

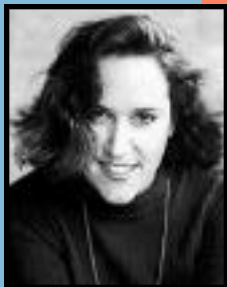
the non-religious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

ISSN 1068-5154

children *churches* & daddies



volume
65



edit editorial

saw a video tape released by a paper mill recently... there was a scene of a forest, with half of the trees chopped down, and a huge reactor was there with two claw arms. one would reach over and pick up a chopped-down tree by the trunk. the other claw would wrap around the trunk, then glide up the trunk to the top of the tree and rip off all of the branches in one fell swoop.

yes, technology is great, but the destruction of that tree seemed all too fast.

i'd just like to remind everyone that we can save on paper with this magazine by picking up your copy on line through the scars site, and you could get copies e-mailed to you if you ask us at ccandd96@aol.com...

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?



Dark Heaven

“Are you the guardian of this boy?” Officer Pritchett was holding a pad and pen. Stacey nodded.

“His name is Keith Shamburg. Is that correct?” She shook her head no.

“Keith Schaumburg,” she said.
“Your name please?”
She cleared her throat.

“Schaumburg. Same as his. The first name is Stacey.” Pritchett asked her to spell the last name. It was a proud name Nitro left to the family, Keith thought. Why was it so easily butchered, he wondered.

Dusk painted his mother in shadows that autumn evening as Keith studied her faint outline on the old cracked concrete porch. She was standing with her arms folded across her chest looking off at the first stars.

The fifteen year old brushed long brown hair back from his eyes and looked at Officer Pritchett standing next to him in the thick moist grass. He heard a squirrel dart through dry leaves in the iris bed near the squad car. The car radio buzzed and squawked from inside.

“Ma’am, your son was apprehended this evening building a fire over in the vacant field next to the residence of Mr. Robert Fleischer.”

Keith smelled the smoke in his shirt. He remembered the angry old man shouting at him across the field from behind the high fence. He was like a rabid attack dog. He opened a gate and raced across the field screaming and shaking his fists.

“Well, I’m sorry to hear that.”

His mother’s voice seemed far away as she continued to look at the sky.

“Mrs. Schaumburg, your son has been observed starting fires on three occasions this month. It poses a serious hazard to all the homes nearby. The airborne sparks...”

Keith remembered Nitro from a long time ago. There were his bright eyes and his face aglow with laughter.

“... If he gets caught doing this again, your son will be taken into custody. He will be referred to juvenile authorities and may have to spend time in detention.” The Officer looked over at the boy.

“Is that clear?”

Keith nodded and looked at the ground, kicking at the grass nervously. Officer Pritchett finally finished making notes on the pad and went to his car. The boy watched intently as the car rolled in reverse down the long gravel drive. The tires crunched over the gravel, static radio voices squawked across the yard and the car pulled away.

Keith turned to face his mother. She was silent for a long while and would not

look at him. Her face was grainy and filled with tired middle aged creases.

“You better go to your room son.”

He wished she were furious with him. He wondered what her wrath would feel like. He knew she had her mind on other things. She was always sad about something, he thought. It was something deep, something she would not say. She just never talked to him.

Keith dug his hands into the pockets of his jeans. He sighed and swung his foot across the grass like a sickle. Finally he jogged up the steps and onto the porch.

Quickly, he darted past her and whipped open the screen door. The house was as dark as a cave. Groping in the hallway, he could see the door to his mother's room was slightly ajar. He pushed it open and looked in.

A high intensity lamp hovered brightly over a stack of 3 pillows against the headboard on the bed. Keith noted the open Bible laying face down on the bed near the pillows. Then he looked across the room at the string of three framed family photos lining the top of the dresser. He was familiar with them. On the left was a picture of Nitro in his twenties. He looked down at the camera from a stage. He held an electric guitar with one hand in the strum position and the other high up on the neck. His fingers were curled over the strings. His shoulder length dark brown hair was thick. It was parted at the middle, and his bushy mustache covered his upper lip.

