

Ups and Downs of the Faulty Hissing Roller-Coaster that is Show Biz

There are two kinds of people in Hollywood: people, and celebrities.

The Hollywood Walk of Fame. There are more stars walking that concrete than there are union reps within it. So when I was asked if I'd be willing to wash it, I was honored. I'll be honest, I scrubbed a little extra hard on Victoria Victor, trying to get the hag's name to fade. .

Surviving Hollywood can be like a swan treading water: calm on the surface, while violently kicking at anything and anyone below.

There are plenty of pretty young things in waiting to be discovered by the homicide detectives.

When you sick of Hollywood, you're sick of life and likely botox poisoning. Every day is different in the vibrant shining burning trash fire of a city.

When I came to the big city (well, big for me: I'm sure Godzilla disagrees), I had nothing but the clothes on my back and very little on my front. It was hand to mouth for a while, but the johns didn't mind.

They say if you can make it in Los Angeles, the city of wet dreams, the big apple pie just waiting to be fucked, you can make it anywhere. I don't know if that's true: a lot of places did not like me at all. Iowa made me get back on the plane, or at least their vice squad did. They say the sun never stops shining in LA, which I guess explains all the blind eyes the cops turn.

Nobody steps off the inter-city bus with two suitcases under your arms and balled up knickers in your pocket because the bus driver doesn't accept IOU's, and then walks right into a blockbuster starring role. No, we all have to pay our dues, and get gunned down in a bottomless bikini on the set of *Bullets over Babeland* (1929)

But fret not, dear reader, in time I would be in that remake *Bulletz over Boob City* (1987) as the star: still bottomless, still gunned down, but with sad music this time.

I've been passed over for more parts than I can count, and at least one because I couldn't count.

I once fell asleep in a novelty glass of champagne waiting for a producer to leave his wife. Brian Cox stole my daytime emmy enroute back to my seat, and then laughed about it with his friends from Erin Brockovich.

The hollywood press have called me a 'washed-up has-been drunk' simply because my portuguese lifeguard incident report read 'washed up, has been drunk'.

If you're still interested in the life, and let's be clear life is not guaranteed, the next chapter is for you

Let's do this.