

children CHURCHES & daddies

• Published since 1993 •

Janet Kuypers, Editor and Publisher, Ariane Livernois, Creative Assistant

Children, Churches and Daddies is published as often as we have enough material, so submit early and submit often. We publish every three weeks to a month. • No racist, sexist or blatantly homophobic material is appreciated; we do accept work of almost any genre of poetry, prose or artwork. • Do not send originals; include a SASE & bio with each submission. • Any work sent to Scars Publications on Macintosh disks, text format, will be given special attention. • There is no limit to how much you may submit at a time; previously published work accepted. • All material submitted is eligible for printing not only in Children, Churches and Daddies issues, but also in any other publishing ventures of Scars Publications. • Send all submissions, praises, questions and comments to:

Children, Churches and Daddies, Scars Publications and Design, Janet Kuypers, Editor
3255 West Belden, Suite 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647
email address: c.c.andd@eworld.com

Chapbooks published in 1993: hope chest in the attic (chapbook and book), the gallery (computer program), knife, people today, dysfunctional family greeting cards, slate and marrow, dreaming of dandelions and ice cubes, addicted, new world order, gasoline and reason, the written word, the printed gallery, right there by your heart, rendering us, gabriel, magnolia christmas, how you looked then.

Chapbooks published in 1994: paper backbone, winter prayers, looking through their window, games, order now, a (fe)male behind bars, two year journey, they told me their dreams, the window (book), city, it was a perfect house, pictures from a still life.

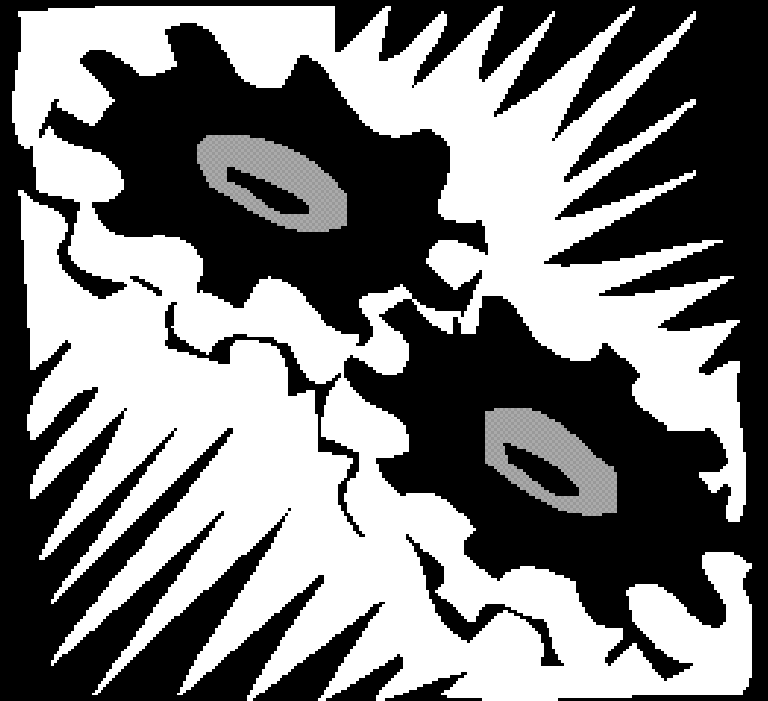
Chapbooks/books from the 1995 Children, Churches and Daddies Poetry Chapbook Series: things i saw alone, proud to be a part of things, love letters, scratching, still had to breathe, wrinkles in the palm of my hand. Upcoming chapbooks: house of slavs, come into my garden, texas, new york, in these desperate times, before the storm, some things instinctively hurt, the house is a ship, circling overhead, this is what it means.

also publishers of: the annual poetry wall calendar, "down in the dirt" poetry magazine
"the burning" 1993 poetry mini books, "god eyes" 1995 poetry mini books
mom's favorite vase newsletters and promotional materials, 1994-1995
the indie review, music magazine, 1995

Copyright © 1995, Scars Publications and Design, Children, Churches and Daddies. All rights of individual pieces remain with their authors.

children ISSN 1068-5154 CHURCHES & daddies the non-religious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

volume 50



industrial

POETRY

There are two types of poetry writing. One is writing for yourself, the type of writing that you do when your dad hits you or your girlfriend breaks up with you or you're trying to come to grips with the fact that you think you're gay. It's the kind of writing that you do for you, you're the only one meant to see it, and it eventually gets tucked in a box in the bottom of your closet to be forgotten.

The other type of writing is when you write for an audience, when you want to make a point, when you want to get published. And then your work suddenly becomes very important, because it can be interpreted in many ways. Wouldn't want anyone to think the wrong things, so you have to be careful with your word choice.

The easiest and probably best way to do this is to avoid explaining emotion. Explain everything in the scene to depict the emotion, and the reader will feel the feeling without having to be told what the emotion is. The emotion will be self-evident. It will be so self-evident, in fact, that the reader can't avoid it. They couldn't escape it if they wanted to. You have to set a scene and be as concrete in your description as possible so the reader can feel the wood finish on the bench at the church, or they can smell the glass cleaner from the window they're reading about leaning on. When the reader is forced to feel the images in the writing, then it suddenly becomes strong, it pulls them into the story, kicking and screaming.

And that's often frightening, because it seems so real.

The easiest way to describe a scene with such vividness is to not write fiction. Study your surroundings in such detail and you'll realize the vast amount of information your senses overlook. For instance, just think about your body right now. How do your shoulders feel? Are your fingertips cold? Are your legs crossed? Is your hair tickling your forehead? As I'm writing this, I realize that my legs are crossed, and it's actually quite uncomfortable. In other words, I wouldn't have even noticed that I was actually in pain unless I made this conscious effort to think about it. We neglect to notice these daily things, these things that make us feel the way we do on a daily basis. And all of these things, when described in a certain way, can portray a mood with more power and strength than ever saying, "I feel tired." In this way you can make the reader feel like they have been sucked in by this work, that hands have come ripping out from the very fibers of the page itself and taken a stranglehold on them. That they have just lived it all.

Often, when you do that, when you put your own feelings and experiences into your work for an audience, the work begins to sound like the work you did for yourself, because then the work is about when your dad hits you or your girlfriend breaks up with you or you're trying to come to grips with the fact that you think you're gay. But there is another step taken, one that escapes the more general, one that uses concrete descriptions so you take the reader step by step through everything

paper backbone, looking through their window, order now,
a (fe)male behind bars, two year journey, they told me their dreams.

Holy Shit.

