

Hollywood Bound

A Star in the Making

Chapter 1

Mass Brainer

The mental image of the man I decided to become in book one, “Supermodel, The Onset of Stardom,” has become far more elaborate and real. Many of my other ideas materialized also, but then fell victim to prioritization. I got accepted and have prepared for classes at Xavier University in Cincinnati, and I have applied for admission into the University of Cincinnati’s Master’s Degree program as well. U.C. is cheaper and starts later, which could be helpful in the making of decisions in the following weeks. You see, I’m leaving for Hollywood, California on Monday, August 12, 1996. School at Xavier starts on August 28, 1996 and U.C. starts on September something or other. I’ll have two weeks to decide just what the hell I’m capable of in Hollywood.

I got to sending letters, head-shots and resumes sometime around April 10, 1996. I had gotten a photo taken by Gordon Geraci and began copying them and sending them all over Los Angeles, as well as to my contacts in New York, Miami, and Chicago. I wasn’t in any shape to brag about being that I was in transition from a fashion model to a “warrior like barbarian.” One that would resemble a “large-romance-novel-looking” man. Absolutely beautiful and form fitting. Muscular and defined, yet proportional and delicate. I needed time still to achieve the look I was after but felt that some sample photos would pave the way for when I was ready. It was after this submission that I began receiving responses from L.A.. Most wanted to know if I could come for an interview. I told all that I would send current photos, body was their interest, when I could get them. That I would eventually be living in the area and would contact them upon arrival or near to. One in particular was Byron with “Crew Men” or the “Colors Agency.” I’ve heard it called both by Byron and don’t know exactly which is most prominent. I believe they’re the same. He spoke professionally and to the point. He sounded willing to help and knowledgeable. I continued to send him letters and to promise current photos while I trained like a titan. When I was ready I had Bill Carlos take photos of me at my grandmother’s

swimming pool on 10 January Court in Greenhills, Ohio, my home town. I sent these photos out all over the place, with the central focus being Los Angeles to Byron in particular. Out of everyone I'd heard from, he sounded like the most sincere and dedicated to my desires and motivations. He responded almost instantaneously and so then I did the same. This magic took place over the phone on August 5, 1996. I told him I'd be there on the 12th of August, 1996. Within a day of frequent contact with my travel agent Cindy and Byron at the Colors Agency, I had a car, Y.M.C.A. housing, and airfare under control.

My personal life was T.G.I.F. Friday's in the Tri-County area of Cincinnati, Ohio. I worked almost constantly. I began dancing, however, work was tremendously sporadic. A bar called the "Pipeline" in Cincinnati became a cash crop for a number of weeks. I spent a lot of time with my financial contacts in Cincinnati in an effort to make my dreams far closer to reality. I bought a B.M.W. and was centering all of my efforts on cash, cash and more cash. I became bound and determined to get my life under control. I would be opulent and attract opulence. I took care of my debts and prepared to launch into mass cash in California without halt. I began to see the quest for money as important because it would drive me into a working mode. I once saw cash as unimportant in my profession always thinking that work meant more work once it all began. It was the job around the corner that would bring the cash. You know, big cash. I forgot that I was already the king of the industry and would only work if it were worth my time financially and career wise. I was still me underneath the cash illusion, but it gave me a heightened sense of confidence that was more beneficial than my modesty.

My training began surpassing the realms of humanity in the beginning of August, 1996. I began to realize that running, swimming and cycling daily wasn't giving me enough time to fully repair my physical faculties. I missed two days in a row having not missed so much as a day in over four months. My legs seemed fuller and harder than ever when this occurred. I decided that I would run longer and then give myself however many days it required to get fully pumped and concrete again. To be "re-glycogenated" if you will? I theorized that if aerobics builds capillaries, channels which feed the muscle the oxygen and fuel it needs to grow, then the longer the distances ran, biked, or swam, the more developed my muscles would become. All this provide that my calorie and protein intake, as well as my rest periods were increased with demand. On August 8, 1996, I ran twelve miles in two hours and fifteen minutes. I weighed two hundred and forty pounds. Ran

the son-of-a-bitch like a hard-core bastard. After two hours in, I ran a hill that I thought might kill me, but didn't slow up a damn bit. I decided I would win the Boston Marathon in 1997, possibly barefoot. I would surpass all previously contemplated physical barriers in the creation of a body that is simply out of this world. It would be my ticket in.

The response to my first book, "Supermodel, The Onset of Stardom" went over like sandpaper on a baby's ass. It was read by Carla, my last love, as I saw it fitting that she read it and know what the hell I'd done over the last year and a half or so. She flipped out when she read that I'd had sex with Todd's old girlfriend Cre. She said that all I ever did was complain that Cre was a loser and that having sex with her "took the cake" so to speak. I eventually did respond with a letter telling her she was a piece of shit, something that I would have never, until that day, even began to contemplate. I never heard a response and didn't know what to think. My dear friend Amy, Gene's girlfriend downstairs, and Carla's "once in a while friend" said that Carla mentioned to her that she'd gotten a letter in the mail from me and then threw it away. I see it like this. Either she got the letter, read it, and then threw it away claiming that she never read it in order to not accept it's harsh words and consequences, or she got it and really threw it away without reading it. I just don't know how much credit to give her on that one. She had grown a good deal anyway you look at it because she chose not to let me, or anyone else that I know of, see it get the best of her. If she did get it and throw it away without reading it, I say the gods are keeping the gates of our love in havoc purposely because at the time I sent it, there would have been no good reason for her to assume it was anything but just another love letter from Robert. Why would she not accept the flattery for the moral boosting effect she would receive from kicking a knocked down man in the face again. She's vengeful and such an action would not likely be of her making. So again, for her to pitch it without reading it, I gotta' say I'd be surprised. I'd have to say there were spiritual influences. Love Karma or something like that. You gotta' understand Carla to really appreciate just what has occurred. Carla, I tell ya, looks for any reason to be at odds with anyone and everything. She's just got to be pissy about everything. That's what makes her Carla. Here she had the one golden opportunity to hold in her hand the one piece of evidence that she could hit me in the face with for life. It would be better than the Jerry Springer Show shit she couldn't let go. She could always say I wasn't true to heart if she'd held on to the letter, but she must have thrown it away to be spiteful. Ha ha stupid is all I got to say on that one.

My training and or experience as a model and an actor were somewhat exercised in a couple of occurrences over the time which stretched from completion of my first book, March, 1996, and today, August 8, 1996. I worked on a video for Calamity Jane, who ever the hell that is. I did some radio advertising for Elite Fashion Photography through my friend Gordon Geraci, and I shot approximately twenty times in an effort to make the fat-shit I'd become look muscular and lean. Transitions are hard for me because I'm rarely satisfied with the end product. I wasn't close enough to where I want to be as I am now. I want to be perfect in every way, at least physically, emotionally, spiritually, and mentally. I know there are billions to be made at the level I have not attained, but I was short of that potential during the majority of this time, in fact, up to my most recent photo shoot with Bill Carlos this August, 1996.

The women in my life offered an interesting twist in my world's perception as well. How they did this I'm not interested enough at this point to decipher. I do know, however, that many new influences have taken effect. My current and most prospective is Mindy. I met her at Fridays when she left her number on her charge slip. She's thirty-two, blonde, and hot. I've continued to stay emotionally separate in an adamant effort to avoid diversion from my path of one true desire, however her beauty, kindness, freedom and string of intelligent life choices make her hard to keep out.

