

NYC

(Started stationary bike at 11:30am)

One or two days and I'll be off again to NYC. Another delirious morning. The type that only precedes the most devastating of nights. The mind is surely a positive hunter in sleep. Suicidal at 3:00am and bursting with the energy of a greyhound in the morning. Four hours on the bike to start the day. Sounds obscene, but it's the most incredible time of my life. Reorganizing, rethinking, and evaluating the past and coming months' experiences in my mind. No negative rocks will be left un-turned. Having read my eyes backwards since I returned from NYC only four days prior. Six to eight hours a day of biographies and lessons in conversation. James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, excerpts on Hudson and Brando. Dale Carnegie's series of Communications and Effective Speaking, Networking Smart by Baker, Screen Acting by Brian Adams and for the seventh time finishing Anthony Robbins' Unlimited Power, which holds the pieces together in a myriad of decentralized organization. To the point of insanity I've read like in college. I fed my mind through all of its signs of dejection. When I got crazy and frustrated and felt I had no more room for absorption, I read more and more. I'm a strange learner that way. I never seem to hear, see, or read something and then know it. It's like I don't even have the capacity in that sense. I'll read, never even let it register, but then, odd as it could sound to most limited people, an hour later it's there and ready to be shot out like a cannon. A cannon of encyclopedic knowledge. A body of science and precision. I swear I think I could read the dictionary and know every word at a later date without conscious recognition of its infiltration with my memory.

Coffee to the point of neuroticism and exercise enough to prepare me for the Boston Marathon upon completion of the "Iron Man" - you know - the triathlon. Some may say, make a good point. But those who know will tell you emphatically that I ain't fuckin' with 'ya. I've trained for a minimum of 5 hours a day for the last 7 to 8 weeks. That's how long it's been since I walked out of Mike Lyons' office in NYC. More so respected at the time than now. He's the guy who paged me while I was strolling through 'fruitloop' town, Greenwich Village, with Todd Jeffries, a cohort from my old stripping brigade, Sensations Entertainment, about 10 to 11 weeks ago. Ol' Mike expressed some interest in using me in his modeling agency, LCF, a commercial agency on 8th Avenue. Called me in his office and explained 'gay walls' and why I was commercial 'cause I had a pretty boy look and how I should be a smiler. I and Todd, my parrot, claimed we wanted to be fashion models. Sounded more prestigious. Mike wasn't the discouraging type and told us to pursue it and come back after we failed in a week or so. At the time he was totally correct in his convictions, but now 10 or 11 weeks smarter, for me that's incredible amount of fuckin' intelligence enhancement because I make it a god damn point to absorb everything. All the way down to the sex of the gnats that fly down my esophagus when I jog the streets of Manhattan in the 'wee' hours of the morning, you see, I was commercial to him because that's the only way he could use me. He's a damn commercial agent! And it wasn't that I couldn't be fashion, It was just that my current composite at the time

