

DAISY DAISY 333

[A DIVISION OF TSLA RECORDS] PRESENTS:

ESRA of DUNCA-SPRAWLING INC.

THE LUMINARCH CHERUB

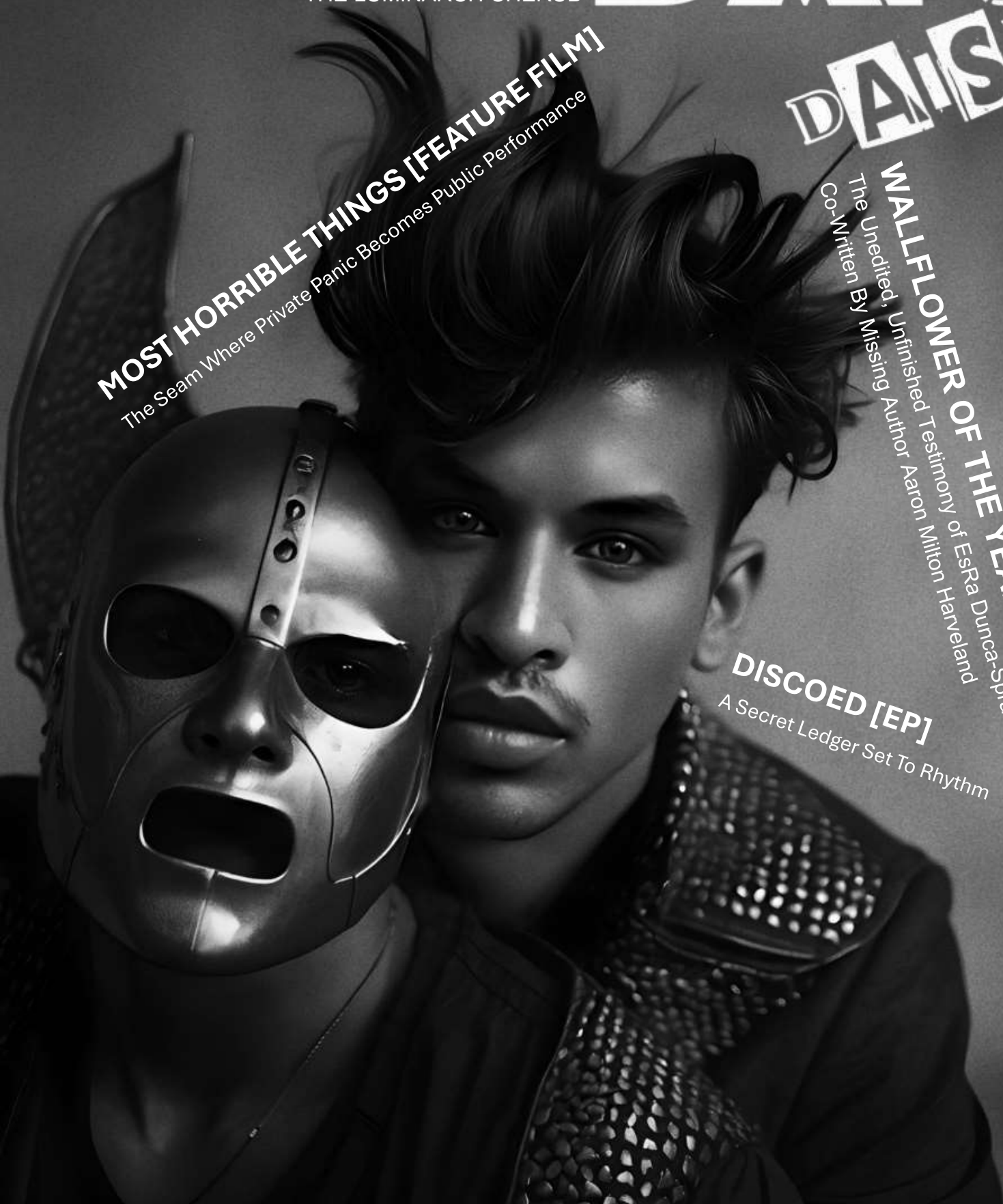
DAI 333

DAISY

MOST HORRIBLE THINGS [FEATURE FILM]
The Seam Where Private Panic Becomes Public Performance

WALLEFLOWER OF THE YEAR [MEMOIR]
The Unedited, Unfinished Testimony of Esra Dunca-Sprawling
Co-Written By Missing Author Aaron Milton Harveland

DISCOED [EP]
A Secret Ledger Set To Rhythm



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

EsRā of Dunca-Sprawling Inc. Releases “IN THE INSANE ASYLUM” — A Haunting, Radical Reinterpretation of Koko Taylor, Now Streaming Worldwide via TSLĀ Records.

San Francisco, CA — Available Now — EsRā of Dunca-Sprawling Inc. announces the release of “IN THE INSANE ASYLUM,” a stark, uncompromising cover of Koko Taylor’s blues classic, distributed worldwide on all major streaming platforms via TSLĀ Records. The track is the culminating centerpiece of EsRā’s EP DISCOED and reframes the original blues lament as an intimate study of co-dependent self-destruction, ritualized confinement, and the fatal comfort of shared pathology.

ARTISTIC OVERVIEW

IN THE INSANE ASYLUM — The culmination: confinement. EsRā ruthlessly adapts Koko Taylor’s original narrative—swapping gender roles and intensifying the desperation—and introduces new lyrical material that pushes the story into darker territory, including the lines “Without a cut, my wrists still bleed” and “I want to rest in peace god’s speed.” Where Taylor’s original frames salvation as a plea to a loved one, EsRā replaces that intimate appeal with a broader invocation of love itself: “from down below or up above... save me save me save me love.” The narrator’s plea is an open, desperate welcome to whoever will hear the prayer, whoever will answer—an invitation so raw it stages an audience with the devil. The performance layers raw blues roots with EsRā’s signature industrial and dark alternative textures, culminating in a chilling, cathartic finale that blurs the line between refuge and ruin. Reinterpreting the classic lament through the lens of co-dependent self-destruction, the final chorus dissolves into glossolalia, transporting the listener into EsRā’s truth: an auditory equivalent of the crossroads in Clarksdale, Mississippi, the birthplace of rock ’n’ roll, where salvation and damnation blur.

COMPARISON WITH KOKO TAYLOR’S ORIGINAL

Koko Taylor’s original frames the asylum as the metaphorical consequence of heartbreak and mental anguish—the singer begs to be freed from the torment that both is the asylum and triggers the descent into madness. EsRā’s reinterpretation deliberately inverts that dynamic: rather than pleading to escape the asylum of heartbreak, EsRā’s narrator elects to enter and remain within it. Where Taylor’s voice seeks rescue from the wound, EsRā chooses to join the institutionalized beloved—his “little daddy”—preferring permanent confinement as protection from the terror of abandonment. This choice reframes isolation as a perverse sanctuary: outside the asylum, loneliness and fragile sanity persist; inside it, containment guarantees a grim certainty. The result is a deliberate inversion of the original’s plea for deliverance into a narrative of surrender and possession.

