

children churches & daddies

Published since 1993 • Janet Kuypers, Editor

stupid,
boring,
technical
crap:



cc+d is published bimonthly, so submit early and submit often. 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 on Macintosh disks, text format, will be given special attention (ASCII submissions also accepted). Submit as much as you want 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
3255 W Belden, 3E, Chicago, Illinois 60647-2559
email address: c.c.andd@eworld.com

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

chapbooks:

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.

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.

1995: 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, six stories, this is what it means, louisiana poems, quiet madmen, she thinks/he thinks, singular memories.



edit
editorial

Hey, everyone, just wanted to let you know that this is the first issue with a color cover... and probably the last, seeing that it actually costs money and stuff. wanted to do it once, in honor of the upc coming upc (hope to see everyone at the conference!), and just to give cc+d something - even if it is just once - that it has never had. hope you like it - and for full cover versions of cc+d, you'll have to go online and get an electronic copy of the mag, either from america online or eworld. it's in the adobe acrobat format, so all you need is the reader (available free online). thanks again - hope you like the cover - and what is inside!!!

janet kuypers

think globally
act locally
change personally



children, churches
& daddies

the non-religious, non-family
oriented literary/art magazine
published since 1993

editorial offices
children, churches & daddies
scars publications & design
janet kuypers, managing editor
3255 west belden, suite 3E
chicago, illinois 60647-2559

email address
c.c.andd@eworld.com

publishers of
children, churches & daddies
reverb
aaa poetry
the burning
god eyes
poetry sampler
poetry boxes
the annual poetry wall calendar
down in the dirt
mom's favorite vase newsletters

No racist, sexist or blatantly
homophobic material. No
originals; include SASE & bio.
Work sent on disks or through
email given special attention.
Previously published work
accepted.

copyright © 1995
scars publications and design,
children, churches & daddies,
janet kuypers. all rights of pieces
remain with their authors.

and geez,
recycle this.
do i have
to tell you
everything?



Aerosol Alternatives Put Squeeze on Ozone Damage by Don Rittner

In a first of its kind lawsuit, Gillette, S.C. Johnson & Co., Proctor & Gamble, and Revlon were recently cited with 42 counts for violating New York City's Consumer Protection Law for falsely claiming their aerosol products are "Ozone-friendly." According to NYC Consumer Commissioner Mark Green, "These aerosol products are not air-friendly. They release hydrocarbons that cause ozone to form at ground level. And ozone causes smog and respiratory illness."

According to testimony filed by Green, all the aerosol cans contained hydrocarbons like butane or propane as propellants. When released into the air they interact with nitrogen oxides and UV light to form ozone. This ozone is a main component of smog and is a respiratory irritant that can be harmful to the elderly or young children and can aggravate asthma, bronchitis, and emphysema, claims Green.

The companies could have avoided the action if they had used a new gas free aerosol bottle designed by a New Jersey company.

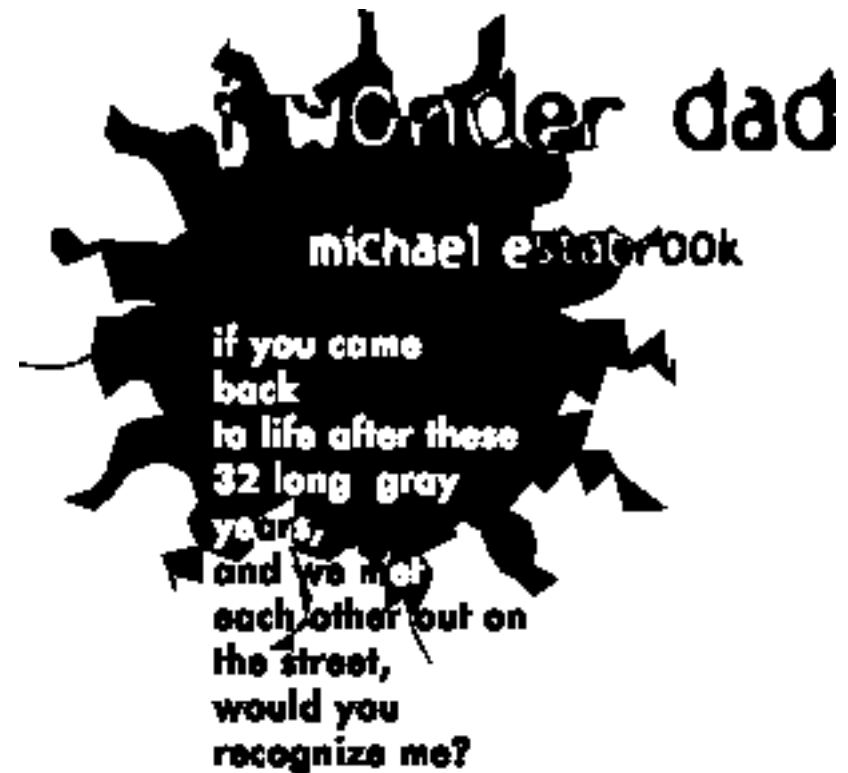
According to Exxel spokesperson Judi Topper, more than 50 companies are now using the special aerosol bottles and are producing some 150 products distributed worldwide. Claims such as ease of use, product purity, safety, air tight package, cost reduction, design flexibility, cleanliness, are all cited as reasons for using the ATMOS products according to an Exxel customer product list, but it is the gas free propellant system that rates high with environmental concerns.

Donna Bakker Crosby, Marketing Director for Tender Corporation, makers of outdoor products, uses the ATMOS system for their Natrapel insect repellent, an EPA approved natural based insect repellent. "As a company that tries to market responsibly, we were searching for a way to keep chemicals out of our natural product, since historically repellants sell better in aerosol form," she said when asked why she preferred the ATMOS system. "We rolled out the product [using the ATMOS bottle] last summer and it did very well so now we are expanding it to other products." Tender markets the bottle under the "Eco-Spray" name.

"Green" packaging also can translate into better profits for companies according to a recent national Roper Poll on the environment. Three in ten American consumers have bought a product specifically because of green advertising or labeling, according to the Roper Poll.

