

# **Just Try To Shut Me Up Volume 2**

**(2000-2004)**

**A Collection Of Musings From  
The Mind Of Rev. Michael Nalley**

**Written by MAN3**



Beacon  
Meadows  
  
Press

"People don't keep journals for themselves. They keep them for other people, like a secret they don't want to tell but want everyone to know. The only safe place for your thoughts is your memory, which people can't take and read when you're not looking - at least not yet."

Marilyn Manson

## **Introduction**

I've considered slowly releasing these for years. I've just been waiting for the right time. These journals cover a time period spanning from the end of my freshman year through the first few years after high school.

Keep all these factors in mind as you proceed. Each volume in this series will progress in content and writing style just as I have in life. When I felt it was necessary to clarify something in the writings, I've attached footnotes. Some names and emails have been changed to protect the privacy of individuals.

## Journal 2000

01-02-00

Well, I'm back at Daddy's house. We just got back from the mall. I got to go to Hot Topic for the first time, but it was too intense for Daddy, so we left. I ran into Josh and Morgan at Spencers. I couldn't believe it, I haven't seen Morgan in a year. I realized immediately that I still like her. We walked through the mall and I got her a rabbit. We exchanged numbers, and now all I can think about is calling her. She's as hot now as she was then. She wanted me to go with her to her house, but I know Dad wouldn't let me. I know exactly what we would have done, though. I would have fucked her like a wild animal.

Each day I feel as though my morals, values, and humanity are deteriorating more and more. That's not a bad thing, but it does prove Mom right. Last time I was with Daddy, he got in a fight with Bonnie, and it was almost touching. I know if I was morally intact I would have cried, but all I could think of was that if they broke up, I'd be moving in real soon. I didn't want that to happen, but it didn't matter either. And every time I hear "Coma White" by Marilyn Manson, I feel the same way. Nothing seems to matter much anymore. I have no reason to do anything, and even if I did, anything I'd want to do is forbidden by Mom. It sickens me to know that for someone who preaches about morals and values, she could drive someone away from them so easily. I don't completely blame her for all my problems, that would be doing to her what's she's doing to me, and it's the easy way out. I don't mind vengeance, but I can't stand being her. I know that if a few years ago, I would have met me from now, I would have probably felt the same to me then as I do to Manson now. But even knowing that, I have little respect for me, which is good, no one should ever get too full of themselves until they truly have something to get full of themselves over, which I haven't yet achieved. I want to become the most uncaring, callous, immoral, inhumane, bastard that everyone will hate for who I am, and love for being able to be it. I want to rub every cat the wrong way. I want to be a thorn in everyone's side. I'll be envied, hated, loved, and persecuted all at once.

I'm in trouble. I kissed Morgan, and I think that I like her more than Heather. I still like Heather, but if I had a choice, Morgan would win. I really don't have to make a choice though. I can have Heather be a school and fuck relationship and have Morgan a outside school and fuck relationship. What Heather doesn't know won't hurt her. Besides, I think fucking was all I wanted from Heather anyway. I could just be caught up in the moment, but if I am, it's been a damn good moment. I wish I was with Morgan right now, at her house, banging her like a rabbit. Ironic that I got her one. I know that she may still like me, because I walked through the mall with her handcuffed together, which really doesn't mean much, but as immature as it sounds, I just feel it. I want Morgan.

Here's a little song:

I'm tired of being you're fucking scapegoat  
Every time something doesn't go your way  
So if I'm so bad, I better live up to the name  
For all the pain you caused, you're gonna pay

I met a chick that seemed like the one for me  
But you didn't like her, "Something wrong with her"  
The only one I ever truly cared about  
And it wasn't the type you'd prefer

I listen to music I actually like  
But you say it's morally wrong  
Just wait till you find out how I feel  
That's why I wrote you this song

You constantly remind me that I'm not right  
I've lost my values and I'm inhumane  
But being yourself is being human  
To pretend to be anything else is insane

I just want you to know before the end  
Remember, I'm rubber and you're glue  
I'm not the failure you speak of  
That loser disgrace of a failure is you

02-04-00

Dear Christopher and Patrick,

How are you doing? I'm doing fine. So, how'd you like the Super Bowl? I watched some of it, up till half-time. It was all right, although I'm sure Fox would have produced it far better. Did you see the show earlier that day about the best Super Bowl commercials? The 1984 Macintosh commercial was #2. Did you watch the XFL<sup>1</sup> games? I watched a little of them. It looked like normal football to me, except the cheerleaders wore less and the teams had names that sound like they came from comic books (The Outlaws, The Enforcers, X-Tremes, etc).

I've missed you guys. I haven't done much lately except work on my music. I plan to turn my room into a studio in the near future. Joe is going to build a studio quality computer to digitally edit audio. It will have a top of the line CD writer in it, so as soon as I finish an album, I can burn it on CD, print the album art, and mail

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<sup>1</sup> a professional American football league run by WWF (now WWE) owner Vince McMahon in 2001

it your way. Also, after it's set up, you could produce your own music, if you wanted to. I'm setting it up so my eight track, tape deck, CD player, CB radio, and VCR will all run into it through an audio mixer. It's really a lot less expensive than it sounds, because I had the VCR and audio mixer given to me. I'm currently ready to produce a full length album, three singles, and an EP (short album). The album, "1984 Soundtrack", has fourteen tracks, six of which are instrumentals I've written. The first single is "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition", from "1984 Soundtrack", and has five tracks, the album version, an instrumental version, a remix, another track from the album, and a B-Side. The next single, "Songs of HPVAC", contains five tracks about computers and the internet, an intro track, "A Meeting with King SysAdmin", two remixes of "A Meeting with King SysAdmin", and a remix of "GigaHurts", a track from the "1984 Soundtrack". The final single, "Man on the Bus", contains five different mixes of "Man on the Bus", and an instrumental version of "Man on the Bus." The EP, "Welcome to Here", is already done on one of my zip disks, and has five tracks. I'm guessing that within the next two months, all five CDs will be complete, and I'll send them your way. And don't worry, I don't use explicit language in my songs.

How'd you all do on your report cards? I'm proud to say that my grades have gone up. I did switch one of my classes, though. I'm no longer in drama, I switched out so I could stay in TV Productions an extra hour.

I joined that Columbia House Music Club. I get 12 CDs for 1.50, as long as I order six CDs in the next two years, which is no problem, because I buy at least that many CDs in a year, and after I buy those six, the price goes down to about a dollar a CD. I don't have a credit card, though, so I have to pay with money orders, which are kind of like checks, except they can't bounce, because you pay a store the exact amount for them and then the store acts like a bank and pays the company you give the money order to that amount of money. It's pretty cool.

I got some really cool books at the book sale at the library the other day. "Anatomy of a War", a collection of essays about the Vietnam War; "The Longest War", a collection of essays about Desert Storm; "Brother Against Brother", a collection of essays about the Civil War; "The New Menace", a collection of essays about terrorism; "Policing the Police", a collection of essays about the ethics of making sure that police officers didn't abuse the law and their power as law enforcement officers; an Issue of American Heritage magazine; "Animal Farm" by George Orwell, "Society of the Mind" by Eric L. Harry, and "The Martian Chronicles" by Ray Bradbury, which are all like "1984";<sup>2</sup> "Intranet Decisions" by Lisa Kimball, and "A Manual for Writers" by Kate L. Turabian and

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<sup>2</sup>I spent the better part of a year researching the American Civil War, Vietnam War, Desert Storm, the Soviet Union and dystopian literature prior to the writing and recording of the first VARN Industries album

Stylebook and Libel Manual" by The Associated Press, which are both about different writing techniques. I also got "What the Buddha Taught" by Wal pola Rahula, which is an interesting philosophy book, although I didn't get it at the library. One thing I can't stress enough, no matter what you may choose to do in life, the best way to stay informed is to read, read, read. For instance, while writing most of the songs for "1984 Soundtrack", I relied on a lot of the things I read about in those essay collections, as well as the actual novel, "1984". I've been told by some of the people who have read the lyrics that the album could have just as easily been produced in the sixties, which I find pretty cool. Believe it or not, I've modeled my lyrical style after John Lennon, whom I consider my biggest influence at this point in my development as a music artist. I would recommend you guys listen to some of his works, like Beatles songs such as "Strawberry Fields Forever", "All You Need Is Love", "I Am The Walrus", "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds", "Come Together" and "Revolution", and some of his solo work from "The Plastic Ono Band". But above all else, READ! There is nothing that will teach you more than a book will. Read everything, newspapers, magazines, books, novels, essays, music lyrics, EVERYTHING! If you guys want to borrow some of my books, I'd be happy to let you read them, explore them, and learn from them.

When you get to high school, take electives that you will learn from. I made the mistake of taking electives I didn't really need, like Web Design and ROTC<sup>3</sup>. I already knew more than the teacher (which is very possible in the American school system) about computers when I took Web Design, so I learned very little, and I don't really agree with military ethics, so ROTC was pointless for me. I'm not saying you shouldn't take those classes, if you're interested in military, take ROTC, even if all it does is show you don't really like it, or if you want to learn how to make web sites, maybe Web Design is for you. All I'm really saying is don't take an "underwater basket weaving" class, if you know what I mean. Take a class that you will learn something important from. I'm taking Psychology, World Religions, and History of the Bible next year. Not necessarily because I want to be a priest<sup>4</sup> or a psychologist, but because I'm interested in learning about it. Some other new electives that are at Chamberlain include a class about being a construction worker<sup>5</sup> (I'm sorry, I had to mention this one because it's just too funny), a class about being a vet, an anatomy and physiology class, a computer repair class, etc. And don't take agriculture unless you like the smell of pig poop. If you interested in gardening, you may like horticulture, though. And they offer a food prep class for anyone interested in being a chef. And of course, they offer some classes I'd recommend you take, like Theory of Music, TV Productions, and any Art class.

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<sup>3</sup> Marine Corps Junior Officers' Training Corps

<sup>4</sup> I would end up being ordained some years later

<sup>5</sup> did that, too



A creative person is more likely to succeed than someone who is only worried about doing everything exactly as the book says. Anyone can be a painter, but it takes an artist to be an interior decorator. Anyone can make home videos of a band playing, but an artist would make an award winning music video. You catch my drift? Also, you guys might want to look up the following artists if you're interested in painting: Salvador Dali, H.R. Geiger, and surreal art in general. It's so amazing, and by far, my favorite art style. Also, look up neo-cubism, which is a specific form of surrealism. When you look up Dali and Geiger, don't just look for paintings, they also did sculptures, made movies, and wrote poetry. Speaking of poetry, read "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" by T.S. Eliot. It's excellent.

I look a little different from the last time you guys saw me. My hair had grown down to the bottom of my ears and I've grown mutton chop sideburns. I occasionally grow out a beard, too, which I get tired of after a while and shave off, like I did a few days ago.

I don't know if you guys have seen them yet, but if you haven't, you should check out "The Cell", and "Dark City". These are excellent movies, and "The Cell" was good, kind of a mix between "The Matrix" and "Seven". Speaking of "The Matrix", the first sequel will be out summer 2002 and the next sequel summer 2003.

I found out a great way to prepare Ramen noodles. Put the noodles in a pot, and fill it with water, it doesn't matter how much, just as long as the noodles are submerged. Set the stove to High and wait til the water is boiling. Once they are boiling, drain them and return them to the pot. Pour in the seasoning and stir it in so it mixes evenly. Then eat it. It makes two servings. I found it out one day just experimenting, and it's actually better than if you follow the directions. Enjoy. Also, if you take and melt butter in a skillet and fry bacon, that's pretty good, although it's probably not real good for you. And when you make omelets, mix in a little mustard, preferably jalapeno mustard, it's really good. BBQ sauce or hot sauce works well, too. And, of course, salsa. But only mix in one these, not all four, that tastes gross. And don't mix in ketchup, that's horrible. And fried bread tastes pretty good, although toasting it is easier. One more trick I'll share, take a packet of oatmeal, pour in in a bowl with milk and eat it like cereal. That's pretty good, too. And it takes a lot less time to prepare.

And finally, let me once again emphasize how important art is. Not just paintings, all art, drawings, paintings, sculptures, movies, poetry, and music. Without art, the world would lose much of its beauty. Whether you like a certain type of art or not, you should at least respect it, because art is the way someone saw the world around him/her. To disregard art is to disregard the artist's world, and that's our world, too. For instance, one artist may look at a rose and decide to do a painting about it's beauty, where as another may decide to write a poem about the savagery of nature because of the thorns on that rose. It's the same rose, though. You will find what you are looking for in art. If you wish to draw

inspiration from the beauty and peace of art, you can. It's all up to you what you see. Remember what I said about the rose, it'll help you out when you're discouraged in life, just look for peace and you will find it. Perception can make all the difference. When someone tells you that a piece of art is violent and savage, it's because they are looking for violence and savagery. Even a painting of a grave sight, which would typically be conceived as depressing and fatal, could be seen as beautiful, if you're in the right state of mind. Think of the beautiful flowers, think of the family's love, not about death and decay. Think of the rose, not the thorns. You see? I hope you do. And remember, life, too, can be art.

Peace From Your Big Brother,  
Michael

06-24-00

Saw "Boys & Girls" at Citrus Park Mall.

07-16-00

Saw "X-Men 2" at University Mall.

08-23-00

Social Darwinism: Survival Of The Fattest?<sup>6</sup>

I think that being successful (or powerful?) in society no longer means you're the best at what you do. Rather, you must know the right people, wear the right clothes, etc... To overcome this propaganda of the masses, we must become intelligent, more so than those who are breast-fed by such things as television, the media, public schooling, etc. What is the result? The anti-prep. In a way, social status is religion, the preps are the apostles and we are the beasts of Revelation, spreading the "plagues" of individuality, self identity, atheism and intellect. Each preppy chick holds up a sign, "Will blow for social status." Will we slob the knob of accepted dogma and face the real Hell, not being ourselves, or we will overcome the fascism of society and enter the gates of prep Hell, being an individual?

08-29-00

New Year's Revolution:

This coming up year will be no different from all those before it. People form hollow resolutions that are broken like old eggshells. People must obtain independence from social ignorance. Society is old and dead, like a baby's tooth, black and decayed. Isn't it worth it to endure quick pinch and a little blood so that we can have a new shiny adult tooth? The revolution is one of the mind.

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<sup>6</sup> my girlfriend Develyn really enjoyed these little mini-essays I would write every few days and encouraged me to continue writing them as often as possible

The riot is of conflicting thoughts, not people. Before we destroy other people's stupidity, we must annihilate our own. Make love, not war; revolutions, not resolutions; independence, not ignorance.

09-05-00

A Sick Disease:

All these dumb preps. I never realized I had such fear inspired power over these social zealots. I guess maybe they are worried that they'll become an individual if I touch them. It is hysterical to see them scurry like mice to get out of my way. They could easily push me around, but they'd have to touch me. And to add to it, I'm sick. I'm a sick disease! I'm here to infect the preps with individuality. What a bunch of shit. What is so wrong with being yourself? Preps are nothing more than sheep, following some shepherd blindly. That shepherd is society. We are the wolves. Or maybe we're just children who want to sit and watch their zealous efforts to conform, watching up on our hilltops. Either way, the sheep have every right to fear us. We are the antichrists of social religion. They don't want us to take them from their thoughtless ecstasy of anti-individuality. They are worthless by their own design. In an attempt to be cool, they decimate themselves.

Make love, not war. There are many types of anarchy. Social anarchy, political anarchy, religious anarchy, etc... To be anti-prep is to be a social anarchist. How can we survive when we're killing ourselves? Prep is not about Abercrombie And Fitch or music or any of that. To always do the opposite of what preps are doing also makes you a prep, a slave to society. If you like something (or hate something), don't like (or hate) it because its trendy, because trends fade. Then what will you do? Go on to like (or hate) the next trends. Who cares? The preps. To be anti-prep simply means being yourself, not being the opposite of the current trends. Prep = Slave To Society.

09-07-00

Boy Scouts Today, Shock Troopers Tomorrow:

I see hordes of fascist shock troops, all of them doped up on patriotism, marching across this world, their marching so loud and in synch that it is heard everywhere. Maybe they'll have American flags sewn on their military uniforms, maybe they'll have swastikas, or barcodes, or some new corporate logo of fascism, maybe even Abercrombie and Fitch.

09-08-00

Who are yearbook pictures for?

Why do we worry so much about yearbook pictures? The styles and trends that are so embraced today will be made fun of by those who the pictures are really for, our children. Instead of trying to represent what will be a dead era, represent who you are. Then, instead of some picture that could be used for the History Channel, it will be you, not a hippie of the '60s or a disco king of the '70s or

whatever. Our children are more worried about who we are than when we were. All of our children can say, "Yeah, my parents grew up in that era." Make your children proud of who you are. Make them be able to say, "My parents were individuals and so am I." The New Berlin Wall has yet to crumble. It starts now.

Smile Like A Doughnut:

No one will ever change. They're all too worried about fitting in. Why can't everyone stop slobbering the knob of society and pull their own cock out of the ass of trendy social anti-individualism. Everyone has a small mind and big mouth. And their mouths are open, smiling like a doughnut. It makes me sick.

09-18-00

For Sale: The Future:

Sometimes, when I'm alone, I let my mind wonder into the future. I don't always understand what I see, but I'm always right. I see society a much sicker place. People are starving to know truths, but were raised to be ignorant. The world won't be any less polluted, maybe more, but more people will talk about it to win elections. We will finally get past all those pseudo-ethics and clone someone, but when we realize that we are easily duplicated, people will commercialize it. Pretty soon, everyone will want a clone of their favorite celebrity. Babies will become less human, more like bunnies at Easter. Everyone thinks they want one, but they grow up to be rabbits and rabbits aren't cute and little anymore. What happens when that clone becomes a two year old clone? Will we dump it off at a human pound? A human Humane Society? We won't have flying cars, we'll just complain that we were promised flying cars in the '50s and we don't have any. How can a society so primitive, so "Flintstone's Mentality," claim to be on the edge of "Jetson's Mentality?" More things will be free, but you'll have to wait to use it, because you'll have to watch a million advertisements first. Pretty soon, companies won't make products, just advertisements of advertisements. Men will want to tattoo their favorite company slogan or logo on their arms to be tough. And forget about a motorcycle, who needs one, they'll all carry an advertisement for one instead.

10-02-00

The First Day Of The Rest Of My Life:

To himself:

Dear Mike,

Or should I call you Michael, or MAN3, or maybe someone new, the person trapped inside, now set free. Maybe this will be seen as a wrongfully accused man set free. Or maybe you're the locusts of the abyss. Either way, everything up to now seems programmed in reflection. No matter who you are, this is what you've always wanted, right? Of course it is. But now what? Are you going to finally be yourself without any hindrance? I hope so, you have such potential. I hope you get your stuff back.

"Then I got my wings and I never even knew it  
When I was a worm, thought I couldn't get through it"  
-Kinderfeld (a.k.a. Marilyn Manson)

How can you kill someone who's already dead?

About himself:

I have just decided to end my relationship with Develyn. This was inevitable, because nothing lasts. It was fun. It will definitely be in a biography if I have one. Soon, the world will be attacked by my music. I can't wait to be what I know I can. Soon. And patience is a virtue until it becomes sloth, then its a sin. I've now branched off and I've got plenty of relations with people to pursue. A chick from drama and lives down the street from school may invite me over sometime, and I'm sure we'll do shit if she does. Every time I ask what I'd be allowed to do she asks what I want. I can't help but wonder if she's implying that I can have whatever I want. I hope so. Later in the week I'll see if I can go over.

"Where did you get this social conscience? Is it from observation, disillusionment with those close to you (or not close to you), or are you a time traveler from the '60s? I always enjoy reading your writing."

-Ms. Williams, 09-14-00

To whoever's listening:

Well, I'm back home now. Its really nice to like being home. To actually call it home with feeling. I can honestly say I like where I live. I have my own room, my own bed, my own computers and soon I should be getting back all my belongings. Life is god. I can finally make up for my lost years. I'm actually having a birthday party and I've invited about 20-25 people. I have a packed lunch and I'm getting a lunchbox.