was pathetically put together with shit photography - Cincinnati's finest, NYC's throw away. So when I went to the big wig modeling agencies in NYC, they were as Mike said they'd be, un-fucking interested! Wow! Made him a genius. He looked me square in the eyes and talked to me in that fucked up NY accent talkin' like if what he said weren't the truth, no truth existed. That he could see I'd go for it 'cause I was a 'milker'. Said it was obvious by my demeanor that I could and would milk anyone for all they were worth. "That's good," he said. I want you to do that, that's how we'll get work. Just don't milk me, we'll milk 'em together. Takes a milker to know one. I know this too well. The early lessons of my father that P.T. Barnum was right, there's a sucker born every minute and nothing is free. There's no such thing as a 'free lunch'. My dad didn't say much to me at all that would merit much heartfelt appreciation in a father-son sense, but he did provide me with a skeleton of no-nonsense in your face pragmatism. Mike Lyons walked Todd and I out of his office and onto the Manhattan streets and asked us to call in a week. So that's what we did, or at least that's what I did. All went as he cunningly told me it would. Nytro, Fords, Wilhelmina, HV, Maxx Men, and the other big fuckers went through my ridiculous photos in 'speed of light' fashion and said words to the effect of get the fuck out. Had absolutely not a damn thing to do with anything but the quality of the photos. It's photography alone that makes a model get interviews for work. It's the models who get called to interviews and go-sees who actually look like their elaborate photos who get the work. That then puts them in the spotlight and then gets them recognized or discovered and into the movies. And the transition from modeling to acting of course is a bit more complex than being seen. You see, to be a famous American icon type discovery, one must be marked clearly with sure signs of sorrow, lapse control, 'organized disorganization'. In other words, the true spectacle of psychologically based insanity. True eyes of genius recognize these traits instantaneously. I've gotten so profoundly intelligent that I can hide mine, or at least camouflage them and that has been one of my major setbacks in my months of endeavors in NYC over the last 10 or 11 weeks. I've been called a fake. Now I realize that my insanity, my obsessive uncontrollable tirades of chaos are what they want. When I return to NYC this Wednesday or Thursday, my true personality will ring hard fast lessons in the art of transformation. This will be an added plus to my 8 pound lighter, more refined and defined physique I've carved in only four days. Incredible what desire and madness can do to the body and psyche of an ordinary 'small town schmuck' immortal being.

(Got off of bike at 12:30pm to eat 3 ears of raw corn to fuel up.)

(Back on bike at 12:45pm - jacked-off for the first seven minutes with imaginary thoughts of Carla and a bottle of Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion.)

Anyway, this character, Mike Lyons, over the course of our first week apart after our first meeting went out of town and I hit all of the other agencies with Todd. Todd and I were doing the gay scene 'till now in NYC. You know, dancing in gay clubs for quick

cash to stay alive. We were in and out of estas lugares such as the Tunnel Club, Roxy's, Pieces on Christopher, The Limelight, Cats and an assortment of other troll bars. (A troll bar is where any motherfuckin' guy can make a killing in tips because the audience consists of old mutherfuckin' homos with no teeth and big pocket books.) It was our same gay plan that failed in Vegas. Another hoopla extravaganza Todd and I worked out to be discovered. The plan was simple - dress like a model by day and hang out where the big shots play chips for \$1,000's and have the contacts to do ya good. By night, ya' pull the g-string up your ass and dance like a fairy so you can get a mass assortment of one dollar bills from some freaks with no better place to spend their dough.

Vegas unfortunately is not the place to be. We were the only motherfuckers in Armani style suits. Nobody was gonna' try to fork over cash and favors or even talk to us. It was like the shoes were on the wrong feet. We looked like the high rollers. We needed the flashy "hey look, fool" I'm a stripper outfits on. We were simply unapproachable. And the stripping companies that sent out guys to see and dance for other guys were for big cash. In Vegas, you see, it ain't about dancing nude in front of a dick so he can masturbate, it's about sex. Not like the innocent shit done in Cincinnati, the conservative capital of the world where even nude dancing is taboo and the target of nothing better to do weekend warrior cops. We went broke in Vegas just like the odds said we would. We ended up drinking alcohol at every meal and in between while discouragement slid down our necks. We walked so fuckin' much and in dress shoes, the balls of our feet were squared. Took over a week after arrival home in gym shoes to walk standing straight up again. The gay bar scene in Vegas was weak too. There were maybe two or three than anyone even knew about. We did however, meet a charming older woman in the Grand Casino Rio who happened to be a psychic. Her name was Rhonnie Rhae and she said she knew instantly that I was destined to be an actor and Todd a bartender. What the fuck!!! So all this aside, NYC was our next location to try the same shit. Don't get me wrong about Vegas however, by the time we left, we had rides to and from anywhere we wanted to go. We had three separate places we could have stayed in order to remain there. And dinner offers enough to eat like Venetian Kings. I played the gay lead-on to at least seven fools who quickly bought it. There just wasn't anything in Vegas to get us anywhere but there, and if you know anything about Vegas, or if you've ever been there, you quickly realize that it's a sad place where people spend their life savings, or at least months of hard earned money just for the hope of luck to fulfill or confirm their already known beliefs that luck is not a reality of life, it's only something fools believe in. On our way back on the plane, the same happy crew that came down with us were all trying to save face about what they lost. Lost means you're a loser, and they all ranted and raved about how they lost only minimally and that it wasn't any big deal 'cause they had fun. Bullshit. Nobody in a capitalistic society is happy or even satisfied to have lost money because they were naive enough to believe in luck. NYC offered far more opportunities for our plan. Gay bars with guys in g-strings every night. Drag shows and everything. A fag in NYC, especially Greenwich Village, will surely be a happy camper. Todd and I danced and auditioned all over the fuckin' gay scene for three weeks. We were in a gay world acting like fags and sleeping in rat, or at least mice infested hotels such as Hotel Bellclaire, uptown Manhattan. It was horrible. We ate out of deli garbage cans nearly every night. Only the fresh shit of course. Cried myself to

