

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 9

8-19 5:33pm 48

Book 9. 8 took five and ½ days. Really smoked my way through that shit. Not much else to say about that. For those of you who didn't skip ahead I was saying I hope shit improves soon. Also that I should talk more about Capsize 7's demise and my losing Teresa. The capsized story is like explaining a nasty scar...you're kind of over it, it's not a fun story to tell but the wound was real enough that it left a mark. Rob told me in recent conversation related to my paranoia that he thought that was the root of my troubles and I must admit it did rather sprout from that wound. As for being paranoid...I don't think they're all out to get me, but lots of em are. Maybe not out to get me but lets just say if I'm on their good side it's a very funny (not funny ha ha) place.

How bout a drink? Lets see what would I have? Glass of cabernet? Bourbon and ginger? A beer? I think I'd have the bourbon and ginger. Sure. That'd be a terrific idea. There's a side of me that does want it...the chaotic side that likes to say fuck it all when pressed. I know it's not a good idea though. I can't control it. I'd be drunk as hell tonight...throw up drunk and amongst the negative side effects thereof would be that Chris + Chris would think the band was over. They would. Toms saw the alcohol problem back in Capsize 7, he's slow to judge + accuse but I know he'd think Lystra was fucked...so...I can't. More importantly I don't even want to. Problem is, is that I like getting wasted. I like drowning my sorrows...losing identity...forgetting. Taking off my hair shirt for a while. So...I've got to

make myself happy in other ways. Whatever. So smoking a coupla cigarettes is nothing. I've got bigger fish not to fry.

Rob turns 35 this coming Saturday. Rob, my older brother will be 35 this Saturday. Sam, my younger brother turns 30 in February. I can't believe it. It just doesn't sound possible. I'll be 32 in a month and a half. Unbelievable.

Ten till six. Too late to go by the ford place and ask that Latina out on a date. I actually would. That is how fed up I am with being single. Whatever. Maybe I'll drive by the bread place Jenny works at on my way out of town to say hi. Might be a little off huh? I don't want to freak her out. Although I do think that's a bit of a stretch. It wouldn't merit a freak out...maybe a "what the hell?" Anyway my fruitless Pasadena trip has, I believe, come to an end. I'll get the fuck outa here. I don't even know if I'll come back. Starting to feel like a bit of a retard coming here all the time hoping to see a coupla girls I only talked with for a ½ hour or so. Anyway.

8:20 Perkatory. Small coffee.

My my my but what the hell am I supposed to make of some guy yelling out his car window in a hysterical voice "You want to die? You want to die?" and then it trailed off into mumbled "I'm gonna kill you." or some shit not said with any authority. But before that I saw Aundria - soft A - on my way in. Said hello. Nice what's up actually. So then later I go up to her + Stacy's apt. with the intention of asking them over for coffee sometime. Screen doors shut, lights are on, but there is no answer to my calls or knocks. So I go back downstairs. It's not that I'm surprised to find they don't especially want to talk to me...whatever. Kind of sad. Largely indifferent. Bjork on the stereo. That's good by me. Anyway. That was weird. After the dude quit yellin I said "Hey Rady your boyfriend's out

front." He said "I think that's yours." As if there was any question. Of course it was mine. 100%. I got up to look...of course the fuckers were gone. Drove off. So I decided as reward o myself for putting up with that shit I was going to make my upstairs neighbor Stacy into a lover. We'll see. The loan of a chicken egg does not an upstairs lover make. Truer words. Truer words. Yeah sure.

I've drank so much coffee lets see...one folgers when I woke up, one at s.o.f. (south of france), one ½ at café triad or what the fuck, and now one here. Well I guess that's really not that big of a deal. Goin' by b. room (burgundy room). I want to see Kimberly. Seeing how today's goin' leads me to believe I'm gonna end up feelin like a dumb-ass. Joe Taylor. Well the answer is of course I don't want to die...but I like makin stupid motherfuckers think I don't care if I do...helps me look lie a bad-ass. Look like a bad ass? Just look? The answer to the implied question is yes...I am a bad ass.

Mojo magic conjure put a dent in the universe and have it roll down to the bottom where I'm sittin'. How about bringing in here my next lover, universe. Go ahead, send her through the door to me. Brunette, short chin-length hair, slender, clear white skin, sexy lips. Almond eyes. Fit as a fiddle. A looker. OK? No? Whatever. That's fine. I'll find her myself. On my damn own. I'm gonna go play guitar in like 15 minutes. So if you're makin a delivery world...make it snappy.

Tool. That's what I use my name for. A tool to make me successful. Before it all hit the fan at lawschool with people honking and etc., making the noise, I had been driving and listening to Deepok Chopra about you can have anything you want. So I was like oh yeah...I want to be a musician again. Successful musician. And here I sit.

I didn't mention the pseudo-intellectuals at NPR (which I do not listen to + nor do I recommend it) are

on board the anti-me. I heard a womans voice ask "Am I crazy" "Am I crazy" followed by a computer voice saying "beater". Of course this does not surprise me. When I quit Brooklyn law almost a year ago NPR's talk of the nation was "major life decisions" or some such apropos b.s. or maybe it was when I left LA. I can't remember. Did I tell you about the people who lived behind me at 2820 Griffith Park. I heard one of em yell "Go to Brooklyn" one time. Female. Anyhow...NPR does not surprise me because their offices were in that pompous part of town (D.C.) and the neighborhood that ganged up on me was of the volvo drivin' NPR ilk. Car talk is the only thing with a fuck on NPR. They're (NPR) edgy without the edge...they're just gee. Fuck em. Pacifica is ok though, that much I'll agree to.

8:48. So go play gtr. Then go solve the Kimberly mystery. Or at least try to. One must always try to. What the fuck ever.

**8-20 9:56 47**

Jesus am I down to 47 already. You'd think it was just yesterday I was ready to pack the van and needed a countdown to make me feel better. So my coffee was 40 cent. Celebrating 40 years. Coffee Bean. Just think, in a little over 8 years I'll celebrate ny 40<sup>th</sup> too and then I'll have a sale. Instead of a regular coffee for 40 cent I'll sella beach house to a charity for 40 cent. Something supporting the homeless. I'll build it from driftwood and other such things I consider "natural" to the beach environment. Washed up tires shit like that. The coffee was cheap but the company leaves a little sup'n to be desired. Old jeans, old lacrosse t, redwing boots. The crowd here is a little too benign for my tastes. Any fucking how.

To think, unless I'm gonna be homeless besides a homemade beach shack, I've got to make money - get a

career. So I used to believe I could become a rich musician. I'm admittedly not so sure anymore. The frosted side of me says hell yes keep going it's just around the corner but the whole wheat side of me says you'll finish the 50 and have to re-evaluate. The side of me that does not think I'm a piece of cereal thinks I should just go with the flow. The chinese part of me thinks I should go with the frow.

Yeah sure. I'm a long way from Saxapahaw. Hey, figure this. I realizeed that showering less actually means that you conserve deodorant. Think about it. When do you put on deodorant, after you shower. So less shower equals less deodorant. Smart huh. By the way. Do you use deodorant? It is something you do. How do you use it. Do you remove the cap from a stick and duck tape it to your arm below your shirt? What's that mean. Use deodorant. Well, I'll apply it after a shower but that pretty much does it. I don't then continue to use it all day or any such thing. And that would be that.

The woman I told had beautiful skin who looks Brazilian is sitting across the way from me. I'm not sure what I'm gonna do about that. Wouldn't hurt to make eyes a little I guess. Anyways. She does have a lovely olive complexion. Final cigarette. That makes my 3<sup>rd</sup> since I woke up an hour ago anyway. That's a good start. I need to learn to control my tobacco intake anyway...if I'm going to allow myself to smoke. I wish I could just skip ahead and find out, but alas, 'tis not possible. No es posible. It's too bad I haven't been able to get a single click out of Linda. She'd be a catch. However. I don't think she's into me.

