

NOSEY BASTARD

Hit the Port Authority for the second time and this time prepared, at least I thought. Had

professionally made modeling composites from USA Comp. State of the art sons of

bitches with 11 color photos of yo'. 3 page delux at roughly 3 grand invested and who

knows how many grands and hours of shooting with Cincinnati's best photographers and

friends who either aspired to be or just renting the bastards as favors for me. Was me,

Tom, and Todd and 2 suit cases a piece for a trip that was to last nobody knew how long.

Booked a room in the Quality and slugged our shit down early. Hyped on efedrine I was
a

wreck and pushin' my pals to the extremes with nervous energy. "Come on, fuckers, we

gotta move. We ain't here to play checkers." Got suited up and hit the streets to hit the

modeling agencies. We weren't totally familiar with the geography of NYC yet, so we hit
a

coffee shop on Broadway to group addresses that seemed likely to be close to one another.

I swigged mine down in usual 2 minute fashion and began to break a sweat over my brows

as I bitched at Tom and Todd for taking 2 mortal years. Hustlin' down a flight of stairs

with trailing partners we were quickly back on the street, Tom and Todd tossin' out about 3

quarter cups of coffee a piece. Light weights was all I could figure. Within minutes we

reached our first site to drop off composites. It was a talent agency in a high-rise.

Elevators takin' forever and slowin' my shit down just like the hords of slow bastards

congregating all over the fuckin' city streets. Get to the door of our first agency and they

say we're not interested in models. We're a talent agency; only deal with actors. Well, I'm

an actor too. Quick thinking could afford me at least that much, right? Well do you have

an 8x10 headshot? Lookin' 'round the room it was nothing but. Every corner and crevis of

the walls were littered with 8x10 B/W headshots. Nope! Well then, we'll be unable to help

you. Well, thanks, ah, it was nice meeting you anyway. Can I leave one with you anyway?

Well we really have no use for it, thank you. No problem guys I'm iterating to the boys.

This just ain't a modeling agency. Let's move. Well, this shit happened for about the next

2 fuckin' hours. The list was like totally and primarily all these damn talent agencies.

Finally I asked Tom for the blasted Model Mart directory to see where he had gotten these

ridiculous addresses he copied down in a stupid ass notebook for some damn reason. I

guess he thought it would be a good idea to waste valuable time duplicating the publishers

months, probably years of work. Well old Tom didn't have it. Raging, I'm like well where

the fuck is it? I don't know as usual. Trying to say I misplaced it and foolish bullshit like

that. Not willing to play this fuckin' duck duck goose game door to door lookin' for the

modeling agencies that were apparently like needles in haystacks compared to talent

agencies we started looking for a bookstore. I was pissed as a motherfucker knowing I was

gonna spend more goddamn money on some stupid fuckin' book my ass already bought.

So at this point Todd and Tom just quailed in silence as my temper, voice, and bithcin'

high tuned. We had just seen a damn bookstore, but couldn't seem to localize it now.

Tom was swearin' it was just a little further East and so we kept headin' that direction.

Hungry and aggravated I began making threats toward Tom as to whether or not he was

right or just wasting my fuckin' time. Casting one slur after another in regards to wasted

time on writing the shit down, wastin' money knowing we'd have to buy another and being

plain stupid in general. Surely it was about damn near unbearable by the time we reached

the bookstore to where Tom had said it was in general. It probably was dumb luck cause I

know we hadn't walked that fuckin' long since we'd seen it. Todd just trailed and huffed to

maintain my pace with Tom only a foot or two ahead. I swear every two damn minutes I'd

be on one side of a fuckin' street and these two nerds on the other watching me nervously

on the other side with traffic in between us. In the first three hours of hiking the streets I

know I told 'em both, "Look. All you gotta goddamn do is stay on my ass and you will be

with me. Ain't no stupid ass reason for me to have to stop every fuckin' 2 damn seconds

and wait for your lazy dumb asses!" So anyway, we get in the store and I'm all the fuck

alone again. Todd probably lookin' at fucking Batman comics or something, and Tom's

silly ass probably just trying to make a fucking race of the shit to see who can find it first.

