

Just Try To Shut Me Up Volume 3

(2005)

**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 the year of the hospital.

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 2005

04-16-05

Long time since last entry. Going to the hospital again tonight. It's become a monthly thing. Patrick's friend Spanky will be joining us tonight. Ever since New Year's Eve, we've been staying in Rm. 441 instead of 420. The layout is much better since it has a pantry, sleeping room, tripping room and pissing room¹. I'm bringing a deadbolt tonight so we can lock the room up all month between visits, since we've decorated the walls and would rather not have someone else fuck it all up. We have food (chips, rice crispie treats, Vienna sausages, chili, macaroni and cheese, scalloped potatoes), reefer, CDs, the trip log, blankets, pop rocks, flashlights, Wild Irish Rose and tools. We don't really rough it like we used to. The album idea is taking shape nicely. I'm going to use excerpts from the hospital tapes as skits throughout the album and all the other tracks have a common chaotic hallucinatory feel to them, much like the feeling CCCs give you. The official title will be "Volume V: The W.T. Edwards Project."

04-22-05

Saw Mindless Self Indulgence perform at The Masquerade with Patrick and Sharon. I bought "Dejierta Los Niños" by Mindless Self Indulgence.

04-23-05

Saw Pigface perform at The Masquerade with Patrick and Sharon.² Bought "Truth Will Out" and "Head" by Pigface, "A Tribute To Ministry," "ReDickUlous" and "Screwvanized" by Slick Idiot. Met En Esch, The Enigma and Ben Graves. Sheep On Drugs, Nocturne and Voodoo also performed.

7-28-05

It's been too long since my last entry. Much has happened. I no longer work at [REDACTED]³ and haven't for some time. Sharon and I took Lilith out of daycare and I stay home and watch her. Its much easier than I thought it would be. We pretty much just hang out and listen to music and maybe watch a movie a day, if that, since I try to limit her TV intake as much as possible. Sharon now works during the early part of the day and then goes to school until about 11:00pm. Our weekends are completely free. Christopher moved out and initially lived with Tom⁴, until they got evicted then got his own place, though Freddy recently moved in as well.

¹ as there was no running water in the hospital, we had a designated room to urinate in to contain the smell as much as possible. I know... pretty gross

² both the Mindless Self Indulgence and Pigface concerts were birthday presents for Batrick and we were able to meet both bands

³ a construction company

⁴ Sharon's brother

It's been a long time since I've gotten to go to the hospital, maybe a month or so. Last time on 06-11-05, we took Hippiie and Patrick's girlfriend Julia with us. When we got there, we followed the usual routine, unlocking Rm. 441, setting up and then went down to turn the power on, only for some reason only the electrical outlets work now, so for the first time since New Year's, we had to chill in the dark, which isn't really that bad. The bad part was Julia didn't trip, complained a lot and started her period. None of this I actually knew until after the fact though, since I was tripping hardcore.

I guess Christopher and Patrick tripped alright, but they spent most of the night watching Julia, while I gave Hippiie the grand tour and told him all my ideas about buying the hospital⁵ and setting up as follows:

The East half of the first floor will be converted into studios for the label and to rent out, the West half will be office space for the label, the East half of the second floor will be guest quarters where Christopher, Patrick and I will move in all our friends while the West half will be entertainment for them, the courtyard will have a pool installed and a deck put on that little piece of roof you can climb out on, the third floor will be Patrick's, fourth will be Christopher's and the fifth floor mine. I want spiral staircases put in Rm. 420 and Rm. 441 to allow the third and fifth floors to have immediate access. Room 441 will stay the same, except cleaned, of course, and the pissing room will contain the stairs. The farthest East rooms on the fifth floor will be converted into a "backyard" by having the roof taken off, the floor raised and grass planted and have the walls only come about four feet from there, with the rest screened in and a sun roof. The Bubble Room will be repaired, but remain otherwise the same, as will the Zelda Room. The main structure of the hospital will remain the same because I don't really want to move around too many walls. This way the slogan for Beacon Meadows Records can be "The cure for the common music."

Hippiie seemed pretty interested.

The next day was kind of crappy, since Julia was miserable and Sharon was hung over from going and getting really trashed with the Twins, so she didn't want to drive to pick us up. Hippiie ended up getting a ride from someone else and Sharon finally did pick us up. I keep trying to remember how many times we've gone to the hospital to trip, but I'm not real sure. I wish I had a journal entry for every time, so that I could remember as much as possible.

I definitely remember the first time we went on 11-07-04, it was with Christopher, Patrick and Tom. We didn't even intend to stay, but we missed the last bus. We took one pack of CCC's with us and some Olde English. Patrick took the CCC's and started tripping in the elevator shaft on a beam looking down five floors into pitch blackness. After exploring until dark, Tom and I went and he stole more CCC's from K-Mart. When Tom and I got back from K-Mart, Christopher and Patrick were hiding in Rm. 420 because there were some bums taking the copper from the bathrooms to melt and sell. After they left, things calmed down and all four of us tripped that night, going everywhere from the first floor to the

⁵ during this time, I was working on raising the necessary funds to purchase the hospital, but unfortunately it proved to be an impossible task

roof and the ambulance bay, which we don't even go to anymore. It was that time that we found the Bubble Room and Christopher remembered being there before when we were little and our mother pointing to the detention center on the way and saying I would end up there. We took the bus home and Sharon and Daddy were pissed off, since Patrick had missed school and I had missed work. I lost my job at the warehouse the next day.⁶

The next time we went was 11-28-04 with Christopher and Patrick and I have three pictures from that time. That was the time we went down the elevator shaft Mission Impossible style and Christopher flipped out about me opening the door. It's pretty well documented in the 11-29-04 journal entry.

The next time was New Year's Eve with Christopher, Patrick and Tom. That was the first time we tripped in Rm. 441 and I have five pictures. By that time, we had a good routine to almost guarantee a good trip and we could turn the power on. We decided to play man-hunt while the CCC's kicked in, but we ended up finding Christopher taking a TV up to the fifth floor to drop it through the tin roof in the courtyard. Five drops later, we ended up with a really fucked up roof and a not so fucked up TV, so we played a little of the old TV baseball.⁷ I believe that was the time that Tom, Patrick and I were on the roof and Tom was looking over the edge and said it wasn't that far and Patrick told him he could make it, so I had to take them back down to Rm. 441. Later on, all four of us went on the roof to watch the fireworks. I don't remember much else, except that was also the first time we took the tape recorder with us and "A Short History" and "What The?" came from that tape.

The next time was 03-19-04 with Christopher and Patrick and I have seventeen pictures. That was the time we took about a quarter ounce, pre-rolled in coconut and banana papers, then smoked roach blunts to the head the next day, so that was also the first time we used the left half of the pantry as a rolling station. That was also the first time we took the CD player and listened to the first Trip Disk⁸ I made, complete with crazy ass packaging and booklet. We started setting up the tripping room with chairs and brought a table from the Bubble Room up the next day after our wake and bake. From the picture of the pantry, I can tell we were pretty well stocked up on food, with at least a gallon of citrus punch, six Yoo-Hoos, cans of beans, corned beef, sardines and little microwavable meals, plus a shit load of little bags of chips. "The Pissing Room Incident" and "Or Maybe..." were recorded this time.

⁶ the people I was working with at the book warehouse actually sat me down and tried to give me an intervention before firing me and genuinely seemed terrified that I would be dead fairly soon

⁷ it was a very common practice of some of the Beacon Meadows members to bring a bunch of televisions out to the woods somewhere and smash them with a baseball bat, taking turns one swing at a time

⁸ compilations of trippy music I burned to CD exclusively to listen to at the hospital, complete with their own booklets and packaging (for a complete track listing, see The Hippie Archives)

We went again a month later on 04-16-04 and celebrated both 420 and Patrick's birthday at the same time. Spanky came with us that time and was the first person other than the original four to go. He loved it. I installed a deadbolt on the main door of Rm. 441. At this point, the Tripping Room is really decked out, since we hung Christmas tree branches from the roof tiles and really decorated the room. I made the second Trip Disk for this trip. We found a jet-ski on the first floor. There are nineteen pictures from that time. Then, sometime between the time Spanky went with us and the time Hippie went with us, Patrick and I went during the day just to smoke and take pictures, twenty four to be exact. So, hopefully we can go again soon. We were supposed to go last weekend with Freddy, but they decided to get some blow instead, so I just hung out at home and watched "Shawn Of The Dead"⁹ and "A Dirty Shame."¹⁰

After thinking about it all day, I've decided to give the go ahead and see about adopting Samantha's¹¹ daughter Ariel on the condition that Samantha sign over complete custody to us. I've thought about adopting before, because I always thought it was a good thing to do, and what better way than adopting someone you already know. Besides, it will give Lilith a playmate now that she's not in daycare. Sharon's aunt is supposed to come down Saturday to stay with us for a month while the paperwork is being filed, so I hope I can figure everything out in time.

07-31-05

Saw "The Devil's Rejects"¹² at Muvico.

08-09-05

I talked to Sharon about adopting Ariel, but Samantha wouldn't go for it, so Sharon's Aunt Elly is down from New York going through the long process of taking custody and moving Ariel back up to NY with her. Both are currently staying with us in the meantime. Still no hospital trips since Hippie went. We were going to go last weekend, but Patrick was sick, so we ironically couldn't go to the hospital. Hopefully this weekend will be different.

These two guys from the Church of Christ came over three weeks ago and asked me to have a bible study, which I did last week and will again this week. Know thy enemy. It's interesting though, but I can't argue with someone who believes the bible was written immediately after the events they describe and really have no care to anyway. I guess my days of crushing people's faith are over. Besides, some people need it and it keeps the crazies off the streets on Sunday for a few hours. I did pass along to them the essay I found on

⁹ a zombie comedy co-written by Simon Pegg, released in 2004

¹⁰ a John Waters film starring Johnny Knoxville, released in 2004

¹¹ Sharon's sister

¹² Rob Zombie's 2005 sequel to House Of 1000 Corpses

neonjoint.com about Jesus & Marijuana¹³ and they said they would read it and let me know what they thought. These two guys are pretty interesting just in their interaction alone. One of them does most of the preaching, but claims to have not been real religious when younger and admits to at least some form of drug intake while the other guy only periodically speaks up to quote a verse and has more than likely been religious most of his life.¹⁴ In the interim, I've been brushing up on the old book until the duo return.

I watched a couple new movies recently. Last Saturday, Sharon and I were supposed to see "The Devil's Rejects," but she had to go to her sister's first, so I had her drop me off at the mall on the way to hang out with Christopher and Patrick for a while and ran into Luke, Jeremiah and Eggroll. Sharon assumed I would ditch her and then ditched me to hang out with June. So I tried to make plans to hang out with Christopher and Patrick, who were supposed to walk Julia home from the mall and then go to a party, but they ended up not having enough room in the car, so I called up Joe and we were supposed to go to Ybor, but he ditched me to rescue Earl from a shitty blind date, so I called up Christopher again and made plans to be picked up later from his place. By the time I got there, he still didn't have a ride so I fell asleep after watching Freddy play GTA: San Andreas until midnight, when he had to go pick up his girlfriend. The next thing I know, it's 2:00am in the morning and Christopher is walking in the door telling everyone to leave so he, Patrick and Julia can roll, so I went home and went back to sleep.

The next day, Sharon didn't get home until maybe 5:00pm in the afternoon, when we finally went to see "The Devil's Rejects," which I liked, except for the ending. This week, Sharon rented "Pecker," an average John Waters flick about a photographer, "The Hostage," a pretty interesting movie with Bruce Willis, though I didn't like how they were quick to have the crazy kid be a pothead and "The Jacket," a pretty good movie about a guy who travels into the future through the use of antipsychotics while in a mental institute for a murder he didn't commit, but the ending blew because they always have these movies end with him changing the future to save himself, but still get the girl in this alternate future, based on a love she doesn't know existed. Other than that, I bought the David Bowie "The Heart's Filthy Lesson" single and The Lords Of Acid's "Heaven Is An Orgasm" compilation, both of which were worth it, especially the Nine Inch Nails remix of "The Heart's Filthy Lesson."¹⁵ Nothing else to tell for now. Time to rest my weary mind.

¹³ "Cannabis And The Christ: Jesus Used Marijuana" found at [neon joint.com/articles/jesus.html](http://neonjoint.com/articles/jesus.html)

¹⁴ the classic "Good Cop, Bad Cop" routine

¹⁵ the rare "Alt. Mix" by Trent Reznor, Dave Ogilvie and Chris Vrenna with additional manipulation by Madonna Wayne Gacy

08-14-05

Christopher, Patrick and I went up to the hospital again last night. Everything just seemed to fall right into place this time. No hassles getting to or from. We took a little food, but didn't really eat much. The power is out for good now. Someone cut all the cables running to the breaker boxes. It didn't really matter anyway because we had flashlights. We took the CCC's at about 7:30pm and finished the last of the ten joints shortly after. I started tripping first and around the time I came down, Christopher and Patrick were really tripping pretty hard. We spent a lot of time on the roof just chilling, but did wander around a lot more than usual. I remember coming down the stairs from the roof and pissing out the window down four floors and Patrick didn't know what was going on because all he heard was something raining down on the tin roof in the courtyard. It was pretty funny. There isn't much else I remember, but we had a good time. I didn't take any pictures this time, because Sharon is getting tired of developing pictures that all look the same to her, and there wasn't anything I really felt needed to be photographed this time anyway. The only picture I really want that I don't have is a good picture of Christopher, Patrick and I at the hospital together. I slept most of the day after we got back, but I did watch a little of "Steamboy."¹⁶ We went and visited Tom for an hour at 5:30pm.¹⁷ He seems to be holding up alright. It'll be nice when he gets out so we can hang out again. Sharon and her crazy aunt are up at the pool right now and I'm just relaxing listening to some Pink Floyd. Sharon rented three movies Friday night, when Jeremy came over. I've seen two of the three so far. "Coffee And Cigarettes" is really good. It's this comedy that's all about conversations people have while drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes and RZA, GZA and Bill Murray do a hilarious scene. The other is "Saved," this comedy about a girl who gets pregnant at a Catholic school with Macaulay Culkin and its pretty damn funny, too.

08-15-05

I forgot to mention that we tripped out pretty good watching heat lightning while on the roof.

08-22-05

I don't know how much more of Sharon's aunt I can take. She is really driving me insane. She does nothing to really assist in, let alone take charge of, taking care of Ariel, who, for whatever reason, is too clingy and not at all self reliant like Lilith. I had hoped Lilith would make her more independent, but its doing just the opposite. Lilith is regressing into more baby-like behavior, like whining a lot and crawling into bed with us, which was never an issue before. And what does Sharon's aunt offer to help? Nothing but a bunch a long drawn out sighs all day. I had little patience for little town podunk shit before she came down, but now

¹⁶ a Katsuhiro Otomo anime, released in 2004

¹⁷ in Orient Road Jail

that I have to deal with the country folk mentality on a day to day basis, I'm ready to go crazy. I wouldn't shed any tears if she left right this second and never came back. She had the nerve to suggest that her husband was going to come down for a few days without consulting Sharon or me first. I guess Hank is having some breakdown of sorts from not having Elly there to do everything for him, so he's harassing the neighbors, threatening their kids, getting drunk all the time, etc. Did I mention he can't read or write? How can there still be places in this country where it might as well still be the 1800's? Its disgusting to think of a forty year old who can't function on a second grade level, has serious mental issues and a drinking problem adopting a child. They are completely incapable of caring for a child. Elly even lost her kids because of alcoholism. So where does this leave me? Elly and Hank insist they're getting Ariel, regardless of what logic might suggest to the contrary, so Betty will stay down here until the state either gives them the o.k. or tells them they're out of their minds. Either way, I'm stuck with this crazy bitch for a while still, and the thought of that makes me want to run away and join the circus.

On a more positive note, Sharon got the last batch of hospital pics developed while Patrick was over this weekend. We spent Saturday just chilling until Carole, our neighbor from New York who's cool as shit, was able to get Patrick a lid. Then we stayed up at her place and smoked her and her daughter Kat out for a few hours. Then we came back and Patrick watched "The Life Aquatic" until it was time to go to Earl and Merle's. Earl got off at nine and we smoked and he and Joe played Everquest II. Patrick and I both passed out before Merle got off at one. When I woke up in the morning, I surfed the net for a little bit before Joe got back and started playing a little Everquest. Then we watched "Rahxephon: The Motion Picture"¹⁸ and "2Pac Resurrection" before Sharon picked us up, then hung out at my place until Daddy picked Patrick up. The pics came out real good. A lot of them I can probably use in the booklet for Vol. V. One picture reminded me that sometime between when Patrick and I went to smoke and Hippy came with us to trip, Christopher Patrick and I took Sharon up there to see our room.

08-24-05

I went out last night with Daddy for a night on the town. We went to the Elbow Bender first, where I had at least six Coronas with lime and just hung out, bullshitting with the regulars and talking to these guys that are in some kind of hardcore death metal type band. I listened to a rough mix of their CD and its not bad, not my cup of tea, but not bad. They're supposed to be touring Europe and have a side-project with the singer from Cannibal Corpse. From there, we went down to the Why Not and I had a Bud Light. When they closed, we headed over to Pix and I had another Bud Light and we played a game of pool before heading

¹⁸ an anime movie based on the series of the same name, released in 2003

back to his place, where I crashed and got dropped off this morning. I read a little of Patrick's hospital book¹⁹ that he's writing based on dreams he's been having. Its pretty good. No other news, over and out.

08-26-05

Well, no more bible studies for me. Last night was the third (last week I had to cancel), and unlike the first two, which were actual bible studies, this time Marcos brought a guy in his forties who spent most of the time trying to convert me, so what I had hoped would be another bible study ended up being a two and a half hour religious debate. I'm always up for a good religious debate, but it wasn't my intention at all. But although I was caught off guard, I think I still had at least Marcos leaving with a few questions of his own. The other guy, Victor, wasn't really as affected, his faith being too strong, regardless of what defense I offered. Oh well, it was interesting while it lasted and I did get Marcos to at least admit that marijuana could possibly be an ingredient in the holy anointing oil mentioned in the Book of Exodus. I did almost break out in laughter about halfway through the debate last night though. I was sitting there giving my take on the whole thing and all of a sudden was almost standing beside myself watching the whole thing go down and felt pretty good about how I still can hold my own very well in such circumstances but also realized just how ironic the whole situation was. It didn't really occur to me until just then what was really going on. Who would have thought I would have two Christians sitting in my living room having a bible study, let alone tell them straight to their face why their religion is bullshit. Not that I don't shy away from that fact, but I tried to keep things as civil as possible the first two times. It was not my intent at all to shake their faith, though I probably did, at least until they returned to the safety of their car and said a few prayers and reassured each other that I was just influenced by the devil and didn't really know what I was saying.

I realize now that the whole bible study was just a ploy to convert me. Little pieces of conversation prove just that. Both times Marcos came back, the first thing he told his partner in crime was that I claimed to be an atheist, but had at least some belief in god. Both times I corrected him flat out. It's almost as if he was telling his fellow evangelists, "You gotta come see this, I've almost got this guy, he's so close." The only disagreement I offered the first two times was that it didn't make sense that for god to accept your marriage, the state must accept it first and that living as a married couple is not good enough. This went to premarital sex and how repenting for it would be to acknowledge a regret for your child. They said its not the result you should regret, but the action, to which I replied that doing so is the same as saying, "Man, I feel bad for robbing that store, but I sure am glad I got that TV." No reply. Victor asked, "Isn't it amazing that the bible refers to cities that no longer exist and sure enough if you dig deep

¹⁹ a collection of dreams and visions concerning the hospital that has unfortunately been lost

enough you'll find them." "No," I said, "if you look around in those buried cities, you'll probably find a copy of the bible in the ruins." "Well, how about how the bible predicted so exactly the life of Jesus," Victor asked. "Come on, this was a Jewish society that wasn't unfamiliar with those prophecies, if they didn't come true, everything they believed in would be proven to be false, they had to make it come true," I replied and added, "I don't deny the existence of a Jesus anymore than the existence of a Jonny Appleseed, but I don't think he planted all the apple trees in America either." "But no other book contains the explanations to all sorts of things like this one does," Marcos said. "Sure they do, there's a creation story in most religions, just as fantastic as the one in the bible." "So then you believe in the big bang theory and evolution," Victor asked. "Not necessarily, those explanations need further proof too, but I find it harder to believe that man came from dust." "But if you scratch your arm, doesn't dust come off?" I couldn't really reply to that without insulting Victor's intelligence, so I asked, "If you read any of these claims outside the bible, would you find them just as easy to believe," I asked. "That's a hypothetical question, I don't know." "OK, but to accept proof of God's existence, you must first believe in God." Victor disagreed, "No, just seek and you will find." I rest my case.

08-28-05

Christopher came by yesterday to hang out. I guess him and Ben got in a fight the night before and Christopher kicked him out. We left and went to Big Lots to meet Freddy and Christopher took a cable for him. Then we went to Christopher's for a little bit and then all three of us went back up to Big Lots and Christopher took all sorts of shit and Freddy took a RF mod-box. On the way there, we had checked out this Egyptian imports store, but got kicked out for no reason at all. When we got back to Christopher's, Devon had called asking me to get him some alcohol, but I told him he needed to smoke me out, so we headed to his friend's house and picked up some reefer, then went to a gas station to buy some Olde English, then smoked back at Christopher's and they all drank. Then Sharon called, asking me to help kick her aunt out, but she backed out at the last minute so that we have a baby-sitter next weekend so that Sharon and I can go out. By this time, my dad and Patrick were just getting here and we went over to Christopher's. Not long after that, Moses, Allen, his girlfriend and his cousin Daniel came by and we went out and got a bottle of 151. Then Julia (who just broke up with Patrick) and Sandra came by and took Christopher and Patrick to Julia's, where Christopher immediately passed out on the toilet. Around the same time at Christopher's, Allan was wasted, so we all drew on him, shaved an eyebrow off, covered him in ketchup, mustard, egg, peas, carrots and cheese puffs, then threw him in the shower, poured dog food, crushed peppers, chicken and the ashtray on him then Freddy and I each took a turn standing on the toilet and pissing all over his face. We took pictures of the whole thing with Freddy's camera phone from the time he was passed out on the bed until we left him to sleep in the tub after his friends went home. This morning

he woke up and was really cool about the whole thing,²⁰ called his cousin and left. After that, Freddy and I went up to the store to get something to eat and soon after we got back, Christopher, Patrick and Sandra showed up, but before we could even hang out much, Sharon came and picked me up so she could go to the grocery store. Well, Sharon and Elly just left to go to the store and when they get back I'm going back over to Christopher's to hang out and smoke some of the old reefer.

09-01-05

Well, I did end up going over to Christopher's, only to have to walk halfway through the rain, get there, smoke two or three bowls and listen to Freddy's coked up ass insult Christopher while his stoned ass tried to come up with some sort of defense, then Patrick asked me to arrange for him to spend the night even though he had school the next day, which I did, then he sort of ditched me (though he later regretted it and apologized) to do some blow with Freddy, which ended up not being much. Then the next day, he slept for about half the day, since Freddy never showed up to give him a ride to school.

On a better note, Sharon's crazy aunt is fucking gone! She left yesterday afternoon. Good riddance. I can already tell its going to be a lot easier without her here, like I expected. Ariel actually listens to me and Lilith already did. No problems there, I just have to work on a few things, like table manners with Ariel.

09-02-05

Well, I've decided what I'm going to do this Halloween. Probably not on the exact day, but somewhere near Halloween, Christopher, Patrick and I should take CCC's and go to a haunted house dressed up as Raoul Duke, Dr. Gonzo and Nixon. It would probably work best if Patrick was Duke and Christopher was Nixon, leaving Gonzo to me. We'll just strap a tape recorder to Patrick, accomplishing two things at once. I would like to be Duke, but I look way more like Dr. Gonzo anyway, and it just makes sense for Christopher to be Nixon, since Patrick is more likely to shave the top of his head. I guess Sharon could be Christina Ricci's character, since she'll have to be a designated sober person. I can't wait.

I had a pretty scary dream Tuesday night that we were going to the hospital and it had been torn down. I hope it isn't a premonition.

09-08-05

Apparently the band I met at the Elbow Bender a while back was so impressed with my production advice that they may want me to actually handle the

²⁰ he even thanked me for covering him up with a blanket, which I had only done to help cover up the smell

production myself. That would be awesome, but I need some money to buy an official copy of Cool Edit first, since my trial copy ran out and I don't think I can install it again. My basic idea is to really add a sub-bass element to the lower drums and bass guitar, while the rest of the guitars sort of swirl around the tracks like they're lost in the vacuum of space and the vocals have a straight forward feel, but probably with heavy distortion laid over them. Other than that, I'm not sure about samples and synths, I'd have to hear the tracks on a one at a time basis and add them to my discretion. Thus, I will take the death metal cookie cutter formula and add a synthesized space rock feel to it, like Slayer meets Meat Beat Manifesto. As long as they have a copy of the pre-mixed album with the different instruments and vocals separated so I can actually mix it all down myself, otherwise, I don't really have as much to work with, other than EQ'ing the whole thing. More on that as I find out.

Christopher moved out of his apartment today to go stay with Pappy. I guess this is a good move, since Freddy, his girlfriend and Ben pretty much trashed the place everyday while Christopher was at work. He claims that he wants to start over fresh on his own.²¹

I can't wait to start working on a new album of my own, but I have to be patient. Hopefully, Sharon will be getting some sort of high speed ISP in the near future, so that I can access more loops and samples. I don't really know where this one will be headed, I've already done the political album, the drug album, the religion album, the experimental techno album and the experimental hip-hop album and I don't want to repeat myself. I've tossed around a few ideas in my head, but nothing I really feel like doing as a VARN Industries project, like acoustica (which is something like the Prodigy unplugged,) a tribute album to the great white shark, or a tribute album to the Super Mario Bros. soundtracks. Those are all more projects I'd like to oversee as something various members of a record label would contribute to. I do want to go back and remaster some of my earlier recordings and maybe add a few elements to them, like orchestrated samples to Volume III. I still have to record vocals for the first three albums, too. All of this adds up to me being a little hesitant to starting yet another album, my sixth altogether. Plus, I still need to get copies of the loops I lost copying everything over to my new computer so that everything can at least be ready for vocals if necessary. Plus, there are a few tracks from each era, like the intro to Volume III or the cover of "In The Flesh" that need to be completed. I have a lot of work ahead of me, not including trying to get my shit together for the master plan with the hospital. At this point, I'm at Sharon's mercy when it comes to taking steps in that direction, since I have no money at all, and I need to make appointments to go make connections and I have no transportation and can't leave the kids alone anyway. Several people, including my dad, have showed an interest in helping

²¹ which he ended up doing by joining the U.S. Navy

make this happen in one aspect or another, but the final move is mine and I feel I'm running out of time. It won't be a catastrophe if I don't get the hospital, but it would make a huge dent in my plans to establish a multimedia company that will host a number of in house departments, like clothing and accessories, videos, possible video game development and, of course, the record label, which is why most likely the company will be called Beacon Meadows, Inc. instead of Beacon Meadows Records. I mention video game development because I have several ideas that I think could be successful in such ventures, like taking the basic idea laid out in the RPG Maker games Earl, Merle and I made, which is a series of mini-quests that sort of happen to this drug-dealer who turns out to be a half vampire and add a Drug Wars styled engine to the equation so that the drug market has an AI of sorts and keep the whole thing devoutly old-school in design. The story thus far in what we've made sorts of unfolds in three basic plot lines:

1. The game starts out much like "The Legend Of Zelda: A Link To The Past," with a guy waking up in his cottage and getting a small amount of money from a chest in the corner. He then proceeds to walk around the town of Daggerfall trying to score some reefer. Along the way, other people ask if you find any, to bring some back to them. You end up playing middle man for a local dealer in town, delivering to near-by towns, since he isn't allowed to leave due to a debt with the main crime boss in town named Jay, who runs a band of gangster pirates. After you sell your first large amount, you are invited to join Jay's Dealer's Guild, where upon you find out that Jay was raised by an Orcish chief whose tribe used to run the whole area that was once collectively referred to as Daggerfall, until a war with vampires left their forces severely crippled, allowing humans to come in and conquer them, banishing the Orcs and their Gnomish neighbors to a series of underground caves previously reserved for religious ceremonies. Jay takes control of the town to prevent further injustice towards the Orcs, who he owes his life to. The rest of this stoyline is kind of sketchy, but will mostly involve traveling around the world map in a global version of Drug Wars...

2. During your travels, you come across a strange monument which tells the story of the rise of the vampires and find out you yourself are half vampire from a local mage, who sends you to the demon world on the far side of the planet to learn the dark arts. More is revealed about the human take over of the Daggerfall region after the Orc/Vampire Wars. You learn of a maniac named Kefka who originally lead the human forces in and tried to integrate magic into his machines of war, before the locals threw him out and gave power over to Jay in one town and the imperial guards in another...