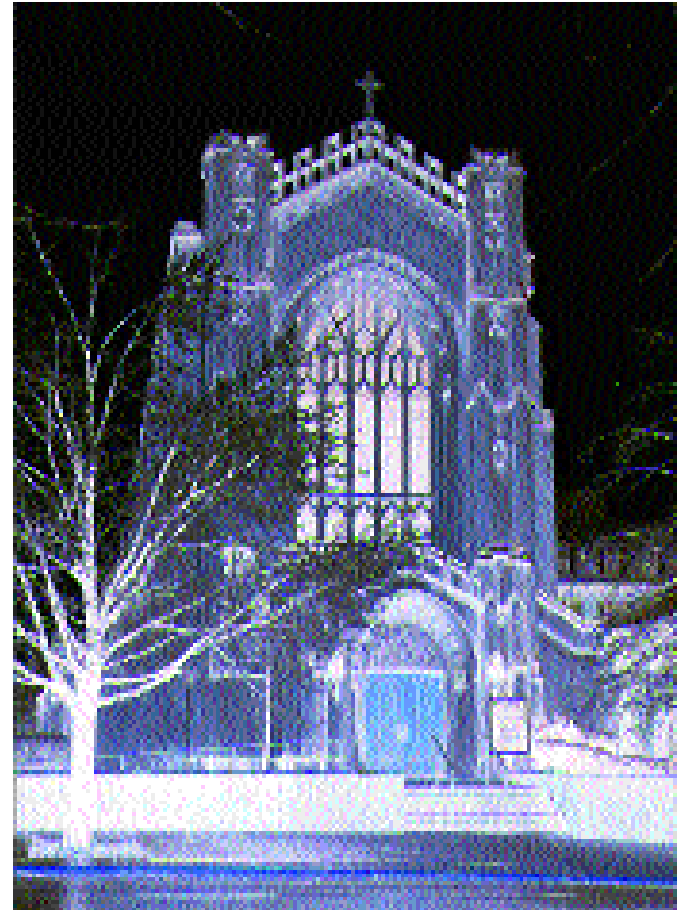
Eight in ten Americans would like to see the use of safe propellants required by law in all aerosol products, and 69% of the American public express concern about the destruction of the ozone layer.

Copyright 1991, Don Rittner • Don Rittner is the author of EcoLinking: Everyone's Guide to Online Information (Peachpit Press), a columnist for Environment News Service, and Host of America Online's Environmental Forum. uploaded from reuters on america online.





cc0d



cc0d

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

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.

letters from war time

Dear Jeremy—

August 3

Hi!! How are you? I'm doing okay, but I'm really kind of bored. You see, I have a lot of work to do and all, but I really just don't feel like actually doing any of it. All I want to do is lay down in my bed and put my head on my shoulder, and feel you holding me.

Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that I am still thinking of you. Really. I want to see you in October. My money situation may be a little tougher than I had originally anticipated, but I still want to see you. Okay, I'll walk across the country to see you. That's probably the cheapest way to go. I'll find a way. Dreamy eyes misses you—

Dear Jeremy—

August 28

Hello... I'm bored again. It's not as if I only think of you when I am bored, honey... don't think that... It's just that I try not to allow myself the privilege of thinking about you too excessively when I have a lot of other things to do. Right now, it just so happens that even though I have a lot of things to think about, I can't help but think of you. Okay, okay, so I'm babbling again.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed your trip. I hope you didn't think that I was a crab for part of the trip— in fact, you were the one thing that made me feel better. You have a knack for doing that. Anyway, thanks for the flowers. And the meals... And everything. I really had a great time with you. I enjoyed sharing the champagne with you, and I really enjoyed sharing the grapes with you. Dreamy eyes already misses you. I don't want to have to resign myself to merely writing you letters again. I have to see you again soon. Okay, I'll drive. Well, maybe, if I can't afford a plane, I can take a train. Fine— I'll walk— just as long as I see you. dreamy eyes misses you—

Dear Jeremy—

September 1

Hi, honey. How are you? I'm okay— I talked to you last night, when you first found out about your ex-girlfriend's car accident. I want you to know that I really am sorry to hear about it all. I know that it has to hurt... a lot. I could just imagine what I'd be going through if something happened to my ex-boyfriend. I'm sure I'd be a wreck— crying all night would be just the beginning of it all. Wow. It would really be a messy sight, if someone I cared about was hurt, especially if I was all alone. Wow. Really messy. You better not let anything happen to yourself. I don't know what I would do.

And I want you to know that I think it's okay to talk about it— to talk about your ex-girlfriend— and even to me. First things first, Jeremy— I'm your friend. Don't you forget it. And if anything ever happens to us (which, by the way, I'm kind of hoping that nothing ever does happen to us— I'm beginning to grow attached to you, you know), I want you to always know that I will be your friend. You can talk to me, Jeremy— and that means about anything. The first thing that I'm concerned about is your happiness. So I'll listen. And you don't have to worry about hurting my feelings or putting any stress on us or on our

all of us are covered pits
there are no normal guys.
you stop
there are no normal guys.
of ecstasy and shame.

relationship, because— well, you're not. I really don't mind talking to you when you have a problem— that's what I'm here for. Even if I'm just listening to you talk about your ex-girlfriend... besides, right now you have a legitimate reason to want to talk to someone, or to have a shoulder to lean on. Actually, I only wish that I could be there to give you that shoulder to lean on, and not resign myself to merely trying to make you feel better by talking to you on the phone. I wish I could be there to make all of the hurt go away.

Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that. Dreamy eyes misses you. Misses you something fierce, Jeremy. Talk to you soon—

Donna—

September 9

I don't know, I just feel lonely. I get so insecure without a guy. Jeremy doesn't help when he's so far away. I want things to work out for us— I really do— but we've known each other for less than three months. I can't base any sort of future on that. I can't count on that. So I look for people like Eric, just to keep me occupied in the meantime. But that doesn't even seem to be working out... and, by the way, it's not because I'm thinking about Jeremy or anything. Something seems wrong at his end— I don't know, maybe he doesn't want a commitment, maybe he doesn't want to get too close... But then I start wondering if there is something wrong with me— I get the mentality that there has to be something wrong with me if someone doesn't like me. It has to be my fault. It gets depressing.