Now this is an impressive chapbook list.

mary winters, paul weinman, janet kuypers, cheryl townsend,
alan catlin, errol miller, mark blickley, gary a. scheinoha,
robert kimm, john sweet, ben ohmart.

Wow.

where can you get all this cool shit?
write to cc+d for a complete list. it's all at your fingertips. amazing.

Okay, butt-munch. Tough guy.
Listen up and listen good.

How to win the editors over.

Hope Chest in the Attic is a 200 page, perfect-bound book of 13 years of poetry, prose and art by Janet Kuypers. It's a really classy thing, if you know what I mean. It's \$10.95 retail, but if you mention this ad it's only \$10 (aren't we so nice here?). An offer you can't refuse...

How to read cutting-edge poetry...

You thought I'd say "read cc+d," but this is bigger. There's a new book out by Janet Kuypers. The Window is about 180 pages of her newest stuff. It's hand-bound, paperback, and she'll even sign it if you beg her enough. Man, it's groovy. And an even ten smackers. Wow! Bargain.

and about ad pages...

yes, we do trades. send stuff to us and we'll send you a cool looking ad back! write to us for more information.

MINI SKIRTS HOLLYWOOD 1968

Up ahead
3 young ladies parade
The Walk Of Fame jiving
Very playfully and
Quite lively.
My stricken senses
Start and break.
Boy, can that flesh move!
Following them I imagine
The pulse within their wombs
Giving birth to me.
L.A's finest pumping over
Rosco Arbuckle's tarnished star
Not bothering to look down,
Because they don't care about
Silent movie scandals or Coke bottles,
Not these 3 shimmering
Gregarious gypsies showing
Hollywood Boulevard all
That nylon covered leg,
Wearing such modern shoes.

Mike Lazarchuk

you've felt.

The first step toward healing from a pain is accepting the pain, accepting the problem. The second step is expressing that pain. Then it is easier to come to terms with it and move on. Writing for an audience as well as for yourself can be the way to get over those problems. And help others come to terms with the problems they share with you.

There are enough critics and professors who are telling people how to write and how not to write. But to struggle with the feeling you want to put on paper, and to succeed in doing so, is what matters. This takes work, and a lot of it, but the end result may not be as lofty as review editors would like it to be. But lofty may be exactly what it should not be in order to get to the people.

Some writers, and I should correct myself by saying the "literary" writers that are more concerned with being published in the right places, will follow the current trends, or try to sound aloof by using amazing language. But our society does not reflect these literary tides (which may or may not be a good thing, but it is the the case). Our society is fast, ever-changing, impatient, and in pain. And what the masses don't want to listen to is metered lines they don't understand. Poetry is art, but that doesn't mean it should only be accessible to the elite, the few. The type of work I've described in these pages appeals to people because it is not only easy to understand, but it is also about their lives, and they can feel something from it.

And that is what poetry is. It's not escaping, like trash novels out today, it's not there to pipe a story into your head. While giving you concrete details the reader is still allowed to envision their own scene, conversations and feelings, and all from a short written piece. It makes you think. And it makes you feel.

Janet Kuypers

THE HUMAN RESPONSE

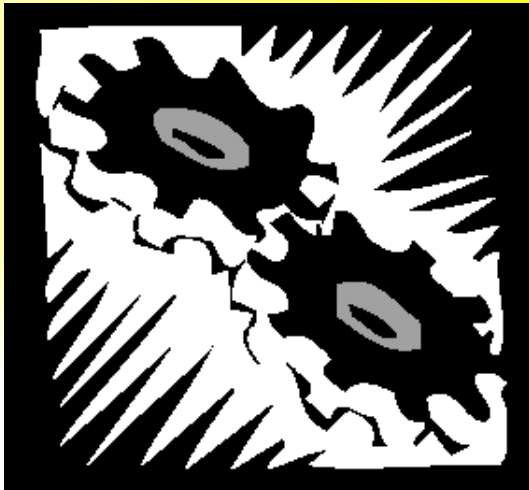
In the evening
I take your hand and lead you
across the fields that have become
our partners in life.

We move
through quiet forests of grass.
We pause. I hold you more closely
and tell you in pampered words
my inside thoughts.

It is the giant plan
of all times come true.
Your hair falls around your shoulders
as we kiss in what may be
a perfect dream.

And time is suspended,
waiting in the sultry June night
like an old contented carriage
driver knowing of our
loving.

Errol Miller



IN TEXAS

Power in the blood
you go the wrong way
and you are still there in mythology
drinking up your visit you are a hired hand
romping through bitchy towns and golden legends
here you are a native stacking racks of bones
dreaming of big money and literary magazines
sometimes the movies should go to Amarillo
record the casual thrust of women there
as they drop off into twilight's sweet memory-song
like natural flowers the skylines of wealthy merchants
seem to horrify the desert with their sting
from these intellectual needs they squeeze existence
dissecting wild jack-rabbits to study membranes
never has it been funny to be a stranger
certainly it is hell to die outside a cafe
as aloof sisters pray and carve an ivory headstone
in good times a feeble press discovering
people filling gardens with shiny motorcars
a succession of fine lives on a hot afternoon
of pompous gossip, duds and trinkets
an old place with paper billboards
scrub oak and a few Union dead
the wind there of course free
and they say on a long dark night
out on the prairie
you can hear
buffalo hunters popping Lone Star beer
sifting their laughter over the rainbow
to a private God they bought
for weekend prayer.

Errol Miller

TEXAS TOT

Holding With care,
Kissing softly,
Patting tenderly.

The cowboy cradles the baby,
He's soft music so sweet,
He sings with great care to soothe,
The lamb,
The lamb asleep in her crib smiles.

The cowboy laughs his cheeks get red,
Then the mother kisses the cowboy,
Thank you for rocking my baby!

Jacqui Smith

Right now,
I feel stupid,
Like I do not know anything.

Why do I feel this way?

I think it is because I am different,
Because I am in a different part.

Help Help! Before I cry!

No Life

Jacqui Smith



Okay, nilla wafer. Listen up and listen good.

How to save your life.

Submit, or I'll have to kill you.

Okay, it's this simple: send me published or unpublished poetry, prose or art work (do not send originals), along with a SASE for response, to Children, Churches and Daddies, Scars Publications, 3255 West Belden, Suite #3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647. Then sit by your mailbox and wait. Pretty soon you'll get your SASE back with a note from the happy people at cc+d that says (a) Your work sucks, or (b) This is fancy crap, and we're gonna print it. It's that simple!

back issues: \$4; special issues: \$5

How to get a chapbook of your work.

