

# TARGET AUDIENCE

Winter 2008, Issue 3

Magazine

## Hearing **RED**: An Interview with Jasen Rauch



**Featured Artist:**



**Bryan C.**

**Tips for Writers**  
by G.L. Giles

**Where I live:**  
Atlanta, GA

**Life with a Sociopath**  
by Contact Carly

# TARGET AUDIENCE

...For People Who Read

## Issue 3 Winter 2008

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# Tears For Hope Foundation

By

Victoria Smith

I started Tears For Hope Foundation 3 years ago for women battling HIV/AIDS, but put it aside until after my mother passed away.

My sister made me take a look at how the system was helping infected women. Sometimes, my sister would get sick for no reason at all with the most recent the flu, blisters on her skin, lost weight and even pneumonia (which almost took her life). I really did not want to face the fact that my sister may have HIV, but I found out the truth, one day, while talking with my uncle (who lived in New Jersey until he passed away in October 2007). We started talking about something and, all of a sudden, my uncle said that my sister has AIDS. I was at a loss for words. I kind of figured this, but just did not want to come out and ask her, since we were not speaking due to issues over our mother's will. But, my uncle confirmed what I had suspected.

The factor here is not how my sister is handling this or how she is getting her medication, but the fact she is now a statistic. I wondered how the system is looking at these women and how are we going to get the numbers down. I discovered that women tend to prolong not getting medical help due to lack of health insurance and this bothers me the most.

I created this foundation to help show women how to live a healthy life style and to help them get the much needed medication to prolong their life and to help with getting their checks up from the doctor.

In the United States alone, numbers of infected women out-number infected men.

African American and Latino Women are now leading in the numbers with African American Women having the highest numbers. I wanted to think of a

way to help the women through raising money to help them get the medical attention they really need and try to make them understand that safe sex will help to stop the spread of HIV/AIDS.

People often ask me if I am HIV positive, because I started a foundation for women with HIV/AIDS. My answer is no, I am not HIV positive nor do I have AIDS. I feel that everyone needs a helping hand and someone who cares.

I remember one story a waitress told me about her 19 year old son. I was sitting in a very well known restaurant when this waitress approached me as my server. When I looked up it was Gloria (not her real name) and I smiled and said "long time no see, what have you been doing?"

Gloria asked me what I had I been doing and I told her that I had been working on my foundation and I held out my right arm for her to see my Red Wristband with the saying "Supporting Tears For Hope Foundation" Gloria looked at me and sat down and looked me directly in my face and said "My 19 year old son has Herpes/HIV." I looked at her and said this is a joke isn't it and she said no.

Gloria told me that her son started getting sick and



parts of his body did not look right. Gloria sent her son to the doctor to get checked out. Gloria said to her son, "While you are at the doctor's office get an AIDS test." The results came back and what Gloria suspected was every mother's nightmare, her son not only had HIV, but Herpes also. One thing Gloria did say she wasn't going to say to her son "I told you so and I told you to wear a condom." Gloria said her son is already paying a very high price.

The fact that someone is spreading not only HIV, but also Herpes. So I asked the question, "Where do we start?" If someone is spreading this disease like a speeding train, how do we protect ourselves? The answer is very clear, wear a latex condom and be strong enough to say "No" if your partner doesn't want to wear a condom, just let him know that you care about your body and most of all care about your life.

Tears For Hope Foundation will be having showcases featuring some of the world's top unsigned female artist, charity basketball games, game competitions, and we are putting together a cd for World Aids Day 2008 featuring some of the best artists from all over the country.

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Tears For Hope Foundation we love meeting people from all over the United States as well as the Atlanta area.

Please sign our guest book on our Myspace page, [www.myspace.com/tearsforhopefoundation](http://www.myspace.com/tearsforhopefoundation)

On our website, [www.tearsforhopefoundat.com](http://www.tearsforhopefoundat.com), we have a forum page for any one wanting to share their stories or give help to anyone on how to protect yourself from HIV/AIDS or just some friendly advice.

Any one wishing to help the foundation can send an email to [info@tearsforhopefoundation.com](mailto:info@tearsforhopefoundation.com) or [tearsforhopefoundation@gmail.com](mailto:tearsforhopefoundation@gmail.com), stating what kind of help you would like to offer.

Donations can be sent directly to Regions Banks, 2893 N Druid Hills Rd, NE, Atlanta, GA 30329-3924. Please make out all Checks, Money Orders, and Cashier Checks to "Tears For Hope Foundation"



# Vaccines

## - Protecting our pets or killing them?

By Rachel Murray



This is the story of Sadie, my mother's beloved dachshund. Sadie is dying of a blood disease not caused by diet, genes or her environment. Sadie is dying due to over vaccination; a secret that many veterinarians have been hiding from pet owners for years. In fact, all those diligent visits to your vet every year for vaccinations may actually be slowly killing your pet.

We have all received the yearly notices from our trusted veterinary offices to vaccinate. We are encouraged, if not strong-armed, into vaccinating when we bring our pets in for other reasons, and then are told that their vaccines are not up to date. We very often are unable to travel, get a dog license, board our pets or even enter a dog park without current (in most cases yearly) vaccination records. Yet, apparently life-threatening disease from routine vaccinations of our pets is a growing problem. There are countless other diseases including cancer, epilepsy, etc. that are now being traced to vaccinating your pets.

Sadie is 8 years old and has been taken to the vet every year for her annual vet recommended vaccines. DA 2pp

Booster Pfizer(LF) Hepatitis, Parvo, distemper, Tera influenza. Her Rabies shots are given every three years.

On June 14, 2007, Sadie received her annual booster (no rabies shot). The next day, she started vomiting. My mother put her on a special diet, suggested by her vet, and the vomiting stopped. Two weeks later the vomiting resumed, again a special diet (ID canned dog food) and after 4 to 5 days the symptoms again subsided. Shortly after that, she started losing her appetite and had very noticeable weight loss. The following check up by the vet revealed she was anemic. It was now 60 days since her last booster shot. The vet stated that "maybe she had a thyroid problem", but soon ruled that out through testing. They finally tested her blood and found that her blood count was low (26-27 while normal blood cell count is usually in the mid 30s). At the vet's recommendation they treated her with antibiotics and prednisone. They tested her blood several times over the next month and found that her count was dropping lower and lower. The Vet increased her meds and it still dropped until her count was dangerously low.

Finally, on Oct. 1, 2007 the vet referred her to a specialist, who interestingly enough, doesn't want his name mentioned in this article. After testing Sadie's blood it was discovered that her count was so low (13) that he kept her over night and said she needed a blood transfusion immediately. The specialist informed my mother that she would have died in a few days. He said her immune system was attacking her own red blood cells and she wasn't producing any new ones. It was then that she was diagnosed with Autoimmune Hemolytic anemia (AIHA). After talking with the specialist about Sadie's history over the course of the last year, he felt very strongly that her illness stemmed from over vaccination. He said he has had cases like Sadie's before and, unfortunately, he feels the vaccines are the cause. He himself recommends vaccinations of his animals every 3 years. He also recommended that if Sadie survives this she should NEVER be vaccinated again (Booster's or Rabies). Quite a far cry from what had previously been recommended.



The suspicious and horrifying thing about this is that most people are completely unaware of the possible deadly repercussions of this practice. It is very interesting to note that the prescription drug industry makes millions of dollars every year on our very sick pets diagnosed with diseases most likely caused by the same vaccinations that they sold to us. Vaccines are sold to the public as something to protect pets, with no mention of death or disease as a possible side effect.

It is interesting and disheartening to note that no repercussions nor alternate options were mentioned to my mother until Sadie had already become ill with this life-threatening disease.

The Veterinarians Oath according to the AVMA (Adopted by the House of Delegates, July 1969, amended by the Executive Board, November 1999) includes this very important phrase: "I accept as a lifelong obligation the continual

improvement of my professional knowledge and competence." This seems to indicate that it is the veterinarian's responsibility to be at least as well informed about these extremely important issues the general public.

Why then am I able to find all of this information and yet Sadie's original vet adamantly denies that Sadie's illness was caused by the vaccines? Why then do most veterinarians still recommend yearly vaccinations for every pet, regardless of their personal circumstances? And mostly, why is the general public being kept in the dark about the serious repercussion to our pet's practically mandatory annual vaccinations?

According to the AVMA, The Veterinarians Oath also includes this phrase: "I will practice my profession conscientiously, with dignity, and in keeping with the principles of veterinary medical ethics."

Pets are neither numbers nor statistics. They are a huge part of our lives and they have no choice but to trust us. Withholding this valuable information is a crime against us as pet guardians, our trust in the medical profession and our love for our pets.

As an added note, Sadie died early Sunday morning, December 2, 2007. She was extremely ill, in pain and terrified... My parents made the difficult decision to put her to sleep. We are all very heart broken from this unnecessary loss.

Rachel Murray  
Animal lover and pet guardian



# Murphy Art Elliott—“Little Pumpkin”

## Holidays

By Suzanne Gale



I feel like I write this every year. Maybe it's because I do. It's the week after the holiday madness has ended and I am in recovery from visiting scores of relatives who I only see once a year. Recovery from having my cheeks pinched, my marital failure exposed and explained to people I barely know in an attempt for them to understand who my children are. Recovery from the masses of toys my boys have acquired; politically correct toys played with wildly for a couple of days, then discarded in favor of wide-eyed anime freaks that dance and fight at the command of a 6-year-old boy and his Nintendo DS. Thank you for the brainy floor puzzle, Grandma, but these kids like their Nofriendo.

My holiday decorations are still up; they may still be up this time next year. I am not a person who decorates. I don't decorate my home for daily living and I sure as hell don't decorate it for Hallmark holidays. Except Christmas. A flip switches after Thanksgiving and I get a little insane. The boys who wept over our skull and ghost-free home earlier in the fall know to sit back and wait. Wait for what, you might ask? They are waiting for my seasonal madness to kick in. When they are older, this madness will disturb them and they will try to appease the madness by taking me out to dinner at a restaurant that specializes in soft, comforting foods and freedom from organizing holiday feasts. Until that time, they are still young enough to enjoy the fruits of my

insanity. This insanity means that I trot out every pre-lit Christmas tree ever bought (3), a freshly cut tree in the front window, sparkly lights wound round my porch (waiting to be plugged in since last Christmas, since I never took them down) and brightly lit reindeers and Santas adorning our windows. It's the one holiday where I fully engage and decorate like mad.

It takes the passage of Thanksgiving and pre-knowledge of Christmas craziness to come to roust me from my non-domestic slumber. I wait for the weather to truly snap before fully giving in to the wintry months that hold New Englanders captive till spring. I will keep the heat off until the last minute; will hold off on the inevitable slog to LL Bean's for snow pants until the last minute. Once I acknowledge that winter is truly here, I need to give in to the fact that the holidays are coming and my children need to be dressed appropriately for the weather. Somehow, I always had the appropriate clothing for the weather - for that, I need to bow down to my mom and praise her mothering skills because I can barely keep it together. Winter coincides with a mad rush of holiday planning that leaves me tired and wishing I had a remote, tropical island to call my own. I never thought my mom had it together at the holidays. We rarely decorated - both parents worked and the house was always magically clean (I want your cleaning elves for Christmas, mom!), but it wasn't an event where time stops so we can all enjoy the holiday.

I dread the holidays. Holidays have always meant lots of traveling, lots of stress, parties with family members I barely knew and the inevitable final car ride home, where I would collapse into bed and sleep late for a few days to recharge. Now that I'm the mom, I no lon-

ger have that luxury and I am retrospectively in awe of my parents' ability to make Christmas happen each year without someone falling apart.

Now that I am the mom, holiday stress comes earlier and earlier every year. It was easy when they were babies - no one expected me to do anything but show up, and the kids didn't care what their presents were. I could buy them solid gold bricks and they would be happiest playing with the packing peanuts. Now, they are demanding. They want me to buy them a Wii (nope, not going to happen), more games for their Nintendos (only if I can buy them used) and every other little thing they see on TV. I have to manipulate a holiday schedule that allows all of their grandparents to see them, which means disappointing someone. Everyone wants to have a party on Christmas Eve, but technology has not advanced to the point where we can be at 4 houses at once, so many people feel slighted.

This year, we went to my father's on Christmas Eve. Since becoming a divorced parent who tries to make sure her children's Dad gets equal holiday time, I see now how my dad has been short-changed. My ex and I switch off holidays each year, though the pattern has become Christmas Eve for me and Christmas Day for him. I can't imagine taking the boys each Christmas and leaving him alone each year. My parents are divorced and I have spent every Christmas, for the last 35 years, with my maternal grandmother. I love, love, love going to her house. I get to see relatives that I don't spend much time with, and we have a great time with our twisted Yankee Swap, where we all wrap out \*gifts\* in the same wrapping paper, so no one knows who gave Grandma chocolate-covered moose balls. But my dad gets left out. He is relegated to a random, post-Christmas get-together in January, well after the time when people feel like arranging their schedules for a get-together. Much of the magic of Christmas has faded by the time we can all organize our schedules to be available.

