



LET ME TELL YOU THIS...

THERE IS NOTHING MORE ALIENATING THAN DISCOVERING THAT YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND.



YO! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU THINKIN', SON?!





QUITE THE, UH, FEY STANCE YOU'VE GOT GOING ON THERE, CHUM.



I DON'T GET IT. MY STANCE?

TIM, LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE STANDING LIKE A YOUNG JOHN MALKOVICH.



YOU HAVE LITERALLY CEASED TO MAKE SENSE.

LOOK...

I'M JUST *SUGGESTING* THAT MAYBE YOU BELIEVE SOME KIND OF CLASSY, METROSEXUAL AFFECTIONATION IS GONNA HIDE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE JUST SOME *OAFISH COMMONER* WHO USED TO PAINT HOUSES FOR A LIVING.

I'M STANDING THE WAY I ALWAYS STAND, MAN.

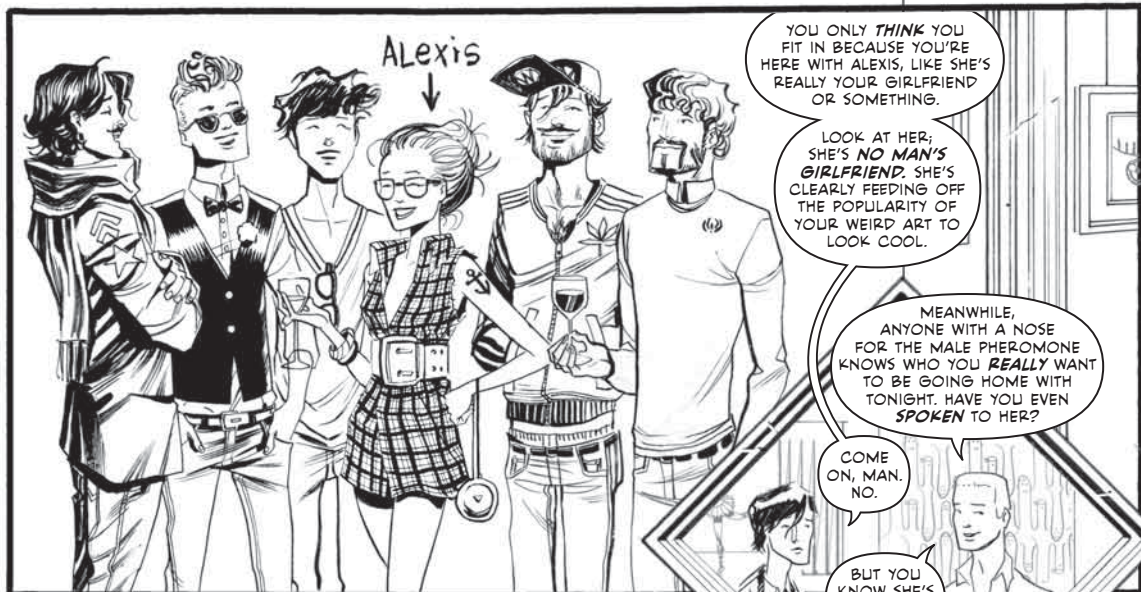
...I JUST STAND LIKE THIS.



YOU ONCE OWNED A CREED RECORD, BUDDY. REMEMBER THAT.

NOT EVEN JUST THE POPULAR ONE, THE ONE THAT CAME AFTER IT. WE'RE NOT LIKE THESE PEOPLE.





YOU ONLY *THINK* YOU FIT IN BECAUSE YOU'RE HERE WITH ALEXIS, LIKE SHE'S REALLY YOUR GIRLFRIEND OR SOMETHING.

LOOK AT HER; SHE'S *NO MAN'S GIRLFRIEND*. SHE'S CLEARLY FEEDING OFF THE POPULARITY OF YOUR WEIRD ART TO LOOK COOL.

MEANWHILE, ANYONE WITH A NOSE FOR THE MALE PHEROMONE KNOWS WHO YOU *REALLY* WANT TO BE GOING HOME WITH TONIGHT. HAVE YOU EVEN *SPOKEN* TO HER?

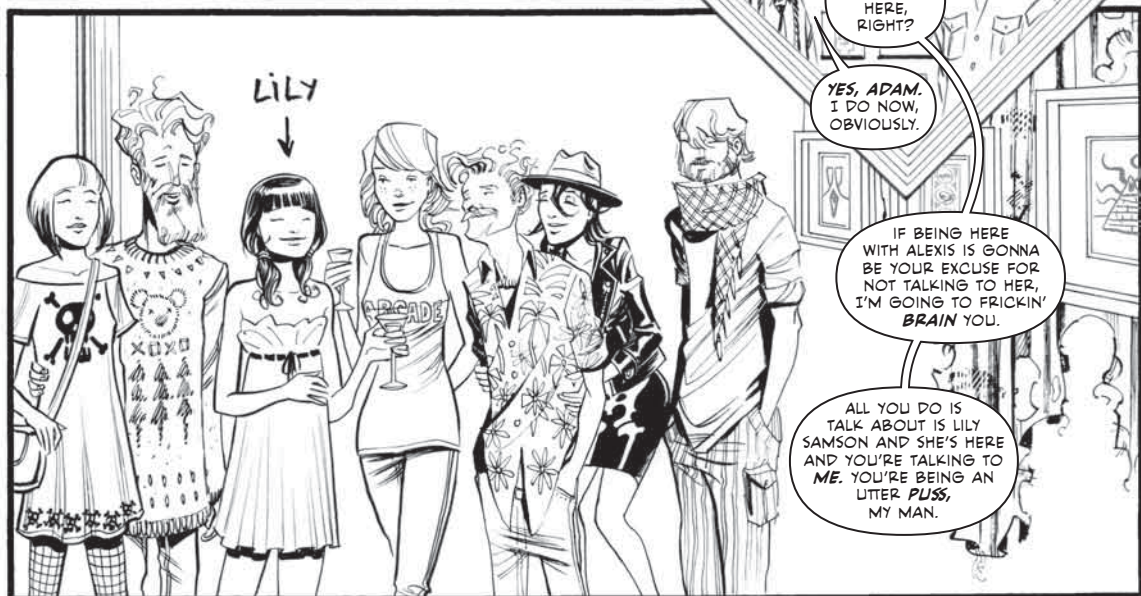
COME ON, MAN. NO.

