

Homicide: The Game

Presents

Painseeker

“Unfinished Business”

by Ken Kincaid

Raychel Taurus’ musical career spanned all of fourteen months. If I were Lance, I might be moved to tears and hyperbole by this fact. I might say that despite the brevity of her career, the wake she left would last for generations. I might also compare Raychel’s career to an asteroid crashing into the earth: a sudden impact by a brilliant object leaving a scar only hinting at the violence and wonder of that single moment. However, I am not Lance and I am not given to hyperbole. I speak in plain truths. Raychel has left barely a trace of her existence in the music business. While I might wish it were otherwise, Raychel’s contribution to the music business is limited to a single song. The rest of the material compiled during that time will be either hidden or ignored.

I don’t say these things to be cruel to Raychel or her memory. I say them to be honest about her legacy, which I believe she would appreciate more than a fawning tribute of lies. Regardless of Lance and Laura’s beliefs, Raychel will not be remembered for her poetry or lyrics. What made Raychel special was her personality. This personality can best be illuminated by a more structured and comprehensive explanation of Raychel’s life than the current effort has allowed.

To begin this new endeavor, my first contribution is to give a brief outline of the fourteen months of Raychel’s career in the music business. In the future I will re-visit these events to provide more detailed descriptions. I believe it is more important that you be allowed to see the whole structure of Raychel’s life before delving into the specifics.

Without further ado, I present to you a brief chronology of Raychel’s fourteen months in the music business:

June 26, 1999

Laura Douglass called me earlier in the week to see a musical act at her bar, Safehaven. While I traditionally stay far away from these types of invitations, Laura was insistent. I was unaware that Laura and Lance were hoping to use me to end what she viewed as a detrimental relationship between Raychel and Kyle McAllister. Their omission was crucial. Blown away by Raychel's performance, I signed both Raychel and Kyle to the same recording contract.

July - October 30, 1999

Pre-production time for Raychel Taurus' debut album. I asked that they have 10 songs ready to go before they entered the studio. I hoped the rush of being in a real studio would get another five songs out of them so we could have a full album (with maybe a "previously unreleased" track or two in reserve). I made arrangements for my best producer and a number of session musicians to assist in the recording. However, Kyle insisted that no "outsiders" be attached to their project. After realizing how supportive Raychel was of Kyle's request, I allowed him the initial freedom with a single catch: the first three songs had to be reviewed by me before any further unsupervised recording could proceed.

October 31, 1999

With Raychel and Kyle ready to enter the studio, I set up a one-off show on October 31 at The Bone Yard, a small club where a number of Terror Trax acts played. I frequently used The Bone Yard as a launching pad for bands recording their first albums. I felt they needed to kill a new crowd with their music, then go into the studio on November 1st with a full head of steam. That turned out to be an error in judgment on my part. In retrospect, I should have brought them back to The Bleeders and Safehaven. Raychel wasn't comfortable with her material yet, and she suffered a panic attack onstage because of it. The night went from a coming out party to a full-blown disaster.

November 1999

On the verge of corporate and personal bankruptcy, I sold controlling interest in the company to Cain International. Even in my professionally weakened position, I was able to negotiate to continue as CEO of Terror Trax. The added muscle of Cain International

allowed me greater access to higher-priced production talent, and I was itching to use it.

I would not be able to use that muscle with Raychel's album. Raychel, stung from the Halloween performance, had become reclusive and skeptical about her talent. Kyle told me that their plans to record needed to be put on hold indefinitely. Despite my best efforts, Kyle said that Raychel was in no condition to record.

December 1999 - January 2000

I don't know how it happened, but somehow during this time Raychel became acquainted with Geoffrey MacIntyre, a music producer who I had been trying to work with for some time. Raychel got him interested in her lyrics and apparently he heard something in her music that he just had to get down on tape. I first found out about it when Geoffrey came into my office and asked to produce Raychel's sessions. He said that he thought he could make her music commercial without losing its edge. While I was all for it, Kyle McAllister was adamant that our original agreement against "outsiders" was still in effect. Eventually, Raychel and Geoffrey's collective wills prevailed and Kyle agreed to let MacIntyre produce their sessions. I blocked out studio time for them from February until the end of April.

