

the origin of

ZoToN

& Gaud Rockefeller

*this excerpt is from my autobio:*

In 2003, I released my first novel, *Zoton*. I wrote it with a pseudonym. A few years ago, I re-released it with my birth name. When I did, I wrote an introduction to explain how everything came about. I'm going to include this introduction right now:

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*Introduction From 2018 For Zoton and Other Books...*

*There are layers. There are many, many layers. It's Memorial Day in 2018 and I'm not sure how many of the layers I'll get to. I'm writing this introduction as a generic "one size fits all" explanation of how my first six books came about. There are actually seven books intended from 2003 until 2009 but my third one, Chagrin, became lost on a crashed hard drive. The six that saw the light of day were...*

- Zoton, 2003*
- Title, 2004*
- Anguish, 2006*
- Trampled, 2007*
- Exacerbation, 2008*
- Annihilation, 2009*

*These six can be reviewed, read and downloaded for free at [scribd.com/homercocktail](https://www.scribd.com/homercocktail). I'll explain a little of my history here. I first became interested in writing books when I was around five years old. There used to be this popular commercial where a scrawny man is walking around on a beach with his chicken. A huge monster comes out of nowhere and the scrawny man runs to the Yellow Pages. Aames Home Loan to the rescue. I'm not sure I quite understood books back then but I knew they had some kind of power. I remember asking my mother what the Yellow Pages were. A book. I knew I wanted to be part of it. I took a few 8 1/2 x 11 pieces of paper, bound them with Scotch tape in the middle, and folded them. I started on my first book. It featured a dog named Spot. Wasn't the greatest thing, but it was a start.*

*By the age of eight, I wrote my first short story. A Trip to Sram. Basically, it was a planet named after Mars, but with backwards spelling. I sent it to my sister in San Jose. She was seeing a guy named Fred so I created my protagonist as a guy named Derf. Yes, backwards spelling again. Time went on and I was a sophomore in a high school English class. In my life, I have gone through cycles of academic achievement coupled with spurts of serious truancy. I won a couple of citywide math marathons during my grade school years. I lose interest. I begin to believe I don't have anything to prove. I can't concentrate on menial things. During high school, I rebelled and ditched a lot. When I wasn't ditching, I'd sit in certain classes and scribble doodles onto notebook paper while everyone else was involved with their assigned reading. I remember in sophomore English that everyone else was reading Old Yeller. I couldn't get into it. My teacher approached me and, instead of getting angry, she offered me an alternative. She*

*happened to be reading Stephen King's Pet Sematary. She said that I had the choice of reading it as well and all I'd have to do is give her periodic oral feedback. I liked Pet Sematary a lot. I started to read other Stephen King books and so did a couple of my friends. Tommyknockers, It, Misery, The Dead Zone, Firestarter, Night Shift, Skeleton Crew, The Bachman Books and more. We'd keep in touch about what was going on in the stories. It reenforced my desire to write. I remember having fantasies about going to Maine with my best friend and we'd sit around a campfire at night roasting marshmallows with other Stephen King fans. The Master of Horror would be there telling us ghost stories. By the end of my sophomore year in high school, I was poised to write my first adult-oriented ten-page short story. It was Bloody Mary and followed the legend of a mythical phantom who would come out from a mirror and scratch your face if you said her name ten times. My teacher gave me an A for the project and it helped with my writing confidence.*

*Years of life went by and the road of life became bumpy. There were high highs and low lows. I was able to continue success in math. I tested in the top one percent for ASVAB. I passed the Navy nuclear field test, and when all was said and done, I passed calculus in college. On a personal level, there were challenges. My father invested in a pizza restaurant the year after I graduated from high school. It never got off the ground. We were forced to rent rooms in my house to help make ends meet. This was in the early nineties. By the time Titanic came out in 1997, there was a scene which summarized my experience up until that point. As the ocean liner is sinking into glacial waters, everyone is running around in a frantic panic—everyone except for a string quartet. There are two violinists and two cellists playing a smooth melody on the deck. They know they're not going to make it out alive, but they remain quite calm. When they're done with the music, the head of the quartet says to the rest, "Gentlemen, it has been a privilege playing with you tonight." That's very much how I felt during the nineties as I made my way through community college. We were losing our house. We partied a lot during those years. It was fun, but it was scary. Somehow, I managed to be accepted into an exclusive, distinguished private college in 1995. This was right as my house was foreclosed on.*

*Life has been bumpy, like I have said. It has been filled with moments of joy, tidbits of pain, and periods of bizarre riddles. One of my best friends committed suicide the year after we graduated high school. That's had a profound effect on me. And the house? I have a millionaire second cousin who happened to be my godparent. I got to spend time at custom-built beach houses when I younger. We didn't have to lose the house. My grandfather happened to be living in the backyard in a van. It turned out that he had ten thousand dollars cash in there*