3. You learn from an Orcish sage underground that there are several Orcish forts left abandoned throughout the Beacon Meadows forests and upon investigating find a group of four time travelers from a distant future where marijuana has gone extinct occupying a few of them. You learn that only one of them remembers the code to activate the time machine, but refuses because "a world without pot is no world for me." That would be Christopher, Patrick and I live in Fort W.T. Edwards elsewhere in the forest, whom you must supply hallucinogens to before this plot unfolds further. After this, Patrick joins the party and you find Hippie living in the highest tree in the forest, accessible only though catacombs hidden by a magic spell in which three bushes must be set ablaze to reveal the stairway, much like in the original Zelda, which leads through the catacombs and up the trunk to a giant vegetable house, where Hippie reveals little except to get Christopher, who kicks you out and sends you back to me, who finally lets you know their situation in its entirety.

This is as far as we've gone so far, but there are also tons of scenes and quotes from movies and inside jokes to fill it out to about an hour and a half of gameplay. I want much more gameplay than that, mostly by padding it out with several more mini-quests aside from the three main plotlines, which should somehow all tie together in the end. The gameplay should be very similar to Final Fantasy VI, but with Diablo quality graphics, actual voices for dialogue and

a Beacon Meadows soundtrack. I can't imagine how there would be any battles, but if there were, they would also be styled after Final Fantasy VI, except with better graphics. So this all means no 3-D polygons, but high quality 2-D sprites. It would be nice for it to be released on Playstation, but who knows.²²

09-24-05

I had a crazy fucking dream last night. I was still a student at CHS and I was sitting in the auditorium, which was set up like a movie theatre and the place was packed with students. We were all watching a student's film, which was a cartoon about cloning Mickey and Minnie Mouse and taking over the world with their evil twins. About halfway through the movie, some dogs enter the room and sit down somewhere towards the middle of the seating area. When the movie is done, the student stands before the audience and what everyone thought were dogs, which are really sewn up dead dogs with robots inside, throw their heads back to reveal large guns and start wasting everyone. I am the only one to get away, but barely. Since no one else survived, at first the news doesn't know anything, but when they do, I'm branded a hero and use the opportunity to promote my music.²³

09-29-05

Wouldn't it be crazy if, like Tony Yayo, Tom got out and had a room at the hospital waiting for him? That would be fucking sweet.

09-30-05

Well, Sharon is supposedly going off with June tonight for a night on the town in celebration of her birthday, since Sharon turned 21 on Tuesday. I, of course, have mixed feelings on this matter. I don't want to tell Sharon she can't go out, that wouldn't be fair or just, but I just wish she could find friends more worthy of her attention than some alcoholic slut with no real concept of relationships. I'll admit she's been in a few that were serious for her, but in reality she was just playing the old high school relationship game, "Wanna go out with me? OK, then let's fuck as many chances as possible before we either get bored with each other or cheat on each other or both." And then she's crushed because she doesn't know what she did wrong. Maybe trying to build a friendship first and not just spread your legs to reveal what's behind door number 1 would be a better approach. Even though June has grown more sloppy in recent years, mostly due to her two vices, she still looks halfway attractive, so its not impossible for her to raise her standards out of the sewers and on to street level at least. Yes, there are guys looking for girls just like her, but almost all of those guys have already fucked her and passed her on to a friend anyway. Its time to re-evaluate the situation before she dies from her disgusting booze-drenched lifestyle. I'm not

²² if I ever met the right programmer, I'd still love to see this made into a real playable game

²³ all entries from my dream journal will appear in green text

saying if she cleaned up her act, she'd be any more fuckable in my eyes. My relationship with Sharon aside, just knowing how she's been living is a turnoff enough, and she's a big fan of country music and rodeos, which finalizes my already easy decision. Going down on a chick shouldn't bring to mind every other guy in town. What she needs to do is move far away and get back into school and meet someone who knows nothing about her horrible past and begin a new life somewhere else, far away from Sharon and I. Because ultimately she's dragging Sharon down into that sewer brothel she thrives in where its always happy hour. Sharon is so much better than that, its frustrating to see her regress into something so far behind her she shouldn't even be able to see it by now. But then, Sharon does keep a lot of things shady, so maybe I'm completely off and I'm the naive one. Better naive than completely miserable to be in a situation I have no intentions of stepping away from, no matter the cost to my personal emotional health. I've coped with misery for so long, its an old friend, always there when everyone else leaves.

I wrote Tom a letter yesterday after receiving his. I don't mind in the least writing him, regardless of how he ended up there, quite the opposite. He was under so many different influences at that time in his life, maybe this was the only way to escape that endless cycle that has all but swallowed Richy, Samantha and Randall, though Richy is the only other one I still have the slightest faith in surviving and making something of himself.

I decided yesterday that after Tom gets out, since Beacon Meadows should be well on its way by that time, I want to put him in charge of my Urban Warfare Department, which would be the hip-hop label I establish within the company by buying out other local hip-hop labels. I think that would be a nice gesture of goodwill and faith. Of course, as president, I get all the final decisions, but I would like to be able to oversee the thing as a whole and put people I trust in charge of the different departments. I haven't spoke to Victor in a long time, but I'd still like to put him in charge of the Visual Propaganda Department (art dept.). My ideas for departments are the Experimental Electronics Dept. (electronica label), Psychoactives Research Dept. (personal label for Christopher, Patrick and I), Computerized Stimuli Dept. (video games), Urban Warfare Dept. (hip-hop label) and Visual Propaganda Dept. (art dept.). I think the interesting names will help motivate the employees and signed artists into the mindset I'm in. This is not going to be a huge label that's going to be all over MTV or anything, we're fighting from the underground, not to overtake the mainstream, but to make a better underground, to show that anything is possible and this is my vision of what could be a very fertile artistic Garden of Eden, not to take the tried and true formulas and milk them, but to begin again from the very beginning and not eat the apple of commercial viability, but stay in the haven of the underground. Maybe it will become popular, but I'm no more likely to change in reaction than I am to blow myself away with a shotgun in reaction. Its self-destructive to say you don't want to be successful, but there's a difference between being a success and being a sell-out. Saying you're devoted to not being successful and then playing on Unplugged means someone is insincere. I have no problem with devoting an episode of Cribs to the hospital, but it would be to laugh in the face of a mother who on her way to taking Christopher to that very same hospital pointed out the detention center next door and said I would end up there.

10-09-05

Well, I had a really good birthday. Christopher, Patrick and I went to the hospital last night and had lots of fun. We took the bus out there, went up to the roof and hung out until eight o'clock, went down to Room 441, took the CCC's then wandered around the fourth floor and hung out on the roof. Just as we started feeling them, Christopher went to take a shit and Patrick puked, which made me

puke up all my CCC's, so I didn't trip for very long, but Christopher and Patrick did, so it was all good. We went back up to the roof and watched a helicopter fly around downtown with its spotlight on then it flew across the horizon past the hospital and disappeared down in some neighborhood at an obscenely low altitude. We also saw a bat. Then we wandered around the rest of the night, mostly on the fourth floor, with Christopher dancing around and cracking Patrick and I up and finally crashed out early in the morning. We got up and had a wake and bake in the Bubble Room, put two pot plants Christopher grew for my birthday in the courtyard, then went up to the fifth floor, down to the third floor, then took some pictures in Room 420 before catching a bus home. Unfortunately, the tape recorder's batteries died, so there is no tape this time except for maybe a few minutes. We got home and chilled until Daddy came to pick up Patrick, then Christopher and I went off with our mother to Sound Exchange and then to Chili's. I got Velvet Acid Christ's "Dial 8" single, "Remix Wars Strike 4: Velvet Acid Christ vs. Funker Vogt", The Prodigy's "Out Of Space" single and "The Matrix Revisited" on DVD.

10-12-05

I had a strange revelation that my hospital trips (pardon the pun) are in a way much like the Inferno. For a moment, disregarding my future intention with the building, realize that it is an abandoned building in a state of extreme disrepair and there are very few places where you can avoid realizing this, since almost every window is broken and even the fifth floor, though the least trashed, is far from sanitary or suitable for living in its current state. It's a filthy building with a creepy past and though the building itself is intact, its almost a tomb, containing memories of diseased and deceased, probably home to many homeless drug addicts and criminals throughout its years of disuse. Ironically, this is not a condemnation, since our very presence is a crime and excessive drug use is essential to the experience we have aimed to attain. Its just that, like Lucifer's transformation from a beautiful angel of God to his apparent fall from grace to the wretched beast he is now believed to be, the hospital has "seen better days." Its more a hellish abyss that a sanctuary for the ill. And yet, the most enchanting vision I have of this city is from within that building, looking out in a drug addled haze of hallucinations, my view of Heaven from Hell. But unlike in the Inferno, I don't plan to ascend to a higher plane, but would rather rule in Hell than serve in Heaven.

So is my goal to return the hospital to its former glory an analogy for the apocalypse and the rise of the Antichrist?

I know from experience very few people would want to put themselves through a mere night in that building, let alone under the influence of mind altering substances, since I've invited several people who normally have no problem doing drugs with me, yet decline from this adventure. There's just something subconsciously disturbing about the building that few people can handle. Sharon

had a panic attack when we took her inside to show her our room. She just got the overwhelming desire to get out and away. Now, she won't drive too near to the building, instead dropping us off from a safe distance in the HCC parking lot. Why is it that my brothers and I (along with Spanky and Tom, although both of whom I doubt really understand what happens to them, but are instead caught up in a sort of adrenaline rush euphoria) don't get this violent reaction like so many?

The answer seems almost too easy. Just like the three of us discovered the same means of mind expansion on our own, there must be something the three of us possess that predisposes us toward higher planes of thought, thus preventing us from experiencing superstitious "safety mechanisms" that most people's subconscious mind create to keep them from potentially harmful (actually, many situations we've experienced would be considered deadly) situations like tripping in an abandoned building without sober supervision (which we see as distraction from the truths that tripping reveal). So are we pursuing some masochistic exorcism to achieve some sort of enlightenment? Perhaps, but the end justifies the means and the means aren't that bad either.

10-13-05

I had a really cool dream last night. Sharon had just gotten home from work and the girls were taking their nap. Sharon could tell there was something on my mind. "What's wrong, baby," she inquired. "I got some life altering news today, Sharon. Do you remember the other day when I went up to the store to buy a pack of cigarettes? Well, I did something while I was up there that will probably affect the rest of our lives." Sharon looked at me, assuming the worst. "You know, not to change the subject, but someone won that \$80 million lottery this week," I said with a slight grin. "So, what does that have to do with anything, what did you do while you were gone?" I sighed, looked down at the ground and replied, "I bought the winning ticket! Tomorrow, I'm going up to claim the prize money with my dad and then I'm spending the rest of the week on a shopping spree. Next week, I'll be going down to HCC to buy the hospital. Everything is going to work out just right. What kind of car do you want?" Sharon couldn't believe what she was hearing, "Are you serious?" I showed her the ticket alongside a newspaper showing the winning numbers. "Dead serious Sharon." Sure enough, upon collecting the prize money, the first place I went was Sound Exchange, where I bought everything in the store I had ever wanted and what they didn't have, I ordered. The hospital was purchased and right before I woke up, was being restored.

I got to smoke out someone twice today. Earlier, after the girls had gone to sleep for the night, Deuce came by and smoked a joint with me while we listened to Beanie Segal, Linkin Park remixes, Danger Mouse's "Gray Album" and the "Blade Trinity" soundtrack. He's pretty fucking cool and he's into making music

and rapping.²⁵ Then, later, when Sharon got home from work, her friends who gave her a ride smoked a couple bowls with me and then Sharon went off to spend the night at their place. She's supposed to be home by 10:30am, but we'll see. I may go to Halloween Horror Nights with Christopher and Patrick Saturday night tripping on CCC's, they'll be rolling, Julia is supposed to be their designated sober person and Christopher is renting a hotel room to crash at afterwards if all goes well. Deuce may come along as well.

I guess I'm taking a little time off from recording right now to gather my thoughts for the new album. Right now, I'm not real sure where the new album is going. I can't think of any themes or ideas I want to portray at all and I'm not too sure where the musical direction will be headed either. I have been working on beats that are still a little hip-hop in nature, but Deuce said most would be hard to rap over, so I guess there are a little experimental sounding. I have a few new loops and samples, but only a short intro track has been made. It's an orchestral build to a 60's surf rock jam with a sample saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now bring you one of the greatest virtuosos of our time," only at two parts the track breaks down into a little programming trickery with the sample before an orchestral ending with the sample, "We've got something real special for you men out there," being played over it.²⁶ I was thinking about how to release The Hippie Archives, and I think as small hard back volumes every so often would be cool. The table of contents should have a column for little symbols to represent what altered our state of mind before each entry. I think the stuff from the trip log should be included as well. As a matter of fact, I'm going to put them in right now.

I started trying to go through and listen to all my CDs before Elly left and am only now almost done. I really liked all three CDs I got at Sound Exchange. I really want to get more Velvet Acid Christ. Right now, Laibach's "Opus Dei" is playing, followed by Killarmy's "Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars," Insane Clown Posse's "Riddle Box," the Geffen Records sampler "The Greatest ROCKshow On Earth" and TLC's "Crazy Sexy Cool." Good night.

10-20-05

I'm in a swamp climbing trees and wading through muck. In one tree I find a nest of stuff I need and eggs. I decide to take the eggs. It turns out they're baby roks. We refrigerate the ones that don't hatch and one by one they hatch, too. One eggs starts talking to me like a radio. I peel open the shell and find a hard boiled yolk with a pen in it. The baby roks look like rubber chew toys when they first hatch.

²⁵ Deuce would end up appearing on several VARN Industries tracks from around this time, all of which are included on VARN Industries Appendix A: 1999-2006

²⁶this track, "Opening Words", ended up on VARN Industries Appendix A: 1999-2006

I'm in Gaga and Pappy's old kitchen, my wrist slit. They wrap it up for me. A week later, they unwrap it and, like a new tooth, a new hand has pushed through. Mom plucks the decaying dead hand and it feels like a tooth being pulled. Later, I have to move a boat from the backyard, through the house, to the front yard. Chris refuses to help and Pat gets in the boat. I have to do it by myself. Every time I reach out, my skins pulls up like a shirt sleeve, revealing my insides. I lost feeling in my last three fingers. Pappy says its because tendons got pulled with the old hand.

It is really strange when I think back on my life. I usually only do so when I'm tripping, but for some reason, probably the roach I just smoked, I find myself doing just that. I realized last night just how extraordinary my life has been in comparison to most other people's. Two of Sharon's friends from work came by last night and smoked me out and I had an Olde English. While we were sitting around talking and later when we went outside for a cigarette, I started noticing how it might be a little hard for most people to really believe all the things that have happened in my life. Usually the people who come over are my friends, since Sharon's only friend until recently was June, and they pretty much know what they're getting into if they choose to hang out with me. These two were Sharon's friends though and had no fucking clue what they were in for, having only met me in passing up until last night. So I'm sitting there just talking casually about what is casual to me, but these two really opened my eyes as to how outrageous my life has become since middle school. Up until then, I had had no more than three friends in my life, never talked to anyone, never went anywhere and had no musical interests outside of the Eighties except classic rock. But then things changed. I decided to start a new life for myself. Barely anyone had known who I was, but all that was about to change. Pretty soon, not many people were ignorant of my existence, for better or worse. I started getting into hacking and newer music like Marilyn Manson. I think that was when I started doing extreme and outlandish things on an increasingly more regular basis. Things definitely started to take a more drastic turn after I started really doing drugs the summer before freshman year. First the coke, then acid and pills, but usually it wasn't just to kill time, since things were always interesting, just to take things to the next level. At some point by the end of my freshman year of high school, it must have become so commonplace that I barely noticed at all, except when other people outside of my circle of friends would react. Perhaps it was excess, but it didn't kill me. The coke and pills were definitely done in unsafe quantities, but by that time, it was for the sake of decadence. Reuniting with Joe might have had something to do with it, too. We were definitely an unstable element when put together, but I think we kept each other alive through it all. For sure, by the time decadence and depravity set in, the change was near complete, the only thing left was to view Heaven from the pits of Hell. That would have to be the first few months after moving out on my own up until my first apartment. If Joe was a catalyst then Sharon was the stabilizer. I had needed Joe's company to go out that far, now it was Sharon's turn to be there while I took it all in and figured

out what to do with all the knowledge and memories I had gained from it. Not that my life has become anymore "normal." At least not to those on the outside looking in, but it feels normal to me.

All this talk about the old days gave me the initiative to transfer the old files from my Mac Classic to this computer. Reading through the old journals was refreshing and entertaining. Things really have come a long way.

10-21-05

Deuce came by last night with half a blunt to smoke. We sat around for a while listening to Wu-Tang Clan and playing the Mario Bros. versus game in SMB3 before he went and got the other half of the blunt and drank a few beers. We must have spent at least two hours playing that game, just talking about how far video games have come and how old-school Mario was really about doing different types of drugs, at least until Mario 64, though Yoshi's Island: Super Mario World 2 came out first, so I guess even that could be considered the beginning of the end, since it had nothing to do with the Mario storyline as it had been, but instead said that when Mario was a baby, Yoshi took care of him.

"A long, long time ago... This is a story about baby Mario and Yoshi. A stork hurries across the dusky, pre-dawn sky. In his bill, he supports a pair of twins. Suddenly, a shadow appears in a gap between the clouds and races towards the stork with blinding speed. Snatching only one baby, the creature vanishes into the darkness from whence it came. The second baby falls undetected towards the open sea... Meanwhile, here is Yoshi's Island, home to all Yoshis. It's a lovely day and Yoshi is taking a walk. Suddenly, a baby drops in onto his back. The baby seems to be fine. This is very fortunate!"

Some Magikoopa named Kamek wanted to kidnap the Mario Bros. as infants, but only got Luigi, so he sent out toadies, koopa troopas with helicopter packs, to find baby Mario. Now, I don't know if or how they managed to get back to Brooklyn from Yoshi's Island since I never played through the game, but this is definitely the beginning of the end. Nintendo should have taken the game engine for Donkey Kong Country and instead stuck with Mario instead of recycling his oldest foe and making him a hero. Retarded storyline aside, the graphics were better in SMW2, but they were all kiddy looking, kind of numbing the effect of better graphics. If Nintendo had stuck with Mario as a 2D side scrolling adventure (but still released Super Mario RPG anyway), like Capcom did with Mega Man, instead of going into stupid storylines and the third dimension, Mario would still be at the very top, instead of strapping a water gun to his back to wash paint off of walls in what must be a low in Mario's career, Super Mario Sunshine. Not only does Mario abandon his choice drugs of the past but he fights a Koopa Kid never before shown, known as Koopa Jr. if I remember right, ignoring his supposed seven siblings existence (though I suspect Morton was adopted anyway) and the game also took on a candy raver style far removed from the good old days in the Mushroom Kingdom. I can logically come up with a timeline from Donkey Kong through Super Mario World, including Super Mario Land and Super Mario Land 2, but dismissing games like Mario's Missing. If you stick with the core games (Super Mario Land 3 was really a Wario spin-off), it is

easy to see that Mario was a plumber from Brooklyn working at a construction site when Donkey Kong happened. Donkey Kong Jr. should only be acknowledged if I was expanding into the pointless Donkey Kong Country series as a way for Donkey Kong to escape and begin a new life in Kong Country, which may be another parallel universe like the one where Mario ends up after the events of Mario Bros. I imagine that traveling from Brooklyn to the Mushroom Kingdom was similar to how it went down in the movie, while battling through an ever growing pipe maze in Mario Bros. they somehow crossed over into this new dimension. If this is the case, that alone proves SMW2 to be as pointless to the Mario canon as Mario Is Missing or Super Mario Kart. Back to the point, though. SMB-SMB3 is pretty self explanatory and linear, except I suspect Wart, the evil ruler of Sub-Con, the land of dreams, who looks strangely like a koopa, was working with or for Bowser, but when that failed, Bowser enlisted the help of his seven children to conquer not just the Mushroom Kingdom of SMB, but all the regions around it. So maybe while Mario was off in Sarasaland, Bowser took advantage of his absence to conquer the seven regions of the Mushroom Kingdom, since it would have never happened on Mario's watch. After these events, Mario must have been rewarded with a province of his own, which is what takes place in Super Mario Land 2 and introduces Wario, an evil Mario of sorts. This leads to an exhausted Mario and Co. taking their much needed vacation in Dinosaur Land. With the exception to Super Mario RPG, every other title Mario appeared in was of little consequence, if any. So it is apparent that SMW2 is simply outside the normal Mario timeline as set forth by Nintendo and logic from 1981-1991, Mario's golden decade before Nintendo sold out to 3D gaming and childish themes. To the best of my knowledge, here is a quick guide to Mario drug intake during those ten years, though really, the drug intake didn't even begin until his arrival in the Mushroom Kingdom in 1985. The Super Mushroom is the most obvious. Fire flowers are opium. The Super Stars are speed. The potions of SMB2 (US) are vials of acid. The frog suit represents the toads you lick to trip, while the raccoon leaves must be pot leaves, since flying takes you "higher." A few items are not so easily translated, such as the feather/cape combo or Yoshi, but the presence of other obvious drug references, like pipes and warp zones, along with the items already mentioned make for a very strong argument on Mario's drug habits. And let's not forget that he's the hero above all else, a sort of contemporary hippie working class hero. I wish someone would make an anime about seven or eight discs long telling the Mario Bros. story in the order I have it here, but also finally acknowledge the drug references. It could be done and would probably revive Mario from his career lows. Squaresoft learned the hard way, first by re-releasing the older Final Fantasy games a few years back and now by relying on Final Fantasy VII spin-offs to accomplish what FF8-10 didn't. You just can't dispute the timeless quality of a golden age video game. Its apparent when you go to a flea market and SNES games are priced higher than Nintendo 64 or Gamecube games.

Recovered more journal entries from between the second apartment and the

third, when I was living at Gaga & Pappy's, later at Earl and Merle's, and one from right after I moved in with Daddy for a few months, plus a few essays and chat logs. I'm not real sure, but I get the feeling that these are all my existing journal entries, everything that's happened since about a year before I moved in with Daddy during high school. I just wish I had kept a journal at the first apartment so I could get a more accurate glimpse into the past than tainted memories. An incredible amount has happened in the last seven years. Sometimes its hard for me to even believe it, except I can remember it all. I noticed that even though my drug intake was at its height during 1998-1999, there are very few references to drugs due to a fear at the time of my mother snooping through my entries. Interestingly enough, Sharon mentioned censoring her journal when she lived at home, too. Its too bad though.

10-24-05

Christopher came over Friday and stayed the night. We had a good few Olde Englishes and passed out some time before morning. Then Patrick came by for the weekend and we were going to all trip here Saturday night, but we never got the CCCs and Christopher left to go to a girl's house, so we just chilled and watched the "Chappelle Live At The Fillmore" DVD. Then Sunday we watched "Nausicaa Of The Valley Of The Wind" and "Spirited Away," both excellent Hayao Miyazaki animes. Patrick stayed again Sunday night and we tripped. Well, Patrick tripped. I was about to start tripping but Sharon kept playing Mario Paint and poking at me, so she ended up killing my trip. But I still stayed up with Patrick and had a good time wandering around the apartment complex early in the morning. Deuce came by yesterday and smoked Patrick and I out and watched a little of "Spirited Away," then Daddy came by to pick up Patrick. Sharon started her externship today. The girls are both doing fine. Ariel is getting better at listening and behaving in small steps, but at least there's finally some progress.

10-27-05

I finished listening to all my CDs about a week ago, so its time to start a new marathon. This one is the best chronological overview of industrial music I can do with my collection thus far. The playlist is as follows:

KMFDM - Opium; KMFDM - 84-86; KMFDM - What Do You Know Deutschland?; Laibach - Opus Dei; KMFDM - Don't Blow Your Top; Laibach - Let It Be; Nine Ince Nails - Pretty Hate Machine; Excessive Force - Conquer Your World; Nine Inch Nails - Broken; White Zombie - Nightcrawlers: The KMFDM Remixes; Pig - Praise The Lard; En Esch - Cheesy; KMFDM - Naïve (Hell To Go); Excessive Force - Gentle Death; KMFDM vs. Pig - Sin, Sex & Salvation; Nine Inch Nails - The Downward Spiral; KMFDM - Nihil; Rammstein - Herzeleid; KMFDM - Xtort; Pig - Sinsation; Skold - Skold; Pig - Wrecked; KMFDM - Symbols; Rammstein - Sehnsucht; KMFDM - Agogo; Rx (Ogre & Atkins) - Bedside Toxicology; Sow - Sck; Pig - Genuine American Monster; KMFDM - Adios; Pig & Spw - Je M'aime; MDFMK - MDFMK; Nine Inch Nails - The Fragile; Tweaker - The Attraction To All Things Uncertain; Schwein - Schweinstein; Slick Idiot - Dicknity; Ohgr - Welt; Rammstein - Mutter; Ohgr - Sunnypsyop; KMFDM - WWII; Slick Idiot - ReDickUlous; Rammstein - Reise Reise; Tweaker - 2 a.m. Wakeup Call; Slick Idiot - Screwitized; Nine Inch Nails - With Teeth

I have no clue how long it is going to take to listen to it all, but the fact that the

first three selections are KMFDM must prove that Sascha Konietzko is indeed the "father of industrial rock." Looking at this list makes me wish I had some blank CDs to burn a three disc industrial greatest hits. Oh, well.

10-28-05

Damn. I got faded as fuck last night. Jim came over last night with his sister and Josh with a bottle of Jack Daniels and later got some reefer. I don't even remember Sharon coming home last night and I woke up a little faded this morning.

Well, Deuce just left and Sharon got home and I'm feeling a lot better. Deuce smoked me out with a small blunt and I already had found a little reefer in my Sherlock pipe, which took the drunken feeling away. Jim also gave me a flannel and a bag of Sega Genesis games, but I still can't play them. "Praise The Lard" by Pig is currently playing, so I've made it to at least 1992 in the history of industrial music. I did take a break to listen to the Wu-Tang Clan greatest hits I had made a long time ago.

10-31-05

What a weekend. Thursday, Jim came by, then Friday night Christopher hung out, then Saturday, Patrick and I went with Jim to the beach then Sunday I went to a barbecue with Daddy to meet his new girlfriend and Christopher, Patrick and I got faded as fuck.

11-01-05

It was really hard to explain fully what happened this weekend yesterday, since I was really still recovering. Thursday night, Jim, his sister Chrissy and Josh came by with a bottle of Jack Daniels. Jim and I drank almost all of it without chaser while everyone was taking turns playing C-4 in Super Mario Bros.: The Lost Levels. I passed out shortly after Sharon got home, but I don't remember it. I woke up Friday and watched the girls and watched "Spirited Away" while my industrial marathon was playing in the background. Friday night, Christopher came over and I got Olde English for us while we played "Super Mario Bros.: The Lost Levels." Saturday, Christopher, Sharon, Lilith, Ariel and I got a ride from Aunt Robin to the Halloween dinner at Nana & Papa's. We did the pumpkin search and fish pond like usual and had an excellent chili dinner. Then Christopher went to Hallow-Scream at Busch Gardens while Patrick and I went to the beach with Jim, his sister Chrissy, his brother Travis and his wife. We had Jack Daniels and Captain Morgan and Patrick drank a mixture of the two while I killed a bunch of Jack and Cokes. We also smoked a bunch of hydro when we got there. Then, we crashed out at Chrissy's and got dropped off at my place in time to go to a barbecue at Tammy's, my dad's new girlfriend. Christopher, Patrick and I got Olde English, plus Jack Daniels, Jim Beam, Captain Morgan and Natural Light. We pretty much just stuck to ourselves at first, just getting crunk over in the corner and eating all the awesome shit our dad had grilled.

Then he smoked a joint with us and had already been drinking. So we chilled all day there then I crashed at Daddy's. Yesterday, Halloween, Christopher and I threw a little party with Jim, his girlfriend Kari, two of their friends, Devon and three of his friends and they drank all sorts of liquor like Everclear and Jack Daniels while I drank Olde English. We smoked a good bit of the reefer Sharon's mom left me when she picked up the girls Saturday. So now Christopher has left, the apartment is clean and I'm chilling waiting for the girls to get home. The chick that came with Devon introduced me to a genre of music called noize. It's like jungle meets industrial with screamed noises over it all, only its all done on Acid and a lot of the loops Christopher and I recognized. The band is called Lotus.

The girls are now asleep. Sharon's mom brought them by around 1:30pm and gave me a massive hydro bud after I took a little nap. Christopher came back, since he was planning on crashing at Daddy's for a little while before heading to Pappy's, but Daddy showed up and offered to let him sleep and then give him a ride to Pappy's, but Christopher was faded and wanted to hang out and left with Devon, Julia and Sandra only for the girls to go back to school so Devon dropped him off here. Deuce stopped by earlier and smoked a bowl with me, but I'm really just in chill and recovery mode since the last week has been more crazy than I've been used to for some time, but I had a lot of fun. Sunday also proved very well my theory that taking things to the limits is in our blood.

11-03-05

I just signed for Sharon's new radiator. I'm currently listening to Meat Beat Manifesto's "Original Fire" EP. I'm getting pretty high on some hydro Sharon's mom left me. I realized that it's been almost a month since the last Hippie Archive entry. I may just compose one tonight after the girls lay down. I'm really pleased I have this journal and the Hippie Archives. They do a pretty good job of documenting my life since middle school. One day, it'll all probably make a good book.

