



I was in a whirlwind of despair after getting my Volvo 245 back from the mechanics. I made a huge mistake when I took it to some people who called themselves specialists. The turn signal broke and they had a replacement, had I just gotten that fixed it would have been bad enough, but I let them fix the strut mount, the fuel pump filter and the brakes, plus they tacked on a shoddy valve cover gasket replacement and a fake coolant flush and poked around everywhere like a pack of gerbils leaving a mess and it became an ordeal. They forgot the screws in the turn signal housing, they took out all the fuses and placed them back incorrectly, they trashed the car, ran it out of gas, broke the odometer, but somehow they were very nice and receptive upon receiving these complaints. It became a charade of me calling them and going back, asking for parts they forgot to put back on my car. They didn't seem to do anything correctly but it was nice to see evidence of them doing things incorrectly just to know they did something at all. Everytime I looked at the car I found something new. The last time I came back there I asked for all my money back, the specialist and I stood there for half an hour yelling at each other with masks on before he took out ½ of it from his wallet and handed me cash. I think 18 months of the pandemic had made me soft and susceptible to poor life decisions.

Mon, Jun 14, 12:49 PM



1992 Volvo 244, red, cherry -
cars & trucks - by dealer -
Vehicle...

bellingham.craigslist.org

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Jun 15, 7:01 AM

I searched every volvo 240 and 245 for sale on the internet and the best one was this 92 cherry red 240 sedan. I called the number listed on the ad and Rainbow Larry picked up. Rainbow Larry runs Rainbow Auto in Bellingham, Washington. I asked about the 240, I told him I had only ever driven volvo 240's and he asked me if I knew what volvo means and I said yes, it means 'I roll' in latin, he told me I was the first person he'd talked to in a long time that knew that and I told him what was going on with my 245 wagon. Rainbow Larry was the shoulder I needed to cry on. He sent me some specs on the cherry 240, turns out it's a 93, the last year of production with the updated A/C system. The price was high now for the old 240's, I think it had been increasing but in the last year it doubled along with the price of all used autos. I could sell my wagon or even trade it in for this sedan, but in 2015 I sent Dennis Wilson looking for a wagon for me and he came back with my silver 245 telling me 'this is the one'. How could I get rid of 'the one'? I told Larry what was going on with my wagon and he talked me through the issues and

gave me some suggestions for local mechanics. The price is too high in LA no matter where you go and It was hard to take another chance. It seemed like the more Larry knew about my wagon the less he wanted to sell me the sedan. Everybody knew I had to fix the wagon. I told Larry it was too hard to find a competent 240 mechanic in Los Angeles and he told me to come up to Rainbow Auto and they'll fix it right. I said that seems like a good idea and I'd try to make it happen.



The Junkyard in Moss Landing is right next to a Nature Preserve. I had planned my trip out as best I could. I wish I got a picture of Art at Fjords of Sweden who fixed my odometer and gave the car a proper tune up before leaving Los Angeles. I would head up north to Oregon stopping at junkyards and grabbing parts I needed. I was mostly after a stock radio, replacement relays, screws, clips, trim and any extra gauges I could find. Some other bad mechanics blew up my

radio in 2018 while jump-starting the car and ever since when I plug the radio in it either blows the number 8 fuse or the radio fuse; Rainbow Larry told me it probably blew the diode in the radio. As a result, I don't listen to anything except the sound of the car shifting and driving and whatever other noises. I noticed a new noise post specialists, some kind of rattling cage sound from the driver side front suspension over bumpy roads. Despite all my rage my car still sounds just like a rattling cage. Who needs the radio? After Oregon I'd zip on over to Idaho and have Dennis Wilson do the hard stuff for cheap in his garage in Nampa and then I'd head up north through Idaho and zip over to Bellingham and have Rainbow Larry fix the rest and give the car a makeover while I test drive the cherry sedan. The plan was to have a tip-top as good as there can be 1992 Volvo 245 by the time I got back to LA.



I didn't have a 9mm to take off the two bolts holding the driver-side mirror on this nice 86 wagon. These asshole birds broke the old one because they wouldn't stop pecking and shitting all over it as they checked themselves out in the reflection; Dennis Wilson told me to glue spikes on the new one. The junkyard boss told me to find Bookie somewhere in the yard and ask him for tools, said he's got a beard and he's always there and if I gave him some money I could get the tool from him. I found Bookie ripping out parts from under the hood of a 90's Ford escort. He had black mechanic hands and a perfectly clean hospital mask. I asked him if he had a 9mm I could use for 10 minutes and he smiled and nodded at me and dug through the giant mound of tools in his hand cart. He found the right ones and I got the mirror off and the tools back to him. I showed Bookie the mirror as I was leaving the junkyard and he smiled and nodded at me.



Next day at the Junkyard in Santa Rosa. I had plans to meet up with my dad at 3pm. He had

told me a couple months before he was planning a big road trip in his new Tesla to go see everyone including his ex-girlfriend from the 60's whom he said was the love of his life. He told me every stop on his trip from Boise to California back to Boise. I kept on waiting for him to say Los Angeles but it never happened. My Dad and I haven't had the best relationship since my mom died in 2013, it wasn't that great before, and it was even worse when he married the woman who divorced him in 2019. When she moved in with her two teenage kids I had to move all my stuff my mom had been storing since I was a child out of that house and I was no longer allowed to visit and if I wanted to come over and grab something of mine, like a painting or a box of Clarke and the Himselfs CD's I couldn't do so unsupervised. Things have gotten better since then, he called me after the woman divorced him and told me I could move my childhood paintings and anything else I had stored there back in the house and told me I could stay over if I was in town, which is the first time I had since my mom died. He was going to Eureka to see my Aunt and stay in my Aunt and Uncles beach house over 4th of July, I made my plans for traveling north on that stretch around his and I told him to meet me at the Pick n Pull in Santa Rosa at 3pm. I was standing out front when he pulled up in his Tesla and embarrassed me in front of all my junkyard friends.