BUT YOU KNOW SHE'S HERE, RIGHT?

YES, ADAM. I DO NOW, OBVIOUSLY.

IF BEING HERE WITH ALEXIS IS GONNA BE YOUR EXCUSE FOR NOT TALKING TO HER, I'M GOING TO FRICKIN' *BRAIN* YOU.

ALL YOU DO IS TALK ABOUT IS LILY SAMSON AND SHE'S HERE AND YOU'RE TALKING TO *ME*. YOU'RE BEING AN LITTLER *PUSS*, MY MAN.



WHY DO I EVEN CONSIDER YOU MY BEST FRIEND?

I'M STARTING TO THINK IT'S BECAUSE SOME PEOPLE FEEL THE NEED HAVE SOME KIND OF JUGHEAD-ISH CHARACTER IN THEIR LIVES REGARDLESS OF HOW ANNOYING THEY ARE.



OKAY, THAT WAS FUNNY.

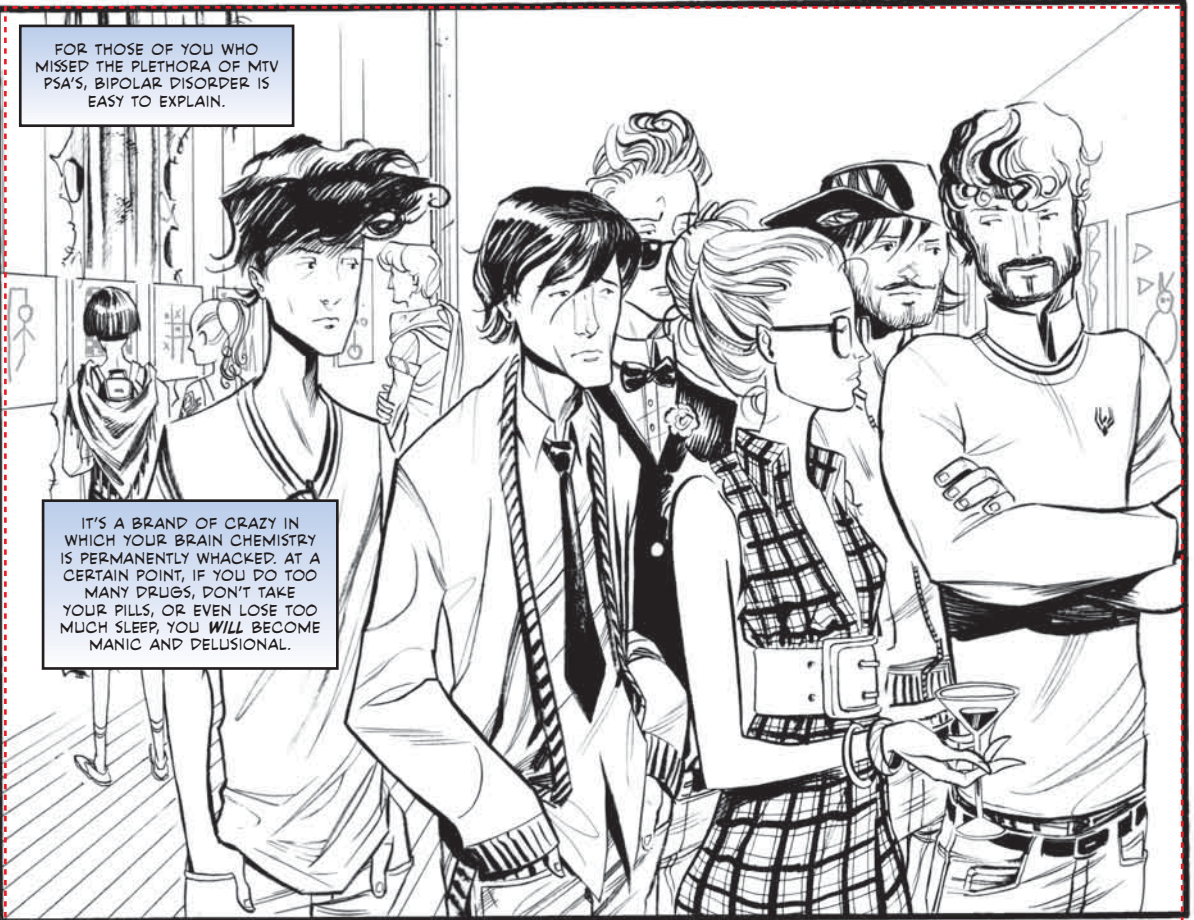
AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF EXHAUSTING HETEROSEXUAL DEVOTION, AT LEAST I CAN SAY YOU'RE STILL FUNNY.

WELL, I DO LOVE YOU.

I GUESS I'M GOING TO GO TRY AND TALK TO PEOPLE.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO MISSED THE PLETHORA OF MTV PSA'S, BIPOLAR DISORDER IS EASY TO EXPLAIN.

IT'S A BRAND OF CRAZY IN WHICH YOUR BRAIN CHEMISTRY IS PERMANENTLY WHACKED. AT A CERTAIN POINT, IF YOU DO TOO MANY DRUGS, DON'T TAKE YOUR PILLS, OR EVEN LOSE TOO MUCH SLEEP, YOU *WILL* BECOME MANIC AND DELUSIONAL.