10-03-00

Uneventful:

I went up to Erin today, but Mike, the guy who pierced his cock with a fork and has some dumb ass tattoo on his stomach was there. I said hi to Red and Erin and Mike said bye. I asked him where he was going, because I wasn't leaving. I then asked him if he believed in God and that if God told Mike to give him a blowjob, would he. He said no and got really pissy with me. The little prick seems so insecure in his faith he'd throw a tantrum over what a skinny little atheist says about God. What a shame. I don't like him anyway. He's just some shell that does stupid shit to feel better about himself, and he seems to be taking Erin with him. But all of this is fine, because one day he'll be nothing but a greasy slob in a wife beater watching me on MTV. Hopefully Erin will save herself. In Drama, Joe and I talked some pathetic little black chick with little boobs and big nipples to flash us. Why do people do things they don't want to do in order to be cool? Oh, well. Maybe tomorrow we'll tell her to just be herself. The real trick is to exploit the weaknesses these drones embrace. So maybe we

should tell her to blow us.

"White trash get down on your knees  
Its time for cake and sodomy."  
-The God of Fuck (a.k.a Marilyn Manson)

10-04-00

My Purpose:

"But someday, in a stronger age than this decaying, self-doubting present, he must yet come to us, the redeeming man, of great love and contempt, the creative spirit whose compelling strength will not let him rest in any aloofness or any beyond, whose isolation is misunderstood by the people as if it were flight from reality - while it is only his absorption, immersion, penetration into reality, so that, when he one day emerges again into the light, he may bring home the redemption of this reality; its redemption from the curse that the hitherto reigning ideal has laid upon it. The man of the future, who will redeem us not only from the hitherto reigning ideal but also from that which was bound to grow out of it, the great nausea, the will to nothingness, nihilism; this bell-stroke of noon and of the great decision that liberates the will again and restores its goal to the earth and his hope to man; the antichrist and antinihilist; this victor over God and nothingness - he must come one day."

-Friedrich Nietzsche, On The Genealogy Of Morals

I believe everyone has a natural mindset that they will always revert to. It is unnatural to be anyone else. Certain things, whether you call them peer pressure or weak-minded attempts to fit in, will disrupt this natural state of being. I believe I was meant to be the shock rocker, the scapegoat to society's sickness, whose only purpose is to awaken the individuality in everyone, to destroy the social code of preps and zealous cogwheels.

Over the course of humanity's history, those in power invented several doctrines to oppress the weak. Whether this social power uses government, religion or some other political tool, the result is always the same, revolution. The only difference in our present time is those in power now have defied this revolution. Utopia cannot be obtained without a revolution of the mind. We must gain independence from our ignorance. The choice is before us all, wallow in the mud pit of false security and try to fit in, or overcome the dictatorship of anti-individualism and just be yourself. My message isn't anti-god, or anti-government, or anti-love, its a crusade against the antipeople and their doctrine , anti-individualism. It can be summed up as a single idea: Be yourself. My crusade doesn't use guns or swords or any other instrument of death. I use the most powerful weapon of all, music. I hope to be reviled as an icon and respected as an intellectual.

10-05-00

#### Public Restrooms And Music Videos:

This whole world can be symbolized by a public restroom. I don't know why, but as I enter one of those putrid bathrooms, the floor soaked beyond sanitation with piss, the seats covered in a film of STDs and shit, and the toilet paper molded into a hard core of paper from once being pissed on, along with the ever-present smell of human waste, crotches and ammonia, I see the world, it's cities clogged with filthy people in cheap suits, homeless people giving off an odor of alcohol mixed with sweat, and prostitutes with more heroin and STDs than blood in their veins, and I see living rooms whose only light is yellowed from old lampshades, couches stained with dog piss and cat hair and scarred from burn marks of cigarette ashes and big greasy men with sweat stained wife beaters, thick clumpy hair and a beer bottle always in hand telling their wives they're no good, and I see playgrounds with rusty swings, slides that get so hot in the sun they burn unsuspecting children's asses, stray dogs that attack the children out of their parent's reach and ice-cream men who kidnap little boys and do unspeakable things to them and then kill them, and I see white trash babysitters who have too many dogs in their home, who serve cookies with roach shit on them to the children they're paid to care for. In the Inferno, Dante's character had to go the very pits of Hell before he could ascend into Heaven. I plan to do just that with my music. Big Brother 4 President<sup>7</sup> isn't just a band, its a metaphor of the world, the big Public Restroom. Everyday, people willingly surrender to society's pseudo-culture, and this band is out to save them.

01-06-00

#### What's Still To Come:

I've now got my band together and ready. Red will be bassist, Joe Haun will be guitarist, Bryan will be drummer and Bobby will be keyboardist and backup guitarist if needed. Soon enough, we'll practice weekly and then maybe in a few months start to gig.

I have so much to tell in my music. I want to tell about Karen<sup>8</sup>, about playgrounds, about TVs babysitting children, about the divorce, about my essays, about my dreams, about child molesters, about preps, about my poems.

She takes care of all the little children  
Her house is made of phlegm  
She'll beat them with her pots and pans  
And when they're fat she'll eat them

Her family of clowns won't stop smiling

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<sup>7</sup> my first band and the predecessor to VARN Industries

<sup>8</sup> an abusive white trash babysitter from my childhood

When she's made she tells them:  
"Children eat your roach shit cookies,"  
Or she's gonna kill them

Trickle, trickle children's tears  
How she loves to eat their fears  
Mother knew of her child's abuse  
Yet still Mikey must let loose

10-09-00

Institution:

This is how I see the classroom. The important things seem more detailed only because they seem to stand out more in my mind, The teacher, in military uniform, has written what he feels is essential information for his students (Or slaves?), consisting of a book assignment, phrases of double-think and a list of totalitarian leaders, whom he feels are "greats." The only other important factor in the classroom is how the media (god?) has managed to make its way into the classroom setting.

10-10-00

In The Shadow:

Everyday, more ideas are coming to me. Maybe I'm a hollow shell, a radio dish, picking up thoughts and mechanically relaying them. I can't wait to release my band to the world. The brotherhood we have is awesome. These ideas, like tattered pieces of paper floating in the wind, keep reaching me. I hate worrying that I'm just a Marilyn Manson rip-off. I know I'm not. Speaking of which, I can't wait to get his new album. He has a concert in one month. I really want to go. I have so many inspirations for my music, bands like Marilyn Manson, Powerman 5000, Orgy and books like 1984 or A Brave New World. I just want everyone to be themselves.

I have to go to court today. Maybe I'll have a court order awarded to get my stuff and live with my dad. I hope so.

10-11-00

untitled:

Yesterday I left school early for court. We accomplished little. John and Mom denied everything. Everything was twisted so that I looked like a liar. I still live with Daddy, but I probably won't get my stuff back. They just sat there, clean and pure shell, but inside they're full of filth and lies. Their skin is like eggshells, when they fall they'll crack and splatter all over the ground. Rotten eggs. They're set on automatic, their eyes are burnt out and lifeless. One day they'll apologize to me and tell the world they helped me become a success. Dog faced bag of alcohol.



The world seems so distant  
Everyone is out of my reach  
I'm no closer to heaven  
I'm no closer to hell  
My heartbeat is ringing in my ears  
My life seems so distant  
And I am out of my reach

10-13-00

Assault And Battery Not Included:

K:

The day of suffering has past  
The world I once lived in is gone  
The Age Of Anubis didn't last  
The maggot has become the fly  
Mommy and Daddy were Barbie dolls  
Some assembly required  
I am the fly on all of your walls  
Assault and battery not included

C:

You smile painted on like a clown  
I'm no closer to your heaven  
Around you I'm slipping down  
I'm no closer to your hell  
The world used to be out of reach  
Instant Child: Just Add Lies  
Playground morals is all you'd preach  
Assault and battery not included

J:

Your world's a public restroom  
A cogwheel drone society  
You all live in doom and gloom  
I've escaped your sadism  
And all of your abuse  
If I was asked what I want  
Freedom is what I'd choose  
Assault and battery not included

10-16-00

The Birth Of...:

I had a band practice yesterday. Red and Joe were there. We've definitely got

chemistry. Red seems very dedicated. He's real into the mechanical society concept. And then there's Joe. A fucking lunatic who plays guitar. Bobby is pretty mellow, but I hope he pulls through. I have no idea where Bryan is. I worry about letting Wacky play drums because I'm not real sure if he's on my wavelength musically. I want to tell a story about being yourself. The world is in this state of anti-individuality and people are killing themselves to fit in. I'm real into the lost innocence, the school nerd grows up to beat the other bullies up. I want to be a fucking rock star, not some rip-off band.

Holy Wood should be out in a week. I read an article today on it, and I'm real eager to get it.

10-20-00

Giga-Hurts:

Boy Scout today, shock trooper tomorrow  
Its success under the guise of sorrow  
The human mind is what they try to hack  
We're as outdated as the eight-track  
They made the electronic embryo

Sex is a circuit board testicle  
Plugged into the modem receptacle  
Babies with eyes like burnt out flashlights  
At birth, the machine took away their rights  
The babysitter's just a TV  
The internet runs through her IV

Beaten up my Father and Motherboard  
Inflicted by the digital horde  
The thought police hate and fear your site  
Freedom of speech? You've given up that right  
This operating system has one bug  
We would all die if we were to unplug

10-21-00

File Retrieval:

We went over today to get my stuff this morning. I didn't get anything. I have to make arrangements with her attorney. Hopefully, I'll get it all back soon. I did get to see Jennifer and John Paul, so it wasn't a total waste.

10-23-00

Sgt. Maj. Of...:

You know, I could of sworn there was a separation of church and state. There was, wasn't there? I'm starting to feel like my English class has been replaced by

some religious propaganda lecture hall. Society's evils, Repent, The Chosen One. Blah blah blah. One day, I can rant about it all in my music. "I'm not anti-God, just anti-forced God."

I've been accused of being everything, from a drug-dealer to a drug addict, from a Satanist to the Antichrist, from a member of the Trench Coat Mafia to a cult member, everything. I guess if I do succeed, the accused failure, it would be the final statement of the underdog, the revolution of the mind, independence from ignorance. Holy Wood was postponed to next month. Oh, well. I feel like explaining the songs I've written so far.

Assault And Battery Not Included: This I split into three parts, each one directed at a different villain in my past. In K, the narrator has just escaped a life of mental abuse and now watches in awe at what he once lived. I C, he reflects on a childhood trauma, when the outside world was out of reach. Finally, in J, he's all grown and looks down with hatred at the two-faced system once forced upon him.

Giga-Hurts: A digital trip through the mechanical world. Its all about how the system can't handle individuals, only drones. The mental programming starts at birth.

### Fuck The Anti-People

I miss my stuff. Here's a list of all the Manson CDs I've had so far:

Portrait Of An American Family; Get Your Gunn; Lunchbox; Smells Like Children; Antichrist Superstar; The Beautiful People; Tourniquet; Remix And Repent; Mechanical Animals; Rock Is Dead

Needs: Sweet Dreams; The Dope Show; I Don't Like The Drugs (But The Drugs Like Me); Last Tour On Earth; Long Hard Road Out Of Hell

10-25-00

The Concept:

I read the biography of Trent Reznor. It was interesting. Eventually, I want to make concept albums. I want a biography album. I want an album about being oppressed, then hiding away, maturing into something greater than what once oppressed you. I want an album about instead of trying to fit in, you just step aside and watch the rest of society crumble. I want to make music I would like to listen to.

10-26-00

The Hippie Of...:

Well, I got my stuff back today from Develyn. I can't wait to go home and listen to my NIN CDs. I got a few of my Manson pics back too. Not enough to make a collage, but I've got more coming. I also need to get some frames for the pics from The Long Hard Road Out Of Hell. I got my poems back, too. So now I can

work on some new songs.

10-27-00

The Freedom From Ignorance:

I'm so tired of all these stupid people, following their stupid trends and acting like fucking automated machines. No one fucking cares. I swear, if I have to deal with this shitty ignorance all my life I'll go insane. I will be a big rock star. I have so much to say. I'm still at a stand-still with my band. I need a drummer and keyboardist. Billy thinks he's our second guitarist. I have all my good songs at my mother's house. And I have had writer's block from months. I know what I want to sing about, but it isn't coming out the way I want it to.

10-31-00

Ignorance Is Bliss:

All these stupid fucking people, with their stupid fucking smiles and their stupid fucking jokes, hiding in their stupid fucking groups. Don't they know they're idiots. That there's nothing wrong with being yourself. Nothing at all, except having to endure the stupid fucking people, with their stupid fucking smiles and their stupid fucking people, hiding in their stupid fucking groups, who don't know they're idiots.

Victor told me that all of the writing above could be made into an interlude track. Joe and I are going to the mall tonight for his birthday and Halloween. Red might come, too.

I've been working out Joe's make-up. All I have right now is red eyebrows and a line through one eye and both eyes outlines. We're thinking of blue lipstick.

Pussies and dicks, pussies and dicks  
Dicks and pussies, dicks and pussies  
Pussies and dicks, pussies and dicks

Fah-Q

I'm sofa king we todd it and my dixie wrecked

Writer's block sucks.

11-02-00

My Impression Of Depression:

All these pathetic ignorant people. Yesterday, someone saw my Marilyn Manson lunchbox and asked, "Do you like Marilyn Manson?" IGNORANCE! I've given Red copies of all my songs, mostly just so he knows that we are doing something. We're going to have to have a band practice this weekend. I've written about a dozen songs, but I only have two or three of them. I really want to

show Red my good ones, like "Anti-Individualistic," "Man On The Bus" and "THIS=SOCIETY." I think maybe we should do some covers, too. Just so we're doing something. I'm talking about doing that piece LaVey wrote in his handbook. That might be cool. Or maybe cover some old Spooky Kids song or an old TV show theme. Whatever, we just need to do SOMETHING. I also need to talk to Red about a flyer for something like "Needed: Drummer and Keyboardist."

Needed:

One (1) Drummer and

One (1) Keyboardist

Influences: Marilyn Manson, Orgy, Pink Floyd, etc.<sup>9</sup>

11-07-00

Yo Man, Fuck You:

Well, we had a practice this last Sunday. Changed the band name to Digital Drone<sup>10</sup>. Joe was no help. I'll be going over to Red's every weekend to practice. We have one song we're working on, "Assault And Battery Not Included." I need to work on my voice some. Hopefully, I'm not fooling myself into believing I'm good when I'm not. I really want this to work. I went to a carnival Saturday and got head from some chick I've never met before. She wants me to fuck her Friday. This band thing, I want it to work real bad. I know that I'm destined to be an artist.

"The more that you fear us  
The bigger we'll get"  
-Marilyn Manson, "Disposable Teens"

Songs by Manson that I like: Luci In The Sky With Demons; Cat In The Hat; Dope Hat; Cake And Sodomy; Sweet Dreams; The Beautiful People; Cryptorchid; Kinderfeld; Man That You Fear; The Dope Show; Mechanical Animals; User Friendly; Coma White; Astonishing Panorama Of The Endtimes; Disposable Teens; In The Shadow Of The Valley Of Death

11-08-00

The President Of...:

Why does it seem like no matter what I do, it just doesn't matter.

The only future peace has to offer is war.

Somehow, Develyn found out about the foursome I had last weekend and the

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<sup>9</sup> at the time, Red's favorite band was Orgy and mine was Marilyn Manson, we mutually agreed on the Pink Floyd influence

<sup>10</sup> this would be the beginning of the transition period from Big Brother 4 President to VARN Industries

one I'm having this Friday. So, now she's calling me a whore.

"This is evolution  
The monkey, the man and then the gun"  
-Marilyn Manson

Blah blah blah. I am disinterested.

11-09-00

The Questions Of...:

The following questions were answered on 10-26-00

Q: Is imitation of someone else always bad?

A: It all depends on two factors: in doing so, does it promote anti-individualism and does it cause physical or mental harm. If the answer to either is yes, then it is horribly wrong. When faced with such a question, ask yourself one simple question, "What is wrong with being yourself?"

Q: What makes good things happen to us?

A: It is not really a question of what causes good things to happen to us, but rather, "Why do we perceive the things happening to us as good or bad?" It all has to do with the delusional self, the interaction between our actions and thoughts with the outside world producing what may appear as coincidence. It is all a state of mind.

Q: Who know what you are capable of doing? Who does he know?

A: No one can really say what you are capable of, because, as individuals, we are unpredictable. It would be an insult to tell someone their potential, because it would be implying that they can do no better than that so-called potential.

Q: What is the virtue society wants most in its people? What does it want them to be?

A: Society, as a condition, wants anti-individuality in those that exist within it. It can't handle individuality, only drones, like cogwheels in a machine. Society's trend is taking us to a state of being similar to that of the Orwellian 1984.

Q: Is it true that society does not want creators/innovators?

A: It is both true and false. Society needs creators/innovators to progress, but can't function properly with them. This is why society continues to decay, like an unwatered plant. Only those not dependent on society, the individuals, can evolve and better themselves.

Q: Do you do things because you think they are right or because of what others will think?

A: Personally, I do what I do to express my thoughts and feelings. I feel that most others do things because of what others think, which limits them to the morals and ethics of others. And even if someone does something because they feel its right doesn't matter because their moral code is most likely different from yours.

Q: Is it easier to do what others want you to do than to do what you want to do?

A: It all depends on your level of self-confidence. The weaker you are, the easier it is to do the anti-individualistic thing and do what others want you to. So to use the excuse "Oh, come on. Everyone else is doing it" just serves as an admittance to your weakness and refusal to just be yourself.

Q: What does society do when you do not conform?

A: When you don't conform, society rejects you, like a bacteria in the bloodstream. Society can't handle individuals. Of course, the alternative would be to do like everyone and destroy your inner self, the individual within.

Q: Is it important to be consistent, to act the same way everyday?

A: It is human nature to evolve, to conform and become predictable only goes against that natural tendency. Of course, it could be argued that always refusing to conform is predictable. So, it all depends on what you're doing. If you're a serial killer, it would be predictable for you to kill someone and that would be bad, but if you're a philanthropist, it would be predictable to help others and that would be fine.

This is the longest journal entry so far. Just a few notes on the band. I talked to Red and we may replace Joe with someone else, possibly Bobby. Joe just doesn't have the drive or a concept. (There's a lady sitting next to me who won't stop looking at me and reading my stuff as I write. She probably doesn't speak English anyway. And her granddaughter is sitting in front of the TV. Ignorant people shouldn't be allowed to talk, Spanish in her annoying family's case.) Anyhow, Joe has been a real dick lately and I have to kiss his ass and let him play in a band which he has no drive to perform and whose leader he treats like shit. I thought of a few songs we could possibly cover: Cats In the Cradle; Happy Together; Dope Hat; Kinderfeld; Man That You Fear/Lucy In The Sky With Demons; Fiction (Dreams In Digital).

"You were my mechanical bride, a phenobarbie doll  
A maniqueen of depression  
With the face of a dead star"  
-Marilyn Manson, "Mechanical Animals"

11-21-00

A Journal Of...:

I got Holy Wood Sunday (today is Tuesday). Its really good. I can't get "The Death Song" out of my head. I'm getting "Disposable Teens" soon. I broke up with Develyn today. We had started going out again last week, but with all the girls who want to jack me off and suck me off, the only thing a relationship will do is piss me off. We had to kick Joe out of the band the other day. He just doesn't do anything in the band and the only thing he cares about is drugs. Red and Bobby want to do shit. Joe doesn't give a fuck.

"I'm someone else  
I'm someone new  
I'm someone stupid  
Just like you"  
-Marilyn Manson, "Born Again"

"Flies are waiting...  
In the shadow of the valley of death:  
-"Valentine's Day" by Marilyn Manson

11-27-00

Eraser Of...:

First day back to school post Thanksgiving. I stayed up at Bonnie's sister's house. Mostly hung out with Amber and Madison on the computer listening to Manson. Saw Joe today. He's not mad about me telling his mom about his drug habit. I just don't want him to get fucked up. He's been a hell of a friend and I don't want to lose a friend like him. He's actually sober and I remember now why I actually give a fuck about him. I feel a song writing binge coming on. Hopefully, I can spit out a few good songs.