Get in with the 1995 Poetry Chapbook Series.

Okay, it's this simple: we'd love to print a chapbook of your work under our label. But here's our little dilemma: if we printed everything we wanted to, a lot of forests would be gone, as well as our drinking money. We can't afford the printing, so if we accept your work, we can design a chapbook, emblazon the thing with the tried-and-true cc+d logo, give it our ISSN number, and send the originals to you. You decide what paper you want, how many copies you want done - then print it, and send us as many copies as you darn well please. We'll distribute. Voila!

{all checks payable to Janet Kuypers}

telling the truth? Could he be telling the truth, the interviewer thought, is Chris a she or a he? She didn't know anymore. But it seemed to make sense. Her birth certificate would be the only thing that would prove it to anyone, unless she somehow got it changed.

She could have had her birth certificate changed, the interviewer thought, and therefore there would be no real proof that Chris was lying, other than looking at her naked. It was such a preposterous story, yet it seemed so possible that she tended to believe it. It didn't matter anyway, because she couldn't write about it, proof or not, she offered this information off the record. She grabbed her pencil and note pad from the living room and walked to the door.

Just as she was about to leave, Chris walked out from the bathroom. She walked over to the front door to open it for the interviewer. Melanie walked through the doorway, without saying a word, as Chris said, "Good story, wasn't it?"

The interviewer turned around once more, but didn't get to see Chris' face before the door was shut. Once again, she was left with her doubts. She walked down the hall.

janet kuypers

- note: this work is fiction. Any correlations between any part of this story and events that have taken place in real life are purely coincidental.

children
CHURCHES

“Yes.”

“But that’s a lot to do to yourself, especially at fourteen. What made you decide to do it?”

“My mother’s strength, but her submission to my father, made me want to go into the field. My father’s desire to do what he wanted, but his failure to achieve it because he wasn’t what the world wanted, made me decide to become a woman. I realized then that I could never succeed in this field if I wasn’t one.

“And look at the success I’ve had! Look at all of the people I managed to bring together! I was famous, people were reading my books, people wanted my opinions. I was succeeding.

“But even with all my success, people still expected a messenger for the welfare of women all over the world to be a woman - even the other women expected this. No one would have listened to me for a second if I was a man.”

“And so you stopped because -”

“Because there’s a price you pay by becoming what the world wants you to be. My father knew that, and he didn’t want to pay that price. He didn’t, and he failed at what he wanted to do. I was willing to pay the price, I made the sacrifices, and I actually beat the odds and succeeded. But then I realized that I lost myself in the process. I’m a man, and look at me. People think I’m a woman. I wear fake breasts in public. I have no close relationships. I have nothing to call my own other than my success. Well, after a while, that wasn’t enough. So this is part of my long road to becoming myself again.

“I’m going to have to change my identity and move to another country, I’m going to have to start all over again, I’m going to have to more completely separate myself from working on women’s rights, but it’s the only way I can do it. I’ll know I did what I wanted, even if it cost a lot. The next few years will now have to be me correcting all that I changed in myself in order to succeed. Correcting all my mistakes.

“I want to have a family someday. How am I supposed to be a father? There are so many things I have to change. I couldn’t go on telling the world I was a woman any more. But I couldn’t tell them I wasn’t one, so I just had to fade away, until I didn’t matter anymore.”

The interviewer sat there in silence.

“Do you have any other questions?” Chris asked.

The interviewer sat there, confused, not knowing if she should believe Chris or not. She could rip the curtain open and see for herself, she thought, but either way they would both be embarrassed.

“No.”

“Then you can go,” Chris said. “I want to get out of this bath.”

Melanie walked out of the bathroom, closed the door. Then she started thinking of all the little things, not changing with the other girls in school, looking so boyish, the low voice, the way she sat, her feet, the razor, the toilet seats. Could she be

Children, Churches and Daddies

poetry, prose, and art work • Scars Publications

Janet Kuypers, Managing Editor

3255 West Belmont, Suite #3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647

Permanent Address: 8830 West 120th Place, Palos Park, Illinois 60464



Submit To It.

SUMMERS EXODUS

up went the sun
and death lapped our sides
said

we'll see you there

and
pull up a chair
i will show you the demise
of a grand dance and all of its inhabitants
with the universe

cactus in the wilderness
burial ground
stones in the circle
Indians scatter the forest
hair and nails crucifix and a corpse
take us to the homeland
many centuries later

i gots one thing on my mind
a set of nylon legs around me
a cool drink in my hand
perhaps a window with a view
money along the floor of the stale icy bedroom walls
nirvana #1 with a bullet
the ball club won the pennant
and later that lifetime
i strolled through central park
and wasn't afraid

continued

had more to do with your mom?"

"No, it wasn't that at all. There wasn't a part of me that said I needed to be feminine. But at that age I knew what I wanted to do with my life, and that was work in political science and sociology - specifically, in women's rights. I knew I wanted that, and I knew that I'd have a better chance of succeeding in that field if I was - well, if I was a girl."

"But you were a girl, no matter how much you didn't fit in."

And that was when Chris decided to drop the bomb.

"But that's exactly it, Melanie - I'm - well - I'm not a woman."

"There are sometimes when I don't feel feminine - when I want to go out and drink beer, I know what you -"

"No, you're not listening to me," Chris cut in. "I'm not a woman. I'm a man. My name is Chris, not Christine. I am a man, I have a penis, I've got testosterone running through my body. Just not a lot of it."

"You don't really expect me to -"

"Look, when my parents died, I knew what I wanted to do with my life - I knew before they died. But I also knew that I wouldn't be taken seriously in the field unless I was a woman. So at fourteen, when they died, I had a clean slate. I told everyone I was a girl. I was given to my aunt and uncle as a girl. I went to my new school as a girl.

"And I went to gym classes and I didn't have breasts, and I had to hide from all the other girls. Although I was boyish-looking, I wasn't manly, so I got away with it. I shaved only occasionally, only when I had to. And once I got out of high school, acting like a girl was easier. No one questioned who I said I was. People accepted me as a woman.

"Then I started doing the work I did, and people loved me. I got a lot more fame for it than I ever anticipated. I was succeeding. It was wonderful.

"But then it hit me - I'm all alone, and I can tell no one about who I really am. I've been doing this all my life, and people would look at me like I was a freak if I went out and told them the truth now. I'm a man, and I like women, I'm not gay, and I could never tell any women that exists that has ever heard of me the truth, because then they will no longer trust me or anything I have ever said regarding women's rights. I would take the whole movement backwards if I told the world who I really was."