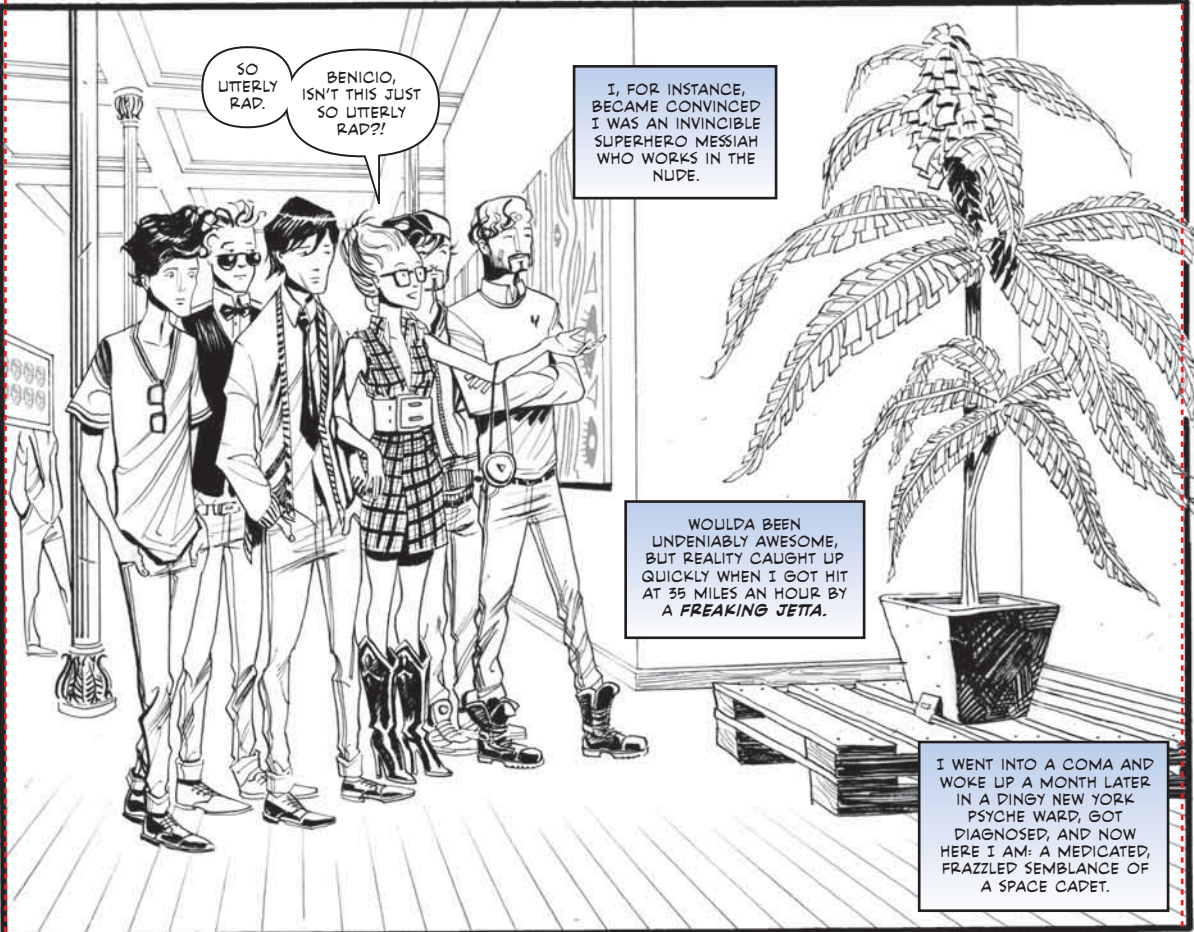
SO UTTERLY RAD.

BENICIO, ISN'T THIS JUST SO UTTERLY RAD?!

I, FOR INSTANCE, BECAME CONVINCED I WAS AN INVINCIBLE SUPERHERO MESSIAH WHO WORKS IN THE NUDE.

WOULDA BEEN UNDENIABLY AWESOME, BUT REALITY CAUGHT UP QUICKLY WHEN I GOT HIT AT 55 MILES AN HOUR BY A *FREAKING JETTA*.

I WENT INTO A COMA AND WOKE UP A MONTH LATER IN A DINGY NEW YORK PSYCHE WARD, GOT DIAGNOSED, AND NOW HERE I AM: A MEDICATED, FRAZZLED SEMBLANCE OF A SPACE CADET.





THEY SAY NOT TO LET YOUR ILLNESS DEFINE YOU.

IRONICALLY, MY FORMERLY THANKLESS CAREER AS A "FINE" ARTIST BEGAN TO TAKE OFF IN A MAJOR WAY DUE TO THE ART I CREATED WHILE STAYING UP DAYS AT A TIME, TRYING TO EXPRESS MY MANGLED PSYCHE.

WHEN I GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, MY AGENT NO LONGER WANTED TO DROP ME, AND APPARENTLY, THE METEORIC SUCCESS OF MY WORK HAD SAVED ME FROM A LIFE OF SURVIVING OFF LITTLE GREEK YOGURT CONTAINERS.



RELATEDLY, GIRLS LIKE ALEXIS STARTED FINDING ME ATTRACTIVE, WHICH LED TO ME GOING TO THESE COCKAMAMIE BOHEMIAN "EVENTS" TO MEET PEOPLE WHO WOULD TAKE INTEREST IN MY CAREER.

IT KIND OF JUST LOOKS STUPID UP THERE. I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER DRAWING IT.

SHUT UP. IT'S BRILLIANT.

OH, STOP.

CAN WE DO YOUR PLACE TONIGHT? MY ROOMMATE IS HAVING HER RIDICULOUS GIRLFRIENDS OVER TO WATCH THE NEW PHISH DVD.

I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE ANOTHER NIGHT OF THE ACRID STENCH OF HUMAN DREADLOCK AND STALE, BAD WEED.

YOU GOT IT.