11-29-00

Chorus For "Giga-Hurts (Keeping Safe-Saving Face):

The important thing is keeping safe  
Don't bother with the people-machine  
Disconnected  
On your way to the top  
The important thing is saving face  
Don't bother with the little people  
You've stepped on  
On your way to Heaven

12-04-00

I've decided to take the Welcome To Here tracks, finish the King SysAdmin



tracks and put them together on one album, "VARN Demos."<sup>11</sup> The cover will be the Mario cover, the back will be the Welcome To Here cover, the inside will have the track list, liner notes, MAN3 computer pic and barcode arranged like the Head Like A Hole CD cover and the CD cover will have the Digital Drone logo on top, VARN Demos logo on bottom, Welcome To Here track list on left and King SysAdmin track list on right.

12-05-00

Too Much @ Once:

"Hangover... I took too many drugs and alcohol. I have a hangover."  
-Marilyn Manson, during "Self Destruct" tour

Oh my fucking god! I had such a hangover this morning until about 1:00. That's what I get for taking 3 energy pills and 4 caffeine pills yesterday<sup>12</sup>. I didn't even sleep last night. I hate saying god.

12-08-00

Sacco And Vanzetti:

I've been thinking a lot about concepts for albums. I think that making an album that could serve as a soundtrack for the novel 1984 would be neat. I don't think I would have to much difficulty handling that. I want to get the lyrics and name of the writer for a song written in 1942 entitled "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition." I think that would be an awesome cover for this concept album. It could be the centerpiece of the album, just as "Sweet Dreams" was for Smells Like Children. I've been thinking of a few album cover designs for this concept as well. Either the Dali painting that symbolizes WWII or something like: --->

I'd also like to use the following songs/tracks on this album:

1. Assault And Battery Not Included
2. THIS=SOCIETY
3. Anti-Individualistic
4. A Final Salute To The Inner Circle
5. Giga-Hurts

I also want to have some instrumental tracks. I have a few ideas for titles as well:

1. The Proles
2. Haymarket Riot
3. In Memory Of Sacco And Vanzetti
4. Big Brother 4 President

---

<sup>11</sup> this is the earliest recorded mention of VARN Industries that I know of

<sup>12</sup> before I ever tried any of the more commonly frowned upon drugs your parents probably warned you about, I was abusing over-the-counter diet pills, something I didn't give up for another couple years until I started smoking marijuana and gave up uppers entirely.

And, although I have yet to figure out how to do it, I want the "Hacker's Manifesto" on this or some other album.

Basically, this will be an album about oppression. About finding scapegoats. About war. About how people are killing their inner self to fit in. About how you can either save yourself by becoming what you hate or save others by becoming what they hate.

I still need to write a few more songs to tie the album together. Then I'll rework the songs to have a progressive theme. I want the album to grow more and more violent. The tracks should mesh together. I want the whole album to be cohesive. The instrumentals need to have meaning behind them. They should make people think. Military uniforms. Stock war footage. I want to make some powerful music and some powerful videos for it. The world is not ready. It never will be, but soon, I want to work on this until we're done. This will be our first project and I want to make a mark, maybe even the mark of the beast.

12-10-00

Orwellian Rock:

I want to do musically what Dali did with his paintbrush. I would like to sample the Bomb Worshipper's Prayer from the sequel to Planet Of The Apes. It would be an interesting way to tie the album together, or maybe even make an interesting interlude, or maybe I could mix in into our cover of "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition."

"We make our gods like they were bombs  
We praise our bombs like they were gods"  
Hiroshima = Heaven On Earth "touched by god's grace"

"I sold you, you sold me, freedom is slavery"  
-1984, G. Orwell

12-11-00

"The Book" Of...:

Digital Drone: 1984 Soundtrack

This will be the first Digital Drone made album. Even though "VARN Demos" was compiled under the name Digital Drone, it was actually a MAN3 solo project. This album will be, on the surface, a soundtrack for the George Orwell novel 1984. There are several underlying themes as well. The album tells a tale of a society in a coma of non-thought, where the media has made violence a religion, the bomb a god and fitting in a sacrament. The whole album can be summed up in the lyric "We make our gods like they were bombs, we praise our bombs like they were gods." The centerpiece of the album will be the Digital Drone cover of the 1942 song "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition." A sample of the Bomb Worshipper's Prayer from the sequel to Planet Of The Apes will either be mixed in with this track or mixed with an instrumental track. Somewhere within

the album art, the Dali painting representing World War II may be found and the Anti-People logo will cover the CD itself. The album should have between eight and twelve tracks. The order of the tracks should give the album a feeling of becoming more violent as the album plays out. The album should make people think . That is the goal: to make people think. Even the instrumental tracks should have some sort of point to them, not just serve as interludes and space.

As Seen On TV:

I saw a guy get shot on the television  
Numb to violence  
I saw a guy get killed on the television  
Numb to death  
I saw a guy kill himself on the television  
Numb to suicide  
I saw a guy get saved on the television  
Numb to god  
I saw a guy get laid on the television  
Numb to sex  
I saw a guy get high on the television  
Numb to drugs

Cable Coax Christ

12-13-00

Tik Tok The Clockwork Man:

Yesterday was a big success at the SIT Team meeting. I went wearing blue work pants, a yellow button-down shirt, a lumberjack plaid tie and blue plaid jacket. Jon came wearing khakis, a white polo shirt and a lab coat. We let the watch the Wharton video (in which I wore a Mexican button-down, which was white with baby blue stripes and a pastel plaid jacket) and the CTV Winter Report (in which I wore a dark blue polo shirt with a striped collar, a lumberjack plaid tie and a gray jacket with studded lapels to present Mr. Washington<sup>13</sup> and a white button-down shirt and a German military jacket to interview a ROTC student). After the meeting, I went to Jon's and got the lyrics to "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition" and then ate at Tampa Ale House; I had nachos and potato skins.

I gave Red a three page packet presenting the 1984 Soundtrack to him... more on that later, when I talk to him.

"And when we were good  
You just closed your eyes

---

<sup>13</sup> Chamberlain High School's principal

So when we are bad  
We'll scar your mind"  
-Marilyn Manson, "The Fight Song"

12-14-00

She Dreams In...:

These fucking drones of the cogwheel society. They sit like they're in charge, looking around this pathetic world they've made, smiling as if it were one-part gloating grin and one part disgusted snarl and one part annoyed pout. I would love to give them a mirror that let them see what they really are. I imagine stomping on a watermelon, the skin breaking away, leaving the red insides to ooze across the floor. Would it be the same way if it were their heads? I wonder...

I went to KC's Cove last night. It ended up being karaoke night and I sang "Fiction (Dreams IN Digital)" by Orgy. I was nervous at first, but then I remembered that singing in front of a group of people is what I want to do for the rest of my life and it got a lot easier. Although I don't think I did that good, the karaoke guy, Daddy and Bonnie all said it was great.

Red has mixed feelings for the album<sup>14</sup>. Although he like the concept, but has never read 1984. He told me to focus more on buying a microphone first, but what if I wait and do nothing until I get a mic? We'll have nothing but a mic. I will keep working on the concept by myself until I get the mic, then maybe Red will want to work on it, too. He wanted to know about Bobby and Joe. What is there to know? Joe is out, Bobby is in. But as far as I'm concerned, I say Red and I work in the studio by ourselves, Red playing bass, guitar and keyboards and I'll sing, program, sample and do the drum tracks. When we do something live, the guitarist, keyboardist and drummer can play what we've done in the studio ourselves. Trent Reznor can do it by himself, Red and I should be able to pull it off between the two of us.

"I peak into the hole  
I struggle for control  
And the children love the show  
But they fail to see the anguish in my eyes"  
-Marilyn Manson, "Dope Hat"

I miss having all my Manson CDs. I miss having all my stuff. Thanks a lot bitch.

I ran into Morgan last night. Its always nice to see her.

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<sup>14</sup> this would eventually lead to me firing everyone in the band and continuing as the solo act VARN Industries.

I think, musically, by biggest inspirations are Marilyn Manson, Orgy, the Beatles and the soundtracks to old Nintendo games. Philosophically, my biggest inspirations are religion, 1984, Dr. Seuss and the 1960's hippie counterculture. Visually, my biggest inspirations are The Matrix, Salvador Dali, H.R. Geiger, Nine Inch Nails music videos and old World War II propaganda films.

Here's a list of songs I'd like to cover just for the hell of it:

The Beatles: Number 9

The Turtles: Happy Together

Marilyn Manson: Dope Hat; Kinderfeld

Orgy: Fiction (Dreams In Digital)

Nintendo: Super Mario Brothers

Harry Chapin: Cats In The Cradle

I've been thinking a lot about the image of the band. For this album, I want a fascist military theme with an industrial/mechanical twist. Military uniforms, rifles, prosthetics, circuit boards, etc... The more I work on this band, the further I drift from the Marilyn Manson look I originally thought I wanted. I like Marilyn Manson's music and appearance, but I don't want to copy it. I have \$45 right now and I want to go buy some CDs, but I don't want to buy something I may get back from my mother and I need to save up and buy a mic.

First thing I do when I get my stuff back is make a CD of the VARN Demos for Patrick. And every time the band makes a new album, I'm sending a copy to Patrick. I think I'll take a break and write Patrick a letter.

12-15-00

The Pains Of...:

I wrote Christopher and Patrick a letter yesterday. I hope they actually get to read it.

Ignorance seems to be everywhere I go. Its in the air. I can feel it, a noxious cloud, as it crawls into my lungs and chokes me. When you're tired, sleep. When you're hungry, eat. Etc... Quit complaining. They have no idea what suffering is. What the fuck makes them feel like they're fucking important. They wanted to all be the same, so that's what they are, a faceless sea of ignorance. Fuck you...

Ignorance seems to be popular  
And popularity sure is ignorant

Make love, not war

Have I lost touch with what I want to do with my life? I'm pretty sure that 1984 is what I've been trying to say, isn't it? I've always turned my back on anti-individualism to do my own thing. Isn't that what I've always encouraged? I'm

sure that's the album's message. I need to get a mic and let Red read 1984. As soon as I get a mic, we're making this. This is going to fucking blow some minds. We'll make it.

I want the intro track (named after the daily hate ritual) to be very sharp and violent. I want sheep bleating, heavy artillery, moans, cries, marching, etc... What better way to start off the album than with a track based on the war propaganda of 1984. This album is just the beginning (of the end?). Making such an awesome album my first only pushes me to do that much better next time. Once we hit it big (i.e. get signed to a label), I will dive into making singles and remix albums. I really like them. Red doesn't, but I appreciate them in that you can take an awesome track and elaborate on its role in the album its from and remixing an album can be very rewarding, too. I want this album to be a mix of Orgy's "Fiction," Marilyn Manson's Antichrist Superstar album, World War II totalitarianism, all under the guise of George Orwell's 1984. But its also so much more. This is also my way of protesting what I used to have to live with. I've decided that only a few people will get VARN Demos. Patrick, me and maybe Red. I'll be sending Patrick a proof copy of every album Digital Drone makes and a CD every ten b-sides we make. Maybe we'll do a cover of Cast Silver for him. The b-sides will be in generic packages, though.

12-28-00

I'm so excited. Tomorrow, I get to go to Gaga and Pappy's house. It's been too long. I'm listening to the Lunchbox single right now, and it brings me back to a time when Patrick and I would annoy Christopher by jamming to Marilyn Manson. I miss that. I miss my brothers. Hopefully, I'll get to see them again. Soon, I hope. I know now that I have to do my best at whatever I do, because I want to be a positive example for Patrick and Christopher. And I'll have to bust my ass to keep from having my mother from telling them not to look up to me. I love my brothers and when I'm a successful rock star, I'll take care of them. I've also been thinking allot about college. I want to go to one of those technical career places and get certified in a bunch of things, on top of college, where I think I'll major in whatever those guys who work in the studio with musicians majored in, and minor in journalism.

I've been thinking a lot lately about the band. I want this to work out so bad. Maybe I'm thinking this is more than it is. I can't help remember my mother telling me it will never work out. Fuck her. I am going to make this happen. I want to do with Red what Trent Reznor does, produce albums on our own, and then perform with a live band later. The albums will basically be Red and I. That should work out rather well.

## The All American Bum

It is nearly dusk. The sun is slowly regressing into the distant horizon. The neighborhood bum has reached the last house on the block. Zealously creeping through yards for years, he is naturally inaudible. There are many horrible, illusory and dark tales of him. People innocently describe urban legends of how he had once been a politically strong figure in the city. It had supposedly ended one fateful night when he had supposedly slaughtered a political opponent. Some say he even killed the family, too. The last house on the block, ominously empty for years, is where "it" all happened. No one dared to enter the decrepit old house. It was said the rotting remains were somewhere on the lot, or under it. Maybe even in the house. The bum coincidentally made this his "home" when not wandering the streets. People said he was a dark minister of the old gods, that the inside of the house was painted in blood, that you could get to Hell through its basement. Maybe the basement was Hell. Maybe the bum was possessed. Or maybe he was one of Satan's children, a Hell spawn. People froze up just by walking past him or the dreaded house. No one knew for sure what really happened except him, but no one would ask him out of morbid fear. When he mysteriously died, the old house was burnt down by the self righteous neighbors and in the ashes was a safe. In the safe was an empty bottle, a few tattered pictures of a family and a letter he never mailed. The letter said he was a homeless man, an alcoholic laid off at a factory years ago, asking for help the neighbors wouldn't give. That was it. Not an Exorcist come true storyline, just another average American reality twisted by the American dream.

## **A Comparative Analysis Between The Methods Used In "Sinners In The Hands Of An Angry God" And "The Apostle"<sup>15</sup>**

Religious objectives and dogmas have always been conveyed as to convince and persuade the audience to become an active participant in that religion's rituals and way of living. The further away from man's natural instincts a religion demands you to live, the more convincing and persuasive the message must be presented. In the case of the ideals conveyed in "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God"<sup>16</sup> and "The Apostle"<sup>17</sup>, the speakers method of persuasion (or brain washing, if you wish) have many similarities, both with each other and with other famous (or infamous?) speakers.

The Puritan ideals seem to be somewhat hypocritical in that although they seem to have such a fascination with punishing sinners to keep them from Hell, they believe in predestination, meaning that anyone who's going to Hell can't be saved, except by God's will alone. The speaker delivers his sermon in a dry, monotonous speech concerning the philosophical condition of the damned and damned to be. By using a somewhat hypnotic strategy, he appeals to fear, or the natural human instinct of self-preservation. By doing so, it would appear that to go against what he is saying would be a kamikaze style dive into the "gaping mouth of Hell." The speech requires little to no interaction with the audience, leading one to believe he may have a "I'm more righteous than you" attitude towards his audience of sinners and heretics. This may have given him the image of being an authoritative medium of God's word. Towards the end, he almost seems to beg with his audience to choose God over the lustful and egotistical ways of earthly life.

The sermon given in "The Apostle" takes on a much more positive view of the same old message. Once again, the minister appeals to basic human nature, but instead of appealing self preservation, he appeals to greed, much in the same way Santa Claus does for children. He throws in phrases like "Satan's Hit List" and "God's Mailing List" and uses repetition to drill these key phrases into the audiences minds. Audience interaction is very important in this sermon, because without it, the sermon would be blatantly comical. He gets the audience into a frenzy, where they are more into agreeing and interacting than thinking and analyzing. Such methods were also used by Adolf Hitler and Charles Manson, but to a different end. In all three cases though, the end result was mindless automatons ready to serve an energetic iconic speaker for a larger purpose.

Obviously, religion is not nearly as destructive in it's natural form as organized

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<sup>15</sup> a high school English assignment from 2000

<sup>16</sup> a sermon written by Jonathan Edwards in 1741

<sup>17</sup> a sermon, though I can no longer recall who it is written by



hate, but if used as a political weapon or if conveyed by an unstable mind to an insecure audience, it can be. Both sermons I believe are powerful examples of just this. The key is not the message but the persuasive technique and the end result. As a final note, it is ironic that the minister in "The Apostle" spoke of such righteousness and repentance of sin, yet he himself is fleeing from his own sinfulness.

## The World Of Ryan<sup>18</sup>

Sitting before me is an old friend of mine, Ryan T. I hope that through the course of this introduction into the world of Ryan, you too can come to appreciate his high level of intelligence as well as readiness to be a true friend through and through. I feel that Ryan has had an excellent raising, with much needed interaction with his dad, who would take him on camping trips, trail hikes and fishing outings. Ryan is a modest person, not quick to brag, and more worried about helping and furthering his ability to be a successful person rather than making a name for himself, as is evident when I asked if there was one statement that he would like to be remembered by and he asked why. I think that is a rather large statement that sums up his moral values and humanitarian outlook on life and the world.

Unlike most people his age in today's cliché and materialistic society, Ryan is less worried about the anti-individualistic process of fitting in. Although Ryan does have a specific style of clothing he prefers, he doesn't include matching the crowd to make friends as a requirement. Instead, Ryan picks out his wardrobe according to how he feels and what his personal tastes are. For example, Ryan enjoys the sport of football, therefore he wears jerseys of his favorite team, the Bucs. Being in band, Ryan can be seen occasionally in his CHS band T-shirt. His main priority in clothing is that he is comfortable, not that he blends in as a faceless drone.

Because Ryan has moved around so much, he doesn't really have a favorite place to which he can let his mind drift. He was born in Tallahassee and lived there until second grade. At the beginning of second grade he moved into a mobile home, but Ryan didn't become attached because other people his age were always moving as well. In seventh grade, Ryan moved into an apartment complex in Barcelona. This is where Ryan feels most attached, though not enough to consider it his favorite place. A year later, he moved into a different apartment in this same building due to damage from a fire, which Ryan detested. Eight months later he moved again, this time to a house near a nature preserve. Ryan now spends his leisure time hiking on these trails or swimming in the nearby pool.

I asked Ryan if there was a real significant event he wanted to share with me, and just sat back and relaxed. At first I thought he was implying he didn't, but I soon found out he was just getting comfortable and proceeded to tell me about him and his dad. When Ryan was younger, Ryan and his dad would go off and bond, whether it be by fishing, camping or hiking. All through his retelling, he always seemed to be somewhere between a sleepy bliss and deep in thought.

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<sup>18</sup> a high school English assignment from 2000

Obviously, his early interactions with his father were very important to him.

At the end of our discussion, Ryan seemed rather pleased to have had another chance to tell about who he was. He had already interviewed me and was now eager to move on to completing his next task, writing his essay on me. After having such an intelligent conversation with Ryan, because there are so few people who can hold an intelligent conversation, I too felt relieved, though I was less excited about writing an essay.

## What Is A Religion?

What is a religion? A religion can manifest itself in two forms, the dogmatic social congregation and the philosophical state of mind. The word cult can be used in place of religion to reflect the social and political status of the religion as being minimal, and in some cases, the membership as small and centralized. All major religions began as minor cults. Social evolution matures these groups into the status of major religion over a long period of time. The dogmatic social congregation is the more popular form of religion and can be broken into two groups, monotheistic and polytheistic. These religions accept the existence of God(s) and other spiritual creatures as well as some otherworldly domain occupied by the dead, usually in the form of a Heaven and a Hell. Polytheism has become less widespread since the dawn of Christianity.

Before this time, most of the dogmatic religions were polytheistic, though only a few survived Christian persecution, including Hinduism. The other form of religion is the philosophical state of mind. These religions are typically less ritualistic and can be theistic or atheistic. Atheism is not a religion, but the absence thereof. The word mythology can also be used in place of religion if the religion is known to have been a major religion and has now declined to a cult status. These mythologies re-manifest themselves, when social conditions permit, as a neo-pagan cult, doomed to be dismissed as nothing more than a cult for the eccentric and misguided and the fact that at one point they too were major religions is often disregarded. It is safe to say that this is the cycle all successful religions are to follow: minor cult to major religion to neo-paganism.

