

Super Star

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Chapter One

The evening sky is busy tonight – high clouds racing; stars flashing intermittently; the blinking lights of planes floating across the horizon.

Jenna is putting the finishing touches on her clay sculpture. The newspaper headlines beneath the sculpture have been grayed out. Smudged silent. A strand of red hair reaches across her face. Her tongue sticks out slightly in profound concentration. She looks eighteen in moments like this – like a young girl working on her freshman college art project, still dreaming of the perfect man she hopes to meet someday. But “perfect” is a complex thing, as complex as the art she is trying to master.

When Jenna was sixteen, seven very long years ago, she became a runaway. She escaped by Greyhound from Minnesota. Actually “runaway” is not quite the right term – she had been runaway *from* before she ran away. Because after her parents divorced they both became so obsessed with finding someone else to love (each wanting to be the first to do so) they forgot to love their daughter, or even look her way most of the time. Jenna was going through the typical sixteen-year-old rebellion stage with no one to rebel against. She was the only one home most of the time. So she left without much fanfare. No police following her. No detectives hired. She would simply contact her parents every few weeks to let them know she was still alive. This was met with “Let me know if you need anything.” And of course the few times she actually asked for something it was ignored.

I was playing music in small clubs back then; trying to work my way up to playing bigger clubs. My goal was to become famous, I

admit that, even though I didn't have the kind of drive or hunger you need to play in front of an audience night after night. Nor did I get any psychic nourishment from the adulation of a crowd. I became bored and restless many nights, unless I'd written new songs to showcase. Some little bell should have gone off in my head that fame wasn't what I really wanted. All I cared about was the songs themselves.

"Sometimes the wind through the trees sounds like applause," I said. I turned my attention away from the swaying Arica branches and went back to watching the blinking plane lights and the diamond stars shimmering over the ocean. The visuals on this tropical island never ceased to amaze me.

She pretended not to hear me.

Her red hair was curling at the edges from the humidity in the air. Curls framed her porcelain smooth face. Her already short nightgown had risen up a bit too far. The way she sat, I could see the top of her thighs. It would have been a steamy image if it was posted online. This was Jenna James. It could have gone viral.

"What *is* that thing you're making?" I asked finally.

Without looking up she says, "It's a boat, with you in it."

I laughed. "It doesn't look very seaworthy. Are you trying to drown me?"

"Only if you're bad," she smiles.

"And where are you, if it's only me in the boat?"

"I'm still on the road, running. I can't see you from there." She closed her eyes and let out a big sigh. Memories to let go of.

I inspected the clay piece carefully for the first time: the human figure in the boat was leaning back casually, looking up at the sky.

"I like it."

“Dishonest critics are worse than ignorant ones.” Her nightgown slid up a bit higher as she turned to look at me. She looked down again, frowning like a child over her flawed creation. Something wasn’t quite right.

I held out my hand. She accepted my offer and I pulled her up from the floor. I pulled a little too hard and we tumbled onto the couch together into each other’s arms. We were content but getting tired. It was 2 a.m.

“Let’s see if your creation can stay afloat without you lording over it tonight,” I whispered.

We both fell asleep on the couch. I awoke at the first hint of sunrise. The sky was still black, but a purple glow hugged the curve of the horizon.

I slipped into the bedroom to get more sleep. She soon followed, lifting the cool sheets on her side of the bed, then curling up next to me.

The sun splashed the land with light while we dreamt.
The world had lost track of us.

Chapter Two

When Jenna was eighteen she had already been living in the city on her own for two years. She was working as a waitress in a rock club, using a fake ID to hide her age. She had rejected come-ons from the club owner, the bartender, the bouncer, the band members, and at least three or four customers a night, yet still managed to keep her job. Not an easy thing to do. The day she turned eighteen she began looking around for something more interesting to do with her time.

That's how we met. I had put an ad in a local music magazine for a roadie – someone to help me set up and break down my gear on nights I had gigs. The gigs were fortunately increasing in frequency, but so was the setup time and the equipment I needed to do a show. I had a synthesizer, two electric guitars, an acoustic 6-string, an acoustic 12-string, two amps, and separate a couple of mic stands. In short, I needed help from a strong guy who could lug heavy equipment around, had experience with electronics, knew how to work a sound board, and could tune my guitars between songs.

But Jenna showed up instead. She told me she had experience working in the music business. She told me she'd been around bands for years and knew how to set up gear. Being around bands for years – at least that was true. As far as the gear, I had to teach her everything, and then had to help her carry equipment to and from the van before and after each gig. So what I had actually found was an *assistant* roadie – but without a doubt the most beautiful assistant roadie on the planet.

* * *

What was Jenna James like when she was eighteen? All the elements of who she would become later were there. She was wild-eyed, with a smile that had a cunningness to it, a mischievous confidence. My assistant roadie also had a good dose of rock 'n' roll toughness to her. Because she was willing to stick out the job despite the learning curve and all the physical strength it required. Obviously, she was not as strong as some of the roadies you might see at a typical show, with their tattoos and bulging arms and leather jackets. But she insisted on carrying all but the heaviest equipment by herself. She took pride in it.

Jenna was also street-smart. She could read people quickly. She understood what motivated them, sometimes even before they knew themselves.

At times it became hard for me to focus on the gigs. She was becoming a major distraction. Sometimes knowing I was going to see her was the only reason I wanted to play that night. The things I felt for her were there long before Pandora's box opened.

That star-crossed moment happened one Saturday night at Uncle George's, a club downtown owned by George the Madman. There are a lot of odd birds in the music business, but Madman had a very annoying eccentric habit that made me, and all the other bands that played there, want to kill him. He would let you set up your own sound using his very expensive soundboard in the back of the club, but during the sound check if George got drunk enough, or snorted too much coke, he'd come over and scream "*Too loud!*" and pull all the faders down to zero with one swipe of his arm. The night usually didn't turn out too well.

During this particular sound check Jenna surprised me by pulling out a recording she'd made of my last gig. She put it on the main speakers while she was setting up the keyboard on stage. I called out, "Jenna, see if the mic is live." So she went over to test it by tapping it with her finger, and when she heard that it was on, as a joke she started singing to my song. She sang along with the chorus, pretending to be "a rock star." She moved her body in a sensual way, mocking the exaggerated movements it takes to attract the attention of a crowd. She shifted her hair back with one hand and came in closer to the mic.

I pulled down the main volume and the music stopped. "What? Jenna?" I laughed.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Sorry." She had already turned away from the mic to continue setting up.

"No, wait! Keep singing a little bit longer. I'm having trouble with that mic anyway. Just sing the song without the music, I need to check something."

She sang a few more lines. She thought she was helping me dial in the sound. She was mindlessly screwing around. But if an audience heard what I was hearing, and saw her commanding the stage like that, they wouldn't even have remembered my name.

A few gigs later she was singing backup harmonies on a few songs. Our rehearsals had been effortless. She learned fast and she was pitch perfect. Jenna was ecstatic just to be on stage with me. She loved the lights, she loved the emotional tension just before you go on stage. She could sense the energy and mood of a crowd. She also intuitively knew that even the smallest audience in the smallest club was hoping for something great to happen.

What we also found out, as she began singing along with some of my favorite CDs in between rehearsals, was that she was far more convincing when she was singing songs that had a message or a told a story. She was far less comfortable singing lyrics that were overtly commercial, or overly emotional. So Harriett Wheeler of The Sundays became one of her heroes, even though The Sundays had broken up years before. It created a natural connection between us. Because the songs I wrote were story based (for better or worse, commercially). Even when I wrote a song with a great melody or a catchy groove, if the lyrics couldn't hold my attention and move me emotionally, I would throw it away within a few days. It had no long-term reason to live.

Eventually I began to write songs for her (as opposed to secretly writing songs *about* her). They were songs I knew she would want to sing.

Before the rehearsals and playing gigs together, everything between us had been strictly business. She would come to my house a few hours before a show wearing a pair of beat-up jeans and a ratty sweatshirt, and start loading things into my van. There was no time for hanging out after a gig. She would leave as soon as the gear was unloaded back at my place, which was usually about 2 or 3 a.m.

But when we began to sing together the dynamics of our relationship changed. We would rehearse for hours in the middle of the day, take breaks to eat, take walks to clear our heads, talk about politics, favorite bands, the music business.

Of course, she was distractingly beautiful, but I was also starting to like her. She was disarmingly straightforward, she was smart, and fun to be around. She was good-hearted but also street tough. She was fair-minded and usually kind, but wasn't about to be

pushed around by me or anyone else. Sometimes we agreed, sometimes we disagreed. But when we disagreed it was no big deal to her. I liked that. We became true friends, in fact, great friends. By that I mean we began to not only trust each other's thoughts, but the motives behind them.

A friend had been something Jenna was waiting to find ever since she left home. She had accepted the offer of "love" a few times, in a purely physical kind of way. But she remembered all too well the crazy fights her parents had when they were together. So she ran off in search of sanity — *friendship*.

Somehow the connections she made with people didn't grow in any meaningful way. Friends would eventually disappoint her. They couldn't match her loyalty in return. Others would say they loved her, but what they meant was that they wanted her to surrender to them. That's the only way some people know how to love.

After her parents officially divorced she saw both of them rush into relationships again and again with people that were in her opinion hideous human beings. They seemed to just be filling up space and time in their life to hide their desperation, because they had no idea there was any other way to live. Her mom and dad were just repeating the same mistakes separately that they had made with each other.

Jenna would try to tell them, warn them, that they were just falling into the same traps. But what did she know? She was just a kid. Even though they acted more like children than she did.

They say most kids blame themselves for their parents' divorces. Jenna never blamed herself. But she did promise herself this would never happen to her. If she never found the right person that was better than risking a repeat of her parents' multitude of failures.

So after spending two years as a waitress with a fake ID, being chased, begged, stalked, cajoled, and occasionally seduced, in the end she had fallen for none of it.

Now here we were, working together, singing together, becoming friends. She liked it that way. But she was becoming my muse.

I would notice that one moment her demeanor was unflappable. Calm with chaos around her. Quiet. Aloof. The next moment she would become excited over the smallest thing and her face would be filled with a childlike glow – her eyes sparkling, her reddish-blond eyebrows slightly arched in amazement.

Equally true was the fact that Jenna was not naturally warm or easy to get to know. She had an edge to her. She was often hard to read. In part, because she didn't completely trust anyone. And she wasn't going to pretend she did.

Chapter Three

There was a place in town where every local rock band wanted to showcase their music: All-Star City Music Hall. It was a very sophisticated two-tier auditorium with tables and chairs on the bottom level and rows of seats on top. On the weekends about a thousand people jammed their way in to see people like Mike Doughty or Ziggy Marley. But weeknights belonged to the local bands. Usually the local acts were lucky to pull in four hundred people for a show, but the owners were determined to support local artists while while making a killing the other three nights a week with nationally known rising stars. They were very cool that way.

We were booked for a Wednesday night. We were actually the opening act for a big local band called Henna. We had heard them before. They were good, they played pretty well, they jumped around a lot and had a very decent drummer, but they were mostly just loud. Their crowd came for the energy. And Henna definitely supplied it in volume.

But like most good working bands they lacked one essential ingredient that often seemed unnecessary at local rock gigs like these – great original songs.

Jenna and I couldn't rely on a wall of sound like they did. It was just the two of us up there. We had no bassist, no drummer backing us up. We couldn't afford it. I just played my guitar and the acoustic piano supplied by the hall, which was always preferable to playing my synthesizer.

Before I met Jenna I would play these kinds of gigs alone. I had a medium-sized fan base. My voice was pretty good. At least I didn't sound like anyone else. My looks were not a negative,

demographically speaking, but I didn't look like Jim Morrison. And I could not (and would never) want to dance around and entertain like MJ, or eat a live bat on stage, or set my guitar on fire. Other than my songs I pretty much had nothing to offer. The songs would have to carry the show, and occasionally they did.

Sometimes I would zone into some other place on stage. On those nights I would completely lose myself in the moment. I'd get off on the energy created between me and the crowd. Despite that very artificial environment which merges image and theater I could drop into a transcendent place. And the crowd would drop into it with me. The synergy would create something critics might call "a great show," if any had bothered to come. For me the best part was that the songs were heard and appreciated the way I dreamed they would be.

Those rare gigs kept me going for a long time. But I couldn't recreate them at will. I felt like a ball player who was a hero in the last game, and here he comes, walking up to the plate in the ninth with two outs and the bases loaded. Two runs wins it. One ties it. And that pitch comes in, looking fat and hittable, but then it starts to tail off right at the last second, and that home run he's hoping to hit turns into a line drive to the right fielder. Game over.

But what I wanted even more than those occasional magical nights on stage was to record my songs at their peak in the recording studio, where they would live in their own perfect world forever. All I had to do was zone in for one great take, capture each song at its highest moment. Then I could let those songs go and move on. I would always have them. After that I would never need to play those song on live again.

But once Jenna started to sing with me, something changed — I loved being on stage with her. She was never nervous. Never edgy before a gig. If something went wrong on stage she would find a way to improvise and laugh about it with the audience. And suddenly everyone was laughing with her. It was weird. She absorbed the crowd into her energy. She was electric.

Before a gig she would bring a sense of fun and calm into the dressing room, making some sarcastic joke about the club owner just before we hit the stage, straightening my shirt, combing my hair with her hand, and wishing me luck, since these were my songs, my show.

But this night opening up for Henna at the Music Hall was different. Because on this Wednesday night, in front of five hundred people, I was letting Jenna sing her first lead vocal. I was letting her sing one of my best songs. Because the truth was, she could sing it, and deliver it, better than I could. That revelation was simultaneously joyful and horrifying to me. My ego felt threatened, but my love for the song won out.

The dressing room was down a flight of stairs from the stage. It was big compared to most of the dressing rooms I was used to. A fifteen-foot wide mirror made the room look even bigger, and at the same time it made everyone very self-conscious. The fake Turkish rugs covering most of the cement floor were shot to hell. They looked like they had been chewed up by some kind of wild dog. There were wooden chairs everywhere, used by the band, their manager, and their insignificant others. And there was a big iron door with a latch to wall off uninvited riff-raff and keep out other fans who didn't have handwritten backstage passes.

Jenna and I were getting ready to go on stage when the guys from Henna walked in — four tattooed, too-cool, insecure punks, all of

them dressed in black to show their individuality, of course. They snarled a hello at me in that cocky way mediocre rock musicians tend to rely on a hello that feels more like they're swatting away a mosquito. They don't have time to meet you. They already know for sure they are better than you, because they just had to be. They were Henna. They were the headliners. They were the hottest band in the entire city. We were simply another opening act. Then they saw Jenna and their attitude shifted a bit.

"Hey slick, is the girl in your band?" the leader asked.

I nodded.

"We gotta check out the opening act guys," he smiled to the others. They laughed a little under their breath.

Jenna said, "You ought to check out this dude's song writing, *guys.*"

She was met with an odd silence and some sideways glances. They didn't like her mocking tone. But worse, the implication was that their songs weren't as good as mine. Their manager had been told by a few record companies that their song writing "wasn't quite there yet." They had read reviews in the local music rags echoing that criticism. She had hit a nerve.

It was time for us to play, so we left the dressing room to walk up to the stage. I was half afraid my car keys would be stolen by the time we got back down there. The Henna boys misread me as a bit of a nerdy folk-musician type, playing without a full band, using a cute girl as a prop.

Jenna saw me as a rock songwriter with a unique sound that didn't need a band when I played live. Besides, no one in the audience could focus on lyrics with a rhythm section competing with the singer's vocal. There would be time for band arrangements in the

studio some day, where I would have control over the mixes. I could hire any player in town I wanted for any track. They didn't have to commit to being in my band full-time. And I didn't have to worry about hurting some band member's feelings if he wasn't cutting it in the studio. I also didn't have to be responsible week to week for someone else's financial survival. That's another reason I'd always chosen to play alone, until I heard Jenna sing.

After my name was announced the crowd began to applaud modestly and we walked on stage. Two of Jenna's friends who were waitresses from the bar she used to work at, Allison and Joy, were the only ones besides me that knew Jenna was going to sing her first lead song that night. So they showed up, excited and already mildly drunk. They were chanting, "Jenna, Jenna," clapping loudly and screaming. Jenna heard them and smiled. But the rest of the crowd didn't notice.

The lighting at the Music Hall was more sophisticated than most of the places I played. I couldn't see them changing color like the audience could, but I could sense them shifting from lighter to darker tones as I sang. A separate spotlight locked in on me as I played one of my guitar songs. Occasionally the spotlight would focus on Jenna when she was singing a particularly noticeable backup part. But mostly she stayed in the shadows.

Then came the unexpected. I hadn't worked out how I was going to announce the moment. At the time it really didn't seem like that big of a deal. I simply said, "And now Jenna James is going to sing a song of mine called, 'Rules of the Road.'" The announcement was followed by curious light applause, along with a few loud whistles from Allison and Joy.

It was a rock song that started off with a catchy melodic verse before it built into the chorus:

*I remember rebel kind of eyes,
and how you'd take the challenge on and win.
You whispered me promises.
I never trusted much back then.*

She moved to another part of the stage as the next verse came, focusing on a different section of the audience. You could see she was gaining confidence. On the next verse she quickly walked to the other side of the stage, almost skipping. She was smiling in between her vocal lines. Her voice could be sensitive or powerful while she highlighted a particular word or phrase. At one point she bent over while she sang to meet a few eyes staring up at her in the front row. The crowd began to focus their full attention on what was happening. I could feel the shift from the stage. It was a feeling I had known a few times before as a singer, when everything came together just right, when I became locked in, creating pure energy on some level, plugging the crowd into it with me.

I looked out at the audience as my fingers drummed out the chords on the piano. I saw mostly dark outlines from the stage because of the lights shining in my eyes, but the shadows of people standing on the perimeter of the hall told the story. No one was moving. Everyone had stopped to watch.

The song ended with the chorus repeating, but with the melody improvised by her until the final phrase.

When she was ready to end the song she looked at me just like we rehearsed it, raised her right hand up in the air, and brought it

down hard to catch the rhythm of the last chord with me. The spotlight went dark on cue.

I expected a good reaction. I expected strong applause before we started the next song. What I didn't expect was the screaming, the stomping of feet, the calls for more. The applause and whistles didn't stop. It was as if it was our last song of the night and we were walking off the stage after a perfect gig. I was stunned, and a little unnerved. Honestly, I don't know if I was all that happy at that moment, since I truly never got a response like that, especially not in the middle of my show. But it was my song, after all. I re-introduced her to the crowd as the sonic boom finally began to fade a bit. "Jenna James!" I said simply over the crowd, pointing my finger to her. She had already moved back into the shadows at end of the stage. Allison and Joy began their "Jenna, Jenna" chant again. This time some people in the audience joined in. But she had already returned to her role as a backup singer. The chanting died down. We got a great response when we finished the set.

As we went back downstairs to the dressing room the Henna boys were gathered close together, drinking, smoking weed. They were getting ready for their show. "Hey dudes, how's the crowd out there tonight?"

Before either of us could answer they were off on another subject, laughing nervously, staying clustered among themselves. Their manager was smoking a cigarette in the little bathroom in the back with the door open.

We went back up to the stage to quickly break down our gear while the curtain was closed. Our gear was set up in front of the headliner's gear. So their roadies were already moving our stuff off to the corner by the time we got there.

We curled wires into long tight ovals and put them into their appropriate black bags. One of their roadies said, "Hey man, you were really good." I said thanks. This kind of unsolicited praise happened often enough. But not the next thing. As Jenna was gathering more wires on the other side of the stage the roadie asked, "And the girl, who is she?"

"Jenna? She's my backup singer."

"No, man," he said to me with a slanted smile on his face, shaking his head, "She's a star. She's the hottest fucking thing in this city, like right now."

I nodded my head, still not fully realizing what the implication of that might be.

Back down in the dressing room Henna prepared to go on stage by finishing their last communal swigs from a bottle of Johnny Walker. When they left to go up the steps to the stage Jenna came over to me and said, "I want to tell you something."

I was feeling relaxed. There is nothing as nice as that "after-gig glow" -- a feeling of emotional peace and contentment that often sticks around for the rest of the night as long as the show doesn't bomb.

Friends would soon be coming backstage to see me, but not until they watched Henna play a few songs. After all, they were the "up and coming band," and the main reason the crowd was as big as it was.

"I admire you, Adam. You care about what you're doing. You're not just in it for the head trip, like those jokers. Man, those kinds of bands, I saw bands like that almost every night for two years waitressing just a mile up the street from here. They will come and

go. But you're the real thing. The audience tonight, they'll know the difference."