Written across the photo in ink was his stage name.

Keith thought it was a radical stage name and he liked the way his dad's eyes burned brightly. The photo was taken back in '68 at a club in St. Louis with the rock band Electric Winter. Nitro must have played a mean lead guitar, he thought. He had so much energy to work construction during the day and explode on stage every night.

Next to the photo of Nitro were pictures of his two brothers. The one of his older brother Joseph was a school picture taken a few years ago for the senior year book. The other showed Randy - his younger brother standing bare chested and waist deep in a swimming pool.

Keith felt a vague weariness and he sighed deeply. It was like being lost in the woods for days. The smokey smell of his shirt filled his nostrils. It was good to have the memory of fire stick to him, he thought. Standing at the edge of the bed, he snatched up the Bible. He didn't know why, but he started leafing frenetically through the pages.

Keith flipped back to the first page of the Bible. The title read:

The first book of Moses, called Genesis.

It was in large bold type centered at the top of the page.

He never read the Bible and couldn't imagine why it would interest anyone. He thought of boring sermons and dull church hymns like those he'd been forced to sit through at First Christian.

His eyes wandered down the page until they were caught by a curious line.

The boy looked over at the high intensity lamp. Could any of this really be true, he

wondered. It was just words, he decided. He snapped the book closed and tossed it on the bed.

In his own bedroom, he switched the light on and remembered the cat's-eye. It should still be in his desk drawer. At the desk he jerked open the center drawer.

There was the large blue marble knocking around between the papers and junk. It popped loudly like a pinball against the hollow wooden sides.

He caught it and held it up, his face conveying reverence. It was a sparkling sphere of translucent agate about the size of a shooter.

The cat's-eye glistened as he held it up to the light. In its center there ran a ripple of green that shimmered as he turned it. The ripple allowed him to view objects in the room in refracted light.

Keith would never forget that evening of his sixth birthday. It was the dream night he spent with Nitro at the carnival. Nitro gave him the cat's-eye that night, and told him it would keep them together forever. The boy must never lose it. One day it could make him safe.

On the day he learned of Nitro's death he held the cat's-eye tightly. Keith was only seven then, and he remembered the feeling that Nitro was still there. "Why did he have to die?"

Keith often blurted things out when he was in his room.

They said it was from a cocaine overdose, he recalled.

The doctors determined that it was a heart attack brought on by the drugs. It even made the papers. The article mentioned that he once played guitar with Jim Morrison and Jerry Garcia.

It changed Mother too, he thought. She cried a lot and stopped talking to him.

Keith wondered if maybe he had driven Nitro to use cocaine. Maybe that's what killed him. Maybe she knew it.

He stepped over near his bed and threw himself on it. His body bounced on the soft mattress. Sitting up, he studied the cat's-eye in his palm. Then he closed his eyes. He wished he knew more about him. He wanted to talk to him again, to tell him he was sorry for everything. Nitro would listen. Maybe they could be partners again!

Rocket powered Nitro danced and soared. He leaped and screamed under the hot lights across the stage. Keith was small again and the Nitro man carried him on his shoulders. Nitro sang and told him a story and Keith knew he was safe.

There were the Nitro hands covered with black grease when he tore apart his motorcycle in the garage. They wrapped around him, holding him close. Keith could feel their memory on his ribs, firm and warm.

There they were together in the carnival night riding the bumper cars. Nitro laughed like a dog's howl as the car slammed head on spinning to slam again in another direction. Keith's hard laugh got trapped in his throat like a big stone. Nitro's face glowed in the light and faded in the shadow on the Ferris Wheel. Keith heard carousel music blare and tasted the buttered popcorn.

They were partners riding inside the roar of the roller coaster, driving free and sav-

age through the black sky. They merged with the bursting, with the trajectory of the fireworks. They were rising, then descending and brushing the face of the sky. They were holding each other so close and knowing they were together forever. Keith opened his eyes and looked around his room as though he were surprised that he was still in the same place. The cat's-eye was still in his palm. It felt warm and moist with his sweat. He slipped it into the pocket of his jeans.

