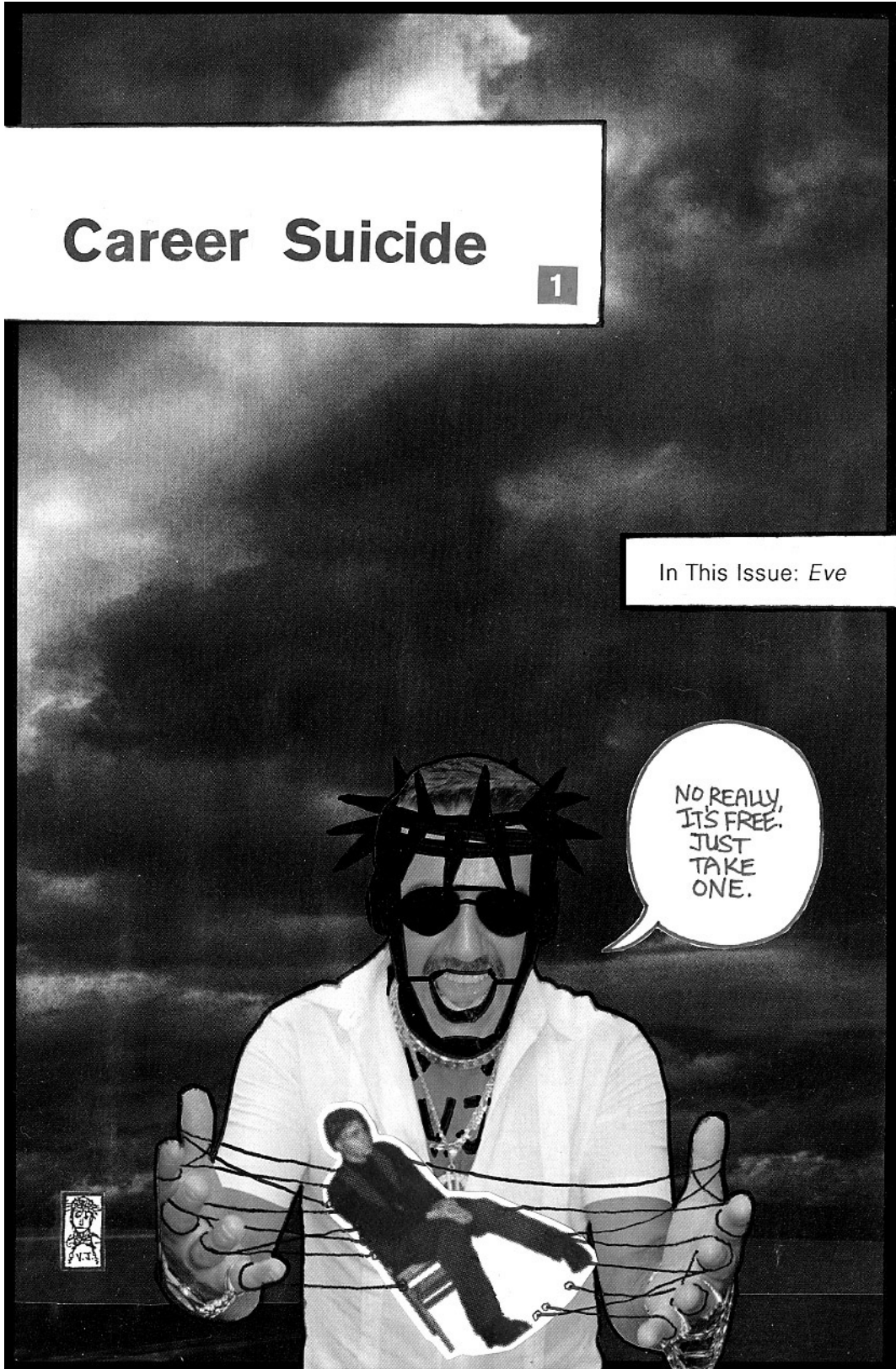


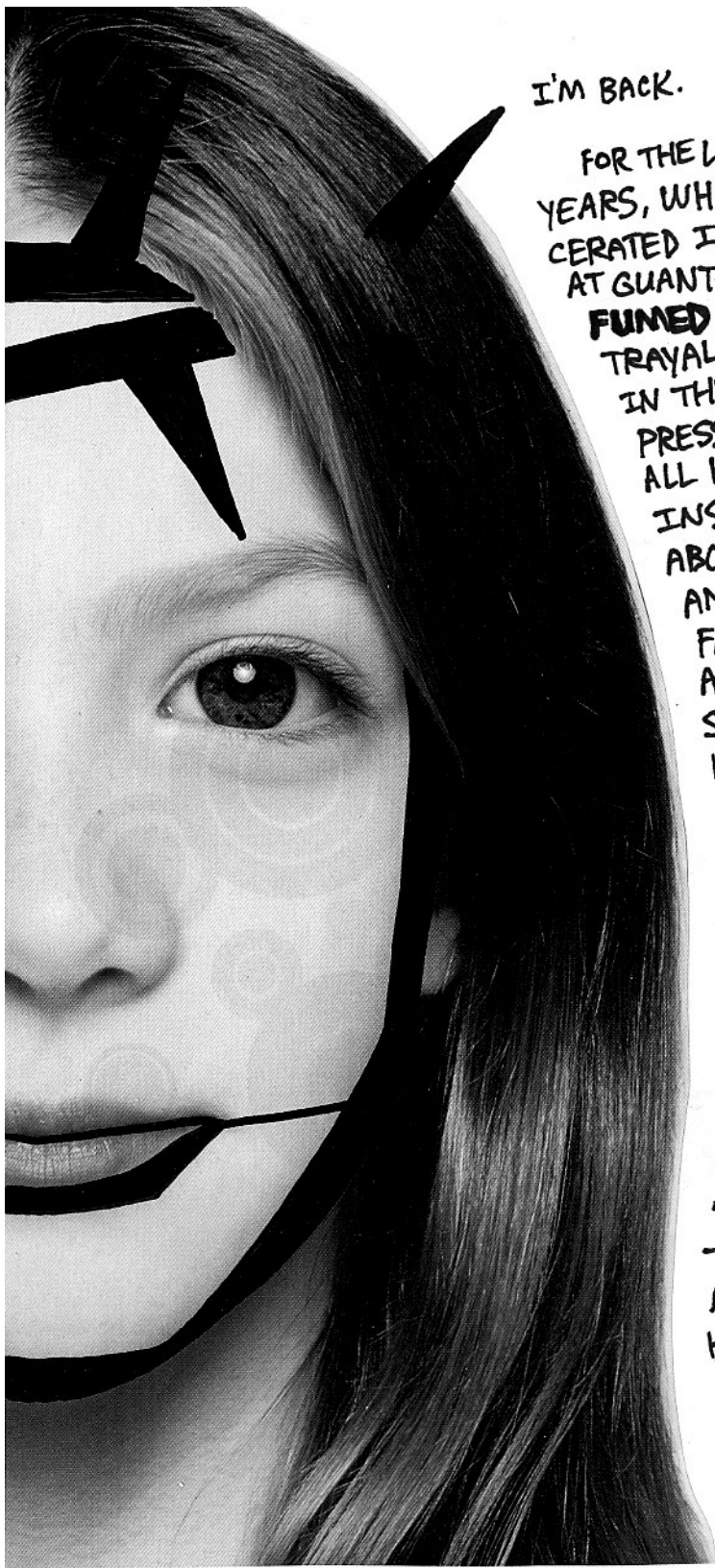
Career Suicide

1

In This Issue: *Eve*

NO REALLY,
IT'S FREE.
JUST
TAKE
ONE.





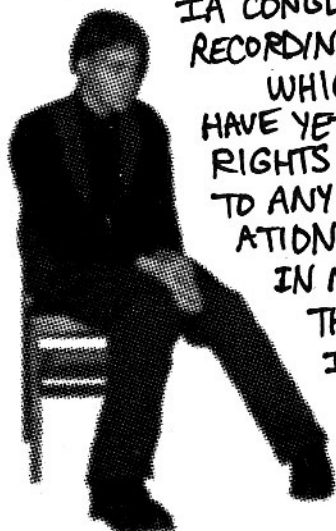
I'M BACK.

FOR THE LAST SEVERAL YEARS, WHILST INCARCERATED IN MY CELL AT GUANTANAMO, I'VE **FUMED** OVER THE PORTRAYAL OF MY MUSIC IN THE U.S. MUSIC PRESS. THEY'VE MADE ALL KINDS OF NASTY INSINUATIONS ABOUT MY INTENT AND NUMEROUS FALSE CLAIMS ABOUT THE INSPIRATION BEHIND MY VARIOUS RELEASES. I'VE BEEN MADE A PARIAH IN AVANTE GARDE CIRCLES, AS ONE BY ONE MY OLD FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS SUCCUMB TO THE "GOING WISDOM" TODAY THAT I'M A WASHED-UP HAS-BEEN.

WELL I'VE HAD ENOUGH. AND **FUCK** THEM.

"Fuck all the critics in the NYC
Who wants to rock the microphone after me?"

- Ice Cube



Family get together, December, 1993.

OKAY, NONE OF THAT WAS TRUE.
WELL, THE PART ABOUT THE MUSIC PRESS IGNORING ME WAS REAL; BUT THAT'S BEEN PRETTY EASY FOR THEM SINCE MY WORK IS NOT COMMERCIALY AVAILABLE; IS PROBABLY NOT COMMERCIALY VIABLE; AND IN ANY CASE, SO FAR, NO MAJOR MEDIA CONGLOMERATES HAVE LEVERAGED MY RECORDINGS ONTO RADIO OR TELEVISION.

WHICH IS JUST AS WELL, SINCE I HAVE YET TO SURRENDER COMMERCIAL RIGHTS TO MY WORK IN PERPETUITY TO ANY SUCH CORPORATION OR ORGANIZATION. NOT THAT THIS TENDS TO STOP THEM, IN MANY SITUATIONS, BUT THE FACT THAT MY WORK IS COMPLETELY UNINTERESTING TO THE VAST MAJORITY OF THOSE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO LOSE MOMENTS OF THEIR LIVES COMING INTO CONTACT WITH IT RENDERS THE POSSIBILITY OF CORPORATE INTEREST LEADING TO CORPORATE CHICANERY EXCEEDINGLY UNLIKELY.