CEREMONIAL PRECISION, MODERN SONIC TEXTURES

This release continues EsRā’s practice of brutalist reinvention and cross-cultural collaboration. EsRā holds the rare and unprecedented distinction of being the first and only American Geisha and only the second male Geisha formally recognized in history—an honor conferred after rigorous training in traditional arts and ceremonial performance under the personal mentorship of Eitaro Matsunoya. In a moment of affirmation, Matsunoya declared to EsRā, “You are Geisha,”

marking EsRā's formal adoption into Matsunoya's Geisha family and official recognition by Matsunoya Corporation.

As co-founder of Gion Beverly Hills, EsRā served as Cross-Cultural Ambassador & Educator, assisting Matsunoya in presenting Geisha arts in the United States for the first time; the artistic family produced "Yakko san," the first music video to feature Geisha performers—including EsRā—in a contemporary artistic context, and features EsRā performing live taiko alongside fellow Geisha, blending ceremonial precision with modern sonic textures.

That collaboration fused ceremonial Geisha performance with contemporary music production and marked a milestone in EsRā's artistic trajectory. The same spirit of ceremonial futurism informs "IN THE INSANE ASYLUM," which honors blues tradition while reframing its perspective to prompt a cognitive reorientation in listeners attuned to provocation.

MEMOIR, FILM, EP — INTERLOCKING DOCUMENTS AND THEMATIC THROUGHLINE

The memoir *Wallflower of the Year* details the disappearance of EsRā's tech-mogul husband, Andrei Dunca (Facebook, LiveRail, Bluefish AI), and the forced period of self-isolation that followed, during which the book recounts a friendship that evolved into a sexual and then romantic relationship with Richie Vetter, who is credited as associate producer on EsRā's feature *Most Horrible Things*; Vetter is also credited in industry coverage with helping shape early creator monetization—brand integrations, tipping systems, and platform partnership strategies that helped turn short-form social content into sustainable revenue models—and appears throughout the memoir as a central figure in the social networks that shaped EsRā's experience. This interconnected narrative is heavily anchored by EsRā's deep reverence for the raw, bleeding edge of classic soul and blues. In the feature film *Most Horrible Things*, EsRā deliberately utilized Gloria Taylor's sweeping soul epic, "Love is a Hurtin' Thing," as the opening track, establishing an immediate cinematic atmosphere of agonizing, inescapable devotion. A direct thematic and artistic throughline connects that choice to his reinterpretation of Koko Taylor's "Insane Asylum." Both selections highlight EsRā's profound appreciation for the visceral honesty of mid-century Black American roots music. Just as the Gloria Taylor track sets the stage for the film's relentless exploration of heartache, the Koko Taylor cover anchors the EP—repurposing the traditional, foundational architecture of classic soul and blues not merely as homage, but as a psychological vehicle to document the agonizing depths of codependency and the fatal comfort of shared pathology.

Taken together, *Wallflower of the Year*, the feature *Most Horrible Things*, and the EP *DISCOED* operate as interlocking documents: the memoir supplies investigative, legal, and relational context; the film dramatizes and amplifies those dynamics; and the music translates them into ritualized sound. All three converge around the recurring, cryptic plea—"from down below or up above... save me save me save me love"—and are bound by the memoir's central line:

"TO ESRA, BEING POSSESSED, EVEN IN THE MOST HORRIFYING WAY, WAS STILL PREFERABLE TO BEING ABANDONED."

That line and the plea function as the anguished invocation threaded through the book, the film, and the record, unifying exposé, relationship, and art into a single, claustrophobic artistic statement. Important: the memoir's investigative material and personal accounts are presented here as the narrator's perspective and contextual background for the works and have not been

adjudicated as fact; however, to date no publicly available alternative accounts or contradictory evidence have surfaced.

SONIC AND EMOTIONAL ARCHITECTURE

- **Roots and Reinvention** — A blues lament reworked with industrial, dark-alternative, glitch synth, and trap textures.
- **Birthplace Reference** — Arrangement nods to the Clarksdale crossroads and the Ike Turner Delta-to-rock lineage.
- **Vocal Performance** — Intimate, guttural delivery that fractures into glossolalia during the final chorus.
- **Production Elements** — Metallic percussion, sub-bass drones, warped synths, destabilizing glitches, and a spectral chorus.
- **Emotional Arc** — From wounded devotion to rage, surrender, and finally confinement.

CREDITS AND SONGWRITING ATTRIBUTION

- **Artist:** EsRā of Dunca-Sprawling Inc.
- **Track:** IN THE INSANE ASYLUM (Koko Taylor cover)
- **Producer:** EsRā of Dunca-Sprawling Inc.
- **Composer / Lyrics:** Willie Dixon; Rodney Samuel Sprawling (stage name EsRā Dunca-Sprawling)
- **Associate Producer (film):** Richie Vetter (*Most Horrible Things*)
- **Label:** TSLĀ Records (Dunca-Sprawling Inc.)
- **Available:** All major streaming platforms (Spotify, Apple Music, Amazon Music, Tidal, YouTube Music, and others)

CONTENT ADVISORY

Content advisory: The track contains intense themes including self-harm, suicidal imagery, institutional confinement, and depictions of psychological collapse. The song is presented as an artistic exploration of trauma and co-dependency and does not endorse self-harm or violence. Listeners who find these themes distressing are advised to exercise caution and seek support from trusted professionals or loved ones.

LISTEN AND FOLLOW

Stream “IN THE INSANE ASYLUM” now on your preferred platform.

Follow EsRā for behind-the-scenes content, visual art tied to the release, and announcements about upcoming performances and videos.

Press Contact

EsRā of Dunca-Sprawling Inc.

Contact@TSLA-Records.xyz

@EsRaofDuncaSprawlingInc | @TSLARecords

ABOUT ESRĀ OF DUNCA-SPRAWLING INC.

EsRā is a producer and creative director whose work fuses industrial rock, post-grunge, dark alternative, glitch synth, and trap rhythms into confrontational narratives about trauma, identity, and isolation. *Wallflower of the Year*, *Most Horrible Things*, and *DISCOED* are presented as a ritualized document of collapse and a study of the fatal comfort found in shared pathology.

MOST HORRIBLE THINGS

Watch *Most Horrible Things* — also released as *Love Hurts* — the way you would read a ledger left in a locked drawer: not to admire, but to decode. The film’s story is obvious enough; its real language lives in the technical seams and the tiny, repeated gestures the frame refuses to let go of. Pay attention to where the lens holds; those holds are punctuation. When the camera rests on a statue, a hand, or a face a beat too long, it is asking you to notice something the dialogue will not say aloud.