Meanwhile I'm wanting to put our damn heads together and try and decipher where to look

and they're both dis-the hell-appeared. I get to the counter, ask the guy for the directories

and for the first time since we arrived in NYC I get a decent answer. Sure Sir, I got one

right here. Twenty more sons of bitchin' bucks I'm wastin' and on top of that, I buy the

book, find a whole list of modeling agencies, separated from the talent agencies, and I'm

waiting at the door with the addresses we need circled. I'm ready to fuckin' go and the

goons are fuckin' somewhere in the fuckin' store still the hell helplessly lookin'. Todd

finally appears tellin' me he had no luck, as if I expected him to be of help and then Tom

rears his head with a comparable story. Let's go you imbisiles! I've done had the same

damn book I have at home sittin' with my thumb up my ass waiting for you fucks for

twenty fuckin' minutes. Da, where am I, shit you guys ain't gonna be any help at all. I'd be

better off alone. And Tom, why the fuck did you write down the damn talent agencies.

Are you the dumbest motherfucker alive or what? This is the same damn book your stupid

ass lost. Excuse me dude, but are we actors or models? Do you know something I don't

or what the fuck? Look! Look here, fool. Goddamn, I can't figure out if your mom got

your fucking brain at Kmart or Robbins. Well we leave the store and I'm fuckin' pissed

and aggravated as hell. I led the group into another deli and amiably say we should

probably sit, eat, get more coffee and regroup the agencies by street addresses. Again,

again, again!!! Why, Tom, do I ask you to do any fuckin' thing I have no clue. I end up

doing it all anyway. Only I do it right. I use my fuckin' head for something other than a

goddamn hat rack. Come on dude. Let's start doing shit right the first time. My tone

slowly shifting to one of apology cause I knew damn good and well I'd been rough as shit

on 'em. We rested, I grouped, sensibly, and I rushed our asses out the door to hell again

and bitched over and over cause they couldn't finish their coffees in any reasonable amount

of time and they wouldn't stay close enough to get across any damn street at the same

opportunity as me. Only took about 40 minutes or so to realize that no agencies were

gonna be open now. It was nearly six the hell o'clock and we'd already hit about 8 to 10

closed shops. My positive side lessening the impact I said no big deal. We know the

streets a little better and we'll know what the shit ass hell we're doing manana. Really I just

wanted more coffee and knew there was nothing else productive to do. My high was

wearin' off and I just wasn't prepared to slow down in NYC on my first day back. We

went to another coffee house and spent about 6 dollars. That had to be at least 30 bucks in

one day and that was gettin' me red as hell also. Those fuckin' cheap ass foreigners don't

even give ya a god for saken refill less ya pay for another cup. I'm like use to drinking six

to eight cups at a time so I hit a double efedrine and was still aggravated as shit. About a

minute passed and we all took turns pissin' in the joint's john. For some butt reason every

smuck in NYC who owns a fuckin' restaurant, coffee shop, or the like that has a damn

pisser for the public, if they're that generous, has the bastard in a dingy basement, or the

fuckin' second level. Why, goddamnit? We decided after exiting and me, biting my fuckin'

bottom lip over dishing out so much cash for damn near nothing, to go back to the room,

change, relax for 5 or 10, and then just blow off the day lookin' for a gym, tanning

facilities, or just exposure since the productive time of the day had been lost. Our room

incidentally consisted of a bed the size of a sardine can - one and a third foot on 3 sides,

and a small as shit john with a pop can shower. Before you know it we were back on the

streets again. I'm in front as usual, and I'm for certain by now of one thing. If I had come alone, I'd have just as many people to talk to...NONE! I mean, fuck, just cause we got nowhere to be or go don't mean ya gotta poke around like a couple of turtles with hemroids. Shit! These two were driving me real nuts real fast. Goin' slow at leisure time only propogates into going slow at work. Mr. Fredericks' always said, "Play like it's work."

You never get a second chance. Practice like you play the game. Anyway, we ended up in

another deli before long. They're every fuckin' where you go, no choice. There certainly ain't nowhere else to sit down in NYC. If you ain't buyin' something, you ain't sittin'

nowhere. And the delis are the cheapest option. Coffee will run you four dollars a cup if

you go somewhere of class. I'm telling you from experience, this is my fourth trip to the

goddamn city. It'll clean your poor, helpless, defenseless pockets in a damn NYC minute.

No pun intended. For about 2 hours we just hung around and did squat. That means not shit. NYC was cold and it was a Monday or something. The whole city was vacant and shit. Nobody nowhere. We were bored as shit. Eventually we mosied back to the room and just sat looking hopelessly at each other's eyes. What now dudes? Pretty fuckin' exciting, huh? Anybody wanna jump out the damn window with me? Head dive, me first!!! Well next thing you know, the sacred pager is ringing. Can't remember what the hell the area code was now, but we were excited to say the least cause it wasn't like Cincinnati, you know? Just our mothers calling to make sure we remembered our bottles, blankets, and pasafires. We also knew it wasn't NYC. Tom clicked the new model mart book and discovered that it was an L.A. area code. YIPPEEE!!!, goes Todd. All of the sudden we're all confident and shit. Like we were a bunch of bad asses all of the sudden.