I really can't believe America is still "at War." We've already invaded and occupied Iraq and bombed the fuck out of or made contracts with all the surrounding countries. What more could W want? If I were a religious person, right now I'd be worried about my relocation to a higher plane, because these could be the "end times." Not that I'm worried about that. W gives you more than enough to be worried about than some old fuck in the sky's grudge against an ex-employee. Daddy says its the next Vietnam and I believe him. Thousands dead already and no sign of stopping. But, I guess we've always been at war with Eurasia, and with victory so near, why stop now?

11-04-05

Just found more journal entries from 1996-1997 last night and more from 2000-2001 this morning. Always interesting.

11-05-05

It is 8:10am in the morning and Jim and Josh just left. They got here a few hours ago with Sharon. She had gone out last night with June and Ryan to June and Rachel's new apartment where they were throwing a party. Supposedly, there were about ten or eleven chicks and two brought boyfriends. Sharon got really trashed and passed out in the shower and some water spilled over after the tub filled up. June and Rachel came in and started slapping the fuck out of Sharon and kicked her out, so Sharon had to walk from Hillsborough and Sligh to Florida Ave. and called Jim, who gave her a ride home. We played a little "Super Mario World" and Sharon crashed out. She claims that she called June and thanked her for the last four years, but told her never to call again. I hope this is the end of June as far I'm concerned.²⁷

The girls are up, they've already eaten and we are watching "Gungrave." So far, Lilith has watched and enjoyed "Outlaw Star," "Neon Genesis: Evangelion," "Rahxephon," "The Slayers," "Orphen," "Princess Mononoke," "Castle In The Sky," "Nausicaa Of The Valley Of The Wind" and "Spirited Away." I guess she just really likes anime. Hopefully, I get to hang out with the twins tonight. Sharon's car is running now and I need to at least drop off "Gungrave," but I'm sure that they would probably like "Nausicaa." That will be the second time that I've shown them an anime for the first time, out of the countless hundreds of times they've shown me a new one. They probably have the new "Samurai Champloo" now.

It is 9:14am. Christopher is over at Pappy's helping out with the yard sale and Patrick still hasn't showed up, so I don't really know what's going on today. Sharon is still sleeping, but I want to try and make it over to Pappy's to pick up Christopher and hang out for a while. Plus, it's Daddy's birthday, so if he does stop by, it would be nice for Christopher to be here. I can't wait until tax time. I should be getting a nice little chunk back, even if I don't get any of the money for Lilith and Ariel (even though I always have split the money with Sharon), and I really want to pick up a few CDs, DVDs and video games for the NES and SNES, especially "Super Mario RPG." I have it on an emulator, but it doesn't save right and a controller would be immensely easier. Hopefully, Christopher and I will beat "Final Fantasy Mystic Quest" today, leaving only three SNES games to beat since it was set up in the living room. So far, I've already beat all four games in "Super Mario All-Stars," "Super Mario World," "The Legend Of Zelda: A Link To The Past" and "Sim City," leaving "Final Fantasy VI," "Chrono Trigger" and "Lagoon," since my game collection is limited for SNES. As soon as I get a new cord, I want to plug in the Sega Genesis because Jim gave me "Mortal Kombat," "Road Rash 2," "Sonic The Hedgehog 2," "NBA Jam" for Genesis and I already had "Shining Force" for Genesis and "Lunar" for Sega

²⁷ this didn't last long, of course

CD. These games should be getting real cheap at flea markets, like Atari used to be before it became scarce. I'm really glad I started keeping a journal again, because it bums me out that I don't have journal entries from the first apartment or much of anything at all between just before moving out of Daddy's and just before moving out of the second apartment and not enough of the third and fourth apartments or living with Earl, Merle, Joe and Sharon. And every time I missed putting something in my journal after a hospital trip makes me want to kick myself.

11-07-05

Still no June as far as I know. All the better. Sharon has been hanging out with my friends again, making it easier in so many aspects, first of all being we get to see each other and spend time together, yet still hang out with friends. Jim came by Saturday and picked Christopher, Patrick and I up to hang out at his dad's. We just smoked, drank and listened to Patrick and Jim's dad jam out on an acoustic guitar. Then, a little after midnight, we came back here and hung out with Merle and watched "3X3 Eyes." Well, Christopher and Patrick did. I passed out from two Xanax Jim's dad had given me. Sunday was just chill time until Jim came back over with Jordan, Jordan's girlfriend, Travis, Josh, Kari and Eggroll and we drank and smoked a little. Then, when Jim and I headed out to pick up some reefer, Jim accidentally backed into the dealer's car out in the hood on the way out of the parking lot, so we hauled ass, but the mini-van couldn't outrun the rice burner that was chasing us, so he ended up going back and giving his information. Then we came back here, smoked, drank and played "Mortal Kombat."

So far this morning, I've had to clean up a mess in the bathroom, kitchen and bedroom. The girls got up real quiet this morning and pulled everything off the counter and out of the junk drawer in the kitchen, spilled out the bowl of bathroom shit on the back of the toilet and yesterday Ariel poured a bag of flour out in my room. But, its only 9:45am and all that, plus the dishes are done and the girls have already eaten breakfast and are playing with the blocks in their room.

I got three new CDs this weekend. Daddy got me a signed copy of "Twisted Metal" by The Blastmasters (the band from the Elbow Bender) and Christopher got "Stunt" by Barenaked Ladies and "It's In The Air" by Merl Saunders at the yardsales at Pappy's. I saw the soundtrack to "Saw 2" at K-Mart yesterday. It has a new remix of "Irresponsible Hate Anthem" by Marilyn Manson and "Rev. 22:20" by Puscifer, plus tracks by Skinny Puppy, Revolting Cocks (I think), Charlie Clouser and Mudvayne. Needless to say, I really want it.

11-08-05

Just woke up from a nice ass nap. Last night, Deuce's sort of step dad Ray was

locked out so I brought out a deck of cards and was playing Tonk²⁸ and taking shots of whiskey, so this morning I was still drunk as fuck. Sharon called in for her externship and let me rest and when the girl's took a nap, so did I. I had a crazy ass dream that I was at some new mall that was having a grand opening. I felt like I was tripping, but I was only stoned and people were changing into other people and some guy asked if I could get him the strongest liquor they had at some bar in the mall and handed me around seventy bucks and a dollar of South American money. I went into the place and they made the spiciest pizza by accident, so I left and went looking for a CD store. Christopher, Patrick and I were wandering around for a while before that and found a baseball field and all the chicks were hitting on me later in the day while I was looking for the CD store. The employee stairways were built real close together, so that you couldn't help but hit your head every time you went up one. I ran into Develyn and she told me I was getting fat. Of course, I woke up just before getting to the CD store.

11-09-05

Well, its just after midnight and I'm stoned to the bone. Deuce stopped by a little while ago and smoked me out while we played "Sonic The Hedgehog 2" and listened to Young Buck. Just chilling reading old journal entries from this year and listening to Super Mario and Sonic remixes while I wait for Sharon to get home. Monday was the one year anniversary of our first trip at the hospital and I didn't get to do much, but this weekend we're supposed to go with Spanky and do acid. I hope the hospital lets me trip this time, I had to sit out the last time. Its funny though, the hospital seems to keep someone level headed at all times by either having us start tripping at different times or keeping one person out all night. But when you do trip, its like the hospital is just a big antennae for all the tripping energy in the world, plus when we usually trip most people in America are asleep and dreaming.²⁹

About twelve hours have passed, the girls are asleep and I'm just about done with a Marilyn Manson marathon. I can't wait until taxes come so that I can get a few things. I need a microphone, something that I realized from reading old journals, has been eluding me for about five years. I also need some blank CDs and I'll probably spend the rest on CDs, DVDs and old video games. My computer has been crapping out lately. Every so often, the mouse goes out and I have to restart. Its getting to be a pain in the ass. I really need to get internet access, because I'm so out of the loop as to when new CDs are coming out and I'd like to update my album reviews. Next motherfucker gonna get my metal.³⁰

²⁸ a card game similar to rummy

²⁹ it is believed by those in the know that night tripping, when done right, can me much more productive than day tripping due to the immense amount of dreaming occurring simultaneously with a trip at it peak

³⁰ lyrics from Marilyn Manson's 1994 single "Lunchbox"

Dinner is almost ready and the girls are playing in the room. I was just thinking that since two Puscifer tracks have now been released as far as I know (there may be more) then maybe Maynard James Keenan and Danny Lohner are planning to release a full-length album.³¹ I really need to check out their website and see what's up. Maybe they have songs for download.

Its now 8:34pm, the girls have been asleep for an hour and I just finished talking to Carole outside. Apparently, someone in the complex accused her of hitting their car... it really doesn't matter, I don't even care enough to waste my time typing all the bullshit she told me. Who really cares if its true or not, it just doesn't affect me and she's always got some complaint that she feels I just must know about. In a way, I don't mind killing half an hour listening to her ever growing problems, but Jesus Christ, I really couldn't care less to be updated on trivial things. Plus, though she is a cool person and sometimes I can tolerate hanging out with her, she creeps me out. She reminds me of Debbie from the research place, because she isn't really more than about fifty, but she looks way older, like Debbie and just gives off this drug addict vibe, complete with back problems to justify it. Then there's the creepy vibe I get that she wants to fuck me, which wouldn't even happen if I was single. Frail old women with too many problems aren't my type. But, for whatever reason, I let her go into her pointless rants about easily fixed problems. I guess its because I don't want to appear rude since she's just an old lady, but where do you draw the line? If I hear the chimes on her door, I try to run inside to avoid her, but sometimes she comes to my door. I stopped letting her come in a long time ago, because she doesn't seem to notice that I have two girls to watch and doesn't seem to realize when its time to go. Also, for whatever reason, she avoids coming over when Sharon is here, which makes me look suspicious. The leasing office probably has it out for her like she claims, which gives me more reason to avoid her, because I don't need any trouble from anyone. Plus, she says things that really piss me off, like asking me if I feel like I'm tied down by having kids so young and always asking if I'm still working on my music like she's worried that I've lost all ambition. That's not to say I'm not content, but I do things on my own terms and if staying at home and working on my music as I feel like it doesn't mean anything other than I enjoy being here with the girls. If I'm happy where I'm at, it doesn't mean I don't want to go forward, I'm just happy. Isn't that what's really important in life anyway? I know Sharon doesn't like her and I'm starting to dislike her myself, but I just feel bad because her daughter and sort-of son-in-law don't really treat her very well, from what Carole says. But, who knows, maybe she is just trying to guilt trip me into listening. It just sucks that I have to deal with this at all. Its all Richy's fault, he's the one who was so worried about getting fucked up every two seconds and was searching everywhere and Carole was someone he found. I wouldn't really have gotten involved at all. I'm perfectly content with my routine

³¹ in 2007, Puscifer would release its debut album, "V" For Vagina

and don't really need any extraneous associations that don't really cause me anything but grief. I realize that I have said good things about her in past journal entries, but as time goes by, my patience grows thin for the attached bullshit. On a better note, Deuce just stopped by for a second and after he takes a shower, since he just got home from work, he's coming over to smoke a blunt with me. I finished the Manson marathon and jumped into a Maynard James Keenan marathon (A Perfect Circle, then Tool). After that, I'll probably start a Wu-Tang marathon. I kind of feel bad about saying Richy wanted to get fucked up all the time when he was here, because I was right there with him, but he's the one who went out to find it, where as I waited for it to find me, which it always does. Its just that maybe he went a little overboard for not being a Nalley brother. Its not that I don't respect Richy or feel he's less than family, but he's got a few issues still to deal with, like realizing he's very easily addicted to things. I can't tell you how long its been since I've done any blow or rolled and it doesn't really bother me, I don't need it and I certainly don't crave it. If I had to pick a vice, I'd say it was cigarettes and really its just difficult to quit while Sharon continues to smoke. I'd like for both of us to quit before the girls get much older. I'll probably continue to smoke reefer for years to come, if not all my life and I have no regrets admitting that, because I do it on my terms. I don't crave reefer or freak out if I don't get any, but its almost always there for me at little or no cost and if nothing else I've done in my life has killed me, reefer definitely won't do me any harm. While I'm thinking about it, I can't wait for Tom to get out. I truly miss his company and I'm sure when he gets out he's not going to clam up and stop hanging out with us, he'll just stay out of the stupid bullshit that seems to be tearing Sharon's family apart.

11-10-05

Well, its just after midnight and I'm stoned to the bone. Deuce stopped by a little while ago and smoked me out while we played Sonic The Hedgehog 2 and listened to Killarmy and Vanilla Ice. He suggested a few songs to slow down, so I compiled a slowed down mix CD comprising of:

1. Bo Hagon - Ménage À Trois Intro
2. Killarmy - Wake Up (Slow Version)
3. Wu-Tang Clan - Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthing Ta Fuck Wit (Slow Version)
4. The RZA - Fatal (Slow Version)
5. Prefuse 73 - Hide Ya Face (Slow Version)
6. Young Buck - Bang Bang (Slow Version)
7. Vanilla Ice - Roll 'Em Up (Slow Version)
8. Chris Rock - Let's Be Friends Interlude
9. Insane Clown Posse - Chicken Huntin' (Slaughter House Mix Slow Version)
10. Lil' Jon & The Eastside Boyz - Don't Fuck Wit Me (Slow Version)
11. MC Hawking - The Mighty Stephen Hawking (Slow Version)
12. The Crystal Method - Born Too Slow (Slow Version)
13. Aphex Twin - Milkman (Slow Version)
14. Aphex Twin - Ventolin (Marzavose Mix Edit Slow Version)

It contains my new favorite song, The Crystal Method's "Born Too Slow" slowed down to make it sound like a huge, incredibly gay man who can't sing wailing

along to a goofy ass beat.

11-11-05

Everything looks like its going according to plan to celebrate the one year anniversary tomorrow. I talked to Spanky and he's supposed to be getting twelve hits of acid. Then I called Christopher and Jim and let them know that everything is going as planned. Spanky is going to try to get Patrick and come over here today so we can get everything together, Christopher is going to take the bus out here after he's done working and Jim is coming over after he gets his Bill tattoo done. So far so good. In a way, I feel bad since I'm not really contributing anything but the hospital and I'm not real sure how much food we're going to manage to take and I have no clue if we'll even get any reefer, but I'll be happy taking water and acid, since there's no way we'll be eating while we're tripping and probably won't be hungry the next day.

Its 6:32pm and Lilith is eating her dinner. I tried getting Ariel up, but she's out for the count. Really, Lilith is in and out of consciousness herself while she's eating. I don't know why they'd be so tired but I had to at least try to feed them dinner. Nobody's gotten here yet and I'm not real sure why. Jim may still be getting his tattoo done, but Christopher should of been here a long time ago. He said it would take a little time since he was picking up some hydro for me, but that was hours ago. I just finished talking to Ray while I was having a cigarette and he said he's picking up an Olde English for me, so I guess I'll chill outside with him until someone shows up. But this really just proves my point from the other day, I don't need to worry about getting fucked up, it always seems to find me at no charge.

Its 8:11pm and I just got off the phone with Christopher. He's hanging out with Patrick and Spanky at Daddy's and has no ride out here. Apparently, Spanky is going back on his offer to buy the acid, so I have no idea what's going on. Why do I smell bullshit? I should have known something stupid would come up when it comes to getting acid. Its been years since I've actually seen someone pull through with some, but Spanky told me last weekend he was getting a big check and could get the acid and now he's telling Christopher he thought I was going to buy it. Everyone knows I don't work and couldn't even afford one hit of acid, let alone twelve. I'm guessing Christopher probably won't bring any hydro either, since Patrick probably smoked it all and then will come over tomorrow and complain that I don't have any. I remember when he used to skip school and hang out at my old apartment and I'd smoke him out all the time, even if it was the last of my reefer. Now, he's got serious connections, but rarely ever brings any with him, since its probably all gone by the time he gets here Saturday morning. I'm not real sure why Christopher would have stopped over there to begin with, knowing he had no ride. I really don't understand them. Christopher is probably just trying to get a piece of ass and decided to ditch me, like he always does when he has the slightest idea that he may be around a female.

Still no Jim either, so who knows how this weekend is going to end up. Its not looking good. Hopefully something big happens to redeem this failing weekend. I miss my old neighborhood.

11-12-05

Well, its midnight and nobody has showed up like they said they would. Its not even that they didn't come, but they shouldn't say they're coming over and then just not show. The only one who didn't say they were going to be here was Patrick. Spanky said he was going to try to find a ride, so I can even overlook his absence, but Christopher was supposed to take the bus straight here and Jim said he would stop by after he got Bill done. Am I just not as exciting as I used to be? I remember a time when people would show up at all hours just to hang out with me. What happened? Sharon should be here soon, so at least I'll have some company, even though she'll probably just pass out when she gets here. I'm going to see if she would mind picking up Earl or Merle tonight to hang out. I have really cut back a lot on smoking cigarettes. I'm down to one before noon and maybe three or four the rest of the day. That's a drastic cut from three years ago when I was smoking a pack or two a day and maybe a pack every two days only six months ago. I just realized I've been doing pretty good at not letting too much time go by between journal entries. I guess its from reading the older journals and wishing I had written more. I think I've written more in the last week than I did all of 1997 or 1998.

Sharon called, but Merle had gotten off work really early, so no Merle or Earl. Sharon went to bed after a quick round of "Sonic 2." This weekend really looks like its going to blow.

I woke sometime last night after having what would have been a nightmare, had I not thought it was such a cool idea. Sharon and I went to hang out with Jonathan Davis in some crazy ass house. There was massive reefer smoking on my part with a few of the other guests. Sharon passed out early on in the party. I started noticing he had all these dogs that were overly friendly. But then, Jonathan Davis was being a little too friendly with me, too. Everyone at the party kept getting offered ecstasy, but I didn't take any and Sharon was already asleep. Then, three of the chicks at the party asked who I wanted to take a shower with and I said all three, but before we had a chance to disrobe, their ride showed up, much to my dismay. Then Jonathan started walking around with ether, which was not only creepy but drove the dogs crazy. Sharon woke up and was ready to go, as was I by this point. But first, I wanted to say goodbye to the dude who had smoked me out and had passed out in the shower, but when we got in the bathroom, he wasn't there, just a pit-bull. Then it hit me, Jonathan Davis was turning his guests into dogs with ecstasy, so I poured the ether on him and locked him in a room with a bunch of "dogs" and left.

I'm attempting to let the girls nap in the same room, something that never worked

before, especially since stupid ass Elly wouldn't leave Ariel alone when she was supposed to be going to sleep, so Ariel would just cry. Hopefully it works, because I'm tired of Lilith turning my room upside-down everyday when she wakes up and I'm not into the "oh, poor baby, lets snuggle-buggle boobyboo, please go nighty-night." The girls seem to respond much better to, "its naptime, go lay down in your bed." I sure as fuck am glad Elly is gone. I really hope I never see her again, but I can promise she'll never stay in my home again.

I called Christopher up. They have to wait for Daddy to get back around 3:30pm or 4:00pm to get a ride out here. Still no word from Jon. The girls aren't doing very well in the same room, but its got to be done. Lilith can't sleep in my bed forever.

11-13-05

Its been a rough day and a half. Sharon got home and started doing everything she could to piss me off yesterday. She cleans up after the girls instead of making them clean up themselves and lets them eat wherever they please instead of at the dinner table, etc. So we got in a fight yesterday and she ended up smacking me across the face in front of the girls. I left, though and cooled down over at Deuce's drinking and smoking. Then, when I got back, I called Christopher to see what's going on, since they were supposed to be coming by so I could leave, and Sharon told them no one was welcome over. So, I ended up going to a free show with Jim and then came back here to chill. Now, since first thing this morning, even though I made her breakfast in bed, she's still doing nothing but talking shit, yet what pisses me off the most is I still have company who probably doesn't want to hear it. Apparently though, Sharon says I am a worthless piece of shit excuse for a father. Nice. Especially coming from the one who is at work all week while I'm here raising the girls. I have to stop typing now before I get really pissed off and go break something.

Well, its 5:35pm and everything is back to normal.³² Jim and Kari are still here, Sharon is making dinner and the girls are up. We've all just been chilling out, watched "Magical Mystery Tour" and "Half Baked." Now, I'm listening to "Horror Madness" as part of my soundtrack/compilation marathon.

11-14-05

Time to relay another crazy dream. I was hanging out at Chamberlain High School, only it was abandoned. Christopher, Patrick and I were doing our usual hospital routine there when some lady came and said the building was planned to be demolished. I told her my intentions to buy and renovate the building and then she saw that the main building was still very much intact and that maybe

³² I'm guessing "back to normal" means Sharon and I are again pretending we don't hate each other for the sake of the girls and guests

she, the owner of the building, may just use it for another school year. We insisted that it was in no condition to be used as is, but she wouldn't budge. Soon, Mr. Washington and his assistant principal Mr. B (my assistant manager from Walgreens) were there, looking over everything and backed me up on my claims, so the building was handed over. A huge party followed, with my music being played over the intercom. I was passing out mad amounts of alcohol out of my backpack and smoking a blunt walking down the 100 Hall. I had already settled in the main office, using it as my office space and hundreds were roaming around enjoying themselves. I started taking the trophies on display at the entrance and passing those out to people I knew, including Andy Dick, who got a Captain Kirk trophy. I remember planning on selling all the open area in the back, including where portables were and ball fields were as lots for future houses to be built.

Deuce came by shortly before dinner so that I could burn him a CD of slowed down songs. While we were slowing down songs and burning the disc, we smoked a blunt and played "Sonic 2." He gave me a blank CD as well, so I burnt 1337 Vol. IX³³, since I was in desperate need of a new back-up. Now I'm listening to all the songs I've slowed down. I now have enough for three discs.

11-15-05

Deuce came back by shortly after Sharon got home from work and we smoked a few bowls before I laid down. It is now 12:35pm in the afternoon, Sharon is out getting groceries, the girls are watching "Yellow Submarine" and I've just gotten to "Resident Evil" in the soundtrack/compilation marathon.

I have a roach left over from last night and a little resin I just scraped up and Ray is supposed to be coming by in a little bit to smoke it with me. This week feels pretty strange. I didn't really do all that much this last weekend, so I guess it just doesn't feel like I started the week yet. Hopefully, this weekend will be better. Earl and Merle pre-ordered the X-Box 360 and should be getting it this weekend, so I'll probably go over there, unless Merle comes over here, which he said he would, but I don't really see him missing out on the first weekend of 360 action.

11-16-05

Its a little after midnight. Deuce stopped by a little while ago to see if his microphone worked on my computer, which it does. He recorded a few freestyles to test it, but doesn't want to use them for anything, so I figured I might as well see what I could do. I ended up splicing parts of four of the six into "Pappy On Piano (Peace With Honor)" and it works quite well, since in the second verse, he actually refers to Nixon.

³³ a series of back-up CDs I made

Sharon just got back from the store with a little surprise for me. She picked up the "Saw II" soundtrack for me. Its awesome. Not only do the two tracks I wanted to hear most (Marilyn Manson and Puscifer) rock, but both are actually remixes by Danny Lohner, Charlie Clouser and Joshua Eustis, with help on the Manson track by Wes Borland and help on the Puscifer track by Maynard James Keenan. The rest of the album rocks as well. The girls got up shortly after Sharon got here, though neither really took a nap. Ariel spent her naptime painting a stuffed animal dog (which she insists on calling a monkey) with shit, so to the garbage it went. All things considered, it wasn't all that bad of a mess compared to previous shit paintings she's made.³⁴

11-17-05

I had a weird dream last night that I only partially remember. Something about chilling at Adams Middle School doing tons of acid and then punching out Carole from upstairs before going on the run from the cops.

Sharon just left for work, the girls are asleep, I'm listening to the "Underworld" soundtrack and Deuce is supposed to be coming by shortly to record some more and smoke. Late last night, I mixed another one of Deuce's freestyles into "The Night Oscar Came Over." He already stopped by earlier for a second to hear the two tracks he's on, which he liked and told me he'd be by later. I hope he'll let me use his microphone this weekend so that I can have Patrick record the vocals for at least 1984 soundtrack.

11-18-05

Now this is how you start a weekend. Sharon's mom came by to pick up the girls for the weekend. While she was here, we smoked some hydro and then she gave me a quarter of regs. I already smoked a bowl with Ray, who Sharon is now giving a ride to the store. While she's there, she's picking up a watermelon wrap, so when Deuce gets home, he, Ray and I can smoke a blunt before Sharon and I go see a movie. Nicely done.

11-19-05

I went over to Earl & Merle's last night and crashed with Sharon. We rented "Charlie & The Chocolate Factory" and "Castle In The Sky." We liked them both. Smoked a good bit of reefer, both mine and some crip they had gotten. Rob³⁵ and his girlfriend were there and a few other people stopped by a little at a time. Earl spent the entire time playing "Worlds Of Warcraft." We also watched some Coheed And Cambria videos. Now I'm back at the apartment waiting for Deuce to stop by so we can smoke that blunt and waiting to see if Christopher and Patrick are going to show up.

³⁴ it was very common for me to have to clean up lots of shit every day after Ariel's nap

³⁵ Robert Brewer, who was brutally murdered in 2010

I think it would be cool to produce a gothic-industrial/electronic tribute to Britney Spears for Beacon Meadows.

11-20-05

Patrick did show up. Then Jim, Travis, their sister and Josh came over. They gave Sharon, Patrick and I each one hit of acid via a single laced frosted mini-wheat a piece. We then went over to her apartment and started watching The Wall. At this point, Patrick is wearing my crazy flower jacket playing on this keyboard in the background.³⁶ We told Patrick to stop playing and muted "The Wall" and started playing CDs. This made Patrick go crazy for about three hours, tripping hardcore. He was yelling out random words, throwing things and running around laughing, claiming he was in control of it all. We had to let him trip all by himself in a room full of Legos. I was tripping pretty hard myself, but not too many memories of particulars. Then, we all came back here and went to bed. I gave Sharon a good six hour massage before Christopher showed up. Sharon and I then left shortly after to pick up the girls and I met Tony, Sharon's uncle that looks like Tommy Chong. He smoked me out and sent me home with a nice big bud of hydro. Then Deuce came by and smoked regs with Christopher and I, but Patrick didn't want to smoke.

11-21-05

Deuce stopped by after lunch and smoked me out with a little bit of reefer that I had given Ray, then we both threw in some for a joint. He's supposed to stop by sometime tonight to smoke a little bit of hydro and lay down some new tracks. Its already 9:23pm, so I'm sure if he's coming, it won't be much longer. I'm content smoking this bowl I packed of hydro anyway. I'll finish this, then pack one more when Deuce gets here and finish off the last of the rags. Grant is buying two hits of acid from Jim right now. He said if he gets reefer, he'll call me up.

I finally started on my new album. The official title will be "Volume VI: Bite-Size Portions." It'll be a disc composed entirely of tracks under a minute long. I already had an intro track ("Opening Words"), I replaced the Volume IV outtake "Murderdeathkill" with Ricky's remix of "Apples" on the "Pappy On Piano" single, Patrick already had two unreleased remixes from 1984 Soundtrack, I recently covered the main title from Jaws and I recently recorded "Countdown" and "Wit' My Damn Crew." All six tracks are under one minute each. "Jaws Main Title" was originally mastered at 120bpm, but I had to speed it up to 135bpm due to the time restriction. I recorded "Countdown" yesterday in an attempt at an electro-dada update on old school industrial dance. "Wit' My Damn Crew" was recorded today using Deuce's 11:14pm Freestyle, pt. 2 from 11-15-05 and a highly edited

³⁶ much later, Patrick would end up in possession of this keyboard, which he first played his first time on LSD, it was used on several Patrick's Spy Kit and VARN Industries tracks

version of what I intended to be a cover of Brittany Spears "Toxic." I cut the main beat and synths to the appropriate length, added the extra drum tracks, slowed the synths down and changed the bass. Its still a little jazzy to me, but also one of my stabs at something a little Prefuse 73 yet still very electro-dada. I guess my main influence on this album is probably going to be the main bulk of Patrick's songs that are under a minute long, but also THC, LSD, Deuce, KMFDM, Laibach, Prefuse 73 and John Williams so far. I hope Deuce records a few more freestyles that I can use. I just added some new orchestrations in the background of "Muderdeathkill" to fill out the sound a little bit, since there's not much time to get too much in. In retrospect, most of the Volume IV tracks were a little skeletal sounding. I just finished "Rock On Lilith," using the Masterbeats, a sample of Lilith, and a couple "Private Parts" samples with orchestration in the background.³⁷

11-22-05

I can't believe it, but I found a Hippie Archive entry from the first time I tripped on CCCs at the old apartment with Christopher and Patrick when the whole "Timekeeper" incident went down.

11-23-05

Christopher bought six hits of acid from Josh yesterday for \$50 with the intention of tripping with Julia and selling the other four at \$15 a piece. I was supposed to call him last night, but Deuce stopped by for a couple hours and by the time he left, I was too stoned to stay awake until Sharon got home. Deuce didn't even record any freestyles since he was so stoned. I still have a little hydro left, but I hope he comes by today to lay down some tracks before we smoke, so that if there is anything he doesn't want to use, either Christopher, Patrick or I can use it.

Just chilling here with Deuce. We're listening to an instrumental version of Lil' Scrappy's "No Problem."