"Well, your singing tonight just rocked the house, J.J."

"Ya think?" She looked away and began to gather things into her backpack.

Could she be serious? Didn't she know?

"Jenna, you got a better reaction than I did tonight."

"Henna's an all-guy band," she shrugged. "And you're a guy. So the crowd got into the chick singer thing. I was the novelty."

"Uh, no. No, it was more than that."

She cut off my next sentence by walking over to me quickly and kissing me. It wasn't a friendly kiss. And she didn't stop after a friendly few seconds.

She backed up and almost fell into a chair. Then her eyes darted away for a second. She was looking at the big backstage door, almost expecting someone to come in. When her eyes came back to meeting mine she said. "I didn't know if I could trust you."

She went over to the dressing room door and locked it. Then turned to me, "But now I do."

In that relatively quiet moment, still immersed in the afterglow of the gig, ears ringing slightly, and now also feeling the riotously cool afterglow of Jenna right there in front of a mirrored wall, everything seemed perfect. But there was more.

We decided to watch the end of Henna's set from backstage with a few of my friends. It was their big finale, with drums and guitars thrashing chaotically – the artless rock cliché that brings everyone to their feet.

But as they began to leave the stage we heard the crowd chanting. I thought they were screaming for an encore. It sounded

like they were chanting, "Henna, Henna, Henna."

But then we suddenly realized that wasn't what they were chanting at all. They were chanting something that rhymed with "Henna."

It was her name.

Chapter Four

Our hilly pastel-colored city never did pride itself on breeding sexy cult heroes like Marilyn Monroe, or sexy mega-stars like Madonna. That was *way too* L.A. Instead it had a long history of discovering singers and songwriters and bands that were not flashy or media polished, but had a uniqueness that made them great.

Jenna was not only unaware of that fact, she was unaware of what her singing did to people, or what her looks did to people. She had just turned nineteen and didn't understand what was happening on so many levels.

Jenna also had a natural flair for the dramatic, romantically speaking. After we were officially "together" we found new ways to make love before and after gigs -- in the van, at the beach, and beneath the city's orange harped bridge, at 2 a.m., after most of the city was asleep.

Almost every time we played a gig her effect on the crowd when she sang was similar to what had happened that first night. The reaction was immediate, chaotic, electric. The city was falling in love with Jenna James at the same time we were falling in love with each other. I wasn't exactly upset about the competition.

* * *

You have to push hard to get a big review in this town. No one at the *Chronicle* or any of the major media outlets would go around from club to club looking for unknown talent. There had to be a press release, followed by the band pleading for any reviewer to actually read the press release, followed by more begging and pleading for

them to come to a gig. Repeated phone calls as “friendly reminders” were just part of the way things worked. And that’s just to grease the wheels of the *local* press. Getting the big fish to show up on a national level took playing at big venues with big crowds.

But with Jenna, word began to spread in a more natural way. Not a lot of hype was necessary. I gave her more and more lead vocals at our gigs. I wanted my songs to be heard by more than just my local fans, and I wanted them to sound as good as they could sound. Her voice fulfilled both of my goals. And of course, I also wanted Jenna to feel more and more like she was part of my world. That was no less important to me.

I started teaching her guitar and piano in our free time. We were going to hip stores downtown and buying interesting quirky clothes for her to wear at the gigs. I never enjoyed the staging of a show before, but now it wasn’t just for me. I was “producing” the look.

Out in the world on a normal day she became more and more recognizable. There is nothing that remarkable about my features to draw attention to me when I’m out in the world. And I was always careful to dress casually walking around town. I didn’t want to call attention to myself. But Jenna stood out even if she was dressed in yoga pants and a sweatshirt. Her natural red hair, and her eyes, which were the color of the earth when seen from the moon, made her something like a walking advertisement of herself.

In the beginning she thought it was exciting when someone would recognize her. We had serious fans now all over town. We both took it as a good sign. Then it became a little odd being stopped so often. Then it became annoying. So she began to wear hats and sunglasses most of the time we ventured out, just like a movie star.

Fortunately the city was also surrounded by hiking trails. That's where we often found ourselves when we wanted a combination of fresh air and privacy.

Jenna hated the thought of becoming a local diva. She saw too many wannabe chick singers playing that role when she was a waitress. They would dress the part, and treat people like slaves, and never ever get their hands dirty. So she insisted on staying my assistant roadie, and insisted we set up the gigs by ourselves. She was proud of that. She also told me doing the heavy lifting before a gig centered her and calmed her down. There were also other sedative-inducing pleasures she occasionally imbibed in before a gig, using me as her drug of choice.

She was also becoming our chief sound engineer. She would suss out the acoustics in the room or the hall and tweak the mix until it created "our sound." Then and only then would she let the venue's official sound guy take over the board. She was also constantly picking out different mics for us to use, and better amps for my guitar and synthesizer. She bought me an Line 6 foot pedal for my guitar, which took me almost a month to figure out all the effects I could get. Our shows were beginning to sound more quirky, more unique.

We were also starting to make some pretty serious money together, about a thousand dollars a show each, gigging most weekends in the city and the surrounding area. No more weekday gigs. We were headliners now.

I started getting more confident with my lyrics. Taking more risks. Jenna had a political side to her. And a cynical edge that was a natural outgrowth of how she grew up. I reflected that in a number of ways

Nobody's Following

*Wave your flag for your religion
Carve your maps up
Into your own divisions
Watch the soldiers multiplying
Incite the angry
till they don't care you're lying.
Throw us out into the fog beyond truth
But in the end nobody's following you.*

*I'm leavin', I'll find my way alone.
In the end nobody's following.....*

* * *

Then came our – or really *her* -- first big review. Her face, sultry and gorgeous, was also on the front of Bay Area's biggest rock magazine. The review was written by the most respected rock reviewer in town, Patrick Donovan:

“Jenna James is a singer who has kidnapped our well-established Bay Area music scene virtually overnight. She has a Jesse James swagger combined with a youthful vulnerability that is at once sexy and disarming. The veteran local songwriter, Adam Devonshire, is her only band mate. He is the one-man band behind her lead vocals, and always seems to give her an interesting

palette to work with. James has made the most of it. She interprets his quirky lyrics artfully, while at the same time flat-out rocking the house.... Her onstage presence belies the fact that she's still a rookie, coming to us, it seems from out of nowhere. It's easy to see arrows up for this duo if they continue to create the kind of magic I heard last Saturday night at The Circle...."

Ask me if I cared that he didn't mention I sing some of the lead vocals too. . . . Short answer: no. It was a great review. It was just what we needed to get bigger and better paying gigs.

Once in a while, as I walked down 24th Street to pick up some food for dinner, I wondered why I was doing all this, since I originally had no interest in spending half of my life on stage.

I tried to be completely honest with myself. Did I really care that much about my songs getting out in the world? Or having my face recognized by strangers? What was the true gratification in that?

Or would I rather play it safe, use the money I made to record my songs for the few people I actually cared about, and, as an additional but not at all insignificant benefit, keep Jenna all to myself? She could be my secret muse. I could write songs for her forever. But if the rest of the world gets hold of her, where would that leave "us" in the long run?

* * *

One night at a local restaurant a guy came up to us and told Jenna she was a fox, then flipped his business card on the table. "I'm

a manager,” the young kid said to her without even looking in my direction. “Call me and I’ll make you a star.”

Jenna smiled politely, but when he left she threw the card onto her dinner plate. It landed on top of her left over chicken bones and a few bites of uneaten mashed potatoes.

“Tell my manager he can eat my leftovers,” she said to no one. She threw her napkin on the table and insisted we skip dessert. Just another pleasant night on the town.

As the holidays neared the crowds became bigger. The venues that hired us got bigger. Our careers were becoming more lucrative by the month, and more serious by the day: there was local press coverage at just about every gig, maybe a local radio interview before the show, shouts of “Jenna, Jenna” were sometimes interrupting the opening acts, for which we apologized afterward. All the bands playing in front of us were just as serious about making it big as we were. We weren’t playing music to one-up anybody. But that’s the way it came off far too often.

In our minds we had no competition. We didn’t need this trip to get any bigger or wilder than it was. Jenna was still just in it for the ride, like I was. We had no vision of greatness, no dreams of stardom.

About a week before Christmas, to Jenna’s surprise, her mother called. She’d had Jenna’s cell phone number all along but this was the first time she called in over a year.

“Jenna, dear, guess what? I’m living in L.A. now. I love it here! And, well, *life is good, Jenna,*” she whispered confidentially. “Things are *so good.*” This was the lead up to the big wonderful surprise she called about, “So I decided to invite you to visit for Christmas. I’ll

even pay your airfare! Don't you worry about that. And. . . there's someone I want you to meet."

"Mom, you've got to be kidding," was Jenna's rapid response. "I'm not coming to see you."

This remark had its intended affect.

"Jenna, I know I haven't been in touch. But I'm trying to reconnect with you -- you're still my daughter."

"Mom, hey, you think I want to show up magically on Christmas Eve and pretend I'm Santa Claus for you and your new boyfriend. I have no interest in that. Besides, I'm working Christmas night."

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry, Jenna. I really don't enjoy thinking of you being a waitress. I could send you some money."

"I'm not waitressing anymore."

"Well, what are you doing then?"

"Singing."

She laughed. "What do you mean, singing?" Then there was a fumbling for words "How? Who taught you to sing?"

Jenna paused. "Mom, remember the music you played in the house all the time? I used to sing to it. . . like all the time. . . with you, and *to* you. Don't you remember anything about. . .?"

"People are paying you to sing?"

"Well, my friend is a great songwriter, Adam Devonshire. Remember that name, mom. I'm singing his songs. They're coming to see him. I'm just. . ."

"Oh, I get it now. So are you perhaps more than friends with this friend?"

Jenna hesitated. "That's none of your fucking business, and not the point."

“Okay, okay. Well, I didn’t mean to get us off on the wrong foot. I just wanted you to know I love you, honey. I always knew you’d turn out fine. I knew you could be someone special. . . .”

Jenna swiped a few strands of her red hair away from her face and turned towards the wall for privacy.

She spoke quietly, “You never knew anything about me actually, and you don’t know me now. You had no idea if I was special three years ago, or if I was on drugs spending my free time on the back of someone’s motorcycle. Did you even consider the possibility that you’d call tonight and find out I was living in a homeless shelter? Did you have any clue at all? But why care? Why care?”

That was pretty much the way the call ended. Of course, I thought Jenna would be upset – angry, sad. I thought she’d need to talk things out with me and explain all that she was feeling.

But she saw it like this: Even one more thought about her past was one thought too many.

She went over to the piano to practice her blues scales and never said another word about the call.

Chapter Five

We had a lot of musician friends in the city. I call them “friends” because they were people who knew us and respected us as musicians *before* all this crazy stuff started happening.

All of our friends were musicians because music was pretty much everything we did all the time. There were the rehearsals Jenna and I had, learning new songs, and taking the songs we knew to higher levels of difficulty. Then there were the piano students I couldn’t quite give up, since some of them had been taking lessons from me for years.

One key part of our week was jamming with musicians who we thought we might want to play with some day, or even record with when the time was right.

After the really big shows we would hang out with the after-the-concert crowd until 3 or 4 in the morning. Sleep until 10 or 11, and start all over again.

Some days we might try to quickly clean the house, or go running, or make love in a place Jenna chose – like under a window where we could hear snippets of conversations of people passing by. Rarely did we make love in bed, or before we were about to go to sleep. She hated that.

Over a late breakfast one morning I came up with a new idea. I thought we needed to limit our gigs. Playing every weekend would eventually kill the magic, kill the joy, and eventually kill the crowds. Playing less would give us more free time to hang out, plus put us even more in demand.

I also didn’t want to jam with other people anymore. I needed time to write new material.

Jenna liked the plan and trusted my instincts. We were in sync.

My first new song during this stage that we referred to later as the “us period” was, of course, about her.

*Like a satellite looking over mountains wide,
Or aurora lights flashing out of sky blue eyes
She comes out of nowhere
Lighting up the terrain.*

*A star appears brightest light in the evening sky
You reach out knowing it's foolish to try.
Other stars shine but you're haunted by her golden fire,
you're left chasing only your own desire....*

It was a good start to a new era.

Chapter Six

I decided to contact a high-powered music attorney in L.A., Elliot Oberman. I think it was because I was curious -- even though I didn't have a driving need to become famous I wanted to know if it was possible. I was like Narcissus dipping my toe in the water instead of falling all the way in.

Music attorneys were the ones that cut the deals in our business. Managers and agents were afterthoughts. But of course famous music attorneys are also extremely hard to connect with when you're a relative unknown.

After about a week I was finally able to get him on the phone. He told us to send him a CD.

I told him we would send him three finished songs, thinking that it would be a good reason for us to do a professional three song recording anyway.

But he said, "Look, I don't want to see you waste your time or money going into a studio. You don't have to make a big deal of this. Just send me a few songs from your next live gig and I'll be honest with you. After that, the next step will be obvious."

I thought his advice was good, even though what he was saying, if I read between the lines, was: The odds of an unknown artist actually being good, especially one without a CD to showcase, was one in a million.

We asked a friend to record us at our next two gigs. Jenna, knowing we were recording, instead of trying to play it safe, took wild chances vocally and, in typical fashion, everything she tried worked.

We sent a few MP3s to Elliot with the email reminding him who we were. It took me a few weeks to get hold of him again. When I did I thought his reaction sounded subdued. He said it sounded “pretty good,” and the photos of Jenna that we sent made it clear she was “a great looking kid.”

Then I asked him straight out if the next step was for us to make a CD. He said no, not yet. Instead, he wanted to fly to San Francisco to hear our next show.

I thought that was encouraging. I didn’t realize at the time that he would never have offered to do that unless he was blown away and planning to represent us. His low-key demeanor was giving him an easy out if he didn’t like the live show. And it was also a way of protecting his own interests if he did.

The gig he came to was at Plaza One Amphitheater. We were opening for a band called Zooloo. They were touring non-stop. They looked burned out. The reviews of their newly released CD hadn’t been what they hoped for. The crowds were thinning out rather than getting bigger. The label was just about ready to pull the plug. So the record company was finding local acts to open for them.

Zooloo spent their days on the bus calling radio stations on their cell phones, begging them for air time. The stories they told us when we met backstage were humbling.

Jenna got the picture too for the first time. This was not an easy life. The odds of crashing and burning at some point were extremely high.

We started playing our set while the Zooloo crowd was still filtering in. This wasn’t our crowd. We weren’t usually playing places *this* big, and none of our fans wanted to see Zooloo. They wanted to see us in our usual, far more intimate settings. So we felt

pretty alone up there on the stage. But by the time our third song started the seats were nearly filled with Zooloo's fans, and then the typical Jenna thing started happening.

The applause became louder and louder as each song ended. When we finished the set there were whistles and a lot of shouting throughout the amphitheater. This was an organic response to a performer who could simply zone in, read a crowd, and somehow steal their attention. She could take their breath away with her voice, lure them with her looks, and blind them with her very presence. By the last song of the set no one wanted to see or hear anyone but her.

For our encore everyone was expecting a rockin' song to get the crowd ready for the headliner. But I sensed that the crowd had already peaked, so I decided to switch things up and have Jenna sing a quiet song I had just written. We'd only rehearsed it for a few days but she was open for anything, and my adrenaline was running high. I didn't care if it worked or not. We were in control now.

She agreed the moment I whispered the song title in her ear. She nodded and smiled. This was our audience now, not Zooloo's. We had no fear.

Chapter Seven

Elliot met us backstage. There was no more facade, no more aloofness. He told us he was confident he could get us a deal with a major label and wanted to get some financial backing together for us to make a three-song CD so he could showcase it.

I could have waited for a better time, but I decided right then and there to tell him that I had a clear idea about the kind of deal I wanted. "If we're going to do this, I want control of the recording. I want to produce it or at least have the final say. And not just for a three-song CD, but for a full eight to ten song CD."

Oberman turned very somber. He was an attorney, after all, and he knew the realities. "It's not appropriate to demand that your first time out, Adam."

"I know that. But with all due respect, I'm concerned my songs will turn into something I'll end up hating."

"Well, you have to have some trust, some patience, and, frankly, some humility about your first record. These guys know how to make great recordings, and they also know how to make money and put you on the map. If you make it, then you can do whatever you want."

I shot back, "That seems like a trap to me. I mean, if I can't record the songs the way I hear them, then if the record fails, how do I know I failed? How do I know *who* failed? Maybe it was my songs, or my sound, or maybe it was someone else who ruined my songs! How will I ever know? Meanwhile, they'll just move on to their next project; another band to control, to make into the sound and image they think will sell. While we're left with recordings of our best songs

that we now hate because some producer – *some producer who thought he knew my songs better than me*, screwed them up.”

Elliot tried to respond but I pointed to Jenna and said a little too loudly, “This is our *one chance*, Elliot. Why shouldn’t we make sure the music is recorded the way we hear it, and live or die with the consequences?”

“Because you could spend a hundred years in the studio and not be able to get the sound the way you hear it. You need experience in the studio. The sound isn’t just about turning on a machine that you sing and play into. It’s like building a house from the ground up. There’s a process. Even bands who want to get a simple ‘live’ sound struggle to translate that into a recording. Good producers get paid big money for a reason. A lot of them have great ideas and know how to translate sound into concept. They have great ears and lots of experience. Don’t underestimate them, Adam. You may love what they do with your music. It may be better than anything you are capable of imagining in your head. And when you’re recording for a label willing to put their money on the line to promote you and your songs, and willing to use professionals at every level, the energy in the studio can get very exciting. It can feel incredible. A lot of inspiration can happen in that environment.”

“Elliot, they might come up with great ideas, better than mine. I’m agreeing with you! But if we sign a contract I want to be clear that I can either use those ideas, or reject them. I don’t want them in control of the final decisions. I know how the songs should sound. I wrote them. So I’m open to anyone’s ideas at any time, but they have to make sense to me. And I have to be the one with the final say. That’s what I’m trying to tell you.”

“That’s not going to happen. It crazy, frankly. You don’t even know what you’re doing in a big studio. You need some direction. Some outside perspective when things get bogged down. Besides, it’s their money. It’s their cash on the line. Not yours.”

“I’ve spent time in studios, Elliot. I just haven’t had the money to record *my* songs yet. I know my way around the board, and what I don’t know I can learn as I go along. I’ll be happy to have all the help I can get, that’s for sure. But I’m not giving anyone else the final say.”

“Not even Jenna?”

Jenna was sitting right next to me. “I would never ask for that,” she said. “The music is his creation.”

“I appreciate your feedback, Jenna,” Oberman said quietly. I could tell he was thinking about stepping out of this before it got too weird for him. He wasn’t about to take chances with his career and reputation. Not even for her.

“And I want total control over the mixes too for that matter,” I added. “I want to be there for every mix. And I want final approval.”

Oberman sighed, “Nobody has that kind of control anymore unless they’re *huge!*” He was getting extremely frustrated now; his voice became agitated. “Songwriters and bands and singers don’t go to the mixes, Adam. Sometimes even the producer doesn’t go. Mixing engineers are a special breed. You’re talking twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a mix. That’s *per song*. And believe me they wouldn’t get paid that kind of money for what’s usually a day’s work unless they were worth it. The tricks professional mixing engineers use to get that radio sound is not something you just pick up in a few days of hanging around a control room!”

“I understand. I really do. But that’s our bottom line. I’m sorry.”

“Then we have a big problem,” he said.

“No we don’t, because not being signed by a major label is not a big problem. Not for us.”

“Okay, I’m going to be honest with you. Jenna, I need to know where you stand because I believe you have something special. I believe if you wanted to sing the Russian national anthem people would pay to see you.”

“I won’t be singing the Russian national anthem. I only sing Adam’s songs.”

“Is that the deal?”

“That’s my decision,” she shot back. “I only want to sing Adam’s songs.”

He shook his head. “Then why did you people call me in the first place? I really don’t get you guys. You send me your songs asking for my help. I fly all the way here to see your show. You have great songs. You have a brilliant singer who, frankly could mesmerize a devil or a saint and turn one into the other. And you want to sit around here and wait until the magic runs out? The magic is *now!* We need to start moving on this while the energy is aligned. Everything else will take care of itself over time. Let’s just send it to some labels and see what happens.”

Jenna broke in, “We have to take care of ourselves right from the beginning. Not later, when it’s too late to ask for the control Adam wants.”

He looked at her with a strange half smile. It had a trace of a surrender in it. “Adam has sobered you to the game, Jenna, and that’s good. But holy god, girl, you drank the Kool-Aid. Let me at least try to promote *you*, maybe with songs you’re not so attached to. Then after you make it big we’ll record Adam’s songs, with him getting all

the control. There you go: hit songs now, Adam's songs later. How's that for a compromise?"