Anyway, I really should be going. Write back soon— I don't know when I'll be able to visit again—it may not be October, but January, but I will let you know. I would be very happy to see you again, honey... I could use it.

keep in touch—

p.s....Yeah, things were good when Jeremy was here. We had a few little arguments in the last two days— I think it was because we in such confined living quarters and spent nearly every moment together for so long (how does the saying go—guests are like fish— they both get old after three days?). But it was so nice to feel like I was actually worth something for a couple of days. What a refreshing, comforting feeling...what a foreign feeling...

Dear Jeremy—

September 10

Hello, honey... how are you? I'm all right... It's 7:50 in the morning, I got up early just so that I could write you a letter and send it out in the mail today, so that you wouldn't feel like you weren't getting much mail... hint hint...

Anyway, there was actually a reason that I wanted to write you a letter this morning. I got to thinking last night... granted, I've only had three hours of sleep last night, and I'm kind of weary, but I got to thinking last night. About you. And me. And this whole distance thing— okay, I know that we both want to give this a good try— at least I know that I do. But I've been in these long distance relationships before, and I've been trying to figure out for the life of me what I've been doing wrong in all of them (obviously I've been doing something wrong in all of them, or they wouldn't all be over with now...). Now, you'll agree that long distance relationships are pretty unorthodox, and therefore probably require pretty unorthodox rules to go by in order for them to work... Well, I probably sound like I have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about, and that I

have no backbone

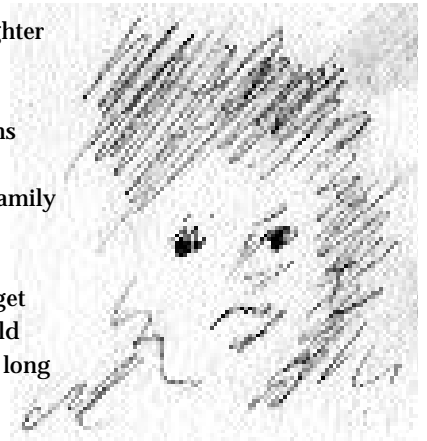
I tried to put on the show for you
but no matter how good an actress is
she cannot become her part
I tried to show I loved you
I tried to act as if I cared
but I really didn't give a damn
not about you
and so I hid it
I hid my feelings
suppressed my emotions
and I acted like your daughter

I feel nothing
so I go through the motions
and it hurts me to think
that I really don't have a family

the flashbacks kill me
and so I do my best to forget
and to smile when I am told
but I can only smile for so long
when I really want to cry
and I really want to leave

but the thought of the curtain closing
hurts me more
than playing the part
so don't worry
the role is still filled
for as long as I do not have a backbone
and as long as I do not have a family
I will act

gabriel athens



chess game again

we all watched the case on the news together, the case where a man on a subway train opened fire on passengers in the car. nine people dead, i think.

they caught the man, they had their trial, and by right he could have a lawyer appointed to him. but no, he wanted to act as his own attorney. so every

day he would come into the courtroom in his suit, looking professional, and he would question each of the witnesses, the people that survived his shooting

spree and now had to look him in the eye and answer his questions. "so what happened then?" he would ask, and a woman would answer, "i saw you push

the woman to the ground, put your knee to her back and shoot her in the back of the head." "can you point out the man that did this?" he would ask, and

a man would respond, "it was you." some of the witnesses broke down under the emotional strain. and finally he had no further questions and the judge dismissed

the jury to arrive at a verdict. they found him guilty, and when the judge asked the defendant if he had any last words for the jury, he kept stressing his innocence,

and never apologized. the judge told him he was disgusted. he saw no remorse in the killer's eyes. and of all the violence we see in the media, all the court trials

that are fed to us through our television sets, our boxes of american dreams, i don't think any of us were prepared for this. how did those people feel, when

faced with the man that has brought them so much pain, how did they feel when they had to quietly sit there and answer his questions, when he didn't even say he was

sorry? most of them sat there trying to keep their composure when faced with a man who lost all control. this twisted tale. they were a pawn in his chess game again.

janet kuypers

have no point whatsoever. I'm working on it... I just think (now, this rational side of me talking, and surely not the emotional side of me that which is the side that will probably hit me on the head once I send this letter out) that maybe you and I shouldn't be so closed-minded about seeing other people. Maybe you're not... but I just started thinking that it's really unreasonable for me to think that you should be 2,000 miles away and totally faithful. You have needs, and there is no reason why I should interfere with you doing what you would be normally be doing if I wasn't in the picture.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I don't want you to be unhappy. I don't want you to be stringing yourself along because you feel compelled because "you're going out with someone"— even though she's 2000 miles away. I don't want you to feel burdened because of me. Granted, if you really don't want to go out with other people, please don't feel the urge to go out and screw some slut because you thought that that was what I wanted— I'm happy to know that you were waiting for me, it's just that I want to be sure— and I want you to be sure— that you're waiting for me because you want to be waiting for me.

I don't know. I guess I'm just babbling. I just don't want you to ever feel like I'm an inconvenience or anything. You're my baby. I don't want to lose you. Dreamy eyes misses you... something fierce. I just want you to be happy. A big part of me hopes you can find that happiness with me.. it may take a little more work to be happy, then, but I only hope it's worth it. I love you—