*when he passed away in 1994 given to him by my rich cousin. During this period, our lights were shut off and our garbage service was ended because bills weren't paid. My dad was working in Elko, Nevada as an electrician and I was forwarding him the mail. He had been paying the bills but stopped. The last thing I heard from him was that he wanted me to send him an encyclopedia article on cyanide. This is strange stuff to remember but it's true. I thought my dad was suicidal so I flew to Nevada with my step-brother and we looked for him in a rented Jeep. Turns out he was working on a literal gold mine. The modern way of extracting gold is to blast the side of a mountain with water and, somehow, it's extracted out using cyanide. My dad turned out to be okay. After visiting him, we visited my rich cousin in Lake Tahoe. That's the last time I can remember being on chummy terms with her. The ten thousand dollars that was in my grandfather's van was taken by a family member. We were about to lose the house, and no payments were made to save it. I can't understand why things turned out the way they did.*

*I got through a few years at one of the Claremont colleges and that was one of my highs. We lost our house, though, so it was tough. My first year at the school, I lived in a garage-converted-to-bedroom. My second and third year, I lived in a twenty-five-foot trailer on property that wasn't seized during the foreclosure process. I was living as a survivalist but I was fine. I expected it to be a temporary situation. With every blessing I felt graced with, there was a curse to go along with it. It seemed that no matter how hard I worked, I couldn't get ahead. There was always someone that needed to borrow money, needed my time, or needed special favors. I felt trapped. The treadmill of life sped up every time I ran faster. As 2000 approached, I was in utter shock. The shit had truly hit the fan. Nothing turned out the way I hoped or expected. I felt betrayed by friends and family members. I felt kicked to the curb. I felt left for dead. The worst part about it is that it was difficult to make a case for myself. I felt blackballed. It was hard to maintain work. My truck's transmission failed twice in three years. Every now and then, you hear people say, "The world has turned against me." I felt this way as the new millennium came to be. I felt individually out of my mind. Then the Nine Eleven thing happened. I was actually relieved, grotesque as that might sound. Why? Because the world was becoming crazy with me. As the years rolled along, I became something called a Truther. I don't buy the "official" Nine Eleven story whatsoever. I studied fringe and shadow governments and came across something called the Illuminati. It's the only thing that made sense as to why the American government became corrupt beyond comfort.*

*In 2003 former president Jimmy Carter released a novel called *The Hornet's Nest*. Many presidents have released non-fiction books but this was said to be first work*

*of fiction. It was earlier in 2003 that I released my first fiction novel, Zoton. I have a theory of what was going on. Our government was becoming suppressive. It used to be that you could protest because it's been part of the great American tradition. The Bush administration was clamping down, though. They were making life difficult for dissidents. There was this bumper sticker: SEE DICK DRINK, SEE DICK DRIVE, DON'T BE A DICK. Authors write for illustration. There are truths in fabricated fiction. I suspect possibly that Jimmy Carter was going through the same thing as me. I went to a college which emphasized prolific and exemplary writing. I was trained in logic and critical thinking. I expected to write non-fiction essay critiques of modern life. I didn't know I had it in me to write entire novels. Yes, this was a goal of mine but it wasn't something I believed I would achieve. In 2003, I chose the pseudonym Gaud Rockefeller as a satire of the oligarchic megalomania of the times we lived in. I pumped out a book every year until 2009. The content was juvenile, erratic, and id-based. I wasn't writing for money. I was writing to explain the world I lived in. There's a difference between entertainment and art. Entertainment gives the public something they want to hear. Art gives the public something they need to hear. Our government went to crap and I was trying to talk about it.*

*It took me years to become remotely comfortable with post-industrial life. They were calling this the "information age" for a while. I see light at the end of the tunnel for the first time since the nineties. I don't like what our world has become politically but there's no reason to throw in the towel. In 2013, I threw away the Gaud Rockefeller pseudonym and took up Brick Jayne. I wasn't as reactionary and I paced myself a little better. I've written two books with the new pseudonym and a third is in the works...*

— *Thermite, 2013*

— *Kiribati, 2017*

— *Cretins, 2018*

*These can be read at [scribd.com/brickjayne](https://www.scribd.com/brickjayne) and there's a caveat. When I published Kiribati last year at Lulu, I used my birth name, Eddie Corona. As of now, I'm thirty-five pages into Cretins, and my tentative plan is to release Thermite, Kiribati, and Cretins as The Brick Jayne Trilogy. From this point forward, I am fine with using my real name.*

— *Eddie Corona*