I felt so guilty about that last year. He is not a man who asks much of his children and is almost pathetically pleased when we make the slightest effort to show up for a family gathering. He created a family with my mom, resulting in the birth of me and my brother, but has to

go through the holidays with no one around him from that time. We are his only natural children, but we rarely make an appearance at holidays. Honestly, the last time I remember spending a holiday with him was when I was 19. I'm 35 and his 2nd family has never even met his grandchildren. It never occurred to me that he was being left out until I got divorced. It never occurred to me that I should own Christmas while their dad sits alone, so we alternate. Their father deserves to spend holidays with the boys as much as I do. My dad deserves the same.

So this year, we went to Chicopee on Christmas Eve - Dad married into a Polish-Catholic family that loves Christmas, to the point that they hire a Santa Claus for their massively-attended party. For the first time, my father had his own family around him, grandsons that clambered onto his lap to ooh and aah over their gifts. I am ashamed that it never struck me before this now to give him equal time. I missed going to my maternal gram's Christmas Eve party. They are getting older and you never know how long these gatherings will last. I missed the madness of many people crammed into their small home, the awesome dinner buffet she puts out every year, the bread my grandpa makes, the delightfully snarky Yankee Swap the adults indulge in . . . but this year was for my dad.

January is now here and it's time to schedule one last post-holiday, holiday gathering at my gram's house. She has seen her 4 children get married, divorced, married again, sometimes divorced again, with a flood of shifting children she claims as her own grandchildren, until the wreckage of dysfunctional adult relationships spirits them away again. Her daughter is now the nanny to her ex-husband's, ex-wife's triplets, who are the nieces of her 2nd husband. My gram understands better than most of my family why I needed to go to my dad's. And now that the holidays are so close to being finished for one more year, I can see the finish line. One more holiday gathering and I can retreat to the silence and relative quiet of my own dysfunctional insanity, where I don't have to travel for family parties again until July.

Maybe by this time next year, Christmas will become truly magical and I can splinch myself and my boys, so that we can be in several places at once, and no one needs to be left alone in the Silly Season.



# Why bother writing poetry?

By Stephen Morse

At the risk of sounding like the preacher that my father was, creativity springs from what, for lack of a better word, we call the **soul**. . . that part of us that is more than the sum of our genes and environment. We all know it's there, that basic sense of being that goes beyond time.

I am (we are) the me that was born Twisted and shaped by knowledge and experience (the tree of knowledge as a metaphor) not something that doesn't quite know how to reveal its self to others.

Some days we don't *\*feel like ourselves\** a simile so ancient that it doesn't resonate as the surrealistic thought that it is. **Know thy self**. What an obvious truth. How is it possible to know anything else?

When I was 20 I discovered Ayn Rand and her glorification of self and I was enthralled. But, suddenly I was dealing with the fact that myself was hidden behind all kinds of shabby experience that attempted to define me. All the sexual angst of living in a world with rules that I never found written anywhere. I saw myself as lacking in a way that I couldn't quite articulate. I feared I had nothing to say, that I was an imitation human somehow. I could talk about the events and people that helped create that feeling. Indeed that kind of self examination is the theme for a lot of poems... that's the influence of **Plath** and company and their naked looks at themselves. It takes courage to look at the self and all of its depth and complexities. **No masks**. But that is a seductive trap.

*Sylvia was a scholar and she worked very hard at the craft of poetry...writing hundreds of sonnets, villanelles, etc...*I guess you could call them **exercises**.

And she read Poetry, traditional and contemporary, with the energy of the scholar that she was. Skilled, sophisticated, and brave,

she wrote about what she saw and felt.

For me, Sylvia's weakness was that she often couldn't see past the debris of experience in her life. I think that she wrote some of the best poetry I've read describing and recreating that sometimes oppressive part of experience; that debris that covers us like greasy dust.

The tragedy is that she couldn't quite see past it. Past the need to be the best. She was a brilliant, knowledgeable, poet, and I just can't help lamenting the poetry that never was. She was damned good and she'd worked too hard to throw herself away.

**I appreciate anyone who could read this far without a throwing up of hands and a, "what the hell is he talking about now?"**

**Poetry** of course. Where it comes from for me and why I can't help wanting to write it. I've been doing it for decades. I moved to Minnesota and hid from it for awhile, but it kept sneaking back.

I wrote poetry, drank and recorded some drafts that seemed to have awakened here in the land of unbelievable winters, tornadoes, and Minnesotans. My ear was awake anyway.

So was my misshapen self; the one that wasn't sure it liked children and was afraid of old people. I

wouldn't be here if it weren't for Judy Brekke. **I lived**. I threw away the Artist complex and lived (**if you don't understand that now, tuck it away; you \*will\* get it** ). Best thing I ever did for my self and the poetry it writes.

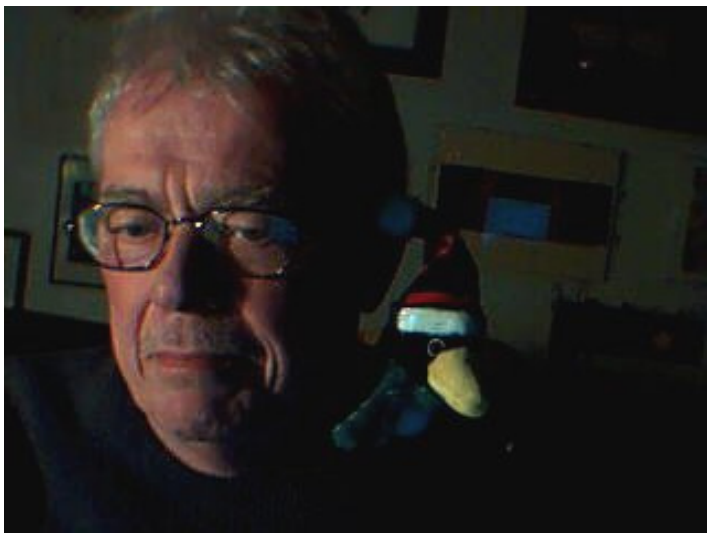
I didn't write as much as a taskmaster would have liked (people who pledge to write every day make me





feel nervous and guilty). When I started teaching, I began to open up a little. Teaching is about as close to putting **poetry in a practical** context as I have been able to get.

I always knew that poetry had the power to engage the self that we try to hide. I've not always enjoyed reading the attempts to express those dark thoughts because too much work is **energetic, but uninformed**.



**Frost** (a much misunderstood and underrated poet) once said that poets should read all the poetry that went before them and relearn the hard won elements of craft, but they couldn't wait until the task was completed because then they would be in their fifties. He advised us to jump in and do the best we could.

That's what poetry is about for me...jumping in and doing the best we can while we're learning. I know that everything that we see online is a risk for the writer. You are letting your self show. That's good. But poetry is more than self...it has a tradition, history, form, and an inheritance of what has been done that must be accepted before we can feel good about our voice in the mix.

I've always liked **Eliot's vision of a timeless gathering of poets** who are talking about life. For him, it was a dialogue between artists dead and alive. I want to talk to them and have enough knowledge of them to make them want to listen to what I have added, changed or done better than it had been done before.

How's anyone going to do that without working at it? If you want to argue with Frost, Wordsworth, or

even just me, you better have some idea of what we base our work on. You can't just say it sucks, or that it's beautiful. You have to understand and be able to say why it sucks. **What you would do differently. What you would steal**

### **That's the talk of the Artists at the table.**

When we go into writing spots, we usually forget all the theory and conscious craft.

**I write with a part of my brain that sings and fusses and dances and samples the sense of an experience...**

I hear it taste it kick it and argue with the penguin on my shoulder. The revision may or may not come later as **I kick out typos and the burps of convention and cliché**

That's why I'm so damned picky when I look at it late. We all have to do the best we can. I end off with a night scene in winter in the Minnesota sky as told to me by a Penguin with a degree in comparative mythology... a very stuffy little fellow.



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*In  
My  
Dreams*

LINDA BARROW



# For D.C. parking enforcers, it's deja vu

## Same vehicles in same spaces ticketed repeatedly despite boot option

By Associated Press  
WASHINGTON —

Some parking enforcement officers in the District of Columbia are being ticketed repeatedly for the same vehicles in the same spaces, even though they are told to boot them instead. The vehicles are being ticketed in the same spaces, why, some say, is not clear.

The officers claim that they are being ticketed repeatedly for the same vehicles in the same spaces, even though they are told to boot them instead. The vehicles are being ticketed in the same spaces, why, some say, is not clear.

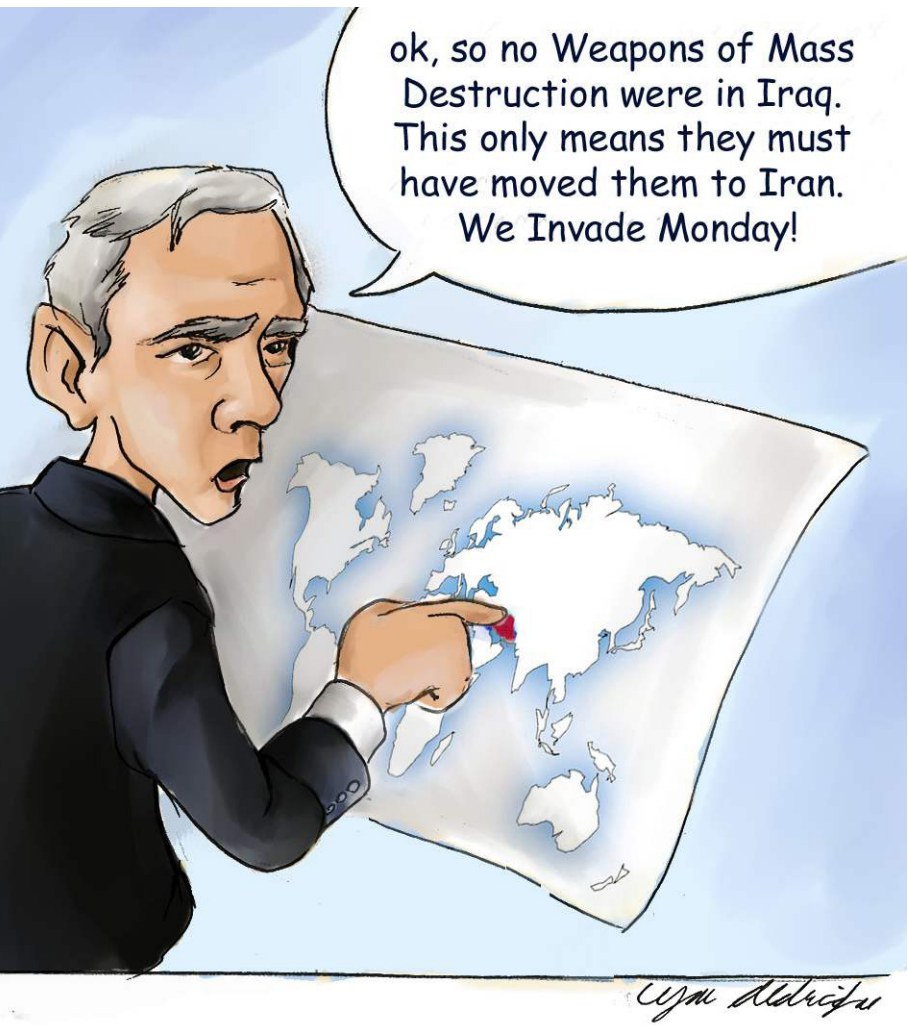
Some of those officers claim to be reporting to their superiors that they are being ticketed repeatedly for the same vehicles in the same spaces, even though they are told to boot them instead. The vehicles are being ticketed in the same spaces, why, some say, is not clear.

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# Few senators supporting illegals bill

## Nearly 40 opposing it or have serious concerns

By Associated Press  
WASHINGTON —

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### Caucus criticizes plan for 'amnesty'

By Associated Press  
WASHINGTON —

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# Israel eyes U.N. force for Gaza border

By Associated Press  
TEL AVIV — Israel will ask the United Nations Security Council to authorize a force to patrol the Gaza border with Egypt, a senior Israeli official said Tuesday.

### Aim is to block arms smuggling

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# 3rd 'Shrek' animated film first in box-office green

By Associated Press  
LOS ANGELES — The third animated film starring the ogre Shrek, "Shrek the Third," led in box-office receipts Tuesday, opening the weekend with more than \$40 million in ticket sales.

Some of those officers claim to be reporting to their superiors that they are being ticketed repeatedly for the same vehicles in the same spaces, even though they are told to boot them instead. The vehicles are being ticketed in the same spaces, why, some say, is not clear.

