

PATH TO THE  
ENTREPRENATI.®



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Pace Klein

Path to the Entrepreneur<sup>®</sup>

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*To My Mom  
&  
Entreprenati Moms Everywhere*

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# THE REQUEST

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The mist spraying from the nostrils of the iron horse sculptures seemed so much like the breath of real horses in the cold of winter. But it wasn't winter and they weren't real. Breathing, but not really breathing, not really living. Made me wonder when was the last time I was really living ... maybe ten years ago, before dreams gave way to dreaming ...

I snapped out of my thoughts when I felt Glith's presence. Standing right next to my chair and looking like he'd always been there, despite his sudden appearance, he smiled when I turned my head his way. "Jesse, you're here!" he said. Startled, I quickly stood up to greet him.

We were meeting at a café near his home in *Place des Terreaux* on the *Presqu'île*, the peninsula between the Saône and Rhône rivers in Lyon. I'd taken the TGV train down from Paris and sat in the café, looking out at *La Fontaine de Bartholdi* on that March evening when Glith arrived at my table.

Dapper as always, he sported a perfectly-fitted dark brown suit, beige open-collared shirt, five-o'clock shadow, and wide, easy grin, as if just back from an after-party of a *Vogue* fashion shoot. Yet I couldn't help but notice his clothes were uncharacteristically wrinkled,



and his long hair, usually in a ponytail, flowed down to his shoulders. Curious, and I wondered why he'd called me down to Lyon for a special meeting. We typically met whenever he happened to be up in Paris on business about once a month.

He firmly shook my hand, placed his worn, though obviously expensive attaché case under the table, unbuttoned his jacket and sat down.

"She represents France," said Glith, pointing out at the statue of the horse-drawn chariot. "The horses represent the four great rivers of France, harnessed, yet untamed."

"Whatever," I quipped. "The Statue of Liberty has way more meaning."

Glith nodded. I guess even he couldn't argue with the big, green lady.

"But, you know, Glith, Bartholdi did a lot of cool sculptures ... you've seen the bronze lion he did for Paris, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's actually a smaller version of a giant lion he did for the city of Belfort. He made that one out of red sandstone ... from smaller blocks he pieced together ... and you can see how the different material, you know, sandstone versus bronze, affected the details."

"I didn't know the Paris lion had a big brother in Belfort."

"Three times bigger. Bartholdi made the Paris lion exactly one-third scale, which is interesting because ... whoa, let's hold it right there. You didn't call me down here to talk about this stuff. I can chew your ear off about it some other time."

“True, but finish your thought first.”

I finished my thought and wound up rambling on some more about the sculptures, until Glith asked about the meanings behind the lions, but I didn't know.

Then, after some small talk to catch up since we last met, Glith propped his elbows on the table, leaned forward, and began speaking in a hushed tone.

“Jesse,” he said, sharply narrowing his fierce blue eyes. “Now I'm going to tell you something you must promise to keep strictly between us. Will you promise me that?”

This caught me by surprise and without even thinking about it I heard myself say, “Yes, of course.”

“It's something no outsider has ever known,” he said. Then he paused, gathering his thoughts, or maybe his resolve. “Have you ever heard of the Knights Templar?”

*The Knights Templar? What the heck is he talking about?* I cleared my throat. “You mean, um, the knights who fought in the Crusades?”

“Yes, that's how people think of them. They were, in fact, created by the Roman Catholic Church to protect pilgrims traveling to the Holy Land.”

“Okaaay ...”

“Hang in there, Jesse, I'll explain.” He leaned back in his chair, took out a cigarette, lit up, and inhaled deeply. “In 1139, Pope Innocent II issued a decree, called the *Omne Datum Optimum* — Latin for ‘Every Perfect Gift’ — exempting the Templars from all national and local laws. This meant they could function within countries and across borders free from the rule of any king.”

Glith stopped talking and motioned for the waiter. When he came over, Glith ordered an espresso. He then

began thumbing his napkin, as he smoked and stared off into space. I could smell the sweet, fruity scent of his cigarette, little black cigar actually. He once told me he had them custom made in some place in Indonesia. Jakarta, I think. He finished the last drag, and stubbed it out in the ashtray.

“You see,” he said, suddenly focusing his attention back on me with a jarring intensity, “the purpose of the decree was to facilitate the Templars’ protective role, but there were those among them who saw within this miraculous freedom the seeds of a far more profound opportunity.” Glith paused. His fiery focus drilled into me. “Can you imagine what this meant, Jesse, this unprecedented freedom?”