My mental capacities and newly formed beliefs became a great asset in my life since I met an old man, whose name I won't mention, living in my hometown. His name is George. He's turned me on to the lessons of Carlos Castaneda. Anyone who is into the spiritual, is probably into Castaneda already. I could go on for days already about what I have learned but will spare you the intricacies. I will simply tell you what I now know as a result of his teachings. I know that I am a true representation of God. That I am like God and God is like me. I know that before anything can exist there must first be the idea, or the creation. Creation and ideas are the product of intelligence and so therefore God, in whatever form he/she/it exists, is an infinite intelligence capable of all that can be thought, idealized, founded, conceptualized or whatever other word or words you may choose to use. The cosmos, the world, the galaxy, infinity, all is part and parcel of that intelligence and I am part of that intelligence as are you. I know that being part of that intelligence makes manifest in me the capability to do all that has been done, as well as, all that could be done with infinite capabilities. There are no limits for God and therefore none for me. I know that if I can imagine

a way for God to do something, which isn't hard to do, then I can imagine a way for me to do that thing as well, being as they are the same. Fuck, all I want to do is to go to Hollywood and be the most famous man in the world wherein I can communicate a message of infinite friendship, humility, perseverance, dedication, courage, confidence and compassion to each and every person on the planet. Hell, God created my human body, with all its complexities, that came up with this petty goal. I've learned that it doesn't take a week to change my appearance completely. That it can be done in a second. I've learned that in the "second attention" I can see reality as it really is. That the walls talk and that the trees constantly call my name. That the world has infinite energy within it and that it is at my command. I've truly learned, once and for all, that anything I can imagine, is right behind the belief and motivation required to get it. The books I have thus far studied are "The Art of Dreaming," "The Fire Within," and "The Power of Silence," all by Carlos Castaneda.

I began sleeping on a magnetic mattress by Magnetico on August 12, 1996. George told me about them approximately one month ago. It was created, I believe, by D.R. Bonlie. I will speak more of it at a later date as I find what it feels like to harness magnetic waves during sleep. I am also wearing head-gear and chest gear, created by George, that contain several different arrangements of magnets in them.

Sue Simpson and I drove to Columbus today, August 12, 1996. She was going to drop me off at the airport for my departure to Los Angeles International. Turned out that she took me to an airforce base instead. It was the wrong airport. When I looked at the itinerary that Cindy gave me, she's the travel agent, I realized that it didn't matter what airport it was cause the departure date was August 14, 1996. We were two days early after a two hour drive to the wrong location anyway. We laughed and went back home and here I am.

Mike Lyons paged me from his home in Woodbridge, New Jersey on August 12, 1996. He said that the most recent photos I sent him, those taken by Bill Carlos, were the best he'd ever seen of me. He told me to keep up the good work and to send him samples of the work that gets done in California. I told him that I was looking forward to winning the Mr. Olympia contest, to being a movie-star, and to working with him in the near future.

Chapter 2

Hollywood Two

Wednesday, August 13, 1996

I arrived in Los Angeles, picked up a rental car, bought some canned goods and a can opener from Ralph's and proceeded to the Hollywood YMCA Youth Hostel. The hostel was nice, possibly primitive, but nice. I chose a room with eighteen others, worked out and went to bed after calling to check in with Mindy, Byron at the Colors Agency, and a guy named Brock, who was referred to me by Byron as a contact in the dancing business.

Thursday, August 14, 1996

I woke up at 6:00 a.m. and jogged the streets of Hollywood for seventy minutes. Upon arrival back to the hostel I recognized that my rental car rear window had been crashed in. I got ready for the day, checked in my magnetic mattress and clothes with the hostel's front desk, got a police report made right around the corner from the hostel, and exchanged my rental car for a new one. My objectives for the day were to meet with Byron, the director of the Colors Agency, Nevelle, his photographer, and Sid Craig, the director of the Craig Agency. Byron was a very pleasant African American man who spent considerable time explaining his objectives for me, which, in a nutshell, was to get me some photos prepared, and begin sending me out to meet some of his clients, as well as, to get me some immediate work. When we finished talking he let me use the phone so that I could make plans to meet with Sid Craig. After I'd done that I said goodbye to Byron and then went to meet with Nevelle. Nevelle was also a very pleasant African American, possibly feminine, but very pleasant. We discussed the type of photos we'd do the following day, the magazines he currently shot for, the type of work I was interested in doing while in California, and life in general. Nevelle and I hit it off quite well. He stressed to me that Hollywood was a very elusive place. That seldom does anyone do anything for nothing. He remarked that some made it by sticking

in there and doing small jobs, but that in Hollywood, “it’s not who you know, but who you blow.”

That evening, I met with Sid Craig at his house. We’d made plans earlier in the day to have diner and so we did just that. Sid Craig was “the bomb.” He was nice as hell, very tender in demeanor, and caring for me as a person. We ate some Chinese quisine together and discussed manyh things. He said he’d never maintained any kind of relationship like he had with me. He said that my letters made him laugh and that he’d never seen a person change so much in photos. He said I was one of the most interesting people he’d ever met. Timing was essential, and time was not an issue he told me repeatedly. He spoke of John Travolta, and many other stars and his conversations with them. His hallway in his house was littered with 8x10 photographs of the stars standing with him. He was a top notch man in the talent field. After telling him of my current life’s position, being torn between a life of moviestar blues, or getting my master’s degree, he told me that if he were me, he’d go and get the degree. What’s a year or even two or three? You’re only twenty five! The difference between twenty five and twenty eight are nil. Get it done and cme back. While we were eating, Luther Vandrose came in the restaurant and sat in a back corner booth. After a delicious dinner, I went with Sid back to his house and listened to some music with him while we continued to talk about the business. I told him I was going to be a moviestar, that I would soon own mansions in every major city in the world, and that I would create a man out of me like none other before me. He told me of his accomplishments, his recent break with cigarettes, and his friends who he really seemed to cherish. Having discussed the line of work that I’d done in the past, strip shows, he explained that he “never shit where he ate.” That he would never say, for instance, you do this or that for me and I’ll get you in the movies. He said that people who fall for that deserve whatever they get. He said he only operated out of professionalism when it came to his work. That the spoken rule was that “good looking men can’t act, and good looking women don’t have to.” He said that with my current credentials, if he were to send me to an audition as was, the director or producer would most assuredly ask him if I were his boyfriend of something. I did do a strip show for him that evening, just an erotic dance which he watched and said that I was a most sensual man with a flare for entertaining. He slipped me a hundred dollar bill and told me to make the best choices in my endeavors. The money was just a favor to me for what he called great company and refreshing honesty.

Friday, August 15, 1996

Upon waking up I came again to find my rental car window had been smashed in. I got another police report and returned the car in exchange for another one. I then began the day as each and every day with a one to two hour jog, but today I did it in Beverly Hills. I wanted to increase my exposure so to speak. I ran up and down rodeo drive in nothing but shorts and shoes. I ate breakfast and lunch in different restaurants in the "Hills" as well as then went to Nevelle's apartment to shoot. The shoot went well. Nevelle shot me in "Tanline" swimwear on his back porch. He really liked his work I could tell. I really seemed to lighten him up. Afterwards, he again spoke of the callousness of the people in Hollywood and warned me endlessly not to trust anyone. He took me on the roof of his place where I tanned naked. He pointed out each area of California for me to see and conceptualize. When I left Nevelle's place, I went to Sony Studios where I met a man named Jonothan Claridy. He was referred to me by Byron.. Jonothan then referred me to a Miss Sharon Johnson who ran what was then the new Commissary in the Culver City Studios. She and I talked for no less than an hour. She said she "couldn't believe I wasn't already a moviestar." She was the greatest, let me tell you. She really took a liking to me and vice versa. She said I could begin work anytime I wanted as a full or part time waiter in the commissary waiting on the directors and producers of the studios. I told her out of a need for honesty that I would more than likely only be able to work there if it were in the near distant future. I felt that the odds were more inclined to take me back to Cincinnati to begin work on my master's degree in roughly two weeks. She said that she thought the world of me and my ambitions and that a job would be waiting for me if I so chose to get it. I left the studios pumped. I went back to the hostel and again worked out at the gym. Prior to bed, I made calls home and then crashed on a top bunk after reading the classified ads in the back of the L.A. Times.