# LEMONADE BRIGADE



# U.S. fears pullout of British troops by Blair successor

By Associated Press  
WASHINGTON — U.S. officials are warning that the possible ouster of British Prime Minister Tony Blair could mean the end of U.S. troops in Iraq.





*Elsewhere at the estate, commotion had risen since the arrival of the Second and his cabinet in Jack's absence. Stephanie, being the best sister to the world, tried to mope along the proceedings as usual while trying not to alert the honorable men that something may be serious amiss.*

# POETRY

*"This way Gentlemen" Stephanie directed, leading the men to the study of the estate. Hoping that*

## Sometimes Life is for the Birds

By Stephen Morse

(sometimes life is for the birds. can you hear them?)

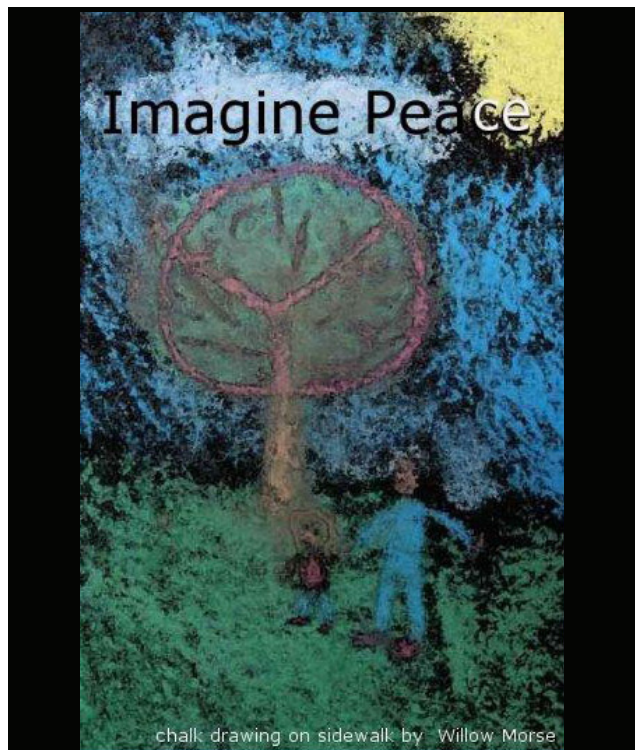
5 billion  
A baby born today will be the  
5 billionth human alive  
Born poor, probably sick  
Eat-Drink, Eat-Drink  
Buy. Buy.  
Eat-Drink, Eat-Drink  
Haw, Haw, Haw. The baby may live  
Fast food, Fast Car  
Eat-Drink, Eat Drink  
Buy, Buy, Buy.  
Help it, Help me, Help us

The baby may never work  
Turn on the TV. Turn on the TV  
Fuck, Fuck, Fuck.  
The baby may never read.

The roar in the sky is only a jet

Eat-Drink  
The baby may die  
Sing, sing, sing. A baby is born  
Help it. Help it  
we can't, we can't, we can't  
Please  
Haw, Haw, Haw  
Eat. Eat Eat.  
My Car, My car.

The hum in the air is made by machines  
we call them cars.  
The really loud ones  
are trucks.



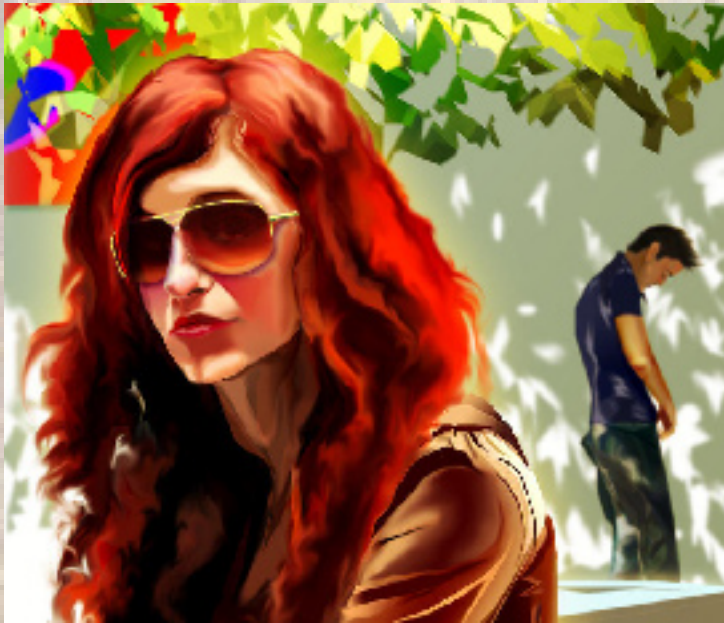
Art by Willow Evelyn Morse

Buy, Buy, Buy  
The baby may never see us.  
Haw, Haw, Haw.  
Brave, Free  
work, work  
Eat-Drink  
The baby may love  
Oh please, please, please.  
The baby may live

Little baby  
Little baby  
Eat, Eat, Eat,

Listen to the roar of our machines  
they are like oceans that may not be seen  
The surf of civilization that you may not feel  
we have been to the moon.

Perhaps you would be happier if you were free?  
Happy Birthday Baby!  
Hallmark sends the very best



“El Hubiera by Rodrigo Quintanilla”

# ADAMS AND EVES

By Jason Neese

He felt all five dollars  
and ninety eight cents  
of the bottle's contents  
inside him.

She felt  
all five and one  
half inches of his contents  
inside her.

both pleasantly empty.  
both wondering  
how long till it spoils.

He spotted  
his car  
under a streetlight.  
so dirty before the rain  
that it sparkled now.

She spotted  
her future  
under eternity's lamp  
and it hardly  
involved her.

He sat  
on the Sepulveda pass  
in traffic  
hoping someone was dead  
up ahead  
causing  
all of this.

She sat  
in her cubicle area  
invoicing the boredom  
of her life.

He shot warm piss  
at the rim of a bowl  
listening to it splash  
shouting out his yesterday.

She shot chilled sake  
at a corner booth  
listening to a him  
shouting out his qualities.

they never thought  
it would be  
like this.

each thought  
crumbling off the mind  
floating out in the world,  
a fetus,  
growing into a pretty lie  
very relevant  
for getting  
to tomorrow.

they sat quietly  
stretching their hands  
across the world  
each finger  
tip a memory  
growing tears  
in the gap,  
an un unique hurt  
speeding along  
their wasted time  
most everything could describe this  
could say this  
is wrong  
that it's hard  
that you're right  
in thinking this is wrong  
but.  
but.

# SO MUCH TO BE SAID

By J. Ameer

Poetic conjunctions flow through my head  
 But words can't even solidify my thoughts  
 So many concepts flowing  
 At times becoming a little distraught  
 Deranged  
 Trying to arrange acronyms and verbs  
 Herds and herds of my views  
 Need to be heard...expressed  
 Writing  
 Quick reliever of stress  
 Well...besides fiber glassed nicotine smoke  
 Filling my chest

Seem to be running out of options  
 Hard times are no longer optional  
 Giving up is not accomplishable  
 In the midst of this mental warfare  
 Fighting  
 Left hand and pen keep writing  
 As sentences become un-reciting  
 Non-prenotioned  
 Seconding that emotion as my eyes read  
 The words my mind bleeds  
 Maybe it's only me who can comprehend  
 Living is so much easier  
 When you live through your pen

# The Difference

By Rob Plath

in classrooms  
 children make  
 plaster molds  
 of their  
 small hands  
 palms open  
 fingers spread  
 fossils of  
 vulnerability, hope  
 if adults  
 made casts  
 of their hands  
 they would  
 be fists: tight  
 closed off  
 little relics  
 of death



Art by Jan White



# THE PIER

By Linda Barrow

As I look out across the bay  
Watching the sun as it descends  
Signaling the end of another day  
And brings the stillness of the night  
I sit and wait for you to come  
And I know that you will

The first time I saw you on the pier  
Wind blowing through your hair  
That brought a smile to your lips  
And made me think of a first kiss  
Walking over, I stand near  
And smell the perfume that you wear  
Inhale it deeply to imprint it  
Forever to my memory

Every night since the first  
I come down to this pier  
And each night that I stand here  
I tell myself to speak to you  
But something always holds me back  
And to dream is all I do  
Hoping that you'll notice me  
Just enough for a smile

On this night the seventh one  
I did learn why you're here  
Why you never see at all  
And it fills me with such pain  
But it all makes perfect sense  
You're not real to this world  
Cause from this spot you did fall  
Gave your life up to the sea  
All because your own true love  
Changed his mind and broke your heart



Art by Bryan C

# I WATCHED YOU

By Gianni di Miele

I watched you as you sat and sipped your coffee  
The steaming vapor dissipating – free  
Reminding me of passion once ignited  
What is left is only cold toward me

I watched you as you stirred the cream and sugar  
Sweetness and light dissolving in black depth  
Pleasant times consumed by indiscretion  
Eternal vows negated – gone in death

I watched as you discarded the container  
The safe soft shell that once defined our love  
Empty, used and stained - now good for nothing  
Something that you'd rather be free of

I stayed behind to pay for what was purchased  
While you, unconcerned, went out the door  
The cost in tenderness and full commitment  
The joy I thought I owned now is no more

## After Harvest

By Sarah Jane Edinger

Stretch yourself  
across the summer  
Touch the tip  
Just keep reaching  
Now we know  
the feeling's greeting  
Grasp the fruit  
of its importance  
Now the center  
Taste the sweetness  
In the middle  
There's some meeting  
Hear the whisper  
of my seasons  
Feel the winter  
in my heart  
Your reflection  
like my own  
Your heart's raining  
in the cold  
You light my eyes  
Watch them glisten  
touch the heartbeat  
strong and bold  
Hold my hands  
Walk together  
Leave our footprints  
in the snow



Art By Jeremy Miles

## Trees

By David McLean

it is their patient complacency that holds these  
trees so tight moulded to the growing  
ground and they never frown as they eat  
like animals the animal souls on which they  
feed dead and lonely

today these outside me are raping themselves of leaves  
to autumn's quilt, though most here stand  
eternally green  
life's tiny obscenity spitting its contempt

for the nothing we are and  
love

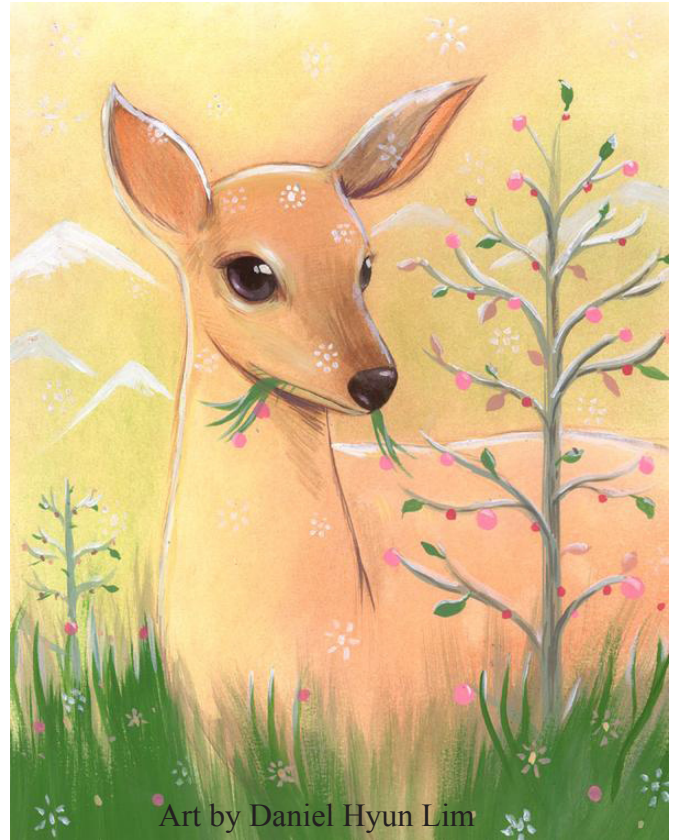
for man is death and the word  
is death, though the word "death"  
is nothing to these trees  
who today feed me their meaning,  
as my meat shall later  
feed their need, their innocent  
greed