11-24-05

Its now 1:00am in the morning. Deuce just left after working on some vocals for that Lil' Scrappy track. We smoked the last of my hydro and a blunt while he drank Bacardi and Red Bull and I drank Olde English. He recorded one freestyle before moving on to the Lil' Scrappy track. I have the alternate takes saved somewhere for reference, but the actual files are still in the Acid folder. I told him I wouldn't used the alternate takes, which I won't. The freestyle, however, I am allowed to use and I think its just about the right length.

³⁷ this album was cancelled in favor of a covers album and the tracks were collected on VARN Industries: Appendix A: 1999-2006

11-25-05

Deuce stopped by again last night, but only wrote the second verse. Patrick, however, did record vocals for "Cast Silver"³⁸ after we got back from Nana and Papa's for Thanksgiving. I am now getting ready to go over to my mother's with Christopher, Patrick and the girls. Sharon gets to ditch for work. I have smoked a bowl though to try to relieve some of the stress involved with such affairs. I would have smoked the bowl even if I wasn't going, but it would have been a bigger bowl.

I just got back from my mother's. It wasn't too bad. Pappy brought two ladies from the park with him and Christopher and Patrick showed up later, but before the girls got there. John ended up giving me a computer. I'm now waiting for Deuce to stop by so we can get some work done on this track.

11-27-05

Deuce did come by, two nights in a row, but we didn't end up recording anything. Christopher and Patrick went over to Julia's place Friday night and showed up early Saturday morning. Sharon had to go to her externship, so we stayed here and watched the girls and Patrick worked on some new tracks for "bffForever." I worked on the ending for "Fuunky Mmonky" and Christopher and Patrick finished their remix of "Untitled3." Later in the day, Ray gave me a little reefer, but when he saw Christopher and Patrick were here, he sent them to the store to buy a blunt and when they got back he gave us some more so we could all get stoned. Deuce stopped by after Christopher and Patrick fell asleep to record something, but didn't want to disturb them, so we just smoked a blunt, which Patrick magically woke up to take a couple tokes of. Today, Sharon watched the girls for the first half of the day while Christopher, Patrick and I hung out then she took Lilith with her to visit Tom. When the visit was over, she went to the store and then brought Lilith back and went over to my mother's to pick something up and has yet to return. The girls are now asleep, Daddy picked up Patrick and Jim picked up Christopher to play football. Deuce said he may stop by sometime tonight to record that second verse and maybe start on a new track. That computer John sent over, a Mac Performa 6300, is working out pretty good. I've installed a shitload of games to try to keep people off my other computer and so far its working.

11-29-05

Samantha stopped by out of the blue with some new boyfriend that she's going to be with forever, or so the story goes, and her son. It pisses me off that Samantha thinks she has any right to explain parenting to me. I don't tell a doctor how to perform surgery because I've never been a doctor. She was only here for a minute anyway. After that, I went back to doing normal parent things,

³⁸ a VARN Industries cover of a Lawnboy track, which appears on VARN Industries: The Proles

like changing diapers, making dinner and watching some cartoons with the girls, things Samantha knows nothing about.

I was just outside having a cigarette when Deuce pulled up. He was supposed to stop by yesterday to finally record that second verse, but I passed out and apparently he did, too. He said he was going to get cleaned up and come over.

The girls successfully slept in the same room last night for the first time and I'm attempting to do the same tonight. Christopher was here until just before Sharon left for work, since its been raining and he can't work and doesn't want to wait for the bus in the rain. He has been working on a remix of "The Thrillseekers" for the new album and I like how it sounds. Christopher and Patrick are definitely developing very distinct styles as time goes by, Christopher's very beat oriented and Patrick's very... hard to explain, just unique in a very good way.

Someone just called while I was on the phone with Christopher and let me know I needed to watch my back because he was coming for me and hung up. The dumbass forgot to block his number though, which is (813) [REDACTED]-[REDACTED]. Pappy is currently checking to see if he can pull up a name for the number online. I called the number and its where Samantha's friend Jayla (I have no idea how to spell her name) lives and the guy claims to be Ariel's father, but who really knows. Last I checked, Ariel calls me Daddy.

It is now 11:00pm. Jim stopped by for a little while around 7:30pm. We pretty much just listened to music while Jim played "Shining Force" on the Sega. Deuce stopped by shortly before he left to work on some music. After Jim left at 10:00pm, we spent a good hour finishing up that Lil' Scrappy track and recorded a short piece, maybe the hook, to Beezel's "Giant."

11-30-05

Sharon didn't go to her externship or work today. Instead, we went out to her Uncle Tony's because her mother and Sherrie are moving back to Mississippi tomorrow. After spending time out there, all of which is on a new roll of film we just dropped off while picking up the hospital pictures from my birthday. We also picked up holiday dresses for the girls. The hospital pictures reminded me that Christopher and Patrick took turns wearing a goofy pair of dolphin-shaped swimming goggles all night. There was also a picture of Lilith, a picture from 10-15-05 when Christopher, Patrick, Spanky and Julia rolled at Hallow-Scream and then stopped by for a little bit and a picture from Halloween at Nana & Papa's.

I need to go back through my hospital tapes and find some skits from 04-16-05, 06-11-05 and 08-13-05. I think I'll include live versions of "Society Is Fucked: undated" by Patrick and "The Stairs: undated" by me and "We're Back At The Hospital" from 03-19-05 on the "Make Way For Willy" single, plus one skit from 04-16-05, then include a live version of "Society Is Fucked: undated" by Hippie from 06-11-05 and one skit from 08-13-05, plus "The Sound Of Inevitability" from

10-08-05 on the "Pappy On Piano" single. That should wrap up the Volume V series, which would then best represent our first year tripping at the hospital and completely freeing me to focus on Volume VI stuff. I really am glad that my brothers and I got to go to the hospital for a year. Hopefully everything I plan involving the hospital will come through, but if nothing else, at least we have a year's worth of memories and plenty of documented reminders (i.e. tapes, photos, journal entries, etc.) to fall back on. I think out of all the album I've worked on so far, Volume III and Volume V are the most personal, though in two completely different ways.

Sharon and I had another conversation about abstract mathematics, science and time travel. Such conversations make me feel overly self-critical. I don't like thinking about impossibilities because they only prove that impossibilities are only impossible by more powerful or overwhelming elements. That's why I hate absolute zero, plasma and imaginary numbers.

12-01-05

To elaborate on last night's conversation, since I was a little drunk from an Olde English and didn't really get into too many specifics, I finally talked to Sharon about time travel and how I am on the watch for a future self in my present time. This got explaining how its really hard to be certain, since if I figured it out now, I would know in the future, thus giving my future self the knowledge to prevent discovery. That is unless new time lines are spawned with each instance of time travel, in which the second I showed up in the past, that future would no longer be possible. That created a long conversation about how I hate how you're taught for so long that you can't go below zero until they feel its ok to teach you about negative numbers. Then you're taught that square roots of negative numbers are impossible until they feel its ok to teach you about imaginary numbers. Or how you're taught that there are only three states of matter until they feel its ok to teach you about plasma. Or how you're taught that matter is in constant motion until they feel its ok to teach you about absolute zero and superconductors. Its almost as if the pursuit of knowledge is pointless, since, like religion, when something is currently unexplainable they just make something up to fill in the gaps. All I know is that time travel must be possible and that since it must be possible, the universe is infinite, because otherwise it would cease to exist from someone traveling to another time and their matter filling up unavailable space causing the universe to expand beyond its capabilities. I try not to think about these things too consciously, since its just a vicious cycle that will forever create new questions.

Deuce stopped by again today to record the first verse and part of the second for the Beezel beat. Everything is shaping up nicely. He told me he wants to do a seven to eleven track mixtape-styled promo to hand out at clubs. I just hope he doesn't forget me if he gets to fame and fortune before me.

Jim just stopped by, but turned around and left to pick me up a dime and a blunt. I hope he gets a good flavor.

12-02-05

Jim got back last night with an alright dime and a banana blunt. We smoked the blunt and then a couple bowls before watching the first half of "Mallrats." Then they left and I finished the movie and waited for Sharon and went to bed. My mother is supposed to be coming by tonight to hang out for a little while. She might want to take us back over to her place, but I'm not sure that will be such a good idea since she won't even be able to come over until half an hour before the girls go to sleep. Tomorrow, she's coming over again to take the girls to Santa Fest. Tomorrow night, Christopher, Patrick and I may go to the hospital. It'll be just like when we first started going last winter: cold.

12-03-05

Deuce stopped by yesterday around lunch time and finished the Beezel track. After he left, we all went to Citrus Park Mall to have the girls Christmas pictures taken. While we were waiting for our turn, we went and did a couple surveys at Heakin. After the pictures were taken, we went to pick up tickets for the Genitorturers show next weekend and I bought an Obie Trice single with my survey money.³⁹ After leaving the mall, we stopped by Pappy's so he could see the girls, then headed down to my mother's, where we stayed until around eleven.

Sharon just got home from her externship, the girls are sleeping and we're debating whether or not to go to Santa Fest. Christopher and Patrick were supposed to meet our mother first thing this morning to go, but instead went over to Julia's last night and are still there now. I'm pretty sure they rolled. I sent Christopher the following text-message after hanging up on him:

"Its nice 2 c u guys have your priorities straight. Sluts before family, right? I'm tryin 2 do the right thing & u guys shit on me 4 a cocktease. Thanx a lot pals."

Followed by this one later:

"4get about WT 2night. When I know 4 sure u guys r goin 2 show up we'll go. I'll be here if u feel like hangin out. Otherwise, have fun with S-Lo. Choo choo guys."

Needless to say, I've had it with this Julia shit and I'm not real pleased with my brothers right now.

12-04-05

The girls took a late nap, so we didn't end up going to Santa Fest. Deuce came

³⁹ the market research firm I used to work for is in the mall and pays for your opinions

by last night to finish his third track, which uses an instrumental version of Petey Pablo, Magic & Roy Jones's "Movin'." He recently stopped smoking for football, but we still drank a little while we were working on the music. He had Bacardi and Red Bull while I had an Olde English. After he left, Merle came over for the night and we watched a cool ass movie called "Frailty." He slept most of today, only getting up to finish watching "Star Wars Episode III" with us, which he also brought. He ended up letting me hold on to the X-Box, since my DVD player isn't working. My brothers never did show up and Josh told me he sold them two hits of acid Friday, so I guess they decided to troll with Julia instead of going to the hospital. Their loss.

12-06-05

Deuce just stopped by for a second to have me mix the third track. I guess I forgot to do it before burning him a CD to play for his friends. Whoops. Its all done now though.

12-07-05

Sharon came home yesterday a few hours early from work. Apparently, after being fired, she had an asthma attack, then picked up a car part and went over to Nana & Papa's. She claims that she'll just finish her externship faster and then work there full-time. After her externship today, she's going to go to DCF to finally straighten everything out with Ariel's case and get the food stamps and cash benefits that we were promised months ago when Ariel came into our care. Not that those were factors in us taking her, but we need it, now more than ever.

In my mind, Sharon's only ambition is to get a degree and find a high paying job. I have higher ambitions than that, so why not let Sharon focus on her goals and me on mine? Because Sharon will never have enough, her thirst for money is beyond quenching. I'm not saying that's bad, if she didn't have that sort of drive, I would have had to go back to the mind numbing world of employment much sooner. The positive side to all this is that Sharon won't have to work at Stream anymore, where she was unhappy, and she won't be gone all week with work and externship. The negative is that, although Sharon claims otherwise, I'm not sure how we're going to pay for rent this month and next with one less check and the waiting period before her first check at her new job. Luckily, Christmas is paid for, as are our tickets to the Genitorturers show this weekend. Sharon had suggested getting acid for the show, but I didn't think that was such a good idea for several reasons. First, there are a lot of people and a lot of energy at shows like that, which could freak someone out. Second, acid lasts much longer than a show, so we wouldn't be able to drive home. Third, I don't like Sharon to get so fucked up around other people. Its a hard balancing act between trust and distrust with her. My heart tells me she wouldn't cheat on me, sober or not, but my brain keeps bringing up questions and pointing out inconsistencies. Its the same old question of whether to just go ahead and believe her without question or live miserable with doubts, since leaving her has never been an option I'm

willing to consider.⁴⁰

Perhaps that's my downfall though. She probably knows I won't leave her or cheat on her for fear of her leaving me, so she figures that she can pretty much get away with whatever she wants as long as I don't see it firsthand. Further proof of this is her continued denial of cheating on me with Bobby, even though that was years ago. She says I should just let it go, but its not the act that bothers me anymore, just the survival of the lie. I doubt if I'll ever believe her story on that issue. No logical mind would. It seems pretty far fetched that she made up a few journal entries about cheating on me with Bobby to hurt me for what I did to her, since the entries were dated before that incident and when I confronted Bobby about it, he relayed the story almost exactly as the journal had without ever seeing it. Then there's the admitted act of making out with him twice, which seems to make Bobby a poor choice for the journal's target if there was in fact other incidents which she would have wanted to keep a secret. The worst part of the whole thing is that in the journal, she considered leaving me for Bobby until he basically informed her, "I'm not in love, but I'm gonna fuck you until someone better comes along." More than anything, I worry that the foundation of our relationship is weak, since the first six months of our relationship were plagued by not only by this incident and my own act of infidelity, but also the ever-present shadow of Sharon's relationship with Red, who six months into our relationship she still said she loved and wanted nothing more than his forgiveness and acceptance. I know now that when she fucked him on Sept. 11th, it wasn't a farewell fuck, but a what if fuck, an attempt to leave me to the side for her real love. Its sad for me to think that, though I loved her from the beginning, it took her almost year to really love me and let the past die. I don't regret being with Sharon, I'm thankful for it, but I know that I'm not getting what I deserve from her, that being complete honesty and devotion. But at least she's more honest and devoted than when we got together.

I had another one of those dreams last night. I was much younger and living in some apartment on the second floor that was a three room version of this apartment with my brothers, John and I would assume my mother, Jennifer and John Paul, though they weren't in the dream. I was waiting for a girl I knew in elementary school named Allison to come over, but slept in and when I woke up, she had come and gone. I was in Christopher and Patrick's room playing a Super Mario Bros. game that unfortunately I only vaguely remember. I know it had the number two in the title and that it had SNES quality graphics and that one of the power-ups was something that resembled an eggplant that caused rabbit ears to grow from Mario's hat and he was then was able to spit out three bubbles at a time out of his mouth to attack foes and float for short distances.

⁴⁰ these sort of thoughts would plague me throughout the remaining years of the relationship until I was finally asked to leave so someone else she had been seeing could move in

Just as Mario's outfit changes to reflect other power-ups, it changed to a black and purple theme for this power-up. There were other power-ups, but I can't remember them. I went outside after finding out Christopher and Patrick had left for Daddy's. I went up the stairs, which were lit by orange Christmas lights, to retrieve my baseball bat and another blunt object. I kept the bat and gave the other to the guy, who waited around a corner. A dream I had previous to this one last night I only remember very vaguely as taking place at Chamberlain and Joe and I were hiding from the authorities in a bathroom that was far beyond repair. I remember that there was drug use and a female, but I can't remember any details.

I feel something rising up inside of me. I can't fully comprehend what it is yet, but I know it is something powerful and new. Perhaps it is just a renewed energy within me, but it feels like a slow explosion that is increasingly testing my limits or expanding them. I know I am destined for great things. I am not ashamed to admit this. I embrace it. I am almost completely MAN3 now in all but name. The only evidence I need of this is my journals entries from several years ago when I first said I felt it taking over. Compare that eager weakling with my current self. I am the eternal work in progress. It is no mere coincidence that I was born at 4:20 (Central Time) on John Lennon's birthday. I know now that my purpose is to forever transcribe the realities beyond reality that are received in my mind. My brother's have the gift as well, but to lesser degrees for reasons both within and beyond their control. I merely have the advantage of both genetic and cosmic predisposition. It is completely within the realm of logic to come to the conclusion that my brothers and I are prophets of a sorts. Not in any religious context, of course. Humanity will sooner or later realize that religion is only a necessity of the weak and weak-minded. I speak of a higher cause than some god. Imagination is the greatest power in the universe, not the gods of man. Of course, the universe is without end. But so are the possible numbers between zero and one. Its just that some infinities are greater than others.

12-08-05

Sharon took back "Charlie And The Chocolate Factory" and "Castle In The Sky" last night and picked up "The Devil's Rejects" and "The Cat Returns." We watched "The Devil's Rejects" last night after the girls went to bed and I watched "The Cat Returns" this morning with the girls after Sharon left. I had already seen "The Devil's Rejects" before and liked it and "The Cat Returns" was really good. I would really like to get all Studio Ghibli's films on DVD.

I started trying to go through and listen to all my CDs again about halfway through last month. Right now, Godhead's "Power Tool Stigmata" is playing, followed by Guns n' Roses's "Appetite For Destruction," GZA's "Beneath The Surface," Genitorturers's "Sin City" and The Beatles's "Fly On The Wall." I've also been reading "Do What Thou Wilt - A Life Of Aleister Cowley" by Lawrence Sutin. It is an exceptionally interesting book.

I like the idea that this journal, along with the Hippie Archive and my photo collections, is a time capsule. So I figure I'll record a list of my CD collection thus far to give a glimpse of my overall musical tastes up to this point and then just record every time I buy a CD from this point on. Here goes:

Albums:

2 Live Crew "Banned In The USA," John 5 "Vertigo," 50 Cent "Guess Who's Back?," 50 Cent "Get Rich Or Die Tryin'," 50 Cent "The New Breed," 50 Cent "The Massacre," Addict "Stones," AFI "All Hallow's EP," AFX "Analogue Bubblebath," AFX "Analogue Bubblebath 3," AFX "Analogue Bubblebath 4," Anal Cunt "Everyone Should Be Killed," Annie On Distortion "Warning Label EP," A Perfect Circle "Mer De Noms," A Perfect Circle "Thirteenth Step," A Perfect Circle "Weak And Powerless," A Perfect Circle "Emotive," "The String Quartet Tribute To A Perfect Circle," Aphex Twin "Selected Ambient Works 85-92," Aphex Twin "Selected Ambient Works Vol. II," Aphex Twin "Classics," Aphex Twin "...I Care Because You Do," Aphex Twin "51/13 Singles Collection," Aphex Twin "Richard D. James Album," Aphex Twin "Come To Daddy," Aphex Twin "Windowlicker," Aphex Twin "Drukqs," Aphex Twin "26 Mixes For Cash," Area 51 "I Want To Believe," Atari Teenage Riot "60 Second Wipe Out," Lloyd Banks "The Hunger For More," Barenaked Ladies "Stunt," Basement Jaxx "Romeo," The Beatles "Please Please Me," The Beatles "With The Beatles," The Beatles "A Hard Day's Night," The Beatles "Beatles For Sale," The Beatles "Help!," The Beatles "Rubber Soul," The Beatles "Revolver," The Beatles "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," The Beatles "Magical Mystery Tour," The Beatles "The Beatles (White Album)," The Beatles "Yellow Submarine," The Beatles "Abbey Road," The Beatles "Let It Be," The Beatles "Anthology 1," The Beatles "1," The Beatles "Let It Be... Naked," Big Black "The Hammer Party," Big Black "The Rich Man's Eight Track Tape," Big Black "Songs About Fucking," Big Black "Pigpile," Bile "The Copy Machine," The Black Eyed Peas "Elephunk," Blastmasters "Twisted Metal," Blue Man Group "Audio," David Bowie "Hunky Dory," David Bowie "The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars," David Bowie "Diamond Dogs," David Bowie "Labyrinth," David Bowie "Black Tie White Noise," David Bowie "Outside," David Bowie "The Heart's Filthy Lesson," David Bowie "Earthling," David Bowie "I'm Afraid Of Americans," David Bowie "Hours...", David Bowie "Seven (CD2)," C+C Music Factory "Gonna Make You Sweat," George Carlin "Occupation: Foole," Caustic Window "Compilation," Ray Charles "Genius Loves Company," Cheech & Chong "Up In Smoke," Cheech & Chong "Greatest Hit," Cheech & Chong "Get Out Of My Room," Coal Chamber "Chamber Music," Crossbreed "Synthetic Division," The Crystal Method "Legion Of Boom," The Crystal Method "Born Too Slow," D12 "Shit On You," D12 "Devil's Night," D12 "D12 World," Danger Mouse & Gemini "Ghetto Pop Life," Jack Dangers "Hello Friends," Deadstar Assembly "Deadstar Assembly," Deadsy "Commencement," Dieselboy "System Upgrade," Dieselboy "The Dungeonmaster's Guide," The Doors "The Doors," Dubok "Clear Vision," The Dust Brothers "Fight Club," Einstürzende Neubauten "Remixes," Elysium "With Nothing To Prove...", Eminem "The Marshal Mathers LP (Special Edition)," Eminem "The Eminem Show," Eminem "Encore," En Esch "Cheesy," Eurythmics "1984 - For The Love Of Big Brother," Eurythmics "Greatest Hits," Evil Mothers "I (Heart) Fur EP," Evil Mothers "Spider Sex And Car Wrecks," Excessive Force "Conquer Your World," Excessive Force "Gentle Death," Robin Fox "I See Stars: The Trance Album," Front 242 "Mut@ge.Mix@ge," The Game "The Documentary," Generation "Generation," Genitorturers "120 Days Of Genitorture," Genitorturers "Sin City," Genitorturers "Machine Love," Genitorturers "Flesh Is The Law," Godhead "Power Tool Stigmata," Godhead "2000 Years Of Human Error," Godhead "Evolver," Guns n' Roses "Appetite For Destruction," Guns n' Roses "Lies," Guns n' Roses "Use Your Illusion I," Guns n' Roses "Use Your Illusion II," Guns n' Roses "The Spaghetti Incident?," Guns n' Roses "Sympathy For The Devil," GZA "Beneath The Surface," Hanzel Und Gretyl "Über Alles," George Harrison "All Things Must Pass," George Harrison "Brainwashed," Jimi Hendrix "Voodoo Child: The Jimi Hendrix Collection," Insane Clown Posse "Beverly Kills 50187," Insane Clown Posse "Ringmaster," Insane Clown Posse "Riddle Box," Insane Clown Posse "The Amazing Jeckel Brothers," Insane Clown Posse "Bizzar," Insane Clown Posse "The Wraith: Shangri-La," Insane Clown Posse "The Wraith: Hell's Pit," Inspectah Deck "Uncontrolled Substance," Jack Off Jill "Covetous Creature," Praga Khan "Conquers Your Love," Praga Khan "Twenty Firsy Century Skin," Praga Khan "Mutant Funk," Praga Khan "Freakazoidz," Killarmy "Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars," Killarmy "Dirty Weaponry," KMFDM "Opium," KMFDM "What Do You Know, Deutschland?," KMFDM "Don't Blow Your Top," KMFDM "Virus," KMFDM "A Drug Against War," KMFDM "Light," KMFDM "Glory," KMFDM "Naive: Hell To Go," KMFDM vs. Pig "Sin Sex & Salvation," KMFDM "Nihil," KMFDM "Xtort," KMFDM "Symbols," KMFDM "Megalomaniac," KMFDM "Agogo," KMFDM "Retro," KMFDM "Adios," MDFMK "MDFMK," KMFDM "WWIII," KMFDM "WWIII Live 2003," KMFDM "84-86," "Don't Blow Your Cover: A Tribute To KMFDM," Korn "Got The Life," Korn "Issues," Korn "Greatest Hits, Vol. 1," Laibach "Opus Dei," Laibach "Let It Be," Laibach "WAT," Cyndi Lauper "Twelve Deadly Cyns... And Then Some," John Lennon & Yoko Ono

"Unfinished Music No. 1: Two Virgins," John Lennon & Yoko Ono "Unfinished Music No. 2: Life With The Lions," John Lennon & Yoko Ono "Wedding Album," John Lennon "Imagine," John Lennon "Lennon Legend," John Lennon "Wonsaponatime," Lil' Jon & The Eastside Boyz "Crunk Juice," Linkin Park "Hybrd Theory," Linkin Park "Reanimation," Linkin Park "Pts.Of.Athrty," Linkin Park & Jay-Z "Collision Course," Lords Of Acid "I Must Increase My Bust," Lords Of Acid "Take Control," Lords Of Acid "Voodoo-U," Lords Of Acid "Pussy," Lords Of Acid "Heaven Is An Orgasm," Lucia "From The Land Of Volcanos," Clint Mansell "Requiem For A Dream," Clint Mansell "Requiem For A Dream Remixed," Charles Manson "Lie," Marilyn Manson & The Spooky Kids "Lunch Boxes & Choklit Cows," Marilyn Manson "Get Yoru Gunn," Marilyn Manson "Portrait Of An American Family," Marilyn Manson "Lunchbox," Marilyn Manson "Smells Like Children," Marilyn Manson "Sweet Dreams," Marilyn Manson "Antichrist Superstar," Marilyn Manson "The Beautiful People," Marilyn Manson "Remix & Repent," Marilyn Manson "Mechanical Animals," Marilyn Manson "The Dope Show (CD1)," Marilyn Manson "I Don't Like The Drugs (But The Drugs Like Me) (CD1)," Marilyn Manson "I Don't Like The Drugs (But The Drugs Like Me) (CD2)," Marilyn Manson "Rock Is Dead," Marilyn Manson "The Last Tour On Earth," Marilyn Manson "Holy Wood (In The Shadow Of The Valley Of Death)," Marilyn Manson "Disposable Teens (CD1)," Marilyn Manson "Disposable Teens (CD2)," Marilyn Manson "The Fight Song (CD1)," Marilyn Manson "The Fight Songs (CD2)," Marilyn Manson "mOBSCENE (Two Track Version)," Marilyn Manson "The Golden Age Of Grotesque," Marilyn Manson "mOBSCENE," Marilyn Manson "This Is The New Shit," Marilyn Manson "Lest We Forget: The Best Of Marilyn Manson," Marilyn Manson "The Nobodies (2005 Against All Gods Mix)," Marilyn Manson "Mr. Manson's Home Demos (Bootleg)," Marilyn Manson "Dead In Chicago 1995 (Bootleg)," "Anonymous Messiah: A Tribute To Marilyn Manson," "Anthems Of Rust & Decay: A Tribute To Marilyn Manson," "The String Quartet Tribute To Marilyn Manson," MC Hawking "A Brief History Of Ryhme: MC Hawking's Greatest Hits," Paul McCartney "Wingspan: Hits And History," Meat Beat Manifesto "Armed Audio Warfare," Meat Beat Manifesto "Psyche-Out," Meat Beat Manifesto "99%," Meat Beat Manifesto "Satyricon," Meat Beat Manifesto "Subliminal Sandwich," Meat Beat Manifesto "Original Fire," Meat Beat Manifesto "Actual Sounds + Voices," Meat Beat Manifesto "RUOK?," Meat Beat Manifesto "Storm The Studio R.M.X.S.," Meat Loaf "The Very Best Of Meat Loaf," Mike & Rich "Expert Knob Twiddlers," Mindless Self Indulgence "Frankenstein Girls Will Seem Strangely Sexy," Mindless Self Indulgence "Bitches/Molly," Mindless Self Indulgence "Despierta Los Niños," Mindless Self Indulgence "You'll Rebel To Anything," "Wish You Were Queer: A Tribute To Ministry," Mudvayne "L.D. 50," Mudvayne "The Beginning Of All Things To End," Mudvayne "The End Of All Things To Come," Murderdolls "Beyond The Valley Of The Murderdolls," Mushroomhead "XX," My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult "Cuz It's Hot," Nightmares On Wax "Mind Elevation," Nine Inch Nails "Down In It," Nine Inch Nails "Pretty Hate Machine," Nine Inch Nails "Head Like A Hole," Nine Inch Nails "Sin," Nine Inch Nails "Broken," Nine Inch Nails "Fixed," Nine Inch Nails "March Of The Pigs," Nine Inch Nails "The Downward Spiral," Nine Inch Nails "Closer To God," Nine Inch Nails "Further Down The Spiral," Nine Inch Nails "The Perfect Drug Versions," Nine Inch Nails "The Day The World Went Away," Nine Inch Nails "The Fragile," Nine Inch Nails "We're In This Together," Nine Inch Nails "Things Falling Apart," Nine Inch Nails "And All That Could Have Been (Special Edition)," Nine Inch Nails "With Teeth," "A Tribute To Nine Inch Nails (Tributized)," "The String Quartet Tribute To Nine Inch Nails," Nine Inch Richards "Closer To Hogs," Paul Oakenfold "Swordfish," Ohgr "Welt," Ohgr "Sunnyspyop," Ol' Dirty Bastard "Nigga Please," Yoko Ono "Plastic Ono Band," Yoko Ono Band "Feeling The Space," Yoko Ono "Starpeace," Yoko Ono "Walking On Thin Ice," Yoko Ono "A Blueprint For The Sunrise (Yes Book Version)," Orgy "Blue Monday," Orgy "Stitches," Orgy "Punk Statik Paranoia," Orgy "Vague," Ozzy Osbourne "The Essential," Papa Brittle "Obey, Consume, Marry, Reproduce," Perfume Tree "Feeler," Pig "Praise The Lard," Pig "Sinsation," Pig "Wrecked," Pig "Genuine American Monster," Pig & Sow "Je M'aime," Pigface "Washingmachine Mouth," Pigface "Truth Will Out," Pigface "A New High In Low," Pigface "Preaching To The Perverted: The Best Of Pigface," Pigface "Head," Pigface & DJ? Acucrack "Crackhead," Pink Floyd "Dark Side Of The Moon," Pink Floyd "Animals," Pink Floyd "The Wall," Pink Floyd "The Division Bell," Pink Floyd "Echoes: The Best Of Pink Floyd," Polygon Window "Surfing On Sine Waves," Powerman 5000 "True Force," Powerman 5000 "Mega!! Kung Fu Radio," Powerman 5000 "Tonight The Stars Revolt!," Powerman 5000 "Anyone For Doomsday?," Powerman 5000 "Transform," Powerman 5000 "The Good, The Bad & The Ugly, Vol. 1," Prefuse 73 "One Word Extinguisher," Prefuse 73 "Extinguished," Prefuse 73 "Surrounded By Silence," The Prodigy "Fire/Jericho," The Prodigy "Experience: Expanded," The Prodigy "Charly/Everybody In The Place," The Prodigy "Out Of Space," The Prodigy "One Love," The Prodigy "Music For The Jilted Generation," The Prodigy "Voodoo People (Import)," The Prodigy "Voodoo People (Domestic)," The Prodigy "The Fat Of The Land," The Prodigy "Firestarter," The Prodigy "Smack My Bitch Up," The Prodigy "The Dirtchamber Sessions, Vol. 1," The Prodigy "Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned," Queen "Greatest Hits," Rammstein "Herzeleid," Rammstein "Sehnsucht," Rammstein "Mutter," Rammstein "5/4: B-Sides," Rammstein "Infected Brain: Instrumental & Remix Versions," Rammstein "Reise, Reise," Rammstein "Amerika/Ohne Dich," Rx "Bedside Toxicology," RZA "The RZA Hits," Merl Saunders "It's In The Air," Savath & Savalas "Apropa't,"

