

children CHURCHES & daddies

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the non-religious, non-family
oriented literary and art magazine

• 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
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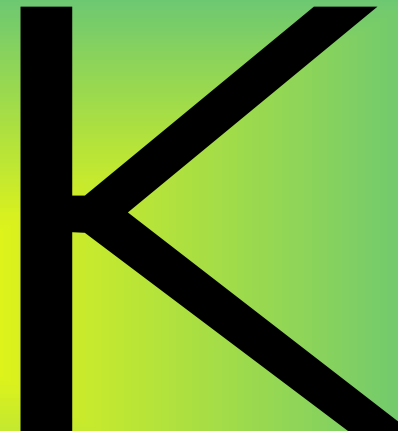
Chapbooks published in 1993: hope chest in the attic (chapbook and book), the gallery (computer program), knife, people today, dysfunctional family greeting cards, slate and marrow, dreaming of dandelions and ice cubes, addicted, new world order, gasoline and reason, the written word, the printed gallery, 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

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volume 54

coffeehouse vampire

Voice of poetic interpretation
whispering through mary jane:
"I have sixteen personalities,
and I dream about death."

Gothic in combat boots,
eyes skewer bimbos
who "Omigod!" at vampires
and evaporate in passing crowds.

Blacknailed, tattooed thunderclap
of autonomous poison pain,
alienating a real world
that fears your unexpressed bite.

Pete Cholewinski

drunk poet

shit, i am
fucked up

where's my
gold star?

C Ra McGuirt

P.S.
An Epistolary Tale

8836 Blvd. E. (Apt. 3K) W.N.Y.,N.J.07093

March 24, 1995

OCCUPANT of Apt. 2K
8836 Blvd. E.
W.New York,NJ 07093

Dear Neighbor:

Just because I HAVEN'T(any) APPROPRIATE TIME to speak ORALLY to you, therefore I took the liberty to write directly to you in the hope that you'll be kind enough to take into consideration the following request:

Consequently, if you permit me, I'll ask you(right now), as follows:

Did you(ever) anything hear considering someone, or(did you)see) somebody who was looking for me(in front of(my) Apt. 3K, (in the hall) in connection with any message, news, or information) in the past days, weeks, or during the last months, or within the past several years,(somehow, somewhere in the building), ANY TIME?

Thank you for your very kind attitude toward the matter.

In expectation of your reply IN WRITING EXCLUSIVELY in the near future, I remain,

Sincerely,

(Q. Shabraya)

p.s. :
I would not want to create the impression that you'll not do me a favor that I just requested.

continued

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

driving by his house

I know it's pretty pathetic of me, I don't know what I'm trying to prove. I don't even want to see him again. I don't want to have to think about him, I don't want to think about his big eyebrows or the fact that he hunched over a little when he walked or that he hurt me so much.

I know it's pretty pathetic of me, but sometimes when I'm driving I'll take a little detour and drive by his house. I'll just drive by, I won't slow down, I won't stop by, I won't say hello, I won't beat his head in, I won't even cry. I'll just drive by, see a few cars in the driveway, see no signs of life through the windows, and then I'll just keep driving.

I don't know why I do it. He never sees me, and I never see him, although I thought I didn't want to see him anyway. When I first met him I wasn't afraid of him. Now I'm so afraid that I have to drive by his house every once in a while, just to remind myself of the fear. We all like the taste of fear, you know, the thought that there's something out there stronger than us. The thought that there's something out there we can beat, even if we have to fight to the death.

But that can't be it, no, it just can't be, I don't like this fear, I don't like it. I don't want to drive by, I want to be able to just go on with my life, to not think about it. I want to be strong again. I want to be strong.

So today I did it again, I haven't done it for a while, drive by his house, but I did it again today. When I turned on to his street I put on my sunglasses so that in case he saw me he couldn't tell that I was looking. And then I picked up my car phone and acted like I was talking to someone.

And I drove by, holding my car phone, talking to my imaginary friend, trying to unobviously glance at the house on my left. There's a lamppost at the end of his driveway. I always noticed it, the lampshade was a huge glass ball, I always thought it was ugly. This time three cars were there. One of those could have been his. Through the front window, no people, no lights. I drive around a corner, take a turn and get back on the road I was supposed to be on.

One day, when I'm driving by and I get that feeling again, that feeling like death, well then, I just might do it again.