“Um, they were the first to turn right on red?”

Glith didn’t laugh. “Open your eyes Jesse,” he said, gesturing around with his hands, “see the possibilities ... see what they saw ... liberated from the constraints of the monarchs, they saw the opportunity to think and operate in entirely new ways ... to reimagine the very foundations of man’s attitudes and approaches towards his worldly pursuits.”

“Oh, is that all?”

“This is no joking matter; I’m about to tell you something no outsider has ever known.”

“Outsider to what? I don’t understand?”

“Of course you don’t. We’re dealing with something that’s remained hidden for seven centuries. You, at the moment, are an outsider.”

Glith noticed the waiter approaching and sat back. He remained quiet as the waiter made his way to our table.

After the espresso was served, Glith carefully scooped out precisely a quarter spoonful of sugar and spread it as a thin layer across the top of his drink. “A properly made espresso will hold the sugar on top for a time,” he said, as he waited for the fine crystals to slowly sink below the surface. He smiled up at the waiter, who bowed slightly and walked away. It seemed to be some sort of ritual they had, like sniffing a wine cork or something.

Apparently satisfied with the sugar’s rate of descent, he stirred his drink and took a sip. He then put down his cup, raked his fingers through his thick, dark hair and said, “I’ll explain a bit more ... and then I’m going to ask something of you. I’ve chosen you because I’ve come to trust you like no other outsider.”

*So, I was “chosen?”* And I still didn’t know what he meant by “outsider.” I started to think he might not be dealing from a full deck. But that didn’t square with what I knew about him. A highly-driven, self-made man, he’d always been such a solid guy. Plus, he was so kind and generous to me and my mom after my dad died when I was a kid, and I’d been learning so much from him since being transferred to my company’s Paris office four months ago. But now, with this bizarre scene unfolding, it struck me that I actually didn’t know him all that well and he was a strange man.

“Look, I’m glad I’ve earned your trust, but I don’t know if I’m ready for this stuff you want to tell me.”

Glith grinned at this. “Let me continue, and then you can decide if you’re ready or not — once you’ve heard a touch more.”

I shrugged. “Okay, sure.”

Nodding, he picked up the tale again. “Using their new-found freedom, this group of visionaries began by ushering in the world’s first international branch banking system. Journeying noblemen could deposit money with the Templars at one location and make withdrawals at Templar stations along their routes, in their home countries or in distant lands. This was revolutionary.”

Glith stopped talking as a couple passed by our table.

“The Templars then expanded their reach into many other areas of commerce,” he continued. “Their businesses spanned the globe. They became nothing less than the first ever multinational corporation.”

“Okay, but this all sounds like public information. What does it have to do with your secret?”

“The Templars amassed so much wealth, power and influence they eventually threatened the authority of the ruling class. In 1307, King Philip IV ordered the arrest of the Templars in France and Pope Clement V issued a decree instructing all monarchs to arrest the Templars and seize their assets wherever they could be found.”

“Arrested for what?”

“Heresy, but it was a bogus charge.”

“What makes you say that?”

“The Pope himself said it. He signed a declaration in 1308, called the *Parchment of Chion*, discovered in the Vatican secret archives centuries later, absolving the Templars.”

“So what happened to them?”

“They were imprisoned, some even burned at the stake.”

“And that was the end of them?”

## Emerge and See



I am a member of the *Entreprenati*, an ancient secret order of misfits foolhardy enough to believe we could declare our own personal sovereignty, assume dominion over our own personal kingdoms.

The *Entreprenati* are the *Illuminati* of entrepreneurs—not just business entrepreneurs, but *life* entrepreneurs.

Here, the word “entrepreneur” is used in a far broader sense than its ordinary meaning. Every pursuit—in business or otherwise—is shaped by entrepreneurial forces, the raw ingredients of *Entreprenati* magic. This is true whether you work in a large company or a small concern. Whether your collar is white or blue. Whether you strive to be successful in your career, avocation, family life, or anything else that’s captured your imagination or passion. There are *Entreprenati* in every realm.

*The mark of the Entreprenati, whatever their endeavor, is belief in their ability to forge their own path through the thicket of human experience to bring themselves to their own success.*

Not to “arrive” at success, as if carried there in a chariot driven by others, but to bring yourself there, under your own power,

in your own way, in your own time. Not success as others define it, but your own success, as you yourself define it.

People the world over yearn for success. But in whatever way they measure their own success, most feel they're not attaining it.