Certain events in human history seem to create the fertile social being needed to make a cult mature into a major religion, such as political or religious persecution, martyrdom or a lack of real facts, in which case man invents explanations to conditions he has no control of. In these manners, all religions are formed. Of these, martyrdom is the most dangerous because it immortalizes whatever icon is the earthly link to spirituality and doesn't even require the death, but perhaps persecution or struggle. For example, Christianity, a dogmatic social congregation, and Buddhism, a philosophical state of mind, were both formed through martyrdom. In Christianity, Jesus Christ is said to die for the sins of mankind. In reality, Jesus was sentenced to death by the Romans because they feared his teachings would threaten their religion, that of Jupiter, Mars, etc...

At this point, it should be said that the Roman polytheism was a major religion, whereas Christianity was a thirteen member cult. After his death, however, Jesus became a martyr, and the same government that sentenced him to death replaced their religion with his, but only because the majority of Roman citizens were now Christian. In Buddhism, the Buddha, a Hindu prince, became a martyr through exile and persecution. His teachings against Hinduism in favor of a

philosophical state of mind can be compared to the so-called ranting of modern day cult leaders, such as David Koresh and Charles Manson.

It should be pointed out that although religion can be brainwashing and false, the moral or ethical roots are valuable in the same way to society as Santa Claus is to children, by appealing to natural human greed, the spiritual side of religion keeps people away from "sin" by promising a reward, whether it be by going to Heaven or by being reincarnated in a more favorable form, etc... And such writings as the Bible or other religious texts gives followers something to look up to, kind of like a superhero comic book, just beyond human to be awe inspiring, but close enough to be related to, the religious missing link.

## Poetry 2000

### We Are The Dead

Look up in the skies  
What do you see?  
Oppression and anti-individuality

(We are the dead, we are the dead)  
I sold you, you sold me  
Freedom is slavery

Always looking for a new crucifix  
To relieve society's violence fix  
Kneeling before a man made apocalypse

(We are the dead, we are the dead)  
I sold you, you sold me  
Freedom is slavery

Always ready for a new age 'Nam  
Directing their prayers to a bomb

### Goddess Walking

She is so beautiful  
Every time I walk by her, I get so nervous I get sick  
Her flowing black hair takes my breath away  
It takes all my energy just to keep standing  
When she walks by, my legs turn to jelly  
My heart beats like a drum and I become short of breath  
How am I going to talk to her  
When I get jittery just thinking about her  
She is a goddess walking on Earth  
If she would just know how I feel  
I would be the happiest person in the world

## **Go Away**

Go away, leave me  
I don't like you anymore  
Just accept the truth

## **Get Over Me**

Some people just can't take no for an answer  
I've tried being nice  
I've avoided her  
She just doesn't seem to understand  
People change  
Its unavoidable  
She's holding on to me  
Like there's no tomorrow  
Can't she just accept the truth  
I don't want her  
I don't need her  
I don't like her  
I can't stand her  
When can't she leave me alone?

## **Who Am I?**

I am the kind of person who does not fear the unknown. I like to test limits, bathe in the taboo. I am what you fear. I am a role model too many and scapegoat to more. The preps hate me because I live an unfiltered life. My being is not watered down by American values. I am beyond these insignificant worms. They want to be me and that scares them. When I get looks and idiotic questions, I smile within and ignore what does not appeal to me. The more they stare, the better I feel I am. I am all about pushing limits. Not mine though... yours.

## Journal 2001

01-04-01

Well, a lot has happened during the break. I spent Christmas Eve at Nana & Papa's and Christmas at Bonnie's parent's place in Gibsonton. I went to Gaga & Pappy's later in the week. Mom, Christopher, Patrick, Jennifer, John Paul and John were all there for dinner. I talked to Mom for a while. I went over to their house yesterday after I found out there wasn't any school. I had lunch with Mom, got my hair styled and spent some time with Christopher and Patrick, then had dinner and went home. Now Bonnie is upset because I didn't say I was going there. And everyone is saying I'm unappreciative.

Why waste your energy hating, getting even, etc? There's no point. You just make yourself callous and empty and your only thought is revenge. Making peace with your troubles leads to inner peace.

01-25-01

Just News:

I signed up for the Columbia House music membership. I'll be getting the following CDs in the mail: Mudvayne "L.D. 50;" Union Underground "An Education In Rebellion;" Orgy "Candyass;" Rob Zombie "Hellbilly Deluxe" and "American Made Music To Strip By;" Guns n' Roses "Appetite For Destruction;" Rammstein "Sehnsucht;" Drain STH "Freaks Of Nature;" Slipknot "Slipknot;" Spawn soundtrack; Detroit Rock City soundtrack; End Of Days soundtrack.

All I have to do now is order six albums in two years, Whether I order it through Columbia House, online or buy it at the store, I want the following CDs: The Beatles "The Beatles (White Album)" and "Let It Be;" Rob Zombie "Rob Zombie Presents Frankenstein;" Orgy "Vapor Transmission;" Godhead "2000 Years Of Human Error;" Marilyn Manson "The Complete Spooky Kids Tapes," "Mr. Manson's Home Demos" and "Lidsville Trailer Park Picnic;" Nine Inch Nails "The Downward Spiral," "The Fragile," Closer To God" and "March Of The Pigs; Jaws soundtrack.

The 1984 Soundtrack is all laid out and ready to record. I even had plans for a remix album, "Mimicking The Bomb." I just need to have the band record the tracks so I can mix and finish the album.

I also had the idea of recording an EP or single that is basically "The Love Song Of J. Alfred Prufrock" by T.S. Eliot split into several tracks.

Victor, Joe and I are also working on a side project called Ra Zombie. Its a spoof of shock rock bands like Rob Zombie and Slipknot. Our logo is an upside-down ankh.



08-25-01

Saw Kaos Kult and The Blessed Virgin Larry perform at The Brass Mug with Tim, Wacky and Red. We were supposed to stay to see Daisy Berkowitz, but I had to go home before he went on.

09-21-01

Saw "Jay & Silent Bob Strike Back" at University Mall.

## Lyrics 2001

### Assault And Battery Not Included

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

The day for conformity has past  
The world I once lived in is gone  
The Age Of Big Brother can't last  
The maggot has become the fly  
And its watching from all your walls  
A revolution is coming  
Tears fill my eyes as his statue falls

Assault and battery not included

Your smile's painted on like a clown  
"I'm no closer to your heaven"  
Around you I'm slipping down  
"And no closer to your hell"  
The world used to be out of reach  
Instant child, just add lies  
Propaganda is all you'd preach

Assault and battery not included

Your world's a public restroom  
A cogwheel drone society  
You all live in doom and gloom  
I've escaped your sadism  
And all your abuse  
If I was asked what I want  
Freedom is what I'd choose

Assault and battery not included

### As Seen On TV

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

I saw a guy get shot on the television  
Numb to violence  
I saw a guy get killed on the television  
Numb to death  
I saw a guy kill himself on the television  
Numb to suicide  
I saw a guy get saved on the television  
Numb to god  
I saw a guy get laid on the television  
Numb to sex  
I saw a guy get high on the television  
Numb to drugs

## **From The Outside**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

Always looking for a new crucifix  
To relieve society's violence fix  
Kneeling before a man made apocalypse

And from the outside, the world seems so small  
And I see there is no reason for war after all

*Big Brother:*

"And the world keeps spinning  
And the devil keeps grinning  
As we all die for a cause"

Before the storm there is a calm  
Only as they look for a new 'Nam  
And some new place to drop the bomb

And from the outside, the world seems so small  
And I see there is no reason for war after all

## **Choose A Side**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

Slipping, slipping, slipping, gone...  
Told to stay away from the well...  
Big Brother cannot hear anything  
Bet you were raised by him  
So choose a side

*The Victim (Who Is Suffering Now):*

"I am not me, I hate what I've become, you see...  
Slits your wrists to please your pseudo-gods  
Wake up to the light, you're still sleeping and so was I  
I'll love you forever, and we'll never die"

Big Brother will make us this way  
Take a look back, it only gets worse  
The time has come, we must fight back  
Don't give in, they'll give in to you  
So choose a side

*The Victim (Who Is Suffering Now):*

"I am not me, I hate what I've become, you see...  
Slits your wrists to please your pseudo-gods  
Wake up to the light, you're still sleeping and so was I  
I'll love you forever, and we'll never die"

Now they must reap what they have sown:  
"Big Brother doesn't exist  
The book doesn't exist  
We don't even doesn't exist  
Tear this little book to shreds  
And realize what you have read  
They never even accepted us  
When we are what they made  
Don't let them get away with this  
What we needed was never thought of"

## **Everything For Nothing**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

Why is it that everything that matters the most to me is gone  
Yet somehow I feel at ease and complete  
This war is spinning so goddamn fast  
I've used my last drop of strength and still can't compete

*Deliverance:*

"I want a cataclysmic destruction  
To end all this putrid corruption  
World politics is nothing more than chess  
And the blasphemers are the blessed  
Its all about Big Brother fascism,  
And social revolution, not anarchism  
The prole populace wants freedom"

We keep our children ignorant, they're safer that way  
Each and every day is some new fantastic lie  
In order to be human, we must sell our humanity  
It makes me so sick, I want to die

*Deliverance:*

"I want a cataclysmic destruction  
To end all this putrid corruption  
World politics is nothing more than chess  
And the blasphemers are the blessed  
Its all about Big Brother fascism,  
And social revolution, not anarchism  
The prole populace wants freedom"

Everything is falling into place just a moment too late  
I've worked so hard for this, but at what cost  
Everything that means the most to me is gone  
And the drive to continue has been lost

*Deliverance:*

"I wanted a cataclysmic destruction  
To end all this putrid corruption  
But I keep asking, "How long can one man fight?  
I've done it for years, all day and all night"  
Now all I want is for Big Brother to pull the trigger  
I just wanted to make a difference"

## **Prelude To The War**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

We make our gods like they were bombs  
We praise our bombs like they were gods

The politician is speaking his lies  
But the viewers can't help but cry  
If you ask them why they act this way,  
They'll wipe their tears, turn and say:

"Its so much easier than thinking for yourself  
Why trouble ourselves with that hell?  
We should all just conform, conform, conform..."

We all watch for a dosage of violence  
Because the world's a mindless audience  
And only the children know the difference  
The world turns on their TVs and listens:

"Its so much easier than thinking for yourself  
Why trouble ourselves with that hell?  
We should all just conform, conform, conform..."

And in the background of the new commercial  
I hear the sound of marching

## **An Anthem By Citizen 303**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

*Citizen 303:*

"From the shadows I submerge my eyes  
To peer back at those transparent lies  
The familiar voices calls me to a body of my own"

*Familiar Voice:*

"The state of conformity has planted its seed  
As the soul of individualism begins to bleed  
But the ignorance of society acts as feed  
And so the cogwheel drones turn and flee"

*Citizen 303:*

"I fall back and remove my guise  
To view the outer world and where it lies  
And experience the socially unknown"

*Familiar Voice:*

"The state of conformity has planted its seed  
As the soul of individualism begins to bleed  
But the ignorance of society acts as feed  
And so the cogwheel drones turn and flee"

*Citizen 303:*

"From the outer depths we arise  
Viewing over their world's demise  
The loving rose withers, then subsides  
While, at last, the open wound bleeds"

*Citizen 303 (After The Familiar Voice's Betrayal, But Before Execution):*

"I pledge my defiance  
To the flag  
Of this social state of conformity  
And for the rebellion, behind which I stand  
One dogma of being an  
Individual  
With pride and fear for none"

## **The Proles**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

*The Proles:*

"We are the dead, we are the dead  
I sold you, you sold me  
Freedom is slavery"

*The Proles:*

"We are the dead, we are the dead  
I sold you, you sold me  
Freedom is slavery"

*The Proles:*

"We are the dead, we are the dead  
I sold you, you sold me  
Freedom is slavery"

You made the anti-people choice  
Destroyed your mind's thought and voice  
You're all the same  
Its such a shame

## **New Year's Revolution**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

The scent of gunpowder  
Is on your breath  
He has a lust for violence  
And a lust for death  
"Submerged and falling"  
You'll die for Big Brother  
You'll die for war

The time has come for independence  
We must leave behind our ignorance

*The Visage Of War.*  
"It's beginning  
It has begun  
A New Year's Revolution"

The scent of gunpowder  
Is in your grave  
You had a brush with violence  
And a brush with death  
"Submerged and falling"  
You died for Big Brother  
You died for war

The time has come for independence  
We must leave behind our ignorance

*The Visage Of War.*  
"It's beginning  
It has begun  
A New Year's Revolution"

## **GigaHurtz**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

Boy Scout today, shock trooper tomorrow  
Is it success, or is it sorrow?  
The human mind is what we've tried to hack  
But they're outdated just like the eight-track  
We made the electronic embryo  
Complete with transistors ready to blow

*Voice From Right Shoulder.*  
"The important thing is keeping safe  
Don't bother with the people machine  
Disconnected on your way to the top"

*Voice From The Left Shoulder.*  
"The important thing is saving face  
Don't bother with the little people  
You've stepped on your way to heaven"

Sex is just a circuit board testicle  
Plugged into the modem receptacle  
Babies with eyes like burnt out flashlights  
At birth, the machine took away their rights  
The babysitters just a TV  
Some even have the 'net running through their IV

*Voice From Right Shoulder.*  
"The important thing is keeping safe  
Don't bother with the people machine  
Disconnected on your way to the top"

*Voice From The Left Shoulder:*  
"The important thing is saving face  
Don't bother with the little people  
You've stepped on your way to heaven"

Beaten up by father and motherboard  
Under command from the digital horde  
The thought police want to censor their site  
Freedom of speech? They've given up that right  
This operating system has one bug  
They would die if they were to unplug

## **Ten Day Course**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

The grinding metal of military  
A ten day course in society  
The days are measured from meal to meal  
The Cold War is over  
But the wounds will never heal

But on another level  
It was his way  
Of seeing the world  
In a different way

Big Brother dabbles in politiks  
While Uncle Joe hangs from a crucifix  
The wars are measured from bomb to bomb  
But officials keep calm

But on another level  
It was his way  
Of seeing the world  
In a different way

And I'm oppression alive  
I'll cut out your tongue  
If what I hear I don't like  
And the world keeps spinning  
And the devil keeps grinning  
As we all die for a cause

## **World War 3**

(from Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack)

The world is coming to its end  
No one wants to think anymore  
The troops are still marching  
The leader of the world smiles  
As his nations die  
And still I hear the marching



Big Brother was a bomb  
And Hiroshima was the second coming

I can smell the violence  
As its poison fills my lungs  
The troops are still marching  
And children fall asleep crying  
With dreams of their death  
And still I hear the marching

Big Brother was a bomb  
And Hiroshima was the second coming

And still I hear the marching

This is what you wanted  
So this is what you get

## **A Meeting With King SysAdmin**

(from Songs Of HPVAC)

*1337 h4x0r.*

"I find it, it seems I've been searching forever  
Yet now that I'm here, I can't remember being anywhere else  
The gate stands before me, guarded by vigilant soldiers  
But I know a way around  
I release a phish into the moat and the soldiers dissolve before me"

Soaked to the bone in its binary richness  
Swimming in a sea of silicon bliss  
We've lost control of mind  
(And we're lost in the screen)  
We won't let it die  
(But that is yet to be seen)  
Now I see us try  
(And now we're changing the scene)  
We're no longer in time  
(Because we're leaving that place)

*1337 h4x0r.*

"I enter the kingdom unquestioned, but I must avoid the king  
Sifting through layers upon layers of code for the gold  
My electronic umbilical cord connecting me to this place of knowledge  
Download complete, I slip away unnoticed  
But not before leaving a gift from Troy for the king"

Soaked to the bone in its binary richness  
Swimming in a sea of silicon bliss  
We've lost control of mind  
(And we're lost in the screen)  
We won't let it die  
(But that is yet to be seen)  
Now I see us try  
(And now we're changing the scene)

We're no longer in time  
(Because we're leaving that place)

*1337 h4x0r.*

"A vidiot you've become, clinging to your remote, no hope  
Surfing through every station, a televised lack of imagination  
Unaware that your life has become the new commercial  
You're losing control to reality TV  
So mindless, you're still a slave to the one you proclaim saves"

Soaked to the bone in its binary richness  
Swimming in a sea of silicon bliss  
We've lost control of mind  
(And we're lost in the screen)  
We won't let it die  
(But that is yet to be seen)  
Now I see us try  
(And now we're changing the scene)  
We're no longer in time  
(Because we're leaving that place)

## **Reality TV**

(unreleased)

You sit on your couch and pray to a fallen deity that landed in your T.V.  
Cogwheel drones we'll all become, it numbs your mind until you're dumb  
So mindless, you're still a slave to the one that you proclaim saves  
Sit back and enjoy Reality T.V.

The Television Set:

"Enter the machine and let it take over  
Enter the machine and let it dull your mind  
Enter the machine and become one with Reality T.V."

You let it raise your children as if it were a babysitter  
You let it invade your home, change your life as if its own  
It is your absolute dictator and you are its slave  
Meet your new creator, Reality T.V.

The Television Set:

"Enter the machine and let it take over  
Enter the machine and let it dull your mind  
Enter the machine and become one with Reality T.V."

A vidiot you've become, clinging to your remote, no hope  
Surfing through every station, a televised lack of imagination  
Unaware that your life has become the new commercial  
You're losing control to Reality T.V.

Artificial intelligence flies at you in full color and stereo  
Watered down visions of a perfect life, without it unable to survive  
You've become one with your store-bought dictator and creator  
You've become one with Reality T.V.

## Journal 2002

01-25-02

Saw "Orange County" at University Mall.

03-11-02

I don't know what to do. My life is no longer within my control. I'm not real sure of anything right now. Yesterday, Sharon told me we should see other people after another failed attempt at making love. Although she admitted it was only her idea of a joke after I almost lost it, I can't help but wonder if she was actually serious and just took it back to save my feelings. It would make sense, nothing here is working out. I know that she still has feelings for Red. One minute, she'll say she's over him and that she's moving on, and the next, she's so worried about gaining back his friendship. I can't take it. And everywhere I turn, there's some reminder of their time together. She kept all his notes, all his pictures, everything, and there they are, sitting in the storage closet, taunting me, laughing at me, letting me know that I'm not alone in her heart. I want her all to myself, but I fear I'll never have that. How could Sharon have let Red (and all the other guys, too) demand sex like he (they) did and just smile and kid about it later? Why can't she tell they were using her. Red may have loved her at the beginning, but as far as I have seen and heard, by the time they were having sex, that was the relationship. Even after the relationship stopped, the sex didn't, it continued up until after Sharon and I had confessed our love to each other, and days short of our relationship becoming official. How am I to take this? I had just gone through being cheated on, which resulted in a failed suicide attempt, and here I am falling in love all over again, but when she freaked out on Sept. 11, whose comfort did she seek? Not mine. His. We woke up together that morning with her in my arms. We were already telling each other we loved each other. So where does having sex with Red fit in? She later admitted to having slept with me because she thought that she didn't have a chance with me otherwise. Well, she did. I had liked her for some time. So how much sense does it make that after I confess my love to her, she fucks Red? To top it all off, that afternoon and night, she didn't let on at all that it had happened. She even bought that "evil" shirt because of our inside joke about her being evil by starting it all with me. But, while she was joking with me, not twenty feet away stood Red. I should have killed him. I'd like to. She told Tim before she told me. Did she not trust me? Or was I not good enough from the beginning? All her previous relationships ended up imploding on themselves. How is it that after a long track record of assholes, she came to choose me? Does that mean that I am an asshole by default? I know I'm respectful and caring. I think. I don't really know anymore. All I know is that I'm not the first for her, that there were more than a handful before me, some of which she had feelings for, strong feelings. Where have they gone? Or have they even left? Sharon has just gotten progressively distant, and has been for some time. All I want is to have her all to myself. I don't want to share her memories, her heart, or her love. I want it all. I thought I had a

handle on everything, but now more than ever, I feel like killing myself. Nothing is working out. I'm losing the apartment, I'm losing my mind, and now I may be losing Sharon. Why would she want to stay with a loser like me? I can't even provide her food, shelter, or security? And besides, I should have known I could never replace Red, the best friend for five years and ex-lover. For Christ's sake, they were even engaged, and for a while, she still wore the fucking ring, knowing the sight of it made me ill, physically and mentally. If I lose Sharon, I'll have lost everything. I probably should have gone through with the suicide last time. Saved myself some trouble. Nothing ever works out. But no one needs to worry about me. I'm so poor, I can't even afford to kill myself, no aspirin, no Tylenol, no bleach, no ammonia, nothing. Where's a gun when you need one? Even if I had one, who would I shoot? Myself, or all those assholes who used Sharon? Probably both, just not in that order. For some reason, life seems to keep crawling by, just letting me barely slide by from one nightmare to the next. I wish I could either have things go a little better or just die. But not this. I hate Red. I hate David. I hate Eik and Eric. I hate Everett. I hate them all. And I know that if I die, Sharon will find someone else, who'll end up hating me with all the others. Why can't they all disappear? If every thought of them vanished from my mind...