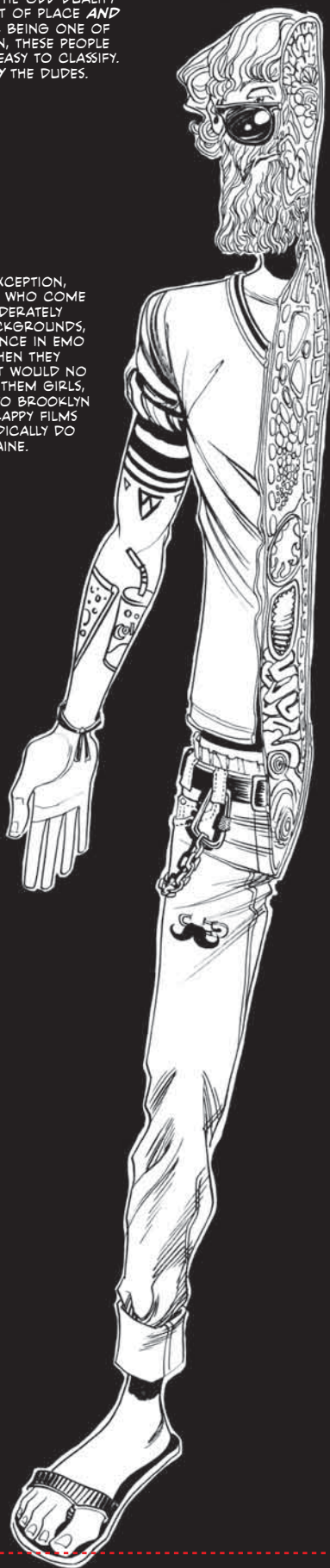
THANKS, MY LITTLE PEACH-TITTY.

IT SEEMS THAT AFTER MY BOUT WITH DEMENTIA AND PARANOIA, I HAVE AN ANNOYING ABILITY TO SEE THROUGH MY PEERS. PAST THE VINTAGE PRESSES AND IRONIC 90'S-ERA ATTIRE AND INTO THE EPICENTERS OF THEIR *DESPERATE SOULS*, AS THEY CRY OUT WITH A GRATING, BANSHEE-LIKE CRY FOR VALIDATION.



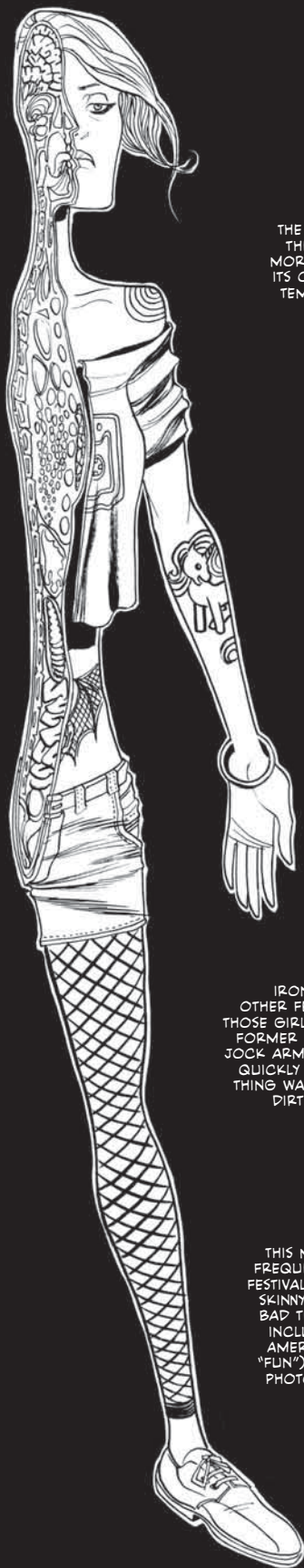
CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING TORTURED BY THE ODD DUALITY OF FEELING OUT OF PLACE *AND* ASHAMED FOR BEING ONE OF THEM? I MEAN, THESE PEOPLE ARE JUST TOO EASY TO CLASSIFY. *ESPECIALLY* THE DUDES.

WITHOUT EXCEPTION, THEY'RE GUYS WHO COME FROM MODERATELY WELL-OFF BACKGROUNDS, WHO WERE ONCE IN EMO BANDS. WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT WOULD NO LONGER GET THEM GIRLS, THEY MOVED TO BROOKLYN TO MAKE CRAPPY FILMS AND SPORADICALLY DO COCAINE.



THE FEMALE OF THE BREED IS MORE DIVERSE IN ITS ORIGINS AND TEMPERAMENT.

SOME ARE "NEWLY PRETTY" GIRLS WHO WERE ACNE FACED, UNPOPULAR ART-PORKS IN HIGH SCHOOL. THEY NOW FIND VALIDATION FROM THE GUYS WHO ONCE SPURNED THEM, DUE TO THEIR CLUED-IN OUTLOOK AND HEAD START ON ECLECTIC FASHION.



IRONICALLY, CERTAIN OTHER FEMALE HIPSTERS ARE THOSE GIRLS' OLD ARCH-NEEMESSES: FORMER REGINA GEORGE-LIKE JOCK ARM-CANDY WHO REALIZED QUICKLY THAT THE NEXT COOL THING WAS BEING "DOWN AND DIRTY" AND "STREET".

THIS MOSTLY CONSISTS OF FREQUENTING TRENDY ROCK FESTIVALS IN THE COMPANY OF SKINNY DOLCHEBAGS WITH BAD TEETH. OTHER HOBBIES INCLUDE MODELING FOR AMERICAN APPAREL (FOR "FUN") AND TAKING ARTFUL PHOTOGRAPHS OF LOCAL BLACK PEOPLE.

HOWEVER, I ADMIT TO STILL SAFEGUARDING A TINY CRUMB OF HOPE, DESPITE THE CHIP ON MY SHOULDER. A HOPE THAT SOME GIRLS...



...MAYBE SOME GIRLS ARE DIFFERENT.



TIM...WE NEED TO TALK.

THAT'S FINE. WHAT'S UP?

WELL...THIS MAY BE HARD FOR YOU TO HEAR.

PLEASE, LET HER BREAK UP WITH ME.



I'M NOT SAYING WE SHOULD BREAK UP OR ANYTHING. IT'S JUST...

I'VE BEEN HAVING A HARD TIME CONNECTING TO YOU LATELY... YOU KNOW?



OKAY...

I MEAN... WHY? SINCE WHEN?





I'M NOT GONNA LIE--SINCE THE HOSPITAL.

IT'S JUST BEEN, LIKE, KIND OF A DOWNWARD SPIRAL. YOU BARELY TALK ANYMORE; YOU'RE JUST LOCKED UP IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS.

YOU'RE RIGHT...I'M SORRY.

THE MEDICATION MAKES ME SO DAMN TIRED ALL OF THE TIME.

I MEAN, I LOVE HANGING OUT WITH YOU, ALEXIS.