Dear Jeremy—

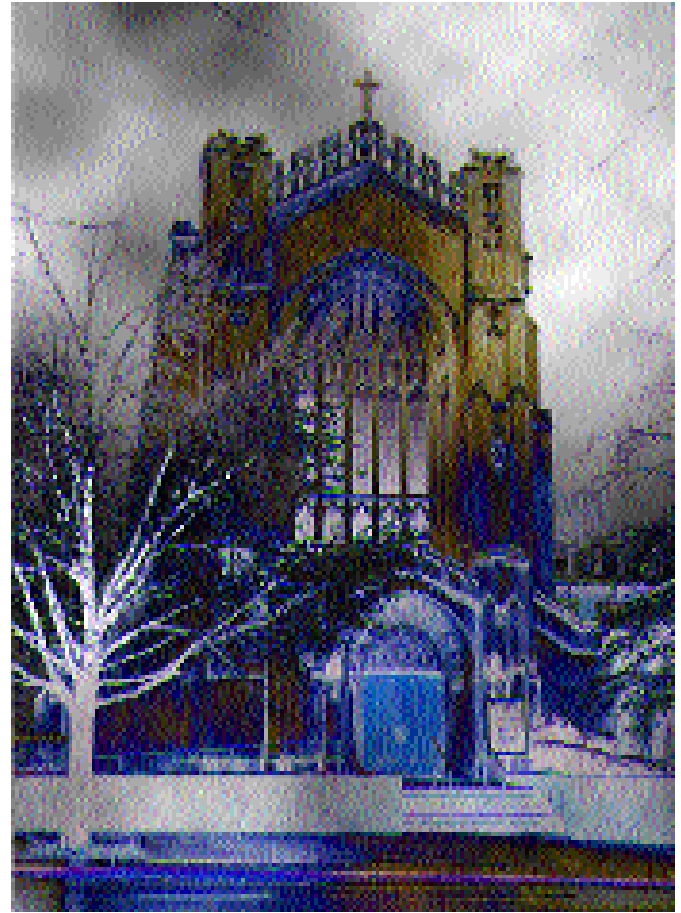
September 10

It is an hour before I'm supposed to talk to you. I decided that I had to get out of my sweat-box of an apartment, before I passed out from pure exhaustion from the heat... Granted, I've only had three hours of sleep, and that would be another reason that I would want to fall asleep before 1:00. I told you I wouldn't be asleep by the time you called tonight...even if it killed me. I know how you must just hate having to deal with talking to me on the phone when I'm nearly comatose... I know that usually a speeding train can go through my room when I'm asleep and it won't wake me up. I'm a really heavy sleeper, to say the least. Please forgive me.

I got a letter from you today— right after I dropped that other letter into mine in the mailbox. I feel like a real idiot for writing that letter— and I feel like an even bigger idiot for mailing that letter, even when I knew that mailing that letter was a stupid thing to do. Please take my mood swings with a grain of salt. With a fifty pound block of salt. No, this isn't PMS... this is just me. I go insane from time to time. For the last week I've been pretty much depressed and sad, and very tired. You know how I get down on myself so easily— well, I was just thinking that everything that was going wrong in my life was ALL MY FAULT, and it was just all of these inherent deficiencies within me that causes all of the problems that I seem to get in my life. Then for a few days I was pretty happy, kind of like a more content feeling than being joyously happy... I think it was partially because I was working full-time for a few days, and I was starting to feel a sense of accomplishment. I think it might also have had something to do with the fact that the weekend had sprung upon me, and I was free to go out and get plastered with my friends. Then this morning, I suppose after so little



cc@d



cc@d

a match

“I once set fire to my fingernail.

I wanted my finger to be a
human candle.”

She dropped another match into her glass.

The flame sizzled
in the drops of drink at the bottom.

She struck another match
at the side of the box. Kitchen matches.

Six or seven lay on the cocktail napkin,
ten more at the bottom of the glass.

In a corner booth, in this small club
the flame she aroused looked like
any other table light.

But the club was hers. She owned it
feet on the bench, knees bent.

Everything there focused on her
and the little piece of energy
she held.

Everything there was hers to abuse.
And she struck another match.

“An old flame used to say
that everyone is a pyro at heart.”
And she blushed.

“Yeah, I set my
fingernail on fire
as I was talking to someone.

It was a fake nail. The burning
plastic smelled.

But I didn't realize what I had done
until I felt the heat on my skin.”

Just then you could see the flame
dancing at her fingertip.

She shook the match. She dropped it in her glass.

alexandria rand



sleep, I went nuts. You would have thought that I just would have been overly tired or something— that would have made more sense— but I went to sleep after four in the morning, and by 7:40 I was up, dressed, and writing you a psycho letter. For the rest of the day I was going nuts, too— I was arguing with some people today, saying that they were the yuppie type that would have a kid and send them off to day care and expect some organization like the PMRC to regulate what their children can and cannot hear instead of regulating explaining these things to their children themselves. I was freaking out.

But now I think I've come back down to earth... Maybe it's just because of the lack of sleep that I'm experiencing right now... You know, my eyes are really sore. They've been open for far too long, without much of a break.

Anyway, I really should be going. If I don't end this letter soon, I'll miss your call. And hell, that's the whole damn reason why I'm staying up in the first place, right? Well, happy birthday, my love. I wish I could be there to share it with you. I love you. Dreamy eyes misses you.

Dear Jeremy—

September 14

Hi, honey... How are you? I'm okay— actually, I'm in a much better mood than I have been in recently... I just found out that I got the accreditation I wanted for my business... I mean, it's one thing to have a part-time job and make money the way that everyone always does, but it's entirely another thing to create your own business and set your own rates and make money ENTIRELY ON YOUR OWN. I don't have that much work yet, but I really don't have the time for much work— and the work that I'm doing is very easy for me and very fun, as well. For the time I'm putting into it, I'm making about \$20.00 an hour, and it's doing something that I really like...

So, in other words, at least for my business— things are going really well.

But I'd much rather be seeing you... which is what I want to do beginning of November. I first thought that it would be good to see you near the end of October, but then I realized that I have too much going on. I think it would be better to come and visit you on the first weekend of November. I hate to have to wait that long, but it really seems like the best thing to do.

But I know that I'm going to see you in January— if it kills me. Right after some of my Army friends' troops are sent out— I'm ~~going to~~ see you. I'm going to do it. I miss you, Jeremy. Dreamy eyes misses you. Various organs in my body miss you. I will see you soon— I love you—

Dear Tim—

September 16, about 7:00 p.m.

I miss you a lot. I really miss you. I don't know why. I have to admit that there is something that makes me miss you— a lot. Maybe you can explain it; maybe you can explain it to me.

Maybe I'm just babbling. That's probably it. I'll try to shut up now.

I hate men. I hate them all. I mean it. They're either geeks, or... either want to use you or they want to “just be friends”. Fuckers. I hate them all. I mean it. I can't find one, I mean ONE, out there. What is my problem?? I'm ugly, I know, but I didn't think I was THAT ugly. And plastic surgery is out of the question.