03-17-02

Saw "Resident Evil" at University Mall with Sharon.

04-03-02

Umbr3lla Corp<sup>19</sup>: hello

Umbr3lla Corp: is there anybody out there?

IDAMUNKY<sup>20</sup>: yes

Umbr3lla Corp: whats up man...

IDAMUNKY: not much

IDAMUNKY: who this be?

Umbr3lla Corp: who this be?

Umbr3lla Corp: you never really know...

Umbr3lla Corp: who can trust the anonymity of the internet

Umbr3lla Corp: i'll let you guess...

IDAMUNKY: usually i can

IDAMUNKY: but i don't know who this zombie making person is that i'm talking to

Umbr3lla Corp: i'll give you five yes or no questions...

IDAMUNKY: nana?

Umbr3lla Corp: no...

Umbr3lla Corp: four questions...

Umbr3lla Corp: come on, i know you're smarter than this... just try

Umbr3lla Corp: well...

Umbr3lla Corp: come on Wacky... this isn't very fun if you don't guess...

Umbr3lla Corp: and even if you do, how do you know i'm me?

Umbr3lla Corp: computers are ever wrong, just human error

Umbr3lla Corp: and lies,of course...

Previous message was not received by IDAMUNKY because of error: User IDAMUNKY is not available.

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<sup>19</sup> my AIM (AOL Instant Messenger) username

<sup>20</sup> Wacky's AIM (AOL Instant Messenger) username

04-11-02

Umbr3lla Corp: hello

IDAMUNKY: hiza

Umbr3lla Corp: how are you today

IDAMUNKY: pretty good...you?

Umbr3lla Corp: ok, i guess

IDAMUNKY: well, ok is better than shitty

Umbr3lla Corp: you sure you're doing ok?

Umbr3lla Corp: i worry about you, you know

IDAMUNKY: i'm doing pretty good

Umbr3lla Corp: thats good

IDAMUNKY: who is this again?

Umbr3lla Corp: now, now

Umbr3lla Corp: you never guessed

Umbr3lla Corp: does it really matter anyway

IDAMUNKY: i tried to but my comp froze up last time

Umbr3lla Corp: the internet is supposed to be an anonymous haven, isn't it?

Umbr3lla Corp: i see

IDAMUNKY: yeah, but i still like to know who i talk to

Umbr3lla Corp: shouldn't you look into getting a new one?

Umbr3lla Corp: computer that is

Umbr3lla Corp: i gave you five guesses, you've already used one

Umbr3lla Corp: "are you nana?"

Umbr3lla Corp: no, i'm not

IDAMUNKY: well, i guessed that before you gave the 5 guesses rule, i was just very laggy

Umbr3lla Corp: i see, five guesses then...

Umbr3lla Corp: yes or no questions, of course

IDAMUNKY: do i know you?

Umbr3lla Corp: each question well either bring you 50% closer...

Umbr3lla Corp: or 50% farther

Umbr3lla Corp: and yes...

IDAMUNKY: ok

Umbr3lla Corp: otherwise this wouldn't be fair

IDAMUNKY: hmmm...did you ever enter the apt?

Umbr3lla Corp: i do play fair, at least i'm accused of playing fair...

Umbr3lla Corp: and yes again

Umbr3lla Corp: bur that doesn't really narooow it down, does it?

IDAMUNKY: are you mike?

Umbr3lla Corp: \*but

Umbr3lla Corp: congratulations, Wacky

Umbr3lla Corp: how are you ,man?

Umbr3lla Corp: long time, no speak?

IDAMUNKY: well...i have been better

Umbr3lla Corp: i see...

IDAMUNKY: i know

Umbr3lla Corp: sorry about the lag on your end by the way...

Umbr3lla Corp: i completely understand...

IDAMUNKY: it's ok

Umbr3lla Corp: when are you getting a new computer, by the way

Umbr3lla Corp: you don't mind that i use your real name online, do you?

Umbr3lla Corp: i can call you ida?

IDAMUNKY: i dunno...i have to pay a lot of money first, maybe in about 5 years or so

Umbr3lla Corp: i hear you, me in debt too

IDAMUNKY: go for it man3

Umbr3lla Corp: for other reasons though

Umbr3lla Corp: word

Umbr3lla Corp: so, i hear your delivering pizzas now

Umbr3lla Corp: i could never do that

IDAMUNKY: yep

Umbr3lla Corp: always eat the pizzas before i got there

IDAMUNKY: it's cool

IDAMUNKY: hee hee  
Umbr3lla Corp: i'm sure, remember what we did to the one pizza guy at the apt.  
Umbr3lla Corp: the oriental one...  
IDAMUNKY: yeah  
IDAMUNKY: well...he had chinese food  
Umbr3lla Corp: oh, yeah  
Umbr3lla Corp: my bad  
Umbr3lla Corp: i had two delivery guys mixed up  
Umbr3lla Corp: i have actually ordered japanese pizza  
IDAMUNKY: it's ok  
IDAMUNKY: yes, fresh sushi pizza  
Umbr3lla Corp: any good stories from the new job  
IDAMUNKY: not really, just a lot of people who are VERY hungry for some strange reason  
Umbr3lla Corp: turkey tree?  
Umbr3lla Corp: by the way, hungary is a country  
IDAMUNKY: yes  
Umbr3lla Corp: hey, do you like chicken?  
IDAMUNKY: yes  
Umbr3lla Corp: if you come in on the right night, i could hook you up with mad discounts at popeyes  
IDAMUNKY: thats cool  
Umbr3lla Corp: guess who i ran into?  
IDAMUNKY: i dunno  
Umbr3lla Corp: bryan  
Umbr3lla Corp: we're cool again  
Umbr3lla Corp: its nice not to hate or be hated  
IDAMUNKY: yeah...i know the feeling  
Umbr3lla Corp: by the way, you do know that i have no ill feelings towards you, right?  
Umbr3lla Corp: i'm kinda making peace with as many people as possible  
IDAMUNKY: i guess  
Umbr3lla Corp: i'm tired of all the nonsense  
IDAMUNKY: it didn't seem that way the last time i saw you  
Umbr3lla Corp: need to focus on whats important  
IDAMUNKY: me too  
Umbr3lla Corp: well, i was caught off gaurd  
Umbr3lla Corp: and i was told you had ill intentions  
IDAMUNKY: yeah, the bat was a tip off  
Umbr3lla Corp: im famous for that bat  
IDAMUNKY: nope, i just wanted to talk and see if i could get my stuff back  
Umbr3lla Corp: i was told you were out to het me, so i kinda didn't expect any good to come from that situation  
Umbr3lla Corp: i did check the mac though, for your files  
IDAMUNKY: i wasn't  
Umbr3lla Corp: hard drive is empty  
IDAMUNKY: i just wanted to talk  
IDAMUNKY: oh...ok  
IDAMUNKY: i have some stuff backed up  
Umbr3lla Corp: otherwise, i could have backed it up on zip disk  
Umbr3lla Corp: macs can handle pc format  
Umbr3lla Corp: pcs can't handle mac, though  
IDAMUNKY: i know  
IDAMUNKY: i know  
IDAMUNKY: well, i'm glad you im'ed me  
Umbr3lla Corp: yeah  
IDAMUNKY: imma have to go in a few  
IDAMUNKY: i gotta take dev home  
Umbr3lla Corp: oh...  
Umbr3lla Corp: i was worried you'd do what red does  
Umbr3lla Corp: \*does  
Umbr3lla Corp: run away from the situation  
IDAMUNKY: i'm not red  
Umbr3lla Corp: oh, hi dev

Umbr3lla Corp: i know, nor would i accuse you of being  
Umbr3lla Corp: i gave up on him  
Umbr3lla Corp: if he wants to waste his energy, i'm going to let him  
IDAMUNKY: i guessed  
Umbr3lla Corp: i tried one last time the other day  
Umbr3lla Corp: and as usual, he ran away  
Umbr3lla Corp: too bad, though  
IDAMUNKY: yeah  
Umbr3lla Corp: did you tell dev i said hi  
Umbr3lla Corp: i heard she hated me too  
IDAMUNKY: yes...she said hio back  
IDAMUNKY: no, she just wants to talk to you  
Umbr3lla Corp: i tried to about two months ago, but she never called me  
IDAMUNKY: we have both been running around like idiots doing things  
IDAMUNKY: anyway, here she is  
Umbr3lla Corp: ok  
IDAMUNKY: hey mike its develyn  
Umbr3lla Corp: i forgot how much of a slow typer you were  
Umbr3lla Corp: hello  
Umbr3lla Corp: how are you  
IDAMUNKY: i'm ok i guess  
Umbr3lla Corp: are you sure?  
IDAMUNKY: stressed about school  
Umbr3lla Corp: i worry about you too, you know  
IDAMUNKY: kinda  
IDAMUNKY: no i did not know  
Umbr3lla Corp: well, i do  
IDAMUNKY: ok  
IDAMUNKY: i have been trying to get in touch with you  
IDAMUNKY: but i heard you did not want to talk  
Umbr3lla Corp: well, here i am (or is it IM?)  
IDAMUNKY: im  
Umbr3lla Corp: oh....  
IDAMUNKY: in a ways i miss you  
Umbr3lla Corp: really... :)  
IDAMUNKY: yeah  
Umbr3lla Corp: why don't you guys both come down to popeyes one day and see me?  
Umbr3lla Corp: do you have your car still?  
IDAMUNKY: yes  
Umbr3lla Corp: cool  
Umbr3lla Corp: as cheesey as it may sound, i really would love to just give you two a big hug  
IDAMUNKY: no,i got in a crash and wrecked my car dec,26th  
IDAMUNKY: hugs are nice  
Umbr3lla Corp: oh, yeah, forgot  
IDAMUNKY: my car is gone  
Umbr3lla Corp: thc enhances memory, you know  
IDAMUNKY: thats good to know  
Umbr3lla Corp: anyways, i got to go, come and see me some time, both of you  
Umbr3lla Corp: i owe you guys hugs  
IDAMUNKY: ok  
Umbr3lla Corp: bye dev  
IDAMUNKY: i guess talk later  
Umbr3lla Corp: bye Wacky  
IDAMUNKY: bye  
Umbr3lla Corp: ok  
IDAMUNKY: he says bye  
IDAMUNKY: byes  
Umbr3lla Corp: peace, and stay out of the war...

05-30-02

Today was pretty much a typical work day. I got up at about 9:00, ate a bowl of cereal, and hung out until I had to catch the bus to work, knocked my quota out of the way, did a little office work for my managers, hung out until I had to catch the bus home, watched a little public access, worked on my music, ate dinner, talked to Sharon, worked on my music a little more, blah, blah, blah... I did meet a noteworthy guy today by the name of Christopher. He's real into music, like Slipknot, Tool, etc., but doesn't play any instruments. Why do all the interesting people who might work out in my live incarnation of VARN Industries have absolutely no musical talent, or do but don't want to use it. This reminds me of Sebastian, the guy who works for Cingular in the mall.

King0Lag<sup>21</sup>: ola

Umbr3lla Corp: hey man, its me again, and i'm guessing you're still not there, but i don't care, i'm giong to talk to you

anyway

Umbr3lla Corp: sweet

Umbr3lla Corp: where were you?

King0Lag: lol

King0Lag: work

Umbr3lla Corp: i see

King0Lag: and wit gf

King0Lag: thats where i ussually am one of those two

Umbr3lla Corp: true

Umbr3lla Corp: lucky bastard

King0Lag: more likely work though

Umbr3lla Corp: at least you get to see your gf though

Umbr3lla Corp: i have to settle for depressing phone calls

King0Lag: yeah

King0Lag: i need to teach her about hygene though

Umbr3lla Corp: whatcha been up to?

Umbr3lla Corp: why?

King0Lag: i cant wait till she gets her shot ima like act all romantic but realy just make her take a shower lol

Umbr3lla Corp: huh?

King0Lag: because she always waits untill the morning to shower

King0Lag: and by the middle of the day she needs one ^^

Umbr3lla Corp: oh..

King0Lag: because she runs around in the sun so much

Umbr3lla Corp: i see...

Umbr3lla Corp: how ya been?

King0Lag: we're very much ying and yang

King0Lag: iight

King0Lag: kinda sad

Umbr3lla Corp: why?

King0Lag: losing alot of friends

King0Lag: becomeing distant to others

Umbr3lla Corp: not me :)

King0Lag: jelousy

King0Lag: and its wierd

Umbr3lla Corp: nah, just joking

King0Lag: i know

King0Lag: we down

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<sup>21</sup> Victor's AIM (AOL Instant Messenger) username



Umbr3lla Corp: why is it wierd?  
King0Lag: well  
King0Lag: i just never had girls fight over me before  
King0Lag: and i mean  
King0Lag: its just wierd  
Umbr3lla Corp: who's fighting over you  
King0Lag: well i calmed it down now  
Umbr3lla Corp: who was it?  
Umbr3lla Corp: both jamies?  
King0Lag: but before it was leafy jamie, jamie the destroyer, this girl who's name i can't pronounce but used to be a porn star, dev etc  
Umbr3lla Corp: pimp  
King0Lag: poor leafy  
Umbr3lla Corp: why  
King0Lag: she's taking it really bad  
King0Lag: i haven't been able to talk to her yet  
Umbr3lla Corp: taking what really bad?  
King0Lag: plan on it tommorow  
King0Lag: me going out with another girl  
Umbr3lla Corp: oh, for real?  
King0Lag: yeah  
Umbr3lla Corp: that is weird  
King0Lag: i didn't believe it either  
King0Lag: 2 people told me  
King0Lag: then leafy admitted to their IM logs being true  
King0Lag: but she said she wants to "explain herself"  
Umbr3lla Corp: not to change the subject, but, when can we hang out  
Umbr3lla Corp: i haven't seen you in forever  
King0Lag: in the logs she even red i told jamie the destroyer I gave her a million chances and when you (mike) and her tried to hook me up with jamie then i realised that i really had no chance  
King0Lag: you wnana hang out tonight?  
Umbr3lla Corp: lemme check  
Umbr3lla Corp: when?  
King0Lag: k  
Umbr3lla Corp: when tonight?  
King0Lag: like i leave now come pick you up  
Umbr3lla Corp: brb  
Umbr3lla Corp: me all happy, i haven't done anything since what i have been referring to as "the fall"  
Umbr3lla Corp: but i can go off with you for a while  
Umbr3lla Corp: yippee  
King0Lag: k  
King0Lag: cya in a bit  
Umbr3lla Corp: ukee  
Umbr3lla Corp: should i wait at the gate?  
Umbr3lla Corp: victor?  
Umbr3lla Corp: help me, i'm all confuxxored and such  
Umbr3lla Corp: oh well  
Umbr3lla Corp: see ya when you get here...  
King0Lag: hey  
King0Lag: if i say anything  
King0Lag: about us hanging out tommorow  
King0Lag: just play along  
King0Lag: cya in a bit  
King0Lag: (really)  
Umbr3lla Corp: am i waiting at the gate?

Auto response from King0Lag:

Il y a trente ninjas de scintillement dans des mes pantalons

<http://king0lag.██████████.com/>

06-04-02

Anyway, as I was saying in my last journal entry, I met this guy, Sebastian, at the mall. A really interesting guy, the entire time I was taking his survey, he just sat in a little ball in the corner of the room, rocking back and forth, only looking up occasionally to give a short, but opinionated response to my questions. "I hate Circuit city, I'm boycotting them." "I hate big-screen TVs, I'm boycotting them" "I hate those people in the commercial, they look like the typical all-American Democrat family, probably rich, and I hate them." Too bad he doesn't play an instrument.

Moving along to current events. The live lineup for VARN Industries as of now is:

Victor: keyboards

Hippie: keyboards

Joe Haun: bass guitar

Michael "MAN3" Nalley: vocals

I still need one more keyboardist and a drummer, probably Prescott and Luke, respectively. My basic concept is to do everything myself in the studio for released material, and have a live band. Interviews will be conducted as follows: when the entire band is present, all questions are to be directed at me, and only after I respond will other band members comment; when a single band member is present, he may respond as he pleases, but keeps in mind the concept of the band. The album is near completion, only one more track to finish on the album (Choose A Side) and one more on the single (Cast Silver), then vocals will be recorded and mixed. Then I foresee about three to four months of practice before a live show. I'm really looking forward to our first band practice, that'll be the first test. I've known all the people in the group for quite some time, as well as Prescott and Luke. I have a pretty good feeling they will all get along fine, except maybe Luke and Prescott. But, overall, the band is really just a group of friends with something in common. By the time the band is ready for a show, each member should have a stage name, except maybe Joe, and a stage persona. I plan to take mine, MAN3, to the next level, though, by eventually becoming MAN3 full-time. I think it would only be appropriate, seeing as how much of myself I've invested in the concept already. I'll have to make a point of letting the other band members know to only refer to me as MAN3 in interviews and band related events. They should eventually get used to calling me MAN3 full-time. Work has also started on the next album, which is to follow "1984 Soundtrack." I haven't quite figured out yet what the concept of the album will be, but I see it being more beat-driven than this one. The only tracks I have for it right now are "Imaginary Military Base," "Radio Signal," and "Viral Weaponry," which may be used instead as B-Sides on upcoming singles because they have no lyrics and really don't have any common concept between them. I do, however have lyrics which may be used on the new album and they seem to have more in common between them, the mindset they were all written in. Most still have themes similar to "1984 Soundtrack," but I don't want to do the same

thing over again.

Hippie, Joe, Anthony and I are probably going to buy a house soon, within the next two months, if not rent-to-buy one. We have three potentials we checked out, one across from Chamberlain and two in Joe's neighborhood, one of which has a pool. Hopefully, we can get one with an extra room to turn into a studio, something I've been wanting for almost a year and which I now need. Sharon will, of course move in about a month later, after repairs have been made and everything is moved in and settled.

On a sadder note, I found out Twiggy Ramirez left the band and is being replaced by Tim Skold. The album, "The Golden Age Of Grotesque", is scheduled for this Fall. I look forward to hearing it.

06-06-02

Another typical day. Work went as normal. I have to go to get my driver's license with Victor. Hopefully, we can get some work done on my music, too. Sharon stopped by today with an "I Love You/I'm Sorry" card because yesterday I told her I was feeling underappreciated after buying her a car, our storage unit and saving up for insurance, title and tag, as well as a house and working two jobs to accomplish all this. Gotta poop, brb.

That was unpleasant... I think I just lost any weight I may have gained... Oh, well...

Anyhow, I got the new Eminem album<sup>22</sup>, with a bonus DVD. I wasn't disappointed. I also recently got the Aphex Twin "Classics" album and The Prodigy "One Love" single.