Yep! Look at this. Here we were in NYC for our first day and they're already gonna beg me to come to L.A. Well, well, well, whatta you think, fellas? I'm pretty content here in the big apple. Maybe we should give those pathetic New Yorkers a chance to get on their knees and beg for me first since I'm already here. Finally you know, about 2 seconds after it beeped, I was calling the number. "Hello." Well my guess was a little bitty bit off. I'm sittin' on our exercise bike in American Fitness on 131 E. 31st Street on the East side of Manhattan on 6/7/95, Madonna's "Press You Up in My Love" video just came on. Must brake to lust over one of my favorite little girls. She was a hot little number in the 80's, huh? You see the caller was a guy named Gus Castaneda, the ruler at IMM. That stands for International Model Management. A big one. He just called from a world away to let me know that only an idiot would pay so much money on such a ridiculous modeling composite. Who the hell is informing you on this modeling endeavor of yours? You see,

he got a modeling composite in the mail. Not surprising however. I sent one to every

modeling and talent agency in California, NYC, Chicago, Finland, overseas with the

exception of the Middle East, China, and Africa that were listed in the International Model

Market Directory. They were sent out bulk rate, somewhere around 2800 of them two or

three days before we left. This photography is simply disgusting! And, and, and that one

picture that looks like your high school graduation portrait or something, the one with the

hideous green background. I just can't get over the money you've wasted. I hope you

didn't send out alot of these silly things. I mean, well, I guess I admire your heart, but this

shit sucks. This guy was relentless, though I think sincere. I mean he did accept my call

collect. He was going out of his busy way to tell me this. Shit, he was paying to tell me

this. And that nose of yours. It's so round. Have you ever looked at a cue ball on a pool

table under any kind of light? It will have a glare on it because it's round. Your nose has that same glare in every photo. That damn glare! You should've spent all the money you wasted on this stupid ass, limiting modeling comp, if you still want to refer to it as one, on

fixing that nose of yours. It's a simple procedure. Ain't even expensive, goddamn kid.

You need some good advice. I ain't trying to down your efforts or anything. I'm just, well,

I don't know, I'm just trying to help and believe me you need it. That nose; man, oh man.

Getting off the phone, I just looked at my buddies like a dumb founded pinocchio. I wasn't upset or nothing, though. Actually, I was quite appreciative. Told my pals a less severe version of the conversation. Had to save some of my face being as it was that there was little hope for my nose. We discussed it for a couple of minutes before I blurted out my decision. We've gotta get home. I'm getting a fucking nose job. I ain't gonna walk the

hell

around the rest of my life making a fool of myself in this industry with this big cue ball

goddamn fucking round nose plastered to my face. Tom, knowing that all of my decisions

are final, suggested we leave the following day and check out of the hotel in the morning to

save money on the trip's tally. Within only a few minutes it was confirmed and the three of

us were in the elevator and then on the street heading for the nearest deli for coffee. Next

thing ya know we're dining on cappacinos and muffins. Anxious, I was binging like a son

of a bitch. At least 4 cappacinos and 6 muffins in probably less than 4 minutes. The light

weights were on their first of everything, so I bolted to nearest pay phone that was in the

doorway of the coffee shop. I called Jim and Sue, my two dearest cohorts back home and

asked that they set me up with an appointment with our good friend, Laura Bales, who

worked for a plastic surgeon. They were again reassured that I was in fact a crazy nut, but

without questioning me in the faintest, said that it would be done before I arrived home

which would be the day after the next since the Greyhound took 19 hours to get there. I

also called my love, Carla, and my mother to inform them of the happenstance and my

decision. Their mind's were blown also, but it was nothing new to them to hear such things

from me. Glancing at my snoot in utter disgust, I made my way back to Todd and Tom at

the counter being careful not to poke either of them with it when I got there. Well, it's all

set. I'll have an appointment the day we get home to have this ugly hunk of shit cut off my

face. Jim and Sue are setting it up. I still have enough cash in my bank account to pay for

the bastard. Hey, don't roll your eyes at me, cocksuckers. If you're gonna do something,

do it right. If you ain't with me, get the fuck outta my face. I was getting intense cause I

knew I was making rash decisions and didn't want anybody or no fuckin' one trying to out-

rationalize me. Look, dudes, we're in NYC for the night. Let's get some fuckin' Robitussin

