

17 April 2002

Fuck my job is boring. It just has no meaning for me right now. I need it to finance my music career and all the other stuff I want to do, like publishing and writing. But right now it just feels like it is getting in the way. I hate to say it but I don't know how much longer I can do this. I really need to spend all of my time on my real life - music, writing, real work! That's the shit. This is just a pass time and a money source. I'm off to do a TV thing for Channel Ten. It is a promotion for this Saturdays benefit show. This should be interesting. I'm playing acoustically in front of an audience of millions on national television. My voice is still a little trashed from last Saturday night. We'll see how that goes...

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I did the Channel Ten TV thing last night. The guy who does the weather is this wacked out surfer dude called Tim Bailey. He does the weather from a different location every weeknight and he takes the opportunity to plug something or support something locally such as a charity or an arts show, anything really. Jo arranged for Channel Ten to sponsor the benefit show that she put together. And they offered her a time slot on the weather segment. She subsequently asked three out of the five bands on the bill to do an acoustic thirty second performance on the show. Of course I agreed to do it although I was a little worried about it. My voice was pretty blown after the Melbourne show and on Monday it was barely bouncing back. On Tuesday it wasn't much better. Then I went to the Lamb concert on Tuesday night, drank heaps of beer and smoked a shitload of cigarettes. I had pretty much decided that my voice wouldn't be up to it. When I got up yesterday morning my voice was better so I brought my guitar with me to work. At 4:00pm I took off to the location. It was near a Museum overlooking Sydney Harbor. It was raining like a motherfucker and I needed to restring my guitar and have a few practice runs. I had thirty minutes to do this. I found this empty tent towards the back of the museum building and I jumped in there and strung my guitar, tuned it and then had a quick practice of the chorus section of my song *Letter From Sam*. My voice was weaker than normal but I had control over it. At that point I thought "*Fuck yeah, I can do this!*" I headed to the location, met Tim Bailey and showed him what I was going to play. He was impressed. We did a few practice runs and then before I knew it I was on national television performing live to an audience of over a million people. Fucking freaky. When the broadcast was done Tim took me into their broadcast van and we had a look at the replay. Even more freaky! It looked and sounded ok. As with everything I always think "*Fuck, why didn't I do this, or play that.*" But that's how it is when you're artistic. You're always questioning things and trying to better yourself in any way possible. I am my own biggest critic. I sang well, my voice held up okay and everything sounded reasonably good. I can't complain.

When I got out of the van Tim went back to prepare for the second broadcast where *Chin Chen* and *The Stiff Gins* (two other bands playing the benefit show) were going to do their thirty second segments. I turned my mobile phone back on and I couldn't believe it. I had something like forty text messages. I had missed a bunch of calls and had something like twenty voice messages. Before I could check any of that the phone rang. I answered it. It was some dude I worked with a while ago. He's from New York. I hadn't spoken to him in at least six months and then just a few days ago he was trying to call a girl I work with and he

accidentally dialed my number by mistake. I didn't recognize his voice and so we just hung up on each other. About ten minutes later he rang back because he realized that he had accidentally called me. We spoke briefly and I got the usual *"How's the music going, man?"* type questions. Crap. I mentioned to him that I was doing my last show for a while this Saturday. He didn't sound interested. Funnily enough he's the first to message me and call me when he sees me on national television. All of a sudden he wants to come to my show this Saturday night. And of course he wants free tickets. People are amazing. How fucking sad and pathetic. You know I read all this fucking bullshit about people saying *"I know some famous guy and he's a fuckwit because when he became well-known he forgot about all of his friends!"* You know who says that kind of shit? The people that don't really know that guy in the first fucking place! The people that don't really like that guy and the people who think they're better than him. Then, when they see that he might be someone "cool" to know they all of a sudden become best friends. Now they can walk up to people at parties and say *"Ryan David? Oh yeah dude, I'm one of his best friends!! I hang out with him all the time!"* Then, when you don't play that game back for them they fuck you over and tell people that you're an asshole because you forgot about all of your "friends" when you became well known! Get the fuck out of my face with that bullshit.

I arrived at work this morning to find a copy of Blitz Magazine on my desk. This is a student newspaper for UNSW (University of New South Wales). A guy I work with is studying there at the moment and he found my CD review in their latest issue. I've never seen this paper before but I've been sending them my stuff for a while now. They did a CD review. A pretty good one too! I got four stars out of five. Not bad. I wouldn't give myself that many stars for that album. Not for the recording anyway. Maybe for the blood and sweat that went into it! But not for the end result. It could have been so much better. And it will be! Some of the highlights of the CD review: *"This CD makes for impressive listening"* and *"the repertoire is excellent, the lyrics are funky, and it's wonderfully versatile. This is a good CD to buy for the rack as it has a little bit of everything for everyone."* He wrapped up the review with *"A thoroughly enjoyable listen, brimming with talent and confidence"*. Wow. You can't ask for much better than that can you! Maybe this dude will think my new songs are shitty. I am in a good mood today. With the Channel Ten thing and the good CD review life feels pretty good. And I am ready to go out with a bang this Saturday night. I'm going to rip it up. If they already think I am intense, they're wrong. The crowd will be getting a lesson in the deepest realms of intensity on Saturday night. I want to leave them mentally exhausted. Mentally and physically exhausted! Nothing has ever felt as good as that.

19 April 2002

This week I have been late to work four out of five days. Bummer. I really don't care. Today I got to work at 9:45am. I'm supposed to be here at 8:30am. But you know I just couldn't be fucked at the moment. I stopped off at the fruit shop near the station this morning to get my breakfast - watermelon and rock melon salad. How fucking hardcore is that! Talk about rock n' roll! I'm twenty times tougher than Bon Scott ever was! I should be eating a case of beer for breakfast shouldn't I? I generally don't take my headphones off when I make my purchase at this particular fruit shop. It's always the same girl that serves me and the whole process is the same every time. So much so that I can usually run through the entire conversation without ever hearing her voice, or mine for that matter. However, today was different. She