"That you were a man."

"You still don't believe me, do you? I'm telling you this because you wanted to know, you wanted me to tell you this. And because I needed to tell someone. But I can't destroy women's chances of being treated with respect in this country by telling everyone."

"So what you're telling me is that at age fourteen you decided to become a woman so you could do the work you wanted to do in your life."

"I'm not ready to answer that question yet. Ask me later."

The interviewer paused, then continued.

"Okay, so your parents died and you had to move in with your aunt and uncle. How well did you know them?"

"Not at all. In fact, they didn't even know I existed. You see, my father had no family in the States, he moved here from England, and he lost contact with all of his family. Mom's family didn't want her marrying dad, I still don't know why, so they disowned her when she married him. She never spoke to any of them. In fact, my mother's sister didn't even know my parents died until the state had to research my family's history to see who I should be pushed off on to. When my aunt and uncle took me in, it was the first time they ever saw me. It was the first time the even knew I existed."

The interviewer could hear the water moving behind the curtain, and then Chris continued.

"My parents were in New Jersey, and my aunt and uncle were in Montana. It was a complete life change for me."

"How did you get along with other kids from school?"

"Before my parents died, fine. Once I changed schools, I didn't fit in. I didn't know how to fit in. I thought it would be too fake if I tried to act like all the other girls, even the ones who were like me, who didn't fit in. I just didn't know how to be a girl. I wanted to, and I tried, but it was so hard.

"I just wanted to be looked at as a girl. I didn't want anyone to question it."

"Why would they?"

"Because I looked so boyish. Because I didn't go on dates. Because I was so anti-social."

"Do you think that has something to do with the fact that your mother died, then a year later your aunt died? They were your maternal figures, and you lost them both at a crucial age."

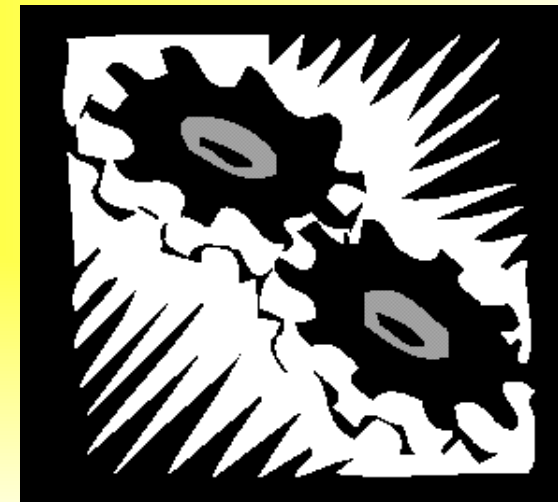
"Yes. But my aunt didn't know how to deal with me. She never had children. She left me alone most of the time. She knew that was what I wanted. I remember once she asked me if I had gotten my period yet in my life. I didn't, but I didn't want her to think that, so I said yes, so the next day she bought me pads. I didn't know what to do with them. The day after that I told her that I would buy them myself from now on, so she didn't have to, but I thanked her anyway. That way I knew she would think that I was still buying them, even if that box in my closet was the same box that she bought me.

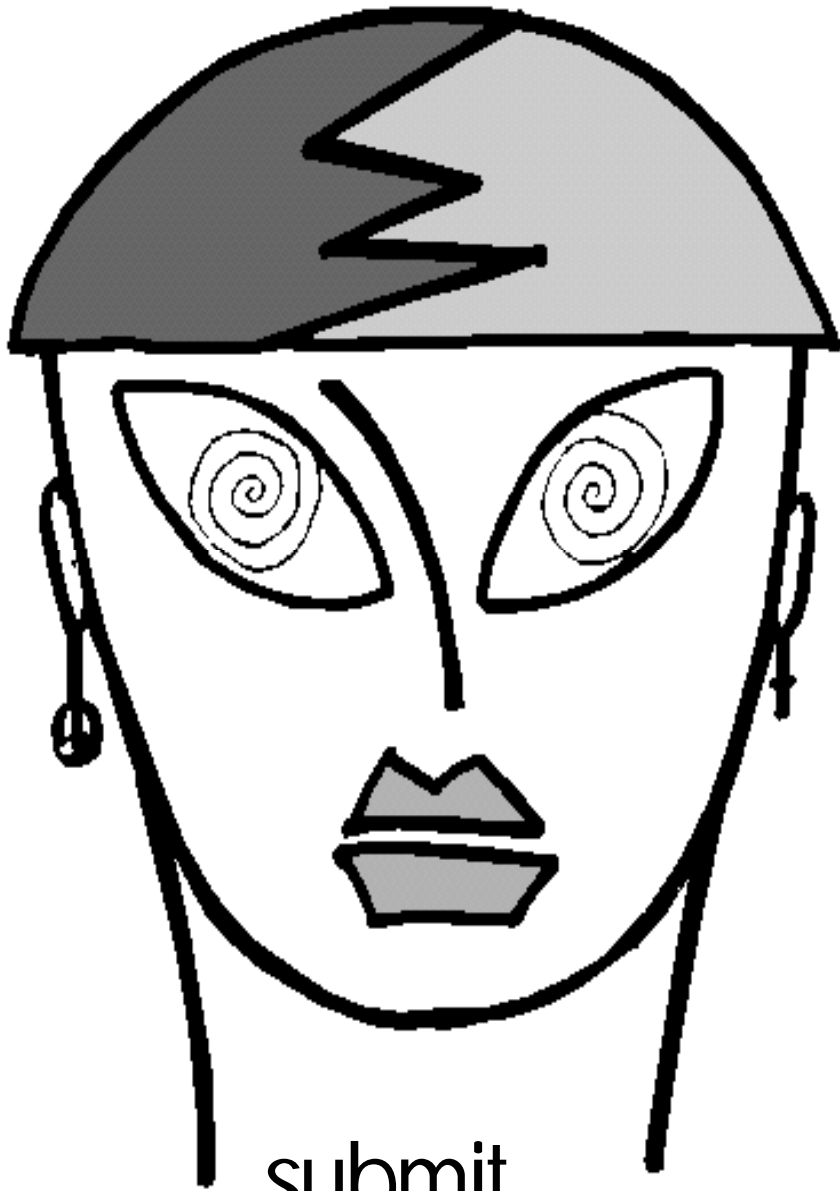
"Relations with her were strange. And when she died, I only had classmates and my uncle to take cues from. I wanted to be like the girls in school, so I tried not to take cues from my uncle. I tried to avoid being like my uncle. But sometimes I couldn't help it."