At Stevens High School the lunch bell echoed through the halls the next day. Keith's stomach growled as he waited in the long line extending from the cafeteria out into the hallway.

He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet to count his cash. He spotted the small pack of matches which he always kept there. He removed the pack, wedging it between his lips. Then he leafed briskly through the bills. There were 5 singles. He was in good shape to cover lunch including snacks for most of the rest of the week, he thought.

Keith looked up the line through the doorway to the cafeteria. He noticed Dawn Kateman slip out of line some distance ahead. He inserted the matches back in his wallet. She was instructing another girl to save her spot in line.

Suddenly she was looking directly at Keith. She was taking steps in his direction! He stopped breathing. Dawn's bleach blond hair and clear blue eyes shined so brightly. Keith had a secret fantasy about kissing her on the lips. What could she want, he wondered in terror. He quickly shifted his eyes to the floor.

Keith had never even said hello to her before. How could he speak to such a girl? She was a goddess from another world and he'd seen her talking to older guys, guys who were seniors.

Then she was practically in front of him. Beautiful Dawn was standing near enough to touch him. Sweat broke out on his palms as he waited for her to speak. She said hello but Keith was unable to reply.

"Say, isn't your name Keith Schaumburg?"

He was stunned. She even knew his name. Finally he realized it was his turn to speak.

"Yes ma'am...I mean... that's me."

His words were so stupid, he thought. He knew he'd blown it. He was cellophane to her eyes.

"I've noticed how you watch me in study hall," Dawn continued.

"Oh that. Oh don't worry about that. It don't mean nothin'. I mean...it's not like I'm a pervert."

He should never have used pervert, he thought. He wished he could start over.

"Maybe you should try asking me out sometime."

Dawn grinned broadly, tilting her head and watching his eyes from an angle. Her words spilled from her lips so easily, he thought. They seemed to penetrate his chest. His heart pounded heavily.

Had he really heard her right? Keith had never dated anyone before. He wondered what happened on dates. He felt incapable of shaping words with his mouth. It

was like getting a shot of novocaine in his face. Only it was more scary than that. “Y-Y-Ya, Ya sure. It’s in the works. I-I mean I’ll do it. I’ll try it, I mean I’ll give it a try.”

Dawn laughed at him. She knew he was a moron, he thought.

“Say Keith, I’m really busted. Can you like..., loan me a few?”

The boy wasn’t paying attention to her sudden shift in conversation. He was getting dizzy.

“I’m really starvin’ and I need to buy some cigarettes for the week. I’ll pay you back. I promise!”

Her eyes turned baby round.

Keith quickly reached for his wallet and opened it in front of her. Dawn peered in.

He pulled out the pack of matches as he plucked several bills from his wallet.

“Do you smoke?” she said.

Keith realized she was looking at the matches. He blushed as he stuck them back in the wallet.

“Sometimes. Not that often. Here, how about three dollars. Is three enough?”

He held out the money. “Well, Keith sweetie, can I get a couple more?”

“Oh well, sure. I guess so. I wasn’t hungry anyway. Here’s two more dollars.

That’s all I have, sorry. I-I wish it could be more.”

Keith probed her face to see if she was mad.

“Thanks. This will really help. I’ll pay you back for sure. I promise!”

Dawn clasped the money and turned around swiftly. She raced back to the spot up the line which was still being saved by her girl friend.

Keith watched her intently savoring everything about the moment. This truly beautiful girl was interested in him! He wondered what it meant. He knew now that she was able to look past his stupid garbled speech. He knew now that he was in love with Dawn. He would skip a million lunches for that.

At the final bell, Keith sped down the front steps of the school and onto the street.

His mind drifted back to Dawn and all the wonderful ways she had of looking at him. His growling stomach reminded him of candy bars at the Quick Stop.

Reaching into both pockets for change, his left hand fingered the cat’s-eye. A grin spread over his face. Nitro was always with him, he thought. Digging deeper he felt a load of change in each pocket.

The boy saw a big crowd through the windows of the Quick Stop. A line of customers stood waiting at the front counter while others milled up and down the aisles.