Saturday, August 16, and August 17, 1996

On Saturday morning I got up, spoke with Jim Simpson on the phone, and drove my rental car across the Mojave Dessert to meet both Jim and Sue in Las Vegas. As always, I'm sure, Las Vegas was exciting. It was one hundred plus degrees both days, Saturday and Sunday. While in Vegas, Jim, Sue and I ate a buffet breakfast in the Imperial Palace, a lunch buffet in the Luxor, a sinner buffet in Excalabur, and a lunch buffet in Ceasar's Palace. We saw the "Secrets of the Trilogy" at the Luxor Hotel and Casino and the Omnimax at Ceasar's Palace. Together we laughed with Sammy Shore,

Pauly's Shore's father, at the Riviera Comedy Club as well. Sunday afternoon we laid out by the pool at Harrah's Casino's pool. We had a great time. Sunday evening I drove back across the blistering hot Mojave Desert again taking solace in all of it's bland surroundings. I arrived back in Hollywood again around midnight and crashed hard in my bunk-bed surrounded by seventeen international misfit travelers.

Monday, August 18, through Friday, August 22, 1996

Monday through Friday were days like the previous. I jogged each morning and every evening, never failing to work out each afternoon. I spoke with Gus Castaneda who said he'd like to see me but never succeeded in doing that. I had dinner two more times with Sid Craig and we talked at great length about the entertainment business. We ate Italian and it was awesome. I got a tour of his office and was quite impressed at it's marvel. Grand sized and full of legitimacy. A video library of his talent. No bullshit, just talent and hard work. A real agent. I got my photos back from Nevelle, but realizing I wouldn't be sticking around in California just yet, I tucked them away to be used for a later date. I told Byron I'd be leaving Friday and he said to hurry back. I met a man named Mick E. at the YMCA and he taught me a great deal about boxing. He was a spiritual fellow who was incidentally from Cincinnati also. He watched me hit the heavy bag and then asked if I had any interest in fighting Mike Tyson. I told him it was the only person I did want to fight and we were in business. We trained hard and he taught me the essentials. I told him I would work like a crazy man on my bag when I got home and that I would keep contact. I explained to him that I was going back to knock out school while preparing to knock out Mike. He said I was the man to do it. I also had the fortune of meeting up with Lorrissa McCommas and Phil. Lorrissa was a former employer, and Phil was her infamous boyfriend. She owned Extasy Entertainment in Cincinnati, the stripping company I danced with for nearly five years throughout college. She explained she'd been in over twenty B films and that she knew all the connections if I was ever interested. She took me in her place outside the valley and had me for the night. She told me that the YMCA was no place for me. Together we sat on her bed and watched her "Lap Dancing" before I hit the floor on my magnetic mattress. She and I talked at length about life and about our goals. She was also a very motivate individual for whom I learned a great deal from again. The rest of my remaining time was spent eating out in expensive restaurants in Beverly Hills and driving my rental car all around the surrounding California

landscape. I wanted a mental picture of where things were for future reference. I spent a few hours in the mountains on the eastern side of California meditating, and a few late afternoons I spent time just hanging out on the Santa Monica Pier. On Friday, August 22, 1996, I got back on a plane for Cincinnati. I was looking quite forward to seeing my familiar surroundings. Having taken leave again for awhile, I was reminded of the great comfort one receives from knowing he does, in fact, have a place where he can call home. On the plane I thought back to a conversation I had with Sid. He told me that it was interesting how I didn't ask for anything and in so not doing, I didn't set myself up for anything. He said it seemed as though each trip and trial was simply another adventure, and that he felt I had fun with it. I mentioned to him, as I had to many others before him, that I wasn't quite sure if I was creating a life and writing a book about it, or if I was creating a book, and living a life suitable to be in it.

Chapter Three

Preparation Set

Today is December 7, 1996 and I am preparing to put all of my dreams into reality. I'm working at T.G.I.Fridays at their Tri-County location still. I stand now an employee of one and one half years. It had been a long road since California of which I can hardly remember. I know that I'll be back there soon. I also know that I will be back in New York, Miami, possibly Chicago as well. Working at Fridays is helping me to pay my credit card debt down from earlier excursions, as well as to fund my next launch into Hollywood.

My current Hollywood stardom venture is quite complex. I am opening a business called Robert J. Burck Enterprises. It is going to be a sole proprietorship which operates to generate revenues while promoting myself in any way that I can. I have now successfully put together my first book, "Supermodel." The Onset of Stardom." The book had become very close to my heart as I find that it is a very worthy work from an honest man. I find it to be very interesting and informative. I have also developed my training, fitness manual that incorporates my best attributes for developing the body, the mind, and the spirit. I began with the nutrition program I made back when I worked at Gold's Gym some nine years ago., and I turned that twelve page nutrition packet into a full length authority on how to succeed in fitness and life if you believe that I am living that success. My image is on the cover naturally and I am seeking to sell many millions of copies. I will be in the best shape of my life for the cover shot which I believe Gordon Geraci is going to shoot. Both my nutrition program and my modeling book will be sold first on the Internet and then through every magazine with which I believe to contain a viable market for it's success. I am shooting, as a person goal, to have my full-length photos, the cover of the book, in at least thirty separate magazines within four months. This kind of exposure, I believe, will bring about a great deal of feedback. Four months from now I expect to be able to stop working and instead simply search out additional markets to place my image and make cash. This cash will then be used to

fund a series of successive trips to lands I once traveled. I will duplicate my efforts and try to succeed in a massive way again. Every talent agent will meet me, every modeling agent will see my latest photos. I will get y foot in a thousand more doors while remaining fresh in the minds of those I have already opened and had slammed. Success will not elude me for I am willing to continue until I drop.

I am working very diligently at Fridays in order to make my new business get off the ground quickly. I am cleaning the joint in the morning, early, and working late at night as a server. I'm training a minimum of three times a day and sometimes reach as much as five. My little brother is now my training partner at the gym and he is also getting very well developed. I am ripped to the bone and quite exotic looking at a weight of about two hundred and twenty pounds. Three weeks ago I weighed two hundred and forty-five pounds. My hair is getting longer and I am looking more emaciated as time goes on. I have been working very hard at developing my boxing skills and stamina while keeping contact with Mick E. in California. Having purchased a new computer and now surfing the Internet daily, I have taken up computers as a new hobby which I intend to master. I'm reading the Dummies Series for DOS and Windows. My self-help reading is at an all time high and I have surrounded my apartment with quotes from the winners of our world. I'm going to take all of my self-help books, including some in which I have yet to read, and write my own as soon as my new business begins to generate a very comfortable cash flow above advertising costs. My BMW is still satisfying me however I now want a Lexus.

Mindy had come and gone. I decided from the beginning of our relationship that I would not fall in love again and I didn't. Leaving was hard because I wanted to love her but I just kept my defenses to well in tact. Now I am looking for another girlfriend. Jim and Sue are still treating me like their own and they have never failed to continue helping me in my quest for fame. My family is still alive and well and for the first time in my life, I just loved a holiday, Thanksgiving 96.' Everything about it went well. I now look forward to Christmas although my birthday is two days prior. I predict that I will have a girlfriend by the end of the week, maybe a week in a half, being as that I am lonely again and want to love a woman.

Chapter Four

Robert J. Burck Enterprises

It's Sunday, January 26, 1997 and I have just returned from church with my grandmother Violette. I ate breakfast with her and my grandfather just hours ago. Before leaving to meet my grandmother for church at Maple Knoll I sat and listened to my grandfather as he told me about his father. He said that he could remember his father leaving each morning to work in the coal mines. He said that he hoped us kids never had to go through a depression. Then he told me about his life in West Virginia and how he and my grandmother came to Cincinnati. I started going to church about five weeks ago in an effort to spend more time with my grandparents and to see if there wasn't some way I could contribute back something for all of their generosity. It has been nearly three years that I have been living in their apartment building, rent free, while trying to get to Hollywood.