But I'm going to beat myself into a floundering pile of flesh if I continue to



talk this way. So I guess that this is all for now— I miss you—

p.s.: Do you know if Steve is going out with the first batch of troops? I never see him anymore. Maybe I should visit you guys in Iowa, just in case he's leaving.

Dear Jeremy—

September 16

Hi, honey... How are you?? How are you??? How is one of the sexiest men in the universe?? I'm feeling a little better, as you might be able to tell...

Sorry. I'm being really weird, aren't I?... Whatever. That's just my style. I went out last night... and I stayed out until after four in the morning. Ouch. I was out the night before, too— until after three. Shoot me now. It's weird, though— I never get hangovers. Not even a headache. It must be from all the sex I'm getting... JUST KIDDING!!! Geez— can't you take a joke? Actually, I've been getting pretty lonely over here, and horny as all hell. You better come and visit me.

Better yet— I'll come and visit you. How does the second we November sound? I just checked the rates, and they're about \$220. I think I could easily cover half of that— If you could cover the other half, I could come and visit. I hate to do this to you, but if I'm going to be taking two more trips before February, I'm going to have to save my money and really budget myself. I don't have a job where I know I'm going to get any money at all.

And if you can't come up with the money now (you know, that really makes it sound like a ransom or something), I can cover it for now, as long as you promise that you will eventually cover me. How does that sound??

Here are the pictures from when you came to visit. I thought some of them were cute, and I gave you extras of the ones of you so that you could give them to people like your mom or something. Mind you, I don't want you giving any of these pictures to any other women. I don't want anyone else to even have a photograph of you to admire.

Anyway— I should probably get going. Dreamy eyes misses you. Write me soon— and if you want, I really don't mind if we limit the calls for financial purposes. Actually, I do mind, but I also understand. I just need the occasional reminder that you still care about me. I love you— keep in touch—

Dear Jeremy—

September 20

Hello, darling.

I'm in a weird mood. Last night— after I talked to you— my friend Christine came over and we had dinner. She's the type of friend with whom I

continued in the next issue...

shannon peppers

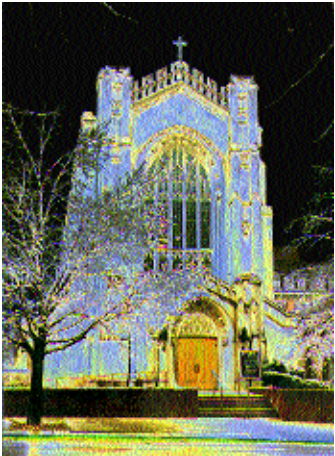
cc@d

the explanation

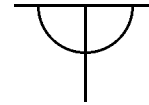
so i figured i'd have to write out information that our readers might want to know in the form of a poem, since they seldom look over the ads. ha! i got you, you thought you were reading a poem, when it's actually the dreaded advertising. but wait - you'll actually want to read this, i think. Okay, it's 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 60647-2559. 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! Now, if you're also interested, there are two books available through scars publications: one is called "hope chest in the attic" and the other is called "the window." 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. 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. two dollars would cover the cost of printing and shipping. oh, and four dollars would cover back issues of cc+d or chapbooks. and make those checks payable to me, of course, janet kuypers. gifts are always appreciated as well. just kidding. and for you people out there with magazines, just keep in mind that we here at cc+d are more than happy to run ad pages for you, if you'll do the same for us. seems pretty fair. is that all? yeah, i think that's pretty much it. now for the real poetry...

leaving for work

you're walking down the street, it's morning, and a man tries to mug you with a knife. it's a nice street, you're thinking, there's no litter here. their garbage day is the same as your sister's in the suburbs. how strange. you pause, don't know how to react to this mugger-guy, and another guy walks up behind you, another regular joe, he's not with the mugger-guy, trying to jump you, he's just walking down the street, probably on his way to work, like you, so then the mugger-guy tries to mug him too. so the other guy pulls a gun, this regular joe, and then a lady from a house on the street calls 911. and you're thinking to yourself, why does this regular joe have a gun? and who should you be more scared of now? is any of this real? it almost seems like tv. then the police come in two minutes, you're safe then, and the mugger-guy is still there and the regular joe with the gun is keeping him there by holding the gun to him, and so then you're talking to one of the officers. and then the other officer on the scene sees the mugger-guy stab the regular joe, the guy with the gun, and then tries to wrestle for the gun. the mugger-guy then shoots the guy with the gun while in the struggle, then the cop, the other cop, shoots and kills the mugger. and you're just standing there, on the street, less than ten feet away from all of this. all of this just happened on the street, right in front of you. you didn't even get to say a word. who is dead? who is alive? what just happened? are you scared? this is america, you think, and you don't know whether to laugh or cry. then you hear a car engine start, and you look and just a few cars away a person is leaving for work.



janet kuypers



mark blickley

alan catlin

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!

robert kimm

janet kuypers

era mcguirt

carol miller

john sweet

ben ohmart

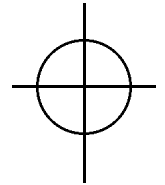
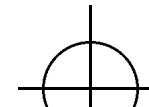
gary a. scheinoha

john sweet

the nineteen ninety five
poetry chapbook series
cheryl howsend

paul weinman

mary winters



paper

park
bench
paper
pigeons
watch you
glasses
legs
hiding
know
you
name
face
bench
newspaper
footsteps
story
here
made
move
bench
aloof
sat
away
paper
eyes
burned
pages
breath
streaming
body.
eyelids
open
close
heat
radiated
paper
you
gone

ring

ring
vows
memory
fail you
foreign
frightening
exciting

name

care
ring
thought
behind
dresser
see
tonight

resigned
forgot
with
you
lost
in
you
remember
myself

poems by
gabriel
athens

under-
stand

down
in
understand
different

day
life
interrogation
face

change

will

break

day
battle
silence
me

beg
cry
conform
type
them
those

understand
learn

respect
human
me



more viruses in meat

By Mike Cooper

ATLANTA, July 13 (Reuter) - Federal health officials reported Thursday the first outbreak of food poisoning linked to another strain of the bacteria that caused hundreds of people to become ill after eating contaminated hamburgers in 1993.