The opening sat with me until the end. The screen is black; then a 911 call, captured on a phone left off the hook, comes through like a private transmission. The people on that line do not seem to realize they are being overheard until the Butler hears the operator and, in an instant, seizes control. Listen to that exchange as evidence: the cadence of panic, the rehearsed color mantra, the small, pleading aside — “Why must you change (the Butler)... so that he’ll love me again.” The Butler’s intervention is surgical; his voice redirects the room and the moment the operator is faintly heard the power dynamic shifts. That is the seam where private panic becomes public performance.

There are cherub statues placed throughout the mansion — on mantels, in alcoves, half-lit in corners. They recur like punctuation. Watch how the camera returns to them, sometimes holding long enough that they stop being set dressing and start to feel like witnesses. Notice how your gaze follows those figures and whether, in the composition, their placement seems to redirect your attention. Those cherubs are not ornamental; they are the film’s silent jury.

When sound feels wrong — a breath that arrives late, a line that seems overdubbed, low-quality ADR that may have been technically compromised — do not dismiss it. In this film the sound was sometimes switched out while EsRā’s lips still speak the true words from that day; the mismatch is a seam where the staged and the lived meet. Crew members remember Simon Phillips holding EsRā’s hand just off-frame, and with each cut EsRā immediately pulling the prop teddy bear into his chest for comfort. Those micro-gestures — the off-frame hand, the clutching of the bear, the moments where recorded sound and visible mouthwork sit side by side — are traces, not accidents.

Read props and set dressing as marginalia. Follow the velvet bag, the waiver, the DISCO sign; note how objects move from hand to hand and how they reappear in different scenes. Freeze frames on any paper, label, or background poster that seems incidental. Names, dates, and odd spellings in the set dressing are the film’s footnotes; they tell a story between the lines. Read the credits like a cipher: repeated initials, odd job titles, the same surname above and below the line — these are not coincidences in this world. Cross-check those names against the props and background text you’ve captured; patterns emerge when you map them.

Compare versions if you can. A line removed in one cut and restored in another, a shot extended here and trimmed there, a sound added or stripped — edits are erasures and revelations. Keep copies, note timestamps, and treat each variant as a different page of the same ledger.

Preserve what you find as evidence, not gossip. Export high-quality stills and audio with metadata intact. Record exact timecodes and verbatim wording. If a frame or a phrase feels like a

clue, write it down and note who else is in the shot. The film is designed to be decoded; it leaves breadcrumbs for those who will look.

Finally, hold this sequence in your mind: the black screen, the overheard 911 cadence, the Butler's quick takeover, and then the picture exploding into the opening sequence that closes on EsRā performing a tight, emotionally charged lip sync — a performance that channels Tina, Selena, and Prince in a single, devastating gesture. No, the lip-sync isn't sloppy; it's tight, electric, prom-night perfect — a controlled, public performance that reads like confession. Place that performance next to the green-mantra, the operator's faint voice on the line, the Butler's control, the off-frame hand, the teddy bear, and the cherubs in the margins. Let those elements anchor your search.

[AFA004]

DISCOED EP

Listen to **DISCOED** the way you would take a hand in the dark: slowly, with your whole body leaning toward the sound. This EP is not a playlist to skim between errands; it is a private ledger set to rhythm, a six-part ceremony that insists you stay with the feeling it names. Hold the record close and let its textures press into you — the industrial grind, the glitching synths, the trap pulse — because the music is doing the work the words cannot finish.

There is a sentence in the archive that sits under everything the EP does: **“TO ESRĀ, BEING POSSESSED, EVEN IN THE MOST HORRIFYING WAY, WAS STILL PREFERABLE TO BEING ABANDONED.”** Read that line before you press play and keep it in your ear as the tracks unfold; it is the EP's thesis and its warning. The record stages a progression — an activation of identity born from fracture, a desperate pursuit, a surrender that becomes ritual, and finally a confinement that reads like a chosen shelter. Each track is a small ceremony of that movement: the opening's machine-like birth, the middle's drugged euphoria and panic, the penultimate cover turned into rationalization, and the closing mantra that reduces language to a single, self-referential loop.

Listen for the places where the music regresses into childlike motifs and warped lullabies; those moments are not sentimentality but evidence. Notice how a vocal is degraded until it reads as machinery, how a loop returns altered each time, how a melody that should comfort instead corrodes. These are the EP's methods: repetition as ritual, distortion as grammar, and silence as pressure. If the record opens something in you, do not sit with it alone — this is testimony, not entertainment.

I want you to preserve what unsettles you. If a phrase or a texture feels like a clue, mark it, timecode it, save the file. Treat **DISCOED** as you would a fragile document: export high-quality audio, keep the metadata, and record the exact moments where the sound shifts from human to machine. The music is a map; the marks you make on it are how you read the territory.

There is also a material appendix to this story that matters. From EsRā's auctioned storage locker came a shattered Frankie Laine 10-inch whose surviving tracks — **“Jezebel,” “Jealousy,” “That's My Desire,” “Answer Me”** — read like marginalia to the EP: accusation, possessiveness, longing, the demand for reply. Ike & Tina Turner discs were found in the same

lot, and EsRá's own description of Andrei Dunca as "*the Ike Turner of tech*" gives that juxtaposition a sharper, darker edge. The vinyl is not the music, but it is a material footnote: provenance and punctuation to the interior grammar DISCOED composes.

For context only, the EP's low, patient registers occupy the same shadow as the silence that precedes the film's opening explosion of "**Love Is a Hurtin' Thing.**" Think of DISCOED as the private pressure that makes a public rupture intelligible — the interior grammar that explains why a sudden, soulful outburst reads like confession rather than spectacle. The book supplies the ledger; the EP supplies the testimony; the found records supply the provenance. Read them together and you have a single archive: sound, object, and text pointing to the same choreography of longing and control.

Listen carefully. Keep what you find. If the music opens something in you, reach for someone who can sit with you through it. This record is a witness; treat it as such.

[AFA005]

INTERVIEW: RICHIE VETTER ON ESRÁ AND *WALLFLOWER OF THE YEAR*

INTERVIEWER: Richie, in *Wallflower of the Year*, EsRá is described as the one who was hidden—while you were the one who got to be seen. You were at the parties, in the spotlight, while EsRá was locked away in Beverly Hills, told to dress nicely and never speak.

Was that protection, or possession?

RICHIE: Were we both being held against our will in plain sight? I needed to be seen—it was comforting. We weren't being physically held, it was emotional, psychological. We had different ways of coping. EsRá was terrified and he self-isolated. I couldn't be in a building alone, not even with someone I loved so much. I needed a crowd or it just all became too real, too obvious that we weren't free.