What the fuck is gonna happen today. I had a hunch today I might solve my most persistent problem...the no "her". OK. Fine. What've you got universe. Hit me. I swear I won't panic this time. So I'll guess what she'll be like. Here goes nothin. First half of the 20's. Sporty build...I just mean healthy and not fat or

emaciated. In the entertainment field to some degree or another. Punk rock girl would be nice but you can't have everything. I do like those punk rock

girls. Sure a coupla tatoos 'd be nice as long as they weren't too unimaginative or poorly placed. Not without virtues but certainly not virtuous. I can't even spell virtuous. Does that have an e on the end of it? Here's to not caring. Hip Hip...

I wish there were a river I could jump in to clean off. Just get naked and jump right the fuck in. Catch a salmon in my teeth. Catch a porcupine and scrub under my armpits with the squeaky little bastard.

I think my next lover and I will have more oral sex than my last partner. I intend to give that to her at random times whenever I think she might like it. That way she will reciprocate...sounds like a healthy part of a well balanced sex life.

11:30. Coffee Bean Fairfax Sunset haven't been here in ages. Man, feel like my life's changed a lil' bit. Second cup coffee 5<sup>th</sup> cigarette.

Ok. Anyhow. Just met Ginny and Melanie. From Arkansas. I got a ticket in Arkansas. Johnston County. When I moved back across country last year about this time. Boy, those were good times. Just kidding. Would you care to make a prediction as to potential romance? Sure. No chance in hell.

Ginny looks more my type. More likely to put up with me. She does make-up. I spoke more with Melanie. Southern accents. Enjoyable girls. Whatever...they're both taken no doubt or they'd be talkin' to me more. Look before you leap eh what. Which one could I see sitting in my orange chair in my room. Not sure. And away they go. Here's one for you...women will give you a smile, charm you, and have no

intention at all of becoming anything more. You'd think I know that by now. One would think. Furthermore one would hope. One. Furthermore. What the fuck is that? Anymotherfucking how. Sit tight. Ignite. Cheesy bastard.

whatever. That doesn't even merit a capitol w.

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There is no money and there is no crowd. God damn but there are a lot of cheesy fuckers in LA. No shit. It's not what your doin' it's how you're doin' it fuck heads. What the fuck ever. Lots of odd ducks in this pond.

Just about done with my coffee. About time for a refill.

Aside. That girls ass is tiny. Scrawny. Anyhow. The minutia in life one observes.

OK. Here's the deal. I'm interested in starting a conversation with two, make that 3, of the women here. The foreign one in the corner, the smart one inside, and the one right beside me for proximity's sake. Well, I'll just skip ahead a coupla pages and find out which one sits in the orange chair. May as well make it a come-back girl. One I'd like to see again.

There is somethiong to be said for staying in your own skin. Marionette. Within my paint. At the limit of my strings. I don't fucking care how transparent I am. Don't bother me with some keen observation about my nature.

I am I guess. Dependant on my untenai afterall. Fine. I wish to be pursued. Done. At the

end of ten I would know. Whatever. This is how I spend my time.

Christ on a cupcake.

Look. I'm not asking for the fuckin world on a platter. I would simply like a young woman I don't have to talk myself into being attracted to with a solid enough bean on her shoulders that we can talk and laugh and not so many hangups that I've got to put training wheels on her. I've got humor, not bad lookin, fairly decent shape. It's not like we're trying to get a date for Larry the gimp with the cleft palette here. What the fuck. Be somewhat of my culture. Be in the ballpark of my age and intelligence. That's all it takes. Period.

Whatever. She comes to me. She comes to me. She invites me. She welcomes me.

I cater tomorrow. That's good. Too much coffee. Lil' bit shaky. Shake-lito. 12:20 if the next girl doesn't sit beside me by 12:25 I'm goin inside to talk to the smart girl sitting by herself by the door.

Still using the lighter Simone gave me. The one with the Dominatrix on the wrapper. Simone. Part of LA the first and LA the second. Stop looking so disappointed. That's one thing I need to do. This is afterall, a fucking scream. 12:24. Seconds remain. Brittish teeth. Good band name? No? The Slip? Can't fucking believe I'm smoking. Stupid shit.

2:33. Urth Café.

Use it like a tool. Lots of motherfuckers eating around me. Feel a bit odd just sittin here writing. Yeah, I feel odd. That's gonna make news. Got a cute girl to smile at me. I winked at her. Dig that shit. So I'm famous. Of course I am. Yeah you know me. Back to bidness. Try not to smoke all over the pretty people. Jesus. Cute blond behind me in

line. To my knowledge she has not emerged from the café. I guess that would be an emergency. Sure man. Whatever makes you happy.

I'm such an odd duck. I think that girl in the corner is on Zena warrior-princess - the blond buddy. Think but of course I'm not sure. How will I proceed from here. The nicotine is buzzing around my head like a horse fly. Landing here. Landing there. A twitch sends it up, it catches the thermals off my frontal lobes. BZZZZZ. Whatever. Me and my parliament lights. Smokin up the afternoon. I wish I wasn't such a frustrated whore. Over the falls in a barrel. It would be nice. Maybe that is metaphorical for my life. In slow mo. In an open keg I trundle and see-saw my way towards the edge. Ok. Think positively. Given the chance I will go talk to the blond. The smart girl in the last place was writing her thesis on antichrist characters in film. Jules. German. From Munich. Phone number. Date Sunday possibly. Well. Anyway. The blond just walked off. O.K. Sure. It is what you make of it.

I thin' I just ferr in rove with a punk rock blond that walked in. Lystra. Come back girl. Come-back. S'alright. Spoke with the couple at the table beside me - asked em if they were on a field trip. 20-21 year olds. How old am I.....31. Wow, I would have guesses 26. Nope, I was riding a bike by 76. My first one was a spirit of 76 with a banana-seat. So here's my next pick up line. I love you. I lub you. I'll say it with the same tone of voice as the "Hey lady I drooled on myself."

I dro - hoo - hoo - hooled on myself. Whatever. Gigglin to myself like a ½ wit now. Well (all indignant now) maybe I am. [Chest puffed out thumb stuck into my chest shoulders back]. 40 mins. left on the meter. When I'm 40 the couple beside me will still be younger than I am right now.

Here. I'll make an effort to compose myself. One's face can be quite communicative. Relax my jaw. Soften up my facial muscles. Relax. Whatever. Who cares. I've got all the time in the world. There is an infinity of potential happiness in the world. The universe is a kind warm hearth. Anyways. Laughing at myself is an ok thing by me. If only I could get paid to do it. Imagine. I meet a girl here today that I date, one that's not jail bait. I'll see you that and raise you someone you have respect for.

So I left my notebook open. That's not normal for me. I would consider it a kindness if I could meet the girl in the red corduroy skirt. I'd appreciate that. One never knows. Especially when one doesn't care. Anyway. Come what may. Go with the flow. Still a ½ an hr. on the meter. You've got a beautiful face olive girl. Avoidance of glance = leave me alone. I get it. But she does. Her facial structure is great. Very high cheek bones. I wonder who she's waiting for. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. I needed that. If I do ever type this into a computer I'm going to have to edit out a lot of this bullshit. It's borderline. Borderline pathetic. To expand on that point. I'm sitting here like a fucking tool, hoping to gravitationally pull an attractive girl my way. Honestly. Smokin' writing. Whatever man.

I'll anticipate a future reaction. I see myself in 10 years. I walk over to my table. I stand there and patiently observe. Then, I think I'd pat myself on the shoulder, laugh and keep movin'. So. I guess it's not all that bad. My catering shift tomorrow just got cancelled. What a laugh. I'd like to take off my shirt. It's hot. About 10 mins. till I've got to scoot. What the fuck am I gonna do now. I admit I'm not sure. Some lady just looked at me like I was a misbehaving servant. Fuck you lady. I'm not servin' you now. 3:30. So what. Fucking fuck face ass hat

shit sucking sloppy second fuck the princess dingo style. Shave your ass with a rusty reaper cornhusk your member as the jet plane dives into your upended rosey brown-eye. There. Is that poetry or what. That chick that just walked by had some cool tatoos on her arms. I'd rather swallow a rotting squirrel whole than wear an abercrombe + fitch shirt. I do not understand that kind of belongerism. Things I don't get. See appendix 2.

