I walked outside to the packed van. There in the front yard...on the soon to be expanded and changed forever country road south of chapel hill. Across the street from where once had been undeveloped Carolina

pine and underbrush...beside the dark house that I had lived in with Capsize 7...where we practiced and came back from touring and flying to California to record a record on the brink of success only a ½ year ago. [No shit I had moved out of it into a boarding house further south of town in Pittsboro for 4 months then rented the house right next to where I had lived]...I looked up around me at the spring night (I think it was about 3 o'clock or so in the morning) and I said, loud -

"You may have won for now Chapel Hill. But I'll be back. I'll be back."

Or something to that effect. Then I got in my car and left for Morehead. That's how I left Chapel Hill. No kidding. I've never discussed that with anyone. Nor has anyone brought it up to me. C'est la guerre.

Anyway. I hope you got a kick out of that.

So. I was already a little softened up by the time I got to DC. Short fused you might say.

And here I sit in the South of France about 5 years later. To my credit I'm better of now than I have been in a long time. I'm in the final 50. I'm in my early 30's. I've recently decided being a poseur is a good way to be. Because that's all "use it as a tool" means. If you're going to look at me, if I'm going to be a center of attention then I will craft your impression exactly how I see fit. Anyway. It's just life. This too shall pass and all you need is love.

Just got a work offer I've got to go try to accept it. Asked this girl who was sitting beside me if I could use her laptop to accept a Job offer from wolffy. I actually got the job for a change. So I work Thursday. First wolfgang shift in what, a month and ½. Jesus.

11:15. What fuckin ever man. I just want that brunette with the great legs to come in. Truly. I'm a

simple guy at heart and easy to please. Anyway. I don't think I can wait much longer for her. And. I'm not going to lose focus and start hitting on the other women who come here. Not yet at least. She'll show up. I'm sure I'll get a chance to talk to her sooner or later. I want more coffee but I don't much feel like payin another 2.50 for it. So maybe I'll go...somewhere. Lookin after the brunette's (that let me use her computer) stuff for a minute. 6 pages remain. Maybe I should just stay put and finish this book. Finnish book 8. Man...Book 8. The heavy one. Close your eyes. It's going to be ok. So I've had to deal with some painful humiliation. I ended that sentence with it's not that bad...then I crossed that out. Because to me, it has been that bad. Look I know I should be grateful I mean I've got my health I'm a smart good looking talented guy from a loving family. I've just had to take a few blows to the head...that's it. I'd simply like for things to balance out. I'd like a little more happiness and good luck instead of the universe sabotaging me and fucking me up. I want the better. I want the good part. I've been stuck in the bad part for some time now. 11:30. Goddamn I've had just about all I can take of complaining and self pity. I think I'd like this place more in cold weather.

Joe Taylor who sings and plays guitar for Lystra.  
Him - That's me.

1:41. Sitting at some café Martel and Beverly. Trio of pretty girls sitting to my left. The one with the longest hair, the one I saw first. She's the one I'll have. The coffee here is not bad. Maybe I'll bum a smoke from her. Is that cool? I mean if I do let myself have one I'm going to go buy a pack. Is that so bad. No man. It's not so bad. I'm so fucked. Can't seem to keep straight and narrow. The question rather becomes...what do you want? The coffee is o.k. probably not cheap. So, how I got here...stuck in traffic took a

left decided I'd stop at the first place I found for coffee. And here I sit eyeballin a blond...Not the one with the long hair. Trting to decide if I want a smoke. There we go. One cigarette. Not bad. Café Tartine. It's all in your attitude. Always will be. Haven't decided yet if this means I'm buyin a pack. It's just cigarettes it doesn't rule your life. Love. Love. Love. Love. Love. Keep hearing that word. Luv. I'm a musician. I shouldn't smoke. Here...I wont smoke when I have kids. I bet I'll have a kid in about shit I don't know pick a number between 1 and 10. A little Joe Taylor in about (1-10) years. Sometimes I feel like the universe is screaming at me what to do but I can't hear it over my stereo. I'm such a student of the hidden and cryptic that I never see what's right in front of my face. I'm gonna pick a coin out of my pocket and if the year is an odd year it was minted in, I'll start smoking again. Parliments...hipster smokes. If it's even I wont. Fuck. 1990. Looks like I can't smoke afterall. Oh whatever man. I'll never learn. Never. Not good at it. Can't do it. Learn that is. Stupid as fuck. I admit though I did enjoy that one cigarette. Here, I'll allow myself to go with the flow. She will pursue me...come to me. I'm good with that. Life's not so fucked up that I wont be included in that. Whatever. I can't even begin to form a solid opinion on it. Here now gone later. Dude just topped off my coffee with luke warm coffee. Mmmmkay. Bummed another parlement light. Like the furniture at this place. Like the breeze too except it's blowing my shit around. Same guy just brought me a fresh cup. That's cool. Love Love Love. All you need is love. Happiness. Happinex. That's better. Fresh coffee. So I want to ask the girl in the black skirt out for a drink. Here's my forethought on the subject: Not huntin for a wife, not looking for someone to use, not very complicated, operating from an even stage and keeping it in fair play. There's a number of ways this could work...I could