Odd things can be hatched from the minds of lawyers. He was obviously making his play for Jenna and cutting me out of the deal. I was the trouble maker in his mind. Maybe he could talk some sense into her by dealing me out.

"No way," Jenna said quietly. "Not a chance."

"It's okay with me," I said to her. I wasn't about to look like the bad guy in front of him. "Go ahead, Jenna, you can do whatever you want. We don't have a contract. We never have, and we never will."

She waved me off. "Elliot, Adam's songs are why I sing. We're having so much fun together. This is working - what we have now. I'm not about to screw it up. If Adam says yes, I'm in. If he says no, I'm out. I hope that's clear."

"But, thanks for coming," I added.

He stared at us. His eyes were suddenly quite steely. He wasn't used to being treated like this.

She held out her hand to shake his, with a courteous smile on her face. He moved closer, shook her hand somberly, staring at her, trying to read her, trying to read between the lines. But nothing was in between the lines. He could see she meant what she said.

He nodded to me and turned to leave.

I half-expected her to be a little angry with me. Or maybe even, after thinking it over for a few days, eventually take his offer. If she wanted what everyone else in this business wanted she would have called me a stupid shit and bought a ticket for L.A.

Instead she looked at me with a serious expression. Her eyebrows were furled. The silence in the room was a bit absurd, since

Zooloo was vibrating the ceiling with their riotous plea for glory. “If that’s the way the game works,” she said, “who cares if we win or lose?”

“We’ll probably just keep gigging around town until we burn out, you know. I’m almost there now, in fact.” I was shocked at what came out of my mouth. I was maybe being a little too honest.

But I was also somewhat unnerved by the things Oberman had said – many of which were true. The most important thing I knew he was right about was – this was our time. We were in a creative groove. We had everything we needed to make the leap onto a bigger stage, literally and figuratively. We were in love with the music, and with each other. If we were ever going to try we should try it now. If I wanted to be famous badly enough I would have taken his offer, or made Jenna take his offer and wait my turn. But I didn’t want it that badly.

She knew I was wrestling with these thoughts without me saying a word. Suddenly, she looked at me with an impish smile. “We need to make a CD with great musicians. We need to make the CD now, while we have control over the game. The game will be *your* songs. Your ears. My voice. And we’ll do the whole CD, *before* we try to find a label.”

I started to shake my head. “Too much money. Too risky.”

“Yes, Adam! Yes!” She was ignoring me. “Then we’ll sell them the CD we’ve already made, and they’ll take it as a completed work, exactly as it is, or we walk!”

“A full CD would cost us everything we have. ”

“So what, Adam? We get to create our sound, with our image, without anyone else pulling us in the opposite direction.”

“It’s a good idea, Jenna, theoretically, except for one thing. After we spend all of our money on the tracks, mixing the songs with a really good mixing engineer will cost us a lot more. We wouldn’t have enough money to finish it.”

She had already considered that. “We’ll find our own backers.”

“And if we don’t get a record deal afterwards? How do we pay them back?”

“We’ll sell the CD at the gigs until we break even some day. We’ll pay them back eventually. Slowly. They’ll be proud of the music. They won’t mind waiting.”

I was already into this too deep. I thought about being in debt for the first time since I was nineteen and somehow it didn’t matter.

“But...” I had to say it. I had to lay it all on the line. “Right now, tonight, tomorrow we also control our days, our time, we’re not working for anyone except for ourselves. No one gets to push us back onto the bus to travel to the next city, no one can force us to leave our life here. Maybe the way it is right now, the way we’re living, is as good as it ever gets. Maybe having more than what we have now would be *so much more* that it will ruin everything. More fame, more money, a mansion maybe, and fancy cars, a crew of roadies, an entourage of business people, and the press and deranged fans following us around like mosquitoes – instead of it being just the two of us. . . . And phones ringing off the hook, Jenna, when all we want to do is sing to each other. I mean, what the hell kind of life would touring offer us compared to what we already have?”

She smiled at me, but I could see through it. A part of her was curious to see what would happen if we reached for it all. It was an Eve thing. I was advocating the Adam thing.

She wanted to prove her love to me, and her musical loyalty. If she didn't love me as much as she did she would have been dreaming of L.A. right now – the lure of fame would have overwhelmed everything else I said tonight. My songs would slowly lose their magic. My lyrics would suddenly make no sense. I wouldn't make sense. I'd eventually seem like some stubborn boring academic egomaniac who refused to eat the shiny apple that was put right in my hand.

The look in her eyes was filled with temptation. She was fighting her thoughts. But she didn't want us to turn into her parents, arguing, not trusting, leaving. Leaving for something better, that quickly turned into something worse. If she left me now she would have learned nothing. Even success would fail her. That's what she knew at the core of her. And that's what I heard her saying to me, just by the look in her eyes.

I was also thinking about how beautiful those crystal blue eyes would look on the cover of our CD.

Chapter Eight

The next morning a phone call came. It was too early in the morning for the phone to ring. And that usually meant parents, or some other kind of trouble. It turned out to be worse than that. Jenna's mother had died in a traffic accident. It was a hit and run. Her dad was the one who was calling. He was crying. He apologized for not having been in touch. He said he had done a lot of soul searching since he heard the news. He told Jenna he had never stopped loving his little girl. He begged her to believe him. He begged her to come to the funeral. Your mom had a big heart, he said. He knew that despite the way things turned out. Come.

So we packed a suitcase and got on a plane.

LA was a crazy mess, as usual. The landing was delayed. Once we landed, our cab sat completely still in traffic for 45 minutes with the meter running up the tab. The hotel we reserved was somehow fully booked when we got there. They couldn't find our reservations until I showed them the email confirm on my computer. They finally gave us a room just above the incinerator, across from the main elevator.

The night sky was orange. The day sky was. . . not there – a clod of gray nothingness veiled the sun. All the while, people were running around like exclamation marks. We drove past endless phone lines with transformers buzzing, and massive canisters filled with gas of some kind lined one of the back roads we got lost on. Maybe the sky was caught in there – maybe for its own protection.

The funeral building was a fake white marble architectural mistake, but it had a cool half-moon driveway. The inside was lavish, in a lavender perfume kind of way. There was an overabundance of

flowers in every corner. And purple cushions plumped up on old chairs.

A caricature of a tacky funeral director greeted us at the entrance of the room where the casket was. He was a man dressed in a black suit who had seen a thousand deaths. One thread hung mistakenly around his sleeve, as if it were trying to escape. He was a man of questionable breath and stale cologne, who said things that you would assume those familiar with death and tragedy would never say to grieving people, but he said these things with a caring smile stuck on his face.

Here was the shocker as far as Jenna was concerned: A hundred friends showed up and genuinely grieved the loss of her mother. Apparently her mom was deeply loved. She saw people she'd known as a kid in Minnesota; still others her mother had met in Los Angeles over the last few years. Everyone loved her mom, apparently, except her own daughter. Why was that? What did these people see in her that she didn't? Even her father claimed to have loved her in his own way until death did they part, even though he hadn't seen her in years.

The eulogy offered no real clues, due to chronic ineloquence. Jenna's father spoke about her humor, her love of life and good times. Was he talking about her mother? His wife who divorced him, and who he cheated on before the papers went through? There was nothing positive that Jenna could take from this; none of what they were saying about her was anything she admired about her. In fact, it was all about the destructive part of her mom's nature – the restlessness and daring, the same restlessness that made her search beyond the love of her husband and daughter, for “real” love.

Jenna was not planning to speak. She had been asked but politely declined. At this point, being in front of an audience was as natural for her as watching TV would be for a normal person. But she refused multiple offers to speak in front of these people because she simply could not think of anything to say, until now.

She got up in front of the mourners without being announced, took the podium, and looked directly at her father for the first time in five years. It was a cool dreary December day, so she had made her long black overcoat part of her mourning outfit. It was tassel-laden, which set off her fake pearls in a Goth kind of way – this is what she wore to her mother’s funeral. She came as herself.

Jenna’s face was pale but composed. Her light blue eyes narrowed, looking out to the mourners, looking back into her past -- so many people she’d known long ago. She spoke into the podium microphone after gently positioning its metal holding rod with her hand.

“I never knew my mother like you knew her. She never let me in, and never chose to know me. Nor did my father, sitting there so sadly today.” Her tone was ironically soft, casual, no hint of anger, or remorse. She spoke the words with a neutral, almost wistful demeanor.

“There was a lot of sadness in my house growing up. Nothing was working. Not love, not parenting, not friendship. But there were some things I remember with love and appreciation: my mom’s eclectic record collection – The Beatles of course, but Sarah Vaughn too, and Etta James – no relation to our white as snow Grandpa James....” two people laughed who got the joke.

“And a record she used to play called ‘John Barleycorn,’ and Bob Marley, and Keith Jarrett’s ‘Facing You’ record which took me so

long to understand. All sorts of music she played on our little speakers, day and night. I heard it in my sleep. I dreamed the sounds, and the words they were singing became fragmented ghost stories inside me. I tried to get to know my mom through her music collection. It was the only clue she gave me. I tried to understand, when I was eight and ten and twelve and thirteen, what she was feeling and thinking when she heard those songs, sang along with those amazing voices, and the waterfalls of piano melodies and rhythms singing where voices couldn't go. But for the most part that world she lived in was closed to me."

She paused. Some people thought she was done and began to thank her. People were nodding their approval with wistful smiles on their faces. But she wasn't done. She wasn't close to done, "My dad was working hard for us, but he was on the road a lot, not into music at all, having affairs here and there. I'd like to think it was to wash away the loneliness he felt being away from us. But honestly, it was quite the opposite. He couldn't stand being home. The ironies were endless in my family."

The mourners were becoming noticeably uncomfortable now, to say nothing of the priest who had broken into a heavy sweat and was considering interrupting with a prayer.

"Here's the thing I appreciated about both of them though," she plowed ahead. "There was never a belittling of who I was. There was no punishment for getting Bs or Cs in junior high school, when the other kids in my neighborhood were expected to get As and go to college. There was an understanding when I brought home my Cs that life was tough. Things don't work out. Family life was chaotic and dreary. Not everyone wins. Not everyone cares. So they excused me for my bad grades. They could accept me for my shortcomings. I

guess they couldn't expect me to grow up normal in a crazy-assed house like ours."

The priest started to move towards the microphone, but she put her hand up in his direction and glared at him until he froze.

"They *did* worry about me when I ran away on my sixteenth birthday," she laughed. "Dad, did you know it was my birthday? You were on the road that day. Working. Yeah. And when I was gone and didn't bother leaving a note my parents spent many long days finding out where I was. And when they finally found me and I asked them to leave me the hell alone, you know what? They did. They had practiced leaving me alone for four or five years at that point, so busy trying to find real love *somewhere*, just like I was trying to do.

"The only thing I would have asked of her, and of you, Dad, was—*surprise!*—not to change who you were, but just to have more of you. 'More' was what I would have wanted more than anything else. It's the only thing I ever really wanted back then. Because you were my parents, for Christ sake! Remember parents? Yeah. More time, more talking things out, more asking questions about me when I was confused and ghosts were flying around in my head. A little more time, a little more help making it through.

"But you both did what you had to do. It's funny how fate works. If you and Mom had stayed together, would she have been on that crosswalk, in that place, at that minute of that day? Who knows who would still be alive, and who would be dead by now? Maybe she would have killed you by now if you were still together!" She let out a small laugh but no one else made a sound. Her amplified voice echoed slightly off the church walls, with nothing but silence trailing behind.

"I still loved her, even when she left," her dad called out from the first pew. "And I never stopped loving you either, Jenna."

"Funny way to show it, Dad." That silenced him.

Everyone in the room had hit another level of silence, beyond stunned. "Urgently uncomfortable" might describe it.

"I'm so sorry," her dad was sobbing now. "Please forgive me. Please!" He bent down right there in front of her, kneeling on the church floor.

"Christ forgives everyone who believes in Him," the priest intoned, stepping up to the front of the pulpit, trying to bring the ceremony out of the realm of the surreal.

"He's not asking for Christ's forgiveness, Father," Jenna said quietly, but still clearly audible over the mic. "He's asking for mine."

"It's true," her father wailed. He looked up at her with his eyes flooded with tears.

Jenna stepped away from the podium and walked down the wooden steps and put her arm around him, the long sleeves of her black overcoat covered his shoulders. "We still have time left, unlike her," he whispered. "I don't want to make the same mistake twice."

He hugged her fiercely, sobbing even harder until his whole body was shaking. His sobs echoed off the walls, right over the words the priest, who was mumbling something, not knowing if this was a good beginning, or a bad ending.

Finally the ceremony got back on track and the priest re-focused the mourners' attention on the life of Margaret "Maggie" James. Friend. Mother. And dedicated. . . he stumbled around looking for the next word.

But Jenna and her father had their own ceremony going on.

My initial reaction when Jenna was speaking was to cringe, actually. Exposing family issues at a funeral, in front of a hundred mourners, during a eulogy. Wow. Talking about herself, *her* needs, what *she* had missed out on. And the dead cannot change things. So what was the point to it? The whole thing seemed off key.

But what I didn't get was that if this wasn't brought out in the open in a dramatic way, she might never have had a chance to get through to her last living relative while he was still alive. She took the chance, perhaps feeling like she had nothing to lose. It was a pattern she would soon learn to play out in a lot of different circumstances.

Her dad completely got her intent, he understood exactly what she was saying, and why. The man had always loved flair, the dramatic, the unconventional. Jenna knew that and mirrored it for him. She was reaching out as someone who was his equal now. Someone who knew him, and saw through him. He could also see who she had become for the first time. A deadly honest rebellious twenty year-old that could mesmerize people with her words and command a room without ever raising her voice. He was stunned by her.

* * *

We went to dinner with him that night and filled him in on our life together. This thin, roguishly handsome man at the age of fifty-two was dressed in a pair of jeans and a white dress shirt. He laughed with joy and slapped his legs with pride as I told him about Jenna's singing career. "When you play in LA, I'm buying out the front row," he promised, a bit tipsy from the wine we were consuming. His eyes were teary. He was so proud of her.

What he couldn't have imagined that night at dinner was by the time Jenna James played L.A., the front row would be blocked off for the national press, and only the mega-rich or a multinational corporation could have afforded to buy the entire second row of seats in section FLR2 at Staples Center.

Chapter Nine

A few months after Jenna and I became a couple we gave up our individual apartments and rented a small house with a pottery shed in the backyard, and a fenced-in garden that we were responsible for keeping alive. Jenna enjoyed the domesticity. Not only did she like watering the plants and watching things grow, but she also began to work with clay, making some simple pots and creating a few abstract sculptures that stayed hidden in the shed.

The house had a living room big enough for rehearsals with a band. We needed that. Because we were getting ready to record our CD, just like Jenna wanted, basically wiping out both of our savings in the process. We decided we didn't want to try to find a backer and risk getting into all the emotional entanglements that might involve. We'd feel better going broke. We'd have to go back to playing more gigs. College gigs. But so be it. We were still having fun playing together. And we had to come up with enough money to pay for the mixes and also pay the rent.

Between the band rehearsals and the local concerts both of us craved a bit of normalcy in our free time. It was re-energizing to spend a quiet Sunday afternoon around the house. TV is a bore, neither of us even wanted one in the house. And sometimes listening to music was the last thing we'd want to do for relaxation. But we might take a walk around the neighborhood, or go to a local gym. Or, while she was in the garden or in the pottery shed I would read one of the novels that were piling up on my night stand, or thumb through a Will Durant history book from his ten volume set, which I stumbled upon at the local library a few blocks away. At night we would grab some dinner at a local cafe where people were used to

seeing us and would usually leave us alone, and then maybe go to a movie downtown. Everything was so very normal, sometimes.

I was now twenty-seven. An ancient and strange age in the annals of rock music. It was the age that Paul McCartney quit The Beatles. He had already recorded a dozen of the greatest albums of all time and made three movies by then.

Then there was this bizarre fact: Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison and Kurt Cobain all died at the age of twenty-seven.

I wondered what twenty-seven held in store for me. Because this was the make or break year. The year I decided to go all in. The CD would be done in a matter of months. Our money would be gone. Our fate decided.

One Sunday at sunset while Jenna was out shopping a strange mood hit me. I felt a momentary shadow of loneliness, something rare for me. The truth came to light for one clear moment, the kind of truth you admit grudgingly, and then just move on with your life anyway, as if it never crossed your mind. Because it's too big and too radical to contemplate. And maybe it's not even entirely true, you think. . . as time mercifully tries to kidnap you back into the humdrum tick-tock illusions of today, and then the next day comes, filled with plans and schedules. I took out my notebook:

"Songs" are like captured animals.

I'm not here to be a zoo keeper. I should apologize to every one of them, and one night when no one is looking, set them free. And walk away.

The nightmare blew away the minute Jenna walked through the door. She smiled and declared: "Spaghetti for dinner, with real

Italian meat balls from the deli. Leave my kitchen at once, young man, for you know not what I do.”

She called me back into the kitchen as an after-thought and dared me to make love to her on the kitchen table, timed to the eight minutes it would take until the spaghetti boiled. The task I was given was -- eight minutes – no more, no less. I accepted the challenge. And the lines I had written in my notebook slinked back into the shadows.

* * *

The time came to record our CD, and with it our leisure time vanished completely.

We wanted this CD to sound professional enough for a major label to pick it up and run with it, no changes. We would need ten of my best songs recorded and mixed to sound as good as the best CDs out there.

We booked time in the premier studio in the city, with the best engineer, and we had a great band. All of the pieces to the puzzle were laid out before us. We knew who to hire. Where to work.

The problem inevitably was everyone wanted to be paid what they felt they were worth. We would need thirty grand just to pay for the mixes in L.A., where the mixing Gods resided. Thirty thousand dollars for mixing an entire CD was a vastly discounted price. So we were supposed to consider ourselves lucky. Our budget was sixty thousand total. That was all the money we had. Jenna and I were going to sink or swim with this one shot.

The rhythm tracks went smoothly. All ten songs were laid down in the first six days, working twelve hours a day. But because I

kept changing little things here and there we found ourselves behind schedule.

In the oddest but most logical decision I'd ever made in my musical life, I decided Jenna was going to sing all the leads. I had never imagined my first professional CD to have any other voice on it but mine. She wanted me to do the singing on at least a few tracks. But I decided against it. It would make the CD more cohesive to have her sing on all the tracks, and it would give the labels a hook they could work with. She was the hook. She was going to be the star. I would be the quasar deeper out in space. She truly did translate the story of the lyrics better than I could anyway. I'd always told myself it was all about the songs, now I had to prove that to myself.

By the time we were ready to lay down Jenna's vocals we were almost a full day over budget. We also knew we were doing everything backwards. In other words, regardless how good the CD sounded, if the songs and the singer weren't what the labels were looking for right at that moment they would stop listening to the CD ten seconds into the first song.

But we were kept reminding each other that we were doing this for ourselves. We were chronicling our best work, and giving these songs a finality. Our fallback plan was to make a few thousand copies and sell them at gigs, like Jenna had suggested. We'd need to sell four thousand copies at \$15 each just to break even. That was our goal, if all else failed. But even that goal seemed pretty crazy. We figured it would take at least two years of working like crazy just to make our money back.

The problem we faced now was that the we had originally scheduled three days for Jenna's ten lead vocals. But we'd have to

finish them in far less time or we'd literally run out of money before we were done. The pressure was on her and she knew it.

Usually a singer will sing one song all the way through a number of times. Then the producer would take pieces of each track and make a composite track. Then you might fill in lines that still aren't quite right with punch-ins. By the time you're five or six hours into the session a singer's voice was shot for the day, and maybe two or three lead vocal tracks would be completed if they were on a roll.

I was already thinking I might need to leave a song or two off the CD to save time and money if things slowed down any further. I was hoping we'd get lucky.

Jenna came into the studio that day with lots of energy. No sign of pressure or tension. It was typical Jenna. The atmosphere changed when she came into the control room. Everything felt "on." Everyone's mood lifted as soon as she made eye contact with them.

She had a suggestion that I thought was a bit crazy at first. She didn't want to sing each song two or three times. What she wanted to do was unheard of, actually. She asked that we set up all ten songs in the order they were going to be placed on the CD, and let her sing them straight through without stopping.

She knew the engineer needed thirty minutes or so to dial things in and get the vocal tones we wanted. Maybe we'd try a few different mics. But then she wanted to sing all ten songs virtually non-stop, like she was singing on stage.

