

Bulimic Ultimatum

Another stay in New York City, another realization in that time overdue to get out. Yes, another self imposed ultimatum disrespected. Similar to the last one with cocaine. Put simply, I could say I wasn't hooked, but I couldn't remember a day without it. You go for it one more fuckin' time and you catch the next bus out and I did. Well this time I said you shit your intestines out one more morning, you catch the next bus out. I called Greyhound this morning and I'll be catching the six-thirty P.M. bus straight through to Cincinnati for approximately the twelfth time in about 10 months. Am I Balemic? As the actions go yes. I eat perfectly all day, then, before retiring for a hot, muggy and depressing night's sleep, I go to the bakery on the corner, spend twenty to thirty dollars on the cookiest of cookiest, the cakiest of cakes, and then some only to nail the exlax to awake, if anything, thinner than I was before the binge. Psychologically? Fuck no! I'm not mentally, physically or in any other way dependent on laxatives, not am I in anyway dependent on cookies and cake. I've just been in New York City for close to a month and a half and I'm miserable as all hell. My living situation is pathetic and the chances of change before total bankruptcy are very slim. Bankruptcy means I'm through for a while. Going home with a little cash to play with keeps a few opportunities open while I make decisions. I'm spending my cash, or should I say my cash advances on rent. Two hundred dollars a week so that I can stay as far away from my room as possible as often as possible out of mere disgust over the increasing numbers of roaches and odors. I listen to foreign bitching, hollering and screaming every fuckin' night from the neighboring walls of those who have reigned there for years and are crazed and surely confused. I wear pathetically wrinkled clothes that I hand wash in a one by one foot sink covered in solidified mildew and I sleep horrible every night in a stained sheet upon a warped, metal, coil spring mattress next to a noisy ass street on the first floor. It's ridiculous as all hell and more. I got about one friend in the city now to do shit with but she only aggravates me cause she relates to me like I'm here to stay and it only makes me want to leave all the more. My new job at Stage Delicatessen ain't too bad except that I'm surrounded by a bunch of fuckin' dreamers askin' what my goals are. They all say the same thing, "you don't wanna' stay in this joint do ya? It'l grow on ya' real bad, real quick." Bunch of rude ass New Yorkers with accents from every foreign country on Earth. sore fuckin' feet, acting fake for an uncanny hoard of unfriendly bastards, and all for about twenty to thirty bucks in tips that I spend in ten minutes as I torture my disciplined body witty sweets out of spite for my failure to be where I want to be. At the top, dammit. All this abuse as I barrel onwards to the shit shack I refuse to refer to as even a temporary home. The real problem is that I'm too damn efficient. I eat perfectly all day, I go to all my go sees as promptly and professionally as possible. I live on and with nothing and I'm willing to work ten hours after the modeling and acting related possibilities are over. I train in the gym at least three hours each and every day and I live without one iota of passionate touch or companionship, and for the life of me and my rashly rational mind, I'm not receiving any rewards or respect from a damn sole except for my family and friends back home who know my circumstances and admire my drive, ambition, and willingness to persevere. don't get me wrong either. I would go on that till

the cows came home in rubber boots with fat ladies on their backs if they knew anything that I didn't, but they don't. It's one thing to admire perseverance cause you know it pays off in success. I do for that reason ideally. I'd bet that , though I don't know for sure in this business, it would or will, however, I'm not certain that there ain't a far more cost effective means to my sought after ends. Remember Robert? The goal? Get over seas, prepaid, to do heavy, guaranteed work to move in rank and credibility as a model? Gus in Pasadena will work on China. In the meantime, possibly two or three weeks, you'll take your New York City photography and see if you can't find a similar opportunity to Gus' there. You know, get a New York City modeling agency to take you on and get you over seas? So what the fuck has gone austere? I guess I'm a bit taken aback as I try and straighten out my mind's thoughts now. Cause I know I said explicitly that I wasn't ever going to illicit any fuckin' interest in playing the starving actor/model role in New York City. Working comfortably as a damn waiter or nothing like that which I find myself half near at now. I say half cause I ain't comfortable. What's my first clue? That's easy. Wakin' up at the crack of every dawn for about six or seven days in the hotel commune to find that the only bathroom for the floor, across the hall, is occupied. This leaving me fixed atop a small office garbage can with the hershy squirts next to my bed in my room. Swattin' and pissin' outta' my ass into a fuckin' little can. What the hell is this? I'm the guy in number 107 who conspicuously never has a fuckin' garbage bag to be found in my room although the maid relines the bastard daily. When the bags out and I'm hit by these perilous circumstances twice in a hell-bent morning, the shit flies in a mixture of water out my damn window. Keep this shit up and I'll be living in Central Park talkin' to myself as I stumble in gittering gyrations with the best of em.' So again I say where did I divert from schedule? Well, to begin, the love of my life made it seemingly clear that she wasn't interested in being the love of my life and that left me without one of my primary reasons for wanting to ever come back. I got picked up by two modeling agencies the first fucking week and although they both spoke the rhetoric of getting me over seas, Grace Del Marco with London and Rage with Milan or South Africa, they both insisted that the market was currently in New York and that I would have to put in some time there. That's what got me gearing in that direction. Next I come to find that your only supposed to work for one modeling agency when they are large, so I had to drop one, that of which I chose to drop was Grace Del Marco. I never intended to have to make new modeling composites either but somehow ended up having two new composites produced, one for Grace and one for Rage. Mass money to prove quick acceptance of my status with the agencies and to suit their preferences in photographs being as it is that only they really know their clientele. Having decided to stay with Rage I now went on several go-sees for them which after two weeks only amounted to an appearance in the new Alana Morrisette video and a tear from Novembers issue of Young and Modern. Never saw any money as a result of this work however, suppose its in the mail. Gus, my faithful friend in Pasadena never sent my photos though he tries to convince me he did and that the post office sent them back to Pasadena for insufficient address. I'm afraid we'd have known about that in about a week of waiting, not four and one half. Obviously the sure fire principle that nobody is doin' something for nothing. He set up the photo shoots, he paid for the photography, at least it was originally set up that way, I paid for about one third of it after it was all said and done. He organized the shoots and the clothing. So why in the fuck would he send me the photos to New York where he surely