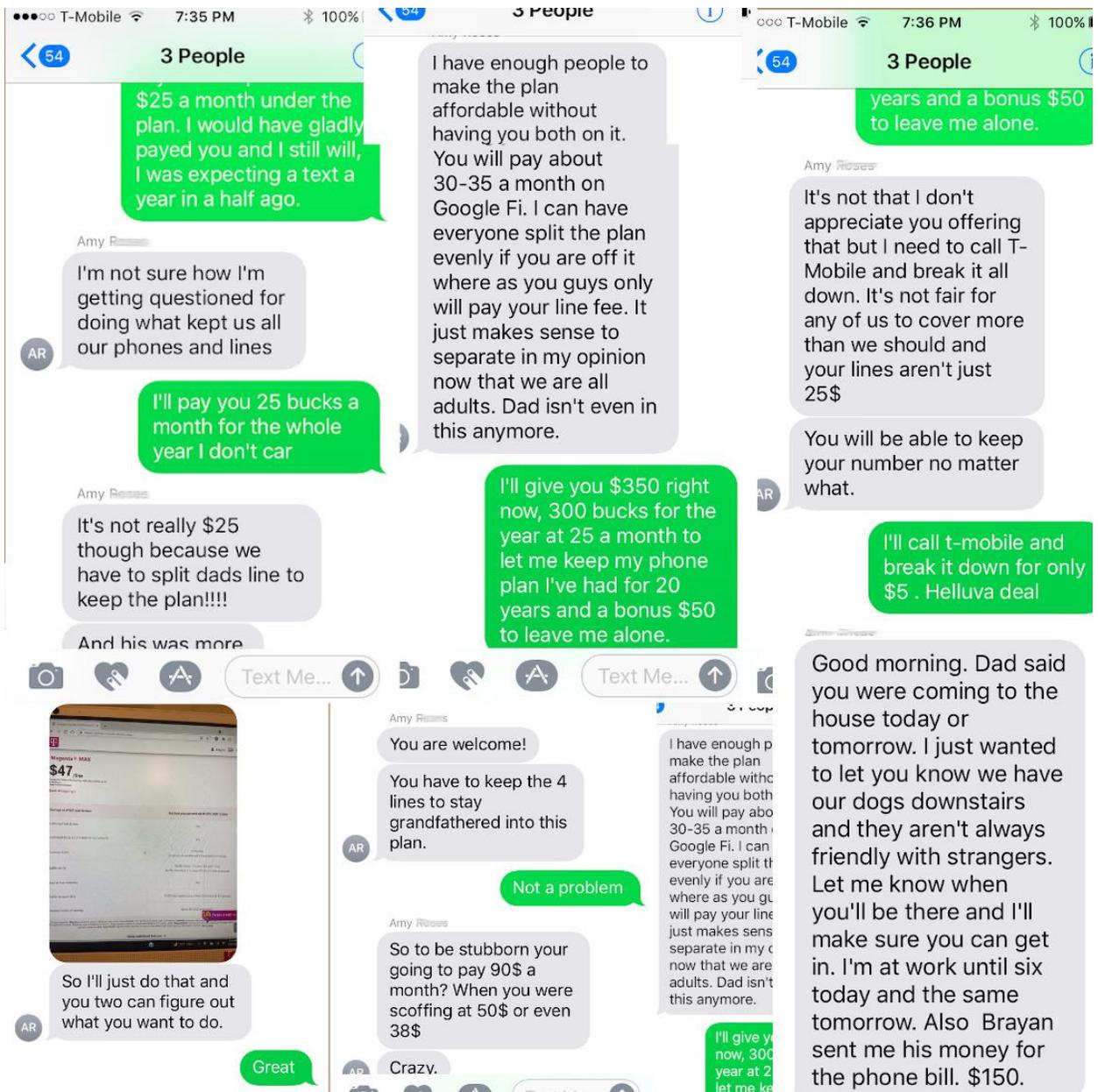
My Aunt and Uncle probably have the nicest beach house on the west coast.



4th of July. Eureka to Newport Oregon.



On the Hilltop in Newport. Meghan Cahill and I watched Tucker: A Man and His Dream. The Francis Ford Coppola film starring Jeff Bridges as Preston Tucker, the man who took on the big 3 in the forties making the Tucker automobile and was subsequently shut down by big auto and produced only a total of 50 Tuckers, one of which I had seen a video of FFC showing off in a barn on his vineyard in California, I think he's got a couple. The Tucker Torpedo was the first car to implement seatbelts and a variety of other safety features which Volvo later took on and standardized. The idea is to have a safe and reliable car that lasts a long time. Rulebreakers. Of the 50 Tuckers made I think 47 of them are still running. Before I started on this trip I went off on long lasting high mileage cars and learned about Irv Gordon and his Volvo P1800 with three million miles on the odometer. Irv's p1800 was the number 1 highest mileage vehicle in history. The third highest mileage vehicle in history is a 1978 silver volvo 245 wagon that was retired at one million five hundred thousand miles.



A couple days before I left my sister contacted me for the first time since I called her at the beginning of the pandemic. After the woman who divorced my dad moved out of the house I grew up in, my dad let my sister and her two kids and her boyfriend and his kid move into it, that was January of 2020. My sister hadn't lived there since she was 12 years old when my parents sent her to a mormon prison camp for being an out of control child. After that she developed some serious drug addictions and was in and out of prison for most of my life, sometimes by fault of her own but mostly because my dad would call the cops on her and have her arrested for amphetamine possession to "keep her safe." I had probably only seen my sister a couple dozen times since then and in some ways I thought it might be good for my dad and for her to be living there. At the same time she moved into the basement, my dad left the family cell phone plan that had been under contract since the year 2000 and let my sister take it over. Because the contract was 20 years old, each of the phone lines was \$25 when there were seven lines.

My sister was asking me for 50 bucks a month and I asked her how she came up with the figure and she told me to port my number or risk losing it. I asked her if she could wait until I was done with my Volvo Odyssey before she cuts off my ability to make phone calls. The day before I entered Idaho she sent me the text about the dogs not being friendly to strangers. This was probably the most my sister and I had communicated since I was eight years old. I put it in the back of my head, I have to fix my Volvo first. Needless to say, it was stressing me the fuck out.



Dennis Wilson's 240 shop in Nampa. The glue job on the flame trap hose ripped open in Bend but managed to hold 300 miles into Idaho. I gave Dennis my master notepad list of everything that is wrong with the volvo and he started making a separate list of what he can do. We went over everything in about half an hour and I packed up all my stuff and put it in Dennis's 1984 tan wagon. Dennis asked me for two more days on top of the two we had already talked about. It

was Thursday and he needed it until Monday which means I would have to hang out in Caldwell for four nights and cut some time off in Warm Lake but it worked within my plan which was not to have a very solid one more than three days in advance.



Dennis got me a brand new old copy of the Bentley bluebook 240 bible and told me to study it. He wanted Friday and Saturday morning to work on the car and Monday morning the two of us would go in early and finish it off. It was 100+ degrees and smokey every single day of the month of July in the Treasure Valley. Dennis told me if it was winter he could have it all done in a day. He dropped me and my stuff off at the Manor in Caldwell and told me to keep my phone close.

no service / check engine light / parking brake light sometimes works after vacuum paint job chemical sun wash rest / wood 1/2

check brake job / Driverside is squeaky sometimes Caliper wear / conditions

what sounds like drive shaft is hitting bottom of car at high speeds of bumpy / rough patches of highway // used to happen when car started from 2015-16/17

car wobbles sometimes when braking at high speed 70+ mph frame may be bent?

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Volvo Parts list

- Alternator brushes 75% worn
- Starter
- Main fuel pump?
- Airbox thermostat and preheat hose alignment of hoses right
- Bumper fix / bumper
- front end suspension needs addressing for future issues
- pet hose replacement
- ratting rag - Dist mount likely bad if it's still probably bad

Miscellaneous... (everything black)

- * Mats all around
- * Driver seat adjuster wheel
- Radio / antenna / speakers
- plastic ignition cover (black)
- * back seat handle pull down
- Glove box
- * Volt meter
- tachometer / oil pressure gauge
- anything else that's cool
- exterior black trim rubber stuff is fading / dying
- barometer
- altimeter
- arm rest?

LESS SO...