Jenna knew everything she needed to know about these songs. We'd played them at concerts. We'd rehearsed them. If this is what she wanted to try, then why not? This is the type of thing a professional producer would never allow a first time singer to try. Or even a great established singer. *Never.*

To my way of thinking, something big was about to happen, either very good or very bad. She was going for it with everything she had. She'd either hit a grand slam or strike out in a cloud of dust. But it was going to be dramatic, that was for sure.

My biggest fear was, if she was wrong, and we got no usable tracks after the ten songs were sung, we'd not only waste studio time, but her voice would be shot, and the studio time booked for tomorrow would be useless, even though it was already paid for as part of our discounted rate.

The engineer asked her again, because it was a request he had never heard before either in his twenty years of recording vocalists, "What order do you want the songs in?"

"Put them in the order Adam wants them in for the CD. I'll sing like it's one big story."

Fifteen minutes before she was supposed to begin tracking a loud knocking came from outside the studio door. She ran out of the tracking room to open it, and in came ten of her friends—favorite fans of ours! She had invited them there to watch her sing the tracks live! In the most pressure packed moment of either of our lives, Jenna was going to have a freakin' party! We were under a time gun and she was creating a circus atmosphere. They brought food and drinks, which they were forced to park upstairs away from the sound board. They all squeezed into the control room as if they were about to watch a movie.

At that point I just had to give up control altogether. As a producer, this made no sense. In fact, it was a prescription for disaster.

In another odd twist, she asked to be set up in a dark corner of the big tracking room. Not in the vocal booth where we could control

her sound better, but out in the open, in the big room used for tracking drums and piano. I saw the engineer shaking his head every time she made another request. He thought for sure this was going to end badly. He even began to question why I wasn't putting a stop to it. She obviously didn't know what she was doing.

We checked the vocal sound one more time. It actually sounded surprisingly good. Very live and raw. Then we told her we were ready, and the first track started. I closed my eyes and listened through headphones so I could focus on every phrase and every note. Her opening line was perfect. And so was the next line. And the line after that. . . .

As the first track turned into the next track, with almost no break in between each track, what happened became what could only be described as (in a *profound* understatement) a masterful live performance.

By the time the sixth song started I had my eyes glued on her. She was holding onto her headphone with one hand, swaying in the semi-darkness. I was smiling, almost laughing. I was no longer focusing on each line separately, no longer holding a pen in my hand ready to take detailed notes of what lines we would have to re-do. I was no longer watching the board. I was no longer producing. I was just listening to a miracle, listening to my songs coming fully alive, forever – on the first take.

It was time for the last song, a total rocker that got chaotic and purposely a little messy. She was going to have to testify at the end -- improvise melody lines on the spot. She would have to stay in the moment and create magic. Just before the vocal came on she said into the talk-back microphone: "You wrote this song about us, Adam, a perfect end to a perfect CD. And I'm gonna rock this fucking place to

the ground.” Her fans applauded. The engineer looked back at them and asked for silence. I was laughing, and close to tears. The engineer looked at me, “Enjoy the moment, Adam Devonshire. Nothing like this will ever happen again.”

Anything

*In the best of worlds
We'd be far from here
Walking 'cross a bridge in
The Paris sun.
We could see that everything's really alright
and that the time is ours to set ablaze.*

*I know love is hard when the walls close in
And the world gets small -- no vision.
But we've got this thing when we touch
that goes all the way in
Makes me feel we can do
anything.*

* * *

Ten songs. Ten first takes. Perfect, every one of them.

Jenna James became a super star in forty-five unbelievable minutes. And it only got wilder from there.

Chapter Ten

Her friends screamed and rushed into the tracking room when it was over. They didn't quite understand what they had just heard. They weren't professional musicians. To them it was just like listening to one of our shows through really good speakers.

But the engineer and I knew we had just seen the equivalent of someone making a forty-five minute scene in a movie with no second takes and no edits. It was like pulling a royal straight flush in the biggest card game of your life. It was like scoring a gig at Carnegie Hall with every super star you ever loved and respected and dreamed of, standing up and applauding your songs from the front row.

Now suddenly we were two days ahead of schedule and under budget, instead of a day behind and thousands in the hole. We blew through the harmony tracks in the one day we allotted for them. Then we thanked the engineer for his work, put the tracks onto a backup hard drive, and headed off for L.A. to work on the final mixes.

* * *

The L.A. mixing experience remains one of the best memories of my life. The mixing engineer was the famous Jay Lofgren, Grammy winner, brilliant exponentializer of sound and energy. We had gotten a big discount as long as we were willing to book specific dates. They had been cancelled by a band the week before because they were still tracking.

We entered his studio which was set up like no other – batiks and Persian rugs were hanging on the walls. Incense was in the air. A view of the Pacific coastline glistened from his window. His waiting room, the size of a warehouse, was as unique as the studio itself. A drum set with “The Beatles” written on the bass drum was placed up high, like a great Zeus-like statue, overlooking the room. A functional and well-cared-for turntable was in the corner. In a cedar chest, in perfect sideways stacked rows, were many of the greatest vinyl albums ever made: The Beatles, The Stones, Traffic, Ray Charles, Elton John, early Dylan records, Muddy Watters, Eric Clapton, Tim Buckley, Joni Mitchell, Judy Collins, CS&N, The Temptations, The Four Tops, Stevie Wonder, Aretha, Marvin Gaye, and on and on.

When it came time for the first song to be mixed what he did was as unique as his studio. It was almost as unique as what Jenna did. Usually a mixing engineer works on the drum sound first. Vocals are mixed in last, after the band sound is solidified. But he mixed *backwards*.

The first thing he pulled up was Jenna’s vocal track. He pushed it right up against the needle, just below where it would distort. He worked with Jenna’s sound until we were excited just listening to her voice by itself.

Then he took my rhythm guitar track and turned it way up, until my guitar and Jenna’s voice were the only things blasting through the room on his huge speakers. It was almost as if no other instruments were even necessary. Just like when we performed. Except he didn’t know that!

He turned to us and said: “*That’s* the song right there – just the two of you. Anything that gets in the way of that is *my* bad.”

Exactly! He gets it! This is going to be so much fun!

When the drums and bass and all the other tracks were slowly added in behind her, the end result better than anything we could have hoped for. Everything sounded insanely big and filled with energy. Each song came alive, one by one. The mixes went down fast. “I could sit here for another hour and turn more knobs and screw it up, but why? Let her voice carry it. Less is more. You pay me to stop when we should stop.”

Our CD was finished. It was great. And no one was ever going to be able to change the way it sounded.

* * *

Elliot Oberman was kind enough to squeeze us into his busy schedule a few days after the mixes were done. He was still feeling snake-bit from the last time we’d met. No one in his position wants to offer to represent a new artist and then be blindsided about who is going to control their very first professional project. He thought we were either naive, full of ourselves, or both. But to his credit he was willing to give a quick listen to what we’d done, probably because of Jenna. He hadn’t forgotten about her.

Elliot was a round man with a pleasant face, narrow tired attorney eyes, prematurely balding. He definitely knew how to dress the part – dapper black suit and a yellow-gold tie. He couldn’t have pulled off the blue jeans and black tee-shirt look anyway. So he dressed like the CEO of Boeing.

His office was cool in an uncool kind of way. Very formal and antique-looking – an old dark brown desk, bookcases lining every wall, red carpet, a view of the L.A. skyline, a mini-bar in the corner. He was the managing partner of the music law firm Oberman Fitch and Carson. Gold records in black frames shined at us from every

corner of all four walls.

He greeted us casually, not wanting to get too emotionally involved one way or the other at this point, and agreed to hear one or two tracks of the CD. But his time was limited: meetings, conference calls, court cases to file, you name it. He had a lot of built-in reasons to kick us out fast.

We played the first track and tried to read the expression on his face. We knew he didn't want to like it. He didn't want to admit that we could produce a great sounding CD without a label and some hired gun producer telling us what to do. But here it was. He would have looked bad admitting that we pulled it off, that's true. But he would have looked even worse if he said we didn't. Because we knew we did. And at a certain point we all began laughing, because, he knew that we knew that he knew.

By the end of our meeting he'd listened to every track and seemed to have all the time in the world for us. No meetings to rush off to. No conference calls to take. He said he'd see what he could do for us. He made no guesses about their response. He was still doubtful they would agree to sign us with a completed CD, no matter how good it sounded. He also wanted photos of Jenna. Of course. And lots of them. The skimpier the clothing, the better.

* * *

Overall we were excited by Elliot's response. But we were also burned out. As soon as we left his office and hit the crowded L.A. streets and breathed in the infamous smog, polluted air mixed with bus exhaust and a few unnamable noxious chemicals at 90 ppbs, probably coming from those canisters hidden on the side roads, it

was clear to both of us that we had to get off the wheel for a while, or we were going to melt down.

It was as if we had just eaten a five-course meal at a five-star restaurant. But now we were stuffed, physically and emotionally. We couldn't eat another bite or drink even one more sip of wine, no matter how good it was. So we left the marketing to Oberman and literally ran away. With the final few thousand dollars we had left from being under budget we booked a flight to Kauai, a quiet Hawaiian island, and got on a plane directly from L.A.

This was our first tropical island experience. Although it wouldn't be our last. Kauai's green mossy mountains were Martian-like, oddly rounded at the top. The ocean at the north end of the island was snow bright from the setting sun. The warmth in the air soothed our bones. The rains at night cooled our minds and magnetized our bodies together.

We didn't know during those days we spent in isolation who might be listening to the CD at that very moment. What mogul in the industry may call Oberman and say, "I have to have this." Or "I hate this." We really didn't let ourselves think about it much. We busied ourselves by hiking the muddy Napili trail three thousand feet above the edge of the island. We body surfed on cool cobalt colored waves. We rode a Zodiac boat halfway around the island, skipping over the rough surf. We ate simple meals from roadside stands and hippie cafes, and devoured each other in every crazy demented way possible. We ended the week wiped out, weak, muddy, laughing, and seeing our potential journey in the music business for what it was—a wild trip down a very big and dangerous road to nowhere. Whatever was going to happen from here was fine with us. Our

experience making the CD was enough for us to feel content as true artists. We didn't need anyone else to define us.

This warm and beautiful place was a perfect metaphor. This kind of life was what we were ultimately striving for. But we were already here. Why leave only to try to get back here all over again some day?

Chapter Eleven

We got home to at least a hundred voice messages. Offers for gigs...jam sessions...invites to two parties last Saturday...where are you – trying to borrow your guitar amp tonight...beep...hey, found an amp, thanks anyway.... Jenna's dad returning her call a week too late, of course you guys can stay at the house when you come to L.A. for the mix, what week is that again? And Jenna, by the way, what's your cell number, I seem to have lost it, your voice message got erased ...beep.... Adam and Jenna, this is Elliot, call me back...beep...Hello, this is Senator Knox, as you know I'm running for...beep.... Adam, Jenna, are you available to speak? This is Elliot Oberman. Please call me on my cell if I'm not at the office...beep.

We dialed his cell. The first words we heard were, "I'm glad you finally decided to call me back, you two assholes."

"Sorry Elliot, we were in Kauai."

"Kauai? Did you have a gig there?"

"A private gig, sort of."

"Okay, well you may be playing another gig very soon. Because Warton Records wants to sign you, pending seeing you live."

"What? Warton?"

"Yes, my boy! True dat." (He was trying to come down to our level by talking like a rap gangster, but it just made him sound like a boring white guy in an expensive suit.) "This is the deal you've been waiting for. It's not considered a major label, but it's the hippest indie label out there. And it's big enough to make big things happen."

"Will they accept the CD as it is?" I asked.

“I brought it up to them. They didn’t want to discuss it until, or if, we begin to negotiate. All I know is they want to sign you if the live act is as good as what they heard on the CD.”

“That’s not good enough, Elliot. I need the commitment to our CD up front before we have them see us live and get into all that. I mean, if they want to show up for a gig I’ll put them on the guest list. But I’m not going to talk with them until they agree to release our CD with no changes. We’re not doing these songs over. They’re done.”

There was dead silence on the other end of the line.

“Look, Elliot, I’ll be straight with you, we’re broke! We’re ready to sign a deal if it’s a good deal. But I want a guarantee beforehand that if they like the show they’ll accept the CD as is. Otherwise, we may end up getting into the same conversation as we did with you when you first came to hear us play. What’s the point of that? I don’t want to do that to them, or to you again.”

I thought I heard him breathing. He was thinking about a response. So I pushed ahead, “We’re dead serious, Elliot. It’s non-negotiable. And if they can’t accept that then we’ll be back to booking club gigs at Uncle George’s. We’ll watch George the Madman blow up the sound board five minutes before the show and we’ll go home early. So be it.”

“You may be too fucking arrogant, and too stubborn for your own good.”

“I know.”

Jenna was standing over my shoulder trying to listen to both sides of the conversation. When we said goodbye I turned to her and said, “We’re really close, I think.”

I was wrong. A week later Elliot said he made the non-negotiable demand on my behalf, and they passed.

Chapter Twelve

The morning after Warton Records walked away from the deal Jenna came in from the garden and looked at me with a frown.

“Adam, I admit it, I’m a little scared. Maybe we made a mistake turning them down. Maybe no one will do what we want them to do for all sorts of reasons we don’t understand.”

“What’s the alternative, Eve?” She hated when I called her Eve.

“First of all, fuck you,” she smiled. “Look, we didn’t want them to control the music, right? But what’s left for them to control, Adam? The CD is the road map. Maybe they’re stuck in their little game of doing it the way they’ve always done it. Maybe they just need to tweak a few things to satisfy their egos. Who knows? So maybe we take the deal, but now we all know what we want each song to sound like. Every part has been arranged and settled on. If it comes out even a little better in the process then everyone wins.”

“And what if the producer starts tearing the thing apart? What if he wants one of the songs at a faster tempo? Or, ‘let’s make that little rockin’ song at the end of the CD a rock ballad instead? What’s the harm in trying? And can we tweak the lyrics just a smidge so we can get this on the radio?’”

“Then you tell the execs, look, you signed us because of the CD you heard, let the world hear what you heard.”

“That’s what we’re saying to them now!”

“But if they say won’t do it and we don’t like what the producer is doing, we just walk away.”

“Jenna, we’d have to sign a contract to do the recording and tour. If we walked away they’d sue us!”

“We’re broke! They would sue us for what exactly?”

“Then they’d probably blackball us from the whole fucking industry.” I sighed and shook my head. It was a matter of the naïve leading the naïve.

Of course, she was right, we were taking a huge risk turning down a company that big. This was all about me, my songs, my sensibilities, my ego. But was it fair to her? This was her career too. “So we just give in and get a huge advance, take the money and deal with their bullshit. Is that what you want, Jenna?”

Of course, I set up the question to have only one answer. This was my way of empathizing with her. I was such a shit really. She was too sweet and too into me to agree to anything like that.

Right at that moment the phone rang. We almost let it go to voicemail, we were in such a funk, but Jenna decided to pick it up to create an emotional break.

“Chart Records,” the odd voice on the phone said flatly. Then silence.

“Elliot?”

“Jenna. . . listen to me. Chart Records, the biggest indie label in the world right now, just agreed to use your CD master if you blow them away at your next show. They said accepting the CD just the way it is would not be a deal breaker.”

“Woooooo!” Jenna screamed.

I couldn’t hear the voice on the other end of the phone. I thought that Warton may have offered a compromise, and that maybe she was getting too excited because in the end they’d find a way to screw us. “Slow down, Jenna,” I whispered.

“*Chart!*” screamed Jenna breathlessly to me. “They’ll take the CD as it is!”

“*What?*”

She handed me the phone. "Elliot?"

"Adam, what they said clearly is that they'll distribute the CD without any changes as long as you can put on a great show. If you can blow their minds they'll want you guys to tour it like crazy. They believe in you. But I mean, there's also a downside. They are offering a smaller advance than Warton did, because they do feel it's a risk to put the CD out as is. They think it's a little raw. But if you pull off the gig. . ."

"How much of an advance?"

"Nothing firm yet. But probably in the two range."

"Two what?"

"Two hundred thousand."

I was silent.

"What do you think?" he said.

I tried to sound businesslike, "I don't know, Elliot. You're our attorney. What do *you* think?"

He laughed. "I think we ask for three-fifty and settle for three, if they decide to sign you. But I'll tell you this: there won't be any room for error. The good news is the CD is done, but they're also jittery *because* the CD is done. You understand? It's a double-edged sword and they are using to their advantage until you can prove yourselves.

"That's fine. It's not the advance I'm concerned about. We'll take the two if that's the deal."

"That's the right way to think, Adam Because look, if you break this thing on tour, the next advance could be two million. If it dies out there, you'll be lucky if they offer you two hundred dollars a week to sweep their floors. There won't be a next CD. That's the gamble you're taking. But we're getting ahead of ourselves. First we have to set up the gig. Where do you want them to see you?"

“We’re playing at The Santa Cruz Cavern on the 5th. It’s a cool place. Big, fun-loving crowd – and they love her there.”

“No good,” he said. “No, I’m changing my thinking about this as we speak. We don’t want Jenna to come off as a local singer playing in front of her home crowd. They want to see something more like a road tour. Has to be bigger. . . Let me see if I can get you to open for a band that owes me a favor. They’re playing at the Oakland Coliseum next month.”

“Gulp!” I said.

“It would be a good show for them to see. Capacity twenty thousand. And if they see you can play there, then they’ll know you can play anywhere. You want to gamble, then let’s gamble. Let me make some calls and set some wheels in motion and I’ll get back to you.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Bye then.”

“Elliot?”

“Yes, Adam?”

“Thanks for hanging in there with us.”

“You’re welcome, wild man. Let’s see if we can nail this deal down. Then you can thank me with a big fat check.”

When I hung up the phone Jenna screamed, “Wooo hoo, boyfriend!” She was jumping up and down and clapping her hands.

“OK, our vacation is officially over, J.J. Let’s get the hell back to work.”

Chapter Thirteen

The night of the big show we were both truly nervous for the first time. The Oakland Coliseum was enormous. We were opening for Firebrand, the hottest new band on the Chart label. It would be mostly their crowd. They would fill the place.

We debated whether or not it was time to use a full band to back us up, to make it sound like the CD. I was hesitant. Jenna had never sung live with a full band before, except in jam sessions. Nonetheless, we felt we had to do it to make the show sound big, and to show Chart what the tour would sound like.

We spoke to Elliot about it. He asked Chart. To our surprise they said they didn't want us to try to put a band together so late in the game. The gig was in a few weeks. They were willing to get a first impression seeing just the two of us. As long as Jenna was featured out front. We knew what that meant. Things became clearer to me. They were coming to see her.

We arrived for sound check at 3 p.m. Firebrand's crew agreed to work with us that night.

Then we watched Firebrand's sound check. It was a work of art. They were amazing. They had been on the road for four straight months and had everything dialed in. All the guys in the band were very laid back. They were smart, they were funny, and knew this was all just a big game. They won us over.

We hung around backstage until show time. We didn't want to risk going anywhere outside the building. Neither of us ate. Firebrand, well they were a different story, scarfing down every edible thing in sight. Their nervousness before gigs had been left behind a hundred shows ago.

Finally we were announced and took the stage – we had a name now. We called ourselves, “Jade.” We decided on the name because of the first letters of our names: Jenna, Adam, Devonshire, and Emily – Jenna’s middle name.

The applause was frighteningly sparse as we came on stage. There were also lots of empty seats. The show was sold out but a lot of concert-goers were not interested in seeing the opening act. Especially one they could see at a local club for a fraction of the price they were paying for these tickets. Our core fans were out there somewhere, but there were so many seats in this place the couple of thousand fans who came to see us were lost in the wilderness. We were going to have to manufacture energy without any help from the crowd.

Our first song went well we thought, but there were still way too many empty seats. It felt like we were playing at a sound check. Jenna, who was used to immediate positive feedback, looked at me with a hint of fearfulness. I knew we’d have to do something wild. Take a chance of some kind.

Then suddenly I decided against it. I walked over to her and whispered off mic: “The execs from Chart are out there somewhere. Don’t worry about the rest of the crowd. Just play to them as if they love you. Play as if there are five hundred thousand of them out there screaming for you and you’re gonna rock their world.”

She nodded and went back to the mic. “I’d like to say hi to all our friends at Chart Records!” The crowd responded to this fairly positively, recognizing this as Firebrand’s label too.

“And to our good friends in Firebrand who asked us to open for them tonight.” A little poetic license, but it seemed to get the crowd’s attention. We got a lot of applause for that line.

