

Pool Boy's Arrival Forces Author's RACY Book Off in a New Direction: to The Vatican to 'Get Banned'

Pool Boy's Surprise Arrival Re-purposes Author's "Ban My Book" Pitch to Liberty University, Author Now Sends it on Angel's Wings to The Vatican for Banning

ROME, ITALY, August 27, 2020 /EINPresswire.com/ -- In a wilder-than-fiction, head-spinning, denomination hopping, and Atlantic Ocean-crossing, author's memoirs' marketing blitz appears to have been gifted a touch of, "Divine Intervention, and sent in a new direction," says author.

In a whirlwind Marketing attempt to get George Clooney to buy movie rights and [Liberty University to Ban His New Book](#), Washington, D.C. author Jake McGuire, got an inadvertent helping hand from Hollywood, "and from above," he says.

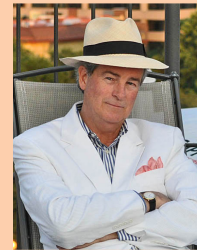
McGuire, who has nine books in print and is finishing up his colorful new memoirs, has spent his lifetime on eye-opening adventures on four continents.

The Washington Post says, "McGuire is looking like he should be holding a mint julep, or yachting or doing something else genteel. His face is aristocratic... his manner is intense."

McGuire, a self-admitted mischief-maker, hopes to have his memoirs bought up by an enterprising and fun-loving publishing house and a possible movie studio, "I've visited, been to, or have been thrown out of more than 30 countries," he says, "So my book is very visual, making it ripe for a movie!"

In his "Out of Line" way (a title of one of his other book!) he has been trying some unusual marketing techniques. Not only does he want Clooney to make a movie, and Liberty University to ban his book, (at least until, "Pool Boy," stole his thunder) he was envisioning busloads of Liberty

How I Found the G-Spot While Drinking Champagne



Memoirs

by Jake McGuire

"How I Found the G-Spot While Drinking Champagne"

school's students demonstrating in front of his house in biblical proportions, like the old the testament's plague of frogs and locusts.

"I have my cell on speed dial to Fox News, so the righteous can get on bended knee and pray!"

"But, since Pool Boy's arrival effectively excommunicated my book banning attempt at Liberty, I was forced in an ecumenical approach to send it to the Vatican!"

In July, McGuire pitched Clooney for movie rights to his book, via press releases to Hollywood.

What happened?"

McGuire was contacted by, not only ONE, but by THREE George Clooneys... and it gave him some head-spinning tales to tell, including a follow-up press release entitled, "I had to hang up the phone on George Clooney," says memoirs author.

He explains, "When my initial pitch to Clooney went out on the EIN, PR Newswire, it got a lot of media play," he says, "but I never really expected to hear from George Clooney. So when I heard from three of them all claiming THEY were George Clooney, my head spun around in a 360 like the girl in "The Exorcist."

“

I'm not so worried about Liberty students banging liquor bottles in front of my house, but now I'm afraid of the 1.9 billion Catholics in the world trying to bodily drag me to confession."

Jake McGuire

table."

She took it.



McGuire in Marseille, France exploring which restaurant has the best Bouillabaisse

Meanwhile, a chance encounter with a Hollywood starlet lands McGuire, a cork-popping, sizzling new book title.

McGuire was recently breaking bread on the sidewalk patio at Washington, D.C.'s, high-end Spanish restaurant, Taberna del Alabardero, when a stylish woman bounced up to the menu board to take a look.

"I was the only one there, as the patio was covid-empty," says McGuire, "so I offered her a seat at my patio hi-top

"Where are you from?" He asked.

"LA," she said.

"You look like a movie star!" McGuire said.

"I am an actress, screenwriter, producer....a little of everything."

"Perhaps you could help me," he said. "I'm looking for a miracle but I'm not particularly devout."

"A miracle? How's that?"

"I'm finishing up my memoirs—colorful stories," said McGuire, "And I'm looking for a publisher and a movie house."

"Memoirs? OK, tell me an entertaining story. Hollywood loves to be entertained!"

"Amongst many adventures, I managed to finesse my way into the cockpit of a fully loaded commercial jet. And I convinced the pilot to let me fly it part way from DC to Atlanta. If the passengers knew Jake McGuire was flying the plane, they would have said, 'Let's roll,' and I would have been tossed out over Spartanburg, South Carolina!"

"You're kidding, you actually got in the cockpit and flew the plane?" She said.

"Yes, and I don't even have a pilot's license. I have many other stories, as I've traveled to, lived in, or had to flee from more than 30 countries," said McGuire. "And since my book is by a photographer, about a photographer, it is very visual, so It might make an eye-popping movie."

"What's the title?"

"I told her, and she gave me a negative eye roll."

"No, no, that's East Coast boring. Give me a 'tip-me-over' title of one of your chapters."

"Oh, that's easy," said McGuire. "Chapter 7 is entitled, How I Found the G-Spot While Drinking Champagne."

The starlet doubled over in knee-slapping convulsions and tumbled out of her seat.

"When people laugh hysterically," says McGuire, "they often lose motor control and jiggle about like a bowl of Jello. In this case I knew, right then, I had a killer new book title!"

McGuire's adventures in the book include talking his way into the White House to visit with a

President of the United States in the Oval Office, as well as getting a 'morning tea' invitation to join the Amir of Bahrain in his Royal Palace, whereupon McGuire was showered with gifts of diamonds and gold before he left the Oil Sheikhdome.

McGuire's adventures are certainly eye-opening. His chapter 7, "How I Found the G-spot While Drinking Champagne," uses no four letter words but craftily puts people's imaginations on steroids.

"Jake McGuire is an irresistible rogue, you won't be disappointed!" Says, Lucia St. Clair Robson, author of at least 10 novels, including "The Last Train From Cuernavaca."

As for George Clooney?

"I haven't heard from the real Clooney," says McGuire, "But he could produce, direct, and star in the film! And, he'd certainly make an infinitely more dashing me, than me!"

As for Falwell, the "Pool Boy," and His Holiness the Pope?

"I'm not so worried about Liberty students banging liquor bottles in front of my house, but now I'm afraid of the 1.9 billion Catholics in the world trying to bodily drag me to confession."

Hollywood movie houses and [book publishers can contact McGuire via his website:](http://www.dcjakemcguire.com)
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