DM, coffee, and aspirin and slip into the underworld for awhile. Tom, as always when a

good time is about to bite him in the ass, declined. Todd, who ain't got any sense one way

or a fuckin' nother, but like to get blitzed with me, was back to yippee! So we hit a deli,

got our fix, and were off again to the realm of possibility and madness. Hollerin' and

cussin' like bandits within about 35 minutes. Tom trailing us like a hawk, whether to keep

an eye on us or just to refrain from getting lost I don't know. It was cold as shit but none

of us seemed too affected. Tom's ass had to be nerve racked. Todd and I were going

insane with more dialogues and dance and just plain exotic energy from nowhere. Sprint,

stop, sprint, stop, sprint, sit in a daze for 5 or 10. All the while Tom, completely undrugged, just hung in there without ever losing his cool. I swear I think we went up and back and across Times Square forty plus times and Tom never bitched or quarrelled one time. And I think we were the only 3 people in NYC who were outside that night.

We were like hoping to be involved in a drive by shooting or something nut like nothing that one could shake a stick at was happening anywhere. Tom finally suggested we go down into Greenwich Village to see some clubs. Either he was really lookin' for entertainment or just aggravated with our insane rhetoric I haven't a clue, but he footed for

the taxi and we went. Nearly got arrested in front of a deli there when a cop pulled up and

Todd asked the pig where he got his education. I broke in with some comments they didn't

seem to be too fond of. Education? Are you kidding, Todd? What would a cop in NYC

need an education for? These guys are rockheads! You don't need a damn brain in your

head to be a damn cop! With this the cop began to exit the cruiser with his club drawn and

told us to disperse. Tom had already done so, so Todd and I ran and caught up with him

laughin' our asses off backwards finally realizing just what I had been saying. Tom kept

reiterating how lucky we were the guy didn't whale us with his damn billy club. We didn't

care though. Didn't even know any better. In our own world and uninterested with

coventuality or order. Just wanted to run, to forget. To be free and to escape the life we

were forcing ourselves into. Two lost children bound with the monotony of everyday 9-5

routine life yet frightened of the uncertainty sure to come without it. Fear of debt, fear of

success. The ultimate in self-destructive sabotage to our own missions. Building character

we called it. Just allowing things and circumstances to take process. Wake up alive and

we'll still have the chance. We'll make it. At least I will. Todd lacks the mentality. Too

fuckin' chicken at heart. Scared to trust himself and his abilities. No one can convince a

person of that. It's gotta come from within. I only love the guy. His idolization of my

dreams and aspirations upon meeting him several months ago inspired me. I just feel I owe

him the opportunity to see how it's done. Take him along for the ride so to speak. Educate

the backwards town originated chum. Show him the big cities, be his pal, and his shoulder

to lean on in situations he couldn't deal with alone. Make 'em strong as a bull, and hope

like a motherfucker he gets a lucky break. His naive southern personality is damn

marketable in itself. He's good looking enough. Got the tall, dark, mysterious look, too.

Just needs to find a store that sells backbones. But any damn way ya look at it, we were

having a damn blast in NYC and didn't give a shit. In and out of ten bars in ten minutes.

More delis than that. We were checking out the whole city in hyper-like speed. We were

in Chelsea, Soho, Chinatown, the Village, and from end of Broadway around 14th to the

other at least as far as 90th street all in one crazy night. That is some mass footwork. For

anyone who's ever done Robitussin DM, it probably sounds hard to believe. That Tom

kept up on nothing, is a sheer miracle. It was a cold, wet bitch in an autumn breeze, man.

The conditions had simply to have been unbearable and yet he managed to keep up
enough

morale to survive it. I just don't know. This escapade lasted 'till around 3:00 am or so
and

then we sought out our room just east of Times Square. There was a chick with big tits
on

a billboard on Times Square that we utilized as a reference guide to our hotel. Using one

marker probably would have simplified things, but the two she had were worth any added

complications that may have been incurred. Tom, understandably exhausted, said he was stayin' in for the remainder of the night, or morning at this point. Todd and I were temporarily unable to formulate plans as our mental activity threw us into theatrical whirlwinds of characters deep within ourselves. Standing in opposite corners of the room, Todd on a chair, me on a night table, we casted out obscenities at each other for quite awhile. Girating in bodily gestures of convulsion and mystique, we were, simply put, wacked. Tom had begun writing some nonsense in a writing tablet and was pretending to ignore us. Somewhere, sometime along the way of the morning hours, the call was made to the Greyhound Bus Terminal and we were scheduled to leave around 7:00 am. Todd and I ended up leaving Tom alone for awhile when we shot back out for another stroll around in the streets that ended just in time to get back to Tom and the room to get our