As Jenna began to sing the next song something happened – it was the way it had happened so many times before. The crowd began to sink into a trance with her. She was riveting. She didn't know where the execs at Chart were seated, but she pretended she did. She waved at them in the middle of the song, then sang the next line all the way out to the back of the arena with everything she had. A few more songs into the set and we had regained our confidence. Jenna started to sing with an insane kind of brilliance. She improvised phrases with a wild confidence you only see from big stars on rare nights. It was probably the best she'd ever sung. She had quickly adjusted to this enormous space and the lack of noise from a sparse restless crowd. Everyone seemed riveted now as the people filing in quickly took their seats.

We didn't get an encore but we weren't expecting one. We only had thirty minutes, so we played what Elliot felt were our best seven songs from the CD and waved goodbye to the crowd.

Jenna freaked-out backstage. "Adam, that was the toughest gig we've ever done. Was anyone even listening out there?"

"Chart was," I said, then I kissed her. "And, Jenna, if they have ears, and eyes that see, you'll be signed in fifteen minutes. You were great."

"You mean we?"

Elliot came backstage and said the Chart execs liked the show but they needed to hear us with a band now. They couldn't quite imagine the whole package yet, but it wasn't a "no."

Jenna felt like the show was a huge waste of everyone's time and energy. If they needed to hear us with a band then what the hell was this night about? We were back in audition mode.

The way she sang tonight, I was amazed they cared about anyone else but her.

Chapter Fourteen

This is where the city had to save us. Our city. Our wild, windy, winding-hilled city. Because there was no way we were going to move to L.A. and try to find a band there. It would take us months to just decide on players.

Besides, every cab driver in L.A. *almost* had a record deal with a major label at least the way they tell it. The only difference was, they had more money in the bank than we did.

So we fell back on old friends that we had been snubbing the entire year because of my “scarcity” strategy. The guys we used for the recording were too busy to commit to something this speculative. They were in the studio at least a few times a week and gigging with local bands every night. So we’d have to rely on the guys who had been wanting to play with us all along.

I had not wanted to commit to a band all these years but I realized that may have been a mistake. We could have had years of rehearsals and playing experience. We could have been tight. We could have been grooved into each other where you start to read each other’s minds. Instead we were starting from scratch.

Jenna was far more optimistic than I was. “Look Adam, all we need is Neal on drums and Rob on bass and we have a band. We’ll nail down these songs in a week.”

“No, J.J. We need another guitarist too. Someone who can play lead lines and take Stef’s solos.”

“Then let’s ask Stef.”

“He’s too busy.”

“Too busy to play with a touring band signed to the biggest inde label in the world?”

“Almost touring. Maybe signed. And no money to pay them to take the chance.”

“They’ll sign us, Adam. I was shaky at The Coliseum. It felt like I was singing into an abyss! We just need one more shot in a smaller place with a crowd.”

“We’re anything but a sure thing, Jenna. And even if the gamble works and they get paid on the road, there’s not a lot of money to be made unless we break really big. And even then, they won’t be the star, you will.”

“You and I will.”

“Okay, fine. I hope you know how funny that is.”

Jenna waved me off. “You’re the real star, Adam. Everyone will realize that eventually.”

To my surprise, after making a few phone calls, she was right again. This city wasn’t like L.A. When we said to our guys that we were shooting for a deal with Chart, instead of saying, “Yeah, but can you drive a cab?” they said, “Wow, how do we get us over the top?” Neal was “in 100,” Rob was “psyched.” Even Stef said yes. He just needed a few more days than the others to rearrange prior commitments. He called back later that night and said, “Okay, Houston, light this candle.”

In just one day we had put together our band. And Jenna and I suddenly had more loyalties and commitments to keep—commitments to some of the coolest guys in the world. I didn’t want to let them down.

Chapter Fifteen

We played a few gigs around town to get ready. Some fans wanted to hear Jenna and me without the band. They were used to hearing just us and thought it sounded better that way. I thought that might be the case too and I became doubtful of the whole band concept. But Jenna said, "They'll get used to the new sound. It's even better now. Trust me."

Really, at this point, there was no turning back. Jenna started liking the big sound we were creating, with the drums shredding, almost soloing, during her vocals, while nailing down the back beat. The CD was going in that direction, but Neal launched the rocket. There was no stopping his joy and power. Sometimes he made me laugh on stage right in the middle of a riff.

We didn't want to wait too much longer. The band was tight and fresh and eager to kick ass. We also knew that labels can lose interest on any given rainy day.

Chart set up a gig for us in L.A. at a famous club called the O-Zone. It was on an off-night in a city where we had no fans, no draw. No energy to pull from. But they said they would manufacture a crowd – mostly Chart employees and their significant or insignificant others. It was going to be an industry crowd. No stomping and whistling the minute Jenna sang her first note. We had to prepare ourselves for a toned down response. We were being inspected, dissected, looked at through a microscope, pinched, sniffed, scratched for gold. I told Jenna, "Any response better than what we got at The Coliseum and we'll be signed." But I didn't really believe it.

In fact, I was pretty sure this wasn't going to work. I didn't relate to the Chart execs. They were too straight-laced. Dollar bills in their eyes. Coke up their nose. It was an old scene I'd tried briefly and left a long time ago.

We stayed at a crazy pink hotel called "The Sunset Marquis." We sat around the outdoor pool eating breakfast at a table with white linen table cloths. Lots of managers and publishers and wannabe rock stars we didn't recognize were sipping espressos, working while hung over, talking away on their cell phones while texting each other, whispering something important in someone's ear, cutting deals. Losing deals.

We felt like "the five impostors" – maybe a better name for the band than "Jade." Five destitute amateurs from a rival city with no one to call, no one interrupting our oh-so-pleasant breakfast. Luckily, Chart was paying the bill for all this. We ate all the food we could. This was our one chance to live it up with the "in-crowd." We were all broke. We stuffed extra croissants in our pockets after covering them with soft white napkins.

* * *

A funny thing happened that night at the O-Zone. Something went wrong with the main sound system and the in-house sound guy couldn't figure out the problem. The sound check had gone off without a hitch. But here we were ten minutes from show time, with the crowd murmuring and clinking glasses, and the mains were out.

Much to the sound guy's amazement Jenna came out, already dressed for the show. She crawled under the board and found a small

plug that had become disconnected amongst a multitude of wires. She knew where to plug it in. She was back to being a roadie again.

She looked at the sound guy while smoothing out her dress and shrugged her shoulders. "The show must go on," she laughed.

"Can I marry you?" the sound guy said.

"Let's see how you work the sound tonight, sailor, we'll talk about it after the show."

A Chart exec had seen all this from a nearby seat and started tapping the shoulders of a few other execs nearby. Eliot told me later they chuckled at the scene and nodded in agreement that she was "an interesting character."

Backstage Jenna was feeling loose. "This is our lucky night," she said. "I can feel it. I got to be a roadie again just like the old days. We're gonna smoke this."

Our band was announced and we ran on stage as the overhead lights flashed. A light applause made us feel a bit foppish, rather than cool or "heroic." The whole intro was coming off as a bit too "show biz," but that's what they wanted to see. They also wanted to see how we responded to another cool audience, I assumed. Because that's what it would be like on the road. None of our city fans would be out there. Just like tonight. This was an all-L.A. (and almost exclusively Chart Records) ballgame.

They wanted to see some showmanship and a "take charge" attitude on our part. So we had a surprise in store, to prove we had the balls and reckless abandon they were looking for. Our first song was one I had just written, not on the CD, called "Sky High." It was a change up, for sure, but I figured the big execs had already heard the CD, as well as the set we played at the Coliseum. What if we gave them something new to hear first? Plus, the band rocked this one.

Sky High

*... You and I we never met
till I woke up from the dead myself.*

*Sky High
This time
No chains
I'm fine
Friends by day
Hold you at night
Only You
For the best time
Sky high
This time
love won*

* * *

The initial reaction from the young execs and marketing guys at Chart was positive. A few of them even whistled their approval, which was a lot of commitment on their part. They could get fired for being too enthusiastic about a band Chart was about to reject.

Jenna gained even more confidence now as we quickly segued into the songs from the CD.

By the end of the set the Chart crowd demanded an encore.

They were freely drinking now and excited about their new act. The audition was over. We were part of the team now. They were the overlords, and we were their cash cows. They could feel the money flowing in their veins.

When the show was over and our CD began playing over the main speakers, half the Chart crowd rushed up to us to shake our hands. Others were making their way towards Elliot. Jenna was their golden angel, of course. She'll break this record for Chart world-wide in three months, someone said. Just watch.

They saw me as the songwriter, leader of the band, producer, business manager, adoring boyfriend. But they didn't see me as a potential star. And the rest of the band were completely replaceable appendages as far as they were concerned. It was all about her, as I figured it would be.

"How many units do you think she'll sell in the first ninety days?" asked one young exec.

"It depends what she's wearing, or not wearing," replied the other with a sly smirk.

"Definitely the Vogue Mag circuit," said another. "This one isn't just teen cream. She's fucking hot."

They were drunk. They were all being too honest. Jenna would manufacture herself into the next rock icon if they were lucky.

We knew from the start what kind of "family" we were adopting. Our success would be measured in unit sales, not art.

But for a two hundred fifty thousand dollar advance, and a chance to break the CD world-wide, well, hey, being adopted wasn't all bad.

Chapter Sixteen

Jenna and I began to discuss how to split the advance money. I thought a fifty-fifty split was fair.

She disagreed, "They're your songs. Songwriters always make the most money."

"Well, there's another way to solve this," I replied. I cleared my throat. "J.J. . ." the silence became quite loud. I heard ringing in my ears.

"What are you thinking?" she replied, looking at me side ways.

"If we got married, the money would be ours together."

"*Get out of here!*" she screamed! "

"I'm serious. I. . ."

"Adam, marriage shouldn't be a business decision," she frowned.

"It's not," I said emphatically. "Don't tell anyone, but, hey, I love you. You know that."

She was out of words temporarily. These were words I never said, and would never write in a song. The whole "I love you" thing was so oversold, it meant absolutely nothing to anyone we knew. But now I was just falling all over myself.

"It feels like the right thing to do," I continued. Then I broke out laughing. "Come the fuck on, Jenna."

I got down on one knee and took her hand.

"Get up off the floor, fearless leader. When the time comes I'll be the one kneeling down to you!"

"Well then, why wait?"

"Adam, shit, what if I got pregnant right when we went on tour? Would that be insane?"

“Yeah,” I laughed. “Everyone at Chart would jump off a bridge. But we’d just stay as careful as we are now. We’d wait to have kids until the right time.”

“That’s my point, Adam, it’s not the right time. And it might be a long time until it’s the right time.”

She kissed me. “I’m twenty one, dude. The baby thing is for thirty year-olds. Let’s hold off talking about this at least until the tour is over, please? Then we’ll see. Maybe make some plans. Maybe big plans. Ok?”

“Ok. Yeah, it’s fine. It makes sense.”

Maybe marriage felt like a way to slow all this down for me. But Jenna’s reaction was the opposite of mine. What if marriage turned us into “*them*,” meaning her parents?

Then she will have lost everything, me included.

It was time to surrender. Life as we knew it was coming to an end.

Chapter Seventeen

We had a few battles with Chart before we signed the contract. They wanted to add the opening song we played at the O-Zone onto the CD. I was okay with that, but I insisted we used the band for the recording, and the same studio we used for the other tracks, and the same mixing engineer. They wanted to hire “a perfect producer for this song,” and record it in L.A. with “the best studio musicians in the world.” They “smelled a hit.” I guess our city was just a sewer full of amateurs in their minds. My answer was no.

Another big problem was that they wanted to use L.A. players for the tour. The L.A. guys “knew how the game went,” they had the pro look, they had the moves on stage, and were great performers in their own right. They could match Jenna’s energy and sexiness.

Our guys had dropped everything to come to L.A. with us and get us signed. They took a huge gamble. But now Chart was implying that they were not quite what they were looking for. One exec said Jenna can’t make it with a bunch of Grunge guys backing her up on a big stage. They imagined their guys up there, center stage, bumping and grinding against each other under a single spotlight in tight leopard pants taking perfect sanitized solos. It was taking the worst of their banal instincts, the most cliché of clichés, and making it all come together into one great corporate vision called a pile of crap.

They were also thinking ahead to the video. It was all about “creating” Jenna’s image. All they really had to do was let Jenna’s image “be,” but they couldn’t see that. They couldn’t stand to think that they were useless and unnecessary. They had to get their hands on her, figuratively and maybe even literally if someone got lucky. They had to mold her into their image and play God.

Jenna was adamant about keeping the guys for the tour. They were loyal friends, and they played great. It would also force the company to use them for "Sky High" in the studio since they would be touring it with us.

I agreed with that tactic and told Elliot to fight for us. And if they pushed too hard we'd walk -- again.

Elliot said, "Choose your battles, man. This opportunity may only come once."

I said, "If Wharton and Chart both wanted to sign us then Jenna is no fluke. If they don't sign us on our terms maybe a major will. Tell them that."

In the end we agreed to record "Sky High" in L.A. where they could "oversee it," but I would produce it, and we'd use our band for the recording, and on the road. But the catch was, if the first leg of the tour wasn't going well they wanted the right to replace everyone in the band except Jenna and me.

We told the guys what was going on and that suddenly they were auditioning all over again. We wanted to fight for them to stick with us on the tour. But we also knew what Chart was looking for. So we asked them to "dress the part" at the recording studio, and act friendly to the execs, but have a bit of a swagger. Swagger was easy for Stef and Neal, but the bass player, Rob, was such a humble kindhearted guy, I really didn't think he could pull it off. He had no idea how to fake it. The only time I saw him with swagger was when he starting playing a \$10,000 six-string bass in a music store. That was *it* for him. He was ready to die peacefully. He started playing that thing, turned to me with a wild look in his eye, and let out a scream that made everyone in the entire store stop what they were doing.

Other than that one time you would have sworn Rob was a human puppy. Sweetest guy on the planet.

The studio in L.A. was massive, with none of the intimacy of the studio we'd used back home. I was changing things at the last minute, typical of my producing style, which the execs interpreted as me not knowing what I was doing. Everyone was taking too many breaks. The band couldn't get in sync. But Chart insisted we "keep everybody fresh." Therefore, more long lunches in town.

I liked to work for eight hours straight to stay focused. The young execs liked to party.

But when it came time for Jenna to sing, all the execs flooded into the control room. All the band members squeezed in as well. Everyone wanted to watch.

They insisted she sing in the tiny padded vocal booth for "separation and quality of sound." I didn't want to tell them she was out in the big tracking room when she sang the songs on the CD – it might have spooked them and made us seem like amateurs. They'd go back to the original master and start hearing things that were, yes, well, very questionable quality by their standards. And off we'd go down that road.

But Jenna doesn't like tight places, like airplane bathrooms and vocal booths. She's a bit claustrophobic. So even though the first take she sang was pitch perfect, it didn't have the emotional power we wanted. I asked for another take, which the execs expected, simply because no one did a lead vocal in one take.

I went into the vocal booth with her, so now there was no room for either of us to move at all. I said, "Do you want me to stay in here with you for a take?"

She smiled, "Sure." I could see she was happy I joined her. It took the edge off.

There was one small window in there where she could look into the control room. All they could see was the mic and her face. So I put my hand on Jenna's leg. She was wearing a short blue silk dress for the occasion, to look the part for the execs. Black lace around her neckline, more lace on the bottom. Lace was her trademark now. She could have given me a dismissive flick of her hand and asked for the tape to roll. Instead, she pushed my hand up further. They were cueing up the tape. Needed a minute. She pulled her dress up while smiling casually through the little porthole, acting like we were just waiting with nothing to do. All they saw was her face beaming at them, although oddly flushed. I pulled her silk underthings down to her knees, and rubbed up against her. When they told her over the headphones they were ready for the take, we ended our warm up.

"Cool, gimme the track, man, I'm good," she sounded so aloof, totally at ease despite the pressure. They liked her attitude. Yeah, no more nice girl. Now this was rock 'n roll!

"Ok, belt it out J.J.," I whispered. "Show 'em what amazing sounds like."

Of course, she nailed it. It was perfect. Applause arose from the control room. We calmly exited the gnarly little room lined with a thick gray rug and with black Styrofoam lining the walls and ceiling – all to keep things dead and echo-free – lifeless on purpose. Did they assume they could manufacture the "life" and energy on the sound board, or in the mix? Somehow, Jenna's voice transcended the deadness and all their contrived L.A. formulas. Something special had just happened. We didn't know it at the time, but we had just made our first hit song.

Chapter Eighteen

The tour started off well. Record sales were decent, picking up momentum along the way as we went from city to city across the Midwest. The crowds were growing larger, and “Sky High” was starting to get steady airplay on a few major stations nationally.

I didn’t have time to think too much, which was a good thing. The guys were fun to hang out with. And Jenna stayed close to me, despite a twenty-four-hour-a-day demand for her time. This was her saving grace as a budding star -- she knew how and when to say no, as she always had -- even to “important” people that Chart would beg her to see. They would always ask for one last solo interview before moving on to the next town; or one last big photo shoot. Oh there’s one *really* important party you have to attend, Jenna: *They can take the bus and you can meet them there tomorrow.* No. *But, Jenna, this dude can get you airplay all over the northwest.* No.

Our road manager, Ned Blakely, was also aware of balancing our time, and Jenna’s time, in particular, making sure we didn’t burn out before we peaked. To his credit, he was the one who allowed her to say no. He worked for Chart but made decisions that weren’t always in their short-term interests. But Ned had been a road manager for Chart for a long time. They hated him sometimes, but they trusted him. And he always had the final word. After years of being on the road with new and established bands he knew what Jenna and I discovered during our “us” period back home. Less could be more. Less access could mean more buzz if your star is already rising. Suddenly there is more of an aura about you. But Ned also knew he had to be careful not to offend his media contacts, all of

whom were constantly begging for favors. It was a difficult balancing act.

After the first few weeks of tour dates we didn't have a set itinerary. Ned was taking the shotgun approach. Any city where major radio stations would put "Sky High" on heavy rotation was a candidate for a gig a few weeks later. We were traveling the country in a zigzag, pumping up our first hit song.

Two months into the tour, Ned felt we were ready, so we headed for New York. Chart was thrilled and suddenly they saw the financial wisdom of accepting our CD the way we originally made it. We had finished it under budget for about forty-five thousand dollars. "Sky High" alone cost another thirty thousand dollars doing it their way. Now they were drooling over the profits from the full CD. They had already quadrupled their investment. They were making serious money now.

New York was crazy, of course. We were playing at The City Zoo, a two thousand seat theater. Modest by New York standards. But we knew we could sell it out with hardly any advance advertising, and that was Ned's key objective. He wanted a few thousand people to be stuck without tickets at every gig. He wanted to see them beg. He wanted to see overflow crowds, scalpers waving tickets outside the hall at show time, the press and city VIPs begging to be let in through a side door. Standing room only.

Jenna was more tired than usual the day of the gig. Her throat felt sore from singing almost every night, and she wasn't getting enough sleep. We asked Ned for a break after New York and he scheduled in two full days off. But we'd have to use it for travel and interviews. That was the deal. Ned told us we were on the verge of breaking big and we couldn't afford to turn down press interviews

now, even for a few days. We were “in labor,” as he put it, and we had to have the baby *now!*

I wouldn't call the New York gig our finest moment on stage, but it was a decent representation of what we did. The reviews were favorable. Airplay increased all up and down the east coast.

The next day Ned informed us he was setting up a European tour. We asked him how much time we would have off before we went. Two days was the answer. We had to move quickly before European audiences got distracted and moved on to the next up-and-coming diva waiting right behind us.

Finally Jenna hit the wall. “No Ned, we can't go this fast.”

“We can't lose what we've got going, Jenna.”

“Ned, do you want to fuck me? Don't you at least dream about it? Don't you?”

He smiled, not knowing where this was leading.

“You're moving too fast, Ned. No woman is going to fuck you if you move too fast.”

We all started laughing, and he got the joke. He promised he would make a few changes, try to slow things down a bit.

On our first real day off there was no travel, there were no interviews, no special press luncheons – Jenna slept almost fourteen hours straight. She slept in a separate hotel room from me, turned off all the phones, put a Do Not Disturb sign on the door, and basically died for a day and a half.

Chapter Nineteen

She awoke past noon feeling drugged. She couldn't move. She was chilled. She thought maybe she had come down with the flu. The shades were closed, and when she opened the curtain back a few inches the sun hit her like a shotgun right between the eyes. She laid back down feeling disoriented, disconsolate, lost. She was back to not knowing herself – again – exactly where she'd been the day she officially became a runaway.