sleep nearly every night of the week. Carla at home. Nobody but Todd, who was in the same shoes, to talk to. Being alone for three weeks would seem like a great opportunity to find oneself. But when you're fake for 20 hours a day, it's hard to know who the hell you really are. In that week I compiled a list of gay bars, gay men, and drag queens long enough to fill a book in itself. Everybody just loves to help - "What can I do for you, daaaarling?" It's sheer madness. By the time we got back to the Bellclaire each night, we'd be devastated. Had a list of drug contacts to get us weed and coke. We'd get our over the counter remedies anywhere. You know, ephedrine HCL, aspirin, Magnums, and Robittusin DM. ya' see, we were dieting by eating not a damn thing, or vegetable scraps and foods of that nature from wooden crates along the road sides. It was just so depressing to be trying so hard to stay thin but not getting anywhere for being so. It's like if you can't afford the healthy eating alternative for being thin, it's just a hell of a lot easier to eat nothing and do drugs to forget about it. We wanted our faces sucked in, concave like, so we could be fashion models. Yeah, right! We still didn't realize how bad our photography was, and finding a good photographer's list is something that follows getting into a good modeling agency, which our photos simply would not allow. We'd heard that our pictures sucked at least two hundred times but we didn't think that closed the door entirely. Surely if they saw a faces as deprived as ours they could make an exception. The papers for models and actors like the "Back Stage" are loaded with ideas for head shots and shit like that, but there's no telling who they are or if they'll have film in the camera when they shoot ya'. We had no money 'cause we had blown the fuck out of our feet again walking, didn't know the subway, and were taking cabs every damn where. We were trying every photo, play, acting interview and open model call that was listed in each and every NYC publication and directory known to us. The stress made us want to eat and that cost a fuckin' fortune too. There just wasn't a place to sit down in NY when we were there. We didn't know anything and it was miserably sad and humiliating. We came to the conclusion that we'd have to jog and do pushups, sit ups, and chin-ups on building rafters 'cause we couldn't afford the gym and we knew that if we were 'ripped to the bone' thin, we wouldn't need the tanning visits we couldn't afford anyway. Calling home was simply too expensive to do more than once or so a week, so we were displaced for the most part the whole time.

Unable to control our muffin, bread, and doughnut cravings that we acquired, we went back and forth from obsessive dieting to binge eating at the delis, which if you're familiar with NYC, you will find one on every motherfuckin' corner. It was like a married prostitute living in a whorehouse in Vegas. Temptations every damn where. We took diuretics every time we ate the shit. Then we'd shit out our guts the following day. I shit our double bed one night. Scared Todd half to death. Had to sleep in the same damn bed 'cause the place was infested with little rodents that came in through the holes in the walls where the heater coils ran. I shit so hard it snatched my pants off as I ran down the hallway to the "one floor bathroom per floor" in the Bellclaire. Cocaine, we came to find, was cheaper than the eat and shit routine so we adopted that route for the last two weeks. It kept us sane, smiling, and full feeling. The gay thing was killing our inner strength, and starving, our hope of getting anorectic looking in the face (a specialty I learned as a youth when I was clinically diagnosed as being anorectic) and going to the big name fashion agencies in person for open calls. We hoped they would ignore our photos

and "leave it to beaver" portfolios, see us, and just be stunned. Oh well, not so, Joe. They didn't even see us, if they let us in the door that is. They simply snatched our books, flung all the photos over in one heap and dismissed us one after another. This last week of rejection after meeting Mike Lyons was surely the most discouraging week to that point in my life. On top of this, we had just began dancing at a bar called Club 58 on 40 E. 58th St. in Midtown Manhattan.