The story's the same in every enterprise, personal or professional. Many dive in, some drown, the bulk just tread water, others taste success to one degree or another, but only the tiniest sliver ever ascend to the rarefied ranks of the *Entreprenati*.

Why is this? Well, it's because most folks can't find their way out of a paper bag—their own personal paper bag that is.

A person's ultimate fulfillment exists in seeking full expression of his or her own individual spirit as a unique human being. Yet most people live inside a paper bag that has been cleverly constructed by their weaknesses to block them from even seeing this possibility, much less seizing it.

People are self-programmed to shun life outside the bag. Out there lies a ruinous wasteland littered with the squalid remains of the wretched unfortunates cruelly yanked from their bags by the callous hand of fate, along with the miscreants who couldn't or wouldn't construct their bag, or couldn't or wouldn't stay inside it. This repressive subliminal message, authored by our weaknesses and reinforced by our complicit brethren of the bag, becomes the story we tell ourselves, our false reality.

The *Entreprenati* reject the tyranny of the bag. Paper or plastic, we say none for us, thank you. We go *au naturel*. We've discovered that life beyond the bag, terrifying as it might appear to the uninitiated, can be a paradise for enlightened life entrepreneurs.

I won't tell you how to achieve this transcendental state because, quite simply, I can't tell you, as each person who ascends to the *Entreprenati* must do so through his or her own path.

*Membership can't be given—it must be taken.*

What I can do is reveal some of the guiding principles, some wisdom of the ages that may help you discover your own path to the *Entreprenati*.

Understand, however, that I use the words “reveal” and “discover” deliberately, as they're two distinct concepts. What's revealed is never the same as what's discovered. The form of the revelation plays a role in shaping the nature and quality of the discovery, as does the way the discoverer detects and processes it.

Imagine two hunters walking together in the woods. Further imagine that various game, though camouflaged to some extent, are potentially visible to both hunters as they go along. Yet one hunter may see more of the quarry than the other. And based on the way the animals are revealed—the distance, angle, movement, lighting, and intervening foliage—the less perceptive hunter may misidentify some of them, confusing them for other things. Moreover, he won't learn much if the other hunter simply points it all out to him. He'll experience true learning only if he discovers the game himself.

So, I'll do my best to reveal some of the *Entreprenati* principles in ways I hope will foster their most meaningful discovery by you—but the discovery part will be up to you.

Most fundamentally, this book invites you on an expedition. If you read this book, but fail to do so deliberately, fail



to challenge yourself at every turn, and, most important, fail to mobilize yourself toward real change, real growth, then you'll be declining the invitation. You won't be joining us on the expedition.

That's fine if you find it amusing to fantasize you're on-board. But if you really want to come along, then throw your mind wide open and plunge into the text with the seriousness your life deserves.

I wish you an arousing journey. May you discover your own path to the *Entreprenati*.

== PART I ==

TAKE HOLD OF YOUR  
LIFE'S ADVENTURE

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## April Meeting

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Glith and I next met up on *Rue Juiverie*, a back street tucked into a quiet corner of *Vieux Lyon*, the old section of the city. I walked along the moonlit cobblestones to our rendezvous point, alone at that time of night, except, of course, for the gargoyles perched atop the medieval buildings lining the street on both sides, the air still damp from the day's April showers.

Glith appeared from a *traboule*, one of the many hidden passageways that snake throughout the maze of inner courtyards and winding streets of Lyon.

"A beautiful evening ... the moon, she hangs low tonight," he said, gazing up at the sky.

"Yeah, I guess she does."

"The first seven chapters of my manuscript," he said, handing me an envelope. He must've assumed I wanted to continue reading his stuff. He assumed right.

As I put the envelope in my bag, I began to realize he actually *did* plan to write a book. I'd half expected him to tell me it was all some kind of a gag, or test, or anything else that made some sense. But no, this was his story and he was sticking to it.

"Now come this way, Jesse," he said, motioning for me to follow him back into the *traboule*.

“I want to take you to a nice afterhours place. I think you’ll like it.”

“The introduction,” I said, as we walked, “It seemed to be throwing down a gauntlet, challenging the reader.”

“Yes, the book is designed to inspire you to take up a challenge, but not so much to challenge you, as to help you challenge yourself.”

“Oh, so you want readers to challenge themselves.”

“It’s not about what I want—readers should want to challenge themselves. They should want to use this book as a catalyst to confront their own thoughts, their own feelings, their own behaviors ... to change themselves, to grow themselves.”