HONESTLY, I DON'T REALLY LIKE HANGING OUT WITH HER.

PLUS, WE BARELY HUNG OUT BEFORE I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL. THE MOST WE REALLY SAW OF EACH OTHER WAS WHEN I WAS IN THE PROCESS OF LOSING IT.

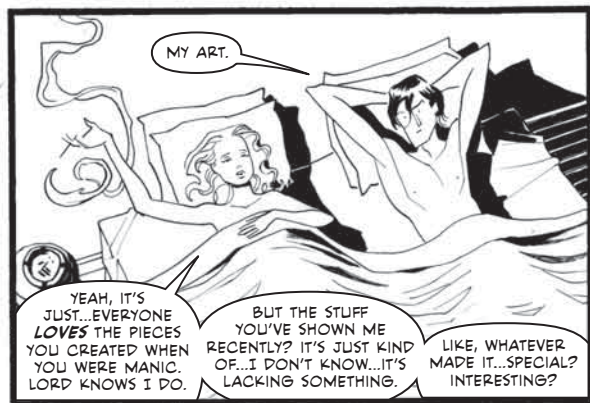


THAT'S IT, THOUGH...THAT'S THE PART THAT'S HARD TO SAY. IT'S ALMOST AS IF YOU WERE ONLY REALLY ALIVE DURING THAT TIME...

YOU WERE, LIKE, SO INSPIRED AND UNPREDICTABLE AND SEXY.

AND, AGAIN, I'M JUST BEING FRANK. IT'S NOT JUST US, IT'S YOUR ART.

...OKAY?



MY ART.

YEAH, IT'S JUST...EVERYONE LOVES THE PIECES YOU CREATED WHEN YOU WERE MANIC. LORD KNOWS I DO.

BUT THE STUFF YOU'VE SHOWN ME RECENTLY? IT'S JUST KIND OF...I DON'T KNOW...IT'S LACKING SOMETHING.

LIKE, WHATEVER. MADE IT...SPECIAL? INTERESTING?



CHRIST. COULD YOU JUST REPHRASE THAT BUT BE A LITTLE MORE BLUNT?

OKAY, I MEAN THIS NEW STUFF KINDA SUCKS.

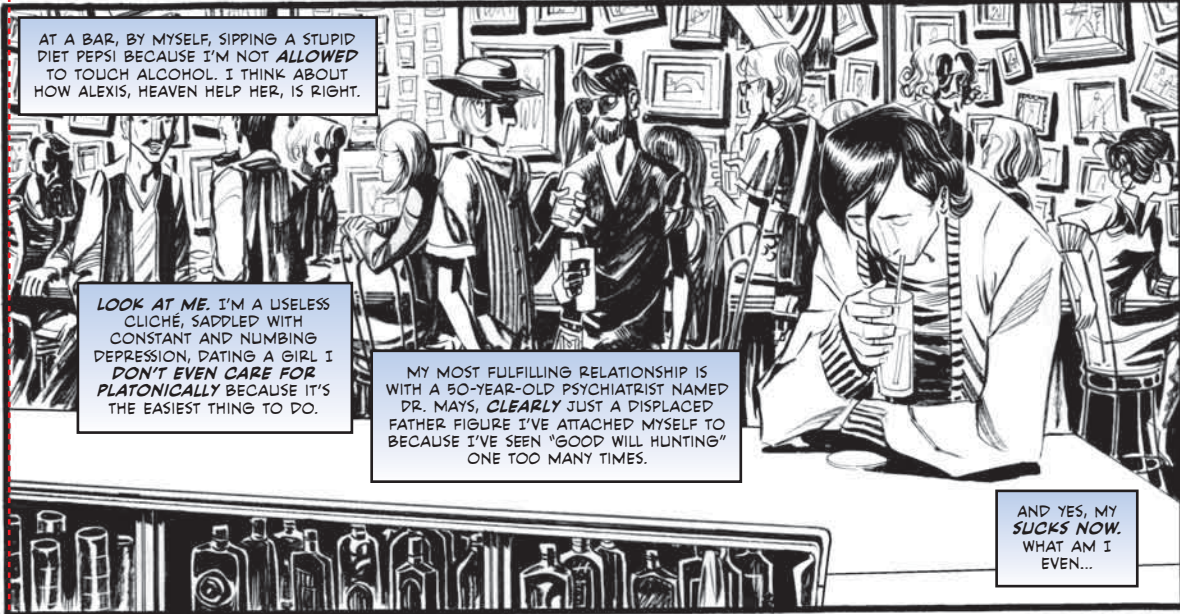


...I WAS JOKING.

YOU WERE ALREADY BEING TOO BLUNT.



I'M GOING TO GO TO SIT AT A BAR BY MYSELF.

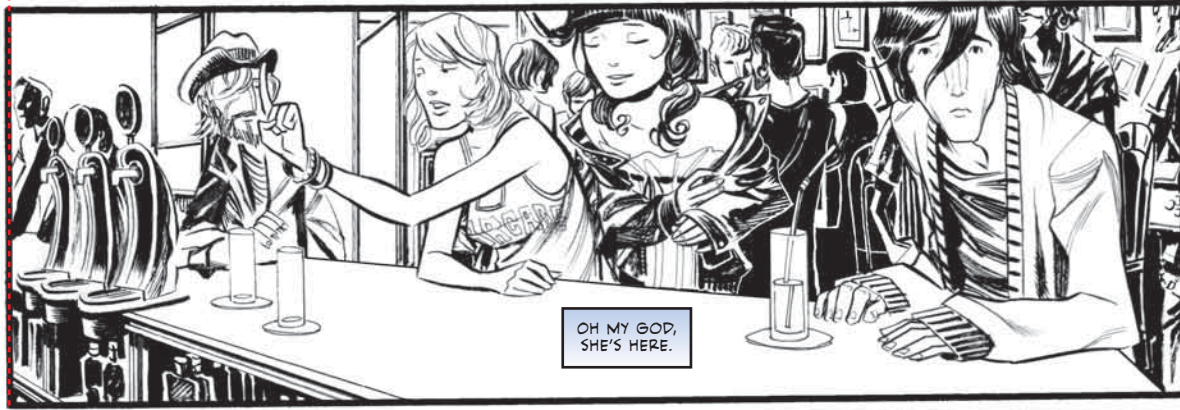


AT A BAR, BY MYSELF, SIPPING A STUPID DIET PEPSI BECAUSE I'M NOT ALLOWED TO TOUCH ALCOHOL. I THINK ABOUT HOW ALEXIS, HEAVEN HELP HER, IS RIGHT.