8-21

9:50 46

Who fucking gives even a little bit of a shit. Not me motherfucker. Not fucking me. Anywho. I just barged in on some blond girl I don't know for oddball conversation while I smoke + drink me mornin' coffee. So that which I would like is simply a little oddball conversation as I sit. Guess I'll get that. Yeah I guess.

Slept with Kelly last night. Enjoyed seeing her again. Her dog raises a damn racket though all night fucking long. She told me I looked like I'd gained weight...in a good way. Christy and her friend with the white volvo. Tried to get their email address (her friend was better lookin' although in a yuppie kind of way)...it was as though I had gone for the jugular. "Next time I see you." Not last night but the night before I went to b.r. (burgundy room). Talked to punk rock girl Genie. I said "Can we cut the crap. I've got a crush on you are you attatched?" She said she was. Too bad that. So on the evening went. Ater I find myself talking to two girls a black pretty girl and a white pretty girl. Summer and Natasha. Summer was a bit of a flirt. At the end of the night she took my phone #. Said they'd get settled and give me a call. I went home and fell asleep lying on my bed with my feet propped up on my chair which leans in the corner. Said chair will roll onto its back if left free standing.

So on and on and on and on and on and on it goes. Nice cool day. Comfy out here. Cool.

Haven't seen Pappy last 3 or 4 times I've been out to 6115. (The practice room shithead). Hope he's doing ok. Lord only knows what kind of a thread that old codger hangs onto health-wise.

So. One thing I'm not especially diggin'. My back is turned to the courtyard area. So I can't return the fucked up looks I'm no doubt getting. Well I'll look for the trade off. Surely there is one. Just sucked back the rest of my coffee so the question becomes...do I want another here...or should I pace myself. I've got a long day ahead of me of writing...drinking coffee, etc. etc. ad nauseum.

Before I move on...in my dream the night before last I saw a person, a large man, wearing a Charlottesville Press lacrosse t shirt like the kind I wore yesterday. That is why I wore it of course. Spoke with him. That I remember, nothing really specifically important was said. Actually he seemed a little tired like he'd prefer not to talk to me but had to so...

Use it as a tool. "Do you want to die?" Yeah sure. Perform. It serves a purpose. That is the last time I'm gonna whore out my email address. Having a long mailing list is a good thing. But at what cost?

Five. Five minutes from now. Five days, Five weeks, Five months, Five years from right now. Something I've been trying to reflect on recently.

Also. Does infinite smallness exist? And. What is energy? Two points that came up when I was thinking in bed last night. Can something be placed in a state of suspended animation. Man. 'Tis a comfy day. Feels fucking nice out here.

Looks like I went for the refill afterall.

So the fives. Hoping that'll keep me from just spending my time looking for love in all the wrong places. Time does pass after all. In 8 years I'll be about to turn 40. Believe that shit. It seems impossible. At least not 40 in the conventional sense. Let's see. Where'd I turn 10? Earlysville, Va. My Dad, when he turned 40 had bought a new house (the first house purchased by my Dad) owned and operated Taylor's Town & Country Exxon on Hydrolic and 29. Rob was a teenager and just starting to get into trouble. Sam was 8 and still a baby. Or at least I'm sure that's how Mom thought about it. My Mom wasn't working. She stayed home for our childhood. Then she started working at a clothing store in the "new" mall. Charlottesville's first indoor mall - "Fashion Square" I think. Casual Corner was the name of the place. To get to that stage in life for me will certainly take more than 8 years. Or so I think today...unseasonably cool late August day in Los Feliz, LA.

One of the hostesses from cat + fiddle came in. I double / maybe even triple taked on her. The brunette. Speak of the devil, she just walked by on her boyfriend's arm. What people must think of me.

Use it as a tool. It's a device. Without it I don't think I'd have a chance in hell of succeeding at what I'm trying to do. Maybe with it I do. I think all I've got to do is wait for the fuse to hit the powder. It's simple.

Which no doubt might raise the question. Was it intentional? Did I intentionally create this situation where-by I am more or less notorious? Does the spider intentionally shake his web as the butterfly passes near? I don't think he plans it. It's instinct. We are built certain ways and believe it or not...are very predictable in our actions. I mean the circumstances change and warp and move...we are the same and will react if we are true to ourselves...with the same reactions.

Not to say that free will doesn't exist. But maybe we don't choose our actions, maybe we choose the circumstances in which we react. Damn. Sun just came out.

So winning isn't everything. It's simply another situation we have chosen like a vessel into which we pour ourselves...our reactions. If you're not true to yourself...if you choose to be false. You'll pay for it.

Today's the kind of weather when old men wear light jackets.

Anyhows. The blond playing with her hair...she's a fox. Good the sun just went away. Well actually it hasn't gone anywhere...no that's not true it's hurtling through the cosmos. I guess I set the bar pretty high for all these hipster fucks. Well that's just me bein' true to my nature.

Infinite smallness. I know I broke it down before but I was thinking more about it. Here's what I got. You have (if theory is to be believed) a negatively charged particle that orbits a positively charged core making up the atom. This particle is energy without mass. As I remember anyhow. Uncertainty principal states that an observer can only know its direction or position but not both (I can't fucking remember). Anyway something about how the experimenter by looking for it causes the electron to be where he looks. Influences it. So I thought...well maybe there is infinite smallness but at some point the observer creates what he sees. Sees what he wants to. You dig. Because all of us are godlike.  $Energy = Matter \times speed\ of\ light\ squared$ . Yeah that. But I like the idea of infinite smallness...keeps things from feeling contrived...and if there were no observer I still think it would exist.

Brown socks. Brown pants (virgin wool).  
Referee shirt. Redwings.

OK. Some guy came up and asked me for \$ saying his van was stranded. I told him I was tight for \$. Keep tryin'. The guy in the parking lot washing windows with a squeegee called him over.

"What's up brother?" "Yo brother." Guy ignored him once then walked over. They talked, dude washing windows gave him some money. So couple things hit me.

I've got 20's in my pocket...I didn't give that guy shit...I mean I knew he was telling a story but...I figured some rich hipster fuck'd give him some cash. But that guy...window guy...forked over some cash. Made me feel a bit disappointed in myself. Yes but on the other hand the guy was defending his territory. Whatever man he's working.

2:13pm T+Leaf. Sunset + Fairfax. Most o'me is in the shade 'cept my back which is under the sun...direct sunlight. Jesus Christ don't think I'll be here all hour. Got till 3:10, that's when my parking goes from free to 3\$ / 15 mins. Cost me \$6 to talk to Jules the German girl with the nice nice breasts. Anyway. Not that it matters. Got to lean forward that sun is smokin'. Tonight I hope I see Kimberly. I just got up from a lengthy nap. Slept on the sofa for a while. I wonder how many recognize me here. On my way here a black kid on the highschool's grounds saw me + yelled "Beater". I looked, he sipped his soda. His friend smiled. I smiled.

The chick to my immediate fore is sexy. She ain't wearing no underpants. Me neither. Underpants are for children and old ladies. I wonder if she knows she's crackin' me a smiley. No big whup. Everyone has an ass. You, me...him her...all walkin around with an ass. Perhaps I'll ignore her. Wanna know who I'd like to

see? Louise. Fucking hot in the goddamn sun. Doesn't seem to be a quick fix. Red skies at night. Oh oh. Not sure where that came from. Well I guess I'd better write since it's all I'm good for. That and songwriting. That too.

Joe Taylor. Yep. That's fuckin' me. The Beater. Been called that before. Not to my face. A lil' bit twitchy. Amped on the caffeine. So the plumber ass girl is sitting with a coupla industry hacks. Abercrombe kids. Terrific long brown hair. Guess what? I'd ask her out anyway. I'd walk right the fuck over and ask her ass out. Know why? Nope. Me neither. Part anger. Part search for p.o.ass. I've got to quit eyeballing that chick. It's fut up.