- Battery drain mystery fuses (locking relay)
- back windshield wiper / sprayer
- absensor
- illegal screen for A/C set:ill
- Head is crooked
- Do I have seat heaters?
- Squeaky steering wheel
- short lock delay
- brake sometimes triggers defrost / brake light short
- 4 tires all around good ones
- front passenger electric window (roll up) short on driverside interface
- Driverside door not sealed correctly (air blast through)
- Roof crinkle at high speeds
- reverse sometimes makes back wheels squeak in a bad way

My List

Clark

7-9

10-3 5/4 hrs

top up rear axle check rear brakes (75%)

check rear suspension exhaust is loose

trouble shoot cruise control

install Voltmeter

repair/replace battery cables

replace glove box

check intake and vacuum hoses

change rear tires B spare

Replaces tire cover clips

7-10

6:30 - 8:30

2

water pump
alter motor & mount

oil change

squirrels

head hinge

7-11

7-12

DS door mirror

window switch

TRIM

Radio

Front Brakes

DRIVER side
SAT wheel

TRIM

Price Totals

0.00

0.00

0.00

25.00

0

Disposal

Supplies

es Tax

Total:

Dennis's list



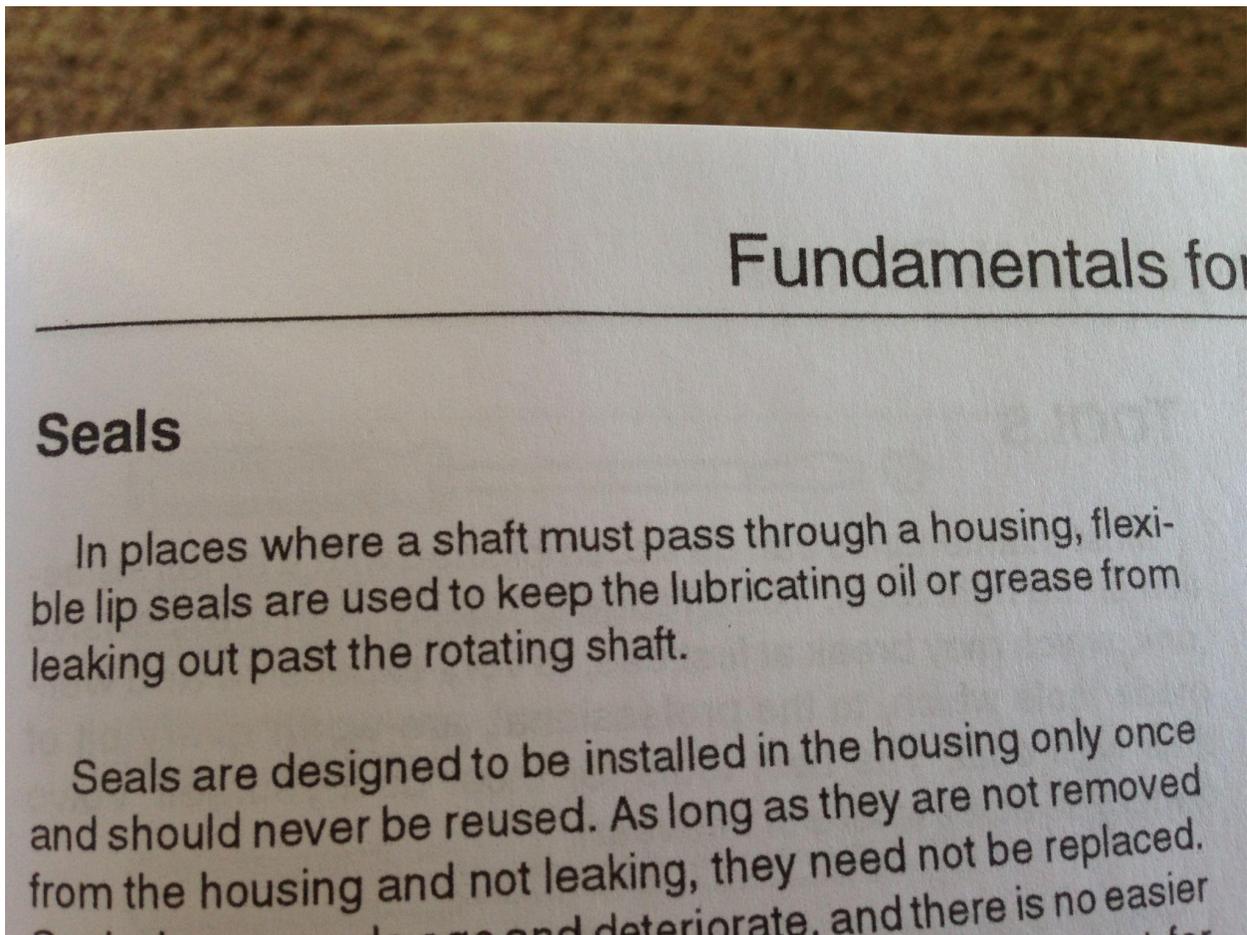
I met Dennis Wilson in 2014 outside Jerry's market on 27th street in Boise back when I had my blue sedan. He gave me his card and told me he used to work at the Volvo factory in Sweden building the 240's from scratch from 1980 to 1989. I called him later that day and he gave my car a tune up almost immediately, he cleaned out the air trap horker, replaced a bunch of spark plugs and wires, gave it an oil change, changed the brake pads, replaced a couple belts and did a bunch of miscellaneous fixes. It took him less than two hours and he charged me less than 130 bucks, most of which was parts. The car ran better than it ever had and I drove it another 10,000 miles on tour that year to the east coast and back. Dennis used to live in Los Angeles in the 60's right off the sunset strip and he told me there were freaks, acid dealers and cross-whatevers! If you had a bell around your neck it meant you were buying and if you had one around your leg it meant you were selling. Since 2014 there have only been two things that

have been making it possible for me to tour around the country and play shows for everyone and the first one is Dennis Wilson. He let me take his picture amongst Scott Pemble's Sun Flowers at the Manor in Caldwell, Idaho.