Savath & Savalas "Mañana," Schwein "Schweinstein," Screaming Monkey Boner "The Process Of Assimilation," SFT "Travelcard," Shellac "1000 Hurts," Simplekill "August 2001," Skold "Skold," Slick Idiot "DickNity," Slick Idiot "ReDickUlous," Slick Idiot "Screwitized," Slipknot "Mate. Feed. Kill. Repeat.," Slipknot "Spit It Out," Slipknot "Iowa," The Smashing Pumpkins "Gish," The Smashing Pumpkins "Lull," The Smashing Pumpkins "Peel Sessions," The Smashing Pumpkins "Disarm," The Smashing Pumpkins "Mellon Collie And The Infinite Sadness," The Smashing Pumpkins "Aeroplane Flies High," The Smashing Pumpkins "1979 Mixes," The Smashing Pumpkins "Ava Adore," The Smashing Pumpkins "Perfect (Domestic)," The Smashing Pumpkins "Perfect (Import)," The Smashing Pumpkins "Machina: The Machines Of God," The Smashing Pumpkins "Rotten Apples: The Smashing Pumpkins Greatest Hits (Special Edition)," "A Gothic-Industrial Tribute To The Smashing Pumpkins," So Far No Good "Quit Actin' Like It Hurts," Soufround "Tomorrow Can Wait," Sow "Sick," Stabbing Westward "Darkest Days," Telefon Tel Aviv "Immediate Action #8," Tool "Undertow," Tool "Ænema," Tool "Lateralus," "A Tribute To Tool (Cleopatra)," "Third Eye Open: The String Tribute To Tool," Obie Trice "Cheers," Obie Trice "The Set Up (You Don't Know)," Tweaker "The Attraction To All Things Uncertain," Tweaker "2a.m. Wakeup Call," The Union Underground "...An Education In Rebellion," Vanilla Ice "To The Extreme," Vanilla Ice "Extremely Live," Vanilla Ice "The Best Of Vanilla Ice," Vanilla Ice "Hard To Swallow," Vanilla Ice "Bi-Polar," Velvet Acid Christ "Dial 8," Velvet Revolver "Contraband," The Verve "Bittersweet Symphony," Roger Waters "The Pros And Cons Of Hitch Hiking," Roger Waters "Radio K.A.O.S.," Orsen Welles "War Of The Worlds," John Williams "Jaws," White Zombie "Let Them Die Slowly," White Zombie "Nightcrawlers: The KMFDM Remixes," Wu-Tang Clan "Wu-Chronicles, Ch. 1," Wu-Tang Clan "The W," Young Buck "Straight Outta Ca\$hville," Rob Zombie "American Made Music To Strip By," Rob Zombie "Past, Present & Future"

Soundtracks/Compilations:

"8 Mile," "Animatrix," "A Taste Of Sin," "Beavis And Butthead Do America," "Blade II," "Blade Trinity," "Book Of Shadows: Blair Witch 2," "Blow," "Coronal Mass Ejection," "Cowboy Bebop," "Crow," "Detroit Rock City," "Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas," "Music Inspired By Final Fantasy," "Final Fantasy VI," "Freddy vs. Jason," "Gothspotting," "Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas," "Graver's Paradise," "Halo," "Hempilation: Freedom Is NORML," "Hempilation 2: Free The Weed," "Horror Movie Madness," "House Of 1000 Corpses," "How High," "Idol Tryouts: Ghostly International Vol. I," "Lost Highway," "The Matrix," "The Matrix Reloaded," "Modern Rock: '80s Grooves," "Modern Rock: The Cool '80s," "MTV's The Return Of The Rock, Vol. 2," "Not Another Teen Movie," "Pi," "Private Parts," "Pure Disco 2," "Queen Of The Damned," "Remix Wars Strike 3: 16 Volt vs. Hate Dept.," "Remix Wars Strike 4: Velvet Acid Christ vs. Funker Vogt," "Resident Evil," "Resident Evil: Apocalypse," "Saw II," "Sci-Fi's Greatest Hits, Vol. I: Final Frontiers," "Sci-Fi's Greatest Hits, Vol. IV: Defenders Of Justice," "Spawn," "Star Trek: First Contact," "Toonami: Deep Space Bass," "Total Trip Hop," "Underworld," "Urbal Beats 3," "The Very Best Of Industrial Revolution," "Vietnam: Songs From The Divided House," "Warp 10+1: The Influences," "Warp 10+3: The Remixes," "Wayne's World," "Willy Wonka & The Chocolate Factory," "Y2K: Beat The Clock," "Zelda The Music"

12-09-05

I finally talked to Christopher last night for the first time since Saturday morning. He told me he sold the two hits of acid to someone else and just rolled. It was apparently really good ecstasy and they were all rolling really hard until Julia went berserk, beat the shit out of Christopher and passed out. This of course freaked my brothers out, who thought she died. After "reviving" her, she started accusing them of raping her, but they were finally able to explain to her what really happened. She told them she thought they had killed her and went to Hell, where they were demons torturing her. They then slept for two days. Christopher said the experience still had a tremendous affect on him and Patrick and that they would never do drugs with her again. I told him to stay away from her if she can so easily claim something as serious as rape with no real reason or evidence, but he insisted that it would be fine. As much as I don't want to get Daddy involved, I fear that if I don't, Christopher is going to get in serious trouble and drag Patrick down with him. Christopher isn't supposed to come over until Sunday morning, but Patrick should be here tonight or tomorrow morning, so I'll

probably talk to him then without interference from Christopher's obsession with Julia. Patrick is far more reasonable than Christopher and is probably already considering something similar to complete avoidance of Julia. Putting my negative feelings towards her aside, she is putting my brothers in danger and I won't stand for that. It gives me a sickening feeling to even think of what kind of trouble she could get them in if she gets mad at them and decides to fuck them over. She's just not to be trusted. The worst part of all this is that its because of me that my brothers met her, since it was when I took them to one of Jim's parties that they met.

The concert is tomorrow night. I hope I am able to get their new CD at the show.

12-10-05

I had three dreams last night, though the first two are a little hard to remember. The first involved my brothers and I riding in the car with our mother on some interstate maze. In the second dream, my dad and I were taking an extra long lunch in a break room that wasn't lit by anything but a little outside light and we were smoking Newports. Some guy that saw me when I was young was there and my dad asked if he recognized me, which he did. I also remember that I was wearing chipped black nail polish. In the third dream, Christopher and I are walking home through an expensive apartment complex by sneaking through any apartment that had the back door open and were taking food and drinks from their kitchen. Later, Sharon and I did the same thing, but got caught in one of the apartments. We were in the kitchen looking through the refrigerator when a woman with large breasts came out of the bathroom, so we hurried to the door, but the woman called out, "Do you want something to drink Mike?" I had felt like we were in big trouble until she said this. So we decided to chill there for a while. There was supposed to be a big party, but I wouldn't let anyone in because Sharon had taken her shirt off. Guys were trying to get a peek through the window in the door, but I kept going out there and asking, "Did you like the show," and then pushing these guys back or hitting them, who were all much bigger than me, but I didn't care because I wasn't going to have any one them see her topless. Eventually, Sharon and the woman went back into the bedroom so the people could come in. The people came in and the party began. People were swimming in the dirty pool in the screened porch you could see through the living room window while others had gathered in the family room to smoke out of a large bong and watch a Cheech & Chong movie. Nobody was able to get very big hits out of the bong though and when it got to me I realized it was because there were two carbs on it, which I didn't tell anyone and started taking huge hits from the bong. Periodically, I would go back to check on Sharon and the woman. When I would go back in the room, the woman, who up to this point was fully clothed, would be on the bed covered only in a sheet and Sharon would stand up and claim they were trying on clothes, which is why they were both naked, but I suspected they were fooling around. When we finally did leave, I told Sharon I thought the woman liked her and she agreed. Then we went home and spent

time with Lilith, who had been sleeping and presumably, Christopher and Patrick were there watching her.

Sharon just left for her externship. The girls are to be picked up at 3:00pm by Kim⁴¹, who is going to watch them for the night while we are at the concert. Sharon will go over to Nana & Papa's after her externship to work on the car, then come here in time to pick me up, then pick up Merle at 5:00pm from work and then finally pick up Hippie before heading out to the concert.

It will be nice to see Hippie again. I haven't seen him since his trip to the hospital. For whatever reason, he's decided never to go trip at the hospital again. There really is no point anyway, since in retrospect it seems he tried not to trip, like he was too cool for the whole situation. How things have changed from when we used to hang out all the time in the old days and get fucked up and go on crazy adventures. He even said, "You know, we can't keep doing this forever." He may not be able to, but my brothers and I can. Without making it sound like I believe in some higher power or plan or whatever, we were meant to use mind expanding methods to better understand the world just as a fish is meant to swim. I would like to pick up some of Crowley's books, like "The Psychology Of Hashish," "John St. John" and "Diary Of A Drug Fiend" along with Huxley's "The Doors Of Perception," and coordinate a hospital trip with Tom.

I just watched "The Cat Returns" again this morning with the girls, followed by a couple behind-the-scenes featurettes. I found out that this one is not a Miyazaki film. I also saw clips from at least two Miyazaki films that haven't been released here yet. So far, I have seen six Ghibli films: "Princess Mononoke," "Castle In The Sky," "Kiki's Delivery Service," "Nausicaa Of The Valley Of The Wind," "Spirited Away" and "The Cat Returns." Supposedly, there is a new film called "The Moving Castle"⁴² that was just released. I really hope at least all of Miyazaki's films get a domestic release so that the girls and I can watch them together. I should go online when I get a chance and get a list of all Studio Ghibli's films and who wrote and directed them. The titles of the Ghibli films I haven't seen released domestically that were featured in the Making Of The Cat Returns are: "Whisper Of The Heart," "My Neighbor Totoro," "Grave Of The Fireflies" and "Only Yesterday."

I don't know why I didn't make note of it before now, but I was going through the hospital pictures about a month ago and noticed that the first three pictures from 06-11-05 were very clearly taken after we had started to trip that night. The fourth is of Hippie in a room on the fourth floor and the window behind him clearly shows that it is daytime. Yet, somehow, the next picture is of Patrick in R.

⁴¹ another of Sharon's aunts

⁴² the actual title is "Howl's Moving Castle"

441-B and was taken at night. It is physically impossible for this to happen on a roll of film, since we were there for less than twenty four hours, making it impossible for two days and two nights to be on the film.⁴³

I just got off the phone with Hippie. He says he's doing fine. He's been working at Chile's as a cook, but on top of that he does auto detailing and tattoos. His next plan involves buying foreclosed houses, fixing them up and reselling them. He may crash here after the show and give me a tattoo. I told Hippie about the weird two days two nights picture thing. He laughed and said it was funny. Talking about the hospital really makes me want to go again soon. I miss the hospital. Hopefully, Patrick is still coming over sometime today before we leave to pick everyone up and go to the concert.

I got the girls up at 2:00pm, giving me an hour before Kim arrives. I had them clean their room, then changed their diapers and had them each pick one toy to take along for the night. They both chose their baby dolls. I'm also sending their Care-Bear blanket, a couple sets of clothes, child toothpaste, toothbrushes, diapers, pull-ups and wipes. They are now eating a snack of four apple slices, a slice of pizza and half a bagel with water. It is now only 2:17pm, so I'm making good time. I just realized that Sharon still has the car seats in her car. It is now 2:36pm and Sharon just called to let me know she's almost done with the car, so she's just going to drop the girls off whenever she gets here. Its now 3:09pm and Kim just called to let me know she just left her house and was on her way here. Apparently Sharon didn't call her, so I let her know that Sharon would drop them off whenever she got here. She said she'd bring them back late tomorrow morning, since she figured we'd be hung over. I find it funny that she equates having a good time with excessive drinking and told her I wasn't even planning on drinking.

12-11-05

Sharon got here yesterday in time for me to take a shower before we left to drop the girls off at Kim's, who ended up not being there and wasn't answering her phone. Luckily, Tom⁴⁴ was there and offered to watch the girls until Kim arrived. We then picked up Merle and then Hippie before leaving for St. Pete. We got to Janus Landing on time and ran into Chris Espo. The show was really good, except the first band, Irrational, seemed a little emo-fag to me. But Wednesday 13 was good and the Genitorturers were of course awesome. The show was filmed throughout their set and every time the camera came over, to make myself more distinct on film, I threw up the Vanilla Ice Posse instead of the good old devil horns. Tons of people kept climbing on stage, but the show went on, with a combination of new songs plus several of their best tracks. The encore consisted

⁴³ this occurs in both the negatives and the printed photographs

⁴⁴ Kim's boyfriend

of "Sin City," another older song and finally, as always, "Highway To Hell." Because of the outdoor setting, many of their stage performances were either cut or toned down so that neighbors wouldn't see too much debauchery. After the show, we hung out for pictures, though I missed out on getting a picture with Wednesday 13, since the only times I saw him come out for photos were when we were already in line for pictures with Gen. I also saw Curse Mackey of Evil Mothers and Pigface in the crowd, but didn't get a picture since we were in line. After the crowd shuffled off to an after party at The Green Room, we instead headed home, first dropping off Hippie, who had business to attend to today. Merle and I stayed up long enough to watch "The Cat Returns," which he liked.

I had a weird dream last night involving me harassing Wackys mom at a grocery store until she threw something at me, but when I went to punch her I missed and hit Wacky's grandmother, then ran to the entrance, climbed on top of a soda machine and stripped. As I was then running out into the parking lot to the car, security caught me, but the blame was placed on Wacky's mom.

Sharon and I got to sleep in this morning until after 11:00am, which was nice. We were originally going to go to Best Buy today, since I have a gift certificate, but we ended up just dropping off the pictures at Walgreens and then going to the library for half an hour. Just after Merle woke up this afternoon, Christopher called to ask me to meet him and Patrick up at the Shell station, so the two of us walked up there, just talking about Studio Ghibli films until we ran into my brothers. When we got back, Merle left for work, Christopher played "King's Quest VII" and Patrick worked on a remix for Deuce's first as yet untitled track by removing the instrumental version of Lil' Scrappy's "No Problem" and laying down his own track, leaving the vocals the same, though the remix is unfinished, since halfway through, he stopped to do a quick remix of Christopher's "Topher Madness."⁴⁵ While Sharon was out, she stopped by Nana & Papa's to drop off some clothes that need to be mended. Kim dropped the girls off before she got back. After Daddy came by to pick up Patrick, Christopher had Josh come by to sell him some more acid to resell at a higher price and got a ride somewhere. Sharon made dinner and we laid the girls down for the night. I finished watching the actor commentary for "The Devil's Rejects" with Sharon and then we watched "House Of 1000 Corpses." My final verdict on "The Devil's Rejects" is as follows: had Rob Zombie done a few simple things differently, like keeping Otis a beardless albino, keeping Baby's crazy laugh, and not deleting the Dr. Satan scenes, "The Devil's Rejects" would have been a masterpiece like "House Of 1000 Corpses." As it is, it is still a spectacular movie, but I wish it would have stuck a little more true to the first movie. I'm not saying one is better than the other, but since "House Of 1000 Corpses" came first, it does set the standard for

⁴⁵ a classic Magitkeno track which exists now only in the form of remixes and covers, since the original no longer exists

how a sequel should be done.

12-12-05

In my dream last night, I was in a classroom at Adam's Middle School and the teacher was Ms. Cline, my fifth and sixth grade teacher from Twin Lakes Elementary. I was in charge of playing music on the classroom CD player, so I played Pig's "Wrecked" album, only the song I wanted to play, "No One Gets Out Of Her Alive," was replaced by Pig's cover of "Head Like A Hole," which some of my classmates sang along to. After listening to a few songs, it was time for lunch, so I grabbed my backpack, which had many important things in it, like a journal. I was planning on buying a slice of pizza and something to drink, but the piece I picked was too small, so after a bite, I threw it away and tried grabbing a much larger piece, but the lunch lady pulled the old piece out of the garbage, put it on a plate and gave it to me. I told her, "My parents tax money pays your wages, so do as I say and give me a better piece of fucking pizza." After spending most of the lunch period arguing with her, I ended up sneaking off with a free drink and piece of pizza and sat down with Jon and Bryce. As the other students were filing out of the lunchroom, the school band was outside playing "Ode To Joy" and I commented to Jon that they played that in Rahxephon, though it was really from Evangelion. I woke up thinking about The Cat Returns, though.

I just tried to figure out when I started listening to current music instead of just classic rock and '80s music. I started listening to Insane Clown Posse in 1998, mostly by listening to Riddle Box and The Great Milenko in computer class at Adams. The following year at Chamberlain, I started listening to Marilyn Manson. Shortly after that, I started listening to other bands, like Nine Inch Nails, KMFDM, Tool, Aphex Twin, Mindless Self Indulgence and Orgy through the people at the bike rack and Wu-Tang Clan through Hippie. Espo hooked me up with plenty of ICP tapes at Chamberlain, too. I discovered other groups around the same time, like The Prodigy, Godhead, Rammstein and Powerman 5000 on my own. Things have just progressed from there, with many more recommendations and self-discoveries.

Sharon just left for her externship. Tomorrow is the last day before she starts getting paid and will work full time at the doctor's office. She only has to work until 1:00pm tomorrow to complete her hours and then she goes down to fill out the appropriate papers at her school to receive her degree. Hopefully, she's quick about it so that we can spend some time together, since after she starts working full-time, we won't see much of each other, though more than when she was working at Stream and doing her externship at the same time. Then, as soon as the girls are put in daycare, I have to find a job, though it will hopefully only be part-time. The girls are taking their nap right now and I'm still listening through all my CDs. Killarmy's "Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars" is playing right now, followed by the live disc from "Voodoo Child: The Jimi Hendrix Collection,"

"The Spaghetti Incident?" by Guns n' Roses, "The Amazing Jeckel Brothers" by Insane Clown Posse and "Mutant Funk" by Praga Khan.

While the girls were taking a nap, I started and finished two tracks for the new album, called "Weed, Powder, X & Coke" and "And You Will Know," each taking a verse from Deuce's track that used the Lil' Scrappy beat, bringing the total number of tracks ready for Volume VI to eleven.

Jim, Pete and Pete's girlfriend just left. I'm currently listening to the Guns n' Roses "Sympathy For The Devil" single. We were taking turns playing "Super Mario Bros. 3" while we were drinking Olde English Sharon got and smoking a bowl of reefer from a lid that Jim got from Moses through Pete, who came to give it to Jim and eventually take him home. Before they got here, Jim and I were just chilling, when he told me he broke up with Kari while we were listening to "The Spaghetti Incident?" by Guns n' Roses, followed by "The Amazing Jeckel Brothers" by Insane Clown Posse, "Mutant Funk" by Praga Khan, and "Opium" and "Opium" by KMFDM. Pete had claimed while "Opium" was playing that a song on "Symbols" contained the lyrics "Kill Motherfucking Depeche Mode," so I interrupted the marathon to play it after "The Mating Sounds Of Helicopters." I am currently feeling pretty good, having lived through that quick flash back, which lasted through "Sympathy For The Devil" and into the beginning of "Bizzar" by Insane Clown Posse. I had told Jim, Pete and his girlfriend about the two days two nights within twelve hours incident. Pete's girlfriend asked to see the pictures, but none of them commented on the impossibility of the situation. I don't understand Jim and his crew sometimes, because they act like they're too cool to be a part of certain conversations or situations. It may just be that I'm used to Christopher, Patrick and I being completely submerged in the mind expansion process that people that get fucked up just too "chill" don't really make sense to us even though it appears to be more common place than I thought possible. I don't understand the whole "recreational drug" theory. Why do a drug just to kill time when you could read a book, play a video game or watch a movie? And more importantly, what's the point in doing a drug if you pretend not to feel its effects? I checked to see which Crowley books were in the Hillsborough County Library System and the three that were in the system weren't the ones I was looking for but some books on poetry and religion, so I guess that I'll just wait until I get my tax return and go to a book store.

12-13-05

Another typical day other than the fact that Sharon finished her externship. After the girls got up from their nap, we went to Citrus Park Mall to pick up their Christmas pictures and then went across the street to Best Buy and got The Devil's Rejects soundtrack, which is awesome, of course. While we were at Best Buy, I saw a shitload of new Wu-Tang related CDs that have recently come out that I didn't even know about until recently, if at all, like DJ Muggz vs. GZA, a live ODB album, a Method Man presents Streetlife, Think Differently and a new U-

God album. I really can't wait until I get some Christmas money and my tax money, because I'm going to go crazy and spend most of it on CDs and then get a few DVDs (mostly Studio Ghibli films), a few SNES games and a few tattoos.

Still no cigarettes.

12-14-05

I had a very different hospital dream last night. I was working at a graphic design firm and hired myself to go to the hospital with an assistant to take photos. I took Patrick along as well, but he just wandered around and skateboarded. I already had gone there earlier in the dream and the hospital was abandoned, but full of furniture, like it was an abandoned apartment complex. I had seen someone kill an Oriental chick at the last visit, but this time, she was still there in the same room and not at all dead. Her name was Bree and talking with her completely interrupted the photo session. It turned out she was a ghost of a beautiful Oriental chick that had died at the hospital while it was open, so I took her to the roof, which was covered in grass and trees and took her picture a few times with a camera that had film and digital backup, which was good since I dropped the camera and exposed the film. My dad showed up and told me the hospital was really in bad condition, but wouldn't be hard at all to repair. I guess in the dream I was single, because I fell in love with the ghost and didn't want to leave. A second dream I had after I fell back asleep when Sharon left for work involved Nana & Papa's house being slowly infested by roaches. I remember they were covering the ceiling and I suggested that they use a bug bomb.

I had talked to Christopher yesterday and I think we may go to the hospital this weekend. He's supposed to pick up the CCCs on his way here Friday afternoon or Saturday morning⁴⁶ and hopefully Patrick will show up sooner than Sunday afternoon. He wasted last weekend with Julia again, though Christopher had Navy matters to attend to Saturday and thus had a legitimate excuse for not being here sooner. I'm sure I'll have to wear a pair of sweatpants under my jeans, a long sleeved shirt and a jacket this weekend, since I'm freezing my balls off right now and I'm sitting inside, so I can just imagine how cold it will be at night in the hospital. I wish that stupid jackoff Bizzy hadn't broken the windows in Rm. 441 to get inside and unlock the deadbolt, which now doesn't even work, so the room is left vulnerable when we're not there. Hopefully in a year and a half, it'll still be there and we can rescue it from being demolished. If nothing else, I hope it lasts long enough for a few more trips after I get some paychecks and can take care of things like I used to do.

On a more positive note, Sharon talked to Tom yesterday and he told her one of

⁴⁶ at this point, it had become increasingly difficult to find a drug store we could get CCCs from, as they all were starting to recognize my brothers and I

the Mexicans that was involved in the case moved back to Mexico, so the most serious charges had to be dropped, so the most time he'll see is two or three years, which means only six months to a year and a half after everything should be coming together and only a year or so before Christopher gets out of the Navy and puts in his third of work into the whole plan.

In a best case scenario, by the time Tom and Christopher are able to help out, the hospital should at least be purchased, if not in the process of repair. Some things, like the pool and arcade in the Zelda Room may have to wait a little while for things on the first floor to start bringing in money. The easiest and most cost-effective way to handle repairs would be to focus on the fifth floor first, so that Sharon, the girls, Patrick and I (and maybe Daddy) can move in from the beginning, thus cutting out any rent we would be paying during the repairs and also make it easier to focus on the repairs. After that, just start from the first floor and work our way up to the fourth, doing as much of the repairs ourselves as possible. I know that I'll need to somehow obtain big trucks or dumpsters for all the trash first of all, then focus on windows, since the main cause of damage is rain. After the whole thing is cleaned out and the windows are operational, then I can start the internal repairs, like carpeting, paint, ceiling tiles, walls, electricity and running water. Some things, like the elevators, will have to be done professionally though. I'm pretty sure that on the third, fourth and fifth floors, most bathrooms will have the water shut off and the doors locked, since there's no point in having that many bathrooms when each of my brothers and I are taking a whole floor. I'll probably have one on each end open and close the rest for sure. Christopher is lucky in that he gets the only real kitchen, which is on the fourth floor, along with Rooms 441 and 420, but we'll have spiral staircases connecting those two rooms to our floors. I'd like for the dumbwaiters to be repaired, but the garbage shoots will probably remain sealed. I noticed one of the last time we went, when we started actually looking through the third and fifth floors with our future plans in mind, that Rm. 541, which is directly above 441, is almost identical in its layout, except that where the Sleeping Room and Tripping Room are on the fourth floor is one long room on the fifth floor. The Pissing Room is the same, but the hallway is slightly different in that the little room with a door to the main hallway on the fourth floor is not separated by a wall on the fifth floor and is the only door into 541, unlike 441 where there is a door in the middle of the little hallway as well. Since there is no door in the middle of the wall I can cover that wall with bookshelves, giving me a library. I figured that all of this would make Rm. 541 a perfect office for me. I'll just use the long room as the actual office, have the spiral staircase in the little room connecting me to Rm. 441 and put a refrigerator in the pantry closet. All the furniture that is now in my living room will probably go in this office, along with a desk, thus I will finally have my Buddha Room that I've always wanted, except it will also be my personal studio, library and office space. I don't really have any specific ideas for the location of the bedrooms, kitchen, dining room, etc. I don't know any specifics for the fourth floor, except Rm. 420, Rm. 441 and the large kitchen and the only things I've heard from Patrick about the third floor is that he wants an open space to skate in, which would be possible if he opened up a few rooms and removed the ceiling tiles. I honestly can't think of anything other than Lilith's birth that would make me feel as proud and happy as being able to walk into the main entrance of the hospital for the first time after its completely repaired and operational. That grand opening would be so awesome. I'd make sure that my entire family was there, just so they knew I wasn't a complete failure. Being able to wake up that first morning in my bedroom on the fifth floor and look out the window and see it all, though I think that first night, my brothers and I would probably crash in Rm. 441 just so we could wake up in the morning and see that familiar view from the window in the Pissing Room, except that it would all be ours this time. I'd really like to track down some photos of the inside of the hospital when it was open, especially the main entrance, because I want at least the main entrance to be as similar as possible to how it was when it was open as a hospital. Remember, Beacon Meadows is the cure for the common music. I would definitely leave the W.T. Edwards sign up over the main entrance, but on the wall of the main building over the courtyard would be a much larger Beacon Meadows Inc. sign for all to see. I've been thinking about how to go about making the pool area and I think the best way would be to close off the windows on the first floor looking into the courtyard and putting windows in that cover the entire wall of the second floor looking in and covering the whole thing with a glass roof. Then, open up that wall that faces the little patio area I want to put in, since the whole thing would then be indoors. The Zelda Room is right there, so eventually, an arcade would be a short distance from the pool area. I figure there would be between thirty and forty studio apartments consisting of two rooms a piece. Since there are several bathrooms already all I have to worry about is putting a little kitchenette in the first room and use it as a living room and have the second room be the bedroom. I can probably get most of the stuff to equip the apartments from hotel/motel outlets. I know that I don't want just anyone living there, so I pretty much limit myself to friends and family, though I doubt anyone in the family will want to rent one. I know that I'll extend the offer to Hippie, Anthony, Earl, Merle, Joe, Grant, Victor,

Jim, Spanky and Deuce. That leaves quite a few empty apartments, though I'm sure Christopher and Patrick will have suggestions as well. I can't wait to go back to the hospital and take a walk around and figure things out a little more. I wish I had a video camera. Maybe I can get Christopher to ask Pappy if we can use his this weekend. I think that the revenue from the apartments, which would near a million the first ten years, should be a safe enough business plan for someone to invest or give us a loan, not even taking into consideration the store in the lab, the music studios for rent on the first floor or the businesses I want to run. The other bonus would be that if all goes as planned, it would all be thanks to me. It would be my dream that is realized, though I would share the benefits with my brothers, who I would share ownership with. I'm sure I've known since the first trip that I wanted to do this with the hospital, if not when I first saw it when Victor took Patrick and I there. I know if I can get the hospital, all else will fall into place as it should. Without the hospital, it will be a much harder task of establishing Beacon Meadows Inc. than it would be with it. The coolest part would be that most people will only know of the hospital as our base of operations and home, but won't really know our history with it until I release Volume V.