An animated cashier struck keys on a cash register at top speed. Keith noticed cars whip in and out of parking spaces as he entered the store. It was almost like a fast forward video, he thought.

He drifted down a long aisle of snacks grabbing a bag of Doritos, a Hershey’s and two Snickers. Fingering his coins again, he realized he’d have to give up something to get a Coke. He returned the bag of Doritos and approached the cooler at the back of the store.

Through the glass doors he could see the Cokes in the far corner. Grabbing one he turned quickly, allowing the cooler door to swing shut.

Keith suddenly froze in his tracks. There was Dawn Kateman! She entered the store accompanied by a tall blond athletic looking guy. He had never seen the boy before.

Dawn laughed, talking rapidly to the blond boy. Keith could not make out their words. Her view of him was obstructed by a row of soda and coffee machines. But Keith trained his eyes on her.

Dawn wrapped her arm around the tall boy tenderly, and rested her head against his shoulder. The couple promenaded toward a shelf devoted to medications. A yellow display rack hung on pegboard offered a selection of condoms in little packets.

They studied each other's eyes and talked as they stood before the rack. Then she reached over and extracted several blue packets. At the counter, Dawn pulled cash from her purse as the cashier bagged the condoms. She and the boy quickly left the store and drove off in his truck. Keith was numb.

The Coke slid from his fingers. He tried to recover it, but was too late. The bottle hit the hard linoleum and fractured into several jagged pieces. Black froth swelled and fizzed at his feet in a spreading puddle.

Everyone in the store was looking at him now. Everything was spread before him now. Everything was broken and swollen.

"Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it."

The cashier shrugged his shoulders and waved his hands at Keith. Several customers chuckled as they watched. He looked around at the faces. They were somehow dull and sickly. Examining the candy in his hands, he thought he might throw up.

Abruptly the boy leaped across the puddle and started to run through the store. "What are you doing? There's no running here," the cashier yelled.

Keith tossed the candy bars onto a shelf as he darted down the aisle and out the door.

It was already dark as he found himself at the end of the path entering the clearing. It was all quite familiar as he drew close to the mound.

He felt his shoe kick a loose rock. Debris was everywhere. Keith looked down to see that he was standing on top of the mound in soft powdery cinders. He had expected to see some old singed logs. Someone must have cleared them away, he surmised.

He was certain someone was watching him. Maybe they could read his mind. His thoughts raced in a blur and his heart pounded.

In the distance Keith observed the silhouette of a gate and a fence against the illuminated windows of Old Man Fleischer's house. He looked back in the opposite direction across the weeds. He retraced the distance through the trees to the street where he entered the field.

Far away a single dim street lamp shed light over a hydrant and a vacant street. He

took no comfort in the quiet.

Tears started to well in his eyes. Dawn was only part of it. He buried his face in his palms. There was just no belonging or attaching to things, he thought.

Wiping his eyes, Keith remembered why he had come. He scurried and stumbled through the weeds gathering up sticks and broken boards in his arms. Loading up with as many as he could manage, he rushed back to the mound and dropped them to his feet.

The boy dragged long dead tree limbs across the field to the clearing. There, he broke them into small pieces and dumped them on the mound. As he collected thick bunches of leaves and brittle dead weeds, he felt the burrs on his arms.

The lopsided pile of kindling grew in size as he raced to complete the job. Sticks, boards and logs crisscrossed in generous layers of leaves. It looked like a compost pile reaching the height of his chest. Keith was sweaty and winded, but still not sure he had enough kindling. He wondered if Fleischer could see him.

Reaching into his back pocket, Keith removed the pack of matches from the otherwise empty wallet. He returned the wallet to the pocket and hesitated. He listened as wind rustled the dry leaves. Loose leaves were lifted from the kindling pile, and he shivered feeling the cool breeze in his sweaty face.

Placing his hand over his pounding heart, he sensed that something propelled him. There was a secret being revealed to him. It was as though he belonged to it.

Keith opened the pack of matches and plucked a match from inside. Something was pushing him. It made him race. He struck the match repeatedly against the coarse strip on the back of the pack. It flared suddenly between his fingers and was quickly snuffed out by the breeze.