I nodded as if I understood, but so much about this whole *Entreprenati* thing I just didn’t understand. What did it all mean? I figured I’d continue to follow his lead and see where it took us.

When we arrived at the afterhours place, Glith exchanged gestures with a burly man at a thick iron door, and he let us inside. As we passed into the warm, humid bar, it felt strange to be the one *not* left outside.

We were ushered through the dimly-lit, smoky main room to a small, private table off on the side, half-hidden behind a green silk curtain. Glith ordered a Cognac, so I thought I’d try one too, seeing as I was in France and all.

A few minutes later, the waiter returned with two squat, pear shaped crystal goblets, with just a splash of drink barely covering the bottoms.

Rich musical rhythms filled the space as we sipped our Cognac. I’d never had it before, and it tasted like turpentine to me, but Glith seemed to savor his with delight, so I guessed it must be an acquired taste.

We were relaxing, taking in the colorful sights, sounds, aromas, and vibes of the place, when Glith reached into his jacket pocket.

“I found this old picture of me and your father when we were about your age, just a few years after college,” Glith said, handing it to me.

“Fishing, of course,” I said with a big smile.

“Yes, your father definitely loved to fish.”

As I studied the image, my thoughts drifted back to our summer trips to the coast ... digging my hands into the black, moist earth in pursuit of nightcrawlers wriggling back into their holes under the glare of my flashlight ... the plump, juicy ones that made the best bait ... the next day, off to the jetty with our tackle box and poles. A jetty, not a dock, wharf, port, or quay, as my dad would explain to me each year in great detail, so I'd know the differences. I didn't really care, but listened carefully because he sure did.

“What he really loved was the ocean,” I said, remembering how I'd often felt alone on the jetty, my dad sitting next to me, but not really there, his mind lost somewhere out at sea.

“That he did matey. But he must've loved public relations more because he chose that over his blue mistress, right?”

“Maybe, but I doubt it.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Well, he almost never talked about his job. He talked a lot about his blue mistress as you put it. And when he did talk about his job, he never seemed excited about it. I was only twelve when he died, but even I could see that.”

“Hmm ... that's strange. I wonder why he jilted his flame for the cold embrace of PR.”

I started wondering the same thing myself. I never thought about it before. I guess he had to. He must've had no choice. Why else would he do it? But why would he have no choice?

"I don't know," I finally muttered under my breath, suddenly feeling bewildered. Glith took a drag on his cigarette, and blew the smoke out the side of his mouth, while looking at me and nodding his head as if I'd just answered his question. Then he turned away and didn't say anything more. I spent the rest of the night grappling with his answered question, which had become my unanswered question.

Glith later lead me out of the *traboule*, bade me a brisk farewell, and I headed down the block toward the station.

As soon as I got to my seat on the train back to Paris, I immediately opened the envelope, pulled out the first set of chapters of Glith's book, and began to read ...

## Riddle Me This



If you're like most people, your life makes sense to you. But are you thrilled by your sensible existence? Probably not, but you're self-programmed to keep on keeping on.

Most people never seriously consider the possibility of life outside the comfortable confines of their personal paper bag. Sure, you may daydream about it, but only in a whimsical sense, as if lusting after forbidden fruit. Actually entering this expanse, rather than merely fantasizing about it, requires you to face your fears, to summon the kind of strength few possess. It also requires you to believe you can do it, that you can emerge, that you can survive, and indeed flourish on the outside.

But you're programmed to believe you must remain securely ensconced within. When faced with the prospect of an adventure that lies out there in the great unknown, you're programmed to panic. A panicked mind seeks only one thing—a safe refuge. The “danger” passes and your life returns to normal.

Though this programming is stout, you're not a computer.

*You have a choice.*

Are you self-aware enough and courageous enough to take a peek outside—to see for yourself how glorious an unshrouded life might be? Or will you be dominated by your programming and run back inside your paper bag with your tail between your legs?

A circus elephant can be tied to a post with a string and he'll stay there. He can walk away at any time, but won't, because he's been programmed to think he can't. When he was small and weak, the string constrained him. When he grew big and strong, his mind constrained him.

*Escaping the paper bag is, first and foremost, a state of mind—an Entreprenati state of mind.*

Your view of the world creates your reality. If you view the world through a scarcity and fear mentality, this restricts your choices and you never see the true range of possibilities. If you think you lack the personal power to take hold of your destiny, vanquish your foes, overcome your obstacles, and steer your own ship, it'll be a self-fulfilling prophecy.