Here I'll psychically inform her of my intentions. I know it's not very forward thinking or especially original but I would love to reach around your waist and take hold of those nagas (but cheeks in español). That's all I'm sayin'. Nothing deep. Nothing abby normal. Yeah. Well. Anyway.

Scooched in toward my table. More in the shade. 40 minutes left. I wore this referee shirt almost 17 years ago. Refeing soccer. A lifetime ago. Seventeen. Fuck. Can't begin to imagine 17 years in the future. 49. Whoa. It's there though non-linear time being the case. It's all there. Shit. 5 minutes from now is there. Goodness. I'm glad it's going to keep getting easier. The hard past was HARD. Whatever.

I would like to talk to her. Brunette. It does sound obvious. Yet true. OK. Lord. Check this out. My girlfriend is smokin' hot. Foxy as that girl. Foxier in fact. That's right. She is so goddamn attractive I've got to wear a sweatband around my neck to catch the drool. Hey honey...I'm droo - hooling. Droo - hoo - hoo - hoolin'. So spend a little more time here catchin' up on my vitamin cheese.

The beautiful blond with the foreign accent just pulled up a chair facin' me. Down the way here.

My girlfriend is so damn good-lookin. Joe Taylor. What do you do? Scare people. Amaze people. I'm a very active individual. I intend to talk to beautiful blond #1. But get this...I'm going to keep my mind blank until I walk up, get her attention...hopefully her eyes...then I'm gonna say the first thing that pops into my head. Whatever that may be. It'll be like Belgium Roulette.

She looks familiar and I don't know why. Because she resembles a model I've seen or some such shit. That's fine. 5 hours from now. 7:45. Practice I hope. 5 days from now...Tuesday. I hope catering has picked up and I've got a come-back girl. 5 weeks from now. End of September. Come on Lystra. 5 months from now. Synergy...Lystra + Steady. 5 years from now. No intelligent guess declined. 20 minutes on the clock. Time for some Belgium Roulette. Nervouse. Hearts beating hard in my chest. Got to make it a net positive. Not a fuckhead. Walked her way. She couldn't a been quicker about pickin' up her phone "Hello ...Hellow..." Yep. Nice avoidance technique. Time is on my side. I guess. So sick of psychic this and psychic that. Dear tea leaves please tell me who my next lover will be. What the fuck is that? Anyhow.

Guess who's a good guitar player. Me. Guess who can write a good song. Me. Guess who can sing like the devil. Me. If I lie may a lightning bolt strike me dead here in the courtyard of the cat and fiddle. Final stop for this afternoon's poseur coffee drinker writer tour.

O.K. I'm not askin' anybody out. Not askin' anyone for their number. I will not. I'll smile but I'll look like an idiot. Said what's up to Mel. I like her. I think she likes me now that I'm 'defused' in relation to her. Like I say. The chicks here are safe.

I have leashed the hounds. The hounds are sleeping. I will let them lie. 3:15 now I guess that makes it 3:0?... 3:04 ½ when I got here. So more or less I've got till 4. Maybe I'll pool some fountain water in my hands and splash it on my face...dampen my hair. Maybe I'll take off my shirt shoes + socks and wash my laundry in it. Whistlin' she'll be comin' round the mountain as I do it. Then I'll hang 'em over the fence behind me to dry until the manager tells me to leave. That actually would be kinda fun.

Maybe I'll go lean down behind the pole of one of these propane heaters and when a waitress comes over I'll put my finger to my lips and go "Shhhhh. I'm hiding. They can't see me behind this propane heater pole, lady."

Maybe the next table that comes in I'll go take their order. Maybe I'll dip my boot into the fountain and drink from it like a leather flagon. Should be I'll go pull up at a table full of people and sit there pretending I just got back from takin' a piss.

"Did you guys order for me?"

"Larry, Mildred, did you order for me?"

Pretending is fun. I hope I didn't give the beautiful Mel the impression I'm pissed off about being rejected...cause I ain't. I ain't got nobody. No body. Cares for me. No body. Cares for me. The lovely Veronica is today's hostess. I'll try not to get all sweet on her. O.K. Lets disclose. If I have got any mental powers I hereby transmit a full disclosure of pertinent information to both Mell and Victoria. Dig it. I ain't evil. I ain't trying to cause any kind of negative vibe on you what so ever. So peace out G.

Kelly's dog Clea - a big rotweiler with neurotc problems from being stuck in a small apartment all day by herself...said dog stole an unused condom off a chair

by the door where I'd put ma' shit. Damn dog ate it. Ate it wrapper and all. Revolting.

Ain't nobody here but us chickens... I've dyed my hair so much it feels like straw. I don't give a shit. Kelly told me I should trim it...I've got split ends. I fucking care. No blade is touching my hair but a pair of Wahl clippers - guard off - self administered baldy. I'm not doin' that for a while. Coupla ½ years at least.

So the burn I got on my hand the night I met Stephanie is healed. Guess it's time for someone new. Pretty sure it is. Smokin Smokin Smokin. So amped. Wish there were no such thing. Wish tobacco had remained some obscure weed, uncultivated. I wish America had never been discovered and European culture had stagnated to find, a century or so later, giant ships of some inventive Native American design off the shores of England and France.

Coupla birds on the fountain getting a splash bath and drink. Cool to see. So water is 3 atoms bonded 2 hydrogen one oxygen. Is there anything in between the individual molecules? Is water like a barrel of ping pong balls? Is there just an empty space between them...or is it more conjoined than that and there's a field of energy like a broth. Who fuckin' cares. 20 more mins. Guess I'll piss and get more coffee.

Whateva. There's the biggest headache that works here...the super roxtar foxy waitress. Good Lord. I will not think about it.

All in all. I guess I'm glad I'm smoking. I like it. The biggest drawback is the effect on me pipes. My voice. But now, I don't much fucking care how pretty I sound. No shit. I mean I could go and sing tonight at Perkatory...play "love what you do"..."li wu"...etc. But those songs while quite satisfactory to me are...kind.

I'm not thinking kindness is what's needed of me right now.

That's right Moron. Not even one lonesome glance at that girl and her dipshit block head - tête de buche boyfriend. Fuck me? Fuck me? No. Fuck you.

Sooner or later I've got to lay off the stimulants I've been bingeing on. Caffeine Caffeine Nicotine Yeah kick em again kick em again harder harder. Had buddy sex with Kelly last night. The kind of laid back - laughing with her about how her head got stuck underneath the arm of the futon - sex. Good for her. Good for me.

Hey Girls. I wish I were more like Jerry Lewis at times. Oh so I wrote Colleen from T.P. and asked her out. She has yet to write back. I guess part of me hopes she doesn't. Messin' with a girl with a 2 yr. old ain't my usual style. I don't know. She's single. But that comment about religion, that was a bit of a red flare. 7 minutes left. I ain't here to pick up chicks. You'd think I could remember that. Not that any of 'em are havin' me. There is dirt beneath these flagstones. And further down. More dirt. And further down more dirt. And further down you will hit a level that has never, ever, been touched by human hands. No man or woman has even thought about it. and there's tons of it. Cubic metric tons. And tons and tons. And up. Up there. There is space. Room where no jet has ever flown, no capsule has ever careened haphazardly through. And no man ever will, no woman ever will ever go there. We are not so significant.

8-22

12:20 45

South of France. Michelle is the barrista. She makes good coffee. I have no doubt of two things: 1) she knows exactly who I am 2) I would fuck the shit

20

out of her. Anywho. LA Weekly had a bit of a surprise for me: turns out life in hell was "All you need is love". As in: I love being superior, I love watching people fail, I love being right...all you need is love. So - odd coincidence. C'est la guerre. Like I said: I would fuck the shit out of 1) Michelle 2) the brunette posing for me. Count to 10. The notoriety I got does serve some purpose. Guess I'll go talk to that brunette who was just posing for me. Think I'll keep it simple. As in: whatever I decide to say.

Michelle. Anyhow. It's ok by me. Just go with the flow. The whole thing is on autopilot now anyhow. I've got it in the "oven" of lovin'. So today I simply continue my mad quest for the unknown pole. South and North long visited and revisited. I want "The Pole of Unknown Consequences". Pole. Pole. Pole. Pole. Now say it like the mummy in Scooby doo who wanted his coin. Coin Coin Coin.