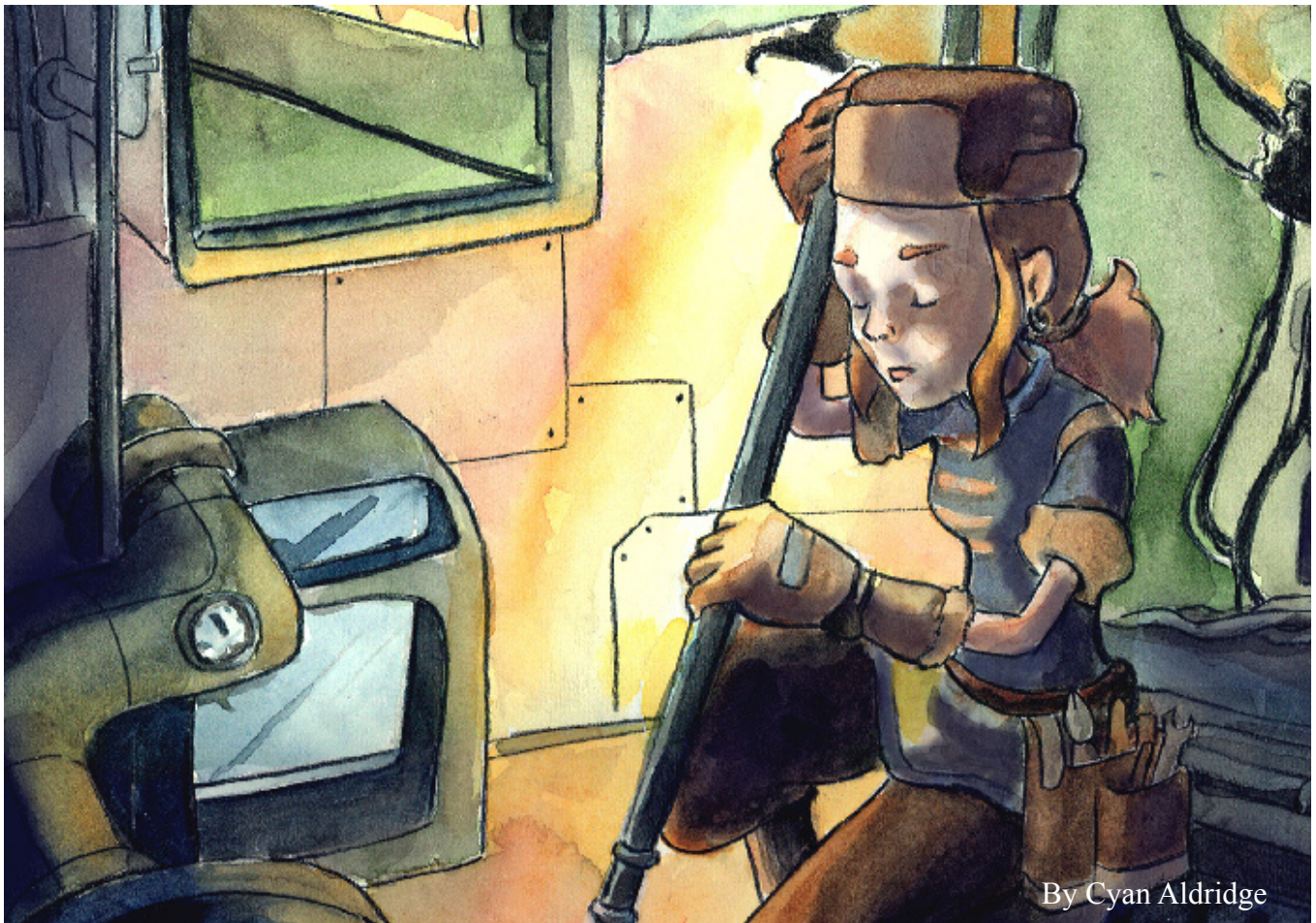
# Barn Smell

By Gary Rauschmeier

I kind of miss the smell of the barn.  
How I used to scrub and scrub  
to get it out.  
How little I knew, then  
it was much easier to remove the  
stink from my hair and clothes  
than from my speech and mannerisms.  
A mini mall now grows where the  
pasture was.  
The barn caved in last year.  
Somehow the stench of progress  
does not reek as sweet.



Art by Daniel Hyun Lim



By Cyan Aldridge



# THE WAKING SLEEP

By Xendria Akane

As the blue moon sinks  
the sleep dust leaves your eyes  
and you continue to breathe in cobwebs  
as you relive the fading memoirs of your life

Paralyzed upon an alter of stone  
the ancient one in the slavery of time  
you remember when they sentenced you  
and prayed over you  
and blew out the lights

Dust and dirt cover the white shroud  
of your body and face  
but those eyes  
they remain clear and cold

That skin, an alabaster white and translucent  
and that voice, now quiet  
and those eyes are never sightless  
but your heartbeat is silent

And your mind, once beautiful  
And your soul, once fragile  
And your body, once strong  
And your hope, too weak to carry on

And your dreams, black and white

And your insides, vibrant and dead

And the darkness  
lies within that room

And the light  
will never again comfort you

And those ice-cold grey eyes will never blink

And your comfort, quiet in waking sleep  
You work so well with staccato sound

A heart beat for a poet most profound



Art By Mitch Messmore "Eclipse"

## Black Swan

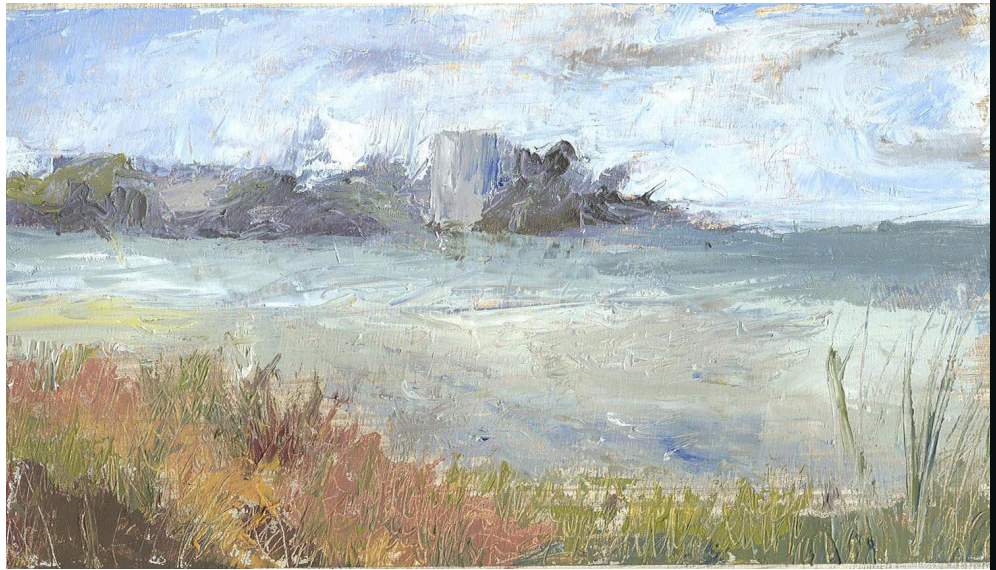
By Anna Donovan

This vague-eyed  
Degas girl  
stirs essence  
of flame  
when she tendus  
conjures  
a summons to soar  
with athame feet  
and Vaslav leaps.

She shapeshifts  
le Fay  
in cantinelas  
of incantations,  
subtle muscle  
seamless legato,  
body singing  
and winged grace.

In whispered augury  
of distorted suns,  
she blindfolds  
with rilled mirrors  
of Moorish silk.

Ensnared  
Love  
in black  
feathered  
eclipses  
and tour  
en l'airs.



## Email to Cousin Lew

By Victor Schwartzman

Hey Lew, thanks for the jokes  
funny!  
all the same up here, pretty much  
mom probably had more t.i.a.s  
mini strokes, they call them  
she was not answering questions yesterday  
staring into I don't know what  
her own world, her new world  
dropped by her place today  
just to see again, to know  
she was not surprised when  
I walked into her nursing home room  
though I said nothing about coming  
it was like, oh you're here, that's nice  
she's very quiet  
never reads, doesn't even watch much tv  
sleeps a lot  
could be worse  
she's still here  
not in any pain  
sigh

# “My Advice for Marketing Your Self-Published Book”

by G.L. Giles



GL. Giles event books available on Amazon

First, congratulations for having the determination to see your dream materialized into your own book. That’s quite an accomplishment! Now, if you’re like me, you want to get it into as many hands, or in as many hands interested in your subject matter, as possible. When I self-published V2: B4 (The Vampire Vignettes Prequel) through Xlibris ([www.xlibris.com](http://www.xlibris.com)), I wasn’t exactly sure how to go about making my goal happen. I knew that getting exposure was key along with keeping my spirits high, even in the midst of rejections from many bookstores, Independent and Major alike, at first. I’d subsidy published a novelette entitled The Vampire Vignettes before V2:B4, and one of the employees working at that publishing company managed to get my book listed in Amazon’s Vampire Library ([www.vampirelibrary.com](http://www.vampirelibrary.com)) which gave my novella some clout as only a limited number of vampire books have been accepted for listing there. Likewise, I started getting the word out online about my second book, V2:B4, on my own by learning how to easily

copy and paste HTML code to create my own MySpace, Vois, etc. pages. Through MySpace, etc., I was approached about listing on websites such as [www.vamp-press.net](http://www.vamp-press.net), etc. All of this was free advertising!!!

Furthermore, when my third book, V3: The Vampire Vignettes ReVamped was released, I approached magazines, etc. online that I thought would be interested in reviewing my book and publishing their reviews in their magazines, etc., and I was amazed with the results. I simply offered to e-mail them a copy of V3: The Vampire Vignettes ReVamped which cost me nothing (no postal expenses that way). I’ve had “fangtastic” outcomes with this. I’m happy to say that some of the magazines, etc. currently reviewing V3: The Vampire Vignettes ReVamped are: Gorezone (UK magazine), Fiend Magazine, Target Audience Magazine, Debris Magazine, And Cream Magazine and Bare Back Magazine.



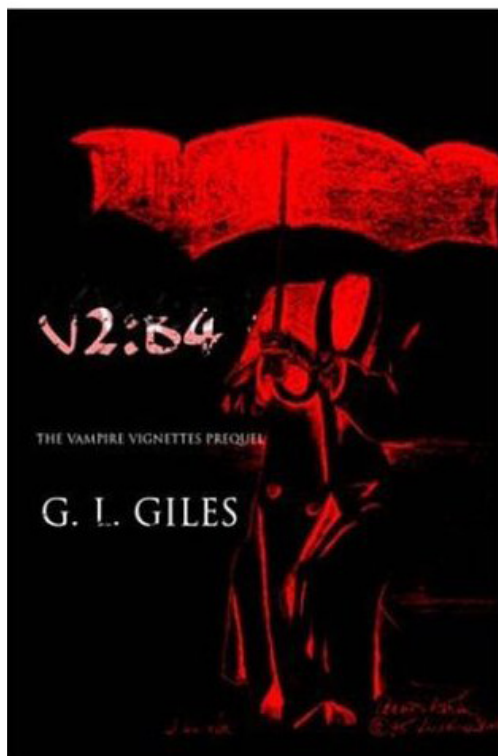
Then there's the marketing within bookstores. I've been signing for eleven months straight so far. I've had over ninety signings at various Borders, Barnes & Noble and Waldenbooks stores. And I've also had Independent bookstore signings during this time. I've learned a lot. In my opinion, it's less expensive and more efficient to have fliers versus bookmarks the majority of the time, for one thing. I fold my fliers into attractive table toppers with one of the illustrations from my books showcased, and I have a large area to explain my book's plot, subplots, reviews, etc. when the table topper/flier is opened. All that information wouldn't fit on a bookmark. Bookmarks do make nice giveaways as well, however, and when someone buys a book, I frequently hand them one then, but I'm not just giving them away to someone who may not be interested.

As far as getting into the major bookstores if you're self-published, or an "Indie Author" as I like to refer to myself, it generally takes a lot of perseverance and a good attitude. I was turned down at a Barnes & Noble store four times before finally making it in on my fifth try (forget third time's the charm), and I'm so happy that I had the perseverance to keep on trying at that particular store because my book V2:B4 (The Vampire Vignettes Prequel) later made it on their Top 25 Bestsellers table. When I told this story to a fellow self-published author a while back,

he said that it sounded like a lot of work. I was surprised because, yes, it indeed is, but if you're accomplishing a dream, then it's worth it. I think having a burning desire to see your dream happen is frequently a prerequisite.