She remembered what I had said before all this happened -- maybe the life we were having would be as good as it gets. Now she was living this other life far away from her garden, and her pottery shed, and her secret sculptures, and her only two girlfriends, Allison and Joy, and those sweet little gigs we used to play once a week in front of a few hundred loyal fans whose names she mostly knew; whose faces she could recognize on the street. Who would sing along with the words if she held the mic out to the audience. On cue she would hear the song sung back to her by people she knew loved her. She wanted that life back when she awoke that off-day afternoon in New York.

"It's too late, Jenna," I told her. "We're under contract. We have to tour for nine months before we can stop the wheel. We're only in month three."

"Oh my God, Adam! I can't do this for another six months. That's insane! I can't. I have nothing left. They've sucked everything out of me. I'm ready to jump off a bridge, I swear." She started crying. It was the first time she ever cried in front of me, this tough kid, this runaway. They'd broken her.

“J.J. I feel the same way you do. Really. But we have to at least play this contract out so we can’t be sued and lose all the money we’re making. We need to think about our financial future. Then, after this is over we can quit. I don’t care. We can go back to who we were.”

“How much are we making?”

“It’s hard to tell. Elliot hired an accountant for us. They’re working out all the numbers and auditing everything. We won’t get ripped off. Elliot will make sure of that.”

“You didn’t think of any of that before now, did you? Where the money is going. Into what account? Under whose name. It’s bigger than you thought too.”

“Way bigger. I admit it. But we’re owed what we’re owed. They’ll figure it out. And then once the clock strikes twelve, we’re out if you want to stop.”

She was talking mostly to herself now, “You were right, as fucking always. This is what it comes down to. You saw it before it happened. *You*, on the other hand, haven’t changed one bit! The great song writer, Adam Devonshire, working behind the scenes, TO KILL ME! To destroy everything he created. Screw the contract, Adam. No! I can’t take another day of this. I don’t care about the money or anything else. I’m really sick. I feel like I’m gonna die. I have to stop.”

I should have pulled the plug. I should have said, okay, screw the money. Fuck the contract and all of the momentum we’ve created. I’m with you, J.J. I’m for you. Not for them. I’ve never been on their side. On *that* side. We quit. Right here and now. Pack your suitcase, we’re going home.

That’s what she would have done for me. She’d always been there for me, no matter what the cost seemed to be at the time.

Instead, I thought about the flight we had to catch tonight. And how we'd be blackballed from the industry forever if we quit now, and sued, and we'll short-circuit sure-fire stardom right as the light switch is being turned on. And if we quit, she'll regret it. I know she will. Then she'll want to try all over again, but it'll be too late. If I push her just a little now and she doesn't thank me for it in a day or two, then I'll say, okay, you tried. We're done. But I have to try this one time to get her back on track. See where it goes from there.

If I was truly honest with myself I would also have admitted I was deeply invested in all this now. The money was important to me. Going almost broke when we were making the CD had shaken me up. I got scared. I was relieved we had money in the bank again. That's the truth. I was convinced we needed money to live a good life. To support us maybe having kids some day, without having to work an office job, like a lot of the musicians we knew. If we were to quit now there was no telling what Chart do – withhold royalties, sue us to get the advance back. We'd be in deep trouble. We could go bankrupt. Elliot would have a heart attack. Ned would quickly hook on to another band and be back on the road, managing everyone else's life but his, and never look back.

And the guys in our band would be devastated. They'd lose everything. We weren't big enough for the press to even know their names yet. So far this was all about me and Jenna. Mostly Jenna. But they were still nobodies making sideman money.

There were also memories I couldn't escape. Like the hours I would spend at home putting new strings on my guitar. And calling clubs, sometimes almost begging for a gig if it was big enough. Proving myself over and over again, even to myself. And all the days and nights writing songs that ended up being thrown out, lyrics

being crumpled up and thrown against the wall in frustration. All the time – sometimes years of time – searching for the right chord, a melody no one else seemed to hear, until that one stubborn song was finally right. I wanted some kind of payoff now for all the effort and sacrifice. I wanted the songs to shine. And I wanted to shine. Ego. Greed. Fear. More ego, even if it was to protect myself. It was *all* there. I'm not going to lie about it.

Chapter Twenty

After a few extra days rest, which I demanded from Ned without any room for compromise, Jenna began to brighten. She came out of her hotel room to hang out with us. She ate big dinners at noisy Italian restaurants, watched mindless TV shows with me and the band, played some insanely stupid video games with Neal. We made love in a few preposterous places. We took a walk through Soho one afternoon. She happily signed some autographs, surprised at being recognized on the streets of New York City. She was trying her best to rejuvenate.

* * *

We actually had a great time on the European tour. Things slowed down a bit for us. We had more travel time, less gigs. Ned was trying to make life easier for Jenna. He even involved her in the scheduling strategy from time to time.

We hung out for a few hours at the Spanish Steps in Rome, watching tourists, and teens kissing, artists painting, guitarists picking, gypsies begging, and drunks sheepishly looking at their coat sleeves.

We ate that night at a great little restaurant right outside our hotel, and drank way too much wine. Way way too much, waking up in the darkness after sleeping the day away.

The Roman nights – church bells in the distance, tolling twice, then once each quarter hour. Then three times at 3 a.m. I laid awake with Jenna dead asleep beside me. I tried to meditate because any time I tried to meditate I usually fell asleep. So I started watching my

breath in the darkness, but after seventeen breaths sleep still wouldn't come. More bells.

Something was wrong. Even with days off between gigs, this was not feeling any better than it was before. I was the one feeling lost now. I hadn't seen my friends outside the band in almost four months. I didn't even know who my friends were anymore. Because they didn't know who I was anymore. I started feeling sick. I caught the same tour disease Jenna caught back in New York. But I didn't wake her up in a panic. I didn't tell her. I just stayed up all night freaking the fuck out.

On our last day off before the tour became grueling again, the whole band decided to see the Roman Coliseum. Stef joked that maybe we would play it one day. We were all tripping out together. The band and the tour were all we could think about.

Tomorrow the madness would start again. Jenna was ready to rock. She looked radiant, refreshed. She had accepted her destiny. She wanted to prove she was strong enough to do this.

* * *

We began to hit our stride again in London. I was successfully ignoring the poison that was circulating through my brain. But the truth was, the only time I was having fun was when we were sightseeing, drunk, watching TV, or fucking.

But the band sounded great. The reviews – no longer needing Chart to translate them into English now that we were in England – were great. Ned was definitely earning his money. That was for sure. He was singularly focused around the clock. Emotionally steady. Unflappable in times of crisis, and making mostly good decisions.

One night I asked him, “How do you handle life on the road like this? Don’t you get lonely? Don’t you want to actually live somewhere? Fall in love? Have normal friends?”

He said: “Yeah, but I’m still young. Once I hit forty I won’t be able to do this anymore. I won’t have anything left. But right now the money is good. The sex is worth the price of admission. The alcohol is top shelf. And, hey, I like the music. I like your music, Adam. And Jenna, well, honestly she’s a pleasure to work with most of the time, especially compared to some of the fucked-up flaming egomaniacs I’ve had to deal with through the years. And, what a voice! So hey man, don’t worry about me, I’m okay, at least for now.”

* * *

When we got back to the U.S. for the next leg of the tour, one of the first things I did was contact the accountant Elliot had hired. According to the initial projections, I was going to make a serious amount of money from the songwriting royalties. Elliot announced that a publishing deal with Chart was also waiting for me when I had time to sign it.

Jenna was making her weekly salary and royalties from the CD. But because I was the songwriter and producer I was making most of the money. This was more than ironic, of course, and obviously unfair. She was working twice as hard as I was. And I told her that.

* * *

I followed the plan. I did what I was supposed to do like the good little soldier I had become. Around month seven, Chart and

Ned decided the first CD had gone as far as it could. We played Staples Arena in L.A. during the final part of the tour. We packed the place. Jenna's father sat in the front row with the press, crying with joy. I was getting richer by the day, as was Jenna, albeit more slowly. But I knew that night without a doubt, I was done.

The contractual obligations were over for this CD. We were allowed to stop two months early under the assumption that we'd get back into the studio with new songs and start all over again.

Chart had an option for a second CD. But we had an opt out. As long as we didn't sign with another label for three years.

Had Chart known how big we were going to be they would have given us a far bigger advance and locked us up for three or four CDs. But luckily they didn't. They were skeptical about our "homemade recording," as they put it. So they went for a cheap one-CD deal, with Elliot trading some of our leverage for an opt-out clause. He had no idea what a favor he had done for us. Legally we could stop right now. Today!

I decided to tell Jenna the good news, but instead I asked her to marry me again. I guess I skipped ahead a step or two.

She wasn't expecting that. She hadn't thought about it since I asked her the first time. The answer was the same with just a bit more added detail. She said, "Adam, you're my guy. I want you to know that. Nothing has changed. You're my lover, my confidant, my best bud. All the way. But I'm still years away from wanting kids, and I don't want to turn the great thing we've got going into what my parents had, and what they then proceeded to fuck up on their way to destroying themselves. Let's wait, okay? Let's just enjoy this time for a little while longer."

Chapter Twenty-one

Jenna decided to stay in L.A. for a few weeks with her dad. I went back home, alone with my thoughts, with the phone ringing off the hook. I didn't answer any of the calls. Jenna and I had private numbers on separate cell phones and only we knew those numbers. But she didn't call me. And I was too depressed to call her. I didn't even want to know what she was thinking.

Jenna. Everyone had fallen under her spell. Even her dad. Everyone wanted to get into her world. I was now just a single spoke in her electrifyingly brilliant wheel. The wheel was rolling at max speed out of control.

Other than Jenna, I had no idea what I wanted, or why I existed, or why I would ever want to get off the wheel, even if it was close to crashing. I allowed this to happen to both of us. In fact, this was all my creation.

She came home the following Monday afternoon. Face glowing, wearing a sunflower yellow hat. She had a perfectly styled bob, slightly wind blown. Like out of a magazine. Hugs. Wild stories about L.A. Places Elliot took her and her dad. There's a great new band I had to check out, she said. She hands me a set of earphones. It's already plugged into her phone for me to here. Listen to this shit! Just one track, she pleads. She unpacks without a word about us.

The band she turned me onto definitely had energy. And had their own sound. Cool songs. They would be going all the way up to the top of the rollercoaster.

I said, "Okay, so they're gonna make it. That's obvious. But what about us?"

“What do you mean? I’m here. I missed you. I came back home.”

“We haven’t really said much to each other in over a month, other than me asking you something and you saying no. . . .”

“Adam, it’s been *crazy!* I had two front cover photo shoots right at the end of the tour, and then I wanted to reconnect with my dad. You know that.”

“That’s not what I was talking about.”

“Adam? Are you okay?”

Everything was coming out wrong.

“I just need some space.”

I meant to say I needed space for an hour or two to get my head together. But she thought I meant that it was over between us. And the next thing I knew she was throwing clothes back in her suitcase and walking out the door.

“Jenna!” I pulled the suitcase from her hand and threw it on the couch.

“What’s going on, Adam? Why are you acting this way? Did you have an affair in L.A. after I told you I wouldn’t marry you?” she asked.

“*What? No!* Of course not. Where the hell did you get that idea from?”

She stared into my eyes for a moment and knew I was telling the truth. “I read it in some music rag laying around Elliot’s office. Someone was just trying to sell a story, I guess. It said some local diva was looking for a hit song. So apparently she fucked you to get one of yours!”

I laughed. “Wow, that’s creative.”

She was upset that I thought it was funny. "Everything will be okay, Adam, but I don't want to stay here tonight."

"Okay. That's your choice."

"And I don't want to be your roadie anymore," she smirked. She was trying to lighten the mood.

"I don't need a roadie anymore. I'm done."

She laughed.

I didn't laugh back.

"You mean you're going to drag your own equipment around playing local gigs before the next tour?"

"I mean, I'm not doing any gigs anywhere anymore. And definitely no more tours. I told you about the opt-out clause in the contract. I'm taking it. I wasn't kidding."

"Well I was happy about it too until I had a whole week of staying with my dad. That would be enough for anyone to want to get back on the road."

"That's your choice. But I'm staying here. Not leaving the house again except to go hiking and shop for dinner. I've seen what I wanted to see out there, and I've tried everything I wanted to try. It's over, Jenna. I'm not gonna tour ever again."

She shook her head. "I don't believe you. You just need a while. . . ."

"I haven't lied to you about anything, ever, and I'm not lying to you now. I wanted you to be the first to know."

She sat back on the couch and closed her eyes. "That's too bad, Adam. Because Chart just offered us a new deal for a second and third CD with a four million dollar advance! I wanted *you* to be the first to know."

She smiled, expecting a wildly positive reaction from me. Not because I couldn't resist the money. But because I couldn't resist her smile.

But she didn't get what she wanted. "I'm not doing another CD, Jenna. I'm done."

"Adam, how can you, *what are you talking about?* We're just starting to make it! Your songs are being hummed on every street corner in the world! You've made a wheelbarrow full of money, and that's just the beginning. Or. . . is that what the sudden change is about, Adam? You've made as much money as you'll ever need, and now unless I marry you, I'm stuck with my little share?"

"You can have half the money they gave me, Jenna. I haven't spent any of it. It's just a number in an accountant's spread sheet to me. I don't care about it."

"It would buy a hell of a lot of fun toys."

"I know it would. And I'll buy you any toy you want right now. Just say the word. I still want to be with you, Jenna. You know that. But as far as the Chart deal is concerned, I just want out."

"We had some fun on the road, Adam. Great shows, fun with the guys. . . ."

"The road destroyed a part of me, Jenna, and killed a part of you. I hardly wrote at all while we were on tour. I have no clue what to write about, except touring, and getting fucked up, and being fucked with, and not fucking you as much as I wanted to, and getting drunk too often, and getting high on too many recreational drugs. That's not an album's worth of lyric material right there. And even if it was I wouldn't want to write it, and I sure as hell don't want to tour it."

“Well Chart would take anything you write at this point. They started off wanting me, but I think they realize you’re what makes us tick. I may be their golden goose, but you’re the cash cow. And they’ll treat you the way you deserve to be treated because they know that now.”

“If I did write songs for another CD, Chart would want it to sound just like the songs I wrote on the first CD, same thing all over again, so we can build on the image we’ve created. That’s what they really want! Is that what you want?”

“What’s so bad about people loving us? And respecting us for working hard? They love your songs, and they love me. And didn’t you have a good time with me on our days off in Rome? Paris? New York? No good times at all?”

“I’m not saying that I didn’t. I’m saying that overall it was. . .”

“Because I wouldn’t marry you? Is that what this is really about?”

“No! That’s not it at all. I just burned out. Just like you did for a while. Remember? Except I can’t pull myself out of it. You found a second wind somehow.”

“Maybe you’d find a second wind on the second tour! Maybe your internal rhythm is slower, just like it is when you make love to me.” Her eyes glazed and sparkled for a moment, in that joyous way that had always melted me.

“I’m not going out there again.”

She put her suitcase in our bedroom. She wanted me to know she wasn’t going anywhere tonight. Then she sat back down on the couch. “And what if I want to tour without you?”

“You *will* tour without me. You’re hooked. *They* know that. Their tentatively booking tour dates for you right now, without your

consent, or mine. Don't you get it, Jenna? For a few million bucks in advance they *know* they'll make dozens of times that. And all they're asking you to do is travel around the world and sing. Good for them. God bless both of us. But I'm out."

She stared at me in silence for a while. "Even if I married you. . . ?" There was no spark in her voice, no glisteny look in her eyes. Only the challenge of putting everything she had on the line.

"The road would break us up, we'd just grow further apart. I wouldn't do it even if you proposed to me right now on the spot. Unless you stay."

She was sure she wasn't going to change my mind now. If she took her suitcase and walked out right now she had a thousand places to stay, a thousand of places to go.

She looked at me again. A somber, beat-up, twenty-eight year-old, having celebrated my birthday on the road in a hotel in Minneapolis, the city where she was born and raised, and the city she ran away from.

Compare this to how I saw Jenna on this night – a luminous, street-wise sex symbol at twenty-two, having celebrated her birthday on stage during a concert in London. When I announced it was her birthday the entire hall started to stomp their feet, then spontaneously sang her "Happy Birthday."

"Not sure what I should do," she said quietly. She meant whether to stay tonight or not.

"If we're still together, stay. If we're not. . ."

She looked at me with her eyes betraying nothing.

"Okay, then stay anyway," I smiled.

I thought for sure she was leaving.

“We have to work this out,” she said. “I can’t think right now. We can talk more in the morning.”

She went into the bedroom and fell dead asleep on our bed, still wearing the clothes she wore on the plane from L.A.

She slept in until noon, about twelve hours straight. This is how Jenna processed through tough times. She would sleep when she was sad or confused.

When she finally awoke she came into the kitchen and consumed the breakfast I’d made for her.

“Adam,” she took a sip of tea interrupting herself, “I have a new idea.”

“An idea! Surprise – another idea from the idea lady.” I was making myself a sandwich. It was lunch time for me.

“Adam, I’ve decided I want to go back out on the road. I want to prove to myself that I’m smarter and tougher and better than they think I am. And better than anyone else out there at what I do. I want to survive it, I want the challenge, and I want to be a star.”

“You’re already a star.”

“A bigger star. The biggest!”

“Why?”

She had no immediate response.

“What’s the difference what they think, Jenna? What do you really have left to prove?”

“Let me finish.”

I’d pushed her crazy dream back in her face.

“Adam, what if we took the new deal with Chart, and happily accepted their four million dollars, and I went out on the road with the band plus two players to replace you, and you stayed here, but you wrote all the songs, and we stayed together? You could meet me

on the road for fun any time you want. And then when I come back, I'll. . ."

"I'd stay back here and write for you?"

"You'd write for us. Yes!" The shine came back in her eyes. She thought it was a beautiful and simple solution. And in many ways, it was. Except. . .

"We wouldn't be able to stay together, Jenna. I wouldn't see you for months at a time. We'd be strangers the next time we saw each other."

"Then come with; change your mind!" she said. "Or just come on the road and write and stay in the background instead of dragging yourself through it on stage every night. Oversee the band, the music, the money, even the schedule if you want to. You'd be our guiding star!"

"No."

"Then. . . write for me and stay here. Because I'm asking."

"Is that what you want?"

"For now."

"For now? How long is 'for now?' A few years more of 'for now'? Longer? Because by the time I write the songs and you record it, and you finally come back from a year on the road, 'for now' could be two years from now. Or three."

"That's true Adam. And I do love you. You're so important to me. I don't know."

She started to cry. I held her for a while without speaking. She whispered, "Adam. I've been given this wild opportunity. I have no idea why. 'You offered me the first apple off the tree,' says Eve. And I've traveled down this path with you, in and out of Eden. But you led me here! I'm only twenty-two. We have time. And I really want to

see where this goes." She wiped away a tear that had fallen. "And with all the money we make, we could buy a big house some day and. . ."

"Fuck the money."

"Four million dollars, Adam!"

"SO then we buy a nice cozy little mansion in Bel Air?"

She took my hand. "Adam. I still love you. We can still be together. I love you, and that's not going to disappear just because of this."

I thought back to my own life six years ago. At twenty-two, would I have been ready for any of this? At twenty-two, if I was on top of the world, a King, the newest God of Rock 'n Roll, would I have been ready to give it all up and get married?

I groped around through my own private darkness until I realized there was only one way to keep her loving me at least for a little while longer. Maybe her idea wouldn't turn out as bad as I feared. But it probably would.

"Where would you stay while I was writing the next CD?"

"What do you mean? *Here*, of course. Where else? Do you need to be a fucking hermit to write now?"

"So we would live the life I want for us now, while I write, and you would rest and gear up for the next super nova?"

"If I wouldn't be too much of a distraction."

"What if I wrote really really slowly?" I laughed. "You could be stuck with me here for years and years! I could get writers block. I could go on strike every night you don't fuck me."

"There wouldn't be a lot of those nights for you to worry about. You know that."

I was silent for way too long.

“Well? Look at it this way, Adam! The sooner you write the songs, the sooner I’ll be out on the road, and the sooner I’ll be home again, and maybe I’ll be ready next time. . . for other things. With you. For us. Maybe we’ll go through an “us” stage again but it won’t be just about the music, and it’ll be forever next time.”

I looked at her pleadingly.

“Adam, *come on*, let’s not mess this up!”

Chapter Twenty-two

There's a road in the heart of the city that reflected what was going on with Jenna and me. It's a zigzag road that goes straight up a hill to the top of a busy street. It's a crooked path very sharply angled, hard to drive, hard to walk up, but beautiful along the way. Gardens and bright flowers and pastel colored houses line the red brick pavement. It's a pleasant but very steep winding journey. The problem is, once you're at the top, the street that it drops you onto is so busy, with traffic zooming by, horns honking, homeless dudes in their long gray overcoats staring at you from across the road, that you begin to wonder why you climbed up the beautiful zigzag path to begin with.