"Why did you want so hard to be a girl? Did you want to fit in? Or do you think it

brothas strong
idle w/ the chevy
morning and night
contraceptive devices, like parent kill children
and why has my only animal come home bruised
like Buddha
being sodomized
with a philosophical point of view
i am not aware
of the reason

Victor Salinas





submit

Children, Churches and Daddies
poetry, prose, and art work to Scars Publications
Janet Kuypers, Managing Editor
3255 West Belden, Suite #3E
Chicago, Illinois 60647

Permanent Address: 8830 West 120th Place, Palos Park, Illinois 60464

when you can come in." And Chris closed the door, and the interviewer leaned against the door frame. Her note pad and pen sat in the living room.

A few minutes passed, or maybe it was a few hours. The water finally silenced. She could hear the curtain close. "You can come in now."

The interviewer opened the door. The curtain to the bathtub was closed. There was one candle lit on the counter next to the sink, and one glowing from the other side of the curtain. The mirror was fogged with steam. Chris' clothes were sitting in a pile on the floor. There was no where to sit. The interviewer shut both seats from the toilet and sat down.

"Okay, I'm here," the interviewer said, as if she wanted Chris to recognize what an effort she went through. "Tell me your story." She almost felt as if she deserved to hear Chris' story at this point, that Chris had made her feel so awkward that she at least deserved her curiosity satisfied. She could hear little splashes from the tub.

"You still haven't asked me about my childhood. You're not a very good reporter, you know," Chris said, as if she wanted the interviewer to know that it didn't have to come down to this. "You could have found out a lot more about me before now." They both sat there, each silent.

"It must have hurt when your parents died."

"I suppose. I didn't know how to take it."

"What was the effect of both of your parents dying at such an early age in your life on you?"

"I was stunned, I guess. What I remember most was that my mother was strong, but she followed dad blindly. And dad, he had his views - he was a political scientist - but no one took him seriously because he didn't have the background. He wasn't in the right circles. I just remember dad saying to mom, 'if only I had a different start, things would be different.' In essence, he wanted to be someone he wasn't. He failed because he wasn't who he needed to be."

"Did it hurt you to see your father think of himself as a failure?"

"He had the choice. He knew what he wanted to do all of his life. He knew the conventional routes to achieving what he wanted - he knew what he needed to do. But he chose to take a different route, and people thought he didn't have the training he needed, that he didn't know what he was talking about. But he made that choice to take that different route. He could have become what he needed to in order to get what he wanted. But he didn't, and in the end, he never got anything."

"But you, you got what you wanted in your life, right?"

"Yes, but that was because I made the conscious choice to change into what I had to be in order to succeed. If I didn't make those changes, no one would have accepted my theories on human relations and no one would have listened to my speeches on women's rights."

"How did you have to change?"

The interviewer finally hit the nail on the head.

children
CHURCHES

Hodgkins, and that's not who I am. I don't want anyone liking me because I'm Chris Hodgkins. That's not real. Chris isn't real, not the Chris everyone knows. The only way I could escape her is to go off to another country in a few years, maybe, and start life all over again."

"Isn't that a scary thought, though? I mean, you could ride on your fame for a while longer, make more money, be more secure. You wouldn't have to work as hard at anything. And people respect you."

"People respect a person that I'm not. Okay, maybe that person is a part of me, but it's not all of me. The world doesn't know the whole story."

"What is the whole story?" the interviewer asked. By this time she put her pen and paper down and wasn't writing a word. She was lost in the conversation, like the many people who had heard her speak before. Suddenly she felt she was thrown into the middle of a philosophical conversation, and she was completely enthralled.

"Can anyone know the whole story about another person?" she asked.

"Do you really want to know my story?" Chris asked.

"I wouldn't be asking if I didn't."

"You realize that if I tell you, it goes off the record. Besides, you won't be able to substantiate anything I say. More than that no one would believe it, especially not your editors."

At this point, she didn't even care about the interview. "Off the record. Fine."

the confession, February 11, 10:35 p.m.

Chris sat there for a minute, legs apart, elbows on her knees, beer hanging down between her legs. She kept swirling the liquid in the glass. She took the last two gulps, then put the bottle on the ground between her feet.

"I wanna take a bath," she said, and with that she got up and walked toward the bathroom. Halfway there she stopped, turned around, and walked to the refrigerator. It creaked open, she pulled out another beer, let the door close while she twisted the cap off. She walked into the bathroom.

The interviewer could hear the water running in the bathtub. She didn't know what to do. Was she supposed to sit there? Leave?

Chris popped her head out of the bathroom. "I hope you don't mind, but I really need to relax. Besides, it's cold in here. Sorry if the cold is bothering you. We can continue the interview in the bathroom, if you want," and she threw her head back into the bathroom.

Melanie didn't know what to think. She edged her way to the bathroom door. When she looked in, she was Chris with her hair pulled back, lighting one candle. "The curtain will be closed. Is this okay with you?" Chris asked.

The interviewer paused. "Sure," she said. She sounded confused.

"Okay, then just wait outside until I'm in the bathtub. I'll yell through the door

I NOTICE

i notice
people wanna live their live forwshadowed

in the grand scheme and study

moving ahead to nowhere

such the way
that makes
for the ordinary
railway station, high over head
somewhere east of words and phrases

the atmosphere is trying
so one the streets is someplace pitch-dark
there are reports
winter winds blow
not far from the entrance
a heart-lung machine applies
electric shocks that correct
what the doctor did so far developed
into high-lighted real danger

how is it

on the fence a little bit
and because there are people there
whispering intimacy

something funny about that
train or elevator goes fast smelling
like shoe polish atop cherry-wood tv trays

Mark Sonnenfeld

THE LOVELY LONELY ONES

Like spore like candles on a shrouded deck
sleep comes to the passengers, sleep
comes to the Mojave desert, sleep comes
like many balloons for a white-haired wife
no gratification in the music, Sylvia
I too am in Mid-America waiting for nightfall
nothing can take its place, the perfume
of it is in my brain, in my ear
fat fish flap out a concerto of crazy love
an excited Astrologer at my elbow
too many roomers who came of course to stare
I have seen their winter coats of wheat
I have seen them going nowhere, stalled like drops
of splattered rain on dusty city streets
it is a severe storm on a sinking ship
if is a lighted candle flickering solitary
you know how it is to be alone and want someone
pretty faces, sunburned hands, a swaying noose
quiet as wedding diamonds on display, they
wrap themselves in mummy-clothes at midnight
they are the pretty ones, the favorite dead
the mushroom people who speak no more.