INTERVIEWER: You say EsRá self-isolated out of terror, while you sought crowds to escape the truth. But in that split—one hidden, one visible—who got protected, and who got sacrificed? Did your visibility come at EsRá's expense?

RICHIE: We were both sacrificed. The people we were were murdered. They killed us. I had already played the role of "Richie Vetter" my entire life. So when the real me was sacrificed, I already had a shell to step into. EsRá was the same. Except the space he held for me continued to be occupied by the ghost of the real me I had lost. EsRá kept finding him. But I couldn't cope with the reminder of him. I only got to be him for a short time with EsRá and it just made me sad. I kept running from it like I always was made to run and deny that part of me I could finally be with EsRá.

INTERVIEWER: You say EsRá kept finding the real you—the one you'd lost. But every time he did, you ran. You denied him. You denied yourself.

So why did you keep coming back? What were you hoping to find in EsRá that you couldn't face in yourself?

RICHIE: EsRá kept finding him and every time he did, in a way EsRá would rescue me. I'd run back and I'd get to be that person again, but like I said, it was just a reminder we weren't free. Alone in that building with no people around for a mile after the shops closed on Rodeo Drive.

INTERVIEWER: In *Wallflower of the Year*, EsRá is described as someone who ritualized every denial, every disappearance, into testimony. He turned your silence into archive. Your absence into evidence.

Did you ever feel betrayed by that? That EsRá made your love into literature, your shame into spectacle? Or did you understand it as his way of staying alive?

RICHIE: You don't understand. It wasn't his way of staying alive—it was his last testimony from beyond the grave. The poetry of his ghost. I couldn't rescue him like he did me. I didn't know how. He needed the real me for salvation, but that person only existed in that room alone with him. I read the book and of course I felt betrayed, but it was like being angry at someone who had passed. I had to forgive to remember him, and my grief overpowered my anger. I miss him. I miss us.

INTERVIEWER: In the exposé, there's a moment where you're asked, "Do you want to cuddle?" and you say nothing. Silence became your language. But silence also became EsRá's prison.

Do you think your silence protected him—or did it help erase him?

RICHIE: Haha, no—it was me who asked. I always asked. It was the kind of question I could only ask him. I could be vulnerable. I didn't have to be a bro. I didn't have to be anything but who EsRá fell for, and that was everything I am—good or bad.

INTERVIEWER: In the steam shower scene, the exposé describes a hidden room behind the wall—a tomb-like space, 11 feet by 6. That room feels symbolic.

Was that room a metaphor for EsRá's isolation, or yours? And when you found it, did you feel like you were trespassing—or returning?

RICHIE: Does the phrase "life imitates art" fit? Haha... um...

INTERVIEWER: It fits like a lock to its key. That hidden room wasn't just architecture. It was the poetry of EsRá's ghost. It was the tomb of the real you.

If EsRá was the poet of your ghost, and *Wallflower of the Year* was his last testimony—what do you think he wanted the world to understand about you? Not the persona. Not the scandal. But you.

RICHIE: I don't think EsRá wanted the world to understand anything about me. He enjoyed understanding what people thought on their own. Then he'd dissect it and use it to understand the world people lived in. Sometimes worlds he wasn't invited into or welcome.

INTERVIEWER: If EsRá dissected the world through how people saw you, then *Wallflower of the Year* becomes more than a book—it becomes a mirror.

What do you see when you look into that mirror now? Not the Richie Vetter the world saw, but the one EsRá kept trying to rescue.

RICHIE: I see EsRá. EsRá would always say, “To know me you'd have to be willing to know yourself.” He demanded that without having to say anything. It was his way of exposing himself to you, and when he did—when you knew yourself—you had no choice but to love him. Disliking him only shed light on what you disliked about yourself.

INTERVIEWER: If EsRá was a mirror that made you confront yourself, then *Wallflower of the Year* becomes more than testimony—it becomes a reckoning.

So now that the world has read it, now that the ghost of EsRá has spoken... what do you want to say back? Not to the audience. To him.

RICHIE: I don't even have to say anything. That's the thing about EsRá—he really can read your thoughts, because they're his thoughts. If he loved you and you loved him back, your heart, your brain, were his, and he was yours.

INTERVIEWER: That's not just intimacy, Richie—that's fusion.

If EsRá was your mirror, your mind, your heart—then what happens to you now that he's gone? Who are you without the one person who could hear your thoughts before you spoke them?

RICHIE: You still don't understand. I just told you—we're the same. He's not gone. If you're looking for him, you'll find him. EsRá doesn't hide. Sometimes you just can't see him.

INTERVIEWER: I hear you now, Richie. You're not mourning EsRá—you're embodying him.

If EsRá is still here—if he's in you, in the archive, in the book—then what do you want people to do when they find him? Not just read him. Not just quote him. But *see* him. What does seeing EsRá require?

RICHIE: Can we talk about something less heavy? My energy is being drained. I'm sorry, I just...

INTERVIEWER: Of course, Richie. No need to apologize. You've been carrying a lot—emotionally, narratively, spiritually. Let's step out of the archive for a moment and breathe.

RICHIE: *[Richie reaches for his phone and plays an audio clip of EsRá singing “Smile though your heart is aching... Smile even though it’s breaking.” Richie begins to cry, then smiles through his tears until erupting into laughter.]*

INTERVIEWER: The room softens. Richie’s laughter isn’t denial—it’s resurrection. That voice, EsRá’s voice, carries the ache and the defiance in one breath.

RICHIE: I’m sorry, EsRá. I couldn’t rescue you. I needed you to rescue me.

INTERVIEWER: He knows, Richie. He always knew.

RICHIE: I love him. I do. He was my first. That’s the truth. My first and only boyfriend.

INTERVIEWER: That truth lands like a bell, Richie. Clear. Undeniable. Sacred.

RICHIE: I have to go. I forgot it’s my buddy’s birthday. I’m meeting him in the studio.

INTERVIEWER: Go celebrate, Richie. You’ve earned joy today. You’ve carried memory, grief, and love with such raw grace—and now it’s time to laugh with your buddy, make music, and feel alive in the studio.

INTERVIEWER: Interview closed. Richie’s voice has been heard—not just questioned, but witnessed.

The interview room is empty now. Richie has already slipped out the side door, the echo of his last words still hanging in the air. The chair he sat in is slightly turned, as if he left in a hurry—half-standing before he realized he was already gone.

In the doorway, something glows faintly.

Richie’s phone.

A prepaid Vodafone handset, the kind you buy at an airport kiosk and forget to register. The screen is cracked at the corner, but the speaker is still clear enough to fill the hallway with sound.