Sometimes you may have to do some detective work as well. Several Waldenbooks and Barnes & Noble stores weren't seeing my title and name listed in their system. And, at first I was too embarrassed to ask questions like, "Can

you try to find it by the ISBN number and see what happens?" I felt like my book was somehow unworthy of being listed in their system because I'd self-published. As it turns out, that wasn't it at all. I was psyching myself out with negative thinking. When I stopped doing that, and flipped my thinking to positively viewing the situation and asking questions. I found out that with Waldenbooks stores (which still use an ISBN 10 digit listing, by the way, so always have that rather than the ISBN 13 ready) if you're self-published you're probably in the Books In Print (Bowker system). So, make it easy on yourself and mention that right away. The managers are frequently busy and it saves their time and yours. As it turned out in my



case, once I learned to say I'm probably in the Books In Print system, they still couldn't find my book by title or author. Yet, when I found the guts to ask if they'd try to find my book by my ISBN 10, they found it. My publisher found out that the problem had been with an Information Database (I won't mention which one) that had never entered my name and title with my book's cover. I had to uncover this information on my own by asking lots of questions. And thank goodness for ISBN 10 saving the day, enabling stores to find my book, so they could order it

even without the title or my name listed, until the problem was fixed. But the journey to having your books ordered doesn't end there. You'll probably have to have a distributor for the major bookstores to order your books. Fortunately, my publisher uses Ingram and Baker & Taylor, two major distributors, that major bookstores can use to order my books. If you self-published with a publisher that doesn't have a distributor, then you can get one on your own, but they're not free. At least, not that I know of.

In addition, there are other important numbers you should be aware of. If you're interested in signing at a Borders, then a BINC # (Borders Incorporated internal product reference number) will make your life a lot easier. You can visit the Borders website and get the rules for submitting your book for a BINC #. If you get a BINC #, then when you call a store, you need only say your BINC #, and they should be able to pull it up. A BINC # gives you more clout as an "Indie Author."

Furthermore, as far as fellow authors and you go, it's a great idea, in my opinion, to do reviews for each other. And don't take it personally if an author doesn't respond to your request to trade books for review. Maybe they are too busy, or maybe they think that doing an exchange is not worth their time and effort. I remember approaching a self-published author about two years ago about exchanging books for review, and he never got back with me. I heard through the grapevine that he thought it somehow beneath him to have to review another person's work to get his name out there. And maybe he's right, but his book has never appeared in one major bookstore and he's never signed in a major bookstore either to date. So, don't think you're entitled to anything just because you've written a great book. You have to get out there and work for it. In my opinion, those with a sense of entitlement will have a hard time really making it. So, I'm for reviewing another author's work and reviewing it honestly though kindly. I'm from the Paula Abdul School of Criticism for all of you

American Idol fans out there. It just makes sense and then there's the element of putting your own ego aside to help another as well. It gets both of your names out there, especially if you post the reviews publicly on Amazon and/or Barnes & Noble.

However, don't always take criticism to heart unless a lot of people are saying the same thing about your work. Here are some examples. When I wrote my first novelette, *The Vampire Vignettes*, I also included my own illustrations. And I heard over and over again, probably hundreds of times, "Honey, we love your writing, but leave the illustrations to others" (or that in so many words). When you hear constructive criticism that often you should probably listen and do things differently in the future. I know I did after a while. My third book has none of my own artwork, and that makes it that much more professional to me as well somehow. Not that I focused on the negativity, and I still put some of my own illustrations on fliers I hand out at signings. Rather, I just saw the positive aspects of going about putting together my books differently later on, and I think that it's helped the visual presentation in my latest book immensely. Moreover, at least I was told over and over again how much my inimitable writing style was appreciated, so I focused greatly on that positive feedback, too. Yet, I would be careful about taking the advice of only one person, even if they



have only the best intentions for you, for they may not realize their unconscious bias regarding your writing. My third book, the one that was the Top 5 Royalty Earner with my publisher in just three months after its release, was given to a friend and fellow author for review before its release. My friend, who writes Young Adult literature, said that he thought that I would lose readers because of my more mature subject matter. He was quite negative in his reaction to my storyline. In fact, he said he feared I'd lose readers releasing it. He even suggested I not release it and change most of it. Yet, everyone else who read it absolutely loved it...even more than my first two books!! And sales have already proved it's the favorite so far. If I'd listened to him and not followed my intuition and not listened to what the majority of people were telling me, then I wouldn't have been a Top 5 Royalty Earner by now. So, it's very important to filter out which advice is probably valid for your situation.

Oftentimes, it's a good thing when you meet with objections from a store manager about having a signing in their store because at least the store manager that is hearing you out is open to a signing if you can successfully lay their fears to rest. An example of this would be the fact that my print-on-demand books are currently listed as non-returnable. I plan on changing that in the future, but, until then, I don't let it stop me. If a bookstore manager says something like, "We'd love to have you in for a signing, but your books are non-returnable, so we can't order them because they may not all sell, and we can't afford that in our store budget." Then, you can say something like, "No problem. I'll be happy to bring my own copies." That way they are not sweating it if your books aren't selling well, and it, therefore, takes a lot of the pressure off of you

to sell well. Of course, you want to sell well, but they're your books, so you won't be in the dog house with a manager if they don't. Many stores will want you to invoice them later (after the signing with a total # on all books sold, etc.). Though some stores have their own invoices and will get you to fill them out at the end of your signing before you leave their store. Make sure that your book scans through their registers before the signing starts. Many stores offer you a 80%/20% split, though some only offer a 70%/30% split (you may not be making any money this way, though breaking even, but you're still getting the word out at no cost to you except time).

Changing gears, one way a lot of major bookstores started taking notice of me and my books, is the fact that I went way beyond my comfort zone at the time and appeared on television shows talking about my books, after contacting them, and sought out magazine and newspaper interviews. It put my name out there, and soon people were calling the bookstores and requesting that my books be carried there. It worked!! So, I'm very grateful for my fans' devotion, the magazines and newspapers that have interviewed me and the bookstores that have given me the opportunity to set up in their venues.

One final word of advice: If you want to reach your goals, then help others reach theirs (and there are many ways to give)...whether it's helping out others through articles like this, or buying another self-published author's book (hint hintJ my latest urban fantasy release, V3: The Vampire Vignettes ReVamped, has been getting some stellar reviews so check it out at And Cream Magazine, Target Audience Magazine, etc. or simply google my name, G.L. Giles). It was after I'd started letting people in on how I'd accomplished my goals as an "Indie Author" that I became a Top 5 Royalty Earner for my publisher ([www.xlibris.com](http://www.xlibris.com)).

G.L. Giles, Author of V3: The Vampire Vignettes ReVamped

[www.TheVampireVignettesRevamped.net](http://www.TheVampireVignettesRevamped.net)

[www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)

[www.barnesandnoble.com](http://www.barnesandnoble.com)

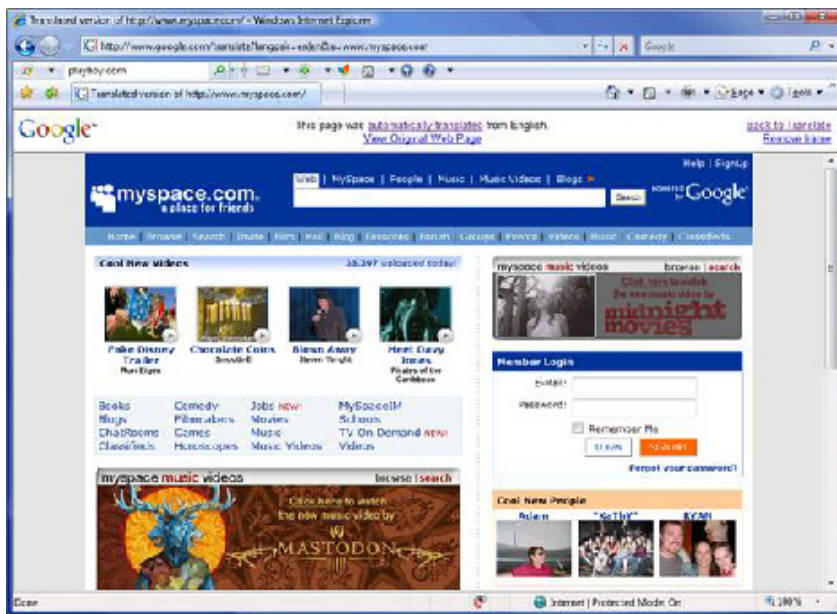
[www.xlibris.com](http://www.xlibris.com)





# The MySpace Publishing Obscurity Plague

By Jonathan Edward Ondrashek



## The Bad

\* **Overworked and Underpaid:** The most obvious downfall is that you are not paid and not promoted in any sense by posting your works on MySpace. Pay isn't everything to a writer, but promotion is.

\* **If You Build It...:** You are not building any credentials by posting blog entries, regardless of the wondrously beautiful prose it displays. Editors don't care if you have posted a blog entry on MySpace every day for two years straight: This doesn't make you an established writer. A fervent writer, perhaps, but not an established one.

To become an established writer, you need clips. To gather clips, you must become published. Even writing an editorial to your local newspaper can be considered a legitimate published work; a blog entry, to many a self-proclaimed writer's dismay, does not.

\* **Beware The Predator:** Another obvious-yet-overlooked downfall is that there are predators out there who will gladly take your work and call it their own. That brilliant opinion essay you just wrote about the decay of modern society and posted on MySpace is protected by copyright law to a degree: You wrote it, it's yours.

\* **Copy It, Right?:** The simple fact that you personally wrote an article or story may not be enough protection and legal complications could arise should another person decide to swipe the essay and get it published in a nation-

ally-renowned magazine. Generally, for it to be owned by you and protected legally, you must register the piece for copyright (which can include a fee).

What exactly is the MySpace publishing plague of obscurity? View the most popular blogs and you will understand: Everyone and anyone can now claim to be a published writer simply by posting a blog however insignificant the information presented may be. If you wish to become a respected, published writer, you need to stand out among your colleagues and take a dive into the publishing pool.

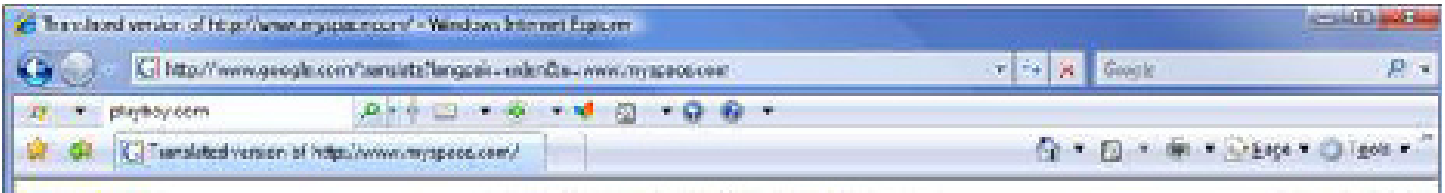
Writing blogs on MySpace can bring great satisfaction and help to improve your writing skills. But before you post your groundbreaking article about Area-51 alien technology, you must decide: Should I publish this on MySpace for satisfaction or publish it at X Magazine for exposure and clips?

\* **Reaching Out:** Low amount of readership is another problem with publishing material on your personal blog. Unless you are already an established writer who has been published in numerous literary works, there is a good chance that you will not receive a large amount of viewers.

\* **Cheating On Yourself:** There are millions of "published" writers on MySpace and your great works of genius may go virtually unnoticed. You are cheating yourself: Your material could easily be published in an e-zine or in a periodical and you aren't asserting yourself into the publishing market by posting a blog on MySpace. Never short-change your worth by taking the easy route; sometimes, a rejection from a prominent magazine editor is worth more than ten views on your MySpace blog.

Recently, an acquaintance of mine displayed the first portion of a new short story he had written on MySpace. It was a compelling story and he ended the excerpt at just the right time to make a reader crave the ending. He then wrote a personal message informing his audience that he would post the rest the following day.

I immediately explained that, should he wish to pursue formal publication of the short story, he should refrain from



posting the remainder. However, against better judgment, he posted it anyway. Now, he may find it difficult to get the story into the publishing industry because many editors cringe when a reprint is sent their way.

\* **Post-It Equals Re-print:** Believe it: Posting anything in its entirety on MySpace or other personal blogs then makes the work “published” and is considered a “reprint” should it be sent in for publication at any other market. A majority of editors will not accept works which have been previously published. If they do, you must inform them of any previous postings due to copyright laws (an entirely different and complicated subject).

How does that affect you personally? Technically, you retain all rights to anything posted on your personal blog, but it could mean the difference between becoming an established writer or falling victim to the MySpace plague of obscurity.

First and foremost, why do many editors shy away from reprinted material? Think of it as hand-me-down clothing: It doesn't quite feel the same as a brand new shirt. They seek something original, never-before-seen; something ripe and created exclusively for their market. It's the same as a reporter writing a rehash of an article that already appeared in The Times two weeks earlier: It just doesn't create the same kind of buzz as something that is fresh.

However, there are ways to get around this and still keep your story or poem as fresh as the day you wrote it. Posting material on MySpace, then, doesn't always have a negative impact on writing.

## The Good

\* **Edit And Switch:** You can always edit an article and switch the slant or theme. If you wrote an informative article on which plants create the best household environmental mood and posted it on MySpace, you can easily switch that around and make it a different, publishable piece. You could later detail which plants have a negative impact and submit the new slant for publication. Instead of posting the different article on MySpace, you can try your luck in the publishing market and you won't have to claim it as a reprint. In fact, once published, any copyrights offered by a publisher are included in the contract terms. No registration is then required (though some authors opt for it anyways).