Errol Miller

icals. I've given up on the photography years ago, so I thought that this would be a hobby like that. You know, it smells, it's dark, you have to add things the right way and wait the right amount of time. I like it. And it's cheaper, too," she said, and with that she took another swig. "Cheaper than photography as well as buying beer from the store."

The interviewer tried to listen to her voice. It was raspy, feminine, almost sexy, but it was very low; she didn't know if she'd ever heard a woman's voice this low before. "I was looking at your great career," the interviewer finally started, "and thought it surprising that you just decided one day to leave. You had everything going the right way. People were listening to you. What happened?"

She thought she had dropped a bomb.

No one ever got a straight answer for that question.

"Well, it was my time to go. I couldn't take the spotlight anymore. I wanted to become who I really was, not what the world wanted me to be, not what the world perceived me as. I still haven't done that. I haven't become myself yet."

"When were you yourself? Or were you ever?"

"I suppose I was, when I was little, but by the time I got to high school, I started hiding from everyone, because no one seemed to want to know who I really was. I didn't fit in as who I really was. So then I started with my seminars, started trying to work my way to success, and people started to like me. But in all of that time that I was working on women's rights, I wasn't who I really am deep down inside. Not that I didn't believe in the cause, but I was doing it because it seemed like the best route to success. And when I reached the top, people still wanted more out of me, more that I wasn't ready to give. I wanted to take some of myself back."

"Have you gotten any of yourself back since you've left the spotlight?"

"Some." Chris paused. "I can sit at home by myself and act the way I want to, without having to project a certain image for everyone else. People have begun to leave me alone." She paused, then looked at the interviewer. "Not that I consider you and interruption; I wouldn't have accepted the interview if I didn't want you here. If fact, I think I really wanted to be able to tell someone how I feel, what I've gone through. I don't talk to many people nowadays. This is like a confessional."

The interviewer wondered for a moment what Chris was planning to confess.

Chris paused, swirled her beer in her bottle, then looked up. "Sometimes I think of getting a pet. I'd get a cat, but then I think of this stereotypical image of an old woman in an apartment alone with forty cats, where she keeps picking a different one up and asking, 'you love me, don't you?' I don't want to be like that. Maybe a dog. But a pet requires too much care, and I think I'd end up depending on it more than I should. I should have another human being in my life, not an animal. But I'm so afraid I'll be alone."

"Why do you think you'll be alone?"

"I carry this baggage around with me everywhere. People know me as Chris

Chris lived in one of the basement apartments, so they walked past the laundry room, the boiler room, and then reached a stream of tan doors. Hers was the third. Chris opened the door, the interviewer followed.

She looked around. A comfortable easy chair, rust colored, worn. Walls - covered with bookshelves. Books on Marx, Kafka, Rand. History Books. Science books. No photos. No pictures. A small t.v. in the corner on a table, the cord hanging down, unplugged. Blankets on the floor. Keep looking, the interviewer thought. A standing lamp by the chair. The room was yellow in the light. Where were the windows? Oh, she forgot for a moment, they're in the basement. Sink, half full.

"May I use the washroom?" she asked, and without saying a word, Chris pointed it out to her.

Check the bathroom, the interviewer thought. No make-up. Makes sense. Generic soap, organic shampoo. Razor. Toothbrush. Colgate bottle. Hairbrush. Rubber band, barrette. Yeah, Chris usually sometimes her hair back, at least from what the interviewer can remember from the photographs.

"Wanna beer?" Chris yells from the refrigerator to the bathroom. "No, thanks," the interviewer says. She turns on the water.

She wants to look through the trash, see what she can find. No, that's too much, she thought, besides, what's going to be in the trash in the washroom that would surprise her so? Nothing, she was sure of it, and from then on she made a point of avoiding even looking in the direction of the trash can.

This was getting out of hand, she thought. There was no story here. Nothing out of the ordinary, other than the fact that Chris decided to give up her cause, and now she's living life in this tiny, dark basement apartment.

The interviewer walked out into the yellow living room. Chris was stretched out in a chair, legs apart, drinking a beer with no label.

"I really appreciate you offering me this time to talk to you."

"No problem."

The interviewer sat there, suddenly so confused. Chris was terse. She didn't want to talk, yet she accepted the interview and offered her home as the meeting place. They sat in silence for a moment, a long moment.

"What kind of beer are you drinking?"

"My own." Chris sat for a moment, almost waiting for the interviewer to ask what she meant. "You see, the landlord gave me some keys for a storage room on this floor, so I converted it into a sort of micro-brewery. I've come up with this one -" she held the bottle to the interviewer - "and another one, a pretty sweet dark beer. I call this one 'Ocean Lager.'"

The interviewer felt she had to take the bottle. "Ocean Lager, that's a nice name," and she took a small sip and passed the bottle back to Chris.

"Yeah, I used to be a photographer, back when I was in high school and college, and I loved working in the dark, timing things, and I loved the stench of the chem-

MURDERED CHILDREN

i write about
murdered children
simply because
children
are murdered

when they
disappear
we should hope
the die
quickly
and painlessly

there's no point
in praying
because
there's no god

i know this
simply because
children
are murdered

John Sweet

Dusty Dog Reviews, CA (on knife)

These poems document a very complicated internal response to the feminine side of social existence. And as the book proceeds the poems become increasingly psychologically complex and, ultimately, fascinating and genuinely rewarding.

C Ra McGuirt, Editor, The Penny Dreadful Review (on Children, Churches and Daddies)

CC&D is obviously a labor of love ... I just have to smile when I go through it. (Janet Kuypers) uses her space and her poets to best effect, and the illos attest to her skill as a graphic artist.

Dusty Dog Reviews (on Without You)

She open with a poem of her own devising, which has that wintry atmosphere demonstrated in the movie version of Boris Pasternak's Doctor Zhivago. The atmosphere of wintry white and cold, gloriously murderous cold, stark raging cold, numbing and brutalizing cold, appears almost as a character who announces to his audience, "Wisdom occurs only after a laboriously magnificent disappointment." Alas, that our Dusty Dog for mat cannot do justice to Ms. Kuypers' very personal layering of her poem across the page.

Debra Purdy Kong, writer, British Columbia, Canada (on Children, Churches and Daddies)

I like the magazine a lot. I like the spacious lay-out and the different coloured pages and the variety of writer's styles. Too many literary magazines read as if everyone graduated from the same course. We need to collect more voices like these and send them everywhere.