Three years in the making, but "1984 Soundtrack" is near completion. All music is laid out and, except for minor tweaking, complete. I really hope that all of my albums are this in depth. I spent a year studying as many anti-utopian novels as I could get my hands on, along with the Vietnam War and Stalin era Soviet Union. Then, I spent another year writing lyrics and figuring out the album's storyline. And now, another year has been investing in actually putting music together. My influences haven't changed much, John Lennon, Trent Reznor and Madonna Wayne Gacy, though I have added The Prodigy and Richard D. James. It's hard to imagine that three years ago, The Fragile, Mechanical Animals, The Matrix were all fresh and new. Two new albums have been released by Nine Inch Nails, a third album is scheduled for Fall from Manson, and two new Matrix movies are complete, although they won't be released until next summer. So much has changed since I started this album. I have decided I may use "As Seen On TV" as the next single, and I already have a follow-up EP laid out, though it may wait for a third single. The EP, "The Battle Of Wolf 359,"

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<sup>22</sup> The Eminem Show, released in 2002

is basically what happens between "New Year's Revolution" and "GigaHurtz," filling in the blanks between a pseudo-revolution headed by Big Brother and an all-out war. Appropriately, the first track is "New Year's Revolution" and the last track is "GigaHurtz," both in their original mixes, just as though it really did take place between the two tracks. After the EP, I don't really know what will follow, only time will tell. We should be playing live within half a year and if the next album is anything like this, it may be some time before I do know where I'm going. I had a feeling it would be more THC-oriented, but who knows. I do know that this time, I'll probably be studying Neitzche, Darwin and Crowley more so than Orwell. And if my newest non-1984 tracks are any indication, a lot more sample oriented, almost techno, but Aphex Twin style.

Time is up. Got to get going.

Peace...

06-20-02

Can't think. Starting to slip further away from this world. I don't really know if I'll ever be back. Or if I even want to.

The album is near complete. All that's left is minor tweaking and mixing vocals. The same goes for the single. Impatience is setting in. I've started writing for the next album. Not real sure where its headed. I talked with Luke and Prescott. They're in. All seems to be going well on the hunt for a home. Hopefully by this time next month, I'll be on my own again. The transformation is gaining momentum. MAN3 is taking control. Soon...

I've decided to skip out on all concerts until the Marilyn Manson concert this fall. That leaves only local shows, of which I'll only attend Fail Safe shows.

07-05-02

Saw "Mr. Deeds" at Citrus Park Mall.

11-21-02

Supposedly, I wake up and exist until I can't stay awake anymore. Then, sleep and repeat. What happens between the hours I sleep? I can barely recall what happens while I'm awake. Days fade to weeks. Weeks fade to months. And I'm none the wiser. For me, life has become a series of plays, each with their own set. The curtain rises and I play my part and then the curtain is lowered again. Let me introduce the cast. I play the part of Michael Nalley. Ironically, its the other actors whose parts I remember. I must be a walk-on character with one line per play. I couldn't tell you. I've been lead to believe the other actors have day lives outside the theatre, though I'm not sure. I haven't actually left the theatre. Every once in a while I may get a glimpse through the front door. Too many people. Its safe on the inside. As an actor, I know that I must play my role

believably each and every night. Otherwise, I may end up a mere stage hand. The lead role in the play is Michael's girlfriend, Sharon. Although she and Michael truly believe in their hearts they are meant for each other, both are the weak products of previous relationships that left them broken and in need of each other. Each other's drug. To complicate things, she is pregnant. You see, Michael is torn between the overwhelming feeling he and Sharon are going to be parents and get married and live happily ever after. The end. But Michael also has to force himself to believe Sharon has been faithful throughout their addiction. And as a result of this inner battle, Michael slowly starts slipping further and further into his own small and extremely disturbed version of existence. Opposite the Sharon character is the Joe character. Michael and Joe have known each other since they were almost ten, although they can't recall where it is they initially met. It has just always been. They spent the better part of their expansive friendship trying to push every boundary wide open. As a result, they crushed the self-respect of countless female walk-ons. Another side-effect of their adventures was Joe slowly forgetting memories of the past ten years due to all the drugs they'd done. Now, he doesn't even remember why they were friends to begin with. Is has just always been. And now I am slowly forgetting the rest of my life. So I've decided to try and start a journal so that maybe I can remember my past performances. This play is all I have. The applause means nothing if I can't remember why they're clapping. Slowly, I think I, like my character, am losing it. I can barely breath and stop shaking. Everything I do is destined to fail. I just don't want to be forgotten the second a better actor takes my role. Everywhere I go I have to keep my eyes to the ground, or better yet, not even go. Because if I look at people or things, they don't look and act like they're supposed to. They're different, they change into horrible copies of what I know they're supposed to be. And every time I close my eyes I see terrible things that make me sick and prevent me from sleeping. If I'm in the car with Sharon and Joe and I close my eyes I see them realize my eyes are closed and do things behind my back that make me want to die. I'm a CD set to repeat. I finally pass out early in the morning hoping I'll wake up and it will be Sept. 11th again. Then I can stop Sean from fucking Sharon 11 days before we got together, but more importantly days after we had told each other that we loved one another. I've obviously got a different definition of love. Its called devotion. I know I made one large mistake, but Sharon made at least five small ones. And even though she used to make a big deal about what a kiss on the lips meant, now her kissing Billy, French kiss none the less, is not a big deal at all. Confused? I am. I know I need help, but I also know that in the morning the CD is going to go back to track one. I love Sharon more than anything, but everyday she kills me just a little more. A simple hello once a day makes me feel like a god for a few minutes, but when we are apart for days or weeks, she doesn't seem even slightly excited when we finally do get to see each other again. Is there someone else? Was there someone else? I'll never know. I just have no other choice but to believe her story until it changes again, then believe that one. In my perfect world, Sharon and I will start a family by taking each other's virginity.

But instead, we're just damaged goods that met on the way to the dumpster and fell in love way too late. Each of us had our little voice in our head reminding us of the past. Before us. I killed mine. She kept her hidden and nurtured. Another knife. Another day. I seriously need help. Instead, I construct this fantasy world where I'm all powerful and everything is just as I think it should be. And now, even in my dreams I can't fly. All I know is I love Sharon. Without her I'd die. Then why do I already feel dead? I need my Sharon. I need to hold her close and tell her everything will be okay. But who is going to hold me and tell me everything is going to be okay? Curtains close.

11-28-02

I've spent the last week cooling off at my dad's place trying to find a job. Its peaceful here. I get to see Sharon all the time. I've been job hunting from the time I get up until lunch, then after lunch I go to Hippiie's or Grant's if I don't get to see Sharon. I'm really looking forward to having a computer of my own so Hippiie, Grant and I can get some work done. Grant is helping out on Stoned Age, Hippiie's project. I think I may postpone my albums for a while until I get a little more work in on this project.

## Lyrics 2002

### It's A Habit

(unreleased)

"Drip, drip goes my face,  
It's melting away, what a waste"

He's walking down the street  
He's gotta a rhythm in his feet  
Ask him why he's fucked up today  
And he'll turn, smiling and say

It's a habit  
I'm sorry  
I'm a failure  
But I like it so much  
So leave me be

The Politian is speaking his lies  
But the audience can't help but cry  
If you ask why they act this way  
They'll wipe the tears, turn and say

It's a habit  
I'm sorry  
I'm a failure  
But we love him so  
So leave me be

God is creating the world again  
The old one was soaked with sin  
He turns and asks us why we act this way  
So we turn, blaspheme and say

It's a habit  
I'm sorry  
I'm a failure  
But you made me this way  
So leave me be

### McBath

(unreleased)

Shamble out  
Begin to shout  
Whatever is inside your mind at the moment  
And get to the root of the problem  
You're warming her up  
And working your way up  
Just take a ride and see where you go

## **Stoned Age**

(unreleased)

The Golden Age has been a blast  
But now that's become the past  
I've taken my threes and made them sixes  
And I've left Abbey for Mary Jane  
So ladies and gentlemen light your bowls  
Because it's time to roll on into the Stoned Age

Anything goes (In the Stoned Age)  
Grow hair down to your toes (In the Stoned Age)  
You're not off (In the Stoned Age)  
Until you cough (In the Stoned Age)  
It's time to get high (In the Stoned Age)  
And meet Lucy in the sky (In the Stoned Age)  
So just take a toke (In the Stoned Age)  
Until you choke (In the Stoned Age)

You don't have to go to Beacon Meadows  
Or even Albany to know  
That some of the best things in life  
Have to be grown  
So ladies and gentlemen light your bowls  
It's time to roll on into the Stoned Age

## **Stupid Geniuses**

(unreleased)

Spinning in an empty room  
Its full of black light warmth  
Glow in the dark scratch-n-sniff  
My gerbil's doing kick flips on a popsicle stick  
Pull the pin and throw  
Shed your skin and sleep for the night  
Government engineered stupidity  
They like you at the top  
They'll make you want to die otherwise  
Most of the time, you'll already be there  
People are superficial  
You are the only thing worth your time  
My life is a Ouija board, but I have no answers  
My eyes are eight balls, but my sources won't answer  
My mind is a tarot deck, but I don't know the rules  
Why me  
I'm just like you, different from everyone  
In a world of punch out people  
Embrace blasphemy  
Its your only chance at redemption



# Think Different

(unreleased)

Drip, drip goes my face...  
It's melting away, what a waste...

Welcome to the future  
Its mind blowing how time flies  
You can't come to your senses  
Even or a little truth  
People cannot be trusted,  
So think different!

Your whole life is leading up to this  
What a great idea, or was it?  
As gentle as a father's touch  
Take a look at me, you will see  
There is no objective truth,  
So think different!

## Journal 2003

03-21-03

At this very minute, 21:53 on 3-21-03, I am pretty well stoned and drunk off a quarter of mids and a quart of Olde English 800. I spent the night at Courtney's<sup>23</sup> smoking and drinking and watching "Freddy Got Fingered." I am now sitting here listening to Nine Inch Nails' "Pretty Hate Machine." I spent this rainy day at home not only because of the weather but because of the lack of work. I should note that I presently still have a nick and half left. We smoked out of Sherlock. Anyhow, I stayed at home today listening to my CDs. I ate a block of mozzarella cheese dipped in oriental sesame dressing. Then, when Sharon got home we hung out until 2:45 when we went back up to the school so she could fill out scholarship papers. Then we went to the library so I could check out the news and journal at Marilyn Manson's website and the forums at MansonUSA.com. Then we came home and ate taco pizzas made with spam instead of hamburger and no toppings. They weren't bad, just a little salty. Then Sharon went to work and Courtney came over and we hung out and here I am. I am currently finishing off the gallon of Kool-Aid. "Down In It" is playing. I am awaiting Sharon's return from work.

As a result of my hiatus from "1984 Soundtrack," I have been turning my attention to "Stoned Age." As a result, I have been smoking quite a lot more. I need to be in the mode for this concept album. Once I get a computer and get in touch with Jonny, then I will have to go back into the 1984-mode. But for now, I am generally always thinking about the "Stoned Age" album. I see a video concept involving a mock Nazi rally, except the black swastika on all the banners, flags and uniforms has been replaced by a black pot leaf. My idea for the first track, "Disclaimer," will be a mix of the track I made at Hippie's place of the same name with the intro speech from "Reefer Madness."

Sharon is now here. I ate the leftover taco pizza while we talked about my day. Now we are going to Wal-Mart to get dish soap. I am stopping the CD at "That's What I Get."

04-06-03

The time is now 13:40...

I am eating a bowl of Product 19 with a packet of "Bananas & Cream" oatmeal and a packet of "Blueberries & Cream" oatmeal. I smoked about two bowls out of Big Blue, two bowls out of Sherlock, three bowls out of the Medicinal Shotgun, and a blunt over at Marilyn's with Courtney while they played a fighting game on the X-Box. I let Marilyn borrow my controller...

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<sup>23</sup> a black dude that lived a few apartments down from me and taught me how to roll blunts and joints

The music is playing in the background. The beats are blaring in my head. These songs have never sounded better. The frequency of new parts appearing in songs increases when I'm stoned. I hung out with Victor last night. We talked about my different projects. I'm so excited about VARN Industries and how it will do. I can't wait to finish these albums and start on new ones. I think that when I get signed, I will have no free time because I'll always be working on a new album. At the current time, I am working on 1984 Soundtrack, Stoned Age, Angel, Original Material, Songs Of HPVAC, two singles and am producing Hippie's solo album. My ideas for the packaging of each of the albums is as follows:

1984 Soundtrack: the entire package will strongly resemble old military handbooks, the cover of the booklet will be a heavier manila stock, while the pages inside and the tray liner will be regular paper stock. The CD cover will be the Anti-People logo.

Stoned Age: the cover and back will appear to be the front and back of an old encyclopedia-style book. On the front there will be a green pot leaf watermark, with the words "VARN Industries:" across the top and "Stone Age" across the bottom with a "d" written in. The evolution diagram from monkey to modern man will be placed across the middle with an additional sketch of Hippie hunched over with a bong at the end. Inside, no lyrics will be printed, instead the drawings from the Hippie Archives will be on the inside with the liner notes. Instead of pages, there will be tear out rolling papers. The CD cover will be the Styrofoam plate Hippie finger painted with icing. Under the CD will be the toilet with a flower from the Hippie Archives in the spine and the sketches Patrick did of Hippie, Christopher, Grant, he and I colored in and placed over a picture taken at Beacon Meadows.

Angel: My only sure idea right now is that the artwork will be done in a dark "Vampire Hunter D" meets "Evangelion" meets The Book Of Revelations style.  
Original Material: All I know right now is this is a cover album.

Songs Of HPVAC: This will be done in an old-school DOS style. On the back will be the "Bad command or file name" track list listing. Any graphics will be done in the HackerZ Hideout style.

I just talked to Grant on the phone. He's trying to get a ride over here to smoke and chill. I have just enough left for a joint, so I'm good.

I'm really looking forward to "The Golden Age Of Grotesque." It seems to sound like the most appropriate album for me. The Loud Mike Movement Victor always spoke of was really Dadaism.

I would like to just give out a big "Fuck You" to the following bands: Digital

Drone, Drone and Insomniac's Dream<sup>24</sup>. You were all just Halloween candy I ate and turned to shit.

04-07-03

"Coma White:  
"A pill to make you numb  
A pill to make you dumb  
A pill to make you anybody else  
But all the drugs in this world  
Won't save her from herself"  
-Marilyn Manson

I'm sitting here alone again. Sharon is at work, and I'm home alone and stoned. "God Is In The TV" is on and I'm just fine with that. I just watched the "Tainted Love" video at Courtney's to show him what I'd like to do to the car. I can't wait until "The Golden Age Of Grottesque" is released. On top of that, there will be a single and video for "mOBSCENE."

08-16-03

Being a supervisor is so easy<sup>25</sup>. All I have to do is sit down most of the day doing a minimal amount of paperwork, but I also get a lot of the test products and get a free lunch almost everyday and all the coffee I can drink. Plus, yesterday Mike gave me a half hour break to roll a joint in the bathroom with reefer Linda gave me, leave the mall and smoke, come back and finish paperwork. And today I smoked out with Andrew, the guy I got hired, at the apartment after work. I rolled a joint out of more reefer Linda had given me and we smoked that and then packed a bowl in Big Blue.

Now, he's gone and I'm listening to Marilyn Manson's "The Golden Age Of Grottesque." And at this exact moment, 22:48 EST, "Vodevil" is playing. I can't wait until I get the new computer working. All it needs is to have the hard-drive partitioned and have Windows installed on it. I have a Windows 98 Second Edition full-install disc and a Windows ME upgrade disc. Plus, I got a laser mouse with a scroll roller yesterday from work. Then I'll be able to work on some music.

It is now 22:55 EST and I have just put in CD 026. "Burning Heretics (Goth Remix)" by Apotygma Berzerk is playing. They did a good cover of "Coma White." It'll be like I can buy a new Marilyn Manson album when the score for "Texas Chainsaw Massacre" is released<sup>26</sup>. What a string of thoughts that was.

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<sup>24</sup> the successor to Drone, the post-MAN3 version of Big Brother 4 President/Digital Drone

<sup>25</sup> during this time period, I was an assistant manager for a national market research firm

<sup>26</sup> at one point, Marilyn Manson was supposed to compose the score for the Texas Chainsaw Massacre remake

"Freddy vs. Jason" was fucking awesome last night.

It is now 23:38 EST and "The Sin War" by Daknit, Bard Of Tarot is playing. Sharon is asleep and I'm kind of tired, but I'd like to get something done or eaten, like pudding. Be right back...

Vanilla pudding is so awesome. Sharon made me some a little while ago, but it had to sit in the fridge. It is now 23:49 EST and I have just put in Powerman 5000's "Tonight The Stars Revolt!" Good night.

08-31-03

"Hey Joe" by Jimi Hendrix is playing at this very moment. I neither know nor care what time it is. I went over to Jim's and rolled a joint in 1.5 papers and made a super-doobie. Jim and I smoked about a third of it and then April and I smoked another third, so I am very stoned. I want a techno remix of "Minuet."<sup>27</sup> For some unknown reason, I keep trying to eat rice, even though I have cotton mouth and rice makes it so much worse that you can't swallow the rice without choking. Why!? I think Hippie and Anthony may be coming by later and if they do, April wants to ask Anthony to buy us alcohol, which means after Hippie and Anthony leave, April will have to sleep over. And then who knows what may happen? I dare not even try to guess or think about it. I'm too afraid to.

09-28-03

Well, Sharon left for New Orleans with Lilith this morning. I miss them both so much already. I'm also scared. Sharon always made sure I was okay, because without her, I'm just an idiot that mumbles to himself and wanders around the apartment trying to remember what he was doing. On top of that, I have to drive to work every day with no license or insurance.

I went straight to work this morning from the train station and printed out some album reviews for about an hour. I finally left work at seven o'clock and now I'm sitting here eating a pork chop, cabbage and broccoli and rice waiting for Hippie to come over when he gets off work.

10-29-03

Saw Mindless Self Indulgence at The Masquerade.

11-09-03

Saw KMFDM and Bile at The Masquerade.

12-31-03

Saw Genitorturers at The Masquerade.

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<sup>27</sup> I eventually would cover the song myself in 2011

# Angel

## Prologue

It seemed like a good idea at first. Take the infinite vacuum of nothingness and spin it into a vast expanse of beautiful matter. The stars, the planets and everything in between, from the most minute particle of energy to the gargantuan clusters of magnificently colored gasses spiraling blindly through space. All of this had been created in a grand experiment in free will. And what had he received in return? An ungrateful, spiteful even, race of creatures who had not only turned their back on him, but each other, waging wars against their brothers and stabbing their fathers in the back for what they impatiently wanted and would have eventually inherited. They called themselves the human race. Ages ago, a civilization, if you could call it that, had risen from the dust to create a society based on degeneration and blasphemy and had been destroyed in a blazing hail of fire and brimstone and returned to the dust for its mockery of creation. The time had come again, but this was to be the last. An assembly had been gathered in the pristine and blindingly pure halls of Heaven and a messenger, an angel, had been chosen to descend to Earth and let God's most precious failures know of their impending demise in hopes that at least some of them may change their ways and show penance. So how did it end up here, in a dark and damp apartment building? In a roach-infested room? The angel was just sitting there a minute ago in the corner by the mattress, where it now lie, lifeless and with a gun in hand. What had gone wrong?