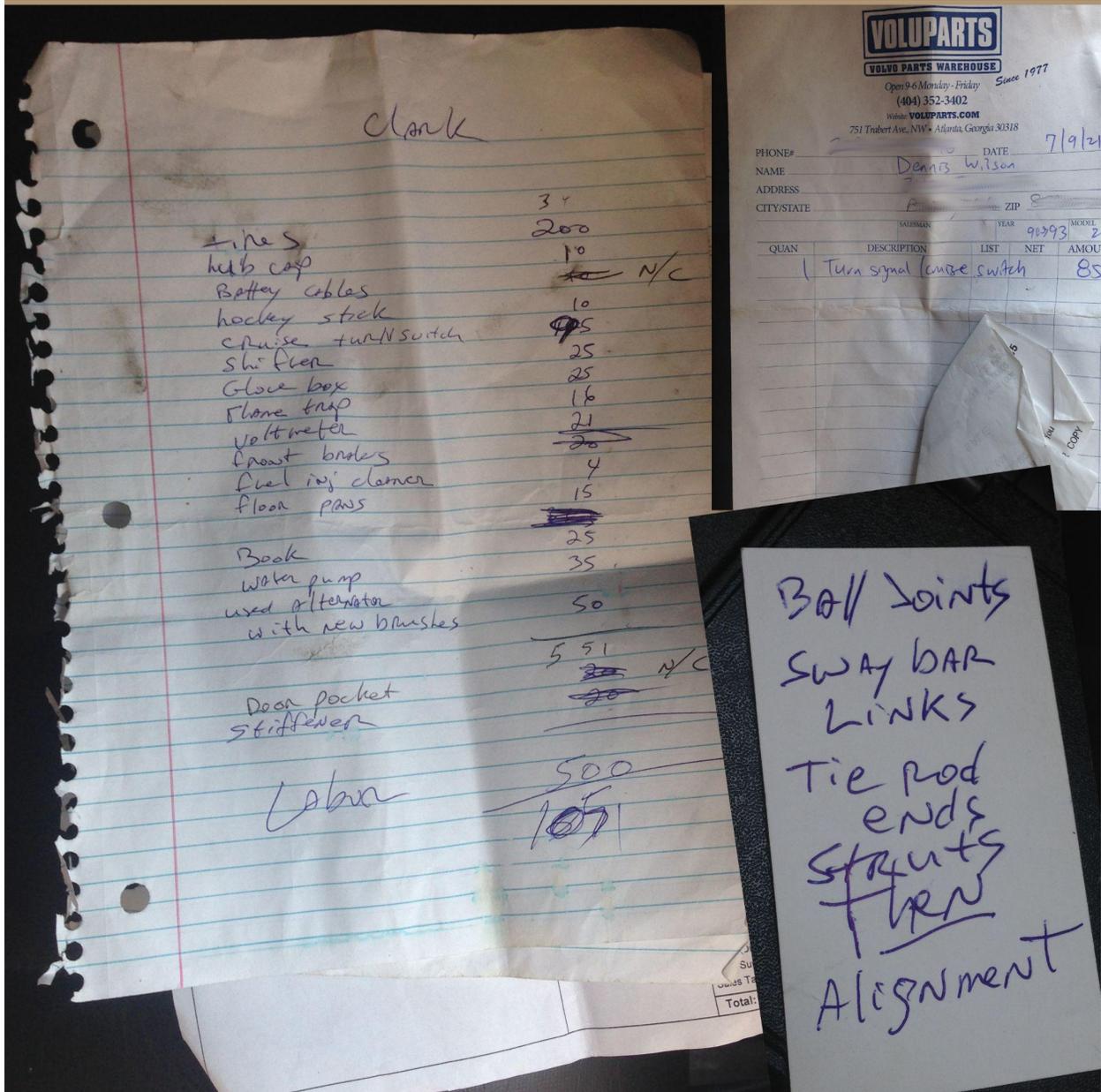


Caldwell. At the Manor. I spent all weekend studying the volvo bible, feeding the goats, eating dumpster food and figuring out how to make it to Bellingham Washington to Rainbow Auto before the next weekend. I updated Scott on the volvo odyssey and we caught up on a number of things. We talked about shows and he asked if I wanted to play one. I brought just enough gear to be able to play one if I wanted to. I explained to Scott that I first had to fix my volvo before playing a rock and roll show. I can't quite tell where my reservations are, only that I've spent the last 18 months completely numb to the world after having my life flushed down the toilet. It didn't really feel like I was alive. I'm like Oh Dae-Su when he eats the octopus. Scott

was really nice and cool about letting me stay an extra couple days. It was weird not having a car the whole time.



Holy Scripture



The final list from Dennis and recommendations for the front end rattling cage which I wrote in my notes 'it's probably all bad', it is. Dennis did a heroic effort to get everything done and we got out of the shop by 11am. I could have gotten videos and pictures of this but I was too into it. Dennis put the belly pan back on, told me to start the car and gave the engine bay a wash. 'Isn't that gonna fuck with the electronics?' 'Well that's what we're gonna find out!' I topped off the coolant reservoir with some water and Dennis took it for a test drive with me in the passenger seat. Dennis test drives the 240's like a race car, it probably did 0-100km in 6 seconds and back down again. He took it for a few passes and put it in park on the concrete outside the shop, 'now we're gonna see if the coolant is leaking.' Dennis looked under the front end and after a couple seconds proclaimed, 'dry as a dead baby's asshole!' About an hour after we left the shop Dennis got the correct cruise control shifter delivered to his house for the 91-93 years and I came over so he could put it on. The specialists put on an older 80's style cruise shifter that had

a different shaped plug than the 92 style, they gave up and left it unplugged and didn't tell me, though they didn't have to cause I knew it wouldn't work when I saw it. Dennis took the car for a test run solo while I hung out with his wife inside their house. I came outside when Dennis got back and told me he's got nothing. We checked the bible for the wiring diagrams and he went over everything twice and it was all correct. Dennis was stumped. I asked him what he thought the problem was. 'Bad mechanics' he said softly. I told him at least he tried and I could probably get Rainbow Larry to check it out. I had to get an emissions test and drive up north before the sun went down.



Before driving up to Warm Lake I called my dad and asked if I could come by the house and grab some things. He said that was fine but he would have to take my sister's dogs outside while I was inside. The side of the house was crammed with kids' ATVs and motorcycles, various buckets of discolored liquids and different things made out of metal and plastic. I met my

dad outside and asked if I could move a chest of mine that had been placed in the garage 20 months before to the shed. I noticed a bunch of my mom's art books she used for painting references had been placed in big open amazon boxes and were covered in dust and cobwebs. I asked my dad if he had a plastic bin with a lid I could put them in and told him they used to be in one when I was last at the house in 2019. He said they didn't have any plastic bins. He told me that if I wanted to get anything from the downstairs storage room I'd have to enter around the back of the house. I walked out back with him and he pointed out the giant mounds of pit bull turds and mentioned they only get picked up when he picks them up. I told my dad if the goal was to keep me away from my sister's dogs then he shouldn't let them out in the backyard while I was in the backyard. My dad said ok and that I should just enter the house through my sister's room and wait in there until he has the dogs outside. I asked him why I couldn't just enter the house through the front door and walk down the stairs. He said I couldn't do that because my sister's boyfriend was taking a nap on the couch and my dad didn't want to disturb him because he was ill with something. I told my dad to just forget it and got in my car and left.



Lodgepole Pines have serotinous cones and will only seed when exposed to high temperatures such as a forest fire.



Outside the Shelton cabin, Warm Lake Idaho. It kept getting smokier the further I drove up north. There was a giant fire in Lewiston and the quickest way to get to Rainbow Auto in Bellingham was to drive right by it. I hadn't breathed clean air since I entered Idaho. Even up at 7,000 feet it was unseasonably hot. I told William Bendler I should probably drive back to Boise, take care of some unfinished business, and then take the i84 to Portland. I was told to stay but I didn't have time if I wanted to get the 2nd half of the volvo repair done.



I stopped by The Record Exchange and sold John O'Neil some tapes and some buttons. He asked me how much I sell them for at shows and I said I don't sell these at shows.