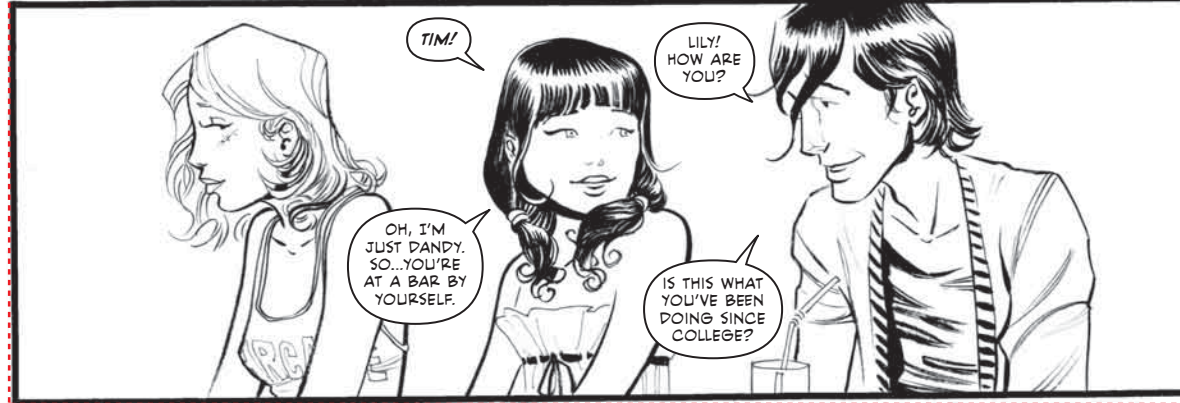
LOOK AT ME. I'M A USELESS CLICHE, SADDLED WITH CONSTANT AND NUMBING DEPRESSION, DATING A GIRL I DON'T EVEN CARE FOR PLATONICALLY BECAUSE IT'S THE EASIEST THING TO DO.

MY MOST FULFILLING RELATIONSHIP IS WITH A 50-YEAR-OLD PSYCHIATRIST NAMED DR. MAYS, CLEARLY JUST A DISPLACED FATHER FIGURE I'VE ATTACHED MYSELF TO BECAUSE I'VE SEEN "GOOD WILL HUNTING" ONE TOO MANY TIMES.

AND YES, MY SUCKS NOW. WHAT AM I EVEN...



OH MY GOD, SHE'S HERE.



TIM!

LILY! HOW ARE YOU?

OH, I'M JUST DANDY. SO...YOU'RE AT A BAR BY YOURSELF.

IS THIS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING SINCE COLLEGE?



YUP, THIS IS MY M.O. CURSE OF THE IRISH.

A-HA.

ACTUALLY, I'M JOKING AROUND.

I'M NOT IRISH. THIS IS A DIET COKE.



WELL, I'M STILL SLAVING AWAY IN SCHOOL AND NOW YOU'RE MR. FAMOUS INDIE TYPE ARTIST GUY! AND YOU'RE ACTUALLY PRETTY GREAT AT IT.

I'M NOT BLOWING ANYTHING UP YOUR BUTT JUST TO BLOW SOMETHING UP YOUR BUTT. YOU REALLY ARE KINDA GOOD.

AW, WELL. THANKS.

IT'S REALLY NOT THAT EXCITING, TO BE HONEST, BUT THANKS. FRANKLY, IT'S BEEN A BIT ROUGH FINDING INSPIRATION LATELY.



WELL, YOU ALWAYS WERE A STRANGE AND INTERESTING PERSON, TIM. I'M SURE YOU'LL GET BACK ON TRACK.

I REMEMBER YOU STANDING OUT AT WESLEYAN. YOU WERE ONE OF THE TWO OR THREE PEOPLE IN THAT CIRCUS OF WANK WHO DIDN'T ANNOY THE LIVING PISS OUT OF ME.



HA. THAT'S FUNNY.

WHY IS THAT FUNNY?



THIS IS THE PART WHERE I CHOKE UP AND PREPARE MYSELF FOR A NIGHT OF WISHING I HAD ASKED HER OUT.

GOD, I'M A CRAZY TOOL. DON'T START RAMBLING, TOOL.

WELL...YOU KNOW. JUST, ODD. THAT I DIDN'T ANNOY YOU.



HERE WE GO, NUMBUTS.

I DON'T WANNA KEEP YOU FROM YOUR, UH, HOMIE THERE. HOPEFULLY, WE'LL RUN INTO EACH OTHER AGAIN, SINCE YOU LIVE IN BROOKLYN. I MEAN SINCE IT'S NOT SO BIG AS THE CITY. SORT OF A LITTLE SUBURB IN MANY WAYS, YOU KNOW? ONE MIGHT EVEN CALL IT A PROVINCE. UM, IF THEY WERE FEELING FRISKY.

HEHE.



~GIGGLE~
OKAY?



WELL, WE *ARE* STOPPING IN JUST FOR AS SECOND, BUT I'M ALWAYS HERE ON A THURSDAY NIGHT. I'D LOVE TO ACTUALLY CATCH UP.



YOU MIGHT WANT TO BRING SOME CONCEALER NEXT TIME, THOUGH, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BLUSH LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL.

I MEAN, SERIOUSLY.



THAT SOUNDS...

THAT SOUNDS GREAT. I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU?

UH-HUH. BUH BYE!

BRAVO, YOU HOPELESS, HOPELESS PRICK.



AGAIN, ALEXIS PROVES TO BE SOME KIND OF UNLIKELY GENIUS.

IF I WERE OFF MY DAMN MEPS, I'D BE ALL FREE AND MASCULINE, AND CONFIDENT ENOUGH TO ASK LILY OUT. TO SAY WHAT I THINK. TO BE THE ARTIST THE CRITICS ARE SAYING I MIGHT BE.