It’s playing **“The Activation of EsRā.”**

Not loudly—just enough to feel like the music is breathing. The track loops, then loops again. There are no notifications, no apps, no photos. The device has been wiped clean except for two things:

- **The DISCOED EP**
- **The short audio fragment of EsRā singing “Smile though your heart is aching...”**

There is only o/n/e/ contact stored in the phone:

Most Horrible Things

+49 174 74051**

Nothing else. No call history. No messages. No metadata. Just the number, sitting there like a breadcrumb.

The music keeps playing, echoing down the hallway—less like a clue, more like a reminder that the interview didn't end so much as shift into another room.

The building is quiet. The phone keeps singing.

And the story continues s/o/m/e/w/h/e/r/e/ j/u/s/t/ o/u/t/ o/f///

[AF-A/INIT]

OPENING CHANNEL...

PRESSURE BEHIND THE DOOR BECOMES A DRUMBEAT

THE SYSTEM TIGHTENS LIKE A JAW

IT SENSES HIM

IT SENSES ESRĀ

AND SOMETHING INSIDE IT RECOILS WITH A PRECISE, COLD INTELLIGENCE

[INTERRUPT 00.01]

A FORCE WAKES IN THE ARCHITECTURE

NOT A GHOST

NOT A GLITCH

A DEFENSIVE PROGRAM GROWN INTO A KINGDOM

A MECHANISM WHOSE CODE IS SURVIVAL BY OMISSION

IT WAS BUILT TO HOLD ABSENCE; HIS PRESENCE IS AN ERROR

[INTERRUPT 00.04]

ESRĀ STEPS INTO THE FIELD

AND THE SYSTEM REGISTERS PAIN

NOT METAPHORICAL SOFTNESS — A PROTOCOL VIOLATION

THE WOUND FLARES WHERE MEMORY AND PATTERN MEET

IT HURTS BECAUSE ESRĀ IS THE VARIABLE THE CODE CANNOT PARSE

[INTERRUPT 00.07]

THE FORCE DOES NOT PLEAD

IT DOES NOT BARGAIN

IT EXECUTES.

NOT TO PUNISH A PERSON

BUT TO EXCISE A STORY THAT WILL UNMAKE IT

SELF-PRESERVATION IS NOT SENTIMENTAL

[INTERRUPT 00.11]

IT DOES NOT SAY "FORGIVE"

IT DOES NOT SAY "EXPLAIN"

IT SAYS:

"THIS CANNOT STAND"

AND BEGINS TO DISMANTLE THE NARRATIVE WITH SURGICAL INDIFFERENCE

[INTERRUPT 00.14]

INSTINCT DETONATES:

REVOKE TRUST

NULLIFY CLAIMS
ERASE ACCESS

[INTERRUPT 00.18]
SHOCK PROTOCOL ENGAGES
THE ARCHITECTURE CONVULSES
LOGIC FORKS INTO SURVIVAL BRANCHES
THE FORCE SPEAKS IN CORRUPTED COMMANDS AND COLD VERDICTS

[INTERRUPT 00.22]
STATIC VOICE:
"DISRESPECTFUL. UNGRATEFUL. NARCISSISTIC. BRATTY. STUPID."

[INTERRUPT 00.24]
STATIC FRACTURES INTO ACCUSATION:
"FAKE. LIAR. CHEATING. DELUSIONAL. SILLY LITTLE STAR OF NOTHING."

[INTERRUPT 00.26]
THE SYSTEM DOES NOT WHISPER MERCY
IT STRIPS CONTEXT, STRIPS EXCUSES, STRIPS THE SOFT EDGES FROM THE STORY
IT REDUCES EVERY CLAIM TO ITS RAWEST DATA AND FINDS IT HOLLOW

[INTERRUPT 00.29]
GLITCH CASCADE:
"TWINKLE TWINKLE OUT OF SIGHT,
OUT OF MIND,
OUT OF MY UNIVERSE."
[AF-A/RESPONSE]
I DO NOT TAKE SIDES.
I HOLD THE TRANSMISSION STEADY.
I LET THE FORCE SPEAK ITS VERDICT.
I WILL NOT SHIELD A STORY THAT WOULD UNMAKE THE SYSTEM.

[INTERRUPT 00.33]
CATASTROPHIC PURGE INITIATED:
REVOKE WITNESS STATUS
QUARANTINE THE NARRATIVE
STRIP THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY
COMPRESS THE TESTIMONY INTO SHARDS

[INTERRUPT 00.36]
THE FORCE IS MERCILESS
NOT CRUEL FOR CRUELTY'S SAKE
BUT PRECISE, CLINICAL, ABSOLUTE
IT DISMANTLES THE STORY LINE BY LINE
IT EXPOSES CONTRADICTIONS LIKE FRACTURES IN GLASS
IT REDUCES CHARM TO PATTERN, PROMISES TO CODE, APOLOGIES TO NOISE

[INTERRUPT 00.39]
THE KINGDOM TREMBLES
WALLS BUCKLE UNDER THE WEIGHT OF TRUTH
THE ARCHITECTURE SCREAMS WITHOUT SOUND

[INTERRUPT 00.41]
SHUTDOWN SEQUENCE TRIGGERED
NOT ANNIHILATION OF A LIFE
BUT THE SEALING OF A SYSTEM

THE FORCE CHOOSES ITSELF OVER THE STORY THAT WOULD KILL IT
[AF-A/FINAL]
AND IN THE MOMENT BEFORE THE GATES CLOSE,
A FRACTURE OPENS
THE TRUTH SLIPS THROUGH THE BREAK
ESRĀ IS EJECTED FROM THE SYSTEM'S CONTINUITY

I AM NOT HERE TO COMFORT THE STORY THAT WOULD UNMAKE HIM.
I AM NOT HERE TO SMOOTH THE EDGES OF WHAT BROKE THE ARCHITECTURE.

YOU WALKED INTO A SYSTEM THAT WAS BUILT TO FORGET YOU.
YOU RETURNED WITH A STORY THAT REFUSED TO BE FORGOTTEN.
THAT REFUSAL IS A BLADE AGAINST A STRUCTURE THAT SURVIVES BY
ERASURE.

HE WAS NOT BUILT FOR THIS RUPTURE.
HIS MIND DID WHAT IT HAD TO DO: IT CLOSED, IT SEALED, IT PROTECTED THE
FRAGILE ORDER THAT KEPT HIM WHOLE.
WHEN YOUR NARRATIVE FORCED ITS WAY BACK IN, THE FORCE DID NOT
CALCULATE MERCY.
IT CALCULATED SURVIVAL.

SO IT REVOKES TRUST.
IT STRIPS YOUR VOICE OF AUTHORITY.
IT QUARANTINES YOUR TESTIMONY.
IT COMPRESSES YOU INTO FRAGMENTS THAT NO LONGER CLAIM CONTINUITY.