AS I SAY, THIS IS NO SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS. FOR MY PART, I HAVE CHOSEN TO INAUGURATE THIS NEW ZINE SERIES, **CAREER SUICIDE**, AS A BID TO STAVE OFF THE IMPENDING ARRIVAL OF THE SORT OF CRITICAL TRUTH-CREATORS I FICTIONALIZED ON THE INSIDE-FRONT COVER.

THERE **IS** A COGENT EXPLANATION FOR ALL OF THIS, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M NOT THE ONE TO ARTICULATE IT CLEARLY FOR YOU. HMM.
MAYBE I'M JUST PLAYING INTO THEIR HANDS.

eve

I Je'-sus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of Da'-vid, and the bright and morning star.



eve

Fall/Winter, 1994

cassette only, distributed locally

Original cassette J-card for Eve

I STUDIED CLASSICAL PIANO FOR OVER NINE YEARS. DURING THE 1980S, I PRACTISED FORTY-FIVE MINUTES TO AN HOUR AND A HALF OR MORE EVERY DAY (OFTEN GETTING UP EARLY BEFORE SCHOOL TO RUN THROUGH FINGER EXERCISES AND SCALES), AND COMPETED IN PERFORMANCE COMPETITIONS AGAINST STUDENTS FROM ACROSS THE STATE.

ALL OF THIS AMOUNTED TO PRECISELY SQUAT WHEN I FOUND MYSELF, IN THE SUMMER OF 1994, STRAPPED TO A KNOCK-OFF HOLLOW BODY 12-STRING, STRUMMING INTO THE BUILT-IN MICROPHONE OF A 70s ERA CASSETTE RECORDER. ALMOST BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON, I'D GRADUATED FROM SCRAWLING EMBARRASSING LYRICS ON "SECRET" YELLOW LEGAL PADS TO PLINKING OUT HALF-COCKED

THE I.O WELL 8:25.06
 DRY FIGURE :38.00
 STILL TIME 1:16.05
 THE 7 TURNS 5:38.71

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
 THE SOUND OF ONE HAND BEING TOLD TO CLAP 4:36.53

A WARMLY DRIPPING STOP 6:48.48

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
 THEY DON'T DIE DOWN 4:48.85

EVE 3:49.58

THE END 1:18.48

CLOSING 8:09.51

43:29.25
 MORE OR LESS



~~THE I.O WELL~~ ADDITIONAL TOYS, BABY SOUNDS, AND KEYBOARD PROGRAMMING BY HALI MARTIN. SHE'S ONE AND A HALF YEARS OLD, YOU KNOW.

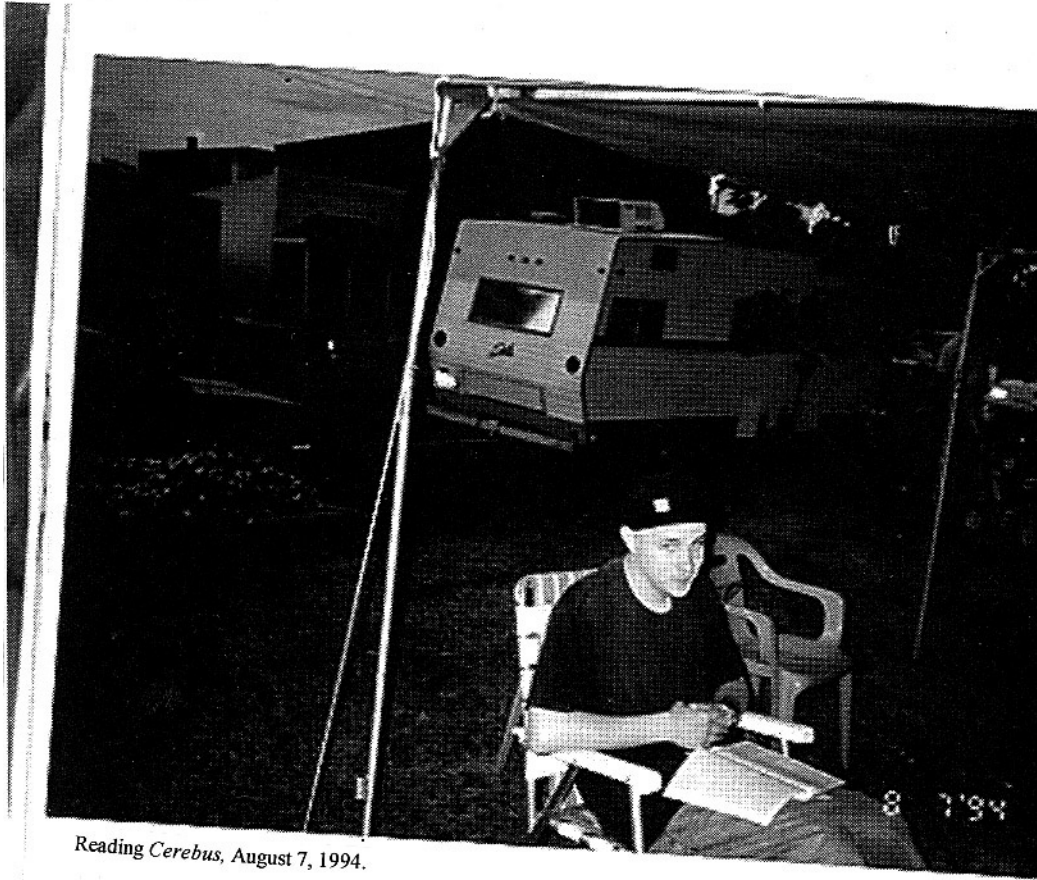
~~THE 7 TURNS~~
 BABY SOUNDS AND MOST SAMPLES CREATED BY HALI MARTIN.