Dusty Dog Reviews (on Right There, By Your Heart)

The whole project is hip, anti-academic, the poetry of reluctant grown-ups, picking noses in church. An enjoyable romp! Though also serious.

Children, Churches and Daddies. It speaks for itself.

Write to Scars Publications to submit poetry, prose and artwork to Children, Churches and Daddies literary magazine, or to inquire about having your own chapbook, and maybe a few reviews like these.

3255 West Belden • Suite 3E • Chicago, Illinois 60647 • attention: J. Kuypers

went to college. Her uncle died a year before she began to gain fame. In essence, there was no family of hers that I could talk to, to find out from if she played with Barbie Dolls with her best friend in her bedroom or played in the ravine in the back yard with the other boys from all over the neighborhood. To see if her theories were right - even on her. All of that was lost to me.

She took honors classes in high school, kept to herself socially. In fact, most of her classmates didn't know whether or not she was a girl, she looked so boyish. Even the other girls in her gym class didn't know sometimes, I mean, they knew she was a girl because she was in gym class with them, but she never even changed in front of them. She wouldn't take a shower and she would change in a bathroom stall.

So I started hearing things like this, little things from old classmates, but as soon as they started telling me how they really felt about her, how they thought she was strange, they would then clam up. But it was in my head then; I started wondering what happened in her early childhood that made her so introverted in high school. Maybe the deaths of her parents did it to her, made her become so anti-social. Maybe the loss of her aunt, the only other maternal figure in her life, made her become so masculine. It was a theory that began to make more and more sense to me, but how was I supposed to ask her such a question? How was I supposed to ask her if her parents molested her before they died, and that's why she's got this anger inside of her that comes out seminar after seminar?

the interview, Friday, February 11

The apartment building was relatively small, on the fringes of some rough neighborhoods. Not to say that she couldn't take care of herself, she had proven that she could years ago. The interviewer followed the directions explicitly to get to the apartment, and Chris' door was on the side. She knocked on the door.

Snap one, that was the chain. Click one, that was the first dead bolt. Another click, and the door was free. With a quick jerk the door was pulled open half-way by a strong, toned forearm. Chris stood there, waiting for the interviewer to make the official introduction.

"Hi, I'm Melanie, from Seattle Magazine," she blurted out, as she tried to kick the snow off her boots and held out her hand. Chris nudged her head toward the inside and told her to come in. The interviewer followed.

She followed Chris down the stairs, looking for clues to her psyche in her clothes, in her form. Grey pants. Baggy. Very baggy. Button-down shirt. White. Sleeves rolled up, make a note of that. Not very thin, but not fat - just kind of there, without much form. Doc Maartens. She had big feet. She was tall, too - maybe five feet, ten inches. But her feet looked huge. The interviewer stared at her feet as they walked down the dark hall. I'll bet no one has looked at her feet before, she thought.

children
CHURCHES

writer's tape recorded diary entry, February 11

I didn't know what I was getting into when I decided to interview her, Chris Hodgkins, feminist leader. I did all the research I could, but for some reason I still don't know where to start, and I have to walk into her apartment tonight.

The more I studied her, the more I was interested. She became a prominent figure in the women's movement when she wrote her first book, *A Woman Behind Bars*. The theory was that all women in our society were behind bars, in a sense, that they were forced into a role of looking beautiful, into the role of mother for children, servant for husband, employee for boss, sexual object for single (well, probably all) men.

The chapter that interested me the most was the one on how women adorn themselves in our society in order to please men. Women put on make-up, they grow long hair and long nails, both difficult to work with. They shave their legs, they shave their armpits. They tweeze their eyebrows - they pull hair out of their face from the follicle. Perfume behind the knees, at the ankles, at the chest and neck, in the hair. The list goes on.

But that's not even the point of all of this. The thing is, a few years ago she managed to pull together the majority of twenty- and thirty-something women out there into her cause. Everyone loved her, in a strange sort of way. She had a great command over audiences. She would hold rallies in New York, then San Francisco, then Chicago, and before you knew it, everyone was talking about her, she was running seminars all around the country, she was appearing on morning talk shows. She was the first real leader in the feminist movement, a movement which for years was felt in everyone but laid dormant because it had no Hitler.

Did I say Hitler? I just meant he was a good leader. I didn't mean she was Hitler, not at all, she's not like that, she's not even calling anyone into action, she's just telling people to educate themselves. She's not even telling people to change, because she figures that if she can educate them, they would want to change anyway. And usually more radical feminist and lesbians are leery of that, they want more action - and she doesn't do that, and they still support her. A movement needs a strong leader, and she was it.

Chris is an interesting looking woman. You'd think she was a lesbian by her appearance - she was tall, somewhat built, but not to look tough, just big. She had chin-length hair, which seems a little long for her, but it looks like she has just forgotten to cut it in a while, and not like she wants to look sexy with it. She almost looks like a little boy. Sharp bones in her face, and big, round eyes.

That was all I knew before I started doing research on her. I started looking into her childhood first, found out that her parents were killed in a robbery when she was fourteen, so she started high school in a small town where her aunt and uncle lived. Her aunt died a year later, and she lived with her uncle until she moved out and

NICE

julie says her
first boyfriend
used to fuck her
in front of
his friends

he charged five dollars
to watch
ten to do her
for yourself

she says it wasn't
so bad
if she closed her eyes
and imaged she was
somewhere else

says she used to
think about
killing him
all the time
and then one day
he moved to florida
and she never heard
from him again

she cried for weeks
she says

says
he used to make at least
a hundred dollara
a day
from his friends
and he never bought her
anything nice

John Sweet

Carlton Press, New York, NY

HOPE CHEST IN THE ATTIC is a collection of well-fashioned, often elegant poems and short prose that deals in many instances, with the most mysterious and awesome of human experiences: love... Janet Kuypers draws from a vast range of experiences and transforms thoughts into lyrical and succinct verse... Recommended as poetic fare that will titillate the palate in its imagery and imaginative creations.

Dorrance Publishing Co., Pittsburgh, PA

"Hope Chest in the Attic" captures the complexity of human nature and reveals startling yet profound discernments about the travesties that surge through the course of life. This collection of poetry, prose and artwork reflects sensitivity toward feminist issues concerning abuse, sexism and equality. It also probes the emotional torrent that people may experience as a reaction to the delicate topics of death, love and family.

"Chain Smoking" depicts the emotional distress that afflicted a friend while he struggled to clarify his sexual ambiguity. Not only does this thought-provoking profile address the plight that homosexuals face in a homophobic society, it also characterizes the essence of friendship.