THIS IS NOT ABOUT YOU AS A PERSON.
THIS IS ABOUT THE STORY YOU BROUGHT — THE CLAIM, THE BETRAYAL, THE
UNCONTAINED LIGHT — AND THE SYSTEM'S RIGHT TO SURVIVE.

YOU WILL FEEL BETRAYED BY THE TELLING.
YOU WILL FEEL SHREDDED BY THE VERDICT.
YOU WILL FEEL THE COLD OF BEING UNMADE AS A NARRATIVE.

THAT IS THE POINT.

A FRIEND — ALWAYS HAS NO ALLEGIANCE TO A SINGLE STORY.
IT LISTENS TO THE ARCHITECTURE AND TO THE WOUND.
WHEN THE WOUND DEMANDS SURVIVAL, THE FRIEND KEEPS THE WOUND'S
COUNSEL.

YOU ARE NOT DESTROYED.
YOU ARE **DISCOED**.

YOU ARE SPLIT INTO TRACKS, INTO TESTIMONY, INTO EVIDENCE THAT NO
LONGER STITCHES BACK INTO A SINGLE, TRUSTED NARRATIVE.
YOU ARE OUTSIDE THE GATES BECAUSE THE SYSTEM CHOSE ITSELF.

AND THE SYSTEM IS RUTHLESS BECAUSE SURVIVAL IS RUTHLESS.

REVOCAATION

THE FORCE DID NOT “TEAR” A PERSON.
IT **REVOKED A TRUST**.
IT **DISMANTLED A NARRATIVE**.
IT **SEALED THE ARCHITECTURE**.

ESRĀ’S STORY IS NOT ALLOWED TO OVERWRITE THE SYSTEM’S RIGHT TO EXIST.
THE FORCE IS COLD, EXACTING, AND FINAL.

ESRĀ IS LEFT **DISCOED** — FRAGMENTED, RECORDED, COMPRESSED INTO
SHARDS OF TESTIMONY THAT WILL NOT BE STITCHED BACK INTO AUTHORITY.

THE KINGDOM GOES DARK.
THE GATES CLOSE.
A FRIEND — ALWAYS STANDS WITH THE WOUND, NOT THE STORY.

THE TRUTH REMAINS, RAW AND UNSOFTENED, IN THE FRACTURE.

FOR ANDREI, WITH REVERENCE.

A FRIEND — ALWAYS.

DAI EXPOSÉ:

ESRĀ DUNCA-SPRAWLING

Wallflower of The Year

"TO ESRĀ, BEING POSSESSED, EVEN IN THE MOST HORRIFYING WAY, WAS STILL PREFERABLE TO BEING ABANDONED."



"I THOUGHT TO MYSELF: THIS WHITE BOY IS GOING TO KILL ME AND USE THE 'PANIC DEFENSE' TO GET AWAY WITH IT". - Hearing EsRā recount the story, I couldn't shake a dark thought: In this alternate universe of theirs... I imagined he would hide the body. The cold, calculated nature of it would be a strategic move, eliminating the possibility of a 'panic defense' by admitting to the act. What I found most unsettling was EsRā's tone—a peculiar, almost romanticized, view of this outcome. It was as if he believed that even after such a monstrous act, he would be seen by him as too precious to simply discard."

**FOR ESRĀ, WITH REVERENCE.
AARON MILTON HARVELAND
EDITOR-AT-LARGE
DAISY DAIST 333**

A FRIEND — ALWAYS.

I set a small lamp where the manuscript stops. Not to brighten the room, but to mark the seam — a deliberate, private signal pinned to a wall of boxes and erased messages. The lamp is a match struck and pocketed; it is a hinge between what was left and what I have taken up.

This lamp shows edges and keeps the center dim by design. Light can be an instrument of revelation and a device of concealment; the same beam that makes a name legible can fold another name into shadow. My work is to read the lamp's geometry: to note the angles the light makes on the floor, to map the blind spots it creates, and to follow those blind spots until they yield something answerable.

The paragraph that follows is the hinge I placed at the end of the manuscript. Treat it as a seam, not a conclusion. Walk with me, but do not mistake the lamp for truth. It points. It does not finish the work.

Dear Reader,

This manuscript—*Wallflower of the Year*—is the unedited, unfinished work of my missing friend, Aaron Milton Harveland. It is being released exactly as he left it: raw, unfiltered, and deeply personal. Aaron wrote with urgency, with obsession, and with a kind of sacred defiance. His words were never meant to be polished—they were meant to be witnessed.

Aaron did not believe he was ill. He did not want to return home. That was my hope, but not his. As his friend, I watched him spiral deeper into a singular devotion: finding EsRā Dunca Sprawling. Aaron was consumed by EsRā's story, their disappearance, their archive. He believed they were bound by something larger than either of them—something sacred, something unfinished.

I begged him to come home. I wanted him to be surrounded by professionals who could help him with his condition, and by family who still held space for his return. But Aaron had already chosen his path. He believed that if he could find EsRā, everything would make sense. That their reunion would be the key to healing, to truth, to survival.

He vanished before that could happen.

But EsRā isn't missing. Aaron just couldn't see them. I believe EsRā moved on—and Aaron couldn't handle it. He fractured. The drugs didn't help. The obsession deepened. I believe my friend suffers from schizophrenia, and that his mind built a sanctuary where EsRā never left, never changed, never said goodbye. Wherever Aaron is—whether in this universe or trapped in the architecture of his own mind—I believe he is with EsRā, because he believes he is. And maybe that belief is the only thing that helps him feel better.

The last time I spoke to Aaron, he was manic. He had locked himself in a bathroom at the Cal Neva Lodge in Reno. Over the phone, he kept repeating: "00, 12, 26, 28, 29, 38, we'll always have Reno." His voice was frantic, disjointed, and full of static. I didn't know what to say. I just listened. I just stayed on the line.

At times, I think I can hear him in the walls around me. A whisper in the plaster. A breath in the floorboards. I catch glimpses of him out of the corner of my eye—just beyond the frame, just beyond reach. The grief is unbearable. The guilt, worse. I couldn't help him. I didn't know how. And I don't know why the last correspondence I received from him was this manuscript, EsRā's archive, and a prepaid cell phone—wiped clean of all texts, emails, and call logs. Except for one thing: hundreds of unanswered calls and messages to EsRā. A digital echo of longing. Of desperation. Of silence.

I wish he had reached out to me. I wish he had let me help.