## Part I: Arrival

### Down To Earth

*Angel (To Itself):*

"This world is a horrible place  
They feast on the flesh of their kin  
They call themselves the human race  
It makes them feel powerful  
Fire in their eyes, chaos in their minds,  
Corruption in their hearts, they follow a false leader  
They would skin themselves and bleed  
If it was the accepted"

*Angel (To God):*

"And so I ask you  
Where have you gone  
Where have you been  
Why have you let this world slip  
Into perpetual sin  
Please father, help me  
Amen"

*Humanity:*

"I was released into the Inferno at birth  
And have put up with this torment called life  
If you ask me, its Hell here on Earth  
Where everyone is so full of strife  
They are better than me, so they've claimed  
As they pass around all their blames

Those putrid worms should be ashamed  
But they won't until they enter the flames"

*Angel (To God):*  
"And so I ask you  
Where have you gone  
Where have you been  
Why have you let this world slip  
Into perpetual sin  
Please father, help me  
Amen"

## **Dream Sequence**

Fire, burning the flesh from your face  
You scream in agony, but no one helps you  
In the distance a crowd laughs at the sight  
They have come before and they will come again  
To see their puppets endure the chaos  
Inflicted on you for a sadistic pleasure  
You let out an inhuman scream  
That sounds more like a demon from Hell  
Than a cry for help  
You look down at what's left of your corpse-like body  
A pool of blood is growing below your feet  
While your insides twitch from the escaping maggots  
A blood-soaked cough hurtles a yellow mass from within to the floor below  
A red eyed zombie with gray hair picks it up  
"Society," it proclaims, then it takes a juicy bite  
Dripping and decaying, it hands the mass back  
Your torture continues, as you slash at your own stomach  
Their cheers grow, they've watched for ages  
You reach in and pull out a fist-full of intestines  
Before they replace you with another unsuspecting victim  
You realize you've been hanging in the shape of a T

## **Part II: Love**

### **Everything, pt. 1**

My love  
My soul  
My everything  
My kingdom's queen  
Your eyes  
Your smile  
Your everything  
The reason I breathe  
You're smart  
You're pretty  
You're everything  
So why are you with me

Hush, don't say a word  
Hush, don't explain a thing  
Hush, just be my everything

Everything about you makes me smile  
Everything about you makes me cry  
Everything about you makes me high  
Everything about you, and its all mine, but why

Hush, don't say a word  
Hush, don't explain a thing  
Hush, just be my everything

There's something about you, I just can't place it  
Its on the tip of my tongue, I can taste it  
But there's so little time and I won't ever waste it  
You're so precious, I'll never hurt you like they did

You're my last breath, you're my sunset  
You're my everything  
You're my evil, sexy, smart, beautiful and cute angel  
You're my everything

I'll shed my wings, get rid of my things  
I'll hold my breath, wait for death  
I'll do everything  
For a moment with you  
I'll turn my back, won't look back  
I'll take the pain, do it again  
I'll do everything  
For a moment with you  
Will you spend a moment with me

Hush, don't say a word  
Hush, don't explain a thing  
Hush, just be my everything

I love you  
My everything

## **Never Change**

I will buckle these leather straps  
I will carry this ball and chain  
As long as you promise me  
We will never change

We'll never change  
We'll never change  
We will never change  
Never change

I have tried to right the wrongs  
I have even felt your pain



But at last I've come to learn  
Things will never change

We'll never change  
We'll never change  
We will never change  
Never change

I cross my heart and hope to die  
Stick a needle in my eye  
With this ring I thee wed  
With a heart of gold and a soul that's red  
Not even God can separate us

## **Everything, pt. 2**

In the beginning, I had everything  
I was everything  
Slowly though, my life deteriorated around me  
I became a hideous oddity of what I once was  
This world rejected me before it knew I existed  
They looked upon me as a vile smudge to be removed  
Suffering became my only company  
Then from the ashes rose beauty  
Like the phoenix resurrected  
To shine light on my path  
Now I can see where I'm going  
And what awaits me is better than  
What I have so long endured  
You were that beauty, that phoenix  
Moments with you are invaluable  
I would trade my soul for just one  
Once again, I have everything  
Thanks to you

## **Part III: War**

### **Ready For War**

I was laying there with the one I loved  
When the phone rang its fateful first ring  
"Hello," I sent through the lines  
And then came that horrible response  
"Are you ready for war?"

*The Witness:*

"Mechanical man, or so you think you are  
You sit here and stare and pretend not to care  
Yet underneath that skin of painted on metal  
Is a core of rotten meat, red with real blood  
Your worst fear has come and you just can't cope  
And so you begin to engage self-destruct

You cut the cords and watch as your connection falls  
The last to the outside world, to which you belonged  
And finally, you may have become the machine  
Which you always longed to be  
And in return, lost all that meant the most"

*The Unfortunate Result:*

"Since the dawn of history  
Men have fought against other men  
Any struggle in which two larger groups  
Try to destroy or conquer each other  
Is a war"

*The Witness:*

"I just can't seem to cope with the pictures  
To which these memories perceive  
They plague my every thought  
As though I'm losing all control  
And so here I am  
Hanging on to that last bloody strand of human flesh  
Oh, so painfully tearing from the base  
What have I become, what have I lost?  
How can I reserve this, and at what cost?  
And a sly smile was all I got, in exchange for my soul"

*The Unfortunate Result:*

"There have been many different kinds of war  
Families have fought against families  
Tribes against tribe  
Followers of one religion against followers of another"

*The Witness:*

"Oh, if only I was able to turn things around  
Amend all the things with which I erred  
Perhaps achieve some kind of closure  
To the ever-growing reminders  
Of the plague caused by a single event  
That seems to tear me apart  
From my very core, exposed to the light"

*The Unfortunate Result:*

"In modern times  
Wars have been fought between nations  
Or groups of nations  
Armies and navies once were almost the only factors  
In determining the outcome of war"

*A Resounding Plea For Help:*

"It must not go on  
Life can't go on this way  
I asked for peace  
And I got pushed into war  
Why must the life of one man  
Cost the life of millions  
All of them swaying in the current  
Of a shark infested realm"

The Unfortunate Result:  
"Now, civilians must join in the war effort  
If it is to succeed  
Wars have always caused great suffering and hardship  
Most people hate war  
Yet for hundreds of years war has been going on  
Somewhere in the world all the time  
War is a man-made disaster  
Earthquakes and floods happen to mankind  
But man makes war himself"

And so, the end is only the beginning

## **The Draft Is Taking My Angel**

Hold me, hold me closer  
Hold me, hold me tighter  
If only for this last night  
If only for this last hour  
I don't want to let go  
Not now  
Not ever  
Let's not think of tomorrow  
Let's pretend it won't come  
Let's just freeze this moment  
And hold each other  
Forever

## **A Soldier's Song**

*The Loved One:*

"The sky was so dark with the shadows of locust  
It had become clear, the war had lost focus  
All us men running across this foreign land  
Why had the original plans gotten so out of hand"

*The Loved One:*

"The politicians promised with their white-toothed grin  
What we were doing wasn't any kind of sin  
Yet he we are, plowing through a wall of innocent men"

*The Loved One:*

"I froze with fear, from behind me came a sound  
Then a flash, click, but nothing as I hit the ground  
I held my chest, fresh with my own blood  
Could the General have been misunderstood?"

*The Loved One:*

"The politicians promised with their white-toothed grin  
What we were doing wasn't any kind of sin  
Yet he we are, plowing through a wall of innocent men"

*The Loved One:*

"I lay here on some field in a foreign place  
And already plans made to have me replaced  
The General already filling in some new uniform  
And I lost my last breath learning what it takes... to conform"

And upon hearing the news  
The angel look up to the sky  
And cried out,  
"Why God?  
Why now  
Why ever?"  
And in the angel's mind  
God, too, had died

## **An Invasion**

The sands of this beach were ivory  
But that was before the invasion  
At a distance, they appeared like dragons  
But on foot, they appeared as soldiers  
They came and they captured  
They pillaged and they burned  
That's how they killed my father  
A great man was he  
He taught and he hugged  
And he cried when I'd succeed  
The beach has since grown red  
With the bodies, all dead

We all cried  
And the dried our tears  
We all grew angry  
And then faced our fears  
We all grew wiser  
From living through those years

And then one day  
A man came  
He was tall and thin  
His long flowing beard  
As white as snow  
That hung at his hips  
But before this man  
So wise and so old  
Could share even a tiny bit of his wisdom  
Someone cast the stone  
It struck him at the side of his ear  
It ruptured his skull  
And spilt out his wise brain  
It fell so gracefully  
On its descent to the ground  
And there it lay  
So useless on the floor  
And so everyone died, because of the war

## Part IV: Aftermath

### A New Station

I spent the night like most any other night  
Laying back surfing from station to station  
Each network fighting create a better rush  
Like heroin in an addict's vein

"...children need your help. Fight disease, just call 1-900-555..."

(click)

"...the latest news from the Vatican, the Pope has confirmed..."

(click)

"...which would result in widespread panic and death..."

(click)

"...apprehended yesterday at an airport with the intent to..."

(click)

"...hate..."

(click)

"...war..."

(click)

"...fear..."

(click)

"...lies..."

(click)

"...pain..."

(click)

And so was the birth of a new network  
That fed us depression and paranoia so addictive  
We had become one, the TV and the audience  
And the Homeland Security Network...

### Deformed And Dirty

If the facts don't fit the theory  
Then we must change the facts

I am deformed  
And I am dirty  
Another product  
Of this Orwellian city

*The Choir:*

"And isn't it a pity  
We live behind this wall  
And isn't it a pity  
We'll never know who we are  
And isn't it a pity  
Here in this Orwellian city"

Walking this fine line  
We like to call life

Knowing all too well that  
One wrong step could end it all  
And so we lead this life if  
Perfect solitude (or is it isolation?)  
Shut off from what is beyond the wall

*The Choir:*

"And isn't it a pity  
We live behind this wall  
And isn't it a pity  
We'll never know who we are  
And isn't it a pity  
Here in this Orwellian city"

Why would we ever want to  
Come out of this shell, living in a world  
Full of hate (Yet so empty)  
Full of war (Yet so empty)  
Full of fear (Yet so empty)  
Full of lies (Yet so empty)  
Full of pain (Yet so empty)

*The Choir:*

"And isn't it a pity  
We live behind this wall  
And isn't it a pity  
We'll never know who we are  
And isn't it a pity  
Here in this Orwellian city"

And in the end of it all  
We were all just human  
So full (Yet so empty)

*The Choir:*

"And isn't it a pity  
We live behind this wall  
And isn't it a pity  
We'll never know who we are  
And isn't it a pity  
Here in this Orwellian city"

## **Big Man In The Big House**

The big man in the big house  
Sits at his throne so nobly  
He dines on the downtrodden filth of the city  
The big man in the big house  
Comes out every so often  
To convince us he should still be in charge

*Big Man In The Big House:*

"I love it when you fight  
I love it when you fight

I love it when you give in"

The big man in the big house  
Rules with a fist of oppression  
You either follow him, or to the front you'll be sent  
The big man in the big house  
He always seems friendly on TV  
Yet, somehow each time things go wrong

*Big Man In The Big House:*

"I love it when you fight  
I love it when you fight  
I love it when you give in"

God is creating the world again  
The old one was soaked with sin  
He turns and asks us why we act this way  
So we turn, blaspheme and say,  
"It's a habit  
I'm sorry  
I'm a failure  
But you made me this way  
So leave me be"

## **Blinded By The Lie**

Apparently, the world must still be a flat plane in the center of the universe where lead can be converted into gold, or so the story goes. Somewhere up high, way up there in the sky, is someone who knows all, sees it all, made this all and cares. Where is this so-called god, oh so loving and caring, when children die, when disease kills us all, when a man starves? It must all just be a part of his plan, just like man, that we are to suffer and that it is all just a display of affection, but I don't feel the connection, like a child does with father, or like brother does with brother. There must be some other explanation that they're not teaching when they're preaching about peace on earth and good will towards man. Good will towards the man who believes as you believe and leave the rest to die. Isn't that right? There is another way to live through the day. You don't have to obey a book written so long before even your ancestors were born. Where is this loving deity when planes are crashing into our city, now isn't that a pity that such an act would only strengthen faith so blind we can't look behind but only reach for the sky that's so empty. But do we learn or do we yearn to let the world burn and look toward heaven for an answer that's right before our face. We are all one in the human race so why do we waste these lives so precious yet so easy to replace? Instead of bowing our heads to pray, we should think of a way to all just get along, like we haven't for so long.

## **Apocalypse Genesis**

A million years ago, the sky was so blue  
A million years ago, I could trust you  
But that was a million years ago  
That world has died and a new one born  
First an apocalypse, then a genesis

A thousand years ago, a god still loved me  
A thousand years ago, faith was all I could see

But that was a thousand years ago  
That world has died and a new one born  
First an apocalypse, then a genesis

A child's tear falls to the ground  
But no one seems to notice  
When there is nothing left to believe in  
"Why am I here?"  
A bullet passes through my head  
But no one even turns to look  
When the whole world is about to cave in  
"Where am I going?"

A few days ago, this world was still a mystery  
A few days ago, life still seemed so sweet  
But a few days ago I had a revelation  
That world was dying and a new one had been born  
First an apocalypse, then a genesis



## Journal 2004

03-13-04

Bought "Punk Static Paranoia" by Orgy.

04-24-04

Bought "Choklit Cows And Lunchboxes" by Marilyn Manson & The Spooky Kids.

04-27-04

Bought "Come To Daddy" by Aphex Twin and "The Reckoning" by Godhead.

05-05-04

Bought "The Rich Man's Eight Track Tape" by Big Black.

05-11-04

Bought "Disarm," "The Peel Sessions" and "Ava Adore" by The Smashing Pumpkins, "Requiem For A Dream Remixed" by Clint Mansell and "Light" by KMFDM.

05-25-04

Bought "Je M'aime" by Pig & Sow, "5/4: B-Sides Collection" by Rammstein, "Lie" by Charles Manson and the soundtrack to "Super Mario Bros." on eBay.

06-02-04

Bought "Anyone For Doomsday?" by Powerman 5000 on eBay.

08-10-04

I have no idea how long its been since I've written a journal entry. I'm pretty stoned right now. I'm listening to Meat Best Manifesto's "Original Fire" EP, which I just bought yesterday at Sound Exchange. I just had an idea to do a track with Crazy Anthony, kind of like the Prodigy did with Tom Morello on "One Man Army."

More ideas while my burrito is in the microwave. An album using the scriptures about Armageddon from the Book Of Revelations called "God's Final Solution" and have the vocals done in German. SS Guards with priest collars and big red Nazi banners with the swastikas replaced with crosses and Jesus fish.

08-28-04

Saw "Alien vs. Predator" with Sharon and Earl at Muvico in New Tampa.

10-02-04

Saw "Shark Tale" with Sharon and Earl at Muvico in New Tampa.

10-30-04

I am currently tripping on Triple C's.<sup>28</sup> I had a shocking realization that Pappy and I are very much alike. My family is completely fucked up.

I really need a computer with a CD-writer. That way, I can listen to my albums as a whole. I now have four albums, three singles and three EPs of my own material and I have produced six albums and two singles for others.

11-11-04

What a week. I started tripping on Thursday with Freddy, Christopher and Earl and didn't stop until Monday morning, where I woke up in an abandoned hospital<sup>29</sup> with Patrick, Christopher and Tom. Sunday morning, we all took the bus out to the hospital with some food, a flashlight and a little reefer, then that night Tom and I stole more Triple C's from the closest K-Mart and tripped hard as fuck all night. We had cuts and bruises that we don't even know how we got. That night was pretty crazy, though. We finally got to explore the first floor and found all sorts of crazy shit, like rooms with two way mirrors, and a room that had a weird ass two room box in it that looked like it had lie detector equipment in it with a two way mirror in between them. Christopher and I went online yesterday and found all sorts of crazy shit about the building, like that its fifty years old, was some kind of hospital for deformed and crazy people, that the doctors used the patients as test subjects for operations they didn't need, ghost sightings, a basement that's been blocked up at all its entrances, that power was cut off but some areas still have power and that three years ago it was supposed to be demolished. I really want to take some recording equipment, a video camera and a bunch of drugs out there and record some kind of EP or album out there.

Sharon, Earl, Earl's friend Elizabeth and I are supposed to roll together tomorrow, but now Elizabeth is saying she has other plans. Every fucking time I make plans like this something gets fucked up. Beans are truly the bullshit drug, because nothing ever goes according to plan with them. The only time I was ever really satisfied with the experience was the first time, because unlike other drugs, its as much about how fucked up you get as it is about everything you do while you're fucked up. Such a high maintenance drug.

11-14-04

Well, the weekend didn't turn out to be a waste, quite the opposite. We finally got some beans, only after going through three dealers. The beans were white Bermuda Triangles, perfectly white and the best I've ever had. We sold one to Christopher and one to Tom, who both rolled at Tom's. Elizabeth cancelled and

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<sup>28</sup> Coricidin Cough And Cold (a.k.a CCC's), an over-the-counter cough medication that if taken in high doses causes dissociative hallucinations

<sup>29</sup> this was the first of several DXM studies Beacon Meadows held at W.T. Edwards Tuberculosis Hospital of Tampa over the next two years

Cindie ended up staying in Orlando Friday night, so after a failed attempt at going to a rave with Joe, who ended up too drunk after a big drinking party, we went to Ybor and I picked up two random chicks named Rory and Justine who live in Sarasota and brought them back to the house. Rory was completely trashed before we even left Ybor. We got back to the apartment and immediately took a bean a piece and Earl, Rory and I smoked a bowl. Then Sharon and I went to Wal-Mart and picked up glow sticks only for the beans to kick in for Sharon while we were there. We got back and Earl, Rory and Justine were already rolling too. I started rolling soon thereafter. Justine and Earl hit it off right away and spent most of the night together, while Rory spent most of the night with Sharon and I. Sharon and Rory gave each other back rubs and feet massages several times and used Vix on each other a few times. I spent most of the night just rolling my ass off and hanging out, but did get an awesome back rub from Sharon and gave Rory a back rub while she gave Sharon a back rub while Sharon gave her a foot massage. Sharon came down about two hours before everyone else so we took a shower and fooled around. By that time, Rory was passed out in the living room and Earl and Justine were cuddling and kissing in Christopher's room. At about eight in the morning, they left and Earl and I rolled for another hour in the living room just talking with Sharon and then went to sleep. I got up at about 12:45 and straightened up the apartment. Sharon woke up at 1:30 and at 2:45 we left to pick up Lilith from Amanda's, but also got a nick from the old neighborhood and ten sandwiches from Checkers. Earl was up when we got back, so Earl and I smoked a few bowls and ate before he had to go to work. Sharon and I spent the rest of the day relaxing and went to bed at about nine. I woke up at about 12:15 since we were supposed to pick up Earl from work at 1:00, but he decided to go home and sleep so we'll just pick him up tonight after work and he and I will hang out tomorrow. Christopher ended up staying at Tom's last night to roll again.

11-20-04

Saw "Saw" at Muvico.

11-24-04

Patrick got off restriction today for missing school when we went to the hospital and is either coming over tonight or tomorrow night. I'm trying to get together at least a video camera, but hopefully a tape recorder, too. That way, this weekend we can go to the hospital, get fucked up and document the whole thing so that I can create at least a few tracks out of it for a new album, if not a whole album.

11-27-04

Well, still haven't gone to the hospital. Christopher, Patrick and I did do CCC's last night and I got three quarts of Olde English, but Christopher took his outside just as the apartment security officer drove by, so just as I started tripping, I had to talk to the guy, who left and brought back four cops. DCF came this morning, but just to check on us because an incident was filed. Hopefully, we'll be going to

the hospital sometime today, even though Christopher didn't pick up the tape recorder I was going to borrow from Heakin. We are, however, taking the following: a bed sheet, three flashlights, a Philips head screwdriver, a flat head screwdriver, a pair of pliers, a box of candles, a crowbar, two lighters, Patrick's Altoid can kit with the Gremlin and a resin ball, a shitload of CCC's, three pens and a notebook, three bottles of water and a gallon of water, a bag of tortilla chips, Vienna sausages, meat dip for the chips, candy, toilet paper, a knife, a camera and a glow stick.