would assume that I would try to find a quicker route over seas through somebody else wherein old Gus would make no money as he had set out to do. Because hes a pal, sike! He ain't sending shit, and I wasted two weeks waiting while I could have been reshooting the shots. Recreating L.A. beaches and sunshine in the muggy, shadowed by towering buildings, streets of New York City. The wasted time and the new photo costs were all unplanned and expensive as New York Photography and lap time always are. I also came here fully intending to stay with Sammy. A gay relic from a previous visit while I was still demoralized and willing to dance in the decrepit bars packed like sardine cans with homos. Sammy, on previous visits, catered to all my daily living needs as he did my first week and one half of this trip. He paid cab fare, occasional clothing, postage, and the most expensive necessity, food. Circumstances there changed also though. His sister from over seas came to visit New York City and Sammy and that took Sammy baby to White Plains, New York to his grand style home where he could cater to her. Not enough room in his Manhattan apartment and apparently he took heat from his family in his homeland when he put her up in a hotel on her previous visit. That's how I landed at the unfit for decent human survival conditions at the Hotel Washington Jefferson. I never intended to find that my credit card, that I occasionally used in foreign owned delis to fend off near starvation, would be used all over Iowa and Atlanta by who knows who. That left me with the only possible decision to cancel the fucker and go without food for two days while I waited for a new card to get to New York. Ever gone that long without food? Its rougher than you might imagine. Not even enough money to get a damn water. Nearly dehydrated and was miserably grumpy and irritable. I never intended to get a call from my pal Todd to tell me he would be down in two days, only to call the next day and tell me he was going to kill himself. I certainly never intended to get a call, the day he was going to confirm a time to meet him at the Port Authority, telling me that Todd was dead of a self inflicted shot in the mount with a shotgun after I told him to go ahead and kill himself the previous day. So again, I find that another New York City trip had gone entirely not as planned. Or even very close as circumstances leave me juxtaposed at this point. I've learned to deal with the loneliest times I could have ever imagined though I've said words to this effect before, this was surely heart piercing. Shit, after weeks of turning down my cigarette scared sheets at the hotel and swatting roaches off of the linen lining, I actually got to the point where I'd pull them bastards down and try to harness the little guys. "Ah, come on pals, don't scurry, it's only me. Don't go!" I only know that my plans for today will go something like this. I'm checking out of this shit hole hotel. The roach burrow in the cracks of my arms, legs, neck and ass are out of control. Ever picked sleeping roaches out of your ass crack in the morning? I kid you not they go to this particular place and just lye there for who knows what. I only know that it leaves red bumps that hurt something awful. I'm selling my third New York City purchased bike like a hoe on the street and I'm makin' four phone calls. I'll catch the six thirty bus to Cincinnati and I'll figure out a alternate plan from the one that is treating me so wrong now. I gotta' get the fuck out of here while my intestines and asshole are still in tact. I guess its a damn good thing I am so obsessive compulsive or I'd never find out when enough is far too much. As for the phone calls I have to make, One will be to Rage to let Daren know that I'll be in Cincinnati and r ready to board plane for South Africa or anywhere for that matter if he can work it out. The same thing I'm doin' here now. One will be to Ziggy at the Stage to let her know I'm outta there and thanks. The third will be