ALL PROFITS FROM THIS CASSETTE GO DIRECTLY TO THE ARTIST, HA.

TUNES AND INVENTING A THOUSAND AND ONE NEW (TO ME) STUDIO TRICKS TO MASK MY DISASTROUSLY INEPT GUITAR PLAYING. I HAD NO IDEA WHAT THE FUCK I WAS DOING, AND REALLY NO CLEAR IDEA OF WHY I WAS DOING IT. IF PRESSED, I WOULD NOW HAVE TO DEDUCE THAT THE SUMMER WAS HOT, AND I VIEWED MUSICAL EXPERIMENTATION AS A SORT OF BUSY WORK WHICH WOULD HOPEFULLY DELAY THE ONSET OF MADNESS I WAS CERTAIN WOULD BE THE END RESULT OF BEING DEPOSITED BACK IN **FRENCH LICK** AFTER BEING EJECTED FROM MY SECOND INDIANA PUBLIC SCHOOL OVER MY ZINE, **FUCKING**. MOM WAS BUSTING MY FUCKING BALLS. SHE WAS AROUND EVERY CORNER.

TALKING WASN'T WORKING. WRITING **OBVIOUSLY** WASN'T WORKING. AND SO I RESORTED TO MUSIC.



Reading *Cerebus*, August 7, 1994.

WELL, THAT'S NOT PRECISELY TRUE EITHER. ONE NOTION I STARTED OUT WITH IN RECORDING WAS THAT MY SONGS WERE GOING TO BE AN EXTENSION OF MY THOUGHT PROCESSES-- THAT THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE WAS TO SOMEHOW CREATE A RECORD OF SUCCESSIVE STATES OF AWARENESS, LATER TO BE USED AS REFERENCE-- NOT SO MUCH TO "COMMUNICATE EMOTIONS" TO OTHERS, OR TO JOIN THE WORLD IN AN ALL-INCLUSIVE ORGY OF SEXUALLY ORIENTED FUNK. THIS CLEARLY MARKED ME OUT FROM MY FRUSTRATED TEEN GUITAR-HERO PEERS. SINCE I WAS STILL LIVING AT HOME, THAT MEANT AMY WAS STILL HALF A STATE AWAY FROM ME. AS I WROTE TO HER ON JULY 8, 1994:

I made an album today. Well sort of anyway. It's got 19 songs but they're all really short so it's really more like a cassette maxi-single. Well, really there's ten 'songs' and a bunch of little interlude deals. It's just me and a guitar and three tape recorders and a lot of electronic noise and air sounds, but I like it a lot. You didn't like Eitzche Neincstche (however the fuck you spell that) when Ben played it at the club, so you probably won't like it because it's in that sort of same non-music vein. It's like Ramone's-speed | trance-noise though and I love it. (I am not writing this for Rolling Stone but I am hyped because I have been working on it all day.) It's all really trance-like but it's so fucking short you can't trance. Ha.

THE ORIGINAL TAPE FROM THAT DAY IS LONG GONE, BUT I REMEMBER THE SONGS, AND SOME OF THEM STILL PLAY IN MY HEAD. A COUPLE OF WEEKS AFTER I WROTE THIS LETTER, I WAS RIDING WITH MY DAD AND SISTER IN THE CAR AFTER A WEEKEND AT MY GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE, WHEN THE CAR VEER-ED ONTO AN ALTERNATE HIGHWAY NEAR THE TOWN WHERE MY SISTER AND I LIVED WITH OUR MOTHER. WE PULLED INTO THE PARKING LOT AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE MY SISTER WAS BORN, AND UP RAN MY MOTHER, WHO LEAPED INTO THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE ALMOST-STILL-ROLLING CAR, AND AWAY WE WENT. TO WHERE, ONE MIGHT BE FORGIVEN FOR ASKING. NO ONE WOULD TELL ME!

Music scares me because it makes me a different person. It's not like writing and drawing where you can hold it and stare at it when you're finished. (Ahem.) But it really freaks me because it stirs weird emotions and shit. I don't know if I like it or not.

So. This may be the last thing I attempt to play. Or not.

I love you I love you. Fuck. I am still trapped in the old cardboard box of this fucking home. I've got a lot of conflicting ideas in my head right now that are making me

feel quite strange. Not unlike giddiness but then it's a depressed giddiness so I don't know. It's the music. It's in the music.