*Why not manifest a brighter reality?*

Why not behold a world in which all things are possible, charge your vision with the power of its inevitability, and then go out and make it happen—even if others tell you it can't be done? Hey, I'm just asking.



## Begin at the Beginning



*Step back!* barks Yoshi's drill sergeant. Yoshi, soaked in a cold sweat, stands at the edge of a rocky cliff, his heels teetering over the abyss, as he quivers head to toe. Scrambled thoughts and images careen and collide through his terror-struck mind. This will be his first time rappelling off a mountain—or not.

It's said that a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. But not all steps are created equal. Many people want to take their life in a new direction but can't make it out of the starting block. This first step does them in.

*The promise of a journey of a thousand miles ends  
with a single non-step.*

Fear is one reason. That's Yoshi's hang-up. He's attached by a rope, yet it's still a petrifying prospect to step off a perfectly good mountain for the first time. Until you experience this first step, you can only imagine you'll fall to your death. Once you take the first step, however, you feel the sense of being suspended in air, held by the rope, and your fears are exposed as the charlatans they are. Similar encounters occur in our day-to-day lives, such as the first time you address a sizable audience or otherwise confront your fears. That first step is a snarling vicious beast blocking your way.

Pain is the other reason. Say you want to start an exercise program or learn a new language. But the thought of joining a gym and suffering through all the grueling work pains you, as does the dread of possibly embarrassing yourself. The same goes for the idea of enrolling in a language course and suffering through all that mentally exhausting work, plus the dread of possibly embarrassing yourself in that new arena. Of course, all the imagined pain is overblown. But it's real to you. It's the snarling vicious beast.

So, a beast blocks your path. What to do?

*Heed the three rules of beast blockage of course.*

Rule number one — when a beast blocks your way, acknowledge his presence. He's there, don't pretend the road's clear.

Rule number two — marvel at the power of your imagination. That's a mighty fine beast your imagination has conjured up, complete with flesh-tearing claws, thick crooked fangs, piercing red eyes, rancid snot dripping from its flaring nostrils, and a stench so putrid it could make a skunk wince.

Rule number three — slay the beast. He's just a figment of your imagination, so lop off his head with your imaginary sword. You do this by taking the first step. Step off that mountain. Step into that gym. Step into that language course.

Don't think in terms of "getting started" down the road. First things first — see the beast in all his imagined glory, then smite him in all his actual nonexistence. After that, after you've slain the beast by taking your first step, celebrate your victory. Then you can light out on your merry way.

The key is to recognize the first step as a separate stand-alone challenge that must be met and conquered in its own

right. It's not simply the first step of many. It's a fundamentally different thing.

*A journey of a thousand steps is actually two journeys — a one-stepper, which is the beast, followed by 999 steps.*

What beast is blocking your path? Acknowledge it. Marvel at it. Annihilate it.

## Author's Note



Shortly after being released from prison, while I was homeless and living out of garbage cans, I was nearly killed in a freak street accident, wound up hospitalized in a coma, and then, eight months later, after the doctors had written me off, I miraculously awoke from that vegetative state and suddenly saw everything in a new light.

Nah, I'm not that guy. My worldview wasn't shocked into me by some monumental event. I wasn't that lucky. Sure, I grew up poor and endured my fair share of hard knocks, but so what. That wasn't it either. Of course all this stuff played a role. An important one. Yet ultimately, my worldview is the result of a choice. Pure and simple.

And you can make this choice too.

I'm not saying you should. It's not for everyone. But I am saying you should see the choice. My hope is that this book will help you see it. And help you succeed in your brave new world if you do choose to bust out of your personal paper bag.

Unfortunately, as Glith observed, most people will squander the opportunity and remain blind to the choice. Of those who do bring the choice into their view, most will fail the challenge it poses. Which camp will you fall into? Will you let this chance slip away or will you seize it? Will you rise to the occasion or will you shrink from it?

I hope you actually make the choice. Whether you decide to venture beyond or to remain securely ensconced within, at least you'll have faced up to the choice. I hope you'll respect yourself enough to do that. There's no shame in deciding to stay in a safe place. But ducking the decision, that's another story altogether. It's the cheap way out. And, as with most things in life, what's cheap is actually what costs you most dearly. In this case, it costs a chunk of your very humanity. A big chunk. Free will is our most precious gift. Letting it waste away is a shame.

So, embrace your humanity, exercise your free will, and make the choice. And if you do decide to join me and others in our infinite foolishness, let's all share in the excitement of our adventure together. You know where to find us.