

## Wednesday, 23 June 2010

### [Anthony's America: The End. For Now.](#)



I've tasted many things whilst on my adventure in the United States. From the eye-opening experience of living in the woods and working in a small American town, to the celebrity and vibrance of Hollywood. From the desert heat and eerie, loneliness and *creative* quality of Death Valley, to the cultural explosion of Seattle. From the emotional lows of recovering from the devastation of a long-term relationship break-up, to the excitement, supportiveness and magical-quality of meeting lots of new, beautiful and caring friends.

Every moment of my journey has been worth it; it's been a journey filled with curiosity, self-discovery, happiness, sadness, joy, difficulty, ease and triumph.

Before I left for America I was told, for health reasons I won't go into, that I *should not* go for a six-month trip to America. But, as we all know, doctors don't know everything. You can choose to take your doctor's advice or leave it. I chose, with a lot of thought, that I needed a new direction and a new spark to my life and that this was more important than anything else.

The only person who was going to make that spark happen, was me. And the only place I felt it would happen, was America. That was what my gut told me anyway and, well, my intuition was one hundred percent right.

And one of the things I've learnt from my entire trip is how to trust my intuition. But, just as importantly, I've learnt how to *act* on what my intuition is telling me.



How many people can say this and mean it?

Acting on my intuition was something I simply *did not know* how to do before coming to America.

And, for those of you reading this and thinking: what the hell kind of fluffy talk is this? What I'm saying is, I've learnt that if something feels wrong to me *before, during or after* I'm *about to, am or have* done this thing (whatever it is), then it means I'm not on the right path; it means I need to drag my ass back in the direction I'm meant to be going so everything *does* feel right.

Everyone's intuition will tell them things in different ways. It will provide you with both physical and mental signs. You just need to know what *your* signs are. Especially when things aren't right. The signs could be as simple as a bad ache in your stomach; tiredness; headaches; feeling grumpy; not getting along with people; thoughts of needing to be somewhere far away; or a feeling as if you're pushing *against* the world instead of flowing with it.

Whatever your signs are, listen and *act*.



As an example, for several of the last weeks I was in Los Angeles I volunteered at the film office, Film L.A. This is the company that had offered me the job running a six-month, \$500,000 interactive public information campaign about film. But the role didn't happen because America's visa immigration caps meant I could not apply for a change of visa status.

It was a pleasure to have this opportunity at Film L.A., at the heart of the film-making process, but after several days I felt sucked into a corporate world poles apart from the "free as a bird" one I've been used to whilst travelling around and being a freelancer. In my world I make up my own rules. And those new rules mean I can leave to go somewhere whenever I want.



This is not to say I can't do corporate - in small doses and at the right place - but Film L.A.'s job is to work in-between film-makers wanting to blow up streets and the residents of those streets who'd rather they didn't, thank you very much. As much as I appreciate the brief insight into this side of the entertainment industry (and know that a lot of my film commissioner friends around California do similar roles but in not such corporate conditions as Film L.A.), I know I need to be working on the production side of things - mainly writing

and producing TV, films and books.

So, I made a decision to leave Film LA and, as soon as I did, I felt better about everything. The future looked more positive and my heart felt content again.

No offence to Film L.A. and I'm sure there's none taken either.

But what I'd like to say here is more about the lessons I've learnt on my trip and wish to pass on: that if you follow *your* intuition and ensure *you're* on the right path, your heart will reward you too: you'll feel more satisfied and energised because your mind, body and soul are in-tune with what they all want to be doing.

And, so, are mine in tune with going back to the UK? Well, I'd say probably 'yes'. I'm ready. And this is not because I feel that adventures ever have to end, but maybe you need a break from them to stand back, take stock of what you've discovered about yourself and the world, and then climb back on the Adventure Wagon after a period of reflection.

And even in my last couple of weeks in America, I still crammed in as many little bits of adventure as I could.



I went to a special workshop where Dustin Hoffman did a talk about acting and the entertainment industry; he was an

exceptionally warm, friendly and funny man with the kind of in-built charisma that only comes from being a real person. As well as this I went out for a night of partying in Beverly Hills (at a terrible place called The Aqualounge) and saw the actor Dennis Quaid perform with his band *The Sharks*. I took a drive down through the huge houses and beautiful coast of Malibu, went for a meeting at the country club in the everso-posh-and-soaking-in-dollars Bel Air (which I hated), spent time watching a movie production team shoot scenes from season five of the AMC series *Mad Men*, walked along the Hollywood Walk of Fame, wrote another short film and bought myself new professional scriptwriting software (well, if I'm serious, I need to have this!).



I also experienced four earthquakes in one night, the first of which woke me up at 3am when my bed began to shake. I was half in dreamland and thought someone was crawling on my bed and shaking it around. But no, it was just Mother Nature flexing her very powerful tectonic muscles.

Aside from these mini-adventures, I was also given such amazing advice on scriptwriting in my last few days in L.A.; the kind of practical advice on what to write to succeed that I could never have got from reading a scriptwriting book 6000 miles away in the UK. And it is advice I fully intend to use to write some new material for a brand, spanking new Anthony Burt portfolio that will hopefully, *eventually* blow Hollywood away when I return.

And, this is the thing everyone keeps asking me: are you coming back to America?

I've been saying "yes, definitely when I get another visa". But thinking hard about it now, I know I *will* be coming back but need to ensure I'm armed with a new pilot script before I do so as the only place I'm likely to come back to is Los Angeles. I feel the possibilities of having a very fruitful film career are waiting to be tapped into in every corner of L.A. And, so, next time I come back it won't be such a sightseeing road trip, more a furthering of my writing career.



Yet, I decided I didn't want to spend the last week of my America trip in the big city. I wanted to see my friends again before I went home to the UK. So I drove up to Sacramento and helped Lynne and Ben move into their beautiful, big new home they've just bought. It is immense and I'm quite jealous of Ben's pool table on his upstairs landing area. Ben: get that bar to go with it.

After this I continued up north to - unexpectedly - head back to Fort Bragg and Mendocino; it felt like the natural thing to do to go back there to see all the people I'd become true friends with. A kind of "circle of life" thing but without *The Lion King*. Thank you to Heather, Luci, Debra, Emily, Samantha and Bonner, Nikki and Joe for making my last week in America such a wonderful, relaxing and pleasureable time.

I spent my final day roaming around the very un-touristified (is that a word? it should be) areas of Berkeley and Oakland in San Francisco. Looking at little market places in China town, shopping in downtown and strolling through "Old Oakland" - with an ancient pub that opened in 2007 - I walked around with the lovely Heather who kindly gave me a lift to one of the Bay Area Rapid Transport (BART) stations from Mendocino and also gave me a *tour-de-force* of her beloved college town.

Before leaving for the airport, I sold my beautiful little T100 pickup truck - which took me through seven US states on a 12,000 mile journey in six months (thanks Jim for buying it - you got a bargain and you know it). And, even though I've put on a few stone due to the hamburgers being *way* too tempting over here, I have a cross-trainer in the UK and will be straight on it when I find a new place to live and call my home. Because, don't forget, I'll be starting *all over again* from scratch when I get back. No home, no job. Scary and exciting.



And so a *new* adventure awaits me in England, which includes seeing my family and friends, finding a place to write in and a place to live temporarily until I eventually come back to America.

And, until then, I'd like to thank every single one of the people I came into contact over here - whether it was for a short time or longer - and for making my journey of self-discovery a wonderful, resounding success.

See my pictures [here](#). Stay well and stay with me; you never know what might happen next. Wink.