Robert J. Burck Enterprises is nearly in full swing. I have spent nearly seven thousand dollars in an effort to get this show on the road. I got a fictitious name, a vendor's license, a Pentium 120 computer with a Hewlett Packard printer, advertising brochures, photos to be displayed on my web pages, business cards, a business phone, a business account, copyrights, you name it. I've spent over four thousand dollars more than my originally projected costs and still have about five hundred more to spend before I will find out if this whole idea of mine will work or not. My book, "Unlimited Development, Fitness Made Easy," is a real gem. It will be set up and displayed via my web pages by the end of this week. I will have soft ware to process credit card orders and will receive them by way of e-mails. I've got my books displayed in World's Gym in Tri-County and my own gym, the Body Zone. I'm expecting orders to come in sufficient enough to then display my books in a wide variety of fitness and health magazines. Robert J. Burck Enterprises was again established in order to fund my future Hollywood ventures so that I can spend my time effectively seeking stardom.

Modeling has lost a lot of its appeal for me as the people and circumstances in my life have redirected me. I've made it a point to keep in contact with my friends in Miami, New York and California but have not mentioned any real plans for venturing out with any portfolio. Mike Lyons was in Cincinnati and we talked extensively about his agency and my possibilities but it all sounded like nonsense to be a model in order to be an actor. He said to either go to Columbus, Ohio State, and get into some acting classes, or plan to come to New York where he could send me to a reputable acting coach so that my resume would warrant me going on auditions with more than just a pretty face. He said I never really gave him the tools he needed with which to promote me and that was why he hadn't. He said that he knew I'd make money and have my way in the business somehow or someday and that was why he made it a point to keep in contact with me. We ate at a Japanese restaurant called the Samari before returning to his hotel room to look through his agency books. He gave me a World Series hat and I was on my way.

On January 9, 1997, I received a call from a Charles Worthington. He said he was referred to me by Robin Klein of Playgirl Magazine and that she was interested in having me pose for a spread in their magazine. I sent him a number of current photos and when he received them he said that he was blown away, stunned and likewise. I figured he would be because the photo of me in the "Real Man" section of the magazine that he saw me in was fat and ridiculous and the photos I sent him were current and professional. The photo for "Real Man" was shot in Miami, by my friend Bill Christos back on my Southbeach venture. Charles said he didn't know why I let him even take the photo. Anyway, that picture was the catalyst that prompted us to be talking and that seemed hunky-dory to me. When it was all said and done, Charles said he'd call me in two weeks to confirm or not to confirm a date to shoot. He said I'd have to make myself available in California and that I would have to be very comfortable working in front of the camera. He said that the centerfold and cover go to the best performing model. He said that he liked exhibitionism and that he wanted me to convey that to the camera. I said I was the man for the job and that we would talk.

On January 15, 1997, Sid Craig called me for the third time since I'd left California. He was very amiable as usual. I told him about Playgirl and he stopped me in my tracks. He said that I would severely cut down my chances of getting into legitimate acting work if I "showed off my dick in a magazine." He said that the "Backstage" was full of personal ads advertising "Playgirl Centerfolds/Escorts" looking for work. He said that if I wanted to

be a moviestar, really, that I needed to get out to Hollywood, get into some acting classes, get a job to sustain myself until I could get some roles in movies. He said that my looks and build would be an asset only in the sense that they would demonstrate a dedication to myself and my ability to progress in the things I was committed to. He said I now needed to obtain talent in the field I was looking to dominate. He promised me two months on his couch to allow me to get my feet off the ground. I told him I knew enough people out there to do that. He said it could take up to six months before I would be ready to audition. I said I doubt it. He told me the last time I was with him in California that I needed to familiarize myself with a number of classic movies and their star performers. He gave me a list of movies to watch, "Fountain Head," "Great Gatsby," "Bridge Over the River Kwai," and "Citizen Kane." After our discussion on the phone I nearly fainted with exhaustion as my mind began to formulate a plan. I suddenly realized that I was slacking. That I had told Mike Lyons say similar things and had not taken action. I decided I would soon be in California doing all that which he said I should be doing. No longer would I be a fly hitting the window pane over and over again. No longer would I think that I would just be some pretty face that got launched into super- stardom because some notable influence like me. I would concentrate my efforts and train to be a moviestar by focusing on what I knew I already built up inside me. I would let out my personality, I would be myself, I would be the greatest actor to ever step foot on the stage of life.

Where is my love-life? It is nowhere. I don't want one because I know from past experience that it can be a major emotional road block to withstanding the already difficult feat of being so far from home. I will look for love when I am content with myself and believe that I can give of me what is necessary to have a fulfilling relationship. Carla called me on January 23, 1997 and we had a pleasant discussion. My good friend Angie and I see each other two times a week at best.

My personal development study had been most exciting. I spend the majority of my time on it. I have begun to use audio tapes and have listened to the same five over fifty times a piece. These include "Awaken the Giant Within," and "Giant Steps," by Anthony Robbins, "The Magic of Thinking Big," by David Schwartz, "The Greatest Secret in the World," by Og Mandino, and "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale. I have read "Unlimited Power" for the eleventh time, by Anthony Robbins and I am currently reading "How to Make a Living Without a Job," by Barbara Winter. I attribute most of my ability to know, understand and

empower myself to these sources of inspiration. I have made it a point to spend a far greater portion of my time with my family in an effort to inspire them and encourage them to think as I have learned to think. My training is intense as all hell and won't change in this lifetime. My pal Tom was telling me just the other morning that he had "never heard of anyone taking two shits on the side of the road in the middle of the night while jogging." He said it was "worse than eating spiders and secadas." I told him you just can't eat twenty to thirty some odd pounds of food throughout the day and jog an hour at night without making certain sacrifices to your pride before God.

The coming weeks will tell a great deal and have great implications for the future. To leave in one to one and a half months for California will be a challenge I seek to surpass. I must plan it. Maybe a more practical car, maybe it's already practical. A national pager again, a lap-top or notebook computer to run my business, maybe someone to move in and run it. A job upon arrival, a place to work out, finances back home, unfinished jobs at the apartment, the list goes on and on. My first book, "Supermodel, The Onset of Stardom," will be sent out to five NYC publishers on January 27, 1997. Who the hell knows, maybe that will be my ticket in after all.

My last day at TGI Fridays was January 6, 1997. I vowed to myself not to ever work there again despite loving it. I just believe that my growth had stopped and that whatever I did next, had to be a change which would force me to think in some way or another. I remember talking with Matt Cat, Parker Pollock and April on my last day. I explained that I wanted to find someone who could take me to the top. Someone who could propel me to where I want to be. Someone to recognize my talent and ambition. Parker said that he'd heard of people being "discovered" by certain notables who saw talent or otherwise in someone, but he'd never heard of a "talent" actually going out and hunting the "discoverer" down themselves. A tremendous source of inspiration came from a guy named Mike Grubbs. He worked in the "back of the house" as we call it at Fridays. He told me with pride that he was "sure I would conquer my goals and not to let anything get me down." He said that I was a good-looking, young and everything they wanted in Hollywood. I told him I would move him out to California when I made it in the very near future. Anyone reading this book be sure to hold me to these promises I've made in return for the guiding inspiration that has deposited me where I am destined so delicately to be.

On January 27, 1997 at 2:00 A.M. I decided I would be a painter. I know that I am an incredible artist and been toiling with the idea of making

incredible creations for quite a while. The last two times I went to church with my grandmother at Maple Knoll I paid special attention to the paintings on the walls. I remarked to my grandmother that it would be easy to create them. I then saw a painter on television at my mother's house after church. The guy on the program painted a picture in less than thirty minutes. I decided then and there I would make this one of my multiple profit centers. When I was jogging at 2:00 A.M. on the following morning, it just happened to be garbage night. By the time I arrive home I had approximately fifteen pieces of wood. When I woke up for the following day, I went for another jog and constructed a plan while running to build an easel. I remember my friend Gordon Geraci calling me while I was building it. He got pissed off and didn't want to talk to me when I told him I was going to be a celebrated artist and couldn't talk cause now I was also going to be an artist. By noon I had a really cool easel and a commitment to make some fabulous works of art. I will look today into where to obtain canvass and paint and I will stop at Borders to check out some of Picasso's books. He won't have anything on me!