Janet Kuypers

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

rainforest coyote

mid morning light slants diagonally
across the mute green meadow
as coyote is chased
across my path
by three
horses

ridden by effete
jockey club humans
they show no regard for this being
this wiry slim svelt animal
so much more lithe
than their costly
overdressed
bodies

the coyote darts into the heart
of the rainforest showing
no regard for a poet
startled by a pure
animal grace
and speed
and need

not a memory i shall hoarde
this yellowish supple
non-urban animal
rests supreme
somewhere in
the forest
next door

and in his own coyote way
smiles

John Alan Douglas

if you read this poem,
then you will die

for andrew

you are more
afraid than me
of ceasing
to be

or maybe
only ceasing

to be able
to make sense.

you go after superstition
like a housewife

with a large
economy-size

spray can
if insecticide

as darkness scurries
into cracks

on its hairy legs

C Ra McGuirt

blood-n-water

get it
white

it's
hot

C Ra McGuirt

If you're interested regarding our ORAL CONVERSATION AT YOUR AND MY EARLIEST CONVENIENCE, if that is the case, I'll be glad to talk to you as one gentleman to another, to exchange our views, to discuss about subject that you and I wish.

Your(eventual) any FRIENDLY remark, CONSTRUCTIVE objection, LOGICAL observation, RATIONAL comment, etc., WELCOME!

It's not only an APPROPRIATE, BUT HIGHLY DESIRABLE

Thanks, again.

March 25, 1995

Dear Mr. Q. Shabraya:

Thank you for taking the time to write me a letter and to slip it under my door. I was surprised, pleasantly surprised, as we have been next door neighbors for close to two years now and we've only met three times in the elevator. I've appreciated the hello you've given me on those three occasions.

I find the uniform you wear quite fascinating. As we descended the eleven flights to the building entrance, I inspected your uniform for some insignia, some identification to its origin. Am I correct in assuming that it is the military uniform of an officer of a foreign country? Is it beige, Mr. Shabraya? Its color is quite faded though you've kept it in superb condition.

I know it must be an old uniform and the proud manner with which you carry yourself when you wear it must mean that it is a uniform that has participated in some grand historical event. Am I correct, sir?

Many a time I've been tempted to ring your doorbell, Mr. Shabraya, during harsh storms or when the ground is covered with ice. I am much younger than you, sir, and on the three occasions that we've shared an elevator ride I couldn't help but notice your pallor. Although you look fit and strong, and by no means do I think of you as someone not able to take of himself, I've wondered if I could not be of assistance when the weather rages. I help out a few other residents of our building during such emergencies.

I have not contacted you to see if I could be of assistance because of the typewritten message taped over your doorbell that firmly states — DO NOT RING THIS BELL UNDER ANY CONDITION OR OVERSIGHT. LEAVE THIS BELL ALONE! LEAVE COMMUNICATIONS WITH SUPER OR RECEPTIONIST ON FIRST FLOOR. THANKS!

Mr. Shabraya, during my nearly two years in apartment 2K I have not come across

anybody seeking to deliver information to you. Sir, I couldn't help notice the typed message you taped to your mailbox requesting that your mail be delivered to the floor mat outside your apartment. On two occasions I've seen the mailman honoring your request.

If I should observe someone trying to contact you, is there some procedure you'd like me to follow in order to relay this information to you? I shall only be too pleased to oblige.

Mr. Shabraya, as the walls to these apartments are paper thin, I cannot help hearing you from time to time. I think it is healthy for a man to scream occasionally. I believe it purges the soul the same as water purges the body. Your screams are never disruptive as I am a sound sleeper.

Mr. Shabraya, I was wondering, do my screams disturb you? I try hard, very hard, to muffle them with my pillow, but I don't always succeed. Your screams are never whimpering outbursts of self pity like mine. Your screams never seem to deteriorate into tears. I know- it is unmanly to cry and I hope I have not embarrassed you on the occasions when this has happened to me. You never cry, do you? I have the utmost respect for you because you do not. Please don't judge me harshly.

Every morning I take a walk down Boulevard East with Charlie Turner from 5E and Dr. Sussman. Dr. Sussman is such a nice man. Do you know him? or are you affiliated with Dr. Karapetian? He's a nice person, too. I was formerly affiliated with Dr. Karapetian.