look for a comfortable rime to ask her out, that could never come. I could force the issue to a high probability of failure. I have to come up with a gift for her, making sure the net result is a positive for her. Besides that I'll just be myself. I don't want her to feel awkward in front of her friends. I don't want to ignore the fact that there is a mutual attraction...where to take her...it wouldn't be a take...it would be a meet...at the cat + fiddle for a drink...that's not an unreasonable thing to propose is it. Would you care to meet me for a drink at the Cat + Fiddle on Sunset across from the hollywood athletic club b/ Wilcox and Seward. It's not that I think we've got a shit load in common but what the fuck. It's fun to ask girls out. So I will. Like, hey I think you're a real fox (or something to that degree) then would you...blah blah blah...I'll make some guesses about her that I may or may not ever learn the truth about. She's 24. She's from here. She's not a performer she's an industry hack of some kind. She's a night club girl...the ones I'd never go to. She's fashionably rich. 2:22pm. My lucky number. Cool.

Yeah anyway. Tuxedo pants, Stealthy not Wealthy t-shirt, redwings. Lord. Universe. Make her pursue me. I want her to. I'd enjoy that. I might even deserve it. O.k. listening to the energy...I can tell she's physically attracted to me. I think she'd consider it if not agree. Would you agree? Do ya want to get better acquainted acquaint...I cant even spell acquaint. She's talking about her boyfriend. Thank you lord...she's talking about her boyfriend who's a major league baseball player. I get it no fuckin' chance. Fine. I think I'll ask her out anyhow. Know why? So what. Why not. Into the fray. Through the wood. Pursue pursue pursue love love love love love pursue pursue pursue. Whatever man. A little Joe Taylor. Christine Aziza and Jen are their names. Time to start the giving. The one I'm interested in, Jen, is on her phone. Amy Cooper's

her sister. JenCENSORED@hotmail. So Jen one n, the one I'm gonna ask out for a drink, her sister's a musician. Things we have in common. We both drive for hours to think. I asked her out. She said she's got a boyfriend. She said mail her a CD, her friends work in the biz. She's 25. From San Fran. Whatever man. I still think she's pretty. Just not for me. I said "Thanks for the cancer and the conversation." They left wishing me luck on my book, etc. etc. So, to make my point more clearly. One to pursue me would be nice. Anyways. I did enjoy talking to them. I did enjoy speaking with them. I'm keeping the lighter they left. On and on. Round and round.

4:58. Here is the extent of my desperation on day 48. I sit here in T.P. again. This time at a cocktail table. The bar is full. I'm here hoping to see Lora or Colleen. I went by the b.k. hoping to see Courtney. You know why? Because I'm fucking sick of being single. Maybe it is that I'm in need of validation. Or some bullshit like that. Maybe I just need a steady supply of sex. All things being equal I'm pretty tired of working overtime just to scratch this itch. Just to get it off my mind. I wish I hadn't blown it so bad with Stephanie. Whatever man. What the fuck ever. I'm just overthinking the hell out of everything. Fucked up with Linda when she didn't call till 45 mins late and I'd already called Amy...taking that to heart as a lesson. I then let it influence my actions with Stephanie. Am I a piece of work or what. Anyhow. When this bit of bingeing is over I know for a fact I'm going to feel like a dumbass. So be it. I forgive myself in advance. So. No luck. No luck. No luck. At least it occupies my mind and gives me something to write about instead of my various war wounds. This is a fairly attractive place to sit and write. Lets just pretend I'm rich and in my virgin wool trousers and combed cotton

shirt...checking the time on my gold watch. Funny thing is that I've got all that: v. wool pants, gold watch that my grandfather gave me that I never wear...it's in MHC because it's about a thousand dollar watch. But I'm not rich. That much is certain.

So it looks like tonight'll be a late practice. Then I might go to the burgundy room and see if I can solve the Kimberly mystery. Bought a pack of parliments coin be damned. Whatever man. Go with the flow. Besides. I like smoking. God damn I've written a lot of pathetic shit. have I mentioned the people driving by and honking. Sure I have. One time I sat in the Honda and waited for someone to drive by and honk so I could chase em down. How about the time somebody whipped a chunk of asphalt at the metal grill of my basement apt...then yelled something inchoherent. I walked out with my maglight to check it out. Found the projectile but the frat boy lynch mob had left. Moved to a different table I don't like the tall stools. Not comfortable. I prefer being able to lean an elbow on a thigh. More comfortable writing position. Anyway. Yeah. The rock.

What the fuck am I doing here? Who the fuck cares. How about the cars driving by Saxapahaw and honking. One bunch even yelled "Go back to law school." How about that shit. So what. It made me chuckle. This is the end of 8. Can't say I'm sad to see it go. I suppose I should talk more about the Capsize 7 breakup and how I lost Teresa. Those being two crucial developmental or perhaps better said de-constructive (without taking the violent meaning of destructive) events in my odd life. I got another god damn parking ticket while I was talking to those chicks at the last place I went. That fucking sucks. Ending on a positive note...I think this pen is running out...I bet a coupla weeks from now Chapter 3 will really begin to take off. I bet I'll find a her to take the head of steam off that

I can't seem to otherwise lose. I bet music will start to go better too. No shit. Early 30's late 20's shit should start to look pretty damn good. I suppose you could skip ahead and find out...I wish I could.