Mike Stivers always lives in the coolest house. It was almost 5pm on Wednesday and I was too beat to drive all the way to Portland. I called Mike and told him that I was in town and he told me that he was getting married on Saturday and that the kids are gone for the night and I should come stay at his house tonight and then stay for the wedding. I said I gotta go to Rainbow Larry's in Bellingham Washington to fix my Volvo but we could hang out for the night and I could drive to Portland in the morning. The last time I was in town Mike helped me pull hundreds of my mom's paintings from a leaky rat shit infested basement in the house I grew up in and hang them back on the walls and organize the damaged ones aside for restoration. The woman who divorced my dad had trashed the place when she lived there and left a mess upon moving out and Mike spent two traumatizing days with me while we put all the family pictures back and tried to make it a nicer place for my dad and my sister and nieces when they moved in. Mike kept on telling me my nieces need to grow up looking at their grandmother's artwork.



I hadn't been able to see my mom's art since 2013. My mom had an art studio and she painted everyday and produced thousands of works, most of them in watercolor. Some of the paintings, like the Pot Sounds album cover, we did together. A few paintings attributed to my mom are actually mine and I've grabbed a few from people's walls over the years. After she died my dad and the woman who divorced him packed up her art studio and put all the paintings in the leaky concrete basement. When I found them in 2019 most of the frames were damaged and some were completely ripped off, almost all of them had water damage, a lot of the oil canvas paintings had been stored horizontally and been used as a toilet for a field mouse infestation, one large canvas painting of an orchid had a two centimeter hole pierced through the heart of the flower. The few paintings that remained on the walls seemed okay, though none of them were level. I tried to leave for Portland on Thursday but I couldn't. I read an email from my dad



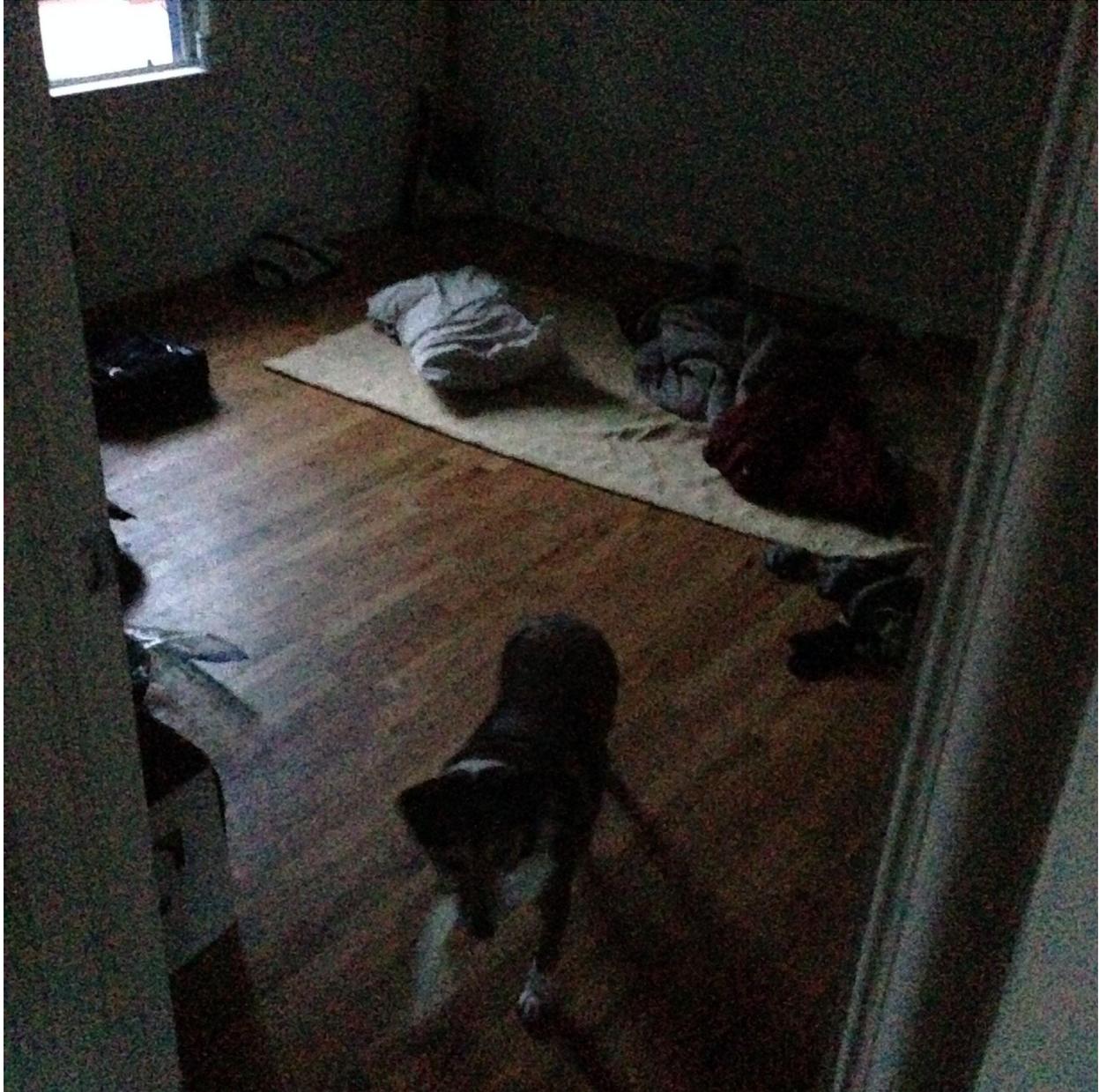
Saturday morning, the day of Mike's wedding. I offered to take Mariposa the dog over to Mike's old house on Fremont street which was empty and about to be sold. In 2013, I drove with Mike and his Aunt Jan helping Mike move from New Orleans to Salmon Idaho and then a couple years later to the Fremont street house in Boise. I used his garage as one of the storage locations across the north west that I ferreted my things in when I had to move them out of my parents house. I checked out the garage and I found the Odyssey Zigurat Hat I wore in the music video still in my old black milk crate.



Mike's old house is cool too.