to my pal Alexis to say good luck. The fourth and last will be to David at Frontier Booking International to let him know I'm going back to Cincinnati and that I'll be keeping close contact with him. Staying here in New York City makes me a working New York City model/actor who works as a waiter. Wow, if I was happy it would be one thing. I ain't. Ain't necessarily gotta' be as my track record will clearly show, but it does have to be gearing me in rationally definable direction of clear merit. It can't leave me in circumstances that are clearly harmful and unintended. The over seas outlet, as far as a mans good work goes, is more possible and likely as ever. I can find out if it'll happen from Cincinnati, happily with the money to go as well as I can from New York city without a dime miserable and going down hill from there. School starts at the University of Cincinnati on September twentieth. It's eight thirty-one today. I'll go home, get working against my debts, get my finances in order and see what happens. Without sanity, organization, money and some degree of decency and happiness, your doomed in this God forsaken city. It's obvious to the New York City residents and to the visitor, if he/she stays long enough, the New York City is the home of the rich and the poor. No in-betweens for long. The life span of all newcomers is quick in one direction or the other. Gotta' have a solid plan when ya' leave dammit. I ain't sayin' I was goin' down, but I am obviously goin' out. (Ha Ha right? Little boxing joke I remembered from those meanest man contest days sparing with big Mark Hughes. He said he was a boxer till he got in the ring and really took a crushing blow to the head. Said, as he slung his limp body thought the ropes and ran like a convulsing rat with a broken nick out of the grand stands, "I ain't goin' down dammit, but I am gettin' the hell out." It ain't a rebuttal of my objective to get famous or nothing like that. As any Anthony Robbins mentoree will tell lyou, belief in yourself and your goal are all it takes. Well that and a willingness to pat the price that accrues in the journey. That is a matter of will. Ain't no damn body got more of that shit than me. I'm flexible and I'm fuckin real determined. I know something was wrong when I got up this morning on my left side though, ya' see? I sleep on my right side. Now matter what, and always. Any girl I've ever slept with will surely iterate my insistence on this. If I wake on my left, I surely have an itchy hair up my ass and things are gonna' change for me, at least to the onlooker, real fast. I felt depressed and beaten down. That ain't like me though I frequently bitch and complain like a pussy whipped infidel over his crutch of a chick. Like a martyr dialing out to a cohort about how the whole World is against him when he's not succeeding as fast as he wants to be. And sure that is quite frequently, but only cause I wanna' succeed real fast. Fast like an old man with a hotty. A forty with an eighteen year old. Fast like that! That kind of bitchins' just for display. Brings the listener up to bat with encouragement. simply for reinforcement. Yep, today it was the real thing. something was wrong in a major real way. The kind of wrong that inspires change. I found myself lookin' for ways out instead of a new, quicker way in. I'll tell you now that it takes a massive surge of negative energy to wing my ass to the left side while sleeping, and every time it happens, I realize it and change three-sixty like a politician's itinerary after election. I knew I almost gotta' say instinctively upon awakening, that I had some mass thinking and evaluating to do. That's what landed me on an exercise bike at Mid City Gym on forty-ninth street for three and one half hours upon first departure from my reckless sleep. It was there that I made the above decisions and realized the paralysis of my direction and objectives in comparison to their original, in tact, state upon leaving from Cincinnati almost a blasted month and them some ago! A

man, if he wants to go some where, must know where hes at and whether he is on the right track. My thinking cap has been aloof I'm afraid. Hard times and depression are my only excuses and they are the last of which I would try to hold accountable in conversing with anyone I respected, and I respect everyone. I left Cincinnati a king on a mission to be accomplished in New York City and so I must return a king on another mission to be accomplished in Cincinnati now. I will utilize my new contacts and agents in New York City like I've used toilet paper on this trip. Only speaking, of course, in terms of frequency, not figuratively. Believe me, toilette paper was my dearest friend of which I'd never abuse or forget. I will utilize me work experience that will appear on MTV and Young and Modern Magazine. I will utilize Gordon Geraci's seemingly new found interest in me to get a new headshot, with my new look, to hit both the modeling and talent agencies that I am now represented by. I'll clock out of NYC at one-hundred sixty-five pounds of dehydrated flesh and bone to regroup and re-discover myself in the hall of emptiness and menace. I'm bald now. Don't no just exactly what possessed me to do that shit, but I don't give a fuck cause I like it! I'm feelin' pumped like a Swartzenigger with a beer in one hand and a weight stack in the other. More psychotic and neurotic than ever. Just like the rest of em.' A got a date with a tombstone. Gotta' see to believe that my buddy Private Warren Todd Jeffries is really dead. I'm goin' it alone late at night. Cuz left a letter stating that those who could feel him would. I also know that if anyone on this green ass earth was commin' back as a fuckin' spooky prick of a ghost, it would be him. Maybe he'll surprise me and tell me something I don't know. I'm looking forward to seeing him again. From there, no matter.

Times New Roman