Kneeling near the lopsided kindling pile, he struck another match. This time he cupped the flare in his hand until it stabilized. Then he held the flame next to the loose leaves and twigs along the bottom of the kindling pile. The flame spread instantly. The bright flickering dance leached hungrily from the brittle dry kindling.

Keith circled the pile repeating the procedure as he moved. Fingers of blaze wriggled over the pile leaping and taking over. He heard the flood of crunching sticks accelerate to a roar. In seconds the entire pile was consumed by the brilliant fire. The feasting blaze released schools of sparks carried on the breeze like tiny stars. He was being moved by something. It was so powerful. Then he remembered the cat's-eye! Extracting it like a pearl, he clutched it tightly.

Nitro was here in the fire, he thought. The flames rose rapidly and Keith felt the smoke burn in his eyes as the wind shifted suddenly.

In the dense choke of smoke he coughed hard as his eyes gushed. Yet somehow he knew Nitro was here touching him on his head and in his chest.

Still coughing as the smoke cleared, Keith looked up in astonishment at the brilliant dance of blaze reaching high above his head. This surge of fire was beyond anything he had conceived. It was a perfect force of flaring claws swirling high into the sky.

The boy held the cat's-eye aloft at the ends of his fingers. He studied the refracted curls of intense light through the smooth globe, sensing a secret. He held the marble to his eye and looked high up at the tips of flame clawing at the darkness.

A mighty apparition of a man appeared, his long hair blowing and spangled by fireworks against a carnival night. It was Nitro just as he was, just as Keith remembered him on his sixth birthday.

Nitro smiled and Keith was gripped by the joy, by all the glittering dots of light. He remembered reading the line in the Bible. It was something to do with God putting lights in heaven. This was supposed to divide day from night. If this was a heaven with lights, it was not a day heaven, he thought. Nitro lived here above the fire in a dark heaven.

Across the field Old Man Fleischer was standing outside his house behind the fence. He witnessed the tower of wild lapping flames carelessly shooting sparks over the trees. Keith could hear his shouts but could not make out his words under the rapid crackle of blaze.

The boy kept his focus on the cat's-eye as he began to hear the sound of carousel music. The image of Nitro became brighter and the music got louder. Nitro was holding the hand rail on a roller coaster. His face passed through shadow and light as it glided up, then descended at rocket speed. Keith felt like he was dropping as he smelled buttered popcorn.

From the direction of the street, he could faintly hear sirens. Their scream grew louder and Keith turned to look. Finally he noticed the swirling red lights of a police car followed by a fire truck. Both vehicles pulled up into the field. Three firemen leaped from the truck and began unraveling a long fire hose. They raced as they yelled to each other. A fireman worked to attach the hose to the hydrant. Officer Pritchett got out of the police car holding the radio mike to his mouth. He spoke into the mike, then reached to place it back in the car. He turned and started running toward the fire as he watched with a look of amazement. Flames were shooting nearly 25 feet into the sky, and sparks were flying in all directions. Pritchett ran at full stride shouting at the top of his lungs. He stumbled through the dark field and suddenly tumbled forward in the weeds. His cap fell from his head, but he did not stop to retrieve it. Instead, he quickly got up and continued running toward the fire.

Old Man Fleischer entered the field on the other side, through the gate, from his yard. He ran toward the fire leaping across the weeds and through the trees.

Keith looked through the cat's-eye again watching Nitro and listening to the music flood his ears. He knew Nitro could see him.

He believed in the sparkle of the fireworks, in the way Nitro held him that birthday night. He knew he would be safe. Nitro reached down through the flames and touched him. Keith felt the hands wrap around his ribs. Nitro could lift him now and they would soar...!

The billowing fire unfurled like the end of a huge torch casting hundreds of sparks. Two firemen scrambled to string the thick hose across the field while the third was

positioned near the hydrant.

Pritchett and Fleischer converged on the clearing almost at the same moment. They circled the roaring fire several times and Pritchett removed the flashlight from his belt.