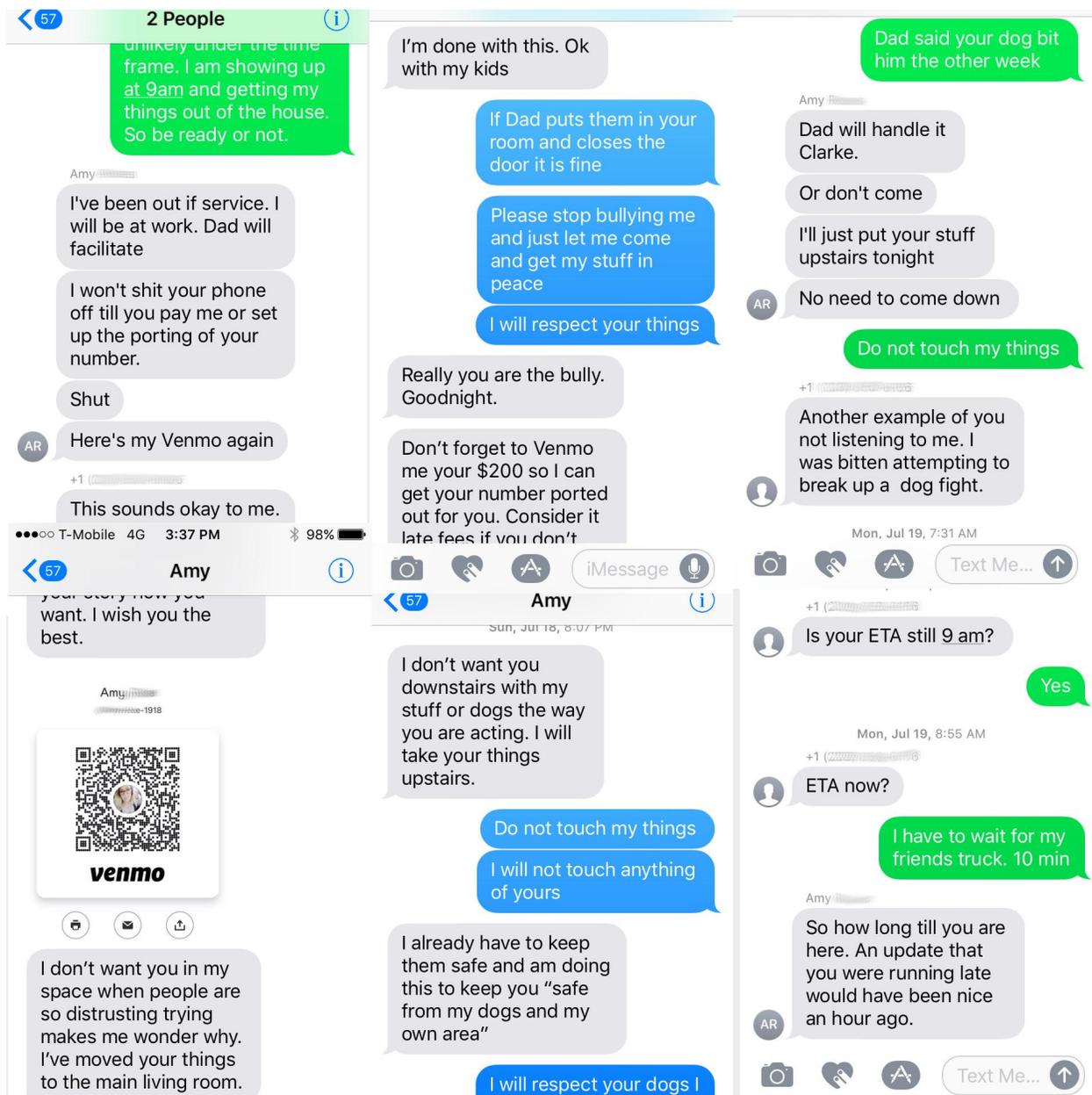


I set up a little drug nest in an empty room, fed Mariposa at 5pm and then went to Mike and Nicole's wedding, which was beautiful.



I had the rendezvous with Rainbow Larry set up for Monday morning. It was Saturday night and I thought just maybe if I woke up, drove to Seattle, slept for 6 hours and then drove to Bellingham at 6am I could make it on time. I had to be heading back to LA by Tuesday night or Wednesday morning at the latest, Monday was the very last day to do any work on the Volvo and I still needed a radio and a front end replacement. And a new muffler, and the door lock ding relay, and an antenna, and the back shield wiper/brake light short fixed and wiper fixed, and a starter probably, rear black turbo trim that Dennis said I'll never be able to find, a backseat lift down handle, rusty brake rotor replacement, some missing interior bolts, an A/C conversion or illegal freon fill, the slow battery drain, and a few other things and if I drove 16 hours to Bellingham to make it to Rainbow Auto at 8am on Monday morning I could probably take care of a lot. But I hadn't been able to stop crying since Thursday and I know from experience that a face full of tears at 80mph is more gnarly than being drunk, more gnarly than being sick or even

being high on hallucinogens. I'd have more of a chance to drive safely to Washington if I had dropped a couple hits of acid than if I were balling my eyes out. I called some people and it seemed like the only thing I could do was get my stuff out of the house again upon my fathers and sisters request while I still could. Which means I couldn't drive to Rainbow Larry's and I couldn't get the rest of my car fixed. I didn't even ask Mike for anything and he offered to grab Dave, The Wall, and they could help me grab everything and put it all in his storage unit temporarily. Mike told me we need to get my mom's paintings out of there and I said I know but that's probably not gonna happen without issues.



I texted my dad and my sister and told them I would be by at 9am on Monday morning to get my things. I met up with Mike Stivers and Dave, The Wall, at 8am, they were still packing up from

the wedding in Mike's backyard. Mike told me his strategy was to be exceptionally nice and polite, get the stuff and get out of there, I told him that's a good plan. I got there before Mike and Dave, The Wall, and saw my sister's cars out front of the house. I turned around and smoked a cigarette a couple streets down and cried while I waited for Dave's truck to pass by. We got there and got the blue PA and the amps out of the shed as well as my Schwinn Racer I bought from a crackhead in New Orleans for \$20 and my mom's foldy Peugeot she got from France in the 60's -- I told Dave, The Wall, that this would be another awkward argument as he had already witnessed with my mom's art books and that my dad wouldn't let me take it -- The Wall just picked up the bike and carried it to the truck unnoticed as Mike was putting the charm on my father. We went into the basement and grabbed my boxes from the back storage room which was now a kids room with all of my stuff in the middle of it. I could see my sister in the corner of my eyes lurching behind doors in various rooms of the house. She didn't go to work that day and kept the kids home from school so they could all watch me move all my childhood paintings and Clarke and the Himselfs archives out of the house for the 2nd time. I think my sister wanted to torment me to the point where I would flip out in front of my dad and my nieces. She was using the same script as when I was eight years old. But she didn't expect Mike and Dave, The Wall. Nobody did. As I was packing up the rest of the things into the Volvo, my 5 year old niece Lux came up to me and started looking at something. This would probably be the only moment I would get to hang out with her. It looked like Lux was staring at the giant 3X3 Well-Rounded album art poster I had hung up in the RX, 'Are you looking at my album cover?' 'no' Maybe she was looking at my dad's framed photo of my mom holding me as a baby that my sister had tossed off on me as some sort of memorabilia of the moment, 'Are you looking at the picture of my mom and me?' 'no' 'I was looking at this' and she pointed to a sling shot I bought at the grocery store in Crouch in 2019 when Tuck and I recorded Mimesis and Alterity in Garden Valley, I was thinking about taking it with me back on the plane in case any sort of apocalypse type situation unfolded I would have a slingshot, but I figured the chances of that were unlikely in November of 2019 so I left it at the house. Lux pointed down to it, 'I don't think this is yours. It's my brothers. Are you stealing it?' I thought about asking her if she knew what a manipulative cunt was and that she should go ask her mother what a manipulative cunt is, 'hey mom, what's a manipulative cunt?'. That wasn't on the Stivers agenda though.