It is now 7:44pm and Sharon had yet to come home, which is no big surprise since she always comes home hours after she says she will with some excuse. She was supposed to get off at 5:00pm and drop off some papers at her school, which I can't imagine taking almost three hours. The girls have already eaten and gone to sleep for the night and I'm just sitting here, bored as fuck like usual. Deuce stopped by at about 3:30pm or 4:00pm to give me some more instrumentals, but he left about 4:45pm, so I've just been flying it solo playing the old waiting game, which is half waiting for Sharon and half waiting for Sharon's new excuse. I'm sure she'll probably stop by Nana & Papa's to have an alibi, but even that is a weak one, since I have no doubt they would cover for her anyway. She's got them wrapped so tightly around her finger its pathetic. They give her a car after she destroys the one I bought her with money I got cutting lawns and now pay for every repair that's needed. I don't remember anyone offering to fix the 5th Avenue, so of course its now my fault that it died, even though I swear that the Chevy II already had similar problems, except that my family came to Sharon's rescue each time. Somehow Sharon's warped logic is rubbing off on them. Even though I've been raising the girls for the last six months, now that Sharon loses her job, everyone is jumping on my balls about not working. I seem to remember when I was the only one working and it wasn't enough to satisfy anyone, but the second Sharon gets a job, everyone showers her with praise. Fuck that, no one is going to acknowledge that I'm doing anything right, so why not just take the shit and do as I please. This situation is nothing new, I was reading a journal entry yesterday from 06-06-02 when "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." Its now 8:00pm and still no Sharon. I guess some things will never change.

Yet another of Crowley's writings I'd like to read is "Ethyl Oxide." By the way, its 8:28pm and Sharon just got home from visits at both Nana & Papa's and my mother's, though somehow I still doubt that there and a half hours were needed.

12-15-05

I just woke up feeling like shit. Once again, Sharon has gotten sick and infected me, though somehow she claims that I must have gotten it somewhere else and

not from her. There's that warped logic again. Regardless, instead of letting me sleep in and just changing the girls, she insisted on me doing it, knowing I feel like shit. Then, after I changed them, instead of going back to sleep, I got dressed and sat down in the living room to relax for a few minutes before I get breakfast ready. Then the bitching began and didn't stop until she was gone. She really has no real regard for how I feel ever. Anytime she is nice to me anymore its just out of convenience or guilt.

I had two dreams last night. In the first, I was working in a extremely large store in some totalitarian country. In walked a reporter for a newspaper and I gladly took a break to answer his questions. When he walked in, he was a black guy, but when we got to the back of the store in the fake plants department, the reporter was a beautiful woman. We sat down on a bench in this plastic forest and started making love. In the other dream, I was in charge of a group of warriors who were on the battlefield in the game Realmz.⁴⁷ I was a superior wizard, capable of making my whole party invisible and as the arrows showered down on us, I simply turned them back around in midair and shot them back at the enemy. When most of the enemy were killed or had run away, I left a letter on a sign to the opposing leader, telling him next time to just give up and join our quest. I also remember that one of the members of my party was a beautiful female wizard training under me.

It is now 11:03am and the girls are eating their lunch. I had made chicken omelets for their breakfast and they are eating rice, bologna and egg noodles for lunch and if they eat all that, they'll get some yogurt. I had some leftovers from the Chinese food we ordered last night, so I'm having rice and Szechuan chicken. The girls and I have been watching movies all morning, since I've felt like shit. During breakfast, we listened to KMFDM, then we watched a few episodes of "Gargoyles" and now we're watching some "Star Trek: Voyager," though I stopped the tape for lunch. We'll probably watch a few more episodes and then I'll let them take a late nap, so that they wake up as Sharon is getting home and then she can watch them for the night and let me rest. On a completely unrelated subject, I have yet to have a cigarette or even have a craving, so I assume I have successfully quit smoking cigarettes. I had figured that the toughest time would be the first time I smoked reefer since I quit, because I always have a cigarette either right before or right after, but it didn't phase me the other night when Jon stopped by. Its now 11:21am and neither of the girls finished their rice, so no yogurt for them. Maybe after a few more episodes, they'll eat some more. Back to "Scorpion, pt. 1."

I was going through some of my old tapes after the girls went to bed and found a "Star Trek: Deep Space 9" tape with the "Trials And Tribble-Ations" episode that

⁴⁷ a 1994 shareware fantasy RPG for the Apple Macintosh

has clip of the original series episode "The Trouble With Tribbles" in it. I had forgotten all about that episode, probably one of the best in the DS9 series.

Its now 4:10pm and I've been watching TV all day, which is very unusual. I don't really watch much TV, but since I feel like shit today, I'm just chilling and killing time watching a bunch of old tapes I haven't seen in a few years. So far, I've watched four "Star Trek: Voyager episodes" ("Scorpion, pt. 1," "Scorpion, pt. 2," "Hope And Fear" and "Living Witness"), the "Star Trek: Deep Space 9" episode "Trials And Tribble-Ations" and a behind-the-scenes on "Titanic." I'm taking a little break for some music and the remix disc of Lil' Jon & The Eastside Boyz's "Crunk Juice" is currently playing.

Sometimes I wonder if the only thing that has kept Sharon and I together is Lilith. In all honesty, even though I claim that leaving Sharon has never been an option, I know that had Sharon not been pregnant, I would have left her after I found out she had cheated on me with Bobby. That may make me a hypocrite, since I did cheat on her with Jamie the Destroyer, but I don't care. I just know that there was no way I could kick my pregnant girlfriend out of Earl and Merle's apartment. Now I have the responsibility of Lilith and Ariel to consider, but sometimes I feel desperately alone and unhappy, aside from the satisfaction of knowing I'm doing a good job raising those girls. Sharon has no respect for me and its my own fault. I let her walk all over me even before we got together. I just wanted someone to love me the way Develyn had and Sharon played the part pretty convincingly at first. But we're no team. She takes advantage of my desperation on a daily basis. Very rarely does she make me feel like she did in the beginning. I know she thinks of other people when we're "making love," if you can call it that. I've employed doublethink to survive. I know she really doesn't care, but I must know she does to keep going. I just keep wondering how much longer I can take it and the answer is obvious. I have to take it for at least another sixteen years. My opportunity to run back into the caring and loving arms of the one who was my equal has long passed and its no one's fault but my own. I had thought a child might fix things and bring us closer together like I wanted, but that didn't work. So I figured that solving a family crisis and taking in Ariel would do the trick, but it didn't. I wish I knew then what I know now, which is that Sharon and I are incompatible. Parenting has only made it that much more apparent.

I love Sharon so much, but I don't know if I'm in love with her. It kills me to even think about this, but I can't trust telling anyone. I can't truly trust any of my friends, because there's no telling which of them she's fucked. Its not so much that I can't trust them, but I know from experience that Sharon is pretty convincing when it comes to seduction for her own means. She did need a place to stay all those years ago, didn't she? Maybe I'm a hopeless romantic, but I just want a fulfilling relationship where the two persons are completely devoted to... EACH OTHER!!! Maybe my mistake was trying to find someone who could fill

the void Develyn left so many year before. I thought maybe Sara would do it, but she cheated on me and now Sharon has followed that pattern. Its not so much that I want Develyn back, but I wish that someone could love me like she did, which is unconditionally. I wonder if she still thinks about me. I guess I'll have to go on convincing myself that everything will be ok in the end, that Sharon is truthful and actually means what she says, despite how much louder her actions speak. One final question: would anyone else find it completely repulsive if their girlfriend refused to wear a bra every time company came over? If only Sharon felt that this relationship was as important as I wish it was. I don't know what else to say. I know I'm fucking myself by even recording this, but I have no other outlet. I'm completely secluded from everyone. I've been slowly tricked into not having anything that resembles privacy except this journal and even then, I'm sure that Sharon will read it, sooner or later. At this point, being honest to myself outweighs the risk. At least if she finds out this way, we're both in the wrong. I just wish that I had some guarantee that I could take the girls with me, but I know that Sharon won't stop trying to run my life even if we do split up. There is the puzzle. I'm unhappy with the way Sharon treats me, but if I leave her, I'll be unhappy without the girls. So, once again, leaving is not an option, nor is anything that would cause her to leave me. I'm destined to be a slave for a love I'll never experience again, at least from Sharon. I just wish she knew what she had. If only she was willing to devote herself to me, that would be enough. But she won't, she's too greedy for that. She expects someone to follow her every command, regardless if it makes sense or is accompanied by a loving feeling. She just wants a slave to do her bidding. I'd be ok with that if she could learn to love the slave, but she won't.

After Sharon got back, I headed down to the park where the Underground Pipe Labyrinth is and followed the trail to a tree about halfway through and climbed up into it and meditated.⁴⁸ About a half an hour into my meditation, I was visited by the spirit of the woods, who told me that my path would choose itself and that I must follow. So I climbed out of the tree and headed deeper into the woods, but after a few minutes, I felt I should turn back and find a large stick with which to protect myself. I then followed the darkest path out of the woods and back to the apartment. If my interpretation of this path is right, then I must prepare myself for the worst, but be truthful in my feelings to get to where I want to be. It is now 9:25pm and here goes nothing.

12-16-05

Well, things didn't go quite so well. I tried telling Sharon how hopeless I felt, but between her not caring and my flood of emotions, we ended up yelling at each other instead. She told me that I had a god complex and that all she does when she's around my family is defend me. I doubt its that easy. I don't think I'm god

⁴⁸ this is a spot I would frequently come to and meditate after an argument with Sharon

and I know if it weren't for Sharon in the first place, my family wouldn't be talking shit about me. After the argument died down, she called up Elly, inviting her down for Christmas, saying that even if she had to work, I'd be here. I'm pretty sure the poor timing was completely on purpose. I chose to sleep on the couch last night, which is not at all comfortable for sleeping and barely got any rest at all. I woke up this morning after only three or four hours of sleep and the girls were already up watching TV and Sharon was running late for work. We didn't say anything to each other. Maybe I'm just destined to be miserable, because I can't leave her, but have no reason from her to stay. She won't treat me with the respect I deserve and she doesn't care about my feelings. I hope that we can figure things out this weekend, because I really would like for things to get better, though I have no idea how that could be accomplished.

Though I only slept for a short time, I did have at least one dream. I was walking around Adams Middle School at night with some friends. I had a blunt of my own and they had a blunt as well. They had me hold them in my shirt pocket as we walked into the office. I was out of sight of everyone in a chair and was trying to fix their blunt when I accidentally lit it. Someone called out that there was no smoking in the office, so I ran outside and around the back and laid the two blunts down on the concrete and the extra reefer in my pocket on the corner of a picnic table. As I was walking back around, Mr. Batchelor, my assistant principal at Chamberlain, greeted me, telling me the police would be there soon to escort me off school property. Apparently, they thought it was a cigarette and not the reefer. When the cop pulled up, I calmly got in the car, figuring it would be a nice free ride to the store, but he wanted to go the opposite direction. I explained to him that he might as well drop me off at the store, since I would otherwise have to just cut back through the school to get there. As we were driving off, I motioned to my brothers to grab the reefer and meet me at the store. When I got to the store, it was already daytime and I met them at the soda machine, but they hadn't grabbed the reefer, so we walked back to get it, but it was already gone. Next, we went to a dentist's office with our mother and Pappy. The dentist ended up being our old pediatrician, Dr. Adler. After my check up, we walked around to the back of the office where a pool party was being held. I noticed that every once in a while, a pipe would extend out of the side of the pool and drain something into the pool, but none of the guests seemed to mind, since they just thought it was part of the pool. I told Christopher to go in the bathroom and flush and sure enough the pipe extended and water flowed out. I tried telling everyone, but only my brothers and I avoided getting in the pool. I remember seeing June splashing around in the pool of raw sewage before we left to smoke a new blunt my brothers had rolled in the bathroom.

I wonder why I've been having so many dreams lately that take place at either Adams or Chamberlain. At least I got to smoke with my brothers. Speaking of my brothers, I hope they actually do show up this weekend, because we're supposed to go to the hospital tomorrow night. Christopher said he would be

coming by sometime this afternoon after he was done with work. If I can call him in time, I'd like to suggest that he just get off the bus in front of CVS, so that he can swipe the CCCs and then just walk here. I don't know how all three of us are going to be able to afford the bus fair out there, but hopefully things will come together in time. I don't really plan on bringing too much in the way of supplies, since we do fine without all the extra shit. Some water, cups, paper, pens, CCCs and little food should be enough.

Sharon stopped by during her lunch to drop off a fruit cake and the cell phone. She seems to be in a better mood than this morning. She told me she'll be home right after work at 5:00pm, but she has something at 5:45pm to take care of at her school.

Deuce stopped by for a little while to work on a new track using Shawna's "Gettin Some." His friend is supposed to be coming by this weekend to lay down the first verse, Deuce did the second verse today and there is already a hook, so this will be an easy track to finish up. I asked Deuce if he would be able to give us a ride to the hospital tomorrow and he said that wouldn't be a problem. Just as Deuce was finishing up his vocals, Sharon got home and made dinner, but had to leave before she could eat. She said she'll be done tonight at 9:00pm and then will only have two more meetings before taking a final test and then she'll get her certificate for medical assisting. It is now 6:18pm, the girls are eating their dinner and I'm listening to "Lennon Legend," which is followed by "Heaven Is An Orgasm" by Lords Of Acid, "Nihil" by KMFDM, "Lie" by Charles Manson and "Lunch Boxes and Choklit Cows" by Marilyn Manson & The Spooky Kids. I found three Crowley texts earlier on my textfiles.com CD that sound pretty interesting. "Absinthe: The Green Goddess" is pretty self explanatory, "Liber XCVII - The Amalantrah Working" is a record of the invocation of Amalantrah through sexual magic under the influence of drugs and "The Gospel According To Saint Bernard Shaw" is about how Jesus was not a genuine historical figure and the outline of the construction of Christianity.

Its 7:36pm and I just finished talking to Ray. He said he's been laying low for the last few weeks, but wanted to stop by to see if I felt like having some Olde English with him. So, whenever he gets back from the store, I guess I'll step outside and chill with Ray, drinking that good olde nectar of the gods. I may go off in the morning with Christopher and my mother and then come back here and get ready for the hospital.

12-17-05

It is 3:32am in the morning and I just woke up from two weird ass dreams. In the first one, Sharon and I were at a Kiss concert, only we watched it from the side and could only see Gene Simmons. A cop kept walking past us with belts, bracelets, cell phone, wallets, lighters and whatever else he confiscated during the concert. Instead of staying, I loaded up the confiscated goods in my pockets

and went out to the car to wait. The cop came out and asked if I had a lighter, then Sharon came out and we left. In the second dream, I was crashing at my mother's, sleeping in Patrick's old room, while he shared the large room with Christopher. I had gotten home from school and went into my room, though the door wouldn't lock and started calling for help out the window, since my phone was set wrong and wouldn't make calls. Then, Daddy came by and told me I should cut my hair, though he didn't mind the beard. The strange thing is that when I woke up and looked in the mirror, I had dried blood on my nose. I'm now going back to sleep.

It is 8:15am and I'm talking to Christopher on the phone. I'm trying to calm him down after a big acid meltdown at Julia's house. He went over to her house last night to do acid with her. Apparently, everything was going fine until they hopped in the shower. Julia wanted to have sex, but Christopher insisted on getting a condom and when he came back, she freaked out and said that Christopher and her nephew were raping her and woke up her mother. So now Christopher is walking through the rain from the old neighborhood to here tripping balls. I'm trying to keep him on the phone and sane until he gets here. Its now 8:34am and some bum walked up and tried to sell him four blunts for a dollar. At first, Christopher said he didn't smoke, but then he asked what was in the blunts and then finally just gave him \$2.00 and said, "I'm fucking poor, but here. I don't know what that means to you, but..." Then, he started yelling at the bum to go buy food. Now, he's walking and telling me about the acid psychosis and how he saw himself when he looked at her because he could hear her thoughts and control her a little. But then she started controlling him and getting him to take a shower even though he didn't really want to. Apparently, he went over there to do the acid, but didn't even give it to her, she stole it after he was tripping. Now he's saying, "this sidewalk is made for people like me to feel comfortable, because they remember when they were tripping balls they had to walk through the mud." He's not real sure if he wants to trip tonight, but just wants to go and study the hospital because he's mentally worn out. Its now 9:00am and Christopher is passing the mall and singing in the rain. He's telling me that every night since the summer, when she came to the hospital with us, he's talked to Julia before they fell asleep. Its now 9:15am and he's explaining how everything is a memory and how everything affects everything. According to Christopher, if he kicks a bush he might give someone a disease, since there might be a mosquito that bit someone with a disease and then got pissed off because someone kicked his bush, so he flew away and bit someone else. Everything happens for a reason because you make it happen. If you give up, nothing will get done. That goes for every situation. There's a guy who walks down the street waiting for things to happen and there's a guy who travels the world and makes things happens.

Christopher finally got here around 10:00am. I made him an omelet and now he's laying down on the futon trying to clear his head. I'm listening to "Lie" by Charles

Manson, which is followed by "Lunch Boxes and Choklit Cows" by Marilyn Manson & The Spooky Kids, "Wonsaponatime" by John Lennon, "A Brief History Of Rhyme: The Best Of MC Hawking" and "Xtort" by KMFDM. Its just coincidence that "Lie" came on as Christopher tried to lay down and chill, but its a nice coincidence, since I like listening to it when I'm chilling on drugs. Its just the kind of psychedelic folk music that you need to listen to during these kind of situations, because it makes you think. Like "El Topo" and those other movies, this is just an obscure piece of art that I wish was readily available. I wouldn't want to include anything that wasn't recorded during those sessions. I'd try to keep it as historically correct as possible, with complete liner notes, photos, lyrics and an overall professional package. I'm not saying I wouldn't want to release his prison era recordings, but I wouldn't put them on the same album for sure. I wonder if he ever recorded covers of any Beatles songs.

"Choklit Cows" just started playing and the girls are sitting down for lunch, which consists of rice and corn, a slice of bologna, a slice of toast, half a banana, half a tomato and juice. I found out today that Ariel is petrified of heights, because after picking up Lilith and holding her over my head, which she thought was funny as hell, I tried to do the same with Ariel, but she flipped out, screaming and kicking and I almost dropped her. I wish I knew why she's so scared of everything. Lilith likes to rough house and play with her toys while Ariel would rather sit down and watch everything but not really participate. The only thing that really gets her excited or moving beyond a slothful stroll is food and that bothers me. Lilith may be a picky eater, but when she's hungry, she'll pack the food away. That's ok though, because she's highly active. Ariel would sit in the same spot all day eating if I let her, which I don't. I just don't want her to be one of those people who complain about being overweight, yet order the Super Size meal with a diet Coke and don't exercise at all. Christopher is still laying on the futon, but I doubt he will be for long, since I just gave him a potassium pill⁴⁹ to help with the ate up feeling and an ephedrine pill to wake him up a little. Between the pills and the steak/mashed potatoes/oriental rice omelette, he should be feeling better in no more than an hour, but probably much sooner. He still feels bad about the whole thing, but that too should fade with time and thought. More than anything, I feel bad for not being able to prevent it. I warned him, but I couldn't do anything to keep them safe from her. At least Daddy has decided not to let Patrick go over there anymore, according to Christopher. Hopefully, everything still comes together to go to the hospital tonight. I told Ray about it last night, but he couldn't really grasp the full concept. The thought of being in a huge abandoned building seemed overwhelmingly scary to him, even though he claims to have crashed out in abandoned houses in seedy neighborhoods when he was younger. I just don't get why everyone is so afraid

⁴⁹ at the time, I was swearing by the power of potassium pills, until I finally swore of all medicines a few years later and just ate bananas in their place

of that building.

Sharon and I left after the girls went to sleep to pick up presents for the girls from Sharon's mom, who sent down a Wal-Mart giftcard with the intentions of getting a karaoke machine. We went to three Wal-Marts before finding the damn thing and then stopped to pick up Patrick on the way home, but he was nowhere to be found, so it looks like its going to be another weekend without a hospital trip. When we got back here with dinner, Christopher was asleep and the livingroom was trashed. Several CDs and DVDs were scattered about and one DVD was broken. Its now 6:36pm and what I had hoped was going to be a good weekend is just sinking further and further.

12-18-05

Sharon and I took back "The Devil's Rejects" and "The Cat Returns" last night and rented "Memories," which is a collection of three shorts by different anime directors. We watched the first two last night and they were really good. The first one had a really creepy "Event Horizon" vibe to it and the second one was funny, in a "one man causes extreme biological hazard to the country but doesn't know it" kind of way. You just feel sorry for the guy, because people are dropping like flies all around him and he doesn't quite catch on, even after the entire military is dispatched after him.

I had a weird time travel dream last night. At first, I was giving a lecture on time travel and then traveled back in time myself, replacing myself during my middle school or early high school years. No one believed me, even though I miraculously had long hair and a beard. I went with Sharon and a few others over to Davis's house and he was being a complete asshole. I had to be careful though, because I didn't want to change too much or Lilith would never exist. There wasn't really too many little details to the dream, just a few situations and an overall feeling.

Patrick and Daddy showed up at the exact same time that Mom did, which made for a surreal situation.⁵⁰ Patrick will be staying here for a few days. Christopher left to go have lunch with Mom and Pappy. Mom offered to give me a hundred dollars to cut my hair up to my shoulders and Daddy said he'd match, but I say they needed to find more sponsors first. Sound Exchange here I come. It'll take less than two years for it to grow back, so whatever. Christopher called Patrick to let him know that someone Julia knows told him she's moving back to New York. Good riddance. Now, Patrick and I are on the hunt for some reefer.

Patrick and I left for a few hours to go explore the woods over the Underground

⁵⁰ up until this point, my parents were not on civil terms and were never around each other for very long without arguing, it wasn't until Christopher's graduation from the Navy's basic training that they finally put their differences aside

Pipe Labyrinth and found some crazy shit. At first, we were just wandering around and Patrick had to take a leak, so I walked on ahead and he turned around and almost pissed on a baby opossum, which scurried up a tree. So we kept walking until we got to the Labyrinth entrance and looked at some turtles for a while. Then we ventured further into the woods than ever before. We found an old boardwalk and followed it until it dead-ended then started trekking through the woods again. We were about to give up on finding anything new, when at the same time we saw something unusual in the distance. Upon further inspection, we realized it was an abandoned bird sanctuary and shack. We fixed up the shack a little for future visits then went back down to the lake and found a bunch of empty beer cans and a case with one unopened and cold beer, which Patrick drank. Then, on the way back, we saw where someone had dumped a purse. No bodies were found, though we teased Sharon about it when we did get back. While we were gone, Sharon talked to Deuce and he got a bag of the old reefer for \$8.00, saying its some flame ass shit. I'll let you know in a bit.

The reefer is just fine...

Since smoking, Patrick and I have finished "Look In The Mirror & Use That Word," a new track for Vol. VI that uses the first verse of the track using Beezel's "Giant" beat. He did all the drum programming, while I did samples, synths and drones. That makes twelve tracks for the new album. Patrick is now watching "Memories" with Lilith while I finish up the track. Sharon left with Ariel to go visit Tom. I had taken a break to make a new recipe for the "Chef Boyareyoustoned Cookbook." Its a recipe for "Duck Sauce Flavored Trail Mix" that Patrick and I both think tastes fucking awesome. I think I want to put the whole cookbook in the booklet for "VARN Indutries vs. Big Daddy: Cream Cheese And Sugar." I then ate chocolate waffles with butter and jalapeno jelly. Now its back to business... The track is now complete and I'm very proud of it. Its very subtle, but the drums are three pitches lower and driving the track. In the background of either channel is a slowed down sample from either "How High, pt. 2" by Method Man & Redman or "Fear & Loathing In Las Vegas." There's also a weird bassline atonalloop and whistle.

12-19-05

Its now 12:19pm on 12-19-05 and I'm crashing out. The three of us went up to the store to buy three Olde Englishes and watched a little of "Star Wars Episode III." We tried waking Patrick up after he started snoring, but all he said was, "Garzunkle Ghostbusters," and went back to sleep. We each took a potassium pill, although Patrick was talking gibberish the whole time and refused to finish the water with a resounding "No!" More details when I wake up about dead squirrels, reefer and Christopher's outfit. Nighty night.

Christopher got here around 10:00pm last night after I had already gone to sleep. I got back up and we all smoked a bowl then walked down to the store to

get some Olde English. On the way, Patrick stepped on a dead squirrel. Christopher had gotten an Olde English hat, shirt and bracelet at the mall with Mom, so when I went in to buy it I wore the hat. We got back here and were already pretty high and then drank our Olde English, so we were all feeling pretty good and Christopher asked if we could watch "Star Wars Episode III," so I put it on, but not too far into the movie, Patrick had already passed out and started talking nonsense and I was getting pretty tired, so we all crashed. Its now 10:00am and Sharon and Christopher have both already left for work. Hopefully, Patrick will crash here all week so that we can get some pictures of our new smoke spot in the woods and record some of the Vol. I vocals.

Its now 5:28pm and Patrick and I have been working on vocals since Sharon left from her lunch break. He had scraped up enough shake and resin for a bowl, which we smoked before getting to work. He recorded vocals for "Shark's Pet On A Leash" and I recorded vocals for that track and "Cast Silver." I also mastered a shitload of tracks for Patrick's "bffForever" album. So far, he has twelve tracks, with about four or five in progress. I talked to Sharon a little while ago on the phone and she said she may be a little late, but she'll probably pick up some Olde English on the way home. When she gets here, the girls will probably be done with their dinners and ready for bed and Patrick and I will have eaten and be ready to get the camera and Olde English from Sharon and go out to the shack for a while and get some photos. I think that taking pictures at night will look better, but we'll probably bring the camera during daylight when we get a chance. Christopher will probably see it all in pictures before he gets to see it in person. Well, dinner will be ready at 6:02pm and Sharon will be home sometime within that hour, so I'm going to get things cleaned up around here and get the stuff we're taking ready.

Sharon got home at 7:00pm and Patrick and I went up to the shack for an hour. Since the camera's batteries are getting low, the flash didn't go off and we didn't want to waste film, so we just hung out and straightened up a little. Hopefully, next time we can take some Olde English, reefer, CCCs, etc. up with us and chill for a few hours.

12-20-05

In my dream last night, I was still with Develyn, only her father was Apocalypse from X-Men. Him, Matt from the warehouse, a few other people and I found this abandoned house and decided to set up camp there, only after finding out that I was with his daughter, he vowed to kill me. I left immediately to find crawlspaces and corridors in the house that no one else knew about. If the stairs in the back were raised a little, I could crawl in and then climb up to a room on the top floor. There I could climb out the window and visit her. Slowly, all my friends that had stayed behind turned on me, so I had to be careful not to be spotted. I survived on water and scraps. They all knew I was somewhere in the walls, but could never find me. After a while, even Develyn gave up on the situation. During one

of my trips across a few window ledges to her room, Matt spotted me and though I asked him not to say anything, he left to alert the others. As a result, I was finally captured and brought before Apocalypse. He rambled on about speaking Egyptian with someone as he walked up. I was able to appeal to him by bringing up old memories and I shared about previous adventures up to finding the house. I swore my alliance to his daughter and all was finally forgiven.

Sharon has already left for work, Lilith is eating breakfast, Ariel and Patrick are still sleeping and the marathon is picking up today at "Smells Like Children" by Marilyn Manson followed by "99%" by Meat Beat Manifesto, "L.D. 50" by Mudvayne, "Agogo" by KMFDM and "Despierta Los Niños" by Mindless Self Indulgence. Lilith is sitting here next to me eating her cereal and without asking her or saying anything about the music, she said, "Daddy that's a Marilyn Manson song." I've been thinking a lot about the whole getting paid to cut my hair situation and even though I've been offered at least \$200.00, I'm still a little hesitant. My hair is almost as long as I've always wanted it, which is at my hips and now I have to choose between waiting another two years for it to get there or take the \$200 to Sound Exchange and catch up on some CD and DVD purchases. I'm only slightly leaning more to the money side because it will grow back and I've only bought maybe five CDs and DVDs in the last six months. Ariel just got up and while the girls were sitting here eating their breakfast, they were both bouncing all over the place to the music, so after they finished eating, I put on the Marilyn Manson music video DVD, which has them glued to the tube.

I sent a text message to Mom about getting the haircut:

Me: "Just wondering when u & daddy r takin me 4 a haircut"
Mom: "Are you ready"
Me: "Maybe"
Mom: "Having second thoughts"
Me: "I was havin 1st thoughts, but 200 is a lot of money"
Mom: "Oh yeah"
Me: "What? R u havin 2nd thoughts too?"