(Off of bike at 1:45pm and ate 2 baked yams, 1/2 cup of raw oats with three packets of Equal.)

(Back on bike at 2:00pm.)

This club 58 opportunity came through a contact I found in a weekly publication in "The Beach" tanning salon in Greenwich Village that was soliciting for male dancers. Todd and I went there and met Lord Bobsi Colon. "Lord," you ask? Get this - He's a lord of the Imperial Court of Drag Queens in NYC. I've heard and seen it all. From Truly Scrumptious to Miss Understood, freak-like at its finest. Anyway, this club was far more our type. It was gay, but the clientele was upscale and educated. That means no trolls. Here you're on a stage where you can't be groped and he had us for Thurs, Fri, and Sat. This meant no hiking and hobbling across town on bruised feet. This Bobsi character isn't one of those aggressive fags either who will try and pinch your ass or nuts every time he does you a favor. The man carries a portfolio bag full of nude 'wannabees' and 'have become somebodies not very big' that have danced in his club. A true star cultivator. He just wanted to do everything for us. Buy us portfolio bags, cash to eat, place to work, you name it. It was the break we needed to regroup momentarily and get a little cash together so we could afford the Greyhound trip home on Tuesday after going back to see Mike Lyons after our week of anorectic, bulimic, shit our guts out, cocaine ridden week in frustration and sadness with the big name modeling agencies. He said we could stay at his place for the Thursday, Friday, and Sat nights we'd be dancing. We moved our shit in from the Bellclaire and danced our first night on Thursday. Ever slept in a four wall, perfectly square bedroom in Manhattan with a thousand or more photos of brawny dudes with their bare penis' hanging around ya? Not a pretty sight for a couple of adamant heterosexuals, let me tell you. We got home after our first night dancing at Club 58 around 4:30am. Bobsi insisted Todd and I take the bed and he'd take the floor. That was after about two hours of watching drag shows taped in Club 58 on the tube that Bobsi just adored. Todd and I, our blood saturated with amphetamines, were able to muster up enthusiasm and interest, but I know my will to live was nearly gone. Fuckin' freak kept us up and red eyed 'till 7:00am. The next day we woke up by 9:00am and were out like scouts on new routes. Money for more drugs and great anticipation as we were again, one by one, casted out of the big named modeling agencies. We couldn't get a hold of our main drug contact for coke, so we stuck to our Cincinnati style blend on aspirin, ephedrine, and coffee. A little concoction we formulated at a rave in Dayton