I love walking down the Boulevard and looking over at the Manhattan skyline. I always stroll in my civvies. Do you ever wear civilian clothes, Mr. Shabraya?

Once again, thank you for your unexpected correspondence and I look forward to hearing from you again.

Respectively Yours,
Louis Mirabella
P.F.C. U.S.M.C. (Ret.)
138-96-1792 - A positive

Mark Blickley

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

ogized and promised to pay him when his overdue checks arrived. The ploy did not work, however.

Clutching the cognac bottle, he passed from the kitchen through the living room to his bedroom. He paused to raise the volume of his television set. Although he disliked watching the set, it's voices replaced the music that once echoed through his apartment before the radio burned up. The noise gave him a sense of belonging.

The old man balanced the bottle of cognac on a night table next to a dusty bible, and walked over to a closet. He pulled out a large cardboard box, dragged it over to the bed. The old man was surprised at how light the box was becoming.

He dipped his hands inside the cardboard box. The clinking of glass accompanied his search. When his fingers locked around a heavy piece of crystal he smiled,~and pulled up a large, ornate goblet.

The old man carefully poured cognac into the crystal goblet. He swallowed it and poured another. And then another. And still another until he drained the cognac. He dropped the empty bottle on the floor and it rolled under the bed, unbroken.

Horace stared at the fancy goblet and fingered its engraved designs. When he realized he had no more cognac to pour into it he began to shake. Horace tried to soothe himself by pressing the cool crystal against his cheek.

Sorrow gave way to a blazing anger and he heaved the heirloom with all his strength. It crashed into the wall, splintering into pieces of jagged, dangerous glass.

About a half hour behind schedule the old man passed out.

Mark Blickley

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

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 format 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

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.

some of our many fringe benefits

What I like about my office
is not only its unimpeded view
of the judges' parking lot
but also the cafeteria door.
We see all kinds of deliveries
- pizza they claim is made
fresh on the premises every day;
frozen Mexican specialties.
Huge copper vats of God knows what
being mixed up in there
which if you watch long enough
someone will probably spit in
(although my worst such story
involves a cigarette butt).

Plus we see lots of
emergency vehicles. Bomb squad
about twice a week, though it
always turns out to be nothing.
Police cars, ambulances - we open
our windows winter and summer
to see who is being taken away.

continued

Unable to control himself, the old man let out a cry. It was a soft cry, but it lingered.

Upon the scolding of the women shoppers two men begrudgingly raised up the old man; one sacrificed his seat. Laughter broke out from the rear of the bus.

Perspiration beaded on his bald spot. It began to dribble on to his sports jacket as he tucked his chin into his chest. Once again he drifted off to that first encounter with Colleen.

Outside his apartment building children were jumping rope and an impromptu soccer game was in progress.

"Hi ya, Mr. Quirk! Wanna play with us?"

"Sorry, kids. I've had a rough day. I think I'll go rest these tired old bones, if you don't mind."

The children giggled.

The old man enjoyed children and children liked him. But he knew how defensive most parents were these days, and he was embarrassed by their reactions whenever he stopped to speak to their kids.

The old man was appalled by the fear he generated whenever he stopped a young couple to congratulate them on producing the beautiful child they were wheeling in their stroller. His attempts to shake an infant's hand or stroke underneath a baby's chin with his finger usually made the parents irritable, and they would quicken their pace. Being around children began to make him feel dirty and he hated that feeling. He comforted himself by imagining that one day these parents would understand the desire of the elderly to once again feel the smooth flesh of youth.

A simple touch was a superior memory to any childhood photograph. The old man refused to stop trying to make contact with fresh life. Yet despite the humiliation, he would always mouth a silent pray that none of these parents would experience the horror of outliving their children.

The elevator ride to his seventh floor apartment was noisy, slow and as frightening as always. It took him a few minutes of fumbling with his keys, but eventually he gained entrance to his home of forty-seven years. The odor of stale air escaped into the hallway as the door closed behind him.

The first thing he did was throw off his sports jacket and switch on the television. He surveyed the apartment. It was filthy.

"Well, I give you a good going over this weekend," he promised the living room.

The old man hobbled into the kitchen to prepare his daily staple of cornflakes and milk with fresh fruit. After eating, he left the dishes on the table next to yesterday's plates and lunged for the bottle of cognac propped up on a kitchen chair. He shook it and was upset.

"Did I drink that much yesterday?" he questioned the bottle.

The old man phoned the liquor store around the corner to order another. The shopkeeper refused to send it until the previous bills were paid in full. Horace apol-

another over in New York, and the third was a vaudeville dancer in Atlantic City. While mulling over the choices before him at his favorite speakeasy in Union City, he walked the bartender for the upcoming shift with his handsome daughter. Horace was captivated by his eyeful of that exquisite dish. It was lust, later converted to love, at first sight.

She had long, wavy nut brown hair off-setting a cute turned up nose. Her pale blue eyes sent an inviting message over to his stool. What a petite figure, firm and well developed . . .

“And Ted would pick me up and throw me into the pool right in front of all the children. I pretended to be angry but I loved it!”

The old man took his last gulp of chilled coffee and signaled for the check. “Would you like anything else, Mildred?”

“No thank you, Horace.” She watched his eyes following the progress of the waiter. “I really enjoyed myself this morning, dear.”

The old man nodded. “Yes, but it’s so hard to keep track of time these days. So much to be done yet. Isn’t that so?”

Mildred smiled coyly. “Don’t I know, Mr. Quirk! detest all the running around I’m forced to do in order to keep up with this crazy world. I get exhausted just thinking about it.”

With this last remark they concluded their visit and returned to their respective schedules: she to a park bench in nearby Bayonne, he to the bus stop across the street.

When the bus arrived the old man was visibly upset. Hector was not driving. The doors flung open and the old man was shoved to the end of a line of boarding passengers.

After everyone else had paid the fare and secured a seat, the driver waited impatiently for the old man to complete his attack of the high steps leading to the fare box.

While the old man strained to maintain his balance via the walking stick, two thoughts flashed into his mind. One was to fall forward should his legs fail him. The second was how differently he was treated when Hector was behind the wheel. Hector made sure no one pushed him around and always helped him up the steep steps.

On reaching the top step the old man fumbled for the Senior’s discount pass inside his sports jacket and deposited coins into the machine. As he turned to find a seat a swarm of indignant glances greeted him. He gave pleading looks to the men seated directly behind the driver. They in turn, almost as if on cue, rotated their heads and fixed their eyes on some object outside the window.

The bus bolted forward before the old man could get a firm grip on the overhead strap. He was flung to the other side of the bus. His back smashed into the knees and packages of four horrified women shoppers.

Today we enjoyed a convergence of cafeteria and ambulance activity. Young guy passed out and fell down between the vats. They didn’t bother with CPR or mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, just folded his hands on his chest and wheeled him off. He was okay but we told our secretary he died. It was the tuna fish. Fastest-acting food poisoning ever. Board of Health is there right now closing down the place, pasting up warning signs. Dozens of people ate the stuff, including judges at their weekly meeting. She cried, but it was worth it. She still believes us.

Mary Winters

recipe for artistic balance part II

Artistic giants of the world:
sculptors painters editors poets
novelists particularly
film directors:

get down on those unused knees
and wash scour scrub clean
floors ceilings computer
table tops.

Learn humility humanity
balance.

Whitman Emerson Lawrence
Bukowski John Ford
Blake Wordsworth
Henry Miller

all knew this secret ace.
Thus their work reeks
not of effete "art" but
of honest sweat
of common place.

John Alan Douglas

ever stepped inside of one."

"Colleen always thought I was too angry with banks. I can hear her now, saying, 'Horace, you shouldn't resent what happened in the past. It's dangerous.' She was some woman, my Colleen."

"She certainly must have been, Mr. Quirk."

Strolling around the corner to the diner gave the old man a thrill, as it had every morning for the past six years. It felt good, it felt natural, to be with a woman. The few times Mildred hadn't shown up at the Post Office always put him in an extremely melancholy mood for the rest of the day.

The little table to the left of the grill was reserved for the elderly couple. Josh, the proprietor, issued strict orders not to seat anyone there until after eight-thirty.

As they were led to their seats Horace contemplated Mildred's appearance. She wore bright red lipstick which showed telltale signs of extended coloring past the outline of her lips. In fact, it reminded the old man of the happy smiles painted around the mouths of circus clowns. The red lipstick made a striking contrast to the black veiled hat pinned to a thin crop of platinum curls. Her eyes were a sparkling gray.

Those eyes reminded the old man of something his father had once told him to say about his great-Aunt Kathleen.

"Horace, whenever you meet an old woman, say like your Aunt Kathleen, never forget that despite the years she's still got a young girl's vanity. I know it's hard and I brought you up not to lie, but listen, the one safe thing you can compliment on 'em is their eyes. Leave the wrinkled skin around 'em alone. Just tell 'em how beautiful, or lively, or even better, how sparkling their optics are."

There was no need to falsely charm Mildred or~her eyes. What an attractive woman she must have been, mused the old man. Her face, now caked with powder, was probably as smooth and clear as Colleen's.

During their coffee and donuts each spent about twenty minutes bring Ted and Colleen back to life. Neither one would pay much attention to the other; after six years of repetition it didn't matter. Yet missing these weekday interludes was unthinkable.

The old man loved the chance to relive his youth. While talking (or listening), a vivid portrait of himself some sixty years earlier would materialize.

What a great day, that day he first met Colleen. A promotion had just been awarded him from longshoreman to bookkeeping clerk. And he was only twenty-nine years old -

The clipped moustache (why, you look just like that picture actor, honey!) under the prominent nose was stretched by a perpetual grin that day.

Now Horace had to think seriously about settling down and raising a family. This was a tougher decision than most fellows were faced with since young Mr. Quirk was engaged to three girls at the same time. One of his fiancées lived in Hoboken,

“Naw, it’s this lousy heat. I usually park at the terminal and read the paper but this ain’t got no air conditioning. You know the 343. Only one on the line without air and I get stuck with it. Gonna come aboard?”

“No thanks, it’s not time yet. I appreciate your stopping for me, though.”

“No sweat, pal. Listen, see ya tomorrow, and take that jacket off or you’ll cook.”

“Will do, amigo. Take care.”

The old man gave Hector a cheerful smile as the bus roared off, and then checked his watch. He was fifteen minutes behind schedule.

“Oh my God, I’m going to be late!” After pulling himself up, he cursed the once strong arms that had made him the number one laborer at the steamship company. Besides muscle, though, I had brains, too, he thought. Made it all the way up to head bookkeeper by using them. Forget the shell. It’s the brain that matters. ~I’ve got to maintain it.

After conquering four more blocks he arrived at his destination. It made him feel good to watch the busy activity associated with the morning opening of the Post Office. He looked up at the flag dangling limply from the mast, as if suffocated from a lack of breeze. It should be firm and upright, he thought, not weak and flabby like his own ancient body.

Inside the building were the usual hoards of people in lines. Being fifteen minutes late he feared the worst. Gradually he inched towards the wall lined with post office boxes.

“Why, Mr. Quirk, I was worried. I thought something terrible happened.”

“No, Ma’am. I guess this humidity took more from me than I had anticipated giving. Kind of you to wait, though.”

The old man focused all his attention on the aged woman. How much she reminded him of Colleen!

“Well, after all, Mr. Quirk, I mean, Horace, today’s my turn to buy the coffee...”

“And I the donuts.”

“Correct.”

“Have you received your check yet, Mildred?”

“Yes. I saw them put yours in, too.”

The old man went over to his mailbox and withdrew the envelope inside.

“Life sure plays some strange games on us, Mildred. Six years ago we both decided, on the very same day, mind you, to put an end to all those stolen checks every month. Scary how accustomed we had become to missing them.”

Mildred nodded in agreement.

“You know something, Mildred. Loosing those checks are the best thing that’s happened to me in six years.”

Mildred pretended to dismiss the flattery, but the added wrinkles at the corner of her lips gave her away.

“It’s funny how us old fogies refuse to use banks. Since ‘31 neither Ted nor myself

stranded god

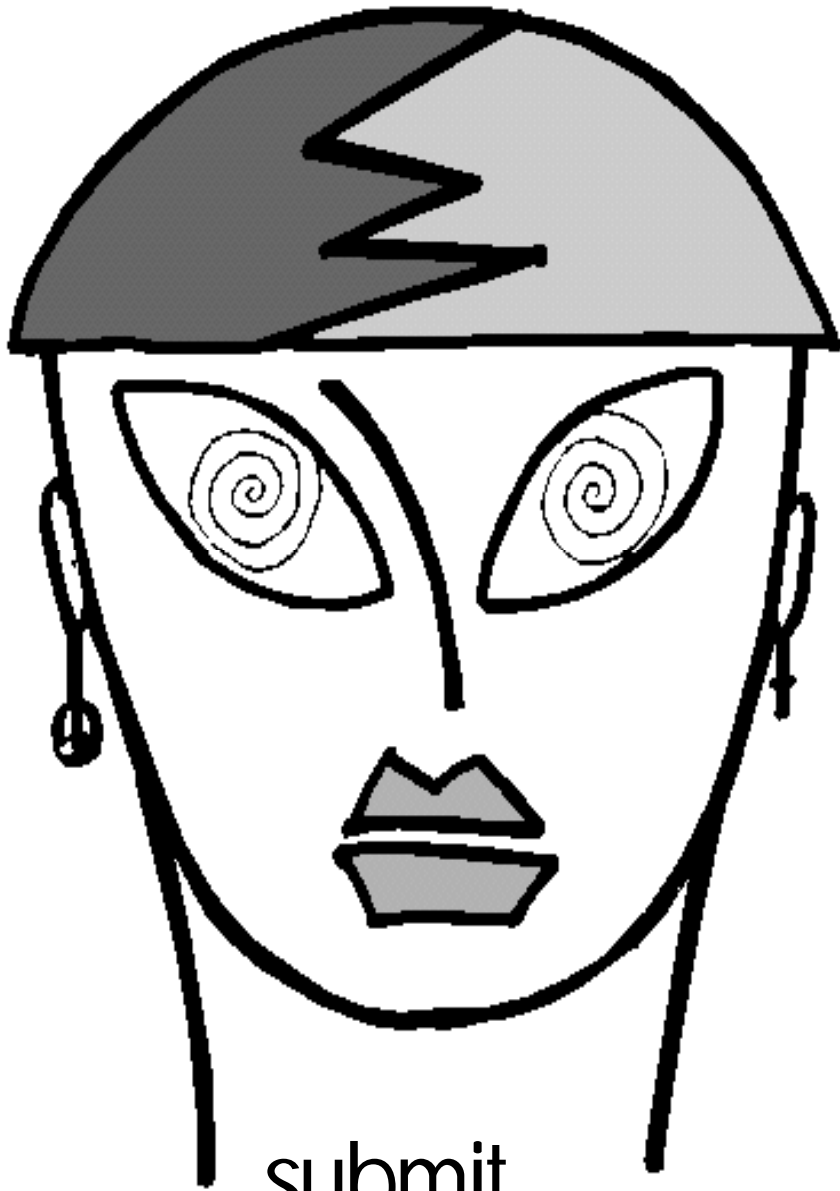
Jason talks concrete,
words echoing
in the underpass
where he paints murals -
never finishing.

He composes love sonnets
on crumpled newspaper
at el platforms
then lets the wind take them -
unconfessed.

We share dreams
on cafe afternoons,
and sometimes he kisses me
from behind sad eyes
I’ll never understand.

I look back
while catching a cab,
but Jason’s still
sitting in the cafe -
watching me go.

Pete Cholewinski



submit

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CHILDREN, CHURCHES AND DADDIES

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Things are looking up, he thought, grinning.

What disturbed the old man most about his daily journey, however, was the block on which Martinez and Sons Glassware Company was located. The store took up half a street; its windows were lined with mirrors. It bothered the old man to pass this block. No matter how hard he fought the temptation, it was impossible for him not to glance at his image as he crept along.

The reflection was an obscenity to him. He would try to reason with it, but it refused to be intimidated. Of all the hardships he endured during his morning excursion, this was the one part that truly angered him.

The day was really looking up. The store which usually opened at 8:30 a.m., was closed. This meant that the iron gate was strung across the huge display window, a fact which pleased the old man.

When he looked at his reflection he laughed out loud. "Finally caught you! Did you really think you'd overtake me?"

His likeness looked as though it had been captured and jailed; his image was peering at him through thick metal bars.

The old man threw back his shoulders, disregarding the ache. Picking up his pace somewhat, he reminded the reflection that his birthday fell on the same day and in the same year as Clark Gable's.

"That's right. 1901. Good Lord, the girls knew it, too." He pointed an accusing finger at the mirror. "Maybe I forget the exact day, but I'll never forget all those women."

As he passed the last section of the window he blushed. It wasn't proper to think of the many young ladies who had awarded him their most prized treasure. A feeling of guilt overtook him. Ashamed of himself, he began drifting back to the day he had met Colleen, the wife he buried shortly after his retirement.

The old man took a seat on a bench; overhead hung a sigh, BUS STOP. On the end of the bench sat a young girl dressed in frayed blue jeans cutoffs and a Homey the Clown tee shirt.

"Mister," she asked, "can you lend me a quarter so I can catch the bus?"

No reply.

"Excuse me, sir, do you have a quarter I can borrow?"

The old man twisted his neck in her direction. He reached into his pocket and produced a fistful of change that he dropped into her hand. The young lady leaped off the bench and giggled.

"Gee, thanks! Wow!" Seconds later she disappeared down the street into a candy store.

The old man stared at his scuffed shoes. A rumbling sound interrupted his thoughts. A bus door swung open.

"How ya colleen', Pop? Watcha colleen' at his stop?"

The old man frowned. "You're early, Hector. No trouble I take it?"

ugly house

or how a place holds a feeling

This is an ugly house. I hate the wallpaper in the spare room. Those stupid miniature rooms on the shelves in the spare room, stupid ugly miniature rooms she made, why would anyone want a box of a miniature room anyway? She takes up all the space in there, gets mad at me when I put a flower arrangement in there. I'm sleeping in the room, let me at least put something in there so I don't feel like I'm sleeping in a hotel that chose a decorator with no taste. Why does she have so much stuff anyway?? She's got a third of her jewelry and half of her clothes there, and I'm the one who sleeps in the room.

I hate the multi-colored carpet in the living room, the barrel chairs with turquoise and melon vinyl coverings. The ugly statues mom is drawn to. A statue has to be inherently ugly for her to like it, I think. The lights hanging from above the bar, the lamp shades are Harvery's Bristol Cream canisters. That mural of the 5 kids above the couch. I'm at the bottom. I look ugly. It was when I was subordinate and meek and stupid and helpless. Like now.

I hate the stained glass hangings in the kitchen windowsill. And you can see the black paint chipping off the refrigerator door so you know mom tried to cover up the turquoise. Silk flowers that look really crappy. The kitchen flowers are the worst. I hate the wood-branch-tree she decorates for any pagan season she thinks of, even if it's not pagan, let's decorate the tree anyway, no one will know the wiser. Or the fact that there are nice things in the house, like two Dali prints, but they look ugly here. Art even looks like trash in this place.

I hate the lamps hanging in front of those ugly melon colored front doors. And that wind chime hanging from the lamp in the front hallway. That rock garden in the front hallway, it used to have a working fountain in it, but I was too little when it worked, but that's okay, because I think it would be even more frightening with water running down it.

continued

And I hate the playroom, the room i'm sitting in now, look at how cluttered it is, all the jewelry she'll never get around to selling, all the fabric for clothes she'll never make, all the exercise equipment that collects dust because she feels she can WALK her way to a perfect body. You know, she doesn't like me using the treadmill because she thinks I'll wear out the motor. What difference does it make? Books she's collected because I collect books. She wants this of mine, I owe her this, I adopted this from her... She's so petty, and no subtle hint I make makes a difference. She slams on any idea I ever have. She makes me feel I can never be creative, because it won't work out. And she wonders why I'm insecure. Don't you get it? You made me this way, I hate what you've done to me, I hate what you've become, and now I have to sit here and live with you, in this ugly house. And when I move out I'm going to still have to live with myself, with all this insecurity, with all this anger. And I'll still have the memory of this house in my mind.

Janet Kuypers

RECYCLABLE GLASS

The 7:27 boulevard bus paused at the red light on the corner of Kennedy and Bentley. While staring at the line of cars of idling in front of him, and without turning his head, the driver honked his horn and threw a mechanical wave.

This gesture of recognition was directed at the old man making his way down the street. As the light turned green the bus operator glanced in the old man's direction. Of course he was there. The driver smiled to himself and shook his head.

For the past six years at precisely this time the senior citizen had always appeared. It amazed the driver since it was obvious the old man had suffered a stroke. He moved as though his ankles were bound by slave bracelets.

As the bus zoomed past the old man halted. By the time he had lifted his head he was waving his walking stick in a cloud of black exhaust fumes. Coughing seized him for a few moments, but he was pleased by the driver's show of camaraderie.

The scorching sun allowed a thick blanket of humidity to hug Jersey City.

In retaliation, the old man loosened his tie and unbuttoned the vest concealed under the stain sports jacket. With a determined expression, he began pushing forward.

After a few minutes, he succeeded in reaching the end of the block. Checking vigilantly before crossing, he decided to make his move. Everything seemed to be in order: the light was still green, but more importantly, the DO NOT WALK sign was not flashing underneath it. This meant he had at least sixty seconds to execute the crossing.

In the past the old man had this street crossing down to fifty-six seconds. But now the government had decreased his time by making it legal for cars to turn right on red lights. This called for more caution. Since the old man's retirement nineteen years earlier, he had learned that the car horn had replaced the brake when drivers were competing with pedestrians for space.

Halfway across the street he panicked. The light changed colors.

Horns began to scream. The old man froze. Directly in front of his outstretched walking stick (a cane was for old geezers) a battered Toyota screeched past. "Get the hell outta the way, ya old fart!"

Biting his lip, the old man gaped at the automobile. A young head popped out of the back window.

"Why don't you die?" it shouted, before disappearing into traffic.

Two other cars silently whizzed by him. A third car released him from his paved prison by stopping long enough for him to arrive at the opposite corner.

Smiling broadly at the driver, he did a playful hop over the curb. The old man felt good. Usually a half-dozen would pass before permitting him to proceed. It was no~t a rarity for him to be trapped in the middle of the street until the light once again turned a comforting green.

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!

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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}

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.

coquinas

1

I can't imagine
the number of times
I've been there

visiting Florida,
Christmas with my parents
a plastic tree
decorated
with sand dollars
and red

ribbons

eating Christmas dinner
listening to Johnny Mathis

and after the Irish coffee,
father with his brandy snifter
in hand
mother and the other
girls
putting away the dishes

the carolers would come,
walking in front of our home

singing "We wish you a
merry Christmas"
over and over again

we would walk outside
and the cool breeze
almost felt like Christmas
after the hot

humid days

continued

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

double intender

some called him hero

some called him ass-hole

all i know is

i called him

C Ra McGuirt

children
CHURCHES
& daddies

the lawbook or the gun

ol "Liberty Valance" would have
cottoned to yuh newt,
yuh sure do remind one of him
yuh like muscle guns and prayer

but there be no john waynes
("that steak is mine")
to kick in your cronies
heads

no woody strodes to back 'im up
woody died so recently a
brave and good man
ignored by the media

and jimmy stewart's pilgrim is
long long gone into whimsicality
and reruns of "It's a Wonderful Life"
and the master John Ford is dead

so you and the spirit of 'ol "Liberty
Valance" now rule the Republican Land
with guns muscle prayers - instead
of law books.

John Alan Douglas

for the late Woody Strode

and we would stand on our driveway
smile and nod

you could see down the road
all the candles in
paper bags
lining the street

and for a few lights
the bag

burned

2

and we would take
boat rides
off the coast
my parents and their friends
to a tiny island

dad drinking beer
sometimes steering the boat
control
the women sitting together in the shade
worrying about their hair

i would sit at the front
sunglasses, swimsuit and sunburn
feeling the wind
slapping me
in the face

and turning my head away from the boat
into the wind
away from them

continued

to face it again

docking at a shoreline
everyone jumping out
little bags in their hands

the women go looking for shells
the men go barbecue

after an hour or two
the sandwiches, potato chips eaten
the soda and beer almost
gone

we turn around
and head back

we have conquered

3

and I remember
the coquinas

the little shells
you could find them alive
on the beaches north of the pier in
Naples

going to the beach
I would look for a spot
to find them

they were all my own

continued

they burrowed their way into the
sand
to avoid the light
worming their way away from me

I unearthed a group of cocquinas once,
fascinated with their color of
their shells, the way
they moved

before they could hide

I collected them
in a jar,
took them home with me

what did you teach me
what have you taught me to do
is this it
is this what it has become
is this what has become of me
of you of us

and I took them home

I added salt water and sand
but I couldn't feed them
I realized soon that they
would die

so I let them

Janet Kuypers