NOT JUST ANOTHER INSECURE, PATHETIC SCENESTER WITH NOTHING TO OFFER.

DAMNIT, I WANT TO FEEL INVINCIBLE AGAIN.



I WANT A GIANT GLASS OF WHISKEY, PLEASE.

DAY ONE. CLANDESTINE CESSATION OF PILLS.

MOOD: MERRY ABANDON.

DAY FOUR. SLEEPING MARKEDLY REDUCED. ESPRESSO/BEER INTAKE ON THE RISE.

MOOD: JUBILANT AND DETERMINED. SYMPTOMS: COMPULSIVE TEETH GRINDING, FEELING CURIOUSLY SEXY.

MY GOD. WHO...ARE YOU TONIGHT?

ALSO, IS THERE A REASON WHY YOU SHAVED YOUR CHEST?

END OF WEEK ONE. SLEEP COMPLETELY CUT OUT BESIDES IRREGULAR NAPPING. PREHISTORIC FLECKLES OF MARIJUANA GATHERED FROM FLOOR/SMOKED.

ALL UNNECESSARY HUMAN CONTACT... SEVERED.

EVENING OF DAY ELEVEN. HAVE LOCATED AND REKINDLED MY INTEREST IN MY OLD KING JAMES. ALL BUT CONVINCED THAT I MAY BE JESUS REINCARNATED.

MAN, RUDD WOULD OBVIOUSLY MAKE A GREAT PAUL. ROGEN SEEMS LIKE THE BEST LISTENER.

HE CAN BE JOHN.

HIDDEN MESSAGES SUPPORTING THIS THEORY DISCOVERED IN LATEST APATOW BROMANCE.

(NOTE: NETFLIX EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE FOR MINIMIZING HUMAN INTERACTION.)

DAY 15. SLOWLY BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THAT I CAN READ THE THOUGHTS OF MY NEIGHBORS. UNRELATED: RESIDUAL GUILT OVER DRUG USE COMPLETELY TERMINATED.

REWARD MYSELF WITH SOLO DANCE PARTY TO MY OLD ACE OF BASE CD.

CONSEQUENCES: PACIFICATION OF LANDLORD (SUCCESSFUL).

CONFUSED BY PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF FOOT. LESSON LEARNED: I SHOULD ONLY JIG SPARINGLY.

DAY 18. PERCEPTION OF MY DESTINY IS BECOMING LUCID. PROPHETIC PATTERNS DECIPHERED FROM MY NEIGHBORS' THOUGHTS. I WILL BE...IMPORTANT.

SLIGHTLY DISTRESSED BY ONE PERSON'S THOUGHTS IN PARTICULAR. THEY ARE COMING FROM A NEARBY BUILDING. I BELIEVE I AM UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

Jesus, this guy is losing his mind. I gotta update my report.

call me... call me... call me

Can't believe it

Wha--

oh, my...

such a whore

jesus, thupdate my report.

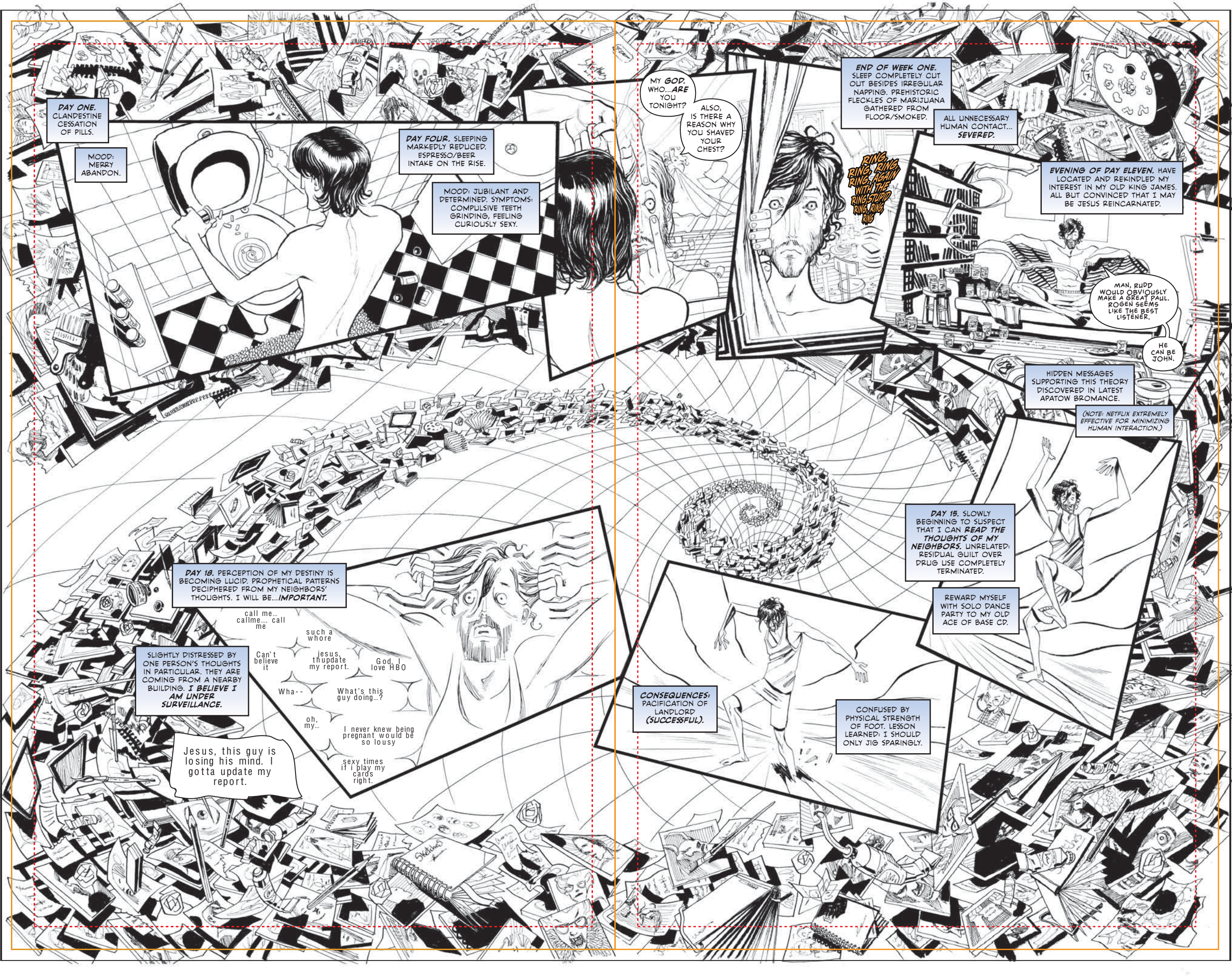
What's this guy doing...?