some 2 to 3 months back. Life sucked like shit all day and the thought of dancing 'till 4:00am again was just disgusting. As better off as we were, there was little hope we'd make 'till Monday alive at the rate we were going. Confidence wasn't down, however. Todd and I had both managed to put together steel jawbones. Our faces were as hollow as Bobbi's asshole had to be. We looked GQ as motherfuckers. We were confident we could do it if someone just saw us who knew a damn thing or two about fashion. Todd and I walked endlessly that Friday and discussed the possibility of another Robitussin DM night, but were too frightened that without food in us, we would die of an overdose of its main drug in our blood streams. Our previous escapade with it was also heavily on our minds. Ya see, the 1/2 qt size bottle is enough to throw you on your ass even after 10 muffins in your system. Only a few days earlier, when the depression and loneliness hit us beyond our mortal faculties, we went to a place called Bar-B-Q and ate 25 cent corn bread with Pina Coladas until we were feeling so fat we wanted nothing short of death. We each had a 1/2 qt. size bottle of Robitussin DM and went to a local theater by cab to sleep in a movie theatre on the east side. As is usually our luck, we didn't fall asleep before it started to burn in the stomach - which is the unmistakable indication that the drug will take effect any second and you'll assuredly be in "lala land." It's a strange drug. My girlfriend's physician said you'd have to be bonkers to take it 'cause it causes heart murmurs, delusions of the mind, and possibly instant death. Todd and I didn't care at that point, ya' dig? We were praying for death. I for one, am surely not afraid of it, and Todd, I only know, he's afraid of life. We ended up separating in the theater and wandering in the new dimensions of time for the whole movie and then some. We never even saw each other for about 4 hours, yet still managed to leave the theater in tact and together. We smiled and acted out our heart's desire in the Manhattan streets 'till the wee hours of the morning without being the least bit conscious of the thousands of people in the city. Yellin', cussin', intervals of sprinting then walking. We went surely over the span of 100 streets North to South and half that East to West without one ounce of XXXXXXX. It's chaos and imagery at its best. It opens the mind into a realm of possibility. You think you can do anything. I looked at Todd as we stood stone faced in front of a deli in Greenwich Village and proposed the idea of filling an empty apartment building with 500 dead bodies and he said solemnly, ok, without any discussion. We were actually contemplating killing 500 or so odd bums and filling them in an apartment registered in our names. We figured that we'd get different clothes, burn the old ones and just go on oblivious to the deed and deny it. The hotel or apartment personnel would surely come straight to us, or at least direct authorities that way and we'd just deny it. We'd show them our composites and portfolios and explain that we were simply out of towners here to try to be models. And how on earth we would explain, or why on earth for that matter, would two ambitious people like ourselves attempt or do something so ridiculous. What would be the point? Nobody in their right mind would see a point or motive. We'd get national exposure for sure. And everybody in the world would see us and know who we were and what we were doing in NYC. A bit crazy, huh? "I don't recommend we take that shit for a while," I told Todd the next day. "I was too damn serious about that little plan last night, and you didn't look like you was kiddin' when you agreed." This is the shit we were in for three fuckin' weeks. Anyway, we got to Club 58 on Robitussin DM again that night, Friday. Happy to be there, because in reality, we weren't in reality, we were in the other dimension.

This was our second night at Club 58. Our third day runnin' with only two hours sleep, and a host of amphetamines plus 1/2 qt Robitussin DM in us a piece. I could barely stand on stage end and could see nothing but blurs. Zero food in the stomach and weary as a motherfucker. Tracers and little green men with top hats. We ended up dancing, or whatever you call that weirdo concoction of twists and turns we were doing, 'till 4:30am. Bobsi gave us the keys to his place where we said we would be sleeping. When he got home at around 6:00am. He and some gaywads were going out for breakfast and Todd and I claimed, truthfully, that it would be impossible to orchestrate our bodies with any form of dexterity at all for much longer. Upon arriving at Bobsi's apartment, which was located at 135 E. 50th 4F, only about 8 streets and a little east of the club, we sat bedside and began to chat. Robitussin DM has a way of sacking you with intervals of blur and then with energy and clarity. We both reached hype status by the time we were within the wall murals of dick at Bobsi's. After only a minute or two of conjecture and conversation, if you wanna' call it that, Todd called Greyhound, I packed up our shit, we contemplated stealing all of Bobsi's shit, then didn't and we cabbled to the NYC Port Authority where we got the first Greyhound to Cincinnati within 20 minutes and 2 or 3 cuppachinos of arriving. In order to succeed in a goal, one must have a goal, that is, ecologically sound. This means that you have to be willing and to foresee how the completion of your goal will benefit those who benefit you in making it happen. To steal from Bobsi, who was trying to benefit us, would have been detrimental to my goals' completion. This is a principle elicited in Unlimited Power by Anthony Robbins. I believe in it and that is why I didn't steal Bobsi's shit. He only had a few grand worth of shit anyway!!!

(Off of bike at 3:00pm for raw oats, sweet potatoes.)

(Back on bike at 3:15pm.)