Chapter Five

Preparation Playgirl

Well it is May 5, 1997, and my plan for the next fifteen days will be centered around making my appearance on the pages and hopefully the cover of "Playgirl" magazine. It's been a long time coming and my feelings as to whether or not I should do it have been mixed to say the least. I've been told by credible people that it was not worth the money. People such as Sid Craig have warned me that it is a liability to a professional acting career and that I need to spend my time in nobler pursuits. Personally I feel that exposure, of any kind, is good. I've read in several books on professional acting that being talked about, good or bad, is necessary in Hollywood. I have also read, for at least the third time now, that another famous moviestar, Brad Pitt, "wishes he had not posed nude for a major publication." "Wished he hadn't" only propels me to want to do the same. Do what others who have attained some degree of the success you want have done, and reap similar rewards. That's the way I see it. Now I don't think necessarily that this is going to be my ticket in, however, I do know that I can be so outstanding that it could certainly propel me into a number of other modeling type venues. That, I feel then, can put me in a more highly favorable position, both monetarily and in exposure, to get the opportunity to unleash my talent. This is what will not be denied when I have my shot. I firmly believe that I have, do and will continue to subject my physical body to rigors unequalled by anyone. I know that my body is not the biggest, but I know that with my work ethic, I can be so well refined and tested that it can inspire the world. This is what I will display when I arrive in the city of Los Angeles on May 20, 1997. I will be meeting Charles Worthington, a photographer for "Playgirl Magazine." At least I trust that he is. I have been going around in circles with him for over five months. I was in the magazine this past November. I was fat in it and so I had to send multiple modeling composites to convince him that I was not still the slob I displayed in that previous edition. Charles had stated that he would pick me up from the airport and house me until I left. He said he would show me the town

and that we would do great work together. He said that the best model gets the cover on many occasions and that they look for a very exhibitionist, narcissistic look from their models. Stated another way, they want guys, men, boys who want to show off what they've got inside of them. A very deep, sensual look. "Think of your body as a canvass," was his last advice. I paid three-hundred and ten dollars for my tickets from Cindy, Jim and Sue's travel agent, and will be departing from Cincinnati. Charles asked me to think of a theme and it was somewhat decided that we would do a shoot on the ocean in a ship or sailboat of some kind. A very outdoor, nature bound warrior of sorts on the high sea.

Robert J. Burck Enterprises is gone, finished for now, the hell with it as it was set up to be. I firmly believe that the only people making money on the net are those selling the advertising to fools like me. I am very grateful to have given it a shot and to have learned the foundation again of building a quick business infrastructure. My play was to erase my three thousand dollar credit card debt by selling my fitness book, "Unlimited Development." I ended up spending four thousand dollars to set up the means to sell the book, Robert J. Burck Enterprises. Now I have seven thousand dollars to pay, plus three-hundred and some shit now, in order to be debt free by July for my "Baywatch" appearance in California. I sold no books via the internet and received not one e-mail after a month on my first-class web site. I pulled every plug of my business and began to work at another local restaurant called "Don Pablos." My good friend Virgil Parks was working there and said it was much more relaxed than Fridays. I worked there a week before being contacted by Mark Ante, a manager from Fridays, who stated that the GM, Jim Mills, wanted me to come back. I left Don Pablos and returned to Fridays again. I began immediately working the closing stations every night. When I leave for California on May 20, 1997, my debt will be less than two thousand dollars. That is some five thousand dollars I'll erase with some brutal discipline and hard-ass work and finagling. I've narrowed my spending to six dollars a day for food, the rest for debt. When I leave I will have not one bill to my name less car, insurance, phone and electric. When I leave for California again on July 12, I will be the most free individual on the planet, possibly the universe. I have endured some severe pain in both feet as a result of my extreme training and ten hour work days that have run together consistently for three months, possibly longer. My training is directed towards bodily perfection and spiritual awakening. I've run as much as seventy miles a week with five days in the gym and have read numerous new books. My most recent and

favorite books are now, "Celestine Prophecy," by James Redfield, "Ageless Body, Timeless Mind," by Deepak Chopra, M.D., "The Power of Silence" and "The Art of Dreaming," both by Carlos Castaneda. As always, I have been a faithful re-reader of my self-help motivational bibles, "Unlimited Power" and "Awaken the Giant Within," both by Anthony Robbins. Not a day goes by that I don't read my own "Unquestioned Personal Beliefs" and my "Ideal Day" which are both depicted in my first book "Supermodel" and my fitness book "Unlimited Development."

On the home-front, I have been pretty busy. I have tried full-heartedly to spend more time with my brothers in the gym and my grandparents at every opportunity. I know they will be rejuvenated at my coming success which will afford them castles. I became a mentor through the Cincinnati Youth Collaborative and now see Chris Bedford on a regular basis. He is a fourteen year old kid who attends the School for the Creative Arts here in Cincinnati. The Simpsons are doing well and are in Florida as I write this. Bill Carlos, Norb and Tom are doing well and are in frequent contact. I am extremely grateful to have good friends about me and with me. I haven't seen a lot of my other buddies, John Leach, Poncho, the Whiticker, but I know that I will soon and will make them proud of my efforts and dedication to be an inspiration to the world. I am still seeing Mindy on a regular basis, a week here and there. No mention of love and simply not willing to commit in lieu of my plans to depart for long periods of time. I will not have another "Carla situation" where I want to come home for a "girlfriend sick" reason. I want to stay completely free of all things to create a scenario where all things are possible, no strings attached. Mental, physical, and spiritual freedom. I ran into Carla a few weeks ago back at Diamonds, the strip club she works at in Centerville. Myself and Jim Simpson frequent the joint. She said she had called and then called again before I got home that very same night. I called her back. Two days later her boyfriend called, Eddie, and said not to interfere in their relationship. I said O.K. and hung up. I know he'll screw it all up for himself anyway. Anybody who would call up his girlfriend's ex-boyfriend and make his insecurities known is weak. His love is obviously possessive and possessive love simply does not last. Freedom is the only state in which love can endure.

Dear Sid

I'm writing you because I absolutely, out of respect, feel that I must. You and I have discussed the "Playgirl issue" in the past and I have always

cherished your advice and perspective. I know you say it isn't the way to gain credible exposure, or at least the ideal way, but I feel I have to trust my own intuition. One of the key standards I have traveled on since the beginning has been to take the opportunities that come my way. Sort of the "beggars can't be choosers" mentality. I know I'm a moviestar held back only by a short distance of linear time, but I also know that I must remain humble in the present and not believe that work far beyond any I've done yet, is beyond my worth. Like any other work I've done, I will do my work for Playgirl, my first paid project in two years, like a titan. I am not one of the guys who failed to make their national exposure work for them. They came into their shoots with something that had been seen before. Perfection and dedicated hard work are something that cannot be disguised and are always rewarded in proportion to their application. Recently reading Brad Pitt's autobiography, I read that he wished he hadn't posed nude so many times now. I see that he did, and he's close to where I'm going. "Leading Hollywood Hunk" type, just with less potential than I. The photographer who will be shooting me, Charles Worthington, is also a contributing photographer for Men's Health, Fitness for Men, and a number of other publications. He said he would submit me for those immediately. He said that good work would provide a venue to go through a whole series of magazines through him alone. I have held phone relations with him for several months and believe him to be professional, respectful and kind. I am going to be a moviestar everyone loves, admires and appreciates. I know this!!! Everyone finally makes it on the fluke, one way or another. I believe the secret to living is giving, and that the magic of one's calling is always through the pursuit of their most cherished talents or gifts. I know that nothing in this world inspires me like the artistic creation of my own image. My body's development and appearance are my paramount hobby and joy. My dedication to it's construction is astounding. It is for these reasons that I am going to shoot for Playgirl Magazine. There is not one iota of disregard for your judgement. I'm sure, as wonderful as our friendship has thus far been, that you will give me your blessing and kindhearted appreciation for my decision to follow my instincts on this one. Three years ago I was stripping for a local stripping agency finishing college. A friend of mine said, "you should do Playgirl Magazine." I submitted and was rejected several times. Over the last two years I have submitted over twenty times. I was test shot two times, and I met the former editor, Charmian Carl in person, still without publication. I went to Miami Beach when I was fat and a friend shot a picture, sent it in to the magazine and it gets put in the

magazine. I got over twenty calls from college universities and independent photographers asking for submissions of more photographs. I wrote the editor 100 letters my damn self telling her how great I was and signed an assortment of different names to them. I then had these letters deposited in the mail all across the country by the Simpsons as they made a trip across the country on vacation. I knew the fat photo that was thusfar published would not lead to further publication without great approval from the readers. This is how, I believe, I came to be picked to do an actual spread. I know that the completion of this milestone will add to my war-chest of confidence to get a job done when I set out to do it. I ain't like the others Sidney!