11-29-04

Christopher, Patrick and I went to the hospital Saturday night and had a blast. The first thing we did was crawl into the elevator shaft on the fifth floor and slide down the cables with all our stuff and put it in the elevator. Then we stood on top of the elevator and unbolted one of the doors so it would slide open, then we took a ladder from the roof and put it in the elevator so we could easily get in and out of the elevator through the hatch in its ceiling. After the elevator was set up so we could crash there at night, we took some CCC's, but fell asleep before we started tripping and woke up a few hours later. Christopher was the only one tripping a little, so we walked around for a little bit, then went back to the elevator and took the other half of CCC's. We went up to Room 420 and just chilled until Patrick was tripping a little then headed back to the elevator to chill. I never did start tripping, but at least Patrick was tripping a little and Christopher was tripping his ass off. I was sitting by the door and somehow forced it open. That freaked Christopher out, who kept saying, "Mike opened the door." So we decided we would just crash in Room 420 instead. We took all our stuff up to Room 420 and hung out there. Patrick and I wanted to go exploring, but Christopher didn't want to leave the room, so we didn't get very far before he made us go back. By that time, Patrick had started to come down, so we just hung out in there while Christopher tripped his brains out all night. In the morning, Christopher was still tripping, so we ate breakfast (Vienna sausages, tortilla chips with meat dip and water), sat around for a little bit trying to convince Christopher to eat and rest, had some candy, then, since Christopher didn't want to rest, we all went exploring. We checked under the elevator, in the dumbwaiters and the laundry shoots for a basement and found nothing. In one of the rooms, we could tell that the wall had been built to close off another part of the building, but when we busted through the wall, it only led to another area we could already get at. Then, we found a room on the first floor that had been padlocked with a sign saying administration, but beyond the door was only a hallway leading nowhere and a room with all the breakers. I ended up turning the power back on and we ran through the whole hospital turning all the lights on. We took a panel off the wall in the courtyard in hopes that it might be an entrance to the basement, but it only led to a room we had already been at. Then we ran into four kids, three guys and a girl, who we scared the shit out of. They ran outside and I threw glass at them from Room 420. The girl waited outside while the guys grabbed metal poles and went in after us. Unfortunately

for them, we know the hospital like the back of our hands and hid on top of the elevator until they were in the courtyard, went to Room 420, grabbed our stuff, left it on top of the elevator, then pretty much fucked with them until they left, since they had no idea where we were or how to catch us. About the time they had given up, Sharon picked us up. Then as we were getting in the car, we saw them peaking around the corner of the hospital, so we chased them in the car for a little bit, then went home. I slept for the rest of the day, ate a little dinner and slept all night. Now, Christopher and I are watching Lilith, since she isn't going to school because she has a stomach virus, but she's acting fine, so it isn't too hard.

12-17-04

Well, its off to the hospital again. Christopher is getting a ride out to pick up Patrick on the way home from Pappy's and Tom is getting a ride out here. This is a little less planned than last time, but all should still go well. Christopher is supposed to get the tape recorder and I'm supplying the tools and food, Tom is bringing a little radio and some spray paint, and then when Christopher and Patrick get here, they need to go steal the CCC's. Hopefully, I can get enough crazy shit on tape for the album idea. I invited Grant, but he just lectured me on not using CCC's and told me he was freaked out because the hospital was haunted, so needless to say, it's still just the four of us going.

Actually, Sharon decided not to take us, so we're going to get some reefer, alcohol and CCC's and hang out here tonight, since I have to go fill out paper work in the morning and Sharon doesn't want to get up early in the morning. I'm going to still try to record some shit on tape, but it obviously won't go towards the hospital tracks.

## The Samuel Situation<sup>30</sup>

-----Original Message-----

From: ..C., LYNN  
Sent: Wednesday, April 07, 2004 8:24 AM  
To: ..W., LORI; ..B., TRACIE; ..C., CINDY  
Subject: FW: employee complaints

This was received this morning. Please let me know if there is any validity to these complaints as soon as possible.

Thanks

Lynn C.  
Payroll / Benefits Administrator  
[REDACTED], Inc.  
Phone 561-[REDACTED]  
Fax 561-[REDACTED]  
lynnc@[REDACTED].com

-----Original Message-----

From: ..H., ANDREA  
Sent: Wednesday, April 07, 2004 7:13 AM  
To: ..C., LYNN  
Subject: FW: employee complaints

Lynn, This was in Andrea's emails.

Andrea H.  
[REDACTED]

-----Original Message-----

From: clara f. [mailto:c[REDACTED]@juno.com]  
Sent: Wednesday, April 07, 2004 3:30 AM  
To: ..H., ANDREA  
Subject: employee complaints

from Clara F<sup>31</sup>. at Westfield mall in Tampa.

I've been having some serious problems with a coworker by the name of Samuel Nalley<sup>32</sup> A.K.A. little mike.

It seems impossible to resolve these problems through the manager Mike B.

I will list the problems starting with the earliest to the latest.

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<sup>30</sup> this was an email my manager responded to one day at work. His replies are in blue. It was a huge joke to us and I sat next to him while he typed and sent it. He and I were great friends in and out of the office. His wife, him, my girlfriend and I would get together and spend the weekend rolling quite often in those days.

<sup>31</sup> this lady absolutely hated me. She looked like Barbara Bush and was just as evil.

<sup>32</sup> while working as assistant manager for an independent market research firm that had recently been purchased by a much larger corporate entity, my manager's name was Mike, so I would use the name Samuel to avoid confusion when speaking to clients and corporate over the phone

March 4,2004 I started keeping tract.

people present, Me Mike B, Tami, Tonya, Samuel

about 11:45 am there was a question about who heard Mike tell us that the Internet was down and there were certain surveys that we couldn't work on until it was up. Since I was the person who brought a respondent in to work on one of these surveys, the focus was on me. Mike said "you were standing right here when I said that" I explained that he hadn't said my name, I wasn't listening to him as I thought his conversation was with Tami. So Mike repeated his message and Samuel threw his two cents in "don't bother telling HER it'll just seep back out." This is an insult I'm not ready to take and I said so and Mike told little mike to shut up. So I went back to work. This is just one example of Samuels nasty ness and rudeness towards me.<sup>33</sup>

A bigger problem is our pay. We mark on a board the jobs we complete<sup>34</sup>.

At the end of the day the person in charge enters our hours and pay into the computer. Sometimes there is a mistake on the board, someone might mark the wrong thing or mark one too many.

Today when I went to mark a phone survey under my name Tami said there have only been two phone surveys done and they are both marked. I said I did one of them so I put my mark under my name. Cynthia stepped up to the board and said "I see the problem. This is marked wrong" she erased one from her board.<sup>35</sup>

There is also a problem of Samuel needing Interviews entered under his name even if he doesn't do any. Mike explained to me that this is necessary to justify Samuels being there.

I understand that Mike likes to have another male in the office, to help with the heavier work.

I understand hat Samuel is young and you can't put a forty year old head on twenty year old shoulders.

Enough excuses have been made for him and enough inappropriate messages I have taken from him.<sup>36</sup>

Samuels Temper

while we were doing the lipstick survey, I had two girls in the first room on the left, as you enter the office.

Samuel was in the first room on your right, as you enter. Samuels girl friend Sharon, was sitting at the front desk, helping Samuel by doing some paper work for him. Something must have gone wrong for Samuel, He threw a chair, was yelling curse words, crashing around and finally slammed out of the office so hard we all just sat frozen in our chairs looking at each other. When things were quiet we ask Shraon if he was coming back and she said yes,"he's just gone out for a cigarette. The girls gathered their belongings, collected their money and left.<sup>37</sup>

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<sup>33</sup> For what reason this started I don't know. This complaint stems from Clara repediatly being told of updates and disregaarding what we tell her. Mike was told about his comment and it was resolved immediately.

<sup>34</sup> this was actually something I implemented when I was first promoted into management. When I started working there, it was extremely unorganized and I streamlined several processes in the office, which they still use to this day when I stop in to do a survey every once in a while.

<sup>35</sup> All surveys are matched by interviewer before entered in jams of course when we are busy the board may have extra marks on it but if evens out by days end. All employees know this no one else has an issue.

<sup>36</sup> Mike gets I's by doing interviews on surveys self admin. surveys such as MSW and Millward brown and ETC he overlooks the surveys for computer problems. Also he sets the jobs up on the computer which constitutes him getting receiving I's on other surveys he sits and does surveys.

<sup>37</sup> I was told about this incident and the next day he was written up. And there has been no other outburst of this type.

The next time that I had to work late with Samuel he sent me to the icing . He said " there is a girl waiting for you to do the lipstick survey with" I went over there, there were three girls, two had already done the survey and the third was wearing a manager badge and was waiting for me.

She didn't look like the thirty years old she needed to be to do the survey but she said she was so I took her back to the office and she and Samuel greeted each other as friends. And he smiled to her and said " you don't look thirty years old" She answered " I get that all the time, but I'm thirty." So the survey was done, she collected twenty dollars.<sup>38</sup>

March 17,2004

people present me, Mike, Samuel

Mike introduced me to Pete P.,said he was a friend of Samuels<sup>39</sup>, "screen him on Brat worst and do the survey" So I do, Pete talks a lot, he mentions wine, guns, the Internet. When the survey was finally over we were sanding at the front desk as Pete was signing out and collecting his money. Pete tells me that the people at the tee shirt shop wondered what the bulge under his shirt was . I asked him"did you stuff a tee shirt in your pocket?" He lifted his shirt and I saw a gun in a holster there. He came in the office again on March 19 and did another survey.

Pete lives at 4603 [REDACTED] Rd. Tampa, Fl. 33639 phone # 813 [REDACTED] [REDACTED].<sup>40</sup>

March 19,2004

people present me, Linda, Cindi, Tami. Samuel

between 10 & 11 am I brought in two people to do the Laundry Here survey.

It was a self administered on the computers , and in this instance the recruiter / interviewer was required to stay in the room with the respondent.

I watched them both finish their surveys and collect their money and I went back on the mall.

Samuel called me in and said that neither person had finished so I had to finish for them. I tried to argue but to no avail, I went into the room and Cindi was sitting waiting to use the computer. I saw there was a half finished survey on the one computer and started clicking through it. I told Cindi to do the same with the other so she wouldn't have to wait for me. So she did. I went through three surveys in a row before i figured out that every time you hit the blue stop button it starts all over again. I don't know how many Cindi went through. Samuel had erased my completions of the two Laundry Here surveys off the board and said I didn't deserve them because Cindi had to do my work. I told him it is a bad program and he said "OH, now you are going to tell ME about computers"

I went out to the mall and told Linda , who had been in there too. That Samuel had erased my completions and what was going on and that the fox is guarding the hen house. She said "HE better not take anything off my board" and went into the office. the next time i returned to the office the atmosphere had changed to the good towards me. (A FIRST) and I put my marks back on my board but since Samuel is the one

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<sup>38</sup> As Clara states they greeted as friends then why did Mike ask if she was 30 if they were friends he should know her age. This does not make sense also the respondents were not paid until they did two CB's two weeks later so again this does not add up.

<sup>39</sup> I have no idea who this guy is.

<sup>40</sup> First of all I have no clue who this is and was never told about this incident yet I was suppoofly here. If I knew about this respondent he would be told not to bring a weapon in the facility. Also why is she taking his address this is a privacy issue.



who puts the pay in and Since we don't know how much each job pays, how can we be sure someone does not seek revenge on us? <sup>41</sup>

about three PM Samuel wanted me to screen three people that had come in together wanting to do surveys.

Tami gave me three screeners to use. I took them into the big room. The two ladies went to the end of the room to fill out a data base form while I screened the gentleman I showed him the concept for the Pepsi screener and he explained he couldn't read. I told him I was sorry but in order to do the survey he had to be able to read. It turned out that one of the other two people couldn't read or even understand spoken English.

The third person was not eligible on age requirements . I apologized and told them I had to leave they wanted to stay and finish making out the data base form.

Between five and five thirty Mike called me in to do a survey interview.

He explained that Samuel was busy so would I do this for him? When I got into the room I found the same three people who can't read or understand English and don't qualify for anything sitting in front of a computer with the woman who can speak and read a little but is too old with a mouse in her hand. it was obvious that she had right clicked the mouse and didn't know how to fix it. I explained it to her and gave her back the mouse but she said she didn't know much about computers so would i help her. So we completed the Laundry here survey and when we were filling out the screener part she admitted that she had done this survey in the name of the woman who can't read or speak or understand spoken English.<sup>42</sup>

April 6,2004

people present Me, Tami, Tonya

at work at 10am. I brought a respondent in for a survey. Tami opened the job on the computer I entered the information instructed the person to take the screener to the front desk when finished and Tami will pay him.

I put the box under my name. Later on during the day Samuel reported for work. He stood around for a while then went into the office and made a personal call that lasted half an hour. Twanged a rubber band for a while. Later on in the day I notice that the box is gone from under my name and an R is there and there is an I under Samuels Name for the survey that was completed before Samuel reported for work. And I am the one who did all the work he would have done had he been there. I questioned Tami and she explained the "Mike said that on any day that little mike is here we have to give him all the I's because Mike wants the payroll to look good."<sup>43</sup>

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<sup>41</sup> For one she has no business involving other people with her thoughts you can look a Lindas pay she is very happy with it Clara is the only on complaing about this issue. The employees don't know the amount of the surveys because then the would only work the high paying ones rule of thumb if you do atleast two per hour you will make commission now that all of the floor people are good recruiters she is losing money due to lack of recruits.

<sup>42</sup> The respondent could not read the reason clara is writing about this is because the respondent was upset they could not do the survey and be paid. So we had a laundry study that was done for the day I opened it back up and let the lady do the survey. Her friend helped her with it I did not see a problem because the qualifications were do you buy laundry soap. Clara was mad that she could not get the credit for the survey which I myself screened. In the future I will still give her credit.

<sup>43</sup> First of all I have a time clock stamp that shows they clocked in at the same time on April 6th. He gets the I's if he sets it up which he did and he never makes commission if I see he is close with the I's I put the rest under Tami and Myself

Later on a woman respondent I brought to the desk was thinking Samuel was in some position of authority because she started telling him how good I was and that he should give me a bonus. I told her that 'I am the last person in the world he would give anything to because didn't like me.' she asked why he answered "you make more money than anyone around here. " ( I know this is not a true statement) If he is referring to my wage per hour all that means Is I have to work harder than anyone else before I start making commission.<sup>44</sup>

Yesterday he said so that I could hear him " I hate rich people"<sup>45</sup> which is neither here nor there unless you are the one he perceives as rich.

Because he is a very vindictive person. Example

earlier during the day Betty recruited an alcohol;I survey and she didn't want to interview him. She ask me to do it . I told her no, I need to stay out here and make some money, that interview takes half an hour. So she begged me , "If you do this for me I'll recruit a creme liquor and give you the whole box " Since she is on probation and can't touch alcohol or serve it I do her creme liquors for her. So I agreed to that . Later on she recruited the creme liquor and when we went inside i reminded her to give me the whole box for it. ,which she did. Samuel erased it while I was doing the interview and gave the R back to her. I came out and changed it back and argued and Samuel said "You are no better than anyone else around here. " so I punched out fifteen minutes early and came home. This is another case of the fox guarding the hen house. A mistake I can understand , even though mistakes need to be corrected. But have someone who hates me, because he perceives me to be RICH and he is in control of my pay when I can't see what he is doing.

AND I've caught him THREE times erasing things off my board. This is way too far over the top for me.<sup>46</sup>

A few other things I have against Samuel Sometime Samuels girl friend Sara comes in to help him after everyone else goes home sits behind the front desk and tries to be the boss to me.<sup>47</sup>

Sara comes in and does the higher paying surveys Two in the month of March <sup>48</sup>

When Samuel is in charge he refuses to tell me anything about a survey taht I know nothing about.

He won't hand me the questionnaire, Tami and Mike always hand them out . ( so no none makes a mistake) Samuel won't retrieve the products for respondents of mine to take home. Although I've seen him twice give the wrong product to others. Tami and Mike always get the product ( this is not a service to us but a way to eliminate mistakes)<sup>49</sup>

Things Samuel has said in front of me and respondants "I've never quit smoking pot" "I'm hired to sit here and be a dick"<sup>50</sup> There is probably more that I have forgotten about but this looks like enough for you to try to straighten out for now.

Sincerely,  
Clara F.

c [REDACTED]@juno.com I would appreciate it if you don't give my e- Mail address to ANY one.

---

<sup>44</sup> The comment Clara made should have never been said.

<sup>45</sup> He must hate me because I'm the Manager.

<sup>46</sup> First of all betty being on probation should not even be an issue. Clara states she argued with mike first if betty and clara made a deal to do this Mike should have been told prior he is going by the guidelines I have set for him.

<sup>47</sup> She is on payroll she asked Clara to vacuum which I called Mike and told him to have tell her.

<sup>48</sup> I was not aware of this and it has no merit I asked Tami and Mike about this.

<sup>49</sup> If this was true then my cb's would suffer because of wrong product this comment has no merit

<sup>50</sup> If this was said then I would hope you got a call about this cause I heard nothing.



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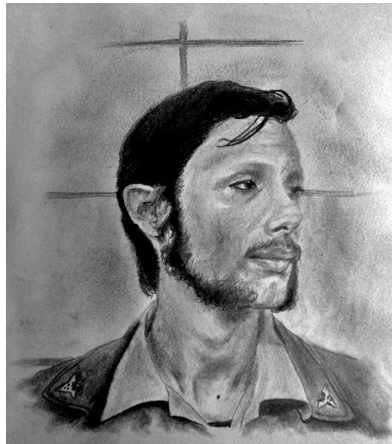
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## About The Author

MAN3 is an electrodata producer, circuit bender, multi-instrumentalist and vocalist based in Tampa, Florida. He releases his solo material as VARN Industries and is also a member of several collaborative projects: Underground Pipe Labyrinth (with Skunky), Ghost Town Breeding Ground (with Tvitkh), Captain Kensington & The Fungus Forest (with Xaos Beast), Embryo Concepts (with Vagabondage), The Electric Mainline Players (with Jake Newton), Noble Salvage (with Francis Co and Robert Oh), MDM (with Robert Oh and J. Matthew Snell), Dr. Robert MD (with Robert Oh), Big Ass High Trees (with Batrick, Jacque and Robert Oh), MDFM Hospital Radio (with ...Hi, Robert Oh and Faiyaz Shah), Letitia On Rocks (with Botchbud, ...Hi, Robert Oh and Faiyaz Shah), Faiyaz And MAN3 (with Faiyaz Shah) and Hydra-Phonics (with Robert Oh and Skunky). In addition to his contributions to the world of music, he also dabbles in videography and writing. During American football season, he writes a weekly article called "Field Notes From Fantasy Football" under the pseudonym Coach (My Name Here) Nalley. His brothers are Magitek, Batrick and Rorschacht Mitchell, his sister is Jennifer Miecz and his father is Captain Skyhook.



Like the devil, I am known by many names. Reverend Michael A. Nalley, MAN3, Evil Jesus and Robby Tussin are but a few. It all depends on the circumstances in which we first meet. I was born at 4:20 (AST) on John Lennon's birthday in Tampa, Florida, where I have an amazing family that I am very proud of. I have three brothers (Magitek, Batrick and Rorschacht Mitchell) and a sister (Jennifer Miecz). I am lucky enough to have the coolest parents in the world, who have the coolest parents in the world. I'm proudest of all though, of my daughter Lilith, the coolest fucking kid ever. I started recording my own music in 2000-2001 under the name VARN Industries, which I continue to do today. As such, each VARN Industries release is another peak into my life, my mind and my feelings at the time it was recorded. I'm also involved in several collaborative projects with many other Beacon Meadows members. I'm very interested in anti-utopian literature, psychedelics and mind expansion, religion (and the typical hypocrisy of it), astronomy, shipwrecks, sharks, old-school 2D video games (especially the early Super Mario and Legend Of Zelda series, Final Fantasy VI, Burger Time, Asteroids, Space Invaders, etc.), zombies (whether they are in movies, comics or video games) and science fiction (especially Star Trek).