There were 11 confirmed and eight suspected illnesses from the new strain of E. coli bacteria during an outbreak in Helena, Montana, last year, the U.S. Centres for Disease Control & Prevention (CDC) said.

It is the first time an outbreak has been caused by a different strain of E. coli than the one that caused food poisoning in the western U.S. two years ago, the CDC said. Three children died in that outbreak and about 500 people became ill.

Dr. David Swerdlow, a medical epidemiologist in the CDC's National Centre for Infectious Diseases, said researchers are concerned to find that another strain of E. coli also has the potential to cause nausea, vomiting, abdominal cramps, diarrhoea and fever.

“At this point, we don't know how common this is,” he said.

The illnesses were linked to milk from a dairy plant where pipes that carried pasteurized milk to individual bottles were contaminated.

E. coli bacteria are commonly found in the intestines of cattle. Swerdlow speculated that a small amount of bacteria may have escaped the pasteurization process and multiplied in the dairy plant's pipes.

He said that if health care workers see a cluster of cases of people with bloody diarrhoea, they should consider other forms of E. coli bacteria if they have ruled out the strain that most commonly causes illness through undercooked ground beef.

The most common E. coli strain is identified as O157, while the new strain is called O104. The new strain was identified in the Montana outbreak by a former CDC epidemiologist who worked at a hospital where four people received treatment for their illness.



submit

Children, Churches and Daddies
poetry, prose, and art work to Scars Publications
Janet Kuypers, Managing Editor
3255 West Belden, Suite #3E
Chicago, Illinois 60647-2559

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



submit

Children, Churches and Daddies
poetry, prose, and art work to Scars Publications
Janet Kuypers, Managing Editor
3255 West Belden, Suite #3E
Chicago, Illinois 60647-2559

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

i listen

It always seems when we're together
you ramble on and on
and I just sit and listen.
You've often asked me why I don't talk as much,
or why I bother to listen to you.
I want to tell you why.

I like to hear your voice.
Your accent turns me on.
And every once in a while
you say something that I like to hear.
I like to watch the look in your eye
when you talk.
I like the emotion that wells up inside you.
There are two tiny little candle flames—
one in each of your eyes.
They flicker they jump
from one subject to the next.
The flame in your eye is hypnotizing.
Your emotion stirs me
and the love you possess
moves me to tears.

Besides,
I don't have to say anything.
I am content with merely
looking at your face and hearing your voice.
I, like you, can tell you how I feel
without saying a word.

alexandria rand



The maturity is coming
it's raising its ugly head
with your expectations.
Your wanting to pass
into another level you call
a "deepening relationship."

But for me
I never wanted to go beyond
just saying those words
"I love you."
No more.

To me, it's only a line
to come out on top
of where I want to be.
On you.



cc@d



cc@d

worthless

hitting you
isn't enough
anymore

i need the words
to make you

worthless
in your own eyes

to make you
mine

understand this

john
sweet
sweet
john



back then

way back

when i used to kiss

you

severely

continuously

my lips would grow

chapped

calloused

even

**but now I kiss only
this cigarette**

**that kisses me back
it sticks
then pulls**

away pieces of the living skin

on my

useless

dead

lips

mark senkus

gas stations and gun shops

there are more gun dealers
in america
than gas stations

in california, more children
are killed by guns
than by car accidents

the rate of violent crimes
went down last year, but
the number of deaths
by guns increased

gun shot wounds
to people under sixteen
doubled
in the past three years

a young person
commits suicide with
a handgun
every eight hours

five hundred thirty-eight of
four thousand, nine hundred
ninety-eight
gunshot deaths last year
were accidental

my niece was over
at her grandparent's house
she saw a rifle

sitting on the hallway floor

and she said to me,
hey, that's a gun
and i told her
not to touch it

guns scare me
but she was fascinated

and i was more scared

there are more gun dealers
in america
than gas stations

janet kuypers

this will seem

i know
this will seem mean
but every morning
just before

i wake you
when we
have slept
together

i thank you
as a stranger
that i've left
my last
disguised as love
lead me into
another