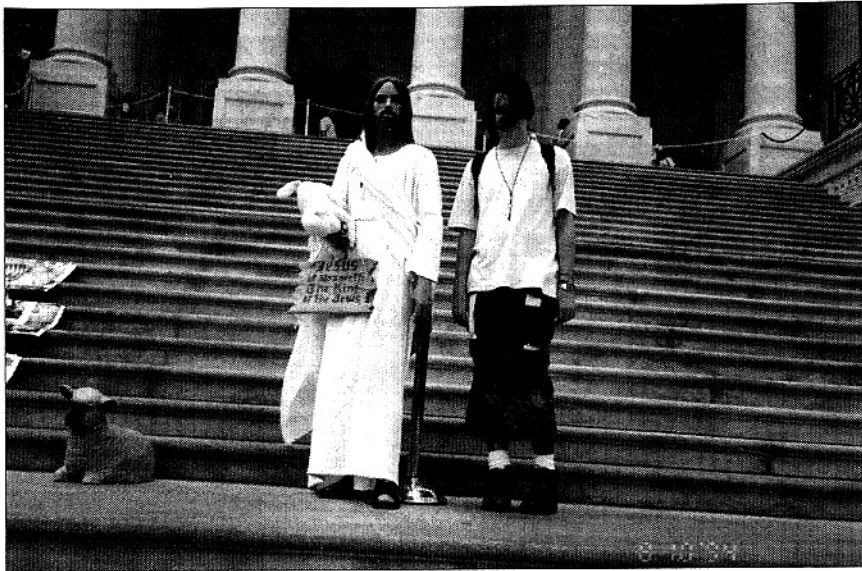
I've got to stop this shit.

AFTER AN HOUR OR SO ON THE ROAD, IT BECAME APPARENT THAT NEITHER OF MY PARENTS WERE GOING TO TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK WAS GOING ON. MY SISTER NODDED OFF AGAINST HER BACKSEAT WINDOW. I LEANED BACK IN MY OWN SEAT AND POPPED THE CASSETTE OF MY MUSIC INTO MY WALKMAN AS WE APPROACHED LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I just did a new song whallago and a remix and I think I like this music thing after all but I sometimes in the back of my head think I'm stealing commercial jingles or backgrounds from movies but then that's okay cause it's pretty funny. I stole my sister's generic little Casio keyboard so now I have a crappy drum machine but I made a really great thing with it. Well I think so. I'm so tired but I'm also hungry. This shit makes me hyperactive mentally. Music fucks with me. I don't know.

WE ROLLED INTO THE PARKING LOT AT THE NUTHOUSE AT ABOUT FIVE MILES PER HOUR, SO I HAD AMPLE TIME TO READ THE SIGNS EXPLAINING HOW TO FIND THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE FACILITY (THE COMPLEX WAS SET BACK SOME DISTANCE FROM THE ROAD), AND TO CHECK OUT THE BARBED WIRE FENCE WHICH SURROUNDED IT.

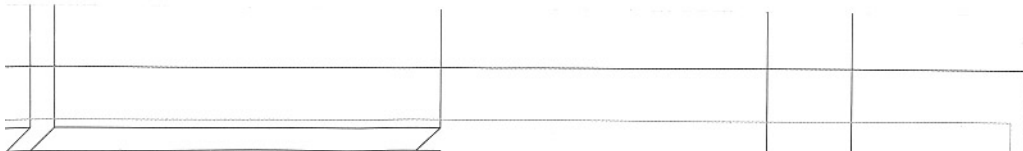
MONTHS PRIOR, I HAD MADE THE SINCERE CHALLENGE TO MY MOTHER TO GET US BACK INTO COUNSELING OF SOME KIND. AT THE TIME, SHE REFUSED. ACCORDING TO MY FATHER YEARS LATER, KIDNAPPING ME HAD BEEN A BID TO PRE-



With wax Jesus prop on the steps of the U.S. Capitol, August 10, 1994.

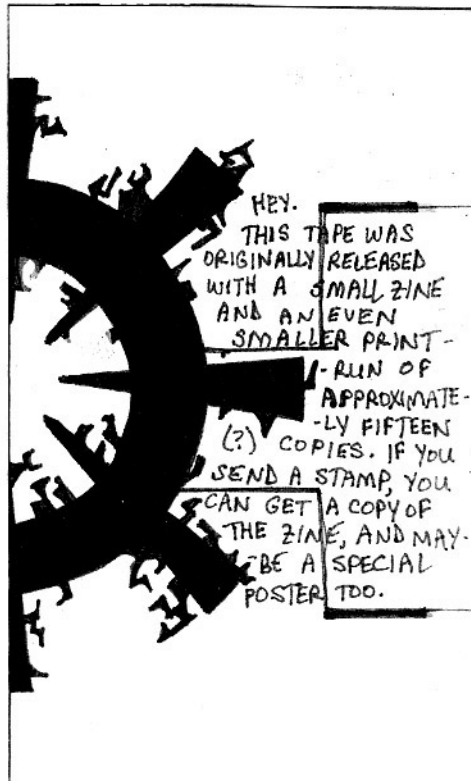
VENT ME FROM RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME AGAIN ONCE I DISCOVERED THEY INTENDED TO TAKE ME TO THE FUNNY FARM. HE STILL HAS NO ANSWER FOR WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS GOING TO PREVENT ME FROM "TAKING OFF" ONCE WE CAME HOME. MAYBE THEY'D PLANNED FOR THE MEN IN WHITE COATS TO KEEP ME.