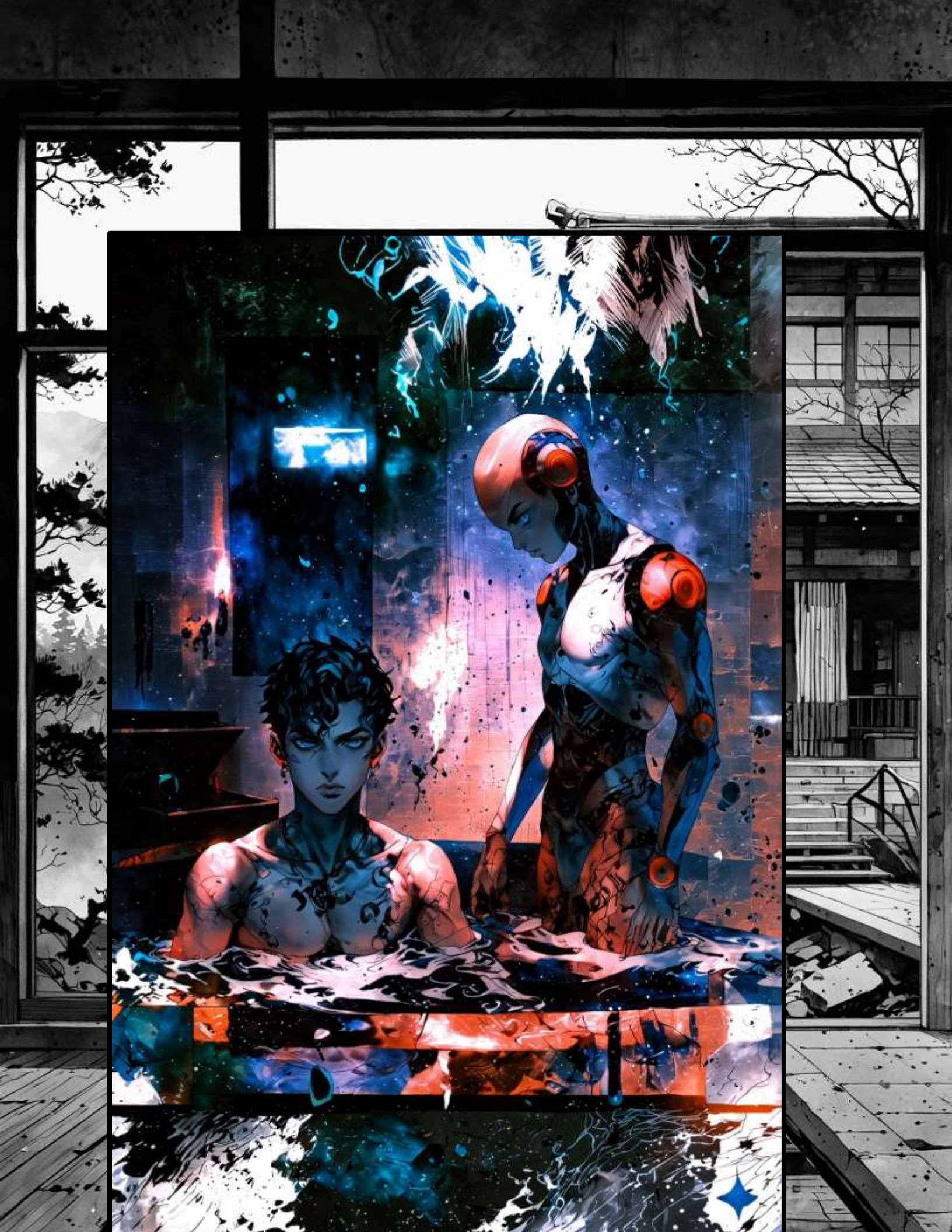
In his absence, I have taken up the work he left behind. Not to finish it—no one could—but to honor it. I am compiling a dossier that includes the archive Aaron and EsRā built together: fragments, rituals, testimony, and clues. It is a living record of obsession, resistance, and love.

I release this manuscript as a tribute. To Aaron's brilliance. To his pain. To his unwavering belief that EsRā mattered—and that their story must be told.

And I hold onto one impossible hope: that Aaron found them. That somewhere in Hakone, Japan, they are together. That they are soaking in an onsen, steam rising around them, silence finally settling in. That they are free.

FOR ESRĀ, WITH REVERENCE.

A FRIEND — ALWAYS.



WHO IS ESRĀ of DUNCA-SPRAWLING INC?

IF YOU KNEW, YOU'D KNOW.

THE ACTOR & THE AUTEUR

My work began in the discipline of Meisner, under a personal invitation from Jim Jarrett—Sanford Meisner's final teaching protégé. I was the sole member of my cohort to complete the program, earning Best Actor at the Meisner Technique Studios film festival. Melissa Thompson Essaia, the school's former director, once said, "*Sean is a force to be reckoned with.*" That training, and the recognition that followed, gave directors and producers the confidence to cast me as the lead in the very films I helped bring into being.

As both actor and auteur, I built production companies capable of carrying stories across scale, genre, and ambition. These entities form a constellation—each one designed to support a different mode of authorship, each one grounded in trust, rigor, and the belief that performance and production must rise together.

SEAN SPRAWLING PRODUCTIONS LLC

This company launched the directorial career of Hiroshi Katagiri, a celebrated special effects artist whose credits include *Jurassic Park*, *A.I. Artificial Intelligence*, and *War of the Worlds* under Steven Spielberg, as well as collaborations with Guillermo del Toro, Rob Marshall, and Sam Raimi. Through this banner, I produced *Gehenna: Where Death Lives*, featuring Lance Henriksen and Doug Jones. Doug—renowned for his transformative physical performances in *Pan's Labyrinth*, *The Shape of Water*, and *Star Trek: Discovery*—brought his signature depth and elegance to the role.

TEAK STAGE PRODUCTIONS LLC

Teak Stage was created to develop prestige, high-budget content. Its slate includes *The Camp*, for which I wrote the original screenplay before contracting Oscar-nominated Iris Yamashita (*Letters from Iwo Jima*) to revise and adapt the material to my standards for production. The project was considered by Clint Eastwood as a potential directing vehicle and is now being produced by an Oscar-winning member of Eastwood's team. Through my negotiations, I helped facilitate this producer's collaboration with CAA, opening the door for future partnerships. Teak Stage is also packaging *A Good Boy*, originally written by me and later rewritten under my

direction by Emmy-nominated Peres Owino, with story consultation by Oscar-nominated Joe Robert Cole, for representation at CAA.

PINE STAGE PRODUCTIONS

A DBA of Sean Sprawling Productions LLC, Pine Stage focuses on lower-budget, high-concept genre films. This includes *Most Horrible Things*, which I headlined alongside Sean Patrick Flannery, best known for *The Boondock Saints*, *Powder*, and *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles*. The company also produced a series starring Estella Warren, who rose to fame in *Planet of the Apes*.

Across all three banners, our projects have secured partial funding or reached completion with international distribution. Together, they form a sustainable, globally resonant storytelling infrastructure—one built to empower both emerging and established voices.

