

Homicide: The Game

Presents

Painseeker

"I've Got No Strings"
by Ken Kincaid

To whom it may concern (and if you are reading this, it concerns you):

Greetings! I am Ken Kincaid, Chief Executive Officer of Terror Trax (both the music label and the studio). I am responsible for getting Raychel Taurus into the music business. I know that Lance likes to blame Kyle McAllister for that but, like so many things, he is wrong. Kyle McAllister introduced Raychel to music, but I was the one who actually paid her to make music. Therefore, I deserve that honor.

In fact, had we left Raychel's musical career in the hands of Kyle, they would currently be playing in old folks homes now. It's not that Kyle has no business sense. He just wasn't connected enough in the business to get them anywhere. Quite frankly, they were lucky that Laura Douglass and I know each other. Amusing when you think of it. A person who owns a bar had more connections in the music business than a musician. In retrospect, it's not amusing. It's pathetic.

I am fortunate to know Laura for two reasons which directly relate to this website:

1) If Laura didn't know me Raychel never would have made it into the music business. Without music, Raychel never would have been almost famous. I know Lance likes to say that Raychel was a great poet, and would have been famous through that, but name me three famous living poets. I'll wait.

2) Laura called me to ask me to contribute to this web site. By doing so, she has saved Raychel's memory from being stricken with a case of selective Alzheimer's Disease.

The second point is the one I'm concentrating on today. Sometime later I'll talk about the first point. However, I think it's more important to address the second one. Then you'll know where I'm coming from when I tell you about the first point.

So I received a call from Laura Douglass in March about contributing to a web site which was serving as a living memorial to Raychel. I was pleased at first. She deserved something as a reminder after everything she'd been through. Then Laura told me Lance Wagner was running it. Disappointed, I hung up the phone without further response. I didn't think one was necessary.

That is not to say that I didn't visit the site. I began making weekly visits to see what delusion or half-truth Lance would post up here hoping you would all believe. I'm sure Lance believes everything he's posted on this site, but I doubt many of his so-called factual statements. (For example: He's secretly married to Raychel?) I will address those items in greater detail in the future.

Getting back to the point, I monitored the web site mainly for amusement purposes. Then late in March he responded to a person's question by directly naming me as a suspect in Raychel's murder (see Question 4 in Lance's Q&A Responses). Suddenly, the site became less of an amusement to me. I don't appreciate being accused of murder, even by a clown like Lance. I felt that if I was going to be accused of murder, I should at least be provided the opportunity to defend myself in that same arena.

So after getting his number from Laura, I called Lance Wagner to talk to him about his site. I have met him a few times before, so I didn't expect he would be too difficult. I couldn't have been more wrong. He was obstinate about having anyone from the music business "befoul" the web site with their opinions. He was content to ignore the music business aspect of her life in favor of her poetry. I reminded him that in the same response where he named me a suspect, he said that he would approach me in the future to about contributing to the site. He corrected me. He specified that his use of the phrase "may approach" (instead of "would approach") didn't mean that he would ask me to contribute to the site, only that it could happen.

We had even less agreement regarding Raychel's poetry. As part of her modified contract, through a cross-promotional venture, first publication rights for all of Raychel's poetry and notes belonged to Cain International and their publishing houses. Lance insisted that these poems were left in his care, and that they were his to do with as he pleased. Besides, he stated, they had already been performed at meetings of The Bleeders and therefore had already been published onstage. I don't know where Lance got his legal advice from (probably Judge Judy) but he was aching to be put in his place.

Since Lance was unresponsive to my simple request, I exercised one of my alternative options. As CEO of a Cain International holding, I have instant access to a cadre of very good lawyers. I informed my counsel about Mr. Wagner's web site and how it contained defamatory statements about myself regarding Raychel Taurus' murder and how Mr. Wagner was also engaging in copyright infringement. Armed with a copy of Raychel's contract and a prepared cease and desist order, I dispatched the attorney last week. The plan was simple: scare the living hell out of Lance by threatening to shut down the web site while a court determined whether he had violated copyright laws in publishing Raychel's poems as well as committed defamation of character against me on his web site. It might not have worked in a court of law (web sites are hard to litigate). But Lance wasn't in a position to gamble. I was.

It worked. I received a call later that same day (April 9) from a humbled Lance Wagner offering anything to keep the site running. I had a single demand, the same one I wanted before. That I be allowed to contribute whenever and whatever I wanted. He granted it immediately.

I had a single stipulation to that demand: That Lance Wagner exercise no editorial control over my contributions. I am aware that he has edited Laura's articles and I do not wish to have my work altered to fit Lance's interpretation of Raychel's life. If I am writing something, it will state what I want it to, not what some weakling wannabe writer wishes it was. By the way, what's really good is that Lance has to put this page together and post it on his website while not altering a single word. Lance Wagner is a self-righteous, pretentious, whiner who might get something he actually wanted if he only worked for it. But he doesn't because he's a self-righteous, pretentious, whiner. Lance, my boy, this is power. And you'll never have it. Why? Because you are poor and

weak. I, however, am rich and strong. I've got no strings to hold me down. . . but I do have a little truth to tell.

Come back next week and I'll tell you some. I'm tired.

© 2001 Homicide: The Game
Matthew D. Noncek