I don't feel bad about the \$200 because it was offered. I wasn't planning on getting my haircut and if they don't really intend on giving me the money, I just won't get my haircut. She hasn't replied to that last text message in about half an hour, so maybe I'll stick with really long hair. If, however, things do go through, I already had them agree that I don't have to cut it above my shoulders. After typing this, I went to take a poop break and she sent another text message:

Mom: "NO WAY, I AM READY"
Me: "Is daddy ready 2?"

See, I'm not getting tricked into doing this without the full promised amount. It has taken me five years of not cutting my hair at all to get it this long. That means that the tips of my hair are the same tips in pictures from all my apartments and a little before. The only thing I'm really looking forward to is a

beard trim, because I think I'm going back to the old mutton-chops and lose the rest. My chin hair grows excessively fast and my mustache doesn't really work anyway, so that is an easy change.

Patrick just finished up his "bffForever" album with a long ass track called "Beans Beans Are Good For Your Heart." Its has a few vocal snips by Patrick and is real trancey in parts.

Goddamnit. I had told Sharon to always make up some excuse if Carole comes down and asks me to help her with something, because its always an excuse to get me up there and complain about the same fucking things, over and over and over and over... So Carole comes down to ask me to fix her TV because she isn't getting any reception and Sharon says, "I don't care, I'm leaving in a few minutes for work. It's up to Patrick." Of course Patrick says its ok, since he doesn't know the drill and I have to go up there just to plug her VCR back into her TV. Then, she goes on for about half an hour about bullshit and since Sharon let on that Patrick was here, she wants me to help her come up with ideas for an ad for a roommate. I don't want to deal with any of her shit, but Sharon has forced me to do just that. She's creepy and the more I look for it, the more I notice just how fucked up she is. I hope she forgets or finds someone else to bother. I don't know how much longer I can deal with her bullshit politely.

Patrick scraped up a little bowl of shake and resin and let me smoke it, so I'm feeling all right. I had killed a roach earlier, or so I thought, while I was cleaning the kitchen. I had seen it crawling across the wall behind the sink and poked at it with the handle of something and thought I had smashed it and it had washed down the sink. Its actually still on the wall without a head. I guess I just smashed the head of it and now its hanging by some neck goo. I blew on it to see if it was still alive and its legs started going crazy. I'll definitely wash it off before the end of the day, but I'm really curios as to how long it would live without its head. Hopefully, Sharon brings home some Olde English today when she gets home at a little after 5:00pm. That way, Patrick and I can go chill at the shack for about an hour. We may still go, but it would be nice if we had the Olde English to take along. I'm pretty sure that next weekend we'll be going to the hospital, sine this weekend we can't. I hope so, but if not, we can always get the CCCs and go up to the shack until we get tired, then come back here and crash out. I pointed out to Patrick how it was weird that my last album was all about the hospital and now that I've started a new album that consists only of tracks under a minute long, an appropriately small place to chill and trip has made itself known to us. When we walked back thee last night with flashlights, I realized how much the boardwalk itself is in disrepair, like the whole park is abandoned or at least highly neglected. I'm not saying that the park and its picnic table don't get used, but the boardwalk is falling apart and the nature trail is overgrown. Any access to the bird sanctuary and the small one room building are gone. These are definitely abandoned and must have been for several years. It looks like some shit out of

"Jurassic Park 3." I can't wait to get some pictures out there. I figured if we go out a little each night this week, by the time we can chill, it'll be nice and comfortable.

12-21-05

I just woke up from a delightful dream. I was a student at Chamberlain High School and it was the beginning of the year. The school had gone to a block schedule that required students to be present from 8:00am to 6:00pm. None of my classes were that noteworthy, but the service club I had been placed in was. It was originally termed "The Club For Higher Thought." I was one of about five or six students, including Christopher, in the new club. Our first topic of conversation was about Christmas decoration. Upon hearing my argument against any sort of religious decorations, the teacher elected me student chairman of the club. Since the club was new, I was put in charge of preparing all the charters and rules for the club. Quickly, the club turned into the "Freedom To Love Club" and we were drinking and smoking while I held lectures and debates for a few hours a day. I was given full authority over membership and told all the guys in the club to go pick out the hottest chicks and bring them back for transfer from their clubs. On my way back to the club with about three bottles, Jeff tried to attack me in the lunchroom after I attempted to ask him who he thought was the hottest chick in school. I smashed one of the bottles over his head and was about to leave when the very girl I had been searching for asked me if I was ok. Here in front of me was without a doubt the hottest chick in school. I took her with me back to the club and quickly enrolled her. We quickly became inseparable. I remember that Earl and Merle attended the Chamberlain and I quickly enrolled them as well. At one point, I even let Jeff join the club, though he didn't last. After an incident in which he challenged my authority but applauded my accomplishments I told him, "The only reason you're even here is so you can go tell your bourgeois cocksucker friends to leave us alone because we can't afford to fight back since we're too busy feeding our families." He was expelled from the club immediately after. Each week, I gave an assigned book to read, one of which was the Communist Manifesto, and always made sure that we were viewed from the outside as a service club by having members get together and do projects that we felt were for the good of the community. At one point, a few teachers asked for the club to be disbanded on suspicion that it didn't promote good values and was anarchic. They failed and I publicly thanked them for bringing more respect and sympathy to the club. I stayed on as chairman through my school years and at the end handed the position down to Christopher, who had been my right hand man. Christopher quickly had Patrick take his place as second in charge, though I did stay involved after my graduation to oversee the club I had practically given birth to, a club where sex, drugs and rock n' roll were viewed as a conducive environment for higher thought, yet no one ever knew because of the squeaky clean image I was always making sure shone through.

It has been an easy day thus far. The girls are behaving and are now taking their nap. Patrick is watching "Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas" and just walked up to say he wants to get some CCCs and go out to the shack tonight. Hopefully, everything goes according to plan. I wish there was some easier way to get CCCs other than stealing them or at least an easier place to steal them from. He's going to wait until Sharon gets home so that I may accompany him to the store. In the meantime, I'm catching up on some reading. I just came across yet another Crowley text I'd like to read entitled "Liber Tzaba vel Nike."

Its is now 8:07pm and I have just finished reading the Crowley biography. Its weird that I knew going into it that he would die at the end, yet as I neared the end of the book I wished he wouldn't, that maybe he would succeed in his life-long mission. He is definitely an inspiration in that he never gave up. Daddy picked up Patrick at 5:00pm, so there will be no trip at the shack tonight. Sharon made dinner and the girls are now sleeping. She should be back shortly from the store. She went to pick up some household supplies and to drop off "Memories," which was really good. I already mentioned my reactions for the first two stories. The third is the best in that it is so Orwellian in its description of a country constantly at war for the good of its citizens.

Grant came over with Maddy and some dude after Sharon got home with the supplies and an Olde English. Though I'm grateful for the Olde English, why did it have to come after Patrick had left and company came over? Grant needed a reefer connection, so he had his ride, Maddy, bring him over here to see if I could get any. Apparently, Maddy smokes now too, even though she used to lecture me to no end about drug use. I ended up calling Jim, who could get the reefer and now they've left to pick it up. I'll be very surprised if they show back up to smoke me out, though. Grant had said that I never get left out of the smoking, but that's a joke. They just stopped by because they know I can get reefer and now they're gone. I wish I was as much fun as I used to be, when people used to buy drugs just so they could get fucked up around me. What happened? A more important question would be does alcohol make me depressed or does it enlighten me to depressing situations? I've decided to smoke a cigarette after over a week of abstinence, not because I want a cigarette, but because I want some kind of buzz. Whatever, judge not.

Not only did I not get a buzz from the cigarette, but I'm completely disappointed with tonight. I was supposed to trip with Patrick and my only other chance of getting fucked up tonight seems to have let me down. I didn't expect for Grant to come back, but it would have been nice. I know that I would have been an extra head, but they could have done me the favor of coming back by to smoke me out since I told them that my only chance of getting stoned was by the good graces of others right now. I'm now in such a bad mood that I turned down sex and will probably bitch even if they do stop back by.

12-22-05

I had three dreams or one dream with three settings last night. I cannot remember what order they occurred so I will relay them as I think of them. In one situation, I was sitting on the couch in the living room and it was early morning. Maddy came over to ask if I wanted to go hang out and I said I couldn't go anywhere, but I would enjoy the company. I asked if she had any reefer and she said that she didn't, because the person she was with, someone we both knew in high school, didn't approve and I said I understood. . I don't remember who this person was now. In another situation, I had started working at Heakin again and resumed my old job, though now Tanya was assistant manager, not Tami. I remember really enjoying working there because I found it so easy. At this point, I remember this situation leading into the next by way of a lunch break to get pizza. I was now on a bench with a blanket near an ATM at the end of the mall and saw Gia and someone who was supposed to be her sister. They took turns fucking me while the other got money from the ATM.

I woke up this morning while Sharon was taking a shower. Before she had a chance to get dressed we had sex, though she didn't seem to get much out of it. Perhaps it was just a lack of foreplay because of the time restriction. I enjoyed it, but its not the same if she doesn't get as much out of it. Over the past few years, sex has become somewhat depressing to me, Maybe I'm just not getting as much out of it as I used to. It is an awful lot of work for a quick adrenaline rush. I don't really see the intimacy of actually having sex. Making love doesn't really require intercourse and I prefer making love without sex. Sharon always seems so distant in thought when we're having sex and rarely seems like she really wants it badly. Sex without passion is kind of pointless, except when you haven't had sex in a few weeks. I know for sure that my sex drive isn't what it was a few years ago. Oh well. I guess I'll just continue as I've been doing and at least I know that without a sex drive its even more unlikely that I'll cheat on Sharon.

After the girls ate breakfast, I dug out my old yearbooks and read through them. Its weird, after all this time, I remember most of those people and wonder what's happened to them. I doubt any of the numbers in there still work, so I just have to wait until fate brings us all together again. I don't know how I feel about hanging out with Maddy again. She never really did me any wrong, but she definitely did with Sharon. Even then, its been so long and she just stopped talking to Sharon, so its not even that horrible of an offense. Sharon obviously still holds a grudge, but what she claims to be worried of is being manipulated. That is a worry of the weak and a worry I don't have. I don't really hang out with anyone from high school anymore and haven't since Joe moved to Orlando and Victor disappeared. Grant doesn't really count, because he comes by on his own every six months or so and I see Hippie just as often. I just miss the old days when I was viewed as the drug using intellectual that everyone wanted to be around.

At least the week is almost over, which means that next weekend is only going to

get closer. Its funny, I'm looking forward to going to the hospital again with my brothers more than receiving presents for Christmas. That's somewhat because I'm a little embarrassed by Sharon insistence each year on giving out a picture and frame as gifts. It just seems like an easy out when she should be picking out individual gifts that people will use and appreciate. Pictures are the kind of gift you give co-workers, not family. As much as I don't want to, I'm going to have to assume a position of power and start taking over all the responsibilities of the house-hold so Sharon doesn't keep half-assing them. Its not really her fault, since he wasn't raised with as much class as I was, but she could at least make an attempt at adjusting after four years. I don't know how my family has so much patience with her. Mine is really wearing thin. I was looking at pictures of her in the yearbook and she wasn't really overweight at all. She keeps hopping on the diets for a few days every few months, insisting that she's going to lose all this weight, but after a few days she gives up. She doesn't exercise at all, even though she said that when she started working at the doctor's office, she would at least start walking to and from work. The weight was never an issue. If it had been, I wouldn't have gotten with her. Its the lack of effort and constant complaining about her weight that has not only irritated me, but also made me notice the weight problem. Obviously, it isn't so bad that I won't have sex with her anymore, but it is getting close. I swear I love her, but I will not find her attractive if she ends up like her disgustingly obese Aunt Susie. That is not for me and I don't know how to talk about it with Sharon without offending her or hurting her.

It is now 11:00am and the girls are eating macaroni and cheese with hotdogs. I'm eating leftovers from yesterday's lunch that Patrick and I had. Instead of using Spam like I had before, this time I used Treet, which I never had before and didn't really turn out as good. I followed my recipe the same otherwise, by laying out a piece of aluminum foil and putting the Treet on it, surrounded by green beans and smothered in chicken gravy. Then I wrapped the whole thing up and sat it in the oven for a few hours at about 300 degrees. It actually tastes better today than it did yesterday. MDFMK's album is currently playing, followed by "Closer To Hogs" by Nine Inch Richards, "Mechanical Animals" by Marilyn Manson, "Actual Sounds + Voices" by Meat Beat Manifesto and "Pretty Hate Machine" by Nine Inch Nails.

12-23-05

It is now 1:02am. Deuce stopped by with a friend by the name of Dusty, though he records as Dirt Dig, at about 3:00pm, and worked on a little music before Dusty had to pick up some blank CDs. After working on music for a few more hours, they left so Dusty could drop off his car. When they got back, it was about 6:15pm. We chilled until 7:00pm, then fired up the blunt and got to work. They recorded two tracks today that were awesome. On top of that, Dusty gave me a stack of blank CDs, two cans of Olde English and smoked two blunts with me while we were recording.

Damn, I got stoned as fuck last night. After smoking those two fat as fuck blunts, anyone would be. The Olde English really helped, too. I think I may have had a cigarette last night, but I'm not sure. For a while, I was having a hell of a time trying to operate Acid Music, but I got back into the groove after I had been chilling for a while. I also had the worst case of the munchies I think I've had in the last two years. I stayed up for about an hour after they left to burn master copies of Patrick's last three CDs.

12-24-05

Jim came by last night to meet up with Christopher, who wanted to buy some acid. He also gave me a cool ass John Lennon book for Christmas. He ended up giving me a free hit, though he said it wasn't very strong. Christopher gets here and we sit down to smoke some reefer Sharon had gotten for me while she was out in the old neighborhood picking up Samantha's son for the night. At the same time, Jim calls his brother Travis to see if he can get Christopher a lid and some blunts. Whenever he got here, he already seemed like he was in a bad mood, but its hard to tell because he always seems angry. While he was weighing out the sack, I'm steadily smoking him out in hopes that he'll hook Christopher up. He ends up finding out that Christopher sold all but one of the hits of acid and wanted to buy that one. Christopher said he'd only sell it for \$15 because he wanted to do it. Then things got weird. The whole time Christopher is rolling the blunt at the table, Jim and Travis are talking about how sometimes in a person's life, they have to be shown they are not at the top and shit like that. Jim asked if I'd take it personally if he kicked Christopher's ass. I told him I didn't understand why he would want to do that, even though I suspected that it was because Travis wanted that acid. They asked what I'd do to stop them and showed m their arms and shit like that, but I did no backing down or even blinked. I told them nothing of the sort was going to happen in my home. Travis left shortly after. By this time, the acid is taking its full effect, though it was still weaker. I was getting plenty of the old "sight, smell and sound." Kari ends up coming over to pick up Jim, though we did smoke again before he left. I made sure to thank him for the book, but I don't know if he'll be coming over for a while. I know how much those guys hate to have their authority challenged. I just don't understand that whole "Hulk smash" mentality. Luckily I have the Charles Manson stare and wits to keep something like that from escalating to the point where I would have had to get up. Somehow, I kept them from starting shit in my home without me lifting a finger. Who's on top? Sharon ordered some food just before they left, so we ended up staying up an extra hour for the food, then crashed out. I didn't really get any sleep, though. I was all the way on the edge of the bed all night mildly tripping while Sharon and her nephew took up most of the bed. They all got up this morning and I finally got some rest. After getting up, I went in the bathroom and shaved off my beard and am now back to only sideburns. Now, Ariel and Christopher have left with Sharon, who's taking her nephew home then going to my mother's. So Lilith and I are just chilling.

A few quick thoughts after smoking a bowl and remembering a few things from last night. Patrick's music was tripping me the fuck out. It is perfect for tripping. I spent a lot of yesterday recording vocals and guide-vocals for Volume I. While most of the vocals are now down, except for levels, there are a few parts left I would like Sharon to do.

It is now 2:20pm and all of my vocals have been recorded and mixed for Volume I, leaving only Sharon's vocals to do before the whole album is finally done. I can't believe I've really been working on this album for the last half decade.

12-26-05

Christmas wasn't that bad this year. The girls got so much stuff, I don't even know where to put it all. They got a karaoke machine, some dolls, books, keyboard, toys and clothes. Before going anywhere, Sharon gave me her gift, a nice silver ring. We went to Nana & Papa's Christmas Eve for dinner. Patrick and Daddy met us there. The first thing Patrick notices is that my pupils were still dilated from the night before. We chill there, mostly talking on the front porch. I got a couple jackets and some clothes from Nana & Papa and Aunt Robin and Sara. Daddy gave me money and got Sharon and I a gift certificate for Chile's. Patrick ended up going back with Daddy to do the Christmas thing in the morning. Christopher came back with us and we crashed out. Christmas day, the girls opened more presents here, then when Patrick got here, we took off for Pappy's. The first part of that visit wasn't so bad, when it was Sharon, the girls, my brothers and I waiting for Mom to show up. Christopher and I took over Julia's Myspace page. The new sign-on is sarasstolenaccount@thereisnogod.com and the password is modeerf1. Her email address is [REDACTED]6996@netzero.com or net and the password is freedom. Then Mom got there and we opened our presents. I got a tea maker, two shirts, a pair of jeans, a stuffed shark and "The Never Ending Story" DVD from Mom, a DVD player from Pappy, a reefer themed card game and "The Never Ending Story Part 2" DVD from Christopher and a shark ring from Jennifer. When we got back here last night, we headed out to the shack to smoke a blunt and take some pictures. When we got back here, we watched "The Never Ending Story" and Christopher and Patrick split the hit of acid. We started watching "The Lord Of The Rings," but ended up going back up to the shack at midnight after they were starting to feel it. After a couple hours at the shack and chilling at the lake, we headed back here and we tried to watch the movie again. They were tripping out that it wasn't in English and the screen was too bright, so they ended up listening to their music and I went to bed. They ended up composing an entry each for the Hippie Archives. So far this morning, Sharon has left to take care of some exchanges and the girls have eaten breakfast and are cleaning up their room. Hopefully, by the time Sharon gets back, we can take all the garbage down to the dumpster and head out to Sound Exchange.

I can't wait to record Sharon's vocals for Vol. I. I only need her to record chorus parts for "As Seen On TV," "From The Outside" and "New Year's Revolution," verses for "Everything For Nothing" a couple lines for "Assault An Battery Not Included" and "A Meeting With King SysAdmin" and most of the vocals for "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition."

Sharon and I just got back from Sound Exchange. I got Patrick "Dick Lips" by blink-182 and got myself "Hau Ruck" by KMFDM, "One For The Money" by Sheep On Drugs, "The French Remixes" by Korn and "Peel Sessions" by Autechre.

Christopher, Patrick and I went up to pick up some Olde English a few hours ago and headed up to the shack. We drank and chilled there, then headed down to the grocery store to take a shit, pick up Sharon's drink at the gas station, then went to CVS to drop off the film and pick up some munchies. While we were at the grocery store, we all took turns fucking up the bathroom by shitting without flushing in the same toilet, which had the "Employees Must Wash Hands" sign in it, then at the CVS, I pissed in the garbage can. So, I guess we left our mark on the world tonight. Now, we're back home trying to find some reefer.

12-27-05

We did end up getting some reefer through Jim, who came by with Kari for a little bit after taking Christopher to go get it from Moses. We smoked a little with him, but everything seemed to be pretty generic. I got to listen to two of my new CDs yesterday. I really like the new KMFDM CD, though I hope they continue to change as they always have. Its great that its more of a band effort, but I like the ever changing line-up and guests. Hopefully, now that they're on Metropolis, they can collaborate with some of the other bands on that label, like Hanzel Und Gretyl or Mindless Self Indulgence. The Sheep On Drugs album was definitely good, but I thought it would be more like their cover of KMFDM's "Money" or their live show from the Pigface concert. This CD is actually heavily influenced by jungle more than hardcore and rave. I'm listening to the Autechre CD now and I like what I hear. It is now 8:41am and the Korn CD is playing. I really like these remixes because they take the songs into new, creepier and more atmospheric regions.

It is now 4:07pm in the afternoon and the girls are taking their nap. Christopher and Patrick are also passed out on the couch and futon. I have been working on some of the older material during this little break. I mixed the vocals into "GigaHurtz (Umb3llaCorp Mix)," recorded vocals for "Too Much Not Enough: 03-22-04" and "A Meeting With King SysAdmin" and recorded guide-vocals for "untitled: 03-07-04." After Sharon's parts are recorded, the only thing left will be to record "In The Flesh" and "The Hacker's Manifesto" and transfer "A Final Farewell To The Inner Circle" from VHS to the computer. Then, Volume I will be complete. I don't know if Hippie wants to record vocals for Volume II, but if not,

I'm sure Patrick, Christopher and I can handle the different voices. I can't wait until everything now on my computer can be taken off because its all finished and on a master copy.

12-28-05

Sharon picked up the pictures on the way home from work. They turned out pretty good. I think I may use these in the booklet for Vol. VI. It is now 12:08am and I'm about to go to sleep. We went out to the shack to smoke a couple joints then came back here and finished "untitled: 03-07-04," recorded vocals for "Bozo The Clown: undated" and "untitled: 02-03-03" and drew some pictures for the Hippie Archives.

It is now 12:53pm in the afternoon and I've finished up "Bozo The Clown: undated," "untitled: 05-01-02" and "untitled: 02-03-03." Now that I have a routine, I can catch up real quick on vocals while the girls are napping each day. The only thing holding me back now is the missing loops.

It is now 5:19pm and Patrick and I just finished up a really cool remix of "Make Way For Willy." Every part is redone using only Patrick's voice. We originally did a short version for Vol. VI, but we liked it so much, we went back and redid the whole song.

12-29-05

Patrick, Christopher and I went out last night to pick up some Olde English from the gas station for ourselves and Ray. We followed the normal path, singing as best we could Patrick's new remix all the way there. As I was waiting in line to pay, some dudes saw all the Olde English and one said, "damn, ya'll gettin' down tonight and I got that pressure to go with it." I told him to go talk to my brothers while I was paying, since they were already waiting outside. We followed them across the street to the apartment complex and the one guy left to get the reefer while we talked with the other guy. When the first guy got back, he pulled out a bunch of dime bags and Christopher picked what he wanted and we headed home. We got back here and Sharon left to do her laundry and I gave the girls their dinner and put them to bed. We watched "Harold & Kumar Go To White Castle" while we drank and smoked. Patrick started working on a medley of "Trance," "Beans Beans Are Good For Your Heart" and "Lisergicacidreflux" last night and finished today after lunch. After Sharon got back, her, Patrick and I sat outside while they had a cigarette and we fed a little kitten some turkey. I crashed out while Patrick and Christopher stayed up to watch Hackers, but passed out before it was over. I think we all passed out from taking those generic Vicadins Christopher has, since the same thing happened the other night to me when I smoked after taking one while Christopher and Patrick were tripping.

It is now 2:25pm and Sharon just left from her lunch break. My brothers and I

have been listening to the hospital tapes so that I can pick out those last few skits I need. I listened to the tape from 06-11-05 and couldn't find that live take of "Society Is Fucked: undated" that I'm sure was on the tape. I really have plenty of time to worry about anything being finalized for Vol. V, but I like to have things planned out. I know that I still want to release the tapes on CD as well, so I have to be careful not to sample too much from each one. I think the best way to market the hospital tapes would be to sell it as a box set. Some kind of cardboard box to hold all the standard sized jewel cases that hold two CDs each would be enough. I'm going to have to cut out anything that has music in the background, unless its our music. CD1 would be the tape from 12-31-04, CD2 would be the tape from 03-19-05, CD3 would be the tape from 04-16-05 and 06-11-05 and CD4 would be the tape from 08-13-05. Each disc would have tracks corresponding to each point at which the tape was stopped. The tape from 10-08-05 would not be included because it appears in its fifteen minute entirety at the end of the "Pappy On Piano" single. Both CD cases would contain booklets with pictures, journal entries and notes about each trip on the corresponding disc. I could also throw in the tape from 12-18-04 on a fifth disc in a separate case with pictures of that trip here at the apartment as a bonus disc.

At about 3:30pm, I made a song called "I Am So Gay" using only sound effects created with my mouth like Patrick had done with "Make Way For Willy (Batricks Voice Orchestra)," except its supposed to sound like Patrick made it and it says things like "Oh yeah Spanky, put it in my butt" and "I am Pat and I like cock." Then, at about 4:00pm Patrick made a track called "Teabag" the same way making fun of me. After Patrick finished at 4:30pm Christopher hopped on the computer and made one making fun of Patrick called "My Name Is Pat." Christopher left after he finished and I've already mastered the tracks since they're fucking hilarious and filed them in Misc. Beacon Meadows under the name "CBFA's Three Gay Songs."⁵¹

Its 6:28pm and Daddy just left with Patrick. Supposedly, they will be back tomorrow at about 7:00pm at night to go out to the shack and cook some hotdogs or something. Patrick said he's going to try to get some reefer. Christopher should be back tomorrow as well. If all goes well, we'll pick up some Olde English and head out there first and have Daddy and Patrick meet us there.

12-30-05

Sharon recorded almost all of her vocals last night. It was an amazing feeling to hear some of these songs finally completed after five years. She still has a few songs to go, but I have to wait to record those until she gets the rhythm right. I've been working on levels and touching up my vocals today. A few of the tracks are actually kind of catchy, something I didn't really expect. I have to remember to

⁵¹ CBFA was an acapella project by my brothers and I

send a copy of the CD to Dr. Tehan and Ms. Williams when its done.

The marathon continues today, starting with CD1 of "The Essential Ozzy Osbourne," followed by "The Last Tour On Earth" by Marilyn Manson, "Stitches/Dissentation" by Orgy, "The Downward Spiral" by Nine Inch Nails and "Starpeace" by Yoko Ono. I noticed something interesting while "Diary Of A Madman" was playing. Out of all my CDs, none give me the urge to crank up the stereo like this Ozzy Osbourne collection. There's something about his vocals and the majestic guitars that just demands high volumes and headbanging. I do find it unfortunate though that tracks from "Ultimate Sin" were not included.

It is now 1:53pm, the girls are asleep and Sharon has gone back to work. After she left, I recorded vocals for "untitled: 04-19-02" and "untitled: 06-08-02."

It is 3:18pm and June just called. I got curious to see if she had called anytime recently and she has. There was a missed call at 8:23pm on 12-28-05 and then Sharon called her at 8:24pm the same day. Now, this might be a coincidence, but Sharon is supposed to be going out to dinner with some girls from work tonight. I have more than a sneaking suspicion that she's really going off with June and that this whole moving beyond June thing has been a ploy to make me think the June problem was over. Everything has been so much easier without having to be worried about what goes on around that filthy slut. If there isn't anything dubious going on, there would be no reason to lie to me about where she's going tonight, which leads to the question of why June would be calling Sharon twice this week or why Sharon would return a call if they are no longer speaking to each other. A more interesting question might be how exactly Sharon is going to go out at all if I'm already out with Daddy, Christopher and Patrick. This whole situation is not at all pleasing. I hate that its now only 3:46pm, leaving over an hour more to sit and stew about what is probably another deceitful situation. At least no one can say I'm naive. In the end its going to be funny to see how many things I've said will come to pass or be confirmed as factual. The other night, I came in with my brothers and saw Sharon reading my journal. Well, she was reading an entry that contained her name, since she was searching for "Sharon." I don't know exactly what gave her a reason to read it, but I have nothing to hide and so I let her finish reading it. She didn't make any comments about it until last night, when she asked if I type things in my journal that I can't say to her face. I said I didn't, just things I want to remember. Its not even really things I want to remember, but that I remember as much as possible, good or bad. Either way, its kind of odd that she felt it was alright for her to read it after flipping out when I read her journal and found out about Bobby. I learned my lesson then. There is no truth, only the belief in truth. At this point, it doesn't really matter what really happened between Sharon and Bobby, because I believe what I believe based on fact and have believed the same thing for so long that there's no changing my mind. The only one who really knows what happened is Sharon and she has selective memory. That is why I keep a

journal, so that I don't have to rely on the tainted memories of myself and others. I try to record things as they happen or as they come back to me. One day, people are going to want to know how I ended up where I am now headed and this journal will help ensure that the story is as close as possible to the truth. Anybody who gets pissed off or hurt by reading should simply stop, just as I learned to do. I'm so far ahead of my time that by the time people realize it, that time will have already become history. If only I could figure out how to unlock those abilities which would fix everything. I know they are there.

It is now 4:07pm and Christopher just called to let me know he will be catching the bus in half an hour to come over here for tonight's meeting at the shack. I had talked to Jon about half an hour ago while I was typing the above paragraph. He said he was waiting to hear from Christopher, who's supposed to play football with him before we get together at the shack. I really hope I don't have to deal with any of the tag-alongs that Jon seems to bring everywhere he goes. I don't really mind hanging out with Pete and his girlfriend, but I'm pretty sure they think I'm insane. Jon's sister isn't annoying, but just plain boring. Josh is annoying at times by his fakeness, plus he doesn't know how to act around the girls and undresses Sharon with his eyes. I don't dislike the brothers for their belief in being above this society, but superiority should always come with a purpose besides telling others they are not at the top. That's just a lame excuse to be an asshole. None of this affects my choice to hang out with Jim, because by himself, he's an alright guy to have as a friend.