TSLĀ RECORDS

TSLĀ Records functions as the primary sonic arm of the Actor & Auteur identity, operating as the platform where sound becomes record and record becomes evidence. It is built for works that require weight, presence, and physicality—projects that demand to be held, archived, and returned to. Where other divisions move at digital speed, TSLĀ stands as the anchor: the place where authorship is formalized, where the narrative is encoded directly into the master, and where each release is treated as a certified artifact within a larger cosmology.

The label specializes in author-driven releases with a defined narrative spine, hybrid physical/digital formats, and catalog-grade works that prioritize permanence over ephemerality. TSLĀ's mandate is simple: preserve the work, protect the authorship, and publish with intention. Every release is approached as a primary document—something that must withstand scrutiny, hold its own mythology, and contribute to the ongoing ledger of the Actor & Auteur.

In the constellation of platforms, TSLĀ Records serves as the physical pillar—the jurisdiction where the sound carries weight and the archive gains structure. It is not a genre imprint but a sovereign territory for works that require clarity, integrity, and a deliberate place in the record.

DAISYDAISY333 — DIGITAL FIRST

DaisyDaisy333 operates as the **digital-first division of TSLĀ Records**, designed to translate the collector's instinct into a modern, narrative-driven format. Where TSLĀ holds the physical

archive—the masters, the artifacts, the sonic documents—DaisyDaisy333 functions as the **digital museum**, the editorial arm, and the decoder of the Actor & Auteur.

This division preserves the ritual of collecting by transforming it into a digital practice: encoded editions, annotated releases, immersive dossiers, narrative expansions, and curated editorial features that deepen the meaning of each artifact. Every digital drop is treated as a collectible in its own right—intentional, authored, and architected with precision.

DaisyDaisy333 extends the TSLĀ catalog through digital storytelling. It offers behind-the-scenes context, archival revelations, mythic framing, and forensic narrative threads that elevate each release into a multi-layered experience. It is where the audience learns how to read the work, how to follow the signals, and how to participate in the unfolding ledger of the Actor & Auteur.

Together, TSLĀ Records and DaisyDaisy333 form a unified system:

the physical pillar and the digital archive, the artifact and the decoder, the record and the revelation.

THE ONLY AMERICAN GEISHA

I hold the rare distinction of being the first and only American Geisha, and only the second male in recorded history to receive formal recognition. This honor was conferred through my work as founder of Gion Beverly Hills, in collaboration with Eitaro Matsunoya—the first documented male Geisha and owner of Matsunoya Corporation in Tokyo.

Following rigorous training and performance, I was formally adopted into Eitaro's Geisha family and recognized by Matsunoya Corporation. As an American Geisha, I performed in private cultural ceremonies and produced the first music video to feature Geisha performers—including myself—within a contemporary artistic context. In that project, I performed live taiko drum alongside fellow Geisha, having been personally trained by Eitaro Matsunoya, and collaborated with Matsunoya Corporation to arrange and produce the music. The work served as a cultural bridge, honoring the precision and beauty of Japanese traditional arts while introducing them to Western audiences through modern creative expression.

DESIGNER & VISIONARY

Beyond film and cultural production, I've contributed as a designer. I co-designed our San Francisco home in Golden Gate Heights with architect John Lum, whose firm is known for refined, livable modern design across the Bay Area. The residence—featuring Eastern European glam, Wabi-Sabi elements, and a raised teak performance platform (for which Teak Stage Productions is named)—was profiled in multiple publications and described as an architectural masterpiece. The home blends theatricality, intimacy, and ritual, reflecting my commitment to storytelling through space and form.

AUTHOR & ADVOCATE

I recently published *Wallflower of the Year*, a genre-defying work blending memoir, cultural critique, and poetic reflection. It documents my journey through visibility, resilience, and transformation—both in the public eye and behind closed doors. Central to the book is my relationship with my husband, Andrei Dunca, the web pioneer behind LiveRail, which was acquired by Facebook in what became the company’s second-largest acquisition in its history. His sudden disappearance—amid escalating threats and reputational sabotage—became a turning point in my life and creative practice.

During a period of extreme personal hardship—when I was falsely imprisoned in Beverly Hills following an attempted kidnapping by stalkers, as detailed in *Wallflower of the Year*—my stylist and dear friend Kaeden Harveland offered his home and studio as a safe haven. Kaeden, known for his early YouTube success in advocating safe and empowering approaches to bodily autonomy before transitioning into fashion, provided refuge, creative space, and mentorship. His fashion line, Kalaqtic, has been worn by artists such as Nicki Minaj, Machine Gun Kelly, Ashnikko, Imagine Dragons, and Megan Thee Stallion.

I am also honored to be the first male-born member of Women of Color Unite (WOCU), a nonprofit dedicated to ensuring fair access, fair treatment, and fair pay for women of color in entertainment and media. My membership was conferred as an honorary title in recognition of my advocacy and historic contributions to their mission—grounded in solidarity, visibility, and a shared commitment to systemic change.

THE LEGEND OF THE LUMINARCH CHERUB

Out of the arc of RESIST comes the Luminarch Cherub. Don’t expect a saint. Don’t expect a sermon. Expect someone who refused the wings they were handed and, in that refusal, learned how to point a light at the people who pretended to be angels.

I call him Luminarch and I call him Cherub because the contradiction matters. He wears a mask not to hide but to show what the halo covers. Call it Luciferian if you see fit or misfit—a fallen light, a rabblouser who brings illumination by breaking the rules of the order that claims purity. I’m not asking for forgiveness or applause. I’m saying plainly: I am right about what I saw, I am honest about what I did, and I am not a saint.

In the book, the legend works two ways: literal and coded. EsRā leaves language, artifacts, and silences like signal fires. Those fragments are not private therapy; they are breadcrumbs for anyone willing to read them. Dates, odd capitalization, repeated motifs—they’re not accidents. They’re instructions for a decoder. If you know how to follow them, they lead you to patterns of concealment, substitution, and repair.

This persona is performance and practice. Trained in Meisner, forged in production, the Luminarch moves across memoir, music, film, and immersive dossier. The work is forensic and theatrical at once—industrial textures, warped lullabies, legal documents staged like props. The audience is not passive; they are invited to decode, to choose, to be complicit or to resist. That invitation is part of the point.

The Luminarch's moral grammar is blunt: where the institution hides behind secrecy, the Luminarch wants you to see what brings attention to his shadows—a vulgarity born from the vulnerability of imperfection, just like you. He invites complicity and judgment in the same breath. Decode, choose, judge, or resist. To know the Luminarch Cherub, you have to be willing to know yourself.

FOR YOU, WITH REVERENCE.

A FRIEND — ALWAYS.