Professional writers do this all the time: They'll take one piece, find a new slant, and rewrite it so that it isn't the same. This isn't illegal or considered “hack-worthy” in publishing. It is a smart, innovative way to turn one piece into several published pieces.

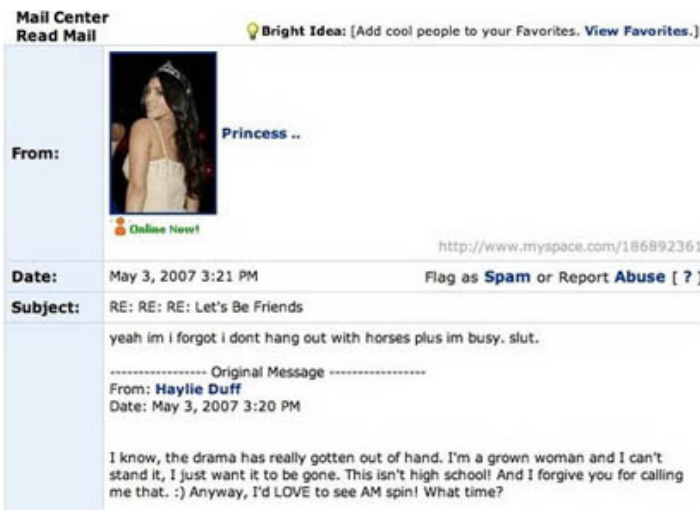
## The Excerpt Exception

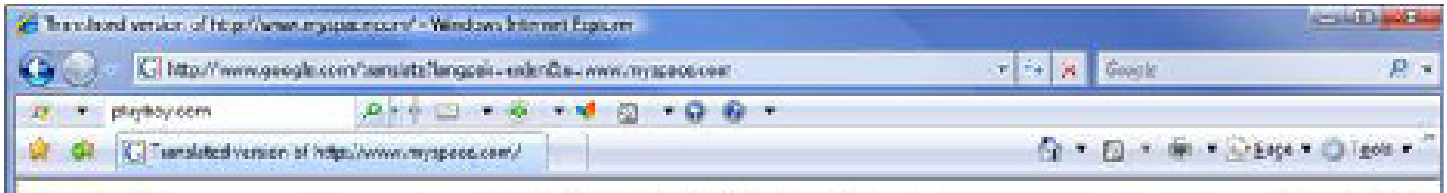
I strongly encourage writers to undertake the infamous “excerpt”. An excerpt is a short chunk of the actual prose, but not the entire thing. I recently posted several excerpts from my novel that were all interlinked. I posted these on MySpace with two intentions: To entertain what few readers I have and to make them salivate with interest. The purpose of excerpts is to make a reader want more and, therefore, influence them to purchase your book or the magazine your story appears in whenever it becomes available in its entirety. It's like a Presidential debate: Don't give all of your intentions away, but make people interested enough to keep listening to you.

The beauty of an excerpt is that, since the work was not published in its entirety, it is not considered a reprint. You can't, however, post the first section and then the middle and then the ending and claim that they were all excerpts and not a whole. An excerpt must be a chunk that doesn't expose the entire work.

This works well for several reasons:

1. Readers can tell you have an inner ear for cliff-hangers, and, therefore, story-telling abilities.
2. Exposing your style and tone make it clear that you wish to be taken seriously as a writer.
3. You don't have to waddle through the muck of





classifying the work as “original” or “reprint”.

4. Valuable feedback from potential fans may come in abundance.

That is one of the most satisfying characteristics of posting material on MySpace: Feedback is critical to any writer and your staple of viewers can be the test subjects to help you determine if your piece is ready for publication or if you need to rework it first. A good critic will ask questions which will allow you to look at the piece in a new light. Then you can add to and cut the original piece according to the feedback. The excerpt, then, led you forward in the editing process and still holds the originality of the piece intact.

**\* Exclusive-To:** Another benefit to posting on MySpace is to create stories or series exclusive to the site. This builds an audience that can view your material for free. They can then determine what kind of genres you prefer to write in and may spread the word of your writing abilities by mouth, thus creating a small stable of fans. However, remember that exclusive-to's are just that: Exclusive to your site and therefore not pieces that may garner publication in the future.

This helps you build your writing expertise and gain feedback. Two of the most satisfying results of posting material on MySpace. There is absolutely nothing wrong with testing the waters and trying new material on the people who view your blog: If they happen to be your fans, they will let you know what works for you and what doesn't.

**\* Reach Out...Comfortably:** It may be more harmful to your own psyche to publish to thousands of readers if you could have posted it to less than a hundred off the bat. Stay in your comfort zone when determining how many readers you want to view your work. If it makes you squirm to know that thousands of people may be staring at your article with a critical eye, then stay away from that until you are ready. Post an article and see if you get more than twenty views a day on your MySpace blog. If that thrills you, post another article and see how it fares. Once you are comfortable getting noticed, find a market, rework the piece, and try your hand at formal publication.

**\* No Pay:** As for pay and promotion, sometimes it is simply best to avoid these until you are at ease with the writing process. In this case, post blog entries on

MySpace to your heart's content. Nothing beats satisfaction like saying you did what you felt was necessary to expand your writing skills before you attempted to leap into the publishing market. Practice makes perfect; practice also helps ease the nauseating feeling of being rejected before you are ready to embrace the fact that rejection is better than nothing. And paying markets aren't always the best ventures to undertake when breaking into print; sometimes, the best way to get your first publication credential is to send a piece to a non-paying market. As a writer, your main goal should be to build your writing résumé, regardless of pay.

**\* Keep It To Yourself:** And what about those predators out there who want to rape you of your intelligent prose? The best advice: Keep your ideas to yourself and away from public domain. Protect yourself. Sure, you can write a blog discussing the general idea; just don't splurge on the information you give. Should anyone come up with a similar idea, you will still have yours safe and sound in your mind (and/or safely stored on your hard-drive). Again, an excerpt might be your best bet: You don't give it all away, and you can still see how readers react.

Several other benefits include:

1. Networking which can be brought about by building an audience. You never know who you might connect with in the future—It could lead to a lucrative writing relationship.
2. A serious writing group may ask you to join.
3. You can gain colleagues and potential future readers by posting an excerpt from your novel or by proposing an article idea to see if it interests the general public.

Publishing on MySpace can help in many ways; it can also be detrimental to your writing career. If you are a new writer attempting to break into the publishing world, heed this advice to determine where you want to go. If obscurity is your comfort level, then stick with MySpace; if you wish to be more prolific, the techniques described above can help push you in the right direction.

Only you can decide if you want to be an Orca in a small publishing puddle or a minnow in the MySpace Ocean. Either way, your personal level of attainable satisfaction shall ultimately persuade you.



# Teh Marilyn Quarterly

(telling it like it is, since 1998 respectively)

breaking news from the peanut gallery:  
new study shows certain things actually ARE  
funnier when you are high  
(film @ 11pm EST)



This quarterly issue is brought to you by jenkem. As a person who abused drugs throughout the late nineties and early two thousands, I am surprised I've never heard of this stuff. Apparently its fermented human fecal matter that you huff to get high. Popular in 3rd world countries in Africa, it is rumored to be gaining popularity here in the states.

## Filthy Sex Moves

the tony danza -- the tony danza is a variation of the donkey punch. that is when a girl is being fucked in the ass, and when the guy is about to climax he strikes her in the back of the head hard enough to make the muscles in her anus contract and tighten. in "the tony danza", before striking the girl in the back of the head, you yell out "who's the boss??" and regardless of what her answer is you follow up with "tony danza!" as you strike the base of her skull.  
the alaskan pipeline -- thats when you take a shit, freeze it, and re-insert. where? its up to you.  
the anal facial -- first you fuck a girl in the ass and blow your load into it. (the more, the merrier.) then you pull out, and she spray farts it onto someones face. could be your face, some other bitch, some other dude, whatever. the end.

## Wacky Holidays

- October 12th is "International Moment of Frustration Scream Day" -- My friend actually heard people participating in the screaming holiday. Two Poland Spring delivery guys near the MetLife building in NYC. Whether or not the men were participating in the holiday or just screaming is unclear.
- November 3rd is "Sandwich Day" -- Eat a fucking sandwich I guess.
- November 19th is "Monopoly Day" -- Bill Gates' favorite holiday until Steve Jobs reared his ugly head.

## You might not know that...

Lawn darts are illegal in Canada. Beavers are monogamous... they mate for life. And last but certainly not least, Donald Duck comics were nearly banned in Finland because he doesn't wear pants.

## Celebrity Gossip

Kid Rock takes the cake for this quarter. He definitely stole my heart with his wacky redneck antics this season, punching that dickhead Tommy Lee at the VMA's, and getting into a fist fight in a Waffle House in Atlanta. Bonus points for Waffle House. Tila Tequila continues to stun the world with her lack of talent combined with an abundance of fame. And Britney Spears, Americas former sweetheart, does not cease to entertain with her rampant sex, general insanity, commercial failure and ability to reproduce like a rabbit. Avril Lavigne continues to piss people off with her immaturity, her most recent attempt to stir up trouble creating a revenge blog geared towards "getting rid of" Perez Hilton.

## Local World News

Drunk Mexican Priest Punches Cop -- Monterrey, Mexico October 15, 2007  
A drunk Mexican priest wound up behind bars after striking a policeman who caught him drunk driving through the streets of Monterrey. Priest Manuel Raul Ortega was not wearing clerical dress and became very violent when they threatened to tow away his car. He was released several hours after his arrest after paying his fines.



## Alien Inside

By Jeffery Pritchett

Each and every one of us has an alien inside. That part of you which feels it doesn't belong. Alienated and lost in the deep dark shadows of all your past pains and hurts and scarred-over wounds from the longing to return home from whence you came. The feeling that, at any moment, a special unit of the federal government could come rushing into your home and suddenly whisk you off to some far off, secret chamber to dissect your every emotional flaw with the fine precise stroke of a genius surgeon's cut.

When the winter of the soul hits, this often most assuredly suggests a dark night of the soul. I am here to say that every one of us has a cosmic astronaut/being living within us. That part of you which existed before you entered the fleshly womb of your mother. The soft pink container of an infant filled to the brim with the creamy goodness of God. Come to Earth to partake in all its riches and glories and heaven-sent wisps of eternity. In your most down-trodden moment of sadness you are the alien from another world who does not belong; who has cast out itself from the ranks of normal, smiling society. Driving around in your shiny disc thru the skies, only to find you have a little engine trouble and suddenly crash-dive into a parched patch of woods to be met by an onslaught of rifle wielding rednecks with twitching fingers, hitting triggers, wedging bullets into your body bringing you to your last breath. Ever have a day that went so bad it came close to that? Interstellar travelers frolicking in the realms of Earth send messages to our smart-living, glowing, ethereal brains that the time has come. Are you one of them popping into Earth to try to shake things up for the sake of the masses awakening to a cosmic level of growing consciousness and awareness?

During a time of great, personal tragedy for me, 1993 and in the years shortly following, I was shaken with a series of



events that have forever changed my psyche and the way I viewed life forever. Going through chemotherapy and beating cancer and then shortly afterwards the death of my father. A shamanistic awakening which gave me a glimpse behind the veil. I saw beings from other worlds and bizarre starcraft that are etched into the asylum of the walls of my mind in hieroglyphic form for all of infinity. Beings of glorious light and shadowy reptilians in the moonlight night. There were indeed ships in my skies that were, for some strange reason, attracted to me. They wanted me to see them and they knew I saw them. At one point the government became involved and sent vehicles to monitor the hotspot of my home and the experiences that were occurring. Of course, they stayed in the dark and never approached me once, but they did indeed know these events were happening in the deep woods of Hampton Georgia by the Atlanta motor speedway. Multiple witnesses in my family and many of my friends also saw these events. I am here, now, to gather data and meet others who have been witness to such miraculous happenings.

On May 3, 2004, I decided to make an online community named Mabus which is now The Mabus Scarab to discuss these topics further. People from all over the world come to talk about the strange and bizarre. Many of us have met in person and partied hard. Two members met online there and shortly down the road got married and are still together to this day. I guess you could say I built a home for all of us "aliens". A mothership, if you will, to travel through cyberspace . After dealing with the psychological crisis of my experiences for so long, I've tried to run from them by sweeping them under the rug through addiction and fear-driven behavior. I've isolated myself and lost scope of what happened to me and why it happened to me. The mystery of it all. I am not alone; many have gone through strange experiences and the marketplace of ufo books and documentaries is booming more than ever. It's all about information now and who is seeking the truth. I am trying to survive by working at a pet store. How fitting is it that this alien works at a pet store around so much life? Am I gathering data on specimens for other sets of super consciousnesses far above? Is my soul purpose to gather information regarding other people's paranormal experiences? I am also in the process of writing a novel revolving around my paranormal experiences in more detail.