Maybe you did it because the journey to the top was like no other walk you'd ever known before. And because you wanted to share an adventure with her, and because she wanted to walk it with only you.

But here, at the top, you suddenly realize the only place you really want to be is back down at the beginning. You want the time back. You want to end up somewhere else. Over a bridge maybe, or across an ocean, far away from Lombard Street. And you actually can get back to the beginning in a short period of time if you decide that's what you want, and you're sure of it.

It's all downhill, an easy walk down. But it's *way* down. And down is never as much fun as up. And you really can't go back down anyway, because, little Alice, that's just not the way the game works in Wonderland. We'd be late for a very important date with the future. Jenna's future. The past is dead. No turning back.

* * *

I decided to give Jenna what she wanted. I wouldn't play games about it. She wanted me to write; I'd write. I knew once the first song came others would quickly follow. That's the way it seemed to work for me. I just needed that first clear vision of what this next CD was going to sound like, and what it would be about.

The unspoken stipulation, a kind of devil's bargain, was that during the writing of the CD she would be my muse. She would be mine completely. We would make love, take day trips up and down the coast, eat breakfast in bed at noon. She would work in the garden, sculpt odd figurines down in the shed, in-between a million phone calls and interviews and photo shoots, and sing with me for old times' sake. Although I knew every time we sang she would be trying to reel me back in.

I let her take over the business end of things since I really didn't care anymore. And she only sang on the days we sang together. Her voice still hadn't fully healed yet. It would take months of rest.

A few of the sculptures that she made long before our first tour now sat cobwebbed and forlorn on the shelf of the pottery shed. They were like ghosts with stories to tell – what had happened here since we'd been gone? And what had happened to you? They seemed to want to know sometimes.

The main difference between "back then" and now was everything was focused on Jenna and her budding stardom. It was no longer "us" on stage. It was her stardom, her image, her pushing the game forward.

The record company was more than willing to make it all about her. They saw me as a wall between them and their super star. They

were thrilled to hear I would write the songs and stay behind. I would be the wizard behind the curtain – using my songs to propel her, and create an image to dazzle the world with. It was her face, her voice, but it was my words coming through. “Jade” was dead. Our business and our home had turned into a new company called “Jenna James, Inc.” There was no rest from it. And the next CD would simply be called “Jenna.”

I hungrily took the love I could get from her. I wrote the songs I knew she would want to sing, and should sing. But every time I finished one, and sang it to her, and saw her eyes light up, I could see the New Year’s ball dropping a little bit lower on the tower. Time was taking her away from me. And the insane truth was, the more creative I got, the faster she’d be gone.

* * *

The last song for the CD was a ballad about a girl that had gone to the big city to make it on her own, but realized in the end she’d made a mistake, the city had beaten her down, and all she wanted now was to go back home to the one person who still loved her. (No one would wonder where I got the inspiration from.)

New York Journal

*New York’s fabled night life wears no mask tonight
Just an endless yellow blur of storied lights
Reaching up a thousand feet in the sky like anxious arms
But I’m walking away.*

*And what drew me back here draws me to the dark inside
Even though I came to light another spark inside
It's time I stop fooling myself that New York's a part of me
It's parting me.*

*And I promise babe I won't look back this time
I can't believe I was pulled away
from you – but I'm leaving....*

*In a beat up cab with my bags jammed inside
I take one more look at billboards framed in light
They may as well be written by a thief
Whose clever lies seem to steal life.*

*And I promise babe I won't be back this way
I can't believe I had to go
Sometimes it takes a lot to look inside
And sometimes you just know*

*Here at the airport your eyes call to me
I see them through the clouds beneath my feet
I'll see them and I'll know that I truly have arrived
Here on this last New York night.*

*And I promise babe I won't look back this time
I can't believe I was pulled away
from the love you gave me every day
No need to pretend anymore
I'm coming...home.*

* * *

The CD was scheduled to be recorded at a big studio in L.A. Chart was anxious to record Jenna as soon as possible and get her back on the road. They had four million riding on this one. The game had become a lot more serious. There was no room to screw up. Momentum was being lost by the day. Surprisingly, they tried to persuade me to change my mind just before the recording and join the band. They knew Jenna and I had a chemistry on stage, as well as off stage. And I had my own following of songwriter junkies that wanted to see the writer up there next to Jenna singing harmonies and directing the band. The company started to have some trepidation that without me things might not be, or look, the same. Besides, maybe I was the one person who could control Jenna and keep her from falling off the edge when things got rough. They heard how I'd done that for her on the last tour. Saved the tour. Thank God.

Jenna tried to get them to persuade me as well. She was all for them changing my mind at the last minute. But in the end, the more I took part in the recording and hung around the record execs, and even Elliot to some extent, the more disgusted and bored I got. The more put-off I felt. The more it made no sense for me to repeat what I hated before.

Somehow I had legally gotten out. I'd escaped. That was an incredible piece of luck. And I didn't envy Jenna in the slightest for what she was going to have to go through. I built the rocket. She was being strapped in, risking everything. I was going home as soon as the rocket was launched. I'd be watching her through a telescope, orbit after orbit.

They agreed to let me produce the CD, but this time with a co-producer named James Haley, a famous rock mogul that I actually had no problem working with.

Jenna was all business. There were execs everywhere. Others begging for special access included fans that had started the “Jenna James Fan Clubs,” other rock stars using the recording studios down the hall, hot girls that were owed favors by fat recording engineers and their assistants, and wanna-be Jenna’s who were climbing into rockets others had built just for them. They were all trading favors, down on bended knees, wanting to get a glimpse of her singing in the studio.

The madness continued day after day. Budding stars tried to make their presence known to the Chart executives at inappropriate moments, or bartered their way in to drop a CD demo in James Haley’s lap.

James was a pro. He took it all in stride. People were politely shuttled in and out while we focused on our work. We had a budget, and we stuck to it. The CD was locked and loaded sixty days later.

Chapter Twenty-three

A few hours before dawn Jenna was doing some last minute packing. She was on the verge of becoming a true super star. Her level of confidence in her own abilities was beyond ego. She knew she was going to become mega-famous in the next few months, and there was no stopping it. She loved my new songs, she loved the new CD, and she knew what she could do with the songs on stage. Her eyes sparkled like back-lit crystals when she began to sing. I was the writer of her fantasy. It was all my doing. I started this. I was hoping I hadn't committed homicide with my ego holding the knife.

We didn't make love that morning. It was too frenetic. She was packing for a trip that might never end. I realized this could be the last time we would ever be in this house together.

I was writing in my notebook, trying to prevent myself from going insane, though what I was writing suggested I might have already gone insane. Words and thoughts I would never share with anyone were filling page after page. Of course, she invited me to meet her on tour anywhere anytime, and stay for as long as I wanted. And play on stage with her that night. But I knew that the time we would spend together would come down to a dinner with ten other people, then a few hours in bed. The rest of the time Jenna would be lost to me, only a fleeting image would remain, like a cloud crossing the moon. I had to get my life back.

* * *

I wrote another page in my insanity notebook:

Looking out at the crowd you see only darkness, you're surrounded by the glare of the stage lights. You hear applause that sounds like static on your radio, or occasionally whistles or the stomping of feet, but when you're burned out it doesn't reach you anymore. You smile a fake smile. You're a ghost smiling at ghosts. You wave and put your fist high up in the air. And it feels exactly like it did the night before. You play more or less what you played the night before. It's like a recurring dream with no symbolism. A recurring ghost story.

Who do you trust to help you define what's going on when you are "out there"? The press? The reviewers? Your road manager? The company execs? Your attorney? Your accountant? Your old friends back home? Who do you believe? How do you control your image? How do you control where they decide to take you next? What should you do with the rest of your life when it's finally over?

Hopefully you save yourself just before you fall, hopefully you'll know when it's over. Because no one else will.

* * *

The limo arrived. I kissed her goodbye at the door. Her eyes held no sadness, no regret. I thought of the irony of her singing "New York Journal" for the next year or more of her life, when in reality she wanted to be there, not here.

Chapter Twenty-four

I did harbor one odd secret hope – that the tour would flop. Maybe the second CD wouldn't be as good as the first in the eyes of the all-knowing press, and the tour would die before hitting the east coast. Maybe the press would even point to the fact that I was no longer in the band, and that without my presence on stage the band just wasn't the same. I had enough money saved to stay comfortable for a long time. Maybe forever. Plus I was continuing to get royalties from the first CD. I'd rather have Jenna coming home disillusioned, ready to quit. That was my ridiculous secret hope – one I felt too embarrassed about to even fully admit to myself.

No such luck. The momentum from the first tour carried over. Jenna was going from an up-and-coming new artist, with national name recognition to a full-blown rock icon. Chart Records was thrilled. They called me often to congratulate me. The songs were a critical part of Jenna's success, they knew that now. They had to have me on board. A lot more money would be coming my way now that a second song from the new CD had broken into the Top Ten.

Jenna was everywhere. Videos were being pumped out in between concerts. There were photo shoots for women's magazines and teen magazines. Jenna's new publicist was trying to decide between a hundred different TV commercials being offered to her for cosmetics, clothes, food, cell phones. She was going to be a model on a runway wearing clothes by a famous French clothing designer the day before her Paris concert. Maybe they'd name a candy bar after her in New York, who knows? The J.J. Bar. Who wouldn't want to eat her up?

Jenna would call me a few times a week, breathless, happy, wiped-out. She would ask me my opinion on dozens of business and image issues. Choices she had to make. We would say that we missed each other. We would sign off with “I love you.”

Then the phone calls got less frequent. The east coast had swallowed her up. Europe was next.

Then rumors started surfacing in certain magazines – gossip rags – that Jenna and a “to-be-named” movie star were “in a hot romance.”

The following week the name was revealed. The movie star was a young actor sensation named Dean Dellehome. (That wasn’t his birth name, but then who in Hollywood would be boring enough to use their birth name anymore?) Apparently he was following Jenna’s tour while he was waiting to start his next film. Basically, he was stalking her.

I didn’t want to believe it. I remembered the lies the gossip rags had written about me. The truth didn’t really matter out there in super star fantasy land. But it broke me down. Just the thought of it being true turned my mind as black as the inside of an abandoned coal mine. It’s not true, I would call out from the bottom of the mine.

But it was true.

The next time Jenna called the first thing she did was apologize for the rumors that were following her everywhere, but then she also admitted she had been seeing him.

“I slept with him a few times, Adam. I’m sorry. But he helped me through a lot of emotional things these last few weeks. The whole megastar thing is way too wild for anyone to handle sometimes. He’s experienced all that himself and he gave me some good advice about how to find some sanity, and privacy, and how to pace myself.

Anyway Adam, I still care about you so much. You're still my favorite person in the world. You're still my best friend. You really are!"

"Best friend."

"Are you seeing someone too?"

"No. No. Not yet. But I will, if I meet the right. . . don't worry about it."

"I would understand. But I just want you to know I'm not seeing him anymore. It was just a thing. He was a bit over the top as a person if you want to know the truth. Fame killed a part of him. I saw that. I'm trying to not let it happen to me"

"Has it already happened?"

"Okay, I really have to go."

"Fine Jenna. You're the star, you can do whatever the fuck you want."

Here's what I realized: My stoic attitude, holding back my feelings when we spoke, wasn't working. And being upfront about how I felt hadn't worked either.

Conclusion: Nothing worked. Not any more.

* * *

Chapter Twenty-five

I went for a five hour walk around the city that day. I didn't care if I ended up back home that night or not. If I met some girl, and if she recognized me, and praised me, and got me drunk enough, then took me home to wherever she lived and drugged me, and I woke up with her fucking me, fine. Whatever.

I ended up getting home late that night, without anyone, knowing that, just like the rest of the entire world at this point, I couldn't think of anyone but her, even for a few hours.

I wrote her a letter at 4 a.m. Of course, I didn't send it. I'm not that stupid.

* * *

Another interesting Christmas arrived. Jenna and the band would be right here in town playing a concert at the Oakland Coliseum, this time, this year, as the headliner. Tickets for her show sold out in fifteen minutes.

She had just been featured in "Sparkle," the new rock magazine geared to the young hip female demographic. Jenna was on the front cover, her face framed in light, her blue-green eyes photoshopped to crystal green, like starlight seen through a prism. Her hair was cut in a bob, there was the thematic lace around her collar. Inside was another picture of her, full-length. Over her white dress she wore an even whiter silk rock 'n roll jacket, unbuttoned, ending at the waist, sleeves long and flared at the wrist, with a gold heart embroidered ever so subtly onto the right breast pocket.

The article began, "Imagine combining innocence with raw eroticism and you will have the ingredients for the delicious ultra-hip rock 'n roll mega-star named Jenna James. But this is also a star with a message. . . ."

It went on to describe me, and how I neatly fit into her life, "Her husband/songwriter, Adam Devonshire, quit the band to focus on writing for Jenna, finding constant inspiration from her beautiful spirit."

"Husband /songwriter?" Where did they get that from?
And don't forget how my lyrics are inspired by her beautiful spirit.

As I went back to staring at the picture of her on the cover, stunned once again by the sheer unreality of it all, the phone rang. My private cell. And I could tell from the caller I.D. it was her.

"Hey, Adam."

"Hi there astronaut. How's life in outer space?"

"Stratosphere Adam, pretty much crazy all the time. No way down."

"The local show is tonight, yes?"

"Tomorrow! We came in a day early. Everyone in the band is excited to see their friends and family."

". . . . That's good."

"Adam. . . can I come by?"

"You still have some clothes you left here, not that you'd wear that stuff anymore."

"Not true! How's the garden?"

"Stone dead."

"Nice, Adam."

“Black thumb. You know that. I don’t get plants. All I can do is write songs at your command.”

“Okay. Well do you want me to come over at *your* command?”

“It’s still your half your house. Speaking of which you’re behind on your share of the rent.”

“Sorry, I’ll bring a pocket full of hundreds when I come.”

The time dragged by as I cleaned the house for reasons that made no sense, really. Why should I care? I expected a few war stories from the tour. Maybe dinner, and an awkward hug goodbye. Part of me was dreading it.

That night at 10 pm she hopped quickly out of a limousine in a gray hoodie and rushed up the stairs, hoping to avoid anyone that may have recognized her.

Underneath the hoodie she was wearing a skimpy white dress, with black sneakers.

She came in and went over to the picture window without saying hello and pulled down the shade. Then she came back to where I was standing and gave me a long drawn out kiss. Very long.

“Hello,” she said, breathing heavily.

Her kiss stunned me. I had no idea what she was thinking.

“Adam, let’s go into the bedroom and make love. Right now. Don’t say no.”

She pulled my hand forward until I followed her into the room, then she pulled more shades as far down as they could go. She carefully removed my guitar from the bed and placed it against the wall.

Then she looked back at me. "You don't have a girlfriend, do you? I mean someone that you really care about. . . *Do you?* Because I wouldn't want to. . ."

"No."

She reached down to pull the hoodie over her head.

"In bed?" I raised my eyebrows. "You never make love in a bed, at least you never did with me."

"Well, this is the closest thing we can lay down on that won't ruin my thousand dollar dress," she whispered.

She finished taking off her hoodie, flung her sneakers into the corner one at a time. What she was wearing now looked more like a negligee than a dress. Or maybe it was an actual negligee. Who could tell the difference anymore? She pulled the straps off of her shoulders and let the dress slip to the floor and laid down. She waited for me to lay next to her.

"It's been a long time. Many realities long, Adam. Too much drinking, drugged out half the time, *shit*, no one is ever in their right mind anymore."

She lifted one hand and covered her face. "No one wants to admit it." She put her mouth closer to my ear, "He was. . . he was shooting up," she said. She began to sob, "He scared me," she said grabbing hold of my arm. "I didn't find out until we were. . . way too close. . . . And I felt humiliated. Adam, I was so fucking stupid. I only know one damn thing, and not much else. . . I want you back."

We made love and she fell asleep. A few hours later we made love again, slower this time, until it seemed as if we were back together, the way it used to be, way before last summer, way before we ever toured together.

I shut my eyes. Disbelief. This was so off script! *You don't have time for this, Jenna.* You don't have time for me.

She awoke at noon the next day, cheery and dressed in her old clothes that had still been hanging on her side of the closet.

"Oh shit, I've gotta go, Adam. Sound check. Come, *please?*" She reached out for my hand.

I smiled. "Okay."

A limo was waiting outside. Ned always knew where to pick her up, and when.

We went together. We made our way across the bridge to Oakland and got to the Coliseum. Only the road crew and the band were there, Neal, Stef, Rob. There they were, checking out their gear. It was surreal.

They had become stars in their own right now. Each one of them. I was still the writer and producer for the band, but I was seen as recluse, a strange, moody, stubborn hermit in the eyes of the press. They had a guitar player that had replaced me, Erin Rogers. He came over and showered me with praise and told me how happy he was to see me. I'd heard him play on a few other records. He was extremely good. He played my songs well, left plenty of room for Jenna's voice, added his own tasteful touches at the right moments. Great tone. He was the consummate L.A. professional and a good guy.

The sound check went well. The crew was phenomenally on top of things. They'd gotten a lot better this tour. Dinner was brought in from a new three-star restaurant in the city. I looked around for Jenna after we ate but she'd been whisked away. Her hair had to get done. Makeup applied. The guys were joking about something, sitting back drinking beer. They were no longer sidemen in a tight

little rock band on their way up. They were entertainment giants on a world tour.

The opening act droned on. I remembered all of us in the same situation years ago. We'd been the hungry opening act on a big stage, scared that no one was listening. No one paid much attention to this band either. Jenna was the only thing people would remember when the night was over.

By the time she walked on the stage the crowd was in a frenzy. The screams were almost deafening. But the sound system was more than capable of drowning them all out right from the opening chord. Her voice was amazing as always, but I noticed the arrangement of the songs had changed from the CD. They were a little more pop-oriented. Not as rough-edged as they should have been. Chart was targeting teenage girls now. The lyrics weren't spotlighted like they used to be. Jenna had learned some subtle dance moves, looking sexy on purpose, posing in certain moments. The audience roared at her. She teased the crowd with her smile. Everything was overt, and larger than life. She was a pro, doing what pros do. But I saw through it. Something was a little off. The songs weren't translating to me.

I went backstage after their three well-rehearsed encores. My gold backstage pass parted the waters through a sea of security guards. Everyone in the band was already drinking. The press was everywhere. People were running around trying to take selfies on their cell phones. It was a mess. A zoo.

I finally caught a quick glimpse of Jenna, mobbed, everyone wanted to get near her. Touch her. Breathe her. Touch a piece of her clothing. She scribbled a note and reached past the crowd to hand to me. It said, "Meet you back at the house. Wait up for me."

She mock frowned and shrugged her shoulders. I nodded and waved goodbye. It took me nearly half an hour to get out to the parking lot because I was recognized by a few members of the press.

“Why did you leave the band, Adam?”

“I’ve answered that many times before.” I tried to smile, but otherwise be emotionless, and give the most stock answers I could. “I just don’t like being on the road. It’s as simple as that.”

“But why not at least give interviews?”

“With you guys? If you were me, would you give an interview to you?” A broader smile. They got the joke and wrote it down.

“Did you have a fight with one of the band members? And if so, why is he still in the band?”

“No.”

“Did he sleep with her, Adam? Is that why you won’t tour?”

“No.” They waited for more but I tried to yawn.

“Are you and Jenna back together?”

“How did you feel about her and Dean Dellehome being together?”

“Great. I felt great about it. He’s a super guy.”

“Really? Why? Are you gay?”

“What?”

“Did that have anything to do with Jenna leaving you?” The reporter who asked the question had shoved his way in front of the others. He was one of the bad boys. Always trying to dig up something evil.

I stared at him coldly and refused to answer.

Another reporter shouted out behind him: “Can you just answer the question, Adam? Are you gay?”

“Look, for the record, there’s nothing wrong with being gay. Really. And if I was gay I’d be proud of it. But I’m not.”

Assholes.

I finally made it out of there and took a cab back to the house.

Jenna came in quietly at 3 a.m. She knew where to find the hidden key. I heard her opening the front door.

I sat up quickly, pretending to be reading a book in bed.

“Hey, were you asleep?”

“Napping.”

“Well, go back to sleep. I don’t want to disturb you.”

“Are you drunk?”

“Had a nip,” she smiled broadly. “But not to worry.”