Upon arrival in Cincinnati the following day, Todd and I were picked up by Tom, a friend of ours who helped out by staying at my apartment and helping to send out composites and resumes to NYC; things we couldn't carry along. I only needed about 2 hours beyond arriving home to realize I'd fucked up and needed to return to NYC. Todd, I knew, would be weary eyed and too distraught. His character strength was too emotional and his feelings too stepped upon to handle going back. NYC had already killed em.' It was just a matter of time now and it was killing me 'cause he was my best friend. My appointment with Mike Lyons at LCF was scheduled for Monday so I knew I had to act fast. He'd mentioned my hair needed some grooming. It was about one inch from being down to the nape of my neck. I called LCF in NYC on Saturday and left a message for Mike that I would be in his office on Tuesday morning, a day late, by 2:00pm and to page my national beeper if there was going to be any conflicts with that. Todd, nor I never called Bobsi back to tell him where the fuck we were. We skipped out

on Saturday morning, so we obviously left him hanging for dancers Saturday night. Left his keys just inside his apartment door and locked the bastard. Having only Saturday and Sunday to prepare to leave Greyhound on Monday for Tuesday, I got to the heavy dieting and exercising to refine my shape for my Tuesday meeting with Mike Lyons. I also got all the drugs out of my system and went completely natural so that I could look fresh and semi-healthy, or at least not half dead. I even practiced sleeping. I fought with my beloved Carla the whole time I was with her and got to visit my parents and the Simpsons and Tom only momentarily. The day I left for NYC, Monday, I got a flattop haircut, tanned for 30 minutes at the Greenhills tanning salon, worked out at the House of Iron gym and caught the Greyhound tired as hell but feeling more confident and excited as ever. Carla dropped me off at the bus terminal in Sharonville crying as usual leaving me teary eyed the first hour of my bus ride. Ain't a god damn thing hard at all bout' eatin' from glad bags and sleepin' on fire escapes when ya' compare it to abandoning the one ya' love. I got to NYC after another nineteen hour ride with two hour layovers wherein I jogged forty-five minutes at each one. Got to NYC, went into an athletic store on 8th Ave and bought an outfit. I discarded the shit I wore there in a garbage bin outside and went to meet Mike. My meeting sucked like shit. He immediately was surprised with my new hair look, but said it was too short and needed to grow out a bit. He then sent me to a photographer down the street about 8 blocks named Paul Rackley. Paul sent me back after what seemed to me to be a brief, but casual conversation about what I'd done so far in NYC. So far as photography, which admittedly to that point wasn't didly squat. He sends me back to Mike. Mike gets an attitude about what a terrific photographer this Rackley guy is. He tells me that all of the pictures on the walls of ads by Ralph Lauren and shit ain't just photos, but his photos, and then says, "Paul thinks you're too stiff." And that's it. Starts acting as though he never really had any real interest in me. Says, "Well, whenever I get a pretty good composite in the mail I like to call them in to see them" and shit like that! Tells me I need to stop being fake, gain a little size and possible come back in 2 to 3 weeks. Basically, in other words, get the hell out of here all of a sudden. I couldn't believe it. I said look, I didn't come all the way down here to hear this. I'll be back in a week. I'll find myself and come across in my test shooting as real. I'll be in greater shape than you can possibly imagine in a damn week. I explained that not training and eating properly for fashion was what was killing my physique. Told em' I could get back in the gym for a couple of days and be completely transformed and I knew I could. So, within 2 hours, I was on my fuckin' way back home. Greyhound for 19 hours to get ready to be back in a damn week. Full knowing that it was going to be one hell of a damn week in training. I bought some Unisom sleeping pills at the Duane Reade Pharmacy at the NYC Port Authority, overdosed the motherfuckers, and woke up in Cincinnati to the bus driver tuggin' at me 19 hours later and ready to haul ass into real shape. Carla picked me up and was at least as happy as me to know I'd be home a full week.

(Quit writing at 3:45pm to start reading excerpts from James Dean's biography. Off bike at 4:15pm. Won't ride again until this evening.)

ace called Bar-B-Q and ate 25 cent corn bread with Pina Coladas until we were feeling so fat we wanted nothing shor

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Times New Roman