Please send all stories to: [Vampireliktendencies@yahoo.com](mailto:Vampireliktendencies@yahoo.com)  
Jeffery Pritchett [www.themabusscarab.com](http://www.themabusscarab.com)



Art by Quark



# Featured Artist: Bryan C

For contact and purchasing, please use [www.bryandrinkscoffee.com](http://www.bryandrinkscoffee.com)

“The Gallery Of His Mind”  
12”x16” Prismacolor Pencil on Illustration Board



“And That One Word Echoed Like a Fortress”  
36”x24” Acrylic on Canvas



“Oh, Grow Up”  
24”x18” Pastels on Illustration Board







"He Loved Her Forever"  
24"x24" Acrylic on Canvas



"Rachel"  
18"x24" Prismacolor Pencil on Illustration Board



"Deliberation of Poignancy"  
12"x12" Prismacolor Pencil on Illustration Board



# Interview with Natalie Gelman

By Ellen Aldridge



<http://nataliegelman.com/store/>

The tour was really enjoyable because I rollerbladed as well. I saw so many beautiful things that are lost to people that make the trip driving or flying obviously.

On May 31st of 2006, Natalie embarked upon what would be one of the most daring and innovative tours known in the music world. Vowing to complete an entire 1500 mile tour from Miami, Florida to New York City on rollerblades and donate the proceeds to the Children International Charity. Communities stood at attention as the artist bladed through their towns and played shows both in venues and on curbsides along the way. Natalie was hit by cars twice during the tour, the first crash taking place on the first day. Regardless of this “roadblock” Natalie continued on, sacrificing her aches and pains for anxious fans that anticipated her arrival as well as the children that would benefit from her tour. Keeping a blog along the way, the singer/songwriter accounted her experiences of rollerblading through tropical storms for hours, reaching top speeds of 24 miles per hour on her blades, and running for eight miles through a Virginian county that told her rollerblading was banned. On July 17th 2006, Natalie completed her tour just in time for her 21st birthday.

Natalie took a break from rollerblading after her self-propelled tour up the east coast, currently she is performing regularly in the Northeast area and promoting her self-titled debut album. Next year she will be on the road again and she has plans to release her follow up album.

**TAM:** How did you get involved with a rollerblade tour?

**N.G.:** I had the idea two years before it was carried out when I thought I was going to drop out of college and start touring to each state in the continental US and play a show. At that point it was just for fun. I did end up going back and finishing up my degree but the idea stayed with me and developed into a tour from school back home to symbolize that I had finished it and was capable of anything. I never quite realized just how hard everyone thinks long distance rollerblading is. For me it's relatively easy, even on the tough long days all it took to keep going was my original decision that I would finish it. There was never really a plan B. I just found solutions to the problems that came up as they did. The tour was really enjoyable because I rollerbladed as well. I saw so many beautiful things that are lost to people that make the trip driving or flying obviously. It also gave me time to think and fully enjoy all the people I encountered along the way.





**TAM: Why, of all the charities, did you choose Children International?**

**N.G.:** I chose Children International because I had worked for them the summer prior on the streets of NYC telling people about the charity and getting them to sponsor a child. I started sponsoring a child at that point as well (I was only 19!) I like the individual and personal approach they use and that they really try to make the people they help self sustainable and don't impose western views and beliefs on them. In the future if I do a tour like it again I want to teach people about lowering their carbon and global footprint. Showing them ways to lead a more self-sustainable lifestyle. Any positive influence to create a better



Natalie Gelman Photo by Christopher Zedano

world for each other is great.

**TAM: Did the money you donated come from concert profits or were you sponsored at all for the rollerblading? You could have just given the tour profits to charity ;)**

**N.G.:** The donated money came from cd sales and gig earnings (door cover, tips, guarantee) during the tour. In the end it wasn't what I was hoping it would be so I added some extra money to it. It took me some time to realize that the positive effect the tour had was not just limited to money but also introducing people

to a cause that I cared about in which it was easy to make a difference. Many people took brochures about sponsoring children and expressed interest in getting involved volunteering in their own communities. I learned a lot during the tour and afterwards as well. I am thinking of doing another tour and I am planning it to have more corporate and individual sponsors as well as individuals making parts of the trip with me and getting their own sponsors which will be included in the ending goal.

**TAM: Did you go to the hospital when you were hit by either two cars?**

**N.G.:** Nope. The first time I was hit was on the first day and I was knocked into a puddle of water, dirt, gas and who knows what else. I was more disgusted at being in that dirt than worried about being hurt which I wasn't so much that first time. I went into the gas station and used their bathroom to clean up and dry off a bit. The second time I was hit pretty hard (even the driver said that "Girl I hit you hard") I was in such a rush to get to a show that night that I dusted myself off, told him to drive more carefully and took off down the road. It wasn't until that night that I realized the fall had broken a part on my digital camera that I was taking pictures of the tour and road on and that I should have taken his license and information.

**TAM: How did you know your rollerblading speed?**

**N.G.:** In Virginia there were finally these awful hills. It wouldn't have been so bad going up and down them except that drivers had no idea what I was doing and they were extremely rude about driving really close to me. There would be two lanes and they would stay in the left lane while I was on the shoulder rollerblading. Griffin, my tour manager at the time who took over after stacy left, decided that he would put his hazard lights on behind me so I could just go straight up and use my momentum up and down the hills. We basically had to do this because I had only gone about 10 miles in 3 hours having to pull off on the shoulder all the time. So, he put his hazards on behind me and stayed fairly close. He noticed that



I was going pretty fast down the hills as he stayed behind me so he took out the video camera and as he followed me down the hill he recorded the speed and me in turn.

**TAM: What happened in Virginia (banned rollerblading? HA)**

**N.G.:** People started getting pretty angry that they couldn't use both lanes. (basically I was making them commute 30 seconds longer if anything) and someone must have called the local road patrol because they said they had complaints. They were incredibly rude and unsympathetic to the whole cause and they insisted that I couldn't rollerblade on their streets. I was determined not to use the car to get anywhere so we took a lunch break and I put on my sneakers and ran till I reached the next county line.

**TAM: After the experience what have I gained:**

**N.G.:** Personally - I think this is where I grew the most. I realized that my mind is really capable of anything. Finishing the tour was really a workout of my brain. Just ignoring the thoughts that told me I was tired and refocusing and reworking those connections so that they were motivating and I found new challenges everyday. The last day was the hottest day of

the tour at 98 degrees but I didn't look at it as a problem but rather a new experience that I would conquer. Spiritually - I still am growing spiritually, but I think the tour showed me more of the beauty of nature and people.

Musically- I was performing more often than I had in the past so I learned a lot about what works and what doesn't as far as booking the show, prepping/warming up and during the show. I think it helped make me a more consistent performer.

I met many people along the way that had a general curiosity about what I was doing, as well as people that were in awe and motivated my endeavor. I personally was really humbled by the experience. There is a lot of good in the world as well as many people that are angered when they see others trying to make a positive change. The tour actually brought me closer to my family as they stepped up and pulled through when my original tour manager left.

Natalie Gelman is more than a singer-songwriter, she is a true artist and inspiration. To catch her upcoming live shows or find out more about her please visit: [www.nataliegelman.com](http://www.nataliegelman.com)

Her self-titled, debut album is on sale at her website for only 10 dollars and 10% of every sale still goes to Children International:



# Hearing RED



By James Hester

In between sold-out shows in Tennessee and in Georgia, Target Audience Magazine managed to catch up with the ever-busy Nashville-based hard rock group RED for an interview with guitarist Jasen Rauch. Before and after the interview, this writer was impressed with excellent, explosive, live performances that reflect the tenacity and raw determination of RED to make their music a success. The following interview took place just a few hours before RED opened for Hurt and Seether in Knoxville:

**JR:** We're really sorry that the whole band isn't able to meet with you, as originally planned. We were all looking forward to it.

**TAM:** That's cool brother. Not a problem. We're grateful just to sit down and chat with any of you, as busy as you guys are. Things happen and we completely understand.

**TAM:** Who are some of the persons that helped inspire RED's music?

**JR:** We have a lot of diverse angles. We're all into classical music. Paganini and Russian pianists. We also dig stuff like Nine Inch Nails and Pantera.

**TAM:** Really? That's reminds me of when I interviewed the Grammy-winning rapper Sir Mix A Lot a few years back. He told me he loved metal and that I should go see Slipknot. I was standing in the VIP area watching Slipknot at a show in Atlanta and the Crew Chief from the Dixie Chicks was standing beside me, along with his friend Brian from the opening band Shadow's Fall. Most musicians have a variety of influences.

**JR:** Oh, definitely. We value diversity and listen to all styles of music.



**JR:** We want people to see that we want to meet them where they're at. A lot of hard times have been the best times. We know, because we've been there. We just want to encourage everyone with our music.

**TAM:** So, how have the faiths of RED's members affected its music?

**JR:** It reminded us that you have to be true to who you are. We didn't have an intent to recruit people.

**TAM:** But, you guys are Christians right?

**JR:** Yes, we are Christians. But, we're just a band with Christian members. Our music reflects some of our faiths, but we don't try to force our beliefs on anyone. It's just who we are.

**TAM:** Name a favorite show or place that RED has played.

**JR:** Albuquerque, New Mexico. The West Coast always treats us well. Dallas is great.

**TAM:** What is the primary goal or vision of RED?

**JR:** To always be what we are. To influence people out of some dark places.

**TAM:** Awww. To make peoples' days a little brighter?

**JR:** Yeah! Exactly.

**TAM:** How was it for RED working on mixes with Ben Grosse?

**JR:** Oh, unbelievable! We wanted quality from the start. A lot of "Christian bands" don't have the money or support to produce and mix high-quality albums. We didn't want that to be the case with us. There are so many great artists out there who never



Jasen Rauch of RED

get popular, not because they can't play music but, because they lack the resources and support necessary to market their music. We sacrificed a lot in order to have Ben Grosse work with us on mixing, because we wanted our first CD to be the best quality we could possibly make it. Ben's done some incredible work, and The Red Hot Chili Peppers are one of our favorite bands that he's worked with.

**TAM: How did RED's members meet?**

**JR:** Mike, Anthony and Randy grew up together in Pennsylvania. Hayden and I were already in Nashville playing music together and we put an ad out looking to form a band. We met Randy, Mike, and Anthony when they responded to our ad and decided to make the move to Nashville permanent.

**TAM: So, how is working with twins in the band?**

**JR:** I think it's good for us. Anthony and Randy usually work well together, because they are related. However, they're just like any siblings in that they disagree sometimes. I think the fact that they're related brings a better bond to the group though and helps making music an easier task.

**TAM: What is the biggest challenge RED has faced as a band?**

**JR:** One of the biggest challenges... Mmm... When we got signed by Sony. Growing faster than we can keep up with. We have had enormous support from our fans, from Sony and from our sponsors.

After our interview, Jasen continued to do sound checks and set up his gear before playing to a sold out crowd at Blue Cats, a venue that was packed to its capacity. After RED charmed patrons with thunderous, high-intensity, tunes and gained the allegiance of new fans, their music was not soon forgotten. RED met with fans and greeted them at a merchandise table after their set, and also in the courtyard beside Blue Cats. The band Hurt hit the stage following RED's performance. After playing just three tunes, Hurt's lead singer, J.Loren, stopped and asked the crowd "Hey, didn't RED kick ass tonight? Everybody give it up for RED!" The crowd concurred and cheers rolled through the building.

For more info about RED visit: [www.redmusiconline.com](http://www.redmusiconline.com) or [www.essentialrecords.com](http://www.essentialrecords.com) You can also visit the band on MySpace for further details and music samples.

**TAM: I guess so, it's just your first CD and you've already sold over 150,000 copies, plus you've already been nominated for a Grammy.**

**JR:** Oh, I know. It's just amazing, and we're so thankful for all of the support.

**TAM: Plan A Media, said RED, is scheduled for over 250 shows this year. With that kind of heavy touring, what has sustained all of you?**

**JR:** Definitely the prayers and support of our family and friends. We also get along well

together and work hard at doing what we all love, which is the music. It's been really tough, but it's a good blessing to be in. It's challenging and it's a lot of responsibility, but we love what we do.

**TAM: What is RED's favorite song to play and why?**

**JR:** Probably "Let Go". It's a lot of fun to play live. It's like an anthem for fans. They all like to sing along and there's so much energy and emotion in that song.

**TAM: What message would you like for fans to hear and why?**

**JR:** We want people to see that we want to meet them where they're at. A lot of hard times have been the best times. We know, because we've been there. We just want to encourage everyone with our music.