It is 7:13pm and Daddy just got here with the charcoal and hotdogs, but Sharon left to have dinner with... you guessed it slut... I mean June. Its funny, Sharon said Daddy wouldn't even show up and he did and he's not surprised Sharon would pull some faggot shit like this. We are most definitely going to the hospital tomorrow after having tonight's plans fucked up. Daddy is setting up on the back porch right now, so at least we get to hang out a little.

It is now 8:57pm and Daddy has taken Christopher to pick up Olde English after making a CBFA song with me called "Wacking Skippy" that makes fun of Batman and Robin, Patrick, Christopher and John.

12-31-05

It is 2:20pm and Sharon is at Nana & Papa's picking up a ham, Christopher and Patrick are playing "Super Mario World," the girls are sleeping and I'm just chilling. We smoked a bowl about half an hour ago, so I'm just listening to my music. I noticed a weird coincidence a few minutes ago. I've taken to calling the shack Volume VI's hospital because it has the potential to be a chill as fuck spot to chill while working on this album and beyond, plus its small. Both "Bloated Frog At The Entrance" and "Underground Pipe Labyrinth" are on the last Vol. V disc, the "Pappy On Piano" single. Both tracks reference the area where the shack is located since the same path through those woods that leads to the

Underground Pipe Labyrinth also leads to the shack. If it hadn't been for the discovery of the labyrinth, we probably wouldn't have gone back through those woods. Its a nice bridge between Vol. V and Vol. VI.

It is now 11:31pm and I'm patiently waiting for the dawn of the new year. As you probably guessed, we didn't end up going to the hospital after all. Instead, Sharon picked up dinner at a Jamaican restaurant that was good as fuck and a shitload of alcohol. When we got here though, Sharon ate her dinner and passed out. At this moment in fact, everyone but myself is asleep. How sad is that? Jim is supposed to call me back on the reefer front since I told him he could help me get rid of some of this alcohol. For whatever reason, I didn't mention last night's escapade earlier. After Daddy got back, we drank a little together until Jim and Kari showed up. Daddy left shortly after they got here and then we got more alcohol. I ended up drinking half a gallon of Olde English and chilled with Jim and Kari until they left. At some point during the night, Deuce also started hanging out with us. I really got the impression that Sharon and Kari were flirting and only time will tell if my hopes and premonitions are true. At the moment, Jim and Kari are not together, which makes it even better, since I can now exclude anyone else but the three of us from anything that may happen in the glorious new year. I have to let Sharon know that this year will be unlike other years where I waited around for her to figure something out to fix my lesbian jones because this year is she snoozes, she loses. After everyone left and I was drunk as fuck, I headed for the bedroom. When I opened the door, I saw Sharon riding her dildo with a vibrator up her ass. If ever there was ever a sign of a good night, this was it. We ended up fucking for at least an hour before I fell asleep and she left to take a shower. Then, this morning we slept in since the girls did and then I got up to take care of the girls when they woke up. Now, I'm enjoying the last few minutes of this year by thinking back and listening to my songs. I'm glad that the last few months I've been keeping up with this journal, since it ensures that I'll remember things as they were. 2005 wasn't really a bad year, although nothing too spectacular happened this year except Ariel moving in with us, a year's worth of hospital trips and the further evolution of my path towards destiny. I will dearly miss writing in this year's journal, though I hope that 2006 is all this and more. The shack brings about yet another perspective to my eternal quest for the truth. I have decided to also take on the task of producing an entire CBFA album as sort of a side-project that lets me just relax and be goofy. After over a year, my aspirations for the hospital have only grown and soon will boil over into progress as the clock counts closer to Patrick's eighteenth. And thus the story never ends, but only begins a new chapter. 11:57pm is pretty close to the end my dear 2005 journal. Its been fun.

VARN Transmissions⁵²

Transmission 0100⁵³

What you now hold in your hands is an album that perhaps holds the record for the longest time taken to complete. In the time it took to record this album, Nine Inch Nails released two albums, not including a remix album and a live album. That's a long time. When I started working on this, my first album, in 1999 I was only fifteen or sixteen and a freshman in high school. At the time, America was still caught up in how horrible Bill Clinton was for sticking cigars in unusual places and I had simply intended this to be a warning on the absolute horrors of war. Now, sadly it has evolved into a protest album by default. I had always romanticized the sixties, but I never wanted my own Vietnam. Looking back, I may have been a little overambitious with this project at the time. I had no musical training aside from playing trumpet (rather poorly, I might add) in middle school. I had no microphone and didn't even know if I could sing. I had been writing political poetry for a few years and had started reworking them into song lyrics. A few of my friends shared my enthusiasm for anti-utopian literature, but I found that I didn't work well in a band where everyone wrote their parts and we all practiced and compromised for the greater whole. I had a vision that couldn't be fucked up by someone else who wanted to show off their talent (or lack thereof in a couple people's case). The band I had put together had fallen apart because the guitarist could only barely play "Iron Man," so every song sounded vaguely like it and the bassist thought he was a robot. I had honestly tried saving the band, but I never brought any of these lyrics to the table. They were too precious to me. So without knowing how any of the music would sound or even be created, I sat down and drew out a storyline mostly influenced by Orwell's greatest achievement, "1984," but with little spices of Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451," Huxley's "A Brave New World," and a few other books similar in style and objective. The process of constructing a linear story and making slight changes here and there to the lyrics took over a year, with me constantly finding new books on the Vietnam War, Stalin, peaceful protest or even the Civil War protests of Ambrose Bierce that I felt could help out the album's plot. By the time I had settled upon the set of lyrics I felt sure of, I was in a television productions class that had music software on the computer. The rest of the school year, I practiced on the program, using 1984 demos for my class projects or other students' projects I was directing. The program left with me at the end of the year. 2001 and 2002 were spent finalizing the basic ideas of the tracks, remixes and b-sides for this album, although minor tweaking continued until the middle of 2005, when I finally came upon a microphone and the last months of 2005 were spent recording vocals. Another unexpected source of inspiration came to me by the end of 2000 in the form of marijuana. As a result, "Choose A Side" became

⁵² when the first Beacon Meadows site was launched in 2005, the earlier VARN Industries releases from 2001-2004 were re-released once a week on it's blog

⁵³ VARN Industries Volume I: 1984 Soundtrack

the last track on the album and the first written stoned. So much has happened in between these years. I've worked on no less than four other albums in that time, but I never forgot about this one, my first.

Transmission 0101⁵⁴

From the very beginning of VARN Industries, I knew two things about singles. I knew I really liked when artists released singles that were full of remixes and unreleased material and I knew that I had so many ideas that I would never be able to fit them all on an album and not leave something behind. So naturally, I picked the tracks that were my personal favorites instead of what may play well on the radio and remixed them. It was good practice, since when I was recording all this material, I was still just learning how to use a computer to make music. I was also playing tutor to my brothers, Magitek and Batrick, who weren't even in high school yet, by either working on a track with them or having them do a remix for me. When Batrick and I recorded the music for "The Proles," he was only ten or eleven. When Magitek did his remix of that track, he was only thirteen or fourteen. More amazing than thinking how young they were when those two tracks were recorded is how young Batrick was when we recorded our first version of the two b-sides "Cast Silver" and "Shark's Pet On A Leash." On no less of a hopeless setup than a Playstation and a karaoke machine, Batrick was maybe seven when those first two Lawnboy tracks were made. Unfortunately, I lost the tape, but after finding the lyrics a few years later, I went about reconstructing those gems of yesteryear. Of course, the vocals weren't recorded until 2005 when I finally got a microphone for my studio. Another amazing thing happened during the early years of working on Volume I. I discovered marijuana and decided to thank Hippie for it by making the "Peon Mix." Though I took that influence much further into the theme of my next album, its affect was felt on two early recordings, both with "Choose A Side" on Volume I and the remix for Hippie on this single. "The Factory" was recorded a few days later.

Transmission 0102⁵⁵

By the time I started working on this single, most of the titles for remixes had already been decided. The only exceptions were the remixes by my brothers and my remix of "GigaHurtz." Originally, I was going to use a remix of "GigaHurtz" called "Format C:\," but after deciding to do a hacker themed EP, that track was given to a different release. I had gone with Sarah to see the Resident Evil movie and was thoroughly pleased with the theme of a powerful corporation that couldn't be trusted, like a mini Big Brother watching over Raccoon City and immediately set about recording the "Umbr3llaCorp Mix" that's on this single. The "Numb To Violence" mix is actually the demo of "As Seen On TV" with an answering machine message from my mother backmasked on it. "Commercial

⁵⁴ VARN Industries: The Prokes

⁵⁵ VARN Industries: As Seen On TV

Break" was recorded immediately after the sessions that produced The Proles single. The two remixes my brothers contributed weren't recorded until 2004-2005, during the recording of Batrick's Fill Me Up Another Cup Of Booze and Magitek's Totally Baked Album.

Transmission 0103⁵⁶

The lyrics for "A Meeting With King SysAdmin" are actually at least a year or so older than any lyrics that were used on Volume I and was written during the same time as "Cast Silver" and "Shark's Pet On A Leash." "Imaginary Military Base" was intended to be used on Vol. I, but no lyrics were ever written for it and so it sat until I started assembling this EP. "Radio Signal" was recorded shortly after I had finished most of the music for Vol. I and I was trying to figure out what direction to take with newer material and shows a quickly abandoned sci-fi theme. Hippie and Batrick's remix of the title track wasn't recorded until much later, in 2004 during the recording of Batrick's Fill Me Up Another Cup Of Booze album. "Format C:\\" was intended to be used on the As Seen On TV single, but was saved for this EP when the "Umbr3llaCorp Remix" was recorded and used in its place. Batrick's remix of "Everything For Nothing" wasn't recorded until he began recording a follow-up for bffForever. The original use for VARN Industries was as a title for a fake company to make the programs I was programming in middle school to hack AOL sound more official. My friend ReQuEsT and I successfully released three issues of a home-made newsletter about hacking called HackZ in middle school before someone made us stop, thinking that phreak box plans were instructions to make bombs. Explaining that they were just devices to steal phone service didn't help out much. About a year later, at the end of my freshman, I decided to try my hand at it again with three friends. A month went into putting together articles for our first issue of The Inner Circle and on April 19 of 1999, we finally saw a the final product. The next night, photocopies were made and stapled together and on April 21, I passed them out to a sizable amount of students interested. To protect ourselves from being turned in, I had people sign up for them instead of just passing them out at random. Unfortunately, that didn't stop someone from showing someone else, who showed a teacher, who showed someone in the office, who called me in for a conference. The school authorities were pretty shaken up by the events that had taken place the day we made copies. Some guys in Colorado had stop up their school and now everyone was on high alert for "trouble cases." In my backpack, they found extra newsletters, the subscription list and an article I cut out of a magazine about Marilyn Manson. They warned me not to warn my friends about what was going down and sent me back to lunch, where I told them we were being screwed. The following day, all four of us were brought together with our parents for a conference on what should be done. They warned us that we could have criminal charges of conspiracy and also be expelled from school.

⁵⁶ VARN Industries: Songs Of HPVAC

They opted for a lesser punishment though, as not to attract any negative attention to the school. They didn't want to be the next Columbine. Instead, they put a small remark on our school record saying "Other Major Incident With No Suspension" and gave us each three work details. It is these events that inspired me to collect a few left-overs from Volume I and make this EP.

Transmission 0200⁵⁷

I was exhausted lyrically after the Volume I sessions and at a loss for what the next album would be about. I had vowed never to repeat myself in my music and couldn't think of anything new to say. I hadn't really thought ahead of the politically charged 1984 Soundtrack and wanted to take a break to collect myself. I was out on my own and spending a lot of time using the Crowley method studying the affects of marijuana with Hippie and so decided that maybe we could take what we had written while we were stoned and Hippie could record an album and I would produce it. Everything about the album would be created under those conditions. After spending almost a year writing what we saw and thought while under the influence and perfecting a method to create short hallucinations while stoned we called zooming, we started recording music. Hippie soon became indifferent with the prospect of putting out an album of his own and so the concept of my next album was decided without even realizing it. I continued recording music for those writings, which were mostly Hippie's since it was originally supposed to be his album, under those strict conditions. As soon as I started to feel the presence of marijuana leave my system, I would either take a break or take a toke. While the last album had been a product of intense research through books, this was first-hand research on the field, although I did spend a lot of time getting the right vibes sitting around stoned watching movies and listening to all sorts of music that I also credit influencing this album. MyKaos, another smoking buddy from high school, helped out on a couple tracks and I had recorded two tracks with Hippie before he decided to leave the project. Like Volume I, I didn't start recording vocals until late 2005. It was during the recording of this album that I discovered that my brothers smoked and so they became a part of the Volume II project after most of the album tracks had been recorded and also began work on their own counterparts to Stoned Age, Batrick's Knuckle and Magitek's Totally Baked Album. To fully appreciate the message of Stoned Age, listen to these three albums back-to-back. Hopefully, you're reading this and listening to this album under those same conditions that originally created this album.

Transmission 0201⁵⁸

This EP collects the three tracks based on writings Hippie and I had written from Vol. II with the first few recordings I made using the same methods, each with

⁵⁷ VARN Industries Volume II: Stoned Age

⁵⁸ VARN Industries: The Three Parables Of Hippie & MAN3

one of my brothers. Just as on Vol. II, the tracks started as recorded visions from a smoking session. "Drug Rock: 02-18-03" was written by Magitek the second time we ever smoked together. "Dance Of The Magic Mushrooms: was written a few nights later while I was working at a gas station after a customer fired me up with a dirty blunt⁵⁹ of hydro. The music to both these tracks were recorded not long after while my brothers and MyKaos were over toking up. The demo for "Nintendo, Why War Sucks & How Marijuana Has Affected Music: 04-29-02" was the first music recorded for Vol. II and is Hippie's first attempt using his computer to make music.

Transmission 0202⁶⁰

It was so hard picking a single for Vol. II, simply because I couldn't imagine remixing any of the tracks. At random, I decided upon "untitled: undated" and spent the end of 2003 recording for this single. I was still recording entries in The Hippie Archives, a collection of essays, visions and dreams received while under the influence of mind expanding substances named after my good friend, which I still do to this day. Most entries from 2002 had gone into Vol. II, but the vast amount of entries meant I had to be careful not to just record a "Stoned Age, pt. 2," so I resisted following the same path and avoided recording too many of the entries after the album tracks were recorded. I had allowed myself two on "The Three Parable Of Hippie & MAN3" and so allowed myself only two for this single. "Asking For Wisdom: 06-17-03" was written while my brother Magitek was staying with me for a while after leaving home and it was because of the personal nature of the writing that I chose to use it as a b-side. The remixes were all recorded under the same conditions the album had demanded at some time between mid to late 2003 when someone would stop by to smoke. The "Distorted Reality Remix" unfortunately marked the end of any collaborative work with my old friend MyKaos, who decided to focus on school and leave music behind. "The Laser Light Remix" marked a new beginning though. My brother-in-law Big Daddy moved in with me at the end of 2003 and soon followed my brothers in learning how to program by watching me work on my music and practiced first with his remix and later by adapting his first entry into The Hippie Archive for release. Shortly after recording "Cream Cheese: 12-22-03," named after the spoonfuls of sugar-coated cream cheese we were eating when it was written, I began producing his solo album called the Troll-Hop Compilation because his music was intended for people who were both tripping and rolling.

Transmission 0203⁶¹

Titled because it was recorded months after the last tracks had been finished that were intended for any Vol. II release and long before any were recorded for

⁵⁹ a blunt with cocaine sprinkled in the weed

⁶⁰ VARN Industries: untitled: undated

⁶¹ VARN Industries: The THC Sessions

a new album, The THC Sessions is a collection of post Vol. II tracks that were still recorded using the same rules followed during those sessions. Because I had yet to decide on a theme and hadn't yet realized that themes came to me when I wasn't looking for them, rather than waste time not recording, I would just record an EP that served as closure to the Vol. II method and the use of entries from The Hippie Archives as inspiration. "The Tragic Story Of Killer the Dog: 02-16-04" was recorded with Magitek during the final stages of work on his Totally Baked Album around the same time as "I Am Gore" and "I Am Fucked Up." "untitled: 03-07-04" is really two songs in one. Recorded on 03-07-04, the song was intended to be an instrumental until Batrick and I wrote the first verse and chorus in The Hippie Archives later. When I finally got a microphone in late 2005, I had written the second verse while engineering tracks for my friend Deuce's mixtape. "Whippits: 03-17-04," "Peanut Butter And Pumpkin Spice: 03-22-04" and "Too Much Not Enough: 03-22-04" were all recorded while I was producing Big Daddy's Troll-Hop Compilation. For a short time, my brothers he and I would wander around the neighborhood huffing dusters after smoking and "Whippits: 03-17-04" was intended to convey that feeling with music. The two tracks recorded a few days later and one also with Big Daddy would be the last of any Vol. II tracks, since the three remixes were recorded randomly through the early part of 2004. "Peanut Butter And Pumpkin Spice: 03-22-04," like "Cream Cheese: 12-22-03," was dedicated to a sandwich spread coated with a sweet condiment we were eating that night, although Big Daddy only worked on the second track of the night. The vocals were all recorded in late 2005.

Transmission 0300⁶²

By far one of the most personal of my recordings, Angel is partially a direct response to the war and partially a questioning of religiousness in its midst all wrapped up in a love story dedicated to Sharon. I was so emotionally drained upon finishing the lyrics that I decided not to write lyrics for a few years afterward. So dear to me is this album that no singles or EPs were recorded and everything I wanted to convey is within the album. The story speaks for itself and the rest is for Sharon. I did try to make an attempt at putting some space between recording of this album an Vol. II so that I could completely immerse myself in it and only two tracks, "Ready For War" and "An Invasion," were written while I was stoned. I hope that couples will listen to this album and hold each other close, having picked up on the romantic vibes hidden beneath my rants against god and war. This album really is very personal and I can't really say much more about it.

Transmission 0400⁶³

After Vol. III, I wasn't really ready write any lyrics for while, but couldn't hold out

⁶² VARN Industries Volume III: Angel

⁶³ VARN Industries Volume IV: Mind Expansion Kit

on recording anything. I instead decided to put the focus on the music, but didn't want it to be a typical instrumental album, so I would record a demo trying to make it sound like nothing I had done before and then would move on, occasionally going back and making minor changes as they came to me. The second half of 2004 was spent this way, usually with the help of one or more mind expanders. In keeping with the experimental vibe, I wanted each track to reflect the effects of the chemical it was named after. As a result, a few are only character sketches when my research fell a little short, as is the case for "Absinthe," "Gamma Butyrolactone" and "Peyote." I noticed that jumping from topic to topic with each album had helped create a distinct sound for each album and its singles or EPs. This album seemed to draw equally from the vibes of the three previous albums without actually fitting into any of the three overall themes and I often refer to this as simply my experimental electronics album.

Transmission 0401⁶⁴

After I finished Mind Expansion Kit, I realized that Big Daddy hadn't collaborated on any of the tracks. I decided the only way to remedy this and make it up to him was to allow him to choose any songs of mine and record a remix album. Ironically, he didn't choose any of the Mind Expansion tracks. I am glad I got the opportunity to have him do that now, since he's since been locked up and won't be making any new music for some time.

⁶⁴ VARN Industries: Cream Cheese And Sugar

Max In The Land Of Horses

It all started about a year and a half ago. A man by the name of Max Stevenson had a high paying job as a computer engineer in a corner office of one of the biggest corporations in New York. Each day was the same, he got up at five every morning, ate a small breakfast, and rode to work in his '74 VW Beetle. He'd arrive at work at about six thirty, and work until five, then come home to work on his personal projects until about ten. Every weekend he'd leave and live off the land with his survivalist group. Max was the most knowledgeable of the group, knowing almost every type of plant, whether it was poisonous, edible, was an expert hunter, knew every camouflage technique, and knew three different self defense styles. He had followed this simple routine for about six years, all up until one fateful day.

Max felt quite strange as he got up that morning. As usual, he had gotten up almost exactly at five. He had his breakfast of milk and cereal and got into his car for work. As he started up his car, he patted the dashboard as he always did. The Beetle was about all he had for family, except for his loser brother in Manhattan, who had dropped out of high school to get a job at a local fast food joint, and had been there ever since, always saying that one day he would run the company if he worked hard. Max on the other hand went to a university and got a degree in computer engineering, and was making two hundred dollars an hour. Once at work, he took the east wing elevator up to the third floor. He stopped and said good morning to his secretary, Grace, and went through the door into the hallway that led to his office. He had joked that the hallway was his and that if he wasn't so nice, everyone else who had an office in that hallway would have to get in through a window. His office was painted a nice off white color with black furniture. He unpacked his laptop and continued working on a computer program he had started two days before, and didn't expect to finish for another week or so.

At five, he packed up his laptop and its components, grabbed his files to take home, and left his office. About halfway down the hallway, he noticed a green stain at the foot of the far door. As he got closer, it seemed to get bigger. As he got even closer he saw that it wasn't a stain and it was growing. Somehow, a thick green mass of vines was growing up the door. As he watched, it started growing at an alarmingly faster rate. By the time he reached the door, the vines had grown too thick to open the door. When he spun around, then saw that the whole hallway was covered in this mass of vines. He ran back for his office to call for someone to come cut through to let him out. He might have asked someone else in the hall for help, but everyone else left half an hour earlier than he did. When he threw open his door, instead of seeing his office as he had expected, he was blinded by a bright white light.

As he was regaining his sight, before him materialized a brownish blur. He

looked around only to find himself facing the side of a tall mountainous wall that seemed to stretch beyond the clouds and as far across as he could see. He could just barely make out the top a great distance beyond the hazy clouds. He also saw a flock of large birds flying near a cavern in the wall about a hundred meters up, where a nest must have been. He pinched himself, thinking this must be a dream, but when he felt the sting of the pinch, he realized it was much more real than it seemed possible. He turned around and found a thick forest behind him, with a trail leading deep within. He looked through his backpack to find his flashlight, knife, and camouflage kit inside, in case something inside the forest came after him. After putting on his camouflage, strapping on his knife, and turning on his flashlight, he ventured in.

Half an hour and hundreds of meters in the forest, Max decided to stop for the night and set up camp. As he didn't have his tent with him, and worried that the unfamiliar woods might host large animals, he chose to take the high ground and gathered some fruits, ate and picked out a good tree, and turned in for the night. The next morning, Max packed quickly and went in the direction of the marker he made the night before. He wanted to cover as much ground as possible before noon. He had covered about a kilometer before he reached a large pond, which the path wrapped around. He tested to see whether it was fresh or salt, luckily, it was fresh. Max filled his water bottle and clipped it back to his backpack. He then took out his axe, a line, a hook, and fashioned a fishing rod out of a nearby tree branch. He caught two small fish and a strange looking sea snake, which he returned. He put the two fish in an airtight container. He set his watch to go off at half past noon, when he planned to eat the fish with some wild berries and roots he had collected. Max then got back on the trail, not realizing he was being watched.

Almost opposite of the trail before the pond, this side was less vegetated and more flat terrain. He could see the mountain that had been the start point of this strange journey towering above the forest even from this long of a distance. Just then, Max caught a flash a color out of the corner of his eye. Before he knew what had happened, someone seized him from behind. Finally his captor spoke, in a somewhat broken English, but the man's native language was one of which Max had never heard. The man asked Max why he was journeying through the Dark Forest. Max told the man that if he put him down, he would explain everything. Max saw before him a centaur, a man from the waist up, a horse from the waist down. The centaur said his name was Sekr of the House of Ghrem, a member of the royal guard. After explaining what had happened, Sekr decided it would be best to take Max to see the King.

Early the next morning, Max and Sekr were at the front gate of the royal palace. The royal palace was a magnificent, large castle of black marble with a tower at each of the five corners, topped by deep red flags and surrounded by a moat of crystal clear water, coral at the bottom, tropical fish, and sharks. At Sekr's call,

the gate was lowered and they were immediately escorted to the King. Once again, Max told the story of how he found himself in the Dark Forest. The Royal Advisor examined all of Max's belongings and held extra interest in his laptop, which he called a mystical, ever-changing book. The King had the east tower prepared for Max and had the advisor take him to the library to take whichever books, scrolls, and tomes he wished to be moved into the east tower. Max, in turn, allowed the advisor to copy all the electronic books off his laptop for the library.

The east tower was, like the other four towers, about four stories high. By the end of the second day at the palace, he had a library, office, bedroom, and still had plenty of rooms left empty. The office and library were on the same level, opposite to each other, while the bedroom was the only of four rooms furnished at the top level. His office had a simple, but large oak table as desk and three matching chairs, his on one side and the other two on the opposite side, two small windows, and a magnificent fur rug. His library had shelves built into all but one wall, which had maps up on it. In the center was a large circular table, and five chairs. He was given a great stack of blank scroll paper to print out his favorite books and references to include in his personal library. His bedroom had some of the best furniture in the palace, other than the royal furniture. He had a large bed, a fur rug, two book shelves, a small table and chair, and a large window. As this was the highest level in the tower, this room had the fireplace. He planned to go on frequent trips into the Dark Forest, to hunt for food, and to keep his skills in practice. Those animals he did catch would go to feed him, as he didn't want to be too much of a burden on the King. He would, however, decorate his office and bedroom with his best catches' heads. In another few days, he would have a small kitchen, and he was going to ask for a room equipped for an animal, because a woman from the village within the castle walls had promised to give him the best of the next litter of cerberus pups, due in a few days.

The King summoned Max at noon the third day to give him the official tour of the palace and its village. The advisor took him through the palace, and by the time they were in the village, Max and the advisor, who's name turned out to be Griswold, had established a great friendship. Journeying through the village's market, he gathered a good amount of supplies to take with him on his weekly trip into the wilderness so he could somewhat keep his schedule. In the end, he had bought ten sets of clothes, an extra knife, three torches, a bow, a quiver full of arrows, lots of rope, and a winged colt, called a pegasus.

The first weekend in the palace went better than planned. By the fifth day, Max had made friends with Sekr and some others from the Royal Guard, as well as Griswold, and Talya, the woman from the village. Max, Sekr, and Griswold went deep into the Dark Forest that night, Sekr sleeping on the ground at the base of a large tree, Griswold resting in the lower limbs, and Max highest up. Early the

next morning, the three went over plans to build a permanent station of the tree. It was decided that levels be based on the previous night's resting spots. Sekr would have a wood shed built into the side of the large tree, as being a centaur prevented him from climbing the tree. A rope ladder would hang from the lowest branch, leading to Griswold's deck. From there, wooden steps would be placed leading to Max's deck. A pulley system would be hung, to bring supplies from the ground up, or vice versa. Finally, a rope bridge system would connect other trees to the base for traveling over the forest without detection. Soon after, Max and Sekr left Griswold to go over the final design, while they went out to gather lumber and other needed supplies. By that night, Sekr's shed was nearly complete. By the seventh day, all three levels were complete, and the following day, the pulley system and bridges were complete. They returned to the palace at noon the ninth day. Max returned to a completed kitchen and stables at the base of the tower. In a week or so, he would be able to keep the newborn dog. He brought home with him his first trophy for the office, plus two hundred pounds of meat, four bags of fruits and berries, and a bag of nuts. That night, he salted the meat, preserved the fruits and berries, and stored everything in the new kitchen.

Early the next morning, Max went out to the fields north of the palace with his pegasus, leaving Griswold in care of the pup while he was out. The colt, not yet strong enough for flight, galloped through the fields for some hours before tiring. As Max and the colt were heading back to the palace, Max saw a black pegasus in the distance. As it neared, Max saw that it had been twisted into some evil mirror of the pure pegasus. It had blazing dark red hair, a pair of short ivory horn jutting from its forehead, and red dragon like wings in place of the usual feathered wings. It soared past them and straight on and out of view to the south, over the Dark Forest and finally beyond the mountain wall, known to the people of this land as the Earthen Wall. It was rumored that beyond that wall was the domain of an evil sorcerer and his minions, who stole and transformed a good amount of the King's pegasus from the Royal Guard's stables. The King had been trying to thwart the sorcerer ever since, but was occasionally reminded of his failed attempts by the demon horses flying over his kingdom. He had never even caught a demon horse, though he had hired the best horsemen in the land.

When Max heard of this, he made it one of his goals to catch one of the evil demon pegasus and eventually help in the sorcerer's downfall. To help him reach this goal, Max decided to join the Royal Guard. Sekr was to thank for talking the King into letting Max join, pointing out that Max was well versed in survival tactics, had a unique perspective being from another land, and had a technological edge. Max was assigned a unicorn, previously assigned to an ex-guardsmen. After joining the Royal Guard, Max had one of the empty rooms made into his armory...



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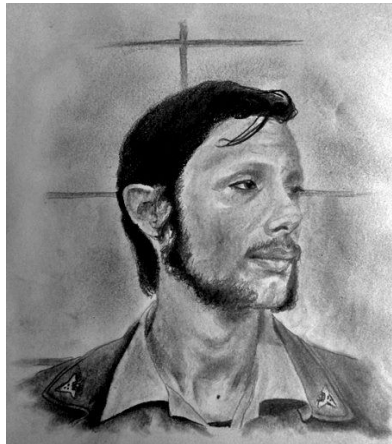
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About The Author

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).