So. Michelle the beautiful. I could make her blush I bet. Yeah that'd be fun. The 5s. Infinite smallness. Energy broth. Autopilot. The mid forties. Good. I'm living in the bottom of my ribcage. Right up front. On the surface. Jesus South of Motherfucking France.

So to analyze the issue. Michelle. I'd like her. But. That brunette in line made it quite clear that I should go over and speak to her. Which I might. Might I do the second without jeopardizing the first. Oh, I never made it to the b.r. last night...felt too shitty. And of course. Entre the looker with the dog. My poor achin' heart. Whatever man. Better get used to it Rock Star. I fuckin paid for it. it will be mine. Tell you what motherfucker I'll go sit outside for a smok pretty soon. Let there be clarity. Allow my actions to dictate events. Get fucking used to it man. It's this way from now on. There that eases the pressure a bit.

Come what may. I can't decide. I would rather they decided it for me. But if I had to be logical about it I'd say 1) the girl w/ dog has boyfriend 2) Michelle is the one who's name I got...3) the brunette in back is just a flirt. Allowances...let the games begin. Let the pursuit commence. Have fun. Sure. Dog just came over. Anyway. Relax. Don't need to fire that rocket quite yet it's just July 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Now as fer what happens now. Goodness. I'll let that course dictate itself that's what it's been doin' so far...just m.f. fine. Lord. Lita Ford. D'Allembord. Fine I'll see a 1+ or a 2- as fer outcomes as: Michelle - 1, brunette in back 2, girl w/ dog (t.b.a.). there a little quick thinking solved that mystery. If mysterious it was...to begin with. To begin with might be a fun album title. Album. That'll come out when it's time. When it will. There isn't any time I'd rather have it come out. To decide: one more Americano or do I go. I go.

Perkatory. Talkin' with Sean. Gonna book a show in Sept. Left the South of France. When faced with the choices I was looking at 'tis better to simply wait. I needed more information. It is a juncture past which there would have been no easy return. Wait. Seems like sump'n I'm good at. Very hot. Let's just enjoy this time. It's gonna be cool. I wonder if I could make it to Urth on the gas I've got in my tank. 1/8 or less. Just picked up my nehru.

3:18. Urth. The final frontier. Wobly ass table. At least I'm in the shade. Enjoyable conversation with Camarillo and Sean. Gave Camrillo the old demo that's been in the console for a year + ½ or more. Coffee here's good. Not as good as the Americano...but good. So I analyzed why I didn't go and talk to the painfully sexy girl with the dog. The "p" on painfully looks like it was written with a shaky hand...that's how attractive she is. Because I didn't want to create any confusion.

I should only be intentional towards one. Because one is what I need. But, just as the colors of the rainbow create the one. So do the beauties of my single life while they are constituents of my universe...they make up the one. So. I have chosen to see Michelle. If the universe allows it. If she can hang with that. There is no guarantee. I guess I'll start playing out. Looks like I'll play Perkatory afterall. Nice or not.

Friday the 22<sup>nd</sup>. Rob's 35 tomorrow. We're still young. Green trousers I bought in Asheville in the cretaceous period. Blue socks on with a hole in the heel. Redwings. Blue + red madras button up shirt. The pincers are around my neck on a string of silk. Leather choker that was a shoe-lace still around my neck.

So sometimes when I imagine a girl I'm interested in I give her, tossed through the air an imaginary coin size of a silver dollar. It's magic. It can be whatever the receiver desires, a moment of utter joy, her favorite flavor, love, whatever. I gave one to Stephanie and not too long after had it come back through my teeth. Sharing energy. That's what it is...who do you want to share energy with. Because you merge yourselves in making love, screwing, fucking, lying together you both come away changed...the thing to do is make sure said person and yourself both come away enhanced. I'll admit not all my recent partners have been such savvy choices. So I will try to share energy with girls like Michelle who breathes a beautiful air.

See. I can be thoughtful. For those about to rock. We salute you. Also...I think the chemistry in the scientific sense does play a part. I bet I could choose accurately the partner I would choose visual simply by inhaling as she walked by. I think I could. Really. I do. I do. Man. What a dose that was this morning. I here-by forgive myself for not going to talk to that Brunette that posed for me. Beautiful. Holy shit.

Excellent. But. If I see her again. If that's the way things unwind...then o.k. When I'm faced with Michelle, her and the chick w/ the dog. I can't decide. So forcing a decision...simply a bad idea. And not too far down. There is dirt, earth, never turned by man or man's tools. And it never will be.

I imagine a time when Michelle is in my orange chair. When she and I are sharing energies. This is something I would have.

Go. I should imagine who gives me the silver dollar. O.K. Lets see who does.

Prime numbers. 5. 5 minutes, 5 seconds, 5 weeks, 5 years. The prime numbers are tantamount to the only really important number set there is. This is because other numbers are merely confections of neighboring numbers. The primes are all originals.

It occurred to me that it's about time for me to "have" another girlfriend. Not just a fuck buddy / friend or booty call. Kelly isn't a fuck buddy not to be mistaken. She's a person I'm trying to make friends with that I also fuck occasionally. And to further define...Brigitte wasn't a girlfriend...she was a crush. A girlfriend is a person that hangs with me. That can take my shit so to speak. The german girl...not a prospect. Kimberly...could be. Michelle...could be. Shit that foxy brunette could be. Whatever. As noted earlier. Go forward as I would. She will become apparent at the right time for the right reasons and if I'm true to my inner nature...then she'll be attracted to the person I am and not a performance I'm giving. So the question now becomes...do I think this will happen to me...I know it's possible. Outa here promptly. Gone away. It's going to be great to see how the final 50 continue to develop. I can't remember if there's an e on develop or not. Who fuckin' cares.

So the order of the evening is I go out to b.r. - if I do - I may not hook up anything besides hanging out w/ Kimberly. I want that particular mystery solved. I may not deserve such simplicity...that fired off my memory of my dream last night something about some errand with my family. No contact. It escapes me. 4. It was 3:18, 15 mins from car to table so I'd better book soon.

7:49. Corporate coffee bean + leaf. Just went to 6115 wanted to practice my acoustic set...but I broke my D string. None left. I've got I'd guess 25 - 30 open packs of strings in there all missing the G and D. Some with various others missing. So then I waded back through traffic. Decided to get some 40 cent coffee. More entertaining than sitting at 2355.

Their coffee is really not too bad. Really. Radio here is up louder n' I'd like. I think I'll go inside...here's the way I'll proceed.

I'll approach the counter staring down at my hands which I'll be wringing about navel height. I'll put my shoulders up by my ears and keep my arms close to my body. I'll shuffle. Then I'll get to the counter and say while looking straight ahead cross-eyed..."Excuse me...the R. A. D. I. O. is," here I'd pause for effect and lower my voice to a whisper "too loud."

Then needing no prompting I'd repeat...nasal tone:

"The R. A. D. I. O. is...too loud."

Spelling things out. Like the dog or child would hear some key word to trigger a fear reaction.

When I was small all you had to say was "Kennel" and Skipper would freak out. Shaking uncontrollably. Walking low to the floor "duck walking" as it's called.

Well - love those loud-ass commercials. Sure do need to hear about Pasadena Ford's XLT's blah blah fuck you blah. Just caught a meaningful glance from a completely crazy looking stranger inside. A dude in his

50's I'd guess. Hair sticking up, crazy beard, brow wrinkles you could pinch between your thumb and forefinger. The girl across the slab of concrete has great legs. Well excuse me for living but she does. Satisfaction by the stones on the radio...fucking brilliant. What lyrics.

Some kids came by in a car last year singing it out to me. Radio blaring. I had put my seltzer can in my back pocket. It's a good thing. At that point in time I was pissed off enough I might of winged it at the passing car. I was on my way to an open mike night...had my guitar. As I remember I played especially well that night. Choked up some guy at the bar.