P.S. Itinerary:

Arrive in California on May 20 - May 28 (subject to be lengthened if opportunities arise)

Two days of shooting

Six days to try and meet with you to dine, relax and make up for lost time

Playgirl Formula

140 miles jogged by departure on May 20
14 days / 5 miles in the morning and at night = 140 miles
broiled white fish and vegetables only
stay tan and train in the gym daily
Norman Vincent Peale's "Power of Positive Thinking" audio tape daily
while jogging
Strong diligent refreshment of Anthony Robbins, "Unlimited Power"
Constant dedication to prayer and love
(as with every other ground breaking opportunity that has come about
in a distant land, I scaled down my belongings. I got rid of everything
that barred me, or tied me down mentally. This time I was wiser than in
previous
ventures to look diligently and be certain that I only did it with tangible
things and not with
people. I arranged it so that when I left for California it was as though I
was never coming back.
I will never do that, but I know that my mental power I far more
concentrated when I do not have
A thousand some odd possessions that I can call uniquely mine. I got rid of
all of my books, roughly
300, and kept the one that started me, Anthony Robbins,' "Unlimited
Power." I kept only a bare
apartment in tact, which anyone could move into and live in comfortably.
Only simple furniture in
good condition. No sentimental values were left remaining. If I were to die
on venture, what would be
found would be my own written books which would be all that I am, a man
in the
pursuit of what is important to him in life. A dedicated journal of desire for
the attainment of a life
of giving. A life of extreme perseverance for the deliverance of a world
without boundaries. A world
available to all with the courage and discipline to go after it. A personal
depiction of the journey, the road,

the path, which in truth, is what we must focus on. For it is not where we
end up, but instead the
elements, ingredients, or characteristics of the traveler and his travel. Where
you end up will
be in proportion to you “staying power.”

Chapter Six

Anchor One

5/20/97

Today I left Cincinnati behind for the third time and was full of anticipation. Mindy drove me to the airport and we drank coffee together and talked extensively about the excitement of the airport atmosphere. The game plan is to go and shoot for Playgirl Magazine and thankfully I left confident with the body and look that I was going to portray. On the plane I met a Roderick Ruiz who talked with me throughout the duration of the flight. His conclusion, "I could do anything I wanted to." He was most kind and warm. He was traveling with his brother who was equally kind. Each of them browsed my books, "Supermodel" and "Unlimited Development." They both looked at my portfolio and wished me great encouragement. I know that their remarks and generosity will stay in my heart for a long time.

My plane arrived an hour late and a Mr. Charles Worthington was waiting for me. He waved me down the minute I exited the plane. He was very pleasant and had a look of kindness about him. He put my bags on a cart after introducing himself and wheeled them down to the baggage claim. He said that he was parked with fifteen minutes remaining and that he hoped my bag would come speedily along.

Together we walked out of the Los Angeles Airport to his Ford Explorer. We threw my bags in and drove through Los Angeles and made small talk. I remember weaving in and out of traffic and thinking how damn big the world looked. It was just an immense jungle of buildings and names. Billboards advertising everything known to man. How does one become familiar in such a big place? I began to feel overwhelmed with the grand nature of the wild city surrounding me before remembering I was no less capable than the thousands who felt the same way and conquered it all before me. I smiled and envisioned tid bits of success in all that I saw.

Charles remarked over and over how he'd beaten his record getting home. Twenty some odd minutes from the airport. He lived in Hollywood, which incidentally, was only about ten to twenty blocks from where I stayed

last time out at the YMCA Youth Hostel. West Hollywood again and happy to be back in a surrounding of familiarity. Charles pulled down the sheets on a bed made for me in his living room. His studio was very cool and comfortable. He said to sleep well, that he would take me to get groceries in the morning, and that he's be up around eight-thirty. We smiled at each other and decided to discuss the details of our venture together in the morning. The lights went out two minutes after minute.

5/21/97

Today I got up early and jogged the Hollywood Walk of Fame. I envisioned the hunger and glory of each and every star seeping upward into my feet and energizing my objectives. I found that Little Jack Little, Snow White and Big Bird all had their own stars. What the hell is that?

“It is my objective to make all that I do a crowning achievement of man.”

After running for an hour, I went to Ralphs Grocery and bought chicken and veggies which I ate at Charles' place. Charles and I ate and then we shot photos in his living room for two hours or so. We then took the photos to have them developed. We had coffee at the French Market Café while the film was being processed and then we picked them up and sent them to a number of Charles fitness clients in New York. When we returned we walked up Runyon Canyon which is the Santa Monica Mountains. I told Charles about my poster venture three years back. How I made a poster of myself and thought I could send it to a number of large poster distributors and attain some sort of instant success and recognition. He said he'd done similar large scale ventures and lost his ass as well. He said that he now approaches things a little differently. He said that he first examines the final project in his mind and then works backwards calling all of the necessary people to evaluate the ramifications and measures that can be expected along the way.

I bought one hundred and twenty postcards on the way back from our trip to Runyon Canyon, took a nap when we returned home, and we ate dinner at the Silver Spoon. There we talked about the following day's Playgirl shoot and Charles told me about his mother. He said that she didn't know how to be a mother, but “that she could throw one hell of a party.” After dinner Charles took me to Trader Joe's and he purchased a ton of groceries to last me the week. Fish of all sorts, chicken breasts and vegetables. When we returned to Charles' studio, I worked out in the weight room, sat in the sauna, and then the whirl-pool before returned to the room where Charles gave me a message. I then went to bed exhausted, but relaxed.

5/22/97

I woke up like an expecting child on Christmas Day at 3:00 a.m.. I began by writing in my journal about what a great success the day was going to be. I then wrote forty or so post cards. I started eating dry oatmeal with Equal on it, and stopped drinking water. This was a strategy I'd used in the past when "carbing up" for teenage bodybuilding competitions. The idea is to eat foods that draw water into the digestive track and out of the skin's surfaces. No water coming in makes for a vascular appearance. I skipped the morning jog so that the carbohydrates I was eating would fill up the muscles nice and tight with glycogen. When Charles got up we had coffee, planned the events for the shoot and left. Our boat was to leave dock from Cabrillo Marina in San Pedro California. On the way to San Pedro, Charles and I listened a tape of 101 spiritual affirmations. It was very uplifting. I remember the narrator explaining that "transformation" meant going beyond one's form. To get beyond your physical form and into your spiritual form. To be inward and not outward was the message. I thought deeply about how I wanted to make the shoot a "crowning achievement of man" and that I needed to try not to look the part but to be the part. Not to try and look sensual and sexy, but to emanate these qualities from inside of me. To simply be them in every aspect was the highest order of the day.