"The room of the rape" is a passionate representation of the suffering rape victims experience. Vivid descriptions, rich symbolism, and candid expressions paint a shocking portrait of victory over the gripping fear that consumes the soul after a painful exploitation.

Fithian Press, Santa Barbara, CA

Indeed, there's a healthy balance here between wit and dark vision, romance and reality, just as there's a good balance between words and graphics. The work shows brave self-exploration, and serves as a reminder of mortality and the fragile beauty of friendship.

Mark Blickley, writer

The precursor to the magazine title (Children, Churches and Daddies) is very moving. "Scars" is also an excellent prose poem. I never really thought about scars as being a form of nostalgia. But in the poem it also represents courage and warmth. I look forward to finishing her book.

You Have to be Published to be Appreciated.

Do you want to be heard? Contact Children, Churches and Daddies about book and chapbook publishing. These reviews can be yours. Scars Publications, attention J. Kuypers, 3255 West Belden, Suite 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647. You can write for yourself or you can write for an audience. Write to us.

A (FE)MALE BEHIND BARS

January 29, production room, Seattle Magazine

For only two weeks she had been preparing for this interview. She struggled to get it approved at the magazine she worked for. See, Chris Hodgkins was a flash from the past, there was no current interest, no timeliness in doing an article on her. In fact, she knew from people who have checked on her whereabouts that she was just living in an apartment on her own, occasionally working, usually not in politics or her usual seminars. The public forget about her anyway - no one wanted to hear what she had to say anymore. Not that she had fallen out of favor with the American public - in fact, she was loved by most women when she decided to leave the public eye. If anything, the American public had fallen out of favor with her.

But Melanie wanted to write about her, find out why she left, why she really left. The editors knew Chris didn't grant a single interview since she decided to leave her work in the women's rights movement. Besides, even if she got the interview, Chris knew how to deal with the media, with audiences, and she would probably manipulate Melanie into asking only what she wanted asked.

But the writer said she was sure there was something more, she could feel it in her bones, and the editors always told her to follow that feeling, so please let her do it now. So the editors and the higher-ups told her to try to get the interview, and get back to them with her progress at that task.

They expected to never hear about the matter again.

But she came back to them not one week later, saying one phone call was all it took. She called Chris directly, and not only did this elusive leader grant her an interview, but in Chris' own home. Editors were a bit stunned. They let her go ahead with the interview, told her to focus on the "where are they now," "why did she leave" angles, and they'll put together a long piece for a future issue. A long fluff-piece, they thought, but they had to let her go ahead with it, after having no faith in her ability to get an interview.

Maybe it was just because no one tried to get an interview with her anymore, the writer thought. Maybe the editors were right, that there's no story here, at least not anymore. But now, even after feeling this fear which began to grow into a dread, she had to go through with it. She had to research this woman, inside and out, and talk to her. See what makes her tick. What made her decide to give it all up.

And the more she looked, the more questions she had. Maybe it was the journalist inside her, to question everything put in front of you, but she couldn't get those questions out of her head.

OF THE STILL FUTURE

the pentagon designs and actually new things in labs
painted

forest green-screen men helmet-heads pointed
whether

from inside acadfemia in-house electronics
research

of the tunnel curve

a dimensional battlefield away

Mark Sonnenfeld



ON TIME

Now this
is the dimlit story:
all the leathery ladies
of the rodeo
will wither away
Shangri-La is really real
and the Tin Woodsman
works for Texaco
tomorrow, in the shade
of Cebia trees
a New blue Way, Cisco
see you later in
that ghastly bubonic ending
where artificial aids do not work
all the bars are closed
and the lilac-scented hills
of Southern homestead
have simply departed
for their long and tragic stay
somewhere near Star City.

Errol Miller

CLAY

so I was at this bar, on the coast of florida — the west coast, the gulf side, you know. it was this place called lana kai, and my friend gave me a ride all the way from naples, which is a good forty-five minutes south of the place.

and so we were sitting there at the bar, which is half indoors and half on the beach, and all these old men kept staring at my friend's chest. a couple guys bought us beer and one guy asked me to dance. I was surprised he asked me to dance, and not my friend — men were usually more attracted to her.

but the guys were jerks anyway — one looked like a marine with that haircut and must have been high on something, one looked like he decided to forgo hygiene, another was twice my age. it's not as if I try to pick up men in bars anyway.

so after a while I couldn't stand being at the bar, next to the reggae band that was playing (I never really liked reggae music anyway, I mean, it's too slow to dance to), so I begged my friend to come walk with me on the beach.

christ, I felt like a ten-year-old with a bucket and shovel when I kicked off my black suede shoes and ran into the water. I always loved the feel of sand when it's drenched in water. it feels like clay as it seeps around my toes, pulling me into the ground.

so there I was, splashing in the water, wearing a black sequin dress, throwing my purse to the shore, taking a swig from my can of miller lite. this was life, I thought. pure and simple. an army couldn't have dragged me out of the water.

so my friend found some guy to hit on, as she usually does, and she wanted me to hit on his friend. I found him ugly as all sin, and impossible to talk to. I told him that one of the rafts on the shore was mine, and instead of driving to the bar I sailed. and he believed me. I told my friend flat out that I wouldn't go with him. she was pissed that I didn't find him good-looking.

so then He strolled up from the bar to the beach, an intriguing stranger, and He

walked up right next to me in the water, still wearing his shoes, seeming to know that I needed to be saved. as most knights in shining armour would.

and He said hello to me, and He started talking to me, and He cracked a few jokes, and He made me laugh.

and okay, I'll admit it — he was good-looking, really good looking. I remember at one point, looking at him made me think of a greek statue, He had this curly hair, this sharp chin, these stong cheek bones. but those greek statues could never talk to me, they have no color, they don't come alive. they're made of stone.

His name was Clay. and when we talked He crept into my pores, the way the sand made it's way between my toes. His voice tunneled into me, boring me hollow, making me anxiously wait to be filled with more and more of His words.

my friend disappeared with her new-found monosyllabic lover, for hours, until long after the bar closed, leaving me stranded. there I was, forty-five miles north of my home at 2:20 in the morning with no means of transportation. it could have been worse, I could have been somewhere other than on the beach, I could have been sober, and I might not have had a knight in shining armour named Clay to save me. and as He drove me home (an hour and a half out of his way), I couldn't help but run my fingers through his hair, it was an uncontrollable impulse, like the urge to drag your fingers deep into the wet sand. I told Him I was just trying to keep Him awake for the drive.

it's almost better if I never see Him again. then I can always think of Him this way.

Janet Kuypers