February - June 2000

Raychel and Kyle began working on the album with Geoffrey MacIntyre at the controls. MacIntyre's production, famous for plodding and painstaking perfectionism, is further hampered by Kyle's backseat producing. They hadn't been recording for a week before I first heard that the two men were having trouble getting along. Raychel, stuck between the two, attempted to mediate between them. By the end of April, the anticipated date of completion, production has only begun on five songs. Of those five, only one song was completed ("No More Dreams No More"). After an extended discussion with Raychel, I called both men into my office to get production rolling. However, it became obvious that the two were each trying to get the other thrown off the project. I put my foot down and struck a tentative working peace between them. Worried about her well-being, Raychel and I agree to keep in touch.

June - Early July 2000

Work on the album abruptly stopped with no notice or reason given. Apparently the buildup of tension between MacIntyre and McAllister had finally crashed the recording process. Raychel went into hiding. She could not be found by Kyle, Geoffrey, or myself. When cornered, Raychel's bodyguard, Sharon Wolfe, refused to disclose Raychel's whereabouts. I have since learned that she was living with Laura Douglass at the time.

Late July - August 16, 2000

Raychel and Kyle discreetly re-entered the studio, this time without Geoffrey MacIntyre. I was informed immediately that they were trying to block out studio time through one of my assistants. While I was insulted that they chose not to inform me of their intentions, I allowed them their low profile. While Geoffrey MacIntyre eventually found out about their re-entry into the studio, I effectively kept him out of the studio and away from Raychel and Kyle. Personally, I would have preferred to have kept MacIntyre and canned Kyle. However, having signed Raychel and Kyle to the same recording contract prevented that. If I released Kyle from his contract, I would also be releasing Raychel. I was unwilling to do that.

August 17, 2000

Raychel Taurus dies, leaving behind her a half-finished (at best) album.

The combination of Kyle McAllister and Geoffrey MacIntyre wasted time and effectively killed the album. If I had a recording of the night of June 26, 1999, I would have been happy to offer it as an EP, but that's not what I have. What I have is one song with great production value, six songs with rough and underdone lyrics and two songs (alternative takes by Kyle) that sound like they were done in single takes (vocals embedded in the guitar on a single track). Raychel had two producers and only one finished-sounding song came out of it. It was a terrible waste of Raychel's talent and time. So that is why Raychel's music career has died with her. While she had promise, she left a great deal of unfinished business.

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Raychel isn't the only person with unfinished business. I think all of us who knew her have unfinished business. Laura Douglass was right: Raychel's memory cannot be truly celebrated until the person responsible for that crime has been found, charged, and convicted.

Therefore, Lance Wagner, I call on you to use your web site as an opportunity for the discovery of Raychel Taurus' murderer. I ask that you allow EVERYONE who knew Raychel to contribute to this site whenever they ask. That means EVERYONE! Including Kyle McAllister, Geoffrey MacIntyre, and Sharon Wolfe. I admit I have problems with some of the people who would be contributing to the site, but Raychel's memory deserves more than what you have currently given her.

I understand this sacrifice on your part deserves a reward. In return for your full cooperation I offer the web site the opportunity to publish all lyrics to Raychel's unreleased album. In addition, I will withdraw my current injunction against your web site's publication of Raychel's poetry (the rights for which we both know truly belongs to Cain International). This will allow you first rights to publish all of Raychel's work with the limitation that it be used on your web site alone (and not in any outside works which I have recently heard about). I have negotiated this offer with the appropriate parties within Cain International.

This is my offer to you: complete and unlimited access to this web site for all friends and acquaintances of Raychel Taurus in exchange for first publication rights to Raychel's poetry and lyrics. This offer is not negotiable as it is already fair. If you care for Raychel as you profess to, this is a win-win situation for you. You get a virtually limitless supply of people who knew Raychel to eulogize her and first publication rights to her entire library of material.

The decision is yours, Lance, and I'm waiting.