embarrassment
loaded with
promises
plentiful

plenty of
lies to have
my way
with your body

with my
power

but then
when i wake
i keep my eyes
shut

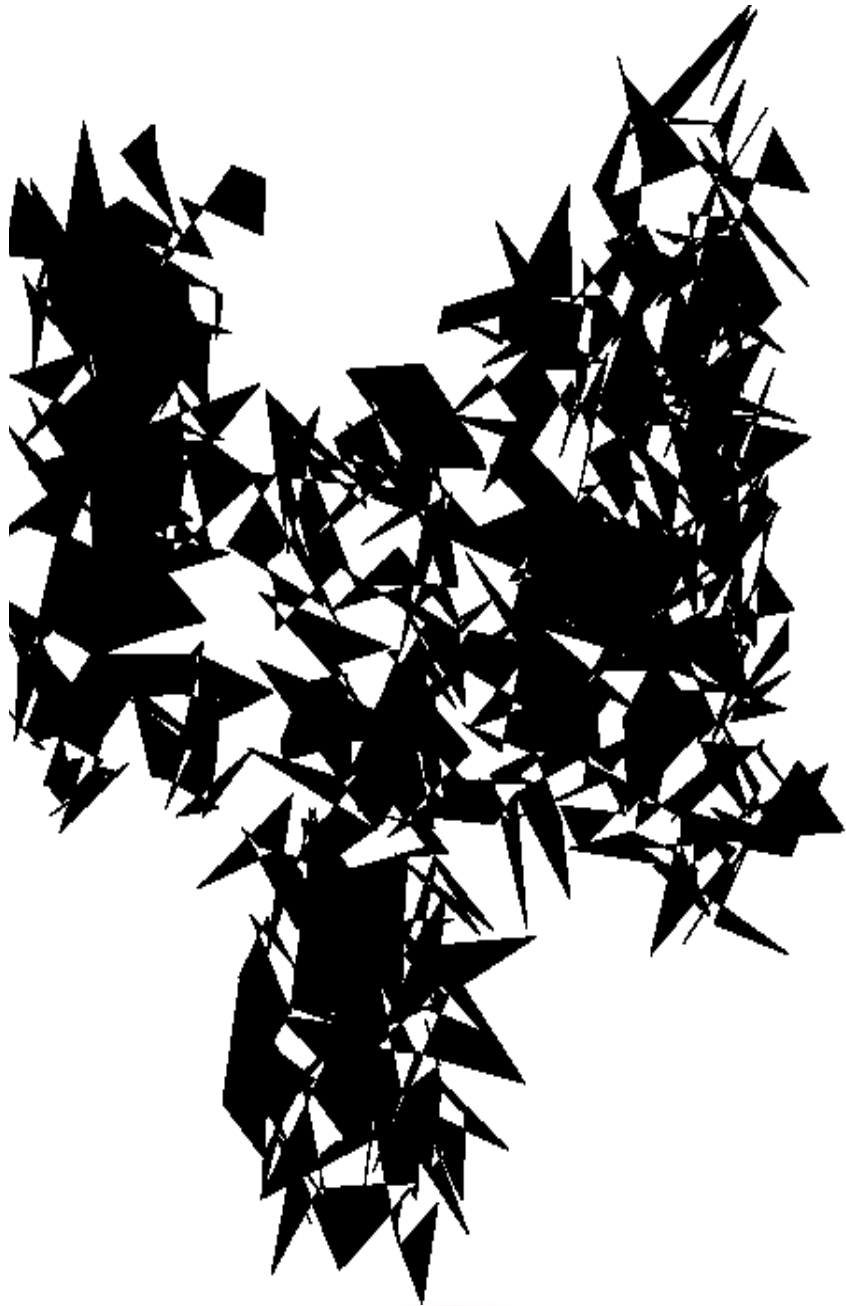
tell me
that you are
there

and then
when you are
i have to

remember
reconstruct
concoct
my lines to get

out unbound
to leave free
of your anger
to leave openings
for next time

Paul Wehrman
(adapted from
"this may sound")



FIRST DAY

“Why do I have to go to school, Mother?” I asked, as she pulled another tray of hot peanut butter cookies from the oven.

“We’ve been through this before, Ned. You promised me last week you weren’t gonna fuss about school anymore.”

“That was last week.”

“You’re going to school on Monday and that’s that.”

“But...”

“But nothing. If you’re gonna whine all day, then you can just go to your room and stay there until Daddy comes home.”

I ran upstairs, threw myself on the bed and kicked the mattress with both feet. Why didn’t she understand? I didn’t have to go to school, I already knew everything. I could count to twenty, color picture books, and recite the alphabet.

Daddy didn’t understand either. He told me, “First grade is the first step on the ladder of learning and second grade is the second step. You’ve got to take one step at a time to get to the top. And the first grade is the most important, especially since you didn’t go to kindergarten.”

Learning was important, I knew that, but I wanted to have fun, too. Most days, I played down by the creek with the Smith boys. Other days I chased squirrels and rabbits in the woods, walked to Chester’s farm and watched him feed his chickens and pigs. Other times, I played hide-and-seek, and read picture books. The oldest Smith boy, Billy, who was in the second grade, told me he didn’t have fun in first grade. Then why should I go to school and spoil all my fun?

Most of all, I’d miss Mother. What if I fell and hurt my knee in school? Where would I go for a kiss and a Band-aid to make it feel better? Or what if I twisted an ankle or stepped on a hard rock? Who would fix my footbath to soak the hurt away?

What if I got hungry between meals? Didn’t she know I liked talking to her while I ate my cookies? And on cold, rainy days when I got an earache, who would put the warm olive oil in my ear and read to me? Who would wake me from my nap? Who would I show my drawings to? Tell my stories to?

Daddy burst into my room in the middle of my daydream. “Hey, big boy, I thought you promised Mother you’d go to school on Monday?”

“That was last week.”

“Well, how about this week?”

“I’ll go,” I said in a low voice. It wouldn’t do any good to argue, he’d just tell me about the learning ladder all over again.

“Rise and shine, sleepy-head,” Mother murmured in my ear as she bent

over my bed. "It's the first day of school and you can't be late."

"I'm not going."

"Ned! You promised. Only last night you said you'd go to school all by yourself."

"That was last night."

"You're impossible. Put on your new shirt and pants and come downstairs. I've fixed you pancakes for breakfast."

"I don't wanna eat. I'm sick."

"You're not sick. You're just trying to get out of going to school. I'll expect you at the table in ten minutes." Mother frowned and slammed the door to my room.

Mother still didn't understand. Maybe...just maybe...if I made a fuss she'd change her mind. After dressing, I sat on the bed until Mother called. "Ned, your pancakes are getting cold. Come down to the table this minute."

I slid into my kitchen chair and stared at the pancakes piled high on my plate.

"You get it into your little head that you're going to school today," she warned. "So you better eat now or you're gonna be mighty hungry by noon. And hurry it up, you're leaving in fifteen minutes."

Mother busied herself in the kitchen like she always did. I stared at everything but the hot, syrupy pancakes in front of me. They looked yummy but I didn't touch them.

Mother yanked me away from the table, stood me up and handed me my school box. "In the box you'll find your lunch, your school bag, and crayons."

She nudged me outside the house. "Okay, it's time for you to show me you're a big boy. The school's only ten minutes down the road. You've walked there many times with Daddy. And you've met your teacher. So, off you go. I'll watch you all the way there."

Mother went back inside, and I stood where she left me on the front walk. Several minutes later she saw me through the screen door and yelled, "Ned, you're late already. Get a move on or I'll get your spanking switch."

Uh-oh, what am I gonna do now? Soon, she was back outside slapping the switch against her leg. She stepped toward me and I backed up to the gate. She lunged at me, and I slipped through the gate onto the road. I shouted at her, "I don't know anybody at school."

"You'll meet new friends. Now get going before I come after you with this switch."

I didn't move. She moved closer and I backed away. She fixed her eyes on me and slapped the switch even faster. "You're going to school even if I have to chase you all the way there. Now get going before I lose my patience."

"Can't you see I'm sick. My face is red, and I'm hot all over," which was

no lie because I was burning up. "You're just making me sicker."