So on my way from Urth to 2355 a car with some 20 something guys in it...a volkswagon of some kind...said in a mickey mouse voice: "I'm the Beater." Tryin to make fun of me but guess what. You got played.

Anyway. I'm so easy to fall in love. I got a thing for Michelle now. When I was writing there and I wrote her name and put a one beside it...she cheered. Coincidence...Still cool though. It's like she could hear me.

I'm a touch shaky. Amped. Am I performing at my peak? Let's see I'm me. Using it as a tool. A creative device. Lovely fluorescent lighting out here. So sets the mood. What the fuck ever. It's all off the top of the chest now. 45. In a gravity well now. Descent is occurring. I just have to try to guide it. Three hours fifteen minutes from now I'll be going out. That's some time to burn. Unless I'm hallucinating they've got different shit playing inside. Dischord. Now I just need someone in the corner yelling "hey!" every now and then at the top of his lungs. This place sucks ass. Yep. Different shit inside.

I feel like I should insulate my cool lest it seep out through some fut up osmosis into this safely boring

atmosphere. It feels like a put put. Nothin' a sledgehammer couldn't fix. Gave out a cigarette to a kid in a mohawk. That's cool. Hope he don't get hooked. Just gave one to a tall girl in a short skirt. I'm the santa of lung cancer. Ho Ho Cough Cough Cough Ho.

Anyway. Hope I quit again soon. It's stupid. I'm not as crazy about it as I was...2 / 3 months ago. When I was carrying a zippo and being a smoker seemed more fun.

So I wonder where I'll be in a year? Climbing a mountain somewhere. Do it matter. Well it do. Sure it doesn't. Invasion of the high school girls. Redefining jail-bait. Whatever man. I'm older than a lot of their teachers.

Leaving here soon. Not as fun as I thought it might be. Then again I've had a bath-tub of coffee today. Not especially diggin' it. That and I got hit with all the female distraction needed for one day (not night) this morning. Let the machine do the work. It has bigger things in mind for me than I do. I estimate. The three latin guys across the way from me have the h.s. girls giggling.

Anyway. Guess I'll finish Sharpe's #9 tonight. Love that series. Fucking awesome. Friday night. Then to go out to the b.r. and hopefully see Kimberly. If two of these girls together equal my age I would not be surprised.

Tomorrow I do a catering shift. Tomorrow night. Hope that starts the beginning of a busy stretch for me. I'm so sick of being economically fut. One medium coffee bean gone. I feel robotic. Unemotional. If Spock and Kirk walked in here dresses in civvies with Spock wearing his stocking cap I'd only be mildly surprised. Maybe I'll leave by jumping over the shrubs and fence. That would be amusing.

Ok. To be specific. I will enjoy having a girl like Michelle or maybe punk rock Kimberly as a steady. Getting exasperated by all the nonsense involved with chasing tail. Line out the m.f. door now. Christ on a cupcake. 8:36. Time's creeping by. I feel like I'm in detention.

There's a sweet girl...long brown hair...attractive but strike me dead if she's a day over 17 ½. Yes...she's a youngster. So where-fore art thou my brain. Brain. Brain. Wherefore art thou. Still in my skull. Skull Skull Skull of the jungle watch out for that tree. Watch out for that tree. Crazy. Time to go be crazy somewhere else. Colleen wrote back. Declined. Good.

**8-23 10:18 44**

This, sadly will be my last entry seeing as I'm adrift in starless, dark space. I ordered the crew into the one remaining escape pod, they fought me, and Jacko, god bless his soul, even tried stunning me to shove me unconscious into the pod. We all knew. Our bleak faces looking confused and beaten across the galley table...fluorescent lighting strip blinking a rhythm of death...there was only enough food and water for three of us...someone must die. And well, she was my ship...my responsibility...so I chose to stay.

Ground control to major toms your circuit's dead there's something wrong.

So I mismanaged the Kimberly bit. No shit. She I will fondly remember. She put on those heels I think for me...it wasn't for the 5'5" dude she's dating. What a shame. I was all fucked in the head from starting to smoke again...Stephanie had just been lost. So be it. So I guess the image I had of her with Isis playing was either bad-info. Or in some unknowable unlikely event.

So if I wasn't done before I'm totally fucking done now. Through. Anyways at least the coffee's still 40 cent. I ain't got no body. No body.

Aside: a kind hearted black gentleman had the heart to shout towards me as I was walking with a purpose back to move my car from its poorly chosen illegal parking space: "See, Beater does have it!" Guess he thought I looked good.

Aside: my building mate chick said: "I love this shit." and later "It's got to work." and later "Bater." She pronounced it with a long-A but it's still an accepted form.

So I went to b.r. and stood there feeling the weird uncomfortable tension of the evening: a good thing is that I got to talk to Tiffany. She hung out with me...we talked...that was cool. I was jut in line for coffee a coupla places back from some sunglasses inside pink tank top girl wearing loose sweatpants...I thought. Sure would be fun to pants her right now. EZ as pie...those pants woulda come right down. Yeah. That's oh so apropos.

Fucking hot in the sun out here. Just got a new neighbor. A girl bold enough to sit by me...must not know "who" I am. Sure be interesting to see how "who" I am changes over the years. Say in the next 4. Last 4 sure were interesting.

There is no money and there is no crowd. But at least I've got shade. And at least I'm still unassailable within my skin. If I've learned anything from this it's that from the skin back...I'm still bad as shit. Or maybe it's one or the other bad, or shit...can't remember.

Cheap coffee's been a good thing but this is the last time I'm comin' here. Just not for me. Weird environment.

Whatever. It's too corporate. It's too hipster. This porridge is too cold. I feel like I could balance what I have in common with the crowd here on the tip of my pen.

They're younger...sportier...square as hell..

So. I'd rather just sit in my worn captain's chair, the rip where the pirate's knife had lunged for my gut only I twisted aside at the last second. Black naugahide cracked and stretched over the supports and stress-fractures.

Ten till eleven. I'll be going to cater tonight, I hope. As of yet I haven't got my info on the job. They're supposed to email me with the D-tails. God damn but it's hard to give a fuck. No fucking shit. It's so absurd. Every day a little more so. Whatever. The proceeding from here is all machine work. The machine is taking over. Deus ex machina. If I didn't misspell that.

Lord Jesus, satan, whoever's got the control, deal me a girl that's fierce enough to hang with me. I'm tired of the disposable relationship. She's got to know up front about "the Beater". She's got to know it and respect my not talking about it until it's time. She's got to be her own person. Inner strength. I'm just gonna clockwork it out...so she's got to get me. You dig. I don't care if she's punk, I don't care what she is...but she'd better be honest and strong. So as I clockwork through my days...I'm not sure if I'll even keep an eye out for her. You're gonna have to hit me over the head with her.

God damn. I'm glad it's not 145. 44 is about the most I could take right now. I ask myself, is this depression?...maybe...or maybe I'm just not impressed. In my dream last night I got tipped into a dumpster from 20 - 30 feet up. Then, finally, somebody came and picked my sorry ass up. I guess I need that kind of rescue.

Jesus I was doing a lot better before I met Stephanie...I'll quit smoking again. That's a positive. Then I'll start playing out. Life will proceed from there.

Movin' on. Sometimes I wish I was gay.

11:29. 40 cent large coffee from corporate land.

Just said howdy to pretty skin Mexican woman c. 35. She looked at me like I'm a special child. Good lord but I am a special child. That incident caused some here with a weaker constitution to cough...etc. Everywhere "I" go. There "I" am. Causin' a ruckus. Correction. I'm glad I'm not gay. I think gay men would be even more difficult to deal with than women are. It'd be like dating a girl constantly on the rag. So all things being equal. I'm done smoking. It no longer interests me...think it might just be keepin' me down. Sends me on a ↑↓ cycle I really don't motherfuckin' need.

Dappled shade. Fancy 85 dollar levies. Redwings. White socks with a hole in one heel. "I'm out of estrogen and I've got a gun" old lady t shirt with hand painted flowers on it.

