



BERLIN #3

1.

The TV Tower was cloaked in foggy mist today, which made it even more foreboding and mysterious than usual. The TV Tower attempts to control the thoughts of the people in Berlin using the latest in electronic technologies. It sends messages in the form of wavy lines. The wavy lines are relentless, insisting that I wake up before noon, but I won't. I won't listen to the wavy lines.

2.

In what I consider a small victory over the tyranny of wavy lines, I woke up today at 4pm. I was alone and hung over like a wet towel draped on the back of a wooden chair. Last night, Peach Tree and I stayed at the bar until 6am. Bob Dylan's *Nashville Skyline* started up around 4am and played on repeat right up until the end. The album reminded me of Good Morning and how we'd drive around upstate in the summertime with no particular destination in mind. We just wanted to get out of the city and have a little time to ourselves. One afternoon we made a trip to Saugerties, New York because I'd heard Bob Dylan recorded music there with The Band. Good Morning was president of The Bob Dylan Fan Club when she was a teenager. I always liked that about her.

3.

It's just after midnight. Time is moving slow. The days and nights are stitched together like the composition of an abstract painting without clean edges. I can't make heads or tails of it. In fact, I don't know what anything means anymore. I don't know who I am or what I'm becoming. I plan on doing what I'm doing for another three or four months until the money runs out. Then what? I don't know.

4.

I've never been more indifferent toward the United States. There seems to be no place for me there. My artist friends in New York are having a hard time. Galleries are going out of business. They tell me not to come back. It's not a good time to be an artist. Whoever heard of somebody becoming an artist to have a good time, anyway?

5.

The wavy lines forced me out of bed this morning before noon. It wasn't easy waking up at 9am because I went to bed at 6am, but the wavy lines weren't taking 'no' for an answer. They knew I had to meet a friend for eggs in Kreuzburg and they didn't want me to be late, which I wasn't. Now, I'm back in my German room.



6.

A young painter named Somebody Or Other stopped by my studio today. Somebody Or Other thought my paintings were funny. We laughed at the paintings. Then we went out for beer and cigarettes. The night was just beginning.

7.

Good Memories is tired of the TV Tower and the colorless German sky it inhabits. He wants to go back to the USA. We went out drinking to talk it over. I met a girl with brown hair and bought her a drink and then another one. She said she's from Switzerland, here in Berlin studying sociology and art for the next year. She looked a lot like Good Morning, but I didn't say anything about it. It was strange talking to somebody who looked a lot like Good Morning, but wasn't Good Morning. It made me a little bit happy and a little bit sad. Everybody stayed at the bar until it closed at sunup. I smoked a cigarette with Good Memories and walked home with the Good Morning lookalike.

8.

I woke up today at 2pm to another gray sky just like the day before and the day before that. I went to the flea market at Mauerpark with the Good Morning lookalike in the late afternoon. She was in search of a lamp. We wandered around for two hours until she found just the right one. The sun went down and we walked home.

9.

Last night Somebody Or Other and I went to a contemporary art gallery to see contemporary art. We didn't think the contemporary art was very good. Or maybe I just had a headache. I don't know. Anyhow, Somebody Or Other and I wanted fresh air so we walked to a restaurant. We paid 4 Euros to get in because some guy was playing saxophone. He sounded good. I had a bowl of spinach soup and a glass of red wine. No more headache. I spent most of the evening talking with a girl from Southern California who recently moved to Berlin. She's working at a contemporary art gallery. As it turns out, she works at the same contemporary art gallery we'd visited a few hours earlier. In fact, in the back of my mind, I can picture her standing near a painting of a small boat with a single sail at sea. There were wavy lines in the painting that signified the motion of water.