Me wearing the Odyssey Ziggurat Hat amongst the boxes of my stuff in Mike Stivers' empty house, you can see the original Pot Sounds painting on the floor in the background. I got yelled at for trying to take it. After Mike and Dave, The Wall, left, my sister let her dog's back in the basement. I went into the room upstairs that Mike and I had hauled all my mom's paintings into two years ago before. At the time I called my mom's framer Margueritte, who was also her best friend. Marguerite had arthritis and couldn't restore the frames or the paintings but she gave me the number of someone that could. I told her how my dad got remarried, and how I wasn't allowed into the house and I had just got back there for the first time five years later. She told me I must have felt like an orphan. After I flew back to Los Angeles in 2019 and after arranging the painting restorers to come over to the house and grab the paintings a few at a time, I called my dad and my sister and told them and asked if they could be ready and that my dad needed to pay them as he offered to but neither of them would help me. Throughout the pandemic I

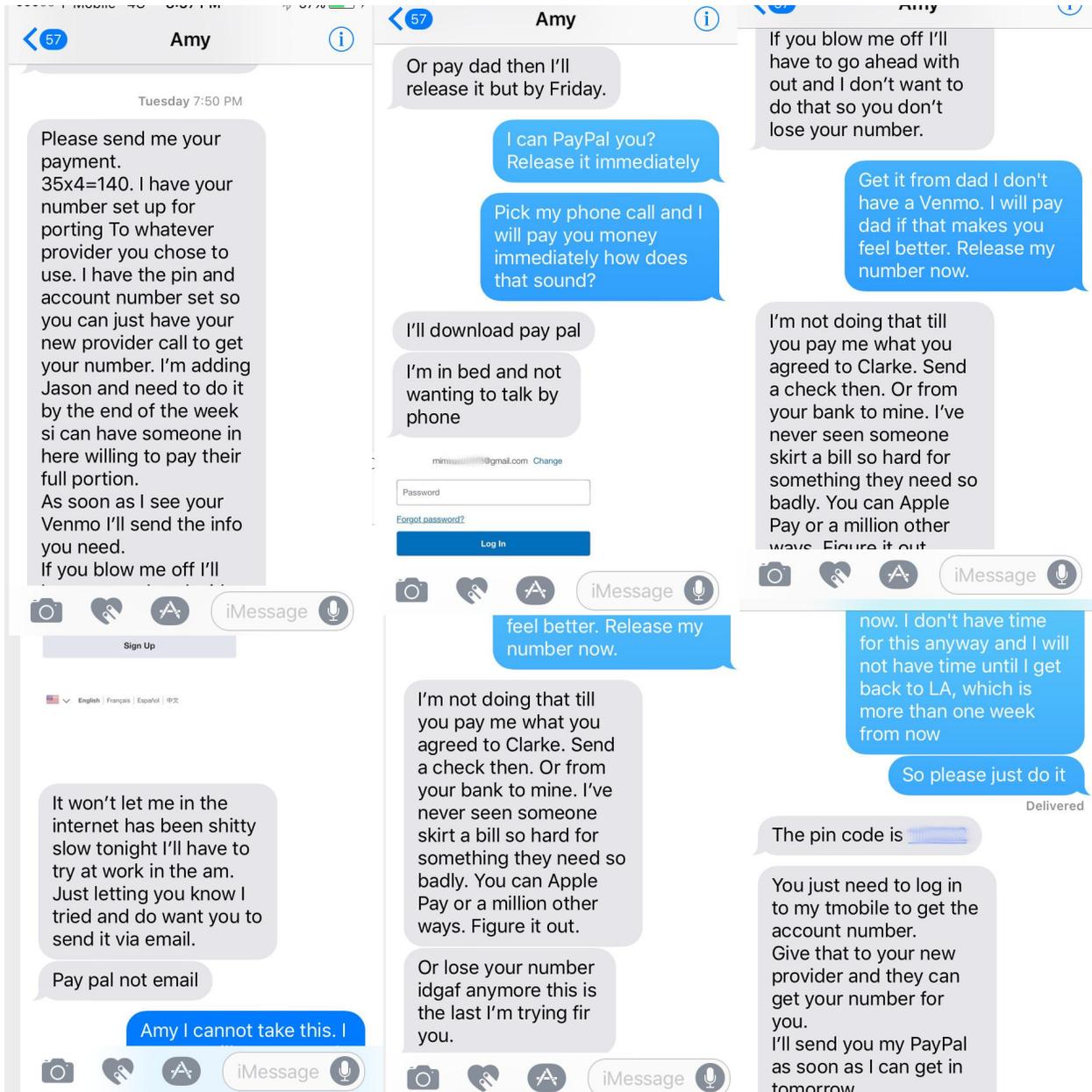
would bring it up to my dad and mention that the room is a little bit better than a rat infested leaky basement but they weren't meant to be stored there for two years. My dad asked me, 'what do you expect me to do, go in there and dust them?' I said, 'yeah, actually.' I closed the blinds of the room and made sure none of the paintings were sitting on top of the heat vents, two things I had already told my dad and sister to do. I only had a second in there before my sister started yelling at me. I told her she could have told me she turned the storage room into a kids room. 'What was I supposed to do! He's a little boy and he needs a place to sleep!' 'I'm just saying, you could have told me.' 'Well it's not your house anymore!' and then she paused and adjusted her face, 'I mean, it's our house.' she went on, 'it's mom's house'. My dad asked me how much longer I was gonna be because he was leaving in 15 minutes. He asked if that was enough time for me. I told him I was supposed to be in Bellingham, Washington today fixing my car and he said I could have done this when he sent me the email. They all seemed to be very inconvenienced. I closed the Volvo bay doors and drove to the empty Fremont street, unloaded all my stuff in the empty living room and took this picture.



The Good stuff.



My mom and my dad on their wedding day. I found these pictures in a leather envelope that had been left in a trash pile by the woman who divorced my dad. They were in there with older photos of relatives and a family tree book that began in the late 1800s. I took the picture of my mom and I in the frame that belonged to my father and gave it to his coworker and told her it was his and it was on his desk the entire time I grew up until my mom died and that I already had a copy and that somewhere there is a painting of it, one of the last one's my mom completed before she died, but nobody can tell me where it is. I sent my dad a picture of these photos and told him not to contact me unless it's an apology.



My sister couldn't help herself. I called t-mobile and tried to get my number released but they wouldn't do it without the pin code or talking to the account holder and asked for my dad, I told them just a second I'll go grab him and put on my best dad voice. The operator asked for the pincode and my best dad voice said he didn't have it and then the operator said that's okay they could just use the last 4 digits of my social security number, and I was like okay, let me just find that, and I hung up the phone. I considered calling my dad's coworker and being like, 'hey, I'm gonna need the last 4 digits of my fathers social security number from you.' I called t-mobile again and I just laid it down straight to the new operator, I told them the whole sad story and I was like can you please just release my phone number I've had for twenty years so I can make phone calls. The operator told me that they hear me and it seems like I've been through a lot but they literally can't access the account without the pincode or the social security number. A couple hours later my sister finally gave me the pincode. She wouldn't see a dime from me.

Even though I had the pincode the operator told me they still needed a verbal confirmation from the account holder and again asked for my father. 'Ok, let me just go grab him, he's in the other room.' I put the phone on mute for a couple minutes and practiced my best dad voice impression. I talked to the operator as my dad and had my number released, waited a click, and then talked to the operator as me and set up a new phone account. The whole thing took 4 or 5 hours. I blocked my sister's number and went to sleep. The next morning I woke up at 6am and drove 500 miles to Newport, Oregon.