Media blackout. I don't listen to the radio...haven't for months now. I don't watch t.v. Haven't for almost ½ year. Get news headlines when I log on to check my email. And that's about it.

Jesus I think I just saw Darby. I caught the tail end of a pitying glance. What? You'd think she'd like knowing someone notorious as myself. I guess not. Maybe for a kick I'll ask her friend out on a date. That could be fun.

Turns out it wasn't Darby. Some brunette with lots of tatoos. Not sure if that mitigates the pitying glance or not. In line for the bathroom...someguy with a Belle + Sebastian shirt looked a little miffed when he

walked up and I told him there was a little wait...as in I'm next buddy. So I pointed at his shirt and said, "I can't stand that band." He, cheerily enough said... "That's good for you." "I know." Took a piss. On the way out the guy says to me "I got the shirt for free so I'm pretty ambivalent myself." I said. "Whatever. That's cool."

Know what might be dramatic + fun right now. Take the top off the garbage can, put it on my head with the push door open like a giant helmet. Grab the blue bag out of it kick holes for my feet and stretch it up and make armholes. Then walk around saying:

"Look at me. I'm hideous. I'm nothing but garbage."

"Look at me I'm garbage." Yeah dude...

That would be soooo cool. So I'm "the Beater" to one degree or another. For the rest of my natural life. O.K. And when I think. People hear me as though I were talking to myself. Isn't that the craziest most hilarious shit of all time? I think it is. No seriously. It is. So fucked up - so funny. Almost noon. Yesterday I dropped by the s.o.f. and saw that it's not always a bad thing to be me...when the 3 most attractive women I saw all day were, pardon my conceit, far as I could tell, willing to at least entertain the notion of hanging out with "the Beater".

Well. It's been quite a long difficult time since I rode in the Honda around the DC beltway and thought...just trust yourself...this all works out the way it should. The one creates the other. Well here I am having shown and still evincing complete faith in Joe Taylor...an absolute confidence and faith. And it's 44 days left till I see if I've been misled this whole time.

Then what? Go and open a used bookstore in NC somewhere?

Sounds ok. I bet I could be pretty motherfucking happy with that. You know what. That would be great. I'd bet I'd love it. It's actually a pretty wonderful prospect. Yeah.

Joe Taylor, bookstore proprietor. Joe Taylor, rockstar. Joe Taylor, porn magnate. Anyway. Lets see where the clockwork leads.

Well. Time is running out. I'll only be able to support any hopes of musical success for a despairingly short period of time. ½ year. Some such shit.

"I'm garbage. I'm hideous." Get up on a table. "I'm gonna jump." I really need to work on enjoying this as much as I can. So I will. I'd be happier nonsmoking. So I will. I'd better work out...that helps my mood. I will. I'd better maintain my fucked up sense of humor. No doubt.

Think I'll sell 610L #2 tryin' to make a lil' rent \$. I wonder if this is one of my lawschool bics. I think it might be. It was in the door or the windstar. God damn the choices I make. I'd be 3<sup>rd</sup> year law student now. Enroute to making some serious bucks.

What the fuck.

Smokin' my way through this pack like I'm eatin' my peas.

Use it like a tool. Or it will use you.

God damn the way things develop so quickly. I can't get used to anything. 5, 5, 5, 5, 5. Always unpredictable. Yet. I'm the same. All the time. I don't change. I never learn.

Next time I'm in N.C. I'm gonna grab my blue hat the rod + gun club hat Teresa's Dad gave her she gave me.

Are you ok?

Are you ok?

Said our hero.

Media blackout. Social blackout. Forth coming.

2:05 Urth. Crowded as fuck. Yet I'm in the shade. So things are cool. Sorta. Trying to eek out a solid finish here. Behind me is the girl that did my hair for a fashion show. Her hair fashion show back when I had long hair. Yep. Can't remember her name. I doubt she knows mine - oh that's right...I'm famous. She knows my name. Sasquatch. Yeah sure I'm the motherfuckin sasquatch of Los Angeles. One hour to sit + write scot-free paid for. Then. Tonight I'll do catering if I ever get the info. They're supposed to email it to me. Whatever. I've gotta piss. I guess I'll leave the notebook here. If someone takes it call me at 323-660-3003. Asshole. SCENSOREDeo@yahoo.com Said hi to Sue. Cut my hair. That's her email. Hans. Boyfriend. Band. So coming here was productive after all. Sitting in this spot productive after all.

So it turns out Sue hadn't forgot my name. So far the only subversive thought I've had sitting here is how it would've been fun to pop the toy dog leaning out the range rover with a .357 Magnum. Yeah, but not really. More like in a video game sense. It was passing by like an inviting target. The inviting targets. Not a bad band name.

So. I guess that was my big finish.

2:22. My lucky number. So let's see what's lucky. Not last night. That wasn't lucky.

So when I was inside I was thinking...you can fucking have it. I've abandoned the walls to my enemy. Take whatever you can. You can have it. It's like I consider myself disposable...all my parts are breakaway. That's rather where I am right now.

Breakaway. Life is a joke. 40 minutes. Dig it. Guess I'll spend it reflecting on how things are about

to change for the positive. And believe me they are. Yeah sure they fucking are. Guess I'll get a refill and an ashtray.

Well at least the pages are filling up. Forgot the ashtray. Book 9 is in its final throws. Lots of rockstar chix inside. Money girls. Not about to give me the time of day. At least my refill was gratis. I tipped the quarter in my pocket.

I should've stayed in law school. That's not true I just thought I'd write it to see how fake-ass it sounded. And it does. Regardless of consequences. I made the right decision there.

This time. Next time. That time. All of those were gonna be different. So, that's a bunch of shit huh. Clockwork. Breakaway.

After seeing the payoff from being patient and plotting with Kimberly I have no tolerance for the long slow chase. I expect I'll ask out Michelle next time I see her and damn the consequences.

Well I'm not gonna off myself so...regardless of ↑s and ↓s I will continue. 5, 5, 5, 5, 5. How much for the doggie in the window.

2:40. ½ hour of fun left.

Here, I know this has been a boring read so I'll try to say something interesting.

A tablespoon of salt will kill you. Take it and you die.

Thanks to Johnny Rotten for that piece of dubious info.

Here's something else. In a hundred years I'll be about to turn 132. No I won't. I'll be long dead.

The soles of my boots are getting thin. I wonder how much more they're good for. They're only 3 ½ years

old. (Author's note: they are still going strong in the year 2009 with their 4<sup>th</sup> re-sole). I'd like to get at least another year + ½ out of 'em. Year and ½ from now. That's a thought.

I think I'm getting fuck me eyes from the woman down the way. Maybe. So. think I've had just about all I can take of bein' here. Feel like I might puke. Too much coffee. Self scrutiny. Unpleasant thinking. Still got 20 mins. on the clock. But I think I've had it.

**43 12:43 8-24**

Didn't get to speak to Rob. Left him a coupla messages + spoke to Layne. That coffee is fuckin' good. Anyway. Spoke to Layne...Maeve has a tummy ache (tummy being child-language for stomach, although I'm sure the smart firecracker that Maeve is, her parents use the word more than she does). Anyhow. It's her first one...so she's a bit confused by it. Catered last night...turns out I wasn't booked for anything but I called the emergency line and picked up a second shift. South of France. Disappointed.

Saw Amy at the event. Her first Patina event too. She looked depressed. I actually caught her looking like she might cry ½-way through the event when we were standing off by ourselves. I double-taked...then went over and asked her if she was ok.

We spoke briefly. She said she had to go to the bathroom. Hope I didn't hurt her. Guess I may have. Never intended for that to happen but I may have dealt her a little of what Stephanie dealt me.

We all go on.

So today I'm done with tobacco for a long long time. I can't fuckin' hack it. It sends me into my binge till I quit or become sick. That's not good.

Rady asked me when he came back today from "scouting some locations" for photography if I was drinking again. No. I'm not. But I guess I look that bad. I did want to get wasted last night...I didn't.