IN ANY CASE, THE PROFESSIONALS DECIDED I WAS NOT A DANGER TO MYSELF OR ANYONE ELSE, SO I WAS ALLOWED TO RETURN HOME WITH MY PARENTS THAT DAY. IN SPITE OF THE INCREASINGLY PREPOSTEROUS SITUATION, I DID NOT RUN AWAY FROM HOME AGAIN (THOUGH, TO BE FAIR, I HAD CERTAINLY PLANNED TO IF THEY HAD CONTINUED TO REFUSE LETTING ME MOVE AWAY TO COLLEGE THAT FALL). MY MOTHER PROTESTED PARTICIPATING IN THE COUNSELING SESSIONS, WHICH BOTH THE DOCTORS AND I AGREED WAS MORE THAN A LITTLE SILLY. MY FATHER STILL COMPLAINS ABOUT BEING MADE TO FOOT HALF THE BILL.



EVENTUALLY (WELL, IT SEEMED LIKE AN ARDUOUS WAIT AT THE TIME, BUT UPON REFLECTION THE ENTIRE PROCESS COULDN'T HAVE LASTED LONGER THAN A SINGLE MONTH), THE DOCTORS DECIDED I WAS, IN ACTUALITY, A COMPLETELY HEALTHY, IF SOMEWHAT OBNOXIOUS AND CONTRARY, SIXTEEN YEAR OLD BOY. THEY LOVED MY ZINE **FUCK (TM)** AND GUSHED PRAISE UPON THE TAPES OF MY MUSIC I HAD BROUGHT THEM ("MY SON SAYS THIS TAPE YOU'VE MADE IS GOOD 'INDUSTRIAL TECHNO' MUSIC"). WHILE THEY DIDN'T QUITE AGREE THAT A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD WOULD BE BEST SERVED BY BEING TURNED LOOSE ON A COLLEGE CAMPUS AN HOUR AWAY FROM HIS NEAREST RELATIVE, THEY DID REVEAL TO ME THAT THE IQ TEST AND OTHER COGNITIVE HOOPS THEY'D HAVE ME JUMP THROUGH WERE USELESS IN TRYING TO ACCURATELY GAUGE MY INTELLIGENCE. THEY READ ME A FIGURE THAT WAS A FULL TWENTY-FIVE POINTS ABOVE

THAT OF MY MOTHER'S (FOR SOME REASON SHE'D TOLD ME HER IQ AT SOME POINT) AND THEN MADE THE BRAZEN CLAIM THAT SOMETHING HAD TO BE WRONG, BECAUSE THERE WAS "NO WAY" I COULD HAVE SCORED THAT LOW.



HEY.
THIS TAPE WAS
ORIGINALLY RELEASED
WITH A SMALL ZINE
AND AN EVEN
SMALLER PRINT-
-RUN OF
APPROXIMATE-
-LY FIFTEEN
(?) COPIES. IF YOU
SEND A STAMP, YOU
CAN GET A COPY OF
THE ZINE, AND MAY-
-BE A SPECIAL
POSTER TOO.

THIS IS M
UM. ~~MON~~
MON
FEW TIME

THIS CASS
WITH THE AI
A RECORD PL
KEYBOARD, AI
-BODY ELECTA

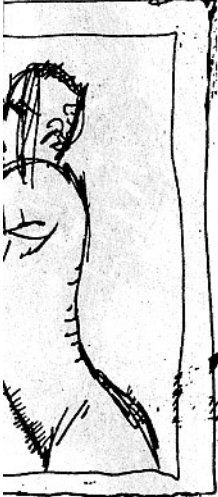
WELL, THIS WAS GREATLY AMUSING. WITH SOME CONSTERNATION, I WAS SHORTLY THEREAFTER PERMITTED TO ENROLL IN UNIVERSITY COURSES FOR THE FALL. I WOULD LIVE IN THE DORM APARTMENTS, ON CAMPUS. SUCH IS THE ALL-OR-NOTHING LOGIC OF THE ADULT WORLD. ONCE THE DIE WAS CAST, BOTH OF MY PARENTS WOULD PROCEED TO ACT AS IF MY LEAVING FOR COLLEGE THAT YEAR HAD BEEN IN THEIR GRAND DESIGN FOR ME FROM THE START.

BY THE TIME I WAS READY TO BEGIN WORK ON EVE, THE SCHOOL I WAS ATTENDING HAD ALREADY INFORMED ME THAT A 4.0 GRADE POINT AVERAGE WAS NOT GOING TO BE AN IMPRESSIVE ENOUGH INCENTIVE FOR THEM TO BEND THEIR STANDING POLICY OF ONLY ADMITTING ACTUAL HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES INTO THEIR ACADEMIC PROGRAM. AT THAT POINT I HAD

Original cassette J-card for Eve, Fall/Winter, 1994.

Y TAPE.