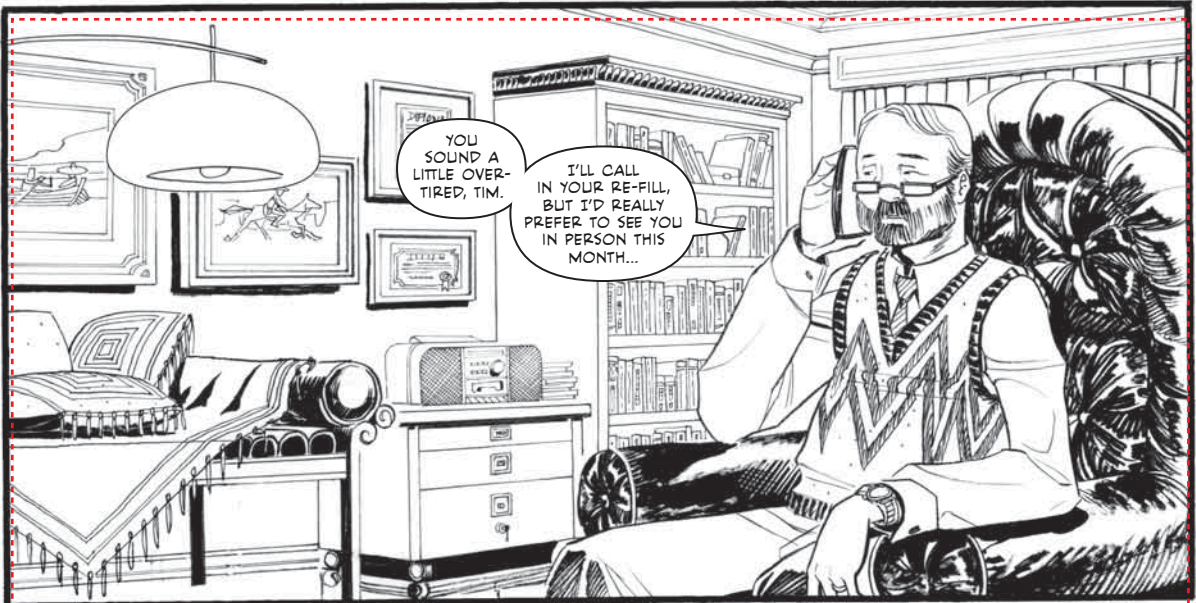
I never knew being pregnant would be so lousy

sexy times if i play my cards right.

God, I love HBO

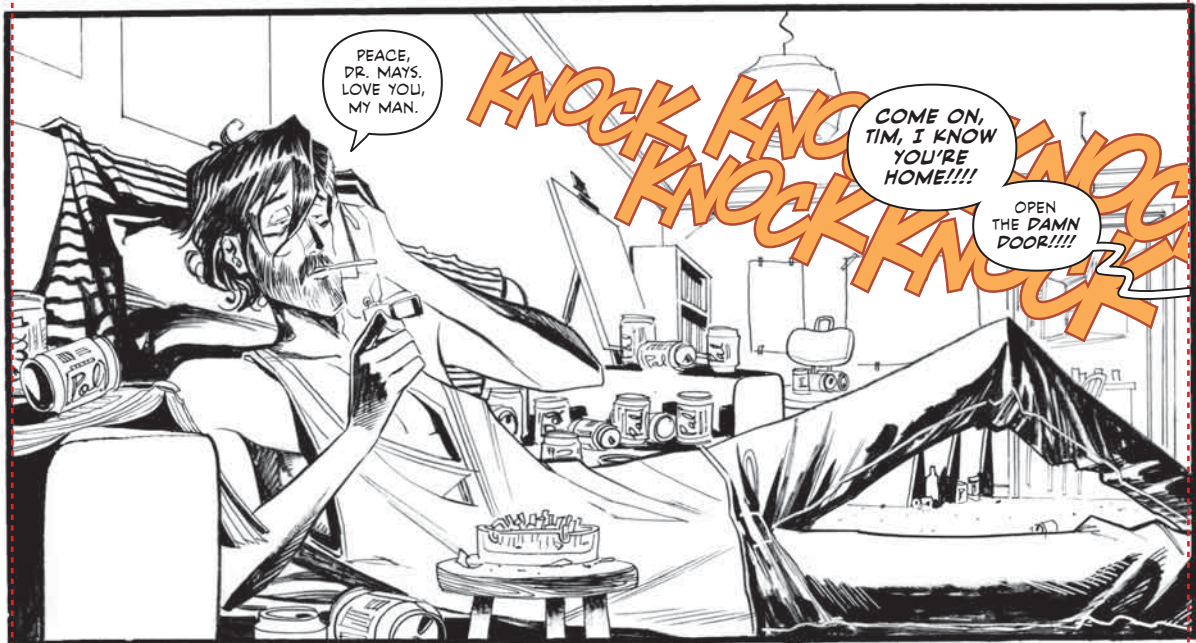
RING RING RING AGAIN WITH THE RING STOP RING RING RING





YOU SOUND A LITTLE OVER-TIRED, TIM.

I'LL CALL IN YOUR RE-FILL, BUT I'D REALLY PREFER TO SEE YOU IN PERSON THIS MONTH...



PEACE, DR. MAYS. LOVE YOU, MY MAN.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

COME ON, TIM, I KNOW YOU'RE HOME!!!!

OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!!!!



HOWDY.