What can I say? The shoot went very well. Both Charles and I were in sync and ready. The sailboat was very wobbly and it was windy and chilly, but all was fabulous. We did probably ten to twenty scenes and came up with many different creative ideas for the space and conditions with which we had to work. Charles had to yell at me on several occasions as the wind and therefore noise factor played a challenging role. I was told to perform naturally and to act as though I was simply a sailor on his boat at play. We shot for several hours before finishing and then returned to the marina where we ate at the 22nd Street Landing. We ate terrific seafood while we discussed the shoot. We dropped off the twelve rolls of film on the way back and returned to Charles' place exhausted again, both mentally and physically. I hadn't till that time realized how the strain of intense praying, training and thinking had worn me thin. I called Mindy before retiring and read for two hours. The lesson for the day, some of which I'd learned at times before, were as follows.

1. We give out that which we are ready and willing to receive.
2. Consistent giving brings multiple rewards in our lives.
3. Stay simplistic in order to receive great abundance and growth.
4. Be love. People are simply reflections of ourselves.
5. I am not that which is being observed, but instead the observer.

6. Charles told me that it is wise not to proclaim your aspirations to openly in the world because people are usually cynical and often will give you reasons why you cannot do something. I listened and nodded but know that my own formula has and will continue to work. I proclaim my goal to the world so that I must follow through and accomplish them to save face. I want the “pressure” and have continued to use it in stride. No one, to be honest, has ever told me that I couldn’t do what I swear to. Not since I became sure and congruent anyway. I’m larger than most people and the “intimidation factor” has it’s advantages. I do recognize what Charles’ wanted to teach me, is just doesn’t apply to bad asses like me.

5/23/97

Today was a very exciting day in which I learned many things. To begin, I learned what Charles Worthington defined as the “Six Steps to Being a Star.”

1. “A look” = This he defined as a significant appearance. One that inspires admiration and/or attention. A look that leaves one with an unforgettable impression.
2. “A demeanor” = This he also called the “Star Factor” or “Star Quality.” It is the demeanor that is appropriate to the “look” described above.
3. “The ability to get it” = This is the “Ah-Hah!” Charles said that some people go to acting school for years and never get it and others go and understand it immediately. It is therefore the ability to, right off the handle, comprehend the confidence of a true actor.
4. “Self-Discipline” = This is what he called the ability to keep going when everyone else loses interest in you. It’s perseverance, self-reliance, self-motivation.
5. “Gratitude” = This is the ability to demonstrate unselfish gratitude, unconditionally, to the people and things and blessings around you.
6. “Integrity” = Charles was big on, and committed to, developing integrity. He said it was needed in dealing with people. He said the secret was to hold on to the good people around you. Integrity, he said had three components that were essential.
 - a. Seeking the truth.
 - b. Making a statement or stand to your self and the world based on the truth.

- c. Standing by your personal truth at your peril, never backing down even at the threat of loosing allies, business, money, friends, etc...

I spoke to Sid Craig for the first time today. He said that he'd been trying to get in contact with me for two days. He said that Paramount was looking for big, muscular, blonde haired men for a pilot series. In the past Sid spoke of not sending me on any auditions without formal acting credentials so this sort of blew me out of the water. I would have a pager before returning to California again, a 1-800 pager. Sid explained that his birthday would occur over the weekend and asked me if a weekend of good eating, 100 degree temperatures, swimming and sunshine sounded nice. He wanted to take me to his attorney's house in Palm Springs for the weekend. I gladly accepted.

Charles finally got the call he was expecting from New York regarding the fitness magazines for whom we had submitted the photos we did together the first day together. The editor said the my hair was simply too long and that they wanted to see more abdominals. This would be the end of our work together for the current trip. Charles and I ate one more meal together, this time at Norms. We talked about life and it's trials. After dinner we went to a frozen yogurt stand and talked some more. We went by the photo place and looked at our work for Playgirl, it was simply fabulous and I knew then and there that things would grow immeasurable from our performance.

Sid Craig picked me up at Charles' place at 8:30 p.m. I his green pick-up truck. We went back to his place on Sycamore to get his things, then we went to eat at Koo Koo Roos in Hollywood. I took over the driver's seat and drove us to Palm Springs after a dinner and discussion. Sid crashed the majority of the way down and when we arrived in the dessert, we dropped off our stuff at his attorney's house before taking a drive through the city of Palm Springs. We ate again at a Carrows and Sid talked at length about several different actors who seemingly made it on personality and charisma versus the conventional Hollywood manipulations and training. After eating we went back to the pad and hit it for the night.

The next two days in Palm Springs were very exciting and enriching. Sid and I went to several flea markets and places to eat. We basked in the sun every day and rode endlessly everywhere in his convertible Mercedes. The weather was perfect. We watched "Lost World" together. We went to Sarah Douglas' garage sale and a party of an ex-NFL football player who held a party for Sid's birthday. I met several of Sid's friends and had a wonderful time swimming and relaxing in a big hot tub with ice water served by our

host. I truly tasted the aura of real wealth and luxury in the dessert. I ate like a professional football player myself, in fact, I did since the arrival of Sid at Charles' place in West Hollywood. The onset of another miracle transformation was definitely upon me, seemingly beyond my control or recognition. I found myself confirming to myself that an actor must have personality and that only when I am eating to my heart's content am I truly my energetic and charismatic self. Full of the unique personality that only I possess. One afternoon I found myself writing a journal entry that I decided then and there would be my life's dictate for the next year and beyond.

Jr. Nationals 98'

I just remembered the Jr. Nationals coming up. Then I remembered how I so adamantly proclaimed how I would win it several months ago. I also remember my feelings of cowardice that came about later when I realized my Playgirl objectives led me to get lean and left me at 209 pounds hard. I threw out my "Jr. National's Plan" and went for Playgirl. I remember Shawna Snyder at work asking me "if I was getting smaller again." To avoid dealing with the situation at the moment I said that "I was leaving to shoot in a week and that I had to be flawless and ripped now!" That really wasn't all that fair because how the hell was she supposed to know to put two and two together. She was reacting to what she saw. Me getting thinner despite my proclamation to the contrary. I also remember Mike Haste at the gym saying that "I was proof." "Proof of what," I asked? "Proof that no matter how hard you train," me being the epitome of hard work, "you couldn't get big without drugs." I wanted to explain that I was thin from running some serious ass miles, not because I couldn't get the massive results of a bodybuilder. To avoid the "I can do it discussion," I simply said that it just takes time. He said, "yeah, a real long time." I ate the comment knowing it would only be for a while that I had to swallow such shit. Playgirl is now over and for a long while or so is my pretty little model look. I am now retraining to my mission of becoming the "thor-like, Junior National, out of the clear blue champion" look I began some four months prior. I am far better prepared as I have set my legs thermic dial of expectation on endurance. Two hours of aerobic exercise has been inflicted on them for two weeks. That's 140 miles in two weeks. Now they will coast happily on one hour or less each morning until the Jr. Nationals one year and a month or so from today. They will now be fed with a high calorie diet rich in all foods. They will be subjected to a diet consisting of primarily

low fat foods. They will get high protein for building, high carbs for energy and a good supply of fat intake, roughly twenty-five percent for strength. The strength I gain from this food consumption approach will finally allow my chest, or bench press, squat, and calf routines to excel where they have never been known before. My one full hour of aerobic training, predominately jogging, will be greatly effective in promoting muscle growth and thwarting fat accumulation. Miraculous changes will again jolt my physique into realms of the monstrous guys yet I will remain different in that my degree of muscularity and strength will be unmatched. My efforts will blow away all other aspirants though this is not my goal, just the inevitable. My ten years of training will again show their true value and unlimited, unquestioned, perfected results. I will train harder and heavier and more like a warrior and will remember the key ingredients of success, giving back. This means spreading joy and enthusiasm and blessings, love, kindness, belief, determination, and gratitude. I will use "The Greatest Salesman in the World" as my daily mental preparation, as well as other self-help motivational sources that I have found to inspire me. I will spend more family time and Mindy time and make life an ever greater joy that it already is. I will work the key days of the week at Fridays and thus save more time and energy for more fruitful endeavors like mentoring, meeting contacts and keeping better in touch with existing contacts such as Playhouse in the Park, praying to God, nature, cleanliness, simplicity and most of all, preparation and planning for Hollywood. I will rehearse lines out loud daily to better vocalize and glamorize my words so that they will bear sweeter, riper fruits. The goal and completion of it, winning the Jr. Nationals, will strengthen, indomitably, my conviction about my abilities and attributes and will serve to open up a world of new possibilities in addition to the world of possibilities I already possess.