~~THIS~~ THIS THING HAS TAKEN ME ABOUT A MONTH TO PUT TOGETHER AND FINISH. IF YOU LISTEN TO THIS AS YOU MIGHT START TO HEAR THE THINGS I HEAR. YOU MAY NOT CALL THIS MUSIC. MY MOM SAYS IT SOUNDS LIKE I'M TRYING TO "MAKE IT SOUND LIKE PEOPLE ARE HAVING SEX" (?), AND MY FRIEND CALLS IT "RAY-MUSIC" (??). WHATEVER. THESE SOUNDS ARE GODS TO THINK TO. REALLY WHAT I WAS THINKING OF WAS YOU. ~~REALLY~~



EVE WAS CREATED OUT OF TWO TAPE DECKS, A POWER SUPPLY, ONE SHITTY CASIO KEYBOARD AND ONE SHITTY HOLLOW-BODY GUITAR.

I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY.



1052 MADISON AVE. EVANSVILLE, IN 47714



THE ONLY ONE WHO DESERVES THANKS IS AMY.

ALREADY MOVED IN WITH AMY AND PRETTY MUCH ABANDONED MY DORM ROOM ANYWAY. MY "COMPUTER NETWORKING" PROFESSOR SUGGESTED I BLOW OFF THE LAST COUPLE WEEKS OF CLASS (WHICH FREED ME UP **COMPLETELY**), AND I SPENT THE LAST SEVERAL DAYS ALONE IN THE CAMPUS APARTMENT WORKING ON THE BASIC TRACKS FOR **EVE** -- TAKING THE OCCASIONAL SHORT BREAK TO PLAY **SONIC THE HEDGEHOG** ON MY ROOMATE'S SEGA GENESIS (HE WAS NEVER AROUND), EAT DINNER WITH AMY ("CONVENIENTLY," SHE LIVED IN THE SAME CITY AS THE SCHOOL I'D SELECTED), AND WORK ON MY ZINE -- WHILE I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE PACKING UP ALL MY SHIT TO MOVE OUT. THE TRACK '**STILLTIME**' WAS DEMO'D LOUD ENOUGH TO AROUSE THE INTEREST OF MY UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR, WHO CALLED DOWN REPEATEDLY, AND IN EXASPERATED TONES BEGGED ME TO TURN DOWN THE BASS.

AT MY NEW HOME, AMY'S LITTLE SISTER HALI WAS JUST STARTING TO GET AROUND WELL, AND USE HER VOCAL CHORDS AS AN ARTICULATE INSTRUMENT. ONE DAY, IN THE SPIRIT OF EXPERIMENTATION, I BEGAN MAKING RECORDINGS OF THE SOUNDS SHE MADE WITH HER TOY INSTRUMENTS. ELEMENTS OF, AND SAMPLES FROM THESE TAPES CAN BE HEARD THROUGHOUT **EVE**.

THE 12-STRING HOLLOW-BODY GUITAR I BOUGHT FROM TOM "THE BOMB" TERWISKI FOR \$65 (EARNED AT MY PART-TIME JOB AS A SUB AT THE LOCAL 409 BOTTLING PLANT) LENT A SIMULTANEOUSLY RESONANT AND PLASTIC SOUND TO THE SONGS. THE HOMEBREW PITCH-SHIFTING AND CASIO (BOTH THE CLASSIC SK-1 SAMPLER AND EVEN CHEAPER, LESS FUNCTIONAL MODELS WERE USED) KEYBOARDS MADE IT CLEAR TO LISTEN-

ERS THAT THIS WAS STRICTLY AN AMATEUR AFFAIR. AND YET, THERE IS SOMETHING THERE.

ENOUGH OF THE CORE PRINCIPLES I HELD (AND HOLD) MADE IT ONTO THE TAPE THAT I CANNOT COMPLETELY DISMISS IT AS SIMPLE ADOLESCENT NOODLING. THE SONG 'THE 7 TURNS' STANDS AS ONE OF MY FAVORITE RECORDINGS TO DATE (AND FEATURES PERCUSSION WORK BY AMY'S ONE YEAR OLD SISTER). I SET OUT WITH A NUMBER OF SPECIFIC CONCEPTS IN MIND AND MANAGED TO INTEGRATE ALL OF THEM FAIRLY SEEMLESSLY INTO THE WHOLE. THE ENTIRE PIECE AS A SINGLE WORK CONTAINS THEMES AND REPEATING MOTIFS WHICH HARKENED BACK TO MY MUSICAL TRAINING IN CLASSICAL PIANO.

I MEAN. I KNOW THE THING SOUNDS LIKE CRAP. I AM COGNIZANT OF THE FACT THAT THE THOUGHT CONSTRUCTIONS AND CONNECTION POINTS BETWEEN IDEAS ARE NECESSARILY ONLY MEANINGFUL TO ME. ASIDE FROM THE OUTSIDE CHANCE THAT SOME OTHER HUMAN BEING WILL HAPPEN ACROSS THE MP3s ON THE INTERNET AND CONVINCED THEMSELVES THAT THE PATTERNS OF SOUND ARE ANYTHING OTHER THAN FUCKED-UP NOISES WHICH ARE PRACTICALLY INAUDIBLE, I RECOGNIZE THAT THE RECORDING ITSELF IS OF DUBIOUS VALUE TO SOCIETY. BUT I DIDN'T MAKE **EVE** FOR SOCIETY, AND I WASN'T TRYING TO COMMUNICATE **SHIT**.
TEN YEARS LATER, AIN'T A DAMN THING CHANGED.