She flopped down a little too hard on the bed and closed her eyes with a groan. “Fuck, I gotta sleep. Let’s hang out in the morning.”

When she finally awoke it was 1 pm. She came out of the bedroom in a rush. “Oh God, I’m late,” she said. I looked out the window. The limo was waiting. The driver was looking at his watch.

“Are you coming back later, or...?”

“I can’t, baby. I have to catch a plane.”

“Where to next?”

“I have no fucking idea!” she said. “Remember? We never had any idea. You know how it is.”

I had a lot more questions. But I said nothing.

“Oh God, bye,” she said, looking at her watch.

A quick kiss and a touch of her hand on my face. No teary eyes. No longing embrace.

The limo pulled away and I was left to decipher the whirlwind.

Chapter Twenty-six

I decided Jenna and I were done. There was some kind of letting go that happened. I didn't like who she was turning into. I didn't even want to write songs for that person anymore. I had to figure out a way to move on.

A week later I wrote a new song about a break up except the girl didn't know about it yet. I sent it to my new publishing company. This was the first song I was giving them that hadn't been sung and recorded by Jenna. I told them to find someone big and make this a hit. I was becoming a mercenary.

A few weeks later a young exec from the publishing company called to tell me excitedly that a super star had bought the exclusive rights to the song for an enormous amount of money!

"Great," I said. I was hoping it would be someone whose music I at least respected. "Who is it?"

"The one and only Jenna James!" he said beaming.

Did he even know who I was?

"Fuck!" I screamed.

"But she bought it for a crazy amount of money up front. You won't believe how much she paid."

Three months later the song hit the airwaves with Jenna's voice on it. The band stayed in New York three extra days just to record it.

A month after that, it became another Jenna James hit. She was singing about the break up to *me* now, instead of vice versa. She had taken my goodbye song and thrown it right back in my face.

Chapter Twenty-seven

I had to get away. I was getting twenty or thirty calls a day. Execs calling from my publishing company wanting more new songs, record companies asking me to sign with them as a stand-alone artist, the press asking for interviews. I needed an agent to handle all this – no problem: agents were calling too.

So I did what any young rock star would do, I moved to Kauai. I decided I wanted to live as far away from the craziness as possible but still be in America. I heard Maui was also beautiful. So I decided I would spend time in both places and choose between them. Or maybe I'd buy a big house in both places. Why not?

I declared myself retired. No one believed me until I threw away my business cell phone. Done.

Before I left I hired accountants and attorneys to take over my finances, with a request to leave me alone as much as possible. I gave Elliot power of attorney. I wouldn't even have to sign anything anymore.

The next time Jenna called me I told her I was moving away and asked if she wanted to take over the rental payments on the house. But she didn't seem particularly interested. She said she'd think about it, but didn't even bring up the subject on our next call. So at my insistence a crew of her people came to the house to get her things. She no longer lived anywhere, except from hotel suite to hotel suite on the road. No home to go back to now.

When I first told her I was breaking up with her all she said was, "We'll see." But now, finally, she had to take me seriously. She had no choice.

She was now officially mega-rich, homeless, famous, and without someone who loved her. Not so bad on paper, I guess. And I couldn't imagine her caring all that much. She just didn't have the time.

When I landed in Kauai, where Jenna and I took our mini-vacation after the first CD, a flood of memories came back to me. I felt like it wasn't the new start I was looking for. Too many images were stuck in my head. So I made a quick change of plans and headed off to Maui earlier than planned.

After a week of being settled there something great happened. I found myself loving it. People left me alone here. I could walk on the beach and no one stopped me. I could shop in stores and no one knew me. It was warm. It was enormously beautiful. This was exactly what I wanted.

I found a house to rent right on the beach in Wailea. I would buy a house whenever I felt like it. But for now, this ten thousand dollar a month rental with a full-on ocean view would do just fine. I bought a grand piano, and a blue convertible with six gears. One morning I got inspired for the first time in months to write a song. I felt the urge overtaking me. But just as I was beginning to write the lyrics, my cell phone rang. Only Elliot knew the number. And he knew not to call me unless it was urgent.

I picked it up. But it was Jenna. Her words were almost inaudible when she spoke.

She had hit burn out again, but this time it wasn't going away. She felt like the end of her life had come. Everything was going dark.

Her voice was weak, "So, yesterday I told Ned I wasn't going to sing again until I was good and goddamn fucking ready, which may be never. And when he brought up the fact that I had a huge amount

of legal obligations I screamed at him and pushed him against a wall. He almost fell down a flight of stairs.”

Her voice was shaking now. “I put my face right next to his. I told him that he had pushed me over the edge for the second time in two tours, he should have known better. He was working for them, not for me, he had never really been working for me, that was clear to me now. And then I fired him. I told him to get out and not to come back. He left last night.”

She started crying hard. “And then. . . I fired the band! I kissed them each goodbye and told them to go home. I told them that I loved them, but it was all over. I told them I was done. I was drowning, dying, and I couldn’t breathe anymore. And they couldn’t save me.”

There was silence on the line while she tried to calm herself down. “Then I took a cab to another hotel and checked in under a fake name so no one would find me.”

“What hotel? Where are you Jenna?”

“In a bad bad space.”

“No, I mean where *are* you? What city? What hotel?”

She ignored my question. “I’m not sure anymore, and I don’t want to know. I don’t want to know how many shows I’ve missed, or what kind of legal trouble I’m in. All I know is that I never want to sing again. And that. . . I need you to help me, Adam! *Please.*” She said that last word in a whisper.

“If you want me to come get you I need to know where you are.”

No answer.

She sounded drugged. She was crying and mumbling all at the same time. She wasn’t going to be able to answer any questions. But

then it finally came out – she'd gotten a few bad reviews, more than one, in fact, that said she'd lost her magic, her innocence, she was becoming a sad caricature of herself. That rattled her. Because she knew they were right.

"It wasn't just the reviews, Adam. The shows have gotten crazy. A few nights ago some fan got past security and climbed on stage and said he was Dean Dellehome's best friend and asked me to fuck him. He pushed me back into a guitar amp and reached his hand up my dress before Stef walloped him in the fucking face. The security guards peeled them away from each other then dragged the bastard off stage. I think Stef broke his jaw. Then after the gig I had to file a criminal complaint. I feel so scared. I'm in too deep."

"I think. . ."

"And now, I'll be sued by the concert promoters, Adam, and Chart too! After all the money I made them, they'll probably want it all back. So this is what it comes down to."

She was hyperventilating, choking for breath. I thought she might actually die while talking to me on the phone.

"Save me from drowning in myself."

I thought about telling her to get on a plane and come to Maui, but she wouldn't even be able to make it to the airport.

"Send me a lifeline," she began to sing, but then had a coughing fit.

What I wanted to say was -- I should have stopped this when you burned out the first time. I should have heard what you were saying to me back then. But I pushed you to stick it out. I dared you to. I had my own selfish reasons back then. You caught your second wind and made me millions of dollars, and now you're close to dead. My bad.

But there was no time for apologies.

She finally calmed down enough to say - "Um, I think I'm in Chicago. In a hotel. I can't remember the name." Then she either hung up, or the phone dropped out of her hand.

I called Elliot on his emergency cell, who got hold of Ned, who revealed to me the name of the hotel she probably went to and the false name she was using - Haley Jones. I didn't have time to get into the rest of the drama, even though he tried to tell me his side of the story. He was pretty shook up. I hung up on him and immediately booked a nine hour direct flight to O'Hare. I was hoping she would still be alive when I got to her.

I caught a cab to her hotel, got Haley Jones' room number from a young girl working at the reception desk, flew up three flights of stairs and knocked on the door. No answer.

"J. . ." I started to scream out her name, but I realized that might not be a good idea. I looked around. No one was in the hallway. I knocked again, harder this time. Still no answer. There was a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door. Maybe she thought I was a maid wanting to clean the room after so many days of *not* disturbing.... So I decided to knock in a rhythmic way, using both hands to play a four on five polyrhythm. Something I once taught her.

More silence. Then suddenly the door opened.

"Oh God, Adam! I wasn't expecting you for another few hours. What time is it?"

"Time to invite me in," I said, pushing past her and closing the door quietly.

She looked at me and smiled shyly. It was the old “Jenna look” from so long ago, before her self-confidence turned into a cold monolithic thing.

But it was also eerie seeing her so still, so quiet.

I sat on the unmade bed. She seemed frozen with fear. The room was dark. Blinds were closed. Lights were off.

“Ok, J.J., I’m here. What now?”

I thought maybe she would say, “I have an idea!” and beg me to go back on the road with her. But then I realized she was way past that.

“Do you want to come to Maui? We can leave tomorrow.”

“Need time to think,” she whispered. “I don’t know, Adam. I’m dead. Are you really here? What day is now. . . ?” She was falling asleep.

I went to her laptop, which she hardly ever used. Computers were things to avoid, with hundreds of emails screaming at her by the hour.

I went to my favorite travel site and typed in my credit card after choosing a flight.

“You can meet me at the Maui airport on a first class flight from O’Hare one week from tonight. The email confirmation already hit your in-box. You’ll need a damn good disguise flying on a commercial flight by yourself. But I’ll let you figure that part out on your own. In fact, dress as you are now. No one would think it’s you.”

She laughed nervously, “*Thanks, I think!*”

She got up from the bed where she was sitting. Maybe she was about to put her arms around me and tell me all the reasons why I was moving just a little too fast, which she always told me when I did

impulsive things like this – but at that very moment a bottle of pills fell on the floor. They had been lying in bed beside her.

She quickly reached down to pick it up but I got there first. A label on the brown plastic bottle had been partially torn off.

“You dropped your, uh...”

“Comfort food.”

“Very funny.”

As I looked around through the dim light there seemed to be another bottle of pills near her opened suitcase, right next to a bottle of Jack Daniels.

“Okay, J.J. I get it.”

“I really needed to stay calm, that’s all. They’re low doses. They just take the edge off.”

“And what edge is that?” I was raising my voice a little too loud.

“They’ve helped me think things through.”

“Jenna, you call this thinking things through? I think they’ve helped to sink you. You’ve *crashed* into the rocks. How do you figure this is helping you when you’re close to killing yourself?”

“Adam, look, I’m okay. I don’t take that much.”

“Who gave you this stuff?”

“Adam, I said I’m okay.”

“*Who gave you this?*” I held the bottle of pills up to her eyes.

“Ned.”

“I can’t believe he’d do that to you.”

“I had to do the show. It helped me make it through. But I’m okay.”

“*This is okay?* Look around, Jenna, you’re all alone, sitting in a dark room in a Chicago hotel with a bottle of pills laying on your

bed, and the only guy you want is Jack Daniels. Is that what you imagined 'okay' would look like? Is this what you've always hoped for? You wanted to show them you could make it, right? You could beat the system and end up stronger than they are. *Well this ain't it.*"

"You don't understand," she moaned and flopped back onto the bed.

"Jenna. I haven't been totally honest with you."

"What are you talking about?" Her eyes were still half-closed.

"I thought I'd lose you by telling you straight out. But it doesn't make any difference anymore. Because I've already lost you."

"Have you found someone?"

"Found someone? I've lost someone. And I'm pissed about it. I'm pissed at you for fucking up your life. And mine. And I'm pissed that you fucked up what we had together. You fucking blew it, Jenna."

"That's pretty funny!" she screamed. *"You set this up in the first place!* Then you abandoned me by not coming on the tour. You sat home making most of the money while I was screaming your precious words out to the world every night! I've been the. . . the carrier pigeon. Your little song bird. While you. . ." voice trailed off.

All I could think to myself was - checkmate. "Okay. I did set this up. I admit it."

She slammed her hand down on the bed and said, *"Shit, I didn't mean that! That's bull shit. I'm not blaming you for this. That's fucking absurd and you know it."*

"No, Jenna. The first time you hit burn out I should have let you quit. I was too caught up in it, just like you are now. I gave you the whole 'we'll get sued' crap, the same crap that Ned threatened me with any time I wanted to stop. So I talked you into sticking it out. And lady, you did. You keep sticking it out, even when you

didn't have to anymore. Committed all the way. But they finally broke you. And here you are, lost in hell."

She was hearing me, I knew that clearly, because she was sobbing again.

"But that's still not what I was scared to tell you."

"So what is it? You're in love with some girl you met at a club and she's a singer, and you're writing songs for her now. Did I guess it?"

I shook my head and laughed. "No baby. It's harder for you to hear than that."

A look of fear came over her.

"Jenna, I found out something living by myself last year. I found out I don't need to be amazing to be okay. I don't need to be a rock 'n roll god. All I know is, I met this girl long ago, and I loved her from the minute I set eyes on her, and I still love her. Only her, actually, if you can keep a secret between you and me. And there's another secret I'm afraid to tell you. I want to marry her and have kids with her some day. I want to live a life with no other meaning that needs to be attached to it, and with nothing else to accomplish. That's what I want. That's all I want. That's the lazy unambitious truth I was afraid to tell you. Because why wouldn't you run as far away from that as you could? You always have."

She had been nervously shaking her hands. But she stopped. Her eyes were closed and her body was starting to sway. I thought she might be passing out. But then she said, "Right."

"You're young, you're idolized, you're a true super star now. Why throw away all that to live a normal life with a guy who decided to surrender? And what the hell does a normal life translate to you as anyway? All you remember from your normal life growing up are

the daily fights, a divorce, and an abandoned kid that no one wanted to talk to. Why the fuck would you want your kid to inherit all that? Better to just fade away or run away, or explode like a super nova, then have to face all those ghosts again.”

She squinted her eyes at me as if to say, why do you think you have the right to throw all that in my face? But instead she said, “Well, you’re right, Adam. I never liked it down there on the ground, working as a waitress sucked, taking a bus home at two in the morning wasn’t fun either.” She started to laugh, “But it sucks here in outer space too! So, there’s really nowhere to go, and nowhere to land.”

The air in the room was dead. But there were no windows that would open on the tenth floor. I stayed in enough hotels on the road to know that. “Man, I feel like we’re hanging out in a giant coffin.”

“There’s the thermostat across from the desk. We’re in a controlled atmospheric environment.”

“Inside and outside, Jenna. That’s your life in a metaphor.”

“I’ve always loved your metaphors,” she smiled, her eyes closing again.

I laid down next to her and put my hands over my eyes. “So the songs can’t free us, and fame can’t free us. And escaping everything by going on tour can’t free us. And love can’t free us. Sounds pretty fucked up.”

She put her hand over my mouth and her eyes got big. She nodded her head as a tear fell from her face. She suddenly understood. She got it. The end game didn’t exist.

She kissed me, then curled up against me.

“Jenna,” I whispered.

“What?”

“Time to come down. You’re running out of oxygen up there.”

“*I know*,” she cried.

After a moment of silence to honor the death of what seemed like everything, I said, “A few days should be enough time for you to straighten out what you can business-wise and flip off the rest. But I’m not going to do it for you. I’m not going to let you sit here stoned out of your fucking mind in the dark while I try to save you from yourself. You have to get yourself out so nobody can drag you back in.”

She shook her head, trying to reason something out with herself. “Maybe it would be easier to just finish the damn tour, then stop.”

“Up to you, Jenna. Don’t ask me to get into all that.”

She stood up and began to pace, suddenly agitated, “Adam, I’m trapped. If I just stop they’ll come after me and I’ll lose every dime I’ve made! Maybe they’d take some of your money too.”

“We can work out the legal stuff, J.J.”

“But Ned said. . .”

“Fuck Ned. Jenna, it doesn’t matter anymore. *This is your life we’re talking about!* If you can’t live the way you want when you’re a super star *then what’s the fucking point?*”

“I overheard someone at Chart call me a ‘super slave.’”

“Yeah, well why should you care about them now, J.J? Look, as my sweet girlfriend, Eve, used to say, ‘I have an idea!’”

She perked up. A new and honest smile was born on her face.

“Go, Einstein.”

“*Quit at the top!* Quit while you’re a mega-star! That’s how you win! You’ll immortalize yourself!”

She nervously ran her fingers through her hair, waiting for me to say more.

“That’s it! That’s the answer. Jenna, I made most of the money anyway. It doesn’t matter if you break your part of the contract. We’re not married! They can’t sue me! I’ll just give you half of what I have when the dust settles if that’s what you need to walk away from this. Meanwhile, you’d be the one that got away. The one that broke free of the machine and escaped! They’ll write you up as the great rock icon who played the game her way! It will be awesome!”

She started crying. The dare was on the table. No excuses now.

“Quit at the top, Jenna! It would be the entertainment headline of the year! You’d be immortalized instead of just drifting off years from now into the super star graveyard, at the end of a career that everyone knew lasted too long.”

“And who would you be in the story?,” she started laughing with her eyes still watery, “The devil whispering on my shoulder?”

“Or the angel. Or maybe I’d be a miniature version of me, sitting on your shoulder looking down your dress.”

“Sounds right.”

I came closer to her, “J.J., you won’t even have to be around to spin the story. It would take on a life of its own. You’d disappear from the scene in a puff of smoke, and because you walked away on your terms they’d make you a bigger star than you could have ever dreamed possible. The C.D. would probably go platinum, and you wouldn’t even have to die to make it happen.”

“Am I still at the top?”

“You’re still at the top, Jenna.”

“I don’t think so. What if they say I couldn’t handle a couple of bad reviews and that I couldn’t take it?”

“Numbers don’t lie, J.J. You’re making super star money, with overflow crowds showing up everywhere you play. The CD sounds great. How many hits have we had this time out? It’s absolutely sick! You’d kill them if you quit, J.J. The Chart execs would look like lemmings, standing in line waiting to jump off a cliff. And we’ll both have a good laugh when they beg you to come back. Which, of course, they will. Then you can take your ten million, or whatever you’re worth, and throw the whole damn truckload of it in their face. And it’s over.”

“I don’t know if I can do it, Adam. What if you’re wrong? What if it just ends up screwing up my entire life?”

“Isn’t that what just happened?”

“I mean worse!”

“Worse than this? Jenna, remember our first tour? I was scared too. I was scared to stop the engines just as we were rocketing straight up and leaving gravity behind us. I was scared to do what I wanted to do for myself. But it turned out the rocket was just an illusion. And look what *you’ve* done now? You stopped! You’ve just ejected at sixty thousand feet. Just like I did, and all you need now is a parachute and a life boat to pull you out of the water when you land. Right?”

“Yes,” she said, almost trance-like. Her eyes were staring deep into mine. “Say more. Tell me more.”

“Okay, so then maybe you’ll want me there with you in the life boat. Or maybe you won’t want anyone there. That’s up to you. I’m not saying all this just to get you back. I’m just telling you to make the decision to get in the boat.”

“Yes!” she screamed suddenly. “*Pull me in the goddamned boat!*”

She put her hands over her face, “I’ve got to call Elliot. I need to untangle this mess one slimy piece at a time.”

I let her cry for a while. Gratefulness? Fear? I couldn’t tell. Finally she looked up at me. Her eyes were frozen globes of blue, searching for something, trying to trust something.

She was wearing a beat-up pair of blue jeans and a sweat shirt that was way too big on her – it may have been given to her by a band member to help disguise her. She wore no make up. Hair was uncombed.

“Hey. You look more like a roadie tonight than a super star. I fell in love with the roadie, you know.”

She nodded and wiped her eyes. “Yes. She was a beautiful girl.”

Chapter Twenty-eight

The sky is lit up with a million diamonds tonight. Sometimes the stars in Maui seem to burn right through the atmosphere like lasers, sparkling, pulsing.

My reverie is broken. I look at my watch. It's time to leave.

An hour later I see a plane flying in the night sky, looking like a red and white firefly, flickering, blinking, and then suddenly it grows bigger as it falls toward the earth, rattling things as it roars onto the runway.

This huge airport window reflects everything behind me while I look out at the landing strip. I don't know if she'll be on that plane tonight. I haven't heard a word from her since I left Chicago. I guess she had a lot of things to take care of, a lot of decisions to make. Maybe she wasn't sure right up to the final boarding call. Or maybe she wanted to surprise me. She's always full of surprises.

I look through the thick glass to the night wands being waved around by workers in their yellow and orange jackets. Others are driving little trucks back and forth slowly, as if they're hypnotized.

I'm watching a crystal television with only one channel, only one show: The plane is being taxied in now. It looks like an enormous sleeping animal. It was born to travel endlessly from city to city, following commands, never questioning, every movement observed and controlled.

I know what I'll do if she's on that plane tonight – if I see her walk through that gate.

I'll bring her over to this window for a final look, and I'll say: "Just think, Jenna James, if you were a super star, you'd be on a plane

flying far away from this place, going everywhere, going nowhere.
But you made it out alive. You found your way. You're home."

The End.

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