I drove to San Bernadino and beyond it to the end of 210. No shit all the way to the end of 210E. Smoked every one of my 6 remaining cigarettes. Drank a coupla seltzers. No radio. 62°F, cool night. Kept an eye on the temp gauge. Didn't use the cruise 'cause it's probably not that great on a new engine.

Got back around 1:30. 2 hour tour.

So no smoking. As my reward I'll allow myself to eat whatever the fuck I want...fuck and fall in love with as much as I want Michelle...and one year from today Lystra will play the street festival that's got Sunset blocked off down in Silverlake...Dandy Warhalls are playing today...some other bands of some size I forget.

So I'll go down to cheese h.q. perhaps for a 40 cent coffee. Maybe not.

Blue savanes or dockers?? H-wood t shirt Sam gave me last year, I think actually it was for my 30<sup>th</sup>. 2 years ago. Redwings. Ripped yellow and blue toob socks Teresa gave me. Brooks Brothers belt I got in law school...for \$65. Dumbass.

I need to eat. Hungry as hell. I need to sell 610L #2 so I can pay my rent. I need to buy strings.

1:38. Cheese land. Cheese. Mc Cheesey Ch...whatever. So I'm corporate coffee and t-leaf. Medium coffee 40 cent. Anyway. There is no \$ and there is no crowd.

So. It'd be nice to meet a chick and talk for a while. Doesn't have to be anything extraordinary. I'll be starting social blackout soon anyhow. So within this experience I've decided to stay inside and thereby keep a little cooler. Not quite as shocky as usual 'cause I

didn't have the added hassle-slash-amplifier of nicotine in my system. Actually I'm feelin' a little robotic again. Just less like Robby Robot and more like the one from "Aliens" - more cyborg.

Alright. I'd prefer to have that conversation sooner than later. Maybe Louis'll come in.

Anyway. I was dreaming last night I was hanging out with Darby...and then it wasn't Darby. Then it was I think Michelle and she began to tell me about herself...she'd moved here with her boyfriend. Jesus I hope not.

I gotta say something about this. There's a mother and 2 girls at the table in front of me. The mother is dressed like she's twenty-five and looking for action. The girls are probably 13 / 14 and dressed like their sexually promiscuous, much too scanty for a little girl to wear I think... Anyhow...I thought the mother was like my age from behind...shootin' flirty looks n' shit. But my god the poor father of these children must be dead in his grave...put there by that woman no doubt...mid 40s if a day. But still + all...I'd fuck her. So? I would.

I guess I'll go call Jules sometime today. Anyhow. I wonder if I've been recognized. The blond looks familiar. I let her read "Black Flower" a long time ago. Forgot her name. She is sexy though. Like...anyhow. She dyed the tips of her long blond hair blue. Pretty cute. Hey...that's the blond I didn't talk to last time. Well maybe today...if she don't run off. Oh whatever...she's here with her boyfriend.

So blond rent ou-side. Tall blond to my right she so good lookin' I crazy for her...make me insane. I go jump into cord riva hopefury feer bettah. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

So dammit. I talked to blond #1. I have not talked to blond #2. Therefore to level the playing field I should talk to blond #2.

Well I'm not goin' anywhere. I think I'll let them perform for me. It's easy. The one who makes the comeback first will become the comeback girl. I tell you what. What? Something about telling something. So here's the extent of how smooov I'm gonna be. Hey you're good lookin'. Let's go out. Thing is I don't much feel like trackin' anybody down. So if one of the two is gonna see the inside of 2355 they'd better come within firin' range. Whatever.

Where the fuck did the one I'm interested in go. Ok. Blond #2. The one I haven't talked to. That there's a girl I worked with Party Staff...sexy petite blond...what's her name? Fuck if I can remember.

Girl out the window looks a little like Jenny. Pretty face. Anyway. I suppose if I had to get up and speak to someone, I still wouldn't have any motherfuckin' idea who...

Whatever. It becomes clearer and clearer that I should just keep my head down and write. Scribble, whatever it is that I'm doing. Blond #2 just showed up with her boyfriend I assume. Some fuck in a tank top. Looks like a model. Who fuckin' cares. Rhetorical question.

So now for the pivotal decision. Do I want to...oh, "Lucy", that's her name...just had her drink called out...do my laundry tonight. Anyways. I think I've got enough mojo to make her come to me. Quarter after 2. 2:13 exactly.

Let it all go. Any girl worth my time can make it obvious to me. I don't much feel like workin O-T. Here goes. Mojo. I'll inform the chix that admittedly 3-5 minutes ago weren't in my thoughts that I have an interest in them. So. What about it. Blond #2 left. Blond #1 unseen. Brunette with Blond #2 is a sleeper hit. Lucy...looking bored. The Jenny girl is a looker. But not para me.

Spoke with Lucy briefly...she couldn't remember where we'd met. She's finishing school and doesn't have much time for catering. Pretty girl. So I've got a question for ya. What the fuck happened to Blond #1? Huh? Where the fuck to?

Oh, and...why the fuck do I even begin to care. Jenny looker outside...from the caliber of her friends I don't think we'd have a chance in hell. Cheesy fucks.

That's it. There goes the recognition. So now I'm gonna be a dick. Pitying glances not bein' my thing. Come on...big finish. Jesus. The results of being nice to people...the unintended consequences thereof. Would I? Not that one. That's the 30 yr. old bitter woman I spoke with in the past when I was weaker. Guess she thinks that gives her some advantage over me. Last time I left her presence I heard her say...probably goin' home to cry. Yeah fuck her. 2 pages left on 9. Guess I'll finish it before I go.

Whatever. I am a tank of confidence. My punishment for the 30 yr. old bitterness outside is that she has now fallen in love with me. Haven't ya. Such a crush on the ol' Joe Taylor you can't keep still. Well well. Maybe she do have a bit of a crush on me. Seems like one of those girls that tries to break you down and then when she finds she can't, she falls in love with you. Sorta like the way the music biz is towards me. The question is...what is Blond #1's name (she told me...I forgot) and does she have any role in my immediate / not too distant future. Yes I guess she might. O.K. before I go I'd like to have a conversation. Not that I need to. Just it might be nice. So...mojo over the girl I'll be chattin' to. Bring her on over. I'll keep my 3<sup>rd</sup> eye peeled. Which one is it? Of course...could be it's no-one. And boy that sure would be quite the major catastrophe. Blond #1's name I think...Christy, Christine, some such er another. 30 something. Her name is Claire, I think...or maybe that's just what I

called her. Anymotherfucking way one year from now. The music festival on Sunset. I've got a year to make it happen. The universe will help me. I will talk to Blond #2...I would've gone over there if it weren't for her buddy...some hipster lookin' dude. Blond #1 was here with what looked like her younger brother. I got a kick out of seeing her...I'd like to again. Blond #1 (1,2) Blond #2 (1,2) Brunette #1 (1,2). I think that's how it shakes out. We'll see. I don't know if skippin' ahead'll help that one 2 much...I mean I am on day 43 here. Not a shit load of time left.

The final page of Book 9...which took 5 ½ days. I originally only bought a 12 pack of notebooks. 4 left 'cause I snuck a spiral in there. At my current pace that'd only take 25'r so days. So I might have to go into another spiral. Some book though once the random ass bullshit gets the axe it'll be about 40 pages long. So what. I'm half tempted to simply burn the whole fucking thing without reading a word of it just for the sheer poetry of it. And to save myself the headache of having anyone else read it. 'Cause that sure would leave me with some explaining to do.

I betcha a nickle poor Claire's been eyeballin' me just fallin' deeper and deeper and more helplessly in love. Poor thing.

Speaking of poor things I got two checks today...my one party staff shift plus Patina training = about 90 bux. Plus the 90 bux I made last night = 180 plus the 100 in the account = 280 plus 400 I could sell the 610L for = 680. So I'm \$680 in the plus side. Negative side breakdown \$ = \$9,800 private loan, \$19,500 fed loan, \$5,600 cred card, \$4,000 new engine, \$10,000 general \$ to Dad =19,500

9,800

5,600

I'm only 50 large in

the hole.

4,000                      Time to get signed.  
10,000  
\$48,900 - 680              \$48,220.