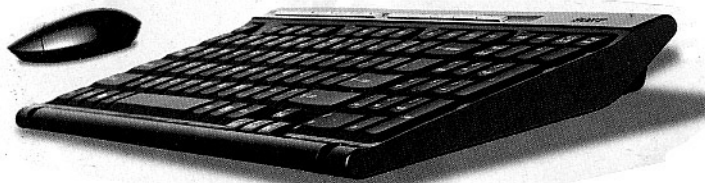
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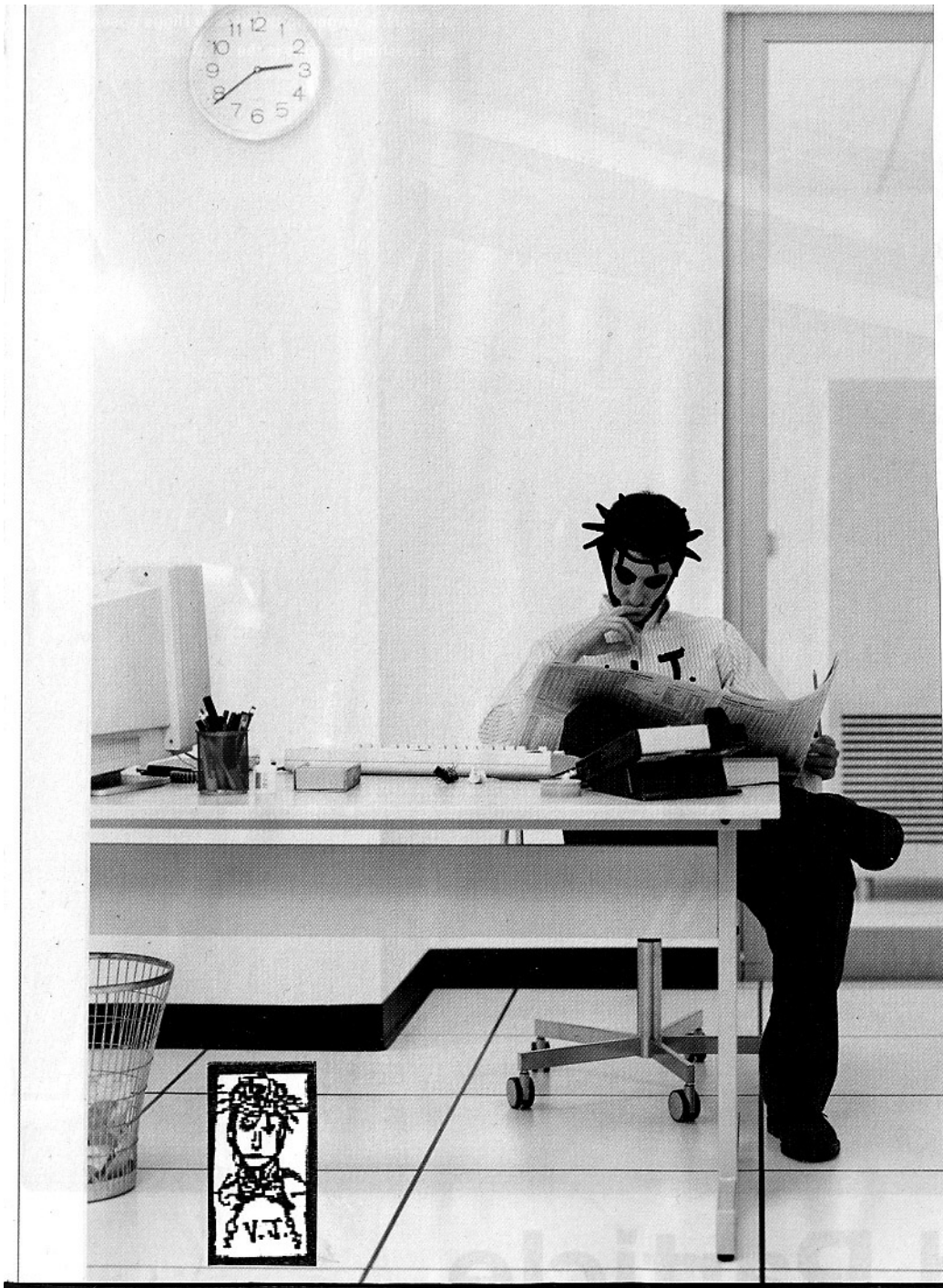
"Review of (I guess it's called Eve):

Guess what? Virtual Jesus also does music. Guess what else? It's just as enthralling as his writing and art.

These compositions of seemingly random sounds, laid over with occasional samples or snatches of melody or a beat, will defy your conceptions of music and noise. Was it John Cage who said "the difference between music and noise is how we hear it?" V.J. Is exploring his favored subject, perception, in manifest and subtle manner with his sound assemblages. I find his music incredibly conducive to abstracted thought and concentration. I can listen to it and hear some new aspect every time, or I can let it bleed back to the edge of my awareness, goading my brain into functioning. I'm not sure how you can get a copy of this, but a blank tape and/or a few bux (4?) to the address below will surely suffice. If you are interested in experimental music, or exploring your awareness, check this out."

-- Daze zine





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