Both men were badly winded. Officer Pritchett switched on his flashlight and swung the long beam through the weeds around the clearing.

The two firemen had successfully dragged the fire hose into the clearing and were pointing the nozzle at the fire.

As a powerful blast of water showered the flames, Pritchett turned to Old Man Fleischer. "Did you just see someone standing here a moment ago?" he asked with a deeply troubled look.

"Sure I seen him. It was that Schaumburg kid who's always comin' around and makin' fires," Fleischer answered.

"Did you see him run anywhere?"

"No. He didn't run. He was just standin' here next to the fire, that's all. He didn't run nowhere."

Thick smoke issued from the hissing mound as the firemen extinguished the few remaining flames. Pritchett looked away knitting his brows. He ran his fingers through his hair and fell silent. Slowly he wagged the flashlight beam over the field.

The sun was bright the next morning as Officer Pritchett stood over the mound poking the wet ashes with a long stick. He dragged the stick slowly, cutting a groove through the gray mucky ash. He looked unsure of himself. Then the stick tapped something hard in the ash.

Pritchett spotted the object caked in ash. He reached down and wiped it off. The bright blue marble shimmered when he held up to the light.

Thomas Wells

KINGDOM BY THE SEA

Paul L. Glaze

In This Land Of Mystic Mystery
Two Were Happy As Could Be
They Laughed And Danced So Merrily
By Their Kingdom By The Sea.

So Young, Innocent And Caring,
Knowing Not Of What Fate Held.
Young Affections Were They Sharing.
Lost In A Lovers Spell.

Night Raiders Came To Cast Their Shame
And Violated Her So Intimately.
Her Body Was Lame From Ravish Strain
As She Lay There Helplessly.

Her Lover Saw Her Dying There.
In A Ravaged And Torn Position.
He Held Her Close With Loving Care
And Heard Her Final Disposition.

I Must Leave You Now My Love,
From Heaven I Will Be Waiting.
As My Spirit Goes And Flows Above,
Your Anger Must Become Abating.

Do Not Seek Others For Revenging
A Vendetta, You Must Not Do.
A Greater Power Will Cast Avenging
A Power Much Stronger Than You.

He Watched The Rapists In Boastful Boating.
They Were Merrily As Could Be.
In A Storm They Drown
While Floating,
Near The Kingdom By The Sea.

I remember

I remember the hot tub party at the end of our junior year. Remember how I begged you to take me, because it was a date dance and not a casual party? You already had a date so you set me up with Reedy, and I thought it was just an innocent friendship set-up... Ugh, what a mess, there I was, trying to push him away from me, and then Chad came along and saved me. I have pictures of us from that night, in the hot tub together, with Tres, who won the palest-man-at-the-party award, or photos inside, with plastic lais around our necks.

I remember when we went to the They Might be Giants concert and managed to get seats in the third row. The two of us, along with four other strangers, then yelled requests at the band when they weren't playing music. I still can't believe we actually got them to respond to us while they were in the middle of a show.

I remember when we were travelling through Boston, how we stopped at Cheers to take our picture in front of the front door. We were soaking wet because it was raining on our only day in Boston. But we followed all the painted red lines on the streets to find historical landmarks, stood on the torture devices on the sidewalks, took pictures everywhere.

And when we drove to Harvard campus, we took pictures of ourselves looking "intelligent" - looking upward, hands under our chin, poised in thought, looking as tacky as possible.

I remember how we would sit in my dorm room, in the window sill, feet hanging outside, my stereo blaring. You used to always joke that one day you'd push me out the window. But we'd sit there, listening to music, singing to people that would walk in front of my window. Remember how we'd sing to Potholes in My Lawn by De La Soul or Pump Up the Jam by Technotronic or Hoe Down by Special Ed. How you thought the lines to Istanbul (Not Constantinople) by They Might be Giants wasn't "This is a recording" but "Give it to me, give it to me." How you thought the lines to Headhunter by Front 242 wasn't "Three you slowly spread the net" but "Three you slowly spread the legs." We'd sing, make people look up at us, and either wave or laugh.

Yesterday was the first day that I hadn't cried for you. Those first two days had