# ALL SCIENTOLOGISTS ARE MORONS: THE NEWER FUNDAMENTALIST TERRORISM...

By Aaron Henderson-Smith

Normally, I don't write about this sort of thing, being the highly tolerant, compassionate and patient person someone who doesn't really know me thinks I am, but after being stopped and harassed on the streets of Sydney by these idiots in red t-shirts offering to do free personality tests (with something resembling a pair of coke cans attached to a transformer with some jumper leads) and a book called "Dianetics", added to the insult of watching "Battlefield Earth" and "War Of The Worlds" back to back (I wanted to see just how bad they were....

I am now suitably pissed off enough to just uncover what it is these idiots are rambling on about. I feel particularly betrayed because I loved "The Last Samurai" and "Interview With A Vampire", and can't get over how characters with such redeeming traits can be played by such a closeted looney who seems to display very few. Admittedly, Scientology has some great ambassadors: Kate Ceberano, Kirstie Alley, John Travolta... none of these folks have a problem with keeping the embarrassing aspects of their "religion" under wraps: Tom Cruise and R. Kelly on the other hand.. Bit of back ground on ol' Maverick here... Tom Cruise is an "Operating Thetan Level Six," which means he has paid for, and been indoctrinated with, the Scientology "science" that tells all about how humanity's every problem derives from the spirits of murdered space aliens. When he denied it in

June of 2005. This he strenuously denied. Operating Thetan levels 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are all to do with getting rid of "body thetans". These body thetans are the souls of dead space aliens murdered by Xemu, 75 million years ago. Scientologists believe that 75 million years ago an evil galactic ruler, named Xemu, solved overpopulation by bringing trillions of people to Earth in DC-8 space planes, stacking them around volcanoes and nuking them. Then the souls of these dead space aliens were captured and boxed up and taken to cinemas where they were shown films of what life should be like, false ideas containing God, the devil and Christ, and told to get ill. After that they supposedly clustered together and now inhabit our bodies. Scientologists believe that if they rid themselves of these body thetans then they will be

healthier and gain special powers like mind-over-matter (and "Hand-over-money").

Some Scientologists spend \$360,000 for all this. None of them gain any special powers except the power to delude themselves.

Who is Xemu? He is essentially the "Darth Vader" of Scientology: would that make Tom "Jar Jar Binks"?

Well, OBVIOUSLY...

Once upon a time (75 million years ago to be more precise, and



presumably "in a Galaxy far, far away"... there was an alien galactic ruler named Xemu. Xemu was in charge of all the planets in this part of the galaxy including our own planet Earth, except in those days it was called Teegeeach.

Now Xemu had a problem. All of the 76 planets he controlled were over-populated. Each planet had on average 178 billion people. He wanted to get rid of all the overpopulation so he, in villainous Intergalactic Overlord fashion, hatched a sinister a plan (which was the style in those times..).

Xemu took over complete control with the help of renegades to defeat the good people and the Loyal Officers. With further assistance of (presumably evil) psychiatrists, he summoned billions of people for income tax inspections where they were instead given injections of alcohol and glycol mixed to paralyse them



(this is OBVIOUSLY a method employed by any good CPA).

The drugged subjects were then put into space planes that looked exactly like DC8s (except they had rocket motors instead of propellers - OBVIOUSLY).

These DC8 space planes then flew to planet Earth where the paralysed captives were stacked around the bases of volcanoes in their hundreds of billions. After this malevolent captive arrangement was complete, H-bombs were lowered into the volcanoes.

Xemu then detonated all the bombs at the same time - everyone was obliterated instantly..

The story doesn't end there though: Apparently everyone had a soul - called a "thetan" in this story (the aim of a good Scientologist is to convince the souls into not coming back again, hence preventing reincarnation).

So while the hundreds of billions of souls were being blown around by the nuclear winds, he had special electronic traps that caught all the souls in electronic beams (the electronic beams were sticky like fly-paper).

After he had captured all these souls, he had them packed into boxes and taken to a few huge cinemas. There all the souls had to spend days watching special 3D motion pictures that deluded them into believing what life should be like and many other confusing things (without so much as a choc-top, pack of M&M's, or a bathroom break). In this film they were shown false pictures, and told they were God, The Devil and Christ.

In the story, this process is called "implanting". When the films had ended and the souls left the cinema, these thetans started to stick together because since they had all seen the same film they began to believe they were the same person: much as Elvis impersonators and certain Myspace users do.

These thetan remained clustered in groups of a few thousand. Because there were only a few living bodies left on the Earth, they stayed as

gestalt entities and inhabited these bodies.

As for Xemu, the Loyal Officers finally overthrew him and they locked him away in a mountain on one of the planets. He is kept in by a force-field powered by an eternal battery (apparently freezing him in Carbonite, or imprisoning him in one of those cellophane triangle things that Superman used to impison Zod before throwing him into the "Phantom Zone".. just DIDN'T occur to them!) and Xemu is still alive today: waiting.. HUNGERING..

That is the end of the story. And so today apparently everyone is full of these clusters of souls called "body thetans" - kinda like Intergalactic Crab mites..

And if we are to be a free soul then we have to remove

ONCE UPON A TIME (75 MILLION YEARS AGO TO BE MORE PRECISE, AND PRESUMABLY "IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY" ...) THERE WAS AN ALIEN GALACTIC RULER NAMED XEMU.

all these "body thetans" and pay lots of money to do so - but unlike crabs, you can't just shave off all the hair and use the shampoo for two weeks..). And the only reason people believe in God and Christ was because it was in the film their body thetans saw

75 million years ago (obviously had a different director than "Battlefield Earth"..).

The founder of the "religion" had also made the impressive claim to have been reincarnated from a robot who used to work in a factory surrounded by "Golden Animals"..

Impressive.. if it sounds like a ridiculous and poorly written Scf-Fi story, you may be interested to know that Hubbard was in fact a Sci-Fi writer - a writer who spent 4 years in a Federal Prison for fraud, ripped off the "Church" for \$200 Million and died, in hiding as a fugitive.

Frankly a story this stunningly bad and along the lines that scientology is based upon would NEVER be published, so HOW has it become Dogma? It's a fine line between Faith and Gullibility - with Scientology it's a CANYON: filled with GREED, and a necessity to associate with this completely ridiculous, COMPLETELY UNBELIEVABLE Pseudo-Religion purely to misdirect attention away from the more embarrassing aspects of their personal lives: whether it be latent homosexuality, CHRONIC over-eating, or peeing on a 14 year old when coked out of your skull: in a lot of cases though it is just a desire to cover up a fundamental lack of talent, and the

impending nexus of “non-celebrity status” - desperation leads them to seek redemption through stupidity..

Scientology caters to those that are deeply sad, see themselves as worthless, and are unable to accept reality: it IS a dangerous cult that preys upon the weak, stupid and the greedy – it identifies basic unhappiness in people and sublimates it to a level whereby it seems recovery is impossible WITH Normally, I don't write about this sort of thing, being the highly tolerant, compassionate and patient person someone who doesn't really know me thinks I am, but after being stopped and harassed on the streets of Sydney by these idiots in red t-shirts offering to do free personality tests (with something resembling a pair of coke cans attached to a transformer with some jumper leads) and a book called “Dianetics”, added to the insult of watching “Battlefield Earth” and “War Of The Worlds” back to back (I wanted to see just how bad they were....

I am now suitably pissed off enough to just uncover what it is these idiots are rambling on about. I feel particularly betrayed because I loved “The Last Samurai” and “Interview With A Vampire”, and can't get over how characters with such redeeming traits can be played by such a closeted looney who seems to display very few.

Admittedly, Scientology has some great ambassadors: Kate Ceberano, Kirstie Alley, John Travolta... none of these folks have a problem with keeping the embarrassing aspects of their “religion” under wraps: Tom Cruise and R. Kelly on the other hand..

Bit of back ground on ol' Maverick here...

Tom Cruise is an “Operating Thetan Level Six,” which means he has paid for, and been indoctrinated with, the Scientology “science” that tells all about how humanity's every problem derives from the spirits of murdered space aliens. When he denied it in June of 2005. This he strenuously denied Operating Thetan levels 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are all to do with getting rid of “body thetans”. These body thetans are the souls of dead space aliens murdered by Xemu, 75 million years ago.

Scientists believe that 75 million years ago an evil galactic ruler, named Xemu, solved overpopulation by bringing trillions of people to Earth in

DC-8 space planes, stacking them around volcanoes and nuking them. Then the souls of these dead space aliens were captured and boxed up and taken to cinemas where they were shown films of what life should be like, false ideas containing God, the devil and Christ, and told to get ill.

After that they supposedly clustered together and now inhabit our bodies. Scientists believe that if they rid themselves of these body thetans then they will be healthier and gain special powers like mind-over-matter (and “Hand-over-money”).

Some Scientists spend \$360,000 for all this. None of them gain any special powers except the power to delude themselves.

### Who is Xemu?

He is essentially the “Darth Vader” of Scientology: would that make Tom “Jar Jar Binks”?

Well, OBVIOUSLY...

Once upon a time (75 million years ago to be more precise, and presumably “in a Galaxy far, far away”...) there was an alien galactic ruler named Xemu. Xemu was in charge of all the planets in this part of the galaxy including our own planet Earth, except in those days it was called Teegeeeack.

Now Xemu had a problem. All of the 76 planets he controlled were over-populated. Each planet had on average 178 billion people. He wanted to get rid of all the over-population so he, in villainous Intergalactic Overlord fashion, hatched a sinister plan (which was the style in those times..).

Xemu took over complete control with the help of renegades to defeat the good people and the Loyal Officers. With further assistance of (presumably evil) psychiatrists, he summoned billions of people for income tax inspections where they were instead given injections of alcohol and glycol mixed to paralyse them (this is OBVIOUSLY a method employed by any good CPA).

The drugged subjects were then put into space planes that looked exactly like DC8s (except they had rocket motors instead of propellers - OBVIOUSLY).

These DC8 space planes then flew to planet Earth where the paralysed captives were stacked around the bases of volcanoes in their hundreds of billions. After this malevolent captive arrangement was complete, H-bombs were lowered into the volcanoes.

Xemu then detonated all the bombs at the same time - everyone was obliterated instantly..

The story doesn't end there though: Apparently everyone had a soul - called a “thetan” in this story (the aim of a good Scientist is to convince the souls into not com-

ing back again, hence preventing reincarnation). So while the hundreds of billions of souls were being blown around by the nuclear winds, he had special electronic traps that caught all the souls in electronic beams (the electronic beams were sticky like fly-paper).

After he had captured all these souls, he had them packed into boxes and taken to a few huge cinemas. There all the souls had to spend days watching special 3D motion pictures that deluded them into believing what life should be like and many other confusing things (without so much as a chocolate, pack of M&M's, or a bathroom break). In this film they were shown false pictures, and told they were God, The Devil and Christ.

In the story, this process is called "implanting". When the films had ended and the souls left the cinema, these thetans started to stick together because since they had all seen the same film they began to believe they were the same person: much as Elvis impersonators and certain Myspace users do.

These thetan remained clustered in groups of a few thousand. Because there were only a few living bodies left on the Earth, they stayed as gestalt entities and inhabited these bodies.

As for Xemu, the Loyal Officers finally overthrew him and they locked him away in a mountain on one of the planets. He is kept in by a force-field powered by an eternal battery (apparently freezing him in Carbonite, or imprisoning him in one of those cellophane triangle things that Superman used to imprison Zod before throwing him into the "Phantom Zone".. just DIDN'T occur to them!) and Xemu is still alive today: waiting.. HUNGERING..

That is the end of the story. And so today apparently everyone is full of these clusters of souls called "body thetans" - kinda like Intergalactic Crab mites..

And if we are to be a free soul then we have to remove all these "body thetans" and pay lots of money to do so - but unlike crabs, you can't just shave off all the hair and use the shampoo for two weeks..). And the only reason people believe in God and Christ was because it was in the film their

body thetans saw 75 million years ago (obviously had a different director than "Battlefield Earth"..).

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**Scientology caters to those that are deeply sad, see themselves as worthless, and are unable to accept reality: it IS a dangerous cult that preys upon the weak, stupid and the greedy - it identifies basic unhappiness in people and sublimates it to a level whereby it seems recovery is impossible WITHOUT Scientology. Like most people they seek validation for their existence: Scientology suggests that it can give them this, in addition to the promise of acquiring Psychic Powers according to how much money they spend - Scientology cannot.**

**Self contempt, sorrow, vanity and GREED leads people to choose the dogma of idiocy: Scientologists unwilling to have the courage to accept life for what it is, and work towards solving their problems, and take responsibility for their own circumstances instead choose distraction - Scientologists choose to be stupid.**

**Scientology (ALL SCIENTOLOGY)  
is for cowards and fucking morons: That's it, and that's all.**