P.S. I must mention, so that I do not fail to use some key assets in my memory bank, that there will be no caffeine going into my body as has been the case over the last four years, possibly eight years. No more washing away valuable nutrients before my body has adequate time to use them all. Also, no more pot or cigarettes which have been a part of my internal package since the "Carla days" some three years ago and running till now. The miraculous internal system which I possess will now be able to flourish as the temple of God it is indeed destined to be.

Several quotes and lessons came about in my readings by the pool at Sid's attorney's house in Palm Springs. They are listed below. Most of them were simply reminders.

1. "If you want something bad enough, the whole earth conspires to help you get it."
2. "Arrogance, internal or external, subconscious or conscious, is a means of harnessing superiority over others. It keeps anyone from meeting your standards. It pushes people away from you leaving you frustrated and alone. Correcting others, is energy wasting and defeating. People do not have to behave like you to be behaving correctly. See other people's behavior, which is different from yours, as a challenge to yourself to adapt in the spirit of joyful, loving acceptance."
3. "Man's accomplishments are in proportion to his efforts."

Sid dropped me off at Charles' place after I slept the whole ride home from the desert. Charles and I had a great time for my last two days in Hollywood. We ate at Universal Studios and saw "Night Falls on Manhattan" for the first day, and then to Venice Beach the next. I saw Muscle Beach and decided I would be training there in the sun with my little brother Andy on our visit out in July, 97.'

Chapter Seven

Pipeline

Upon returning from California, I received a message on my answering machine from a man named Darrel. He was the owner of the “Pipeline,” a gay bar located in Cincinnati. It turns out my neighbor, Dan, was a good friend of his and suggested me as a good candidate for bartending. Dan knew that I had gotten my bartending degree from the International Bartending Institute and that I would easily ham it up behind the bar for cash to fuel my ambitious schedule. I called him immediately and began work there around June 13, 1997. Roughly two weeks later I was bartending nearly every night and had put my two weeks in at Fridays. I worked in underwear and boots and made fat cash. I made terrific head-way on my credit-card debt and met a very wide array of interesting people. I found that, just as in New York, seemingly everyone who worked in the arts was either gay or closely tied with the gay community. Working at the Pipeline really heightened my consciousness about the importance of training for the future roles I would be playing as a celebrated moviestar. I began taking ballet at the “Dance Hall” in Clifton, Ohio. I met Dewey Hawthorne and began taking acting lessons, and began to train voice with Tom Guthrie and Paul McCready. Shakespeare became an everyday part of my reading and browsing the entertainment section at Borders Books and Music became my new hang-out. The combination of emphasis on developing talent made a tremendous shift in my mental programming away from the importance of appearance. Till then, what I looked like was everything. It was my ticket in. It didn’t become unimportant, it just came to share a seat with the idea of talent. The shift brought about the breaking of several plateaus in my physical development, probably resultant of the relaxation factor involved in lessening the urgency to achieve them.

Working at the Pipeline also coaxed me into recognizing the importance of theatre. With so many people around me in the business, it's really no surprise. I was told by several people, namely Thornton, the “Leo,” and Dwayne Brown. The both said that I needed to get on stage and to get some

experience acting. Their encouragement sent me to an audition at “Footlighters Stained Glass Theatre” in New Port Kentucky where I obtained the role of Marvin Hudgins in the production “Dark of the Moon,” which will begin to rehearse in November of 1997. It was my first audition and I found it easy to perform in front of the director. At first I was nervous seeing so many people trying out, but the second I saw the first guy go up for a part that I could be cast for, it became a competition that I refused to lose.

I really loved working at the Pipeline and the people there were so nice. Did I mention I worked in underwear and boots? I listened to countless stories from countless people about life and beyond. The change of pace from the primarily heterosexual world brought about some very powerful shifts in my thinking and level of understanding. The Pipeline also taught me a lot about myself and my primary motivations, you know, attention, praise and acknowledgement for my efforts to be one who feel the need to entertain, teach and develop for the benefit of others.

Several people in the Pipeline asked me about my sign. I knew that I was a Capricorn, but never explored it in any depth. I found out that nearly everyone I asked not only knew their sign, but a great deal about it. Most seemed convinced that they did, in fact, represent all that had been written to day about their sign. Recognizing the importance of understanding the motivations of people, I bought the blue book, “Sun Signs.” I was greatly surprised at what my sign said. In a nut shell, it said that the Capricorn was a sure-footed animal that makes it’s tracks steadily up the mountain side. That it was compelled to reach the top at any cost. All emotions set aside, the Capricorn would not lose. I liked not only the good stuff, but the seemingly bad. It will all be well incorporated into my belief system from here on out as it serves to heighten my belief in my responsibility to be fabulously inspiring to the world before God. It’s as if it’s not only what I want and will do, but what the stars have pre-determined me to do. It’s my destiny.

On September 7, 1997, Darrel terminated me from the Pipeline. The reasons for my termination were customer complaints, low sales, and a disrespectful comment made in Darrel’s behalf by myself. Being that Darrel is unable to defend himself in this here writing, I will not defend myself. I think Darrel is a terrific guy and I wish him and his bar a tremendous success. I greatly appreciate everything I received for the time I was able to spend under his employment.

Upon my termination from the Pipeline, I cut off all of my long blonde hair, and read “Unlimited Power” for the thirteenth time. I grabbed an entirely new identity and allowed my personality to change with the new responses that arose to the drastically changed image I’d created.

Baywatch

On July 12, 1997, my rapidly growing little brother Andy and I left for California. I had won a contest through a local radio station, WEBN 102.7 F.M.. What I won was a three day vacation for two to Santa Monica, California, and a guest appearance on the hit television program “Baywatch.” Really having no idea what to expect we filled ourselves with anticipation for what we felt could be anything for cool to really cool. We spent the first three days in a deluxe hotel right up the street from the Santa Monica Pier. We walked the pier several times and jogged the beach. We walked down and checked out the people along the Boardwalk who were doing everything from begging, to swallowing swords and cutting initials out of apples in people’s mouths with chainsaws. Crazy, neat shit! We worked out at “Muscle Beach” and had some terrific brotherly bonding. We smoked a little bud and saw a lot of people. Lots of really hot girls and athletic types in roller blades were making tracks around us. The actual Baywatch shoot that took place on the third day was actually the least exciting day. We basically sat around for nearly eight hours to perform as extras in an outdoor café scene that took all of five minutes. We met David Hasselhoff, I guess that was cool for about a minute. He said to me, “damn, you should be a lifeguard.” And “sn’t it ironic, don’t ya think?”

Three days expired, Sid Craig picked up Andy and I and took us to his place in Hollywood. He gave us the keys to his truck and to his place. We lived there with him and spent lots of time with him talking and hanging out. While he worked each day, we explored Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and beyond. We went up to Runion Canyon and back to Venice Beach a few times. We ate a lot and slept some too. One day we drove to San Diego on two flat tires, high as hell, to see the Naval Base there that Andy was interested in. When the weekend rolled around, we went to Palm Springs to spend the weekend with Sid. The weather was gorgeous and we spent out time cutting out tree stumps, tanning, swimming and eating out. Sid really enjoyed teasing Andy and seemed to enjoy having us as his guests. We certainly loved his company. Sid mentioned that voice training would be a good idea for me to develop my speaking voice. As a result of that, as I mentioned in the previous chapter, I began taking singing lessons one week

after returning home from California. While in California with Andy, I studied in depth, a book by Deepak Chopra, "Learning the Spiritual Laws of Life." I had hoped for much more from the Baywatch opportunity, but remembered immediately what Sid Craig had told me on a previous trip to California, "that timing is everything" and "that nothing would occur until the time was right."