Before I left town I saw Justinian's van turn into the end of Fremont street from Orchard as I pulled into the driveway of Mike Stivers' empty house. I honked the horn twice and Justinian pulled over in his tan Toyota cargo van. He gave me a hug and I told him what was going on and he said next time I should come to town to see friends. I said I came to town to fix my Volvo

and I was trying to go up to Rainbow Larry's to fix it more but I got delayed but it's cool because now I get to hang out with Justinian. I asked him where he was headed and he said here. We talked about volvo 240's for a while and I asked Justinian if he knew anything about old Peugeot bicycles. I showed him my mom's bicycle that was folded in the back of my volvo. He checked it out and said it was in really good condition, 'it's got french tires on it still!' Justinian told me to follow him to the place he was headed that has an air compressor and a shop and he would help me fix it up. Justinian flipped the bike upside down, filled up the tires, adjusted the wheel alignment, adjusted the brake lines, added a missing bolt and probably did a few other things while I wasn't looking. 'I used to be a bicycle mechanic, you know.' 'I know. When I asked you if you knew anything about Peugeot's it was a facetious question.' Justinian got the first ride around the shop, he said that's the price I got to pay. I folded up the Peugeot, brought it back to the Fremont house, unfolded it and took it for a bicycle ride around the bench. This is the last thing I did in Boise.



Back on the hilltop. I called Dennis Wilson and he told me that he's taking the wife and the family and going to Lincoln City on Monday for a few days. I told him I was in Newport just down the street and that I'd have to be back in LA Sunday, but it would be cool to hang out with him up here. Dennis responded, 'I know, that'd be wild!' He asked me how the car was running and I said it's doing great, 'it's got a lot of get up and go. It's accelerating up to 80 no problem. Accidentally 80 miles per hour!' 'That's good to hear!' 'The front end is still a little wonky' 'That's okay. You'll just have to get that fixed in Los Angeles. Totally safe to drive.' I forgot to mention that I blew the emissions lady's mind when I got the car tested in Ada county, she couldn't believe how well it was running. Earlier in the day I got a voicemail from Justinian who said he was just at the Jalopy jungle and saw a silver wagon 86 740 turbo with black leather seats that he said was in great condition and described it as a 'cream puff'. I told Dennis about the silver wagon and asked if he could grab some trim and the drivers seat. 'Is it out front or in the yard?'

'I don't know' 'Is it a 240 or a 740?' 'I think it's a 740' 'There's nothing on that car you want! The only thing that's the same in the 240's and 740's is the engine and the transmission, everything else is different.' Dennis told me the rest of his travel plans and said it was good to see me and that next time I come to town to let him know and he can give a car a tune up. Later that day I got a text from my brother that said, 'How's it going?'



My Aunt and Uncle live in the last house before the forest at the end of their street. My Aunt and I talked on the phone the day before I moved my stuff out, she told me my dad had always been cold and analytical and that he's someone where our relationship might just be meeting for a drink somewhere for an hour every couple of years. When my dad came and visited he hadn't been to see them in Eureka for 25 years. She told me the problems her and my dad have always had since they were kids and those issues still come up even though he is in his 70's

and she in her 60's. I told her that while my dad and I were hanging out on the road it was actually a good time. I said I know I've been telling everyone I've been on this Volvo Odyssey but I planned the trip so I could hang out with my dad and I went to Boise not just to fix my volvo but to see my family because I had just spent 18 months in a basement during a pandemic and I thought that would be nice. She asked if I felt better now that I got my stuff out of the house and I said yeah but I didn't get all of it and my mom's paintings are still in there and I can't just watch them be destroyed. I said it looks like a trailer park over there, it looks like my dad is living with a couple of meth addicts. My Aunt said, 'Well, yeah. He is living with a couple of meth addicts' 'But I think your dad feels really bad about the whole Anne thing and that it's probably nice for him to have his granddaughters in the house. I think in some ways maybe your sister is preventing him from doing that again.' 'I thought that too, but now it's my sister doing the same thing again, and I don't see how that's any better.' I didn't even get a chance to look at my mom's paintings while I was there. I told my Aunt that my mom painted all of those during my life and I remember her working on each one and my whole life I was surrounded by them up until my mom died when I couldn't see them at all, and the few moments I've had since then have never been free of emotional trauma. And when I wasn't allowed to be at that house when my dad remarried, I didn't like being at that house anyway, I just didn't like that I couldn't see my mom's paintings. For years I lived in 5 or 6 different houses every year where I would physically move my stuff into it and move out a few months later to another house in a different state and when I was on tour every year I would stay in 50-100 different people's houses and it was fine, the only house in the world where I wasn't welcome was the one where my family is.



As I was driving down south from Eureka I realized I would be passing right by the Tucker Torpedo stored in the shed at the Coppola vineyard. I thought if I could get a picture of the Volvo and Francis Ford Coppola's Tucker together that would really tie this whole thing together. I could even pretend that I'm just cool with the Coppola's and no one would be the wiser. As I drove in on the access road before I took this picture I noticed a man in a sun hat with a white beard reading a book in the passenger seat of a red convertible Porsche. 'Is that Francis Ford Coppola sitting in the passenger seat of a red convertible Porsche on the side of the access road next to the Coppola vineyard? Maybe he just likes to hang out there?' I was prepared to enter the vineyard and put on the Stivers protocol to get access to the Torpedo, but I thought it might be easier if the red Porsche man happened to be Francis Ford Coppola I could just ask him myself without the protocol. I drove past him and gave it another good look, there were a couple signs in front of his hang out. I flipped a uey and I read one that said, PCA in big letters.

Alright, Francis Ford Coppola's got signs that's my way in. I drove slowly up to the red convertible and stopped next to it.



It wasn't Francis Ford Coppola but it was pretty close. I asked him what he was doing and he said it was a Porsche Club of America check point and 140 cars were on their way up here. I asked him if he knew about the Tucker at the Coppola place. He said they wanted to have the checkpoint there but they were asking for too much money, 'I could just eat breakfast at Dennies!' He looked at my car and said he used to have one of those, 'I think they only made them in silver!'. I said it's a great car and thanked him for hanging out in the sun. I thought, good enough, and continued driving south.



We love the Golden Gate Bridge.



Dennis gave me the Volvo hat and he found the feather behind his shop right before I was leaving. You can see the new volt meter he installed, and the empty radio panel next to it. He also gave me a rare 3 panel gauge mount that will fit in that space and told me anything that's two inches will fit inside each one. I have yet to make up my mind but I am thinking of an Altimeter, Artificial Horizon, and a custom 2 inch radio/cassette player. Maybe I could stick a CB radio at the bottom of the center console and get my Smokey and the Bandit on. After the last test drive I couldn't find the feather and thought Dennis might have taken it and given it to his wife. Halfway to Portland a gust of wind blew through the interior and in an instant I saw the feather appear on the dashboard and I propped it back up again.



Back home in Los Angeles.