



GOODBYE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

1.

I picked up vegetables to heat with olive oil in a saucepan. While I was waiting in the long line at the supermarket, I thought about how good it is to be alone, except for cooking and waiting in the long line at the supermarket.

2.

Southern California went to Switzerland for two nights so I don't quite know what to do with myself. I didn't make it to the art supply store today like I'd planned. I need to buy more materials for my gold paintings. Gold! Gold! Gold! As for how I'm feeling in general, I'm okay. I'm happy that Southern California is in my life. Everything about her bright smile makes me lighthearted. She's moving back home soon. She'll take the laughs and her sunny disposition with her and that will be that.

3.

We spent Friday night and Saturday afternoon in Leipzig. In the beginning, we were somewhat put off because it was depressing in every direction. But, after one night's good sleep, it was less depressing, and I suddenly missed Michigan for the first time since leaving almost a year ago. Leipzig was full of abandoned old buildings rotting into the earth like paintings in storage rooms that nobody visits. In the evening, we went out for lentil soup and fruit crepes and then we walked around looking for a bar. It was a short walk. We spent Sunday hung over.

4.

Our friend, Harry, arranged for a man named Claudio, who was his mother's boyfriend once upon a time, to give us the key to the apartment. Southern California had a run in her black spandex so she ran out to find new black spandex. I'm in the bathtub in this tiny apartment that belongs to Harry. Harry is my friend. Harry knows his way around. He says it's a twenty-minute walk to the center of the city. Harry isn't here. He lives somewhere else. Nobody lives in this apartment, which is why Claudio loaned us the key. After Southern California gets back with her new black spandex, we'll have oatmeal with bananas and coffee. Then we'll go on a walk.

5.

After seeing all the sights, we had dinner in the touristy part of town. I ordered trout with a side of tourism. Southern California was wearing red spandex because she couldn't find black spandex. I told her she looked great because she did look great.



In the evening, we walked up the hill from the apartment to a bar called Mon Ami. I had three peppermint teas with whiskey and Southern California had three large beers. Later on, when we were drunk enough to appreciate the full moon, we walked home.

6.

Last night, Southern California and I hitched a ride to Koln with two well-kept architecture students in a black BMW. They loved money more than anything in the world. Now, we're not too far from the train station or the river, having coffee. We just woke up about an hour ago because we love sleep more than money. The afternoon sun is especially moody because Southern California is going home to Southern California in two days.

7.

Fuck, I'm lonely. Southern California is on a plane to San Francisco.

8.

I spoke with Southern California on the phone yesterday. She didn't sound too happy to hear from. She sounded like she thought I was a wet noodle. I tried to lighten up the mood by saying silly things to make her laugh, but she didn't laugh. It was a weird phone call. I haven't left my room much. I mostly just sit around painting on the floor like a child. I read that a man in Austria recently confessed to imprisoning his daughter in a cellar for 24 years and fathering her seven children.

9.

I joined other people in the real world for most of the day and, for that reason, I'm completely exhausted and somewhat depressed. I woke up at 2:37pm this afternoon. Shortly after, I walked over to the gallery with a large bag full of gold paintings. One of the other artists was there. He was an older guy who digs the abstract stuff. He bought me lunch. I liked him straight off. He told me about his sex life and his love of Mark Rothko, Clyfford Still, and Jackson Pollock.

10.

Peach Tree is visiting from London so we went to a talk about dreams last night at St. George's English Bookshop. Afterward, we went to the bar. An American artist friend of ours was there too. He was heartbroken about his girlfriend who left Berlin recently to teach some place far away. She's sleeping with one of her twenty-one year old students. The American artist cried and cried for three solid hours. I bought



him two shots of whiskey and a Kolsch. Peach Tree bought him two beers after that. We all walked out of the bar together around 6am. It was time to sleep it off.

11.

It's a funny feeling when you wake up and you just know you're ready to leave a place behind. That's how I feel now that Southern California is gone. Did the Ginkgo Biloba supplements open up a blocked passage in my mind? I can think of nothing but returning to New York City.

13.

My room is empty. I just shipped five large boxes filled with paintings to my mom's house in Frederick, Maryland for safekeeping. Southern California has two of my large boxes that she took with her on the plane bound for San Francisco. I mailed another large box to myself in Alberta, mostly supplies and half-finished paintings that I'll finish once I get there.