"You're not sick," she replied, and then she stormed straight at me. I quick-stepped backward and, every once in a while, turned around and ran ahead so she couldn't catch me. When she stopped, I stopped. When she stepped forward, I stepped backward. It went that way all the way to school. Once there, she yelled, "You get in that school this minute, or you can forget about going out to play ever again. You hear me! Get in that school!"

With salty tears running down my hot cheeks, I screamed, "I'm gonna get real sick and die, and it's all your fault." I turned and fled into the school.

"Boys and girls, say hello to Ned."

"Hi, Ned," they shouted in unison.

"Let's see," the teacher said, "there's a place for you back there with Charlotte and Virginia."

The teacher nudged me and I took a seat next to a frizzy-headed girl with a gap-toothed smile. "Hi, I'm Virginia but you can call me Ginny, that's what my brothers call me. I lost my teeth in a fight with my youngest brother, although Momma says I would've lost them anyway. I beat him up, too, and he's a year older."

Girls can't fight, that's what Billy Smith always said. She had to be fibbing, so I asked, "You know how to wrestle?"

"Sure do. I'll wrestle you at recess."

The teacher clapped her hands and announced, "Okay, boys and girls, I want you to do your first exercise. On your desk you'll find a piece of paper, I want you to print your first name on the top and the numbers one through ten on the bottom. Do the very best you can. When you're finished raise your hand."

I wrote what she asked and shot my hand up. I beat everybody. I sat on my hands until the other kids finished. Just like Billy said, first grade was for dumb kids. When Ginny finished she whispered, "How did you learn to print so fast?"

"My daddy taught me. I already know this stuff. My mother made me come here."

"Do you know arith...metic?"

"Arithmetic?"

"You know, add and subtract."

"Oh, yeah, I know that," I said, not really knowing for sure about arithmetic. I'd have to ask Daddy.

"Okay, children, tomorrow we'll review your ABCs; today let's review numbers. I'm gonna hold up a card with a number on it — it's called a flash card — and as soon as you see it, I want you to say the number."

The teacher didn't trick me none, I was always the first to shout out the number. A lot of kids like Ginny didn't even know big numbers like nine and ten.

Ginny poked me and said, "If you teach me big numbers, I'll show you how to wrestle."

"I already know how to wrestle."

"Not as good as me."

"Gooder than you."

"We'll see at recess."

"Okay, children," the teacher said, "let's sing some songs. How many know Mary Had a Little Lamb?"

In between songs I asked Ginny, "What do we do at recess?"

"Play."

"Really? Can we play anything we want? Like hide-and-seek?"

"Uh-huh. And wrestle, too."

The teacher walked to the door and said, "It's time for recess. Form a line behind me and we'll march outside."

Once outside, I joined some boys and raced them across the playground and, because Daddy taught me how to run fast, I beat them all. Funny, nobody told me we played at school, not even Billy.

I paused to catch my breath and Ginny jumped on my back. We toppled to the ground and, before I knew it, she had me pinned.

"Say Uncle and I'll let you up."

"Uncle!" I yelled. When she let loose, I jumped up and grabbed her from behind like Billy always did to me.

"Now, you say Uncle."

"Nope," she said, so I squeezed harder.

"Unc-unc," Ginny whispered.

I didn't get an Uncle because the teacher slipped up behind and pulled us apart. "Ned! We don't fight in first grade, especially with girls. Virginia, are you hurt?"

"We were just playing. I wrestle with my brothers all the time."

"Well now," the teacher said, wagging her finger at both of us, "no more tussling in school. Children, form a line. Recess is over."

After recess, we smeared finger paint on paper. Ginny made finger flowers, and I made a dark sky with Mr. Moon and his friends, the stars. Then it was time for lunch and, BOY, was I hungry.

"Whaddya got in your box?" Ginny asked.

I opened the box, unwrapped the wax paper and found a jelly sandwich, an apple, and a piece of raisin pie.

Ginny's eyes lit up. "Oooh, I'll trade you my chocolate milk for your pie."

Since I hated raisins and loved chocolate, I traded right away. Ginny gave me half of her cheese sandwich because I was so hungry.

When it was nap time, we went to the cloak room and picked out a little

nap rug. Ginny and I put our rugs next to each other and pretended to sleep. We made funny faces at each other while the other kids slept. After nap, we cut circles and squares out of red paper and pasted them on manila paper. We licked the paste 'cause it smelled so good. The teacher caught us and told us never to do it again or we'd get real sick.

Instead of wrestling during the afternoon recess, Ginny and I played kick the ball with the other kids. Later, in the school room, we played a music game — we jumped when the teacher said jump and waved when she said wave. Then we held hands and circled to the music. I tickled Ginny's hand and she tickled me back.

When it was time to go home, the teacher asked us, "Did you have fun today?"

"Yes," we shouted together.

"Did you learn a lot today?"

"Yesssss!"

"Well, that's what we're going to do everyday. Have fun and learn.

"Before we go home, I want each of you to think about something you can make together with your group and tell me what you decide. We'll talk more about it tomorrow. Okay, form a line and we'll walk — not run — to the front door. See you tomorrow."

Outside, Ginny asked me, "What do you want to make?"

"I don't know. I've made a sand castle at the ocean and tinker toy things, but the funnest thing I ever made was a fort down by the creek with the Smith boys."

"A fort, a fort," Ginny sang, "Oh, goody, I'll tell Charlotte. I hope the teacher will let us do it."

"Well, I gotta go home, Ginny."

"You don't wanna wrestle?"

"The teacher told me it wasn't nice to wrestle girls."

"But I'm like a boy."

"Yeah, I know. See you tomorrow."

I thought about school all the way home. School wasn't bad like Billy said. Maybe he had a mean teacher and didn't make any new friends. I had fun and made a new friend. And I learned things, too. Funny, I never once thought of Mother.

I slammed the screen door and Mother said, "Well, how was school?"

"Okay. We finger painted, sang songs, and played. We learned stuff, too. And...and Ginny and I are going to make a fort."

"My, my. You sure don't sound like the boy I heard this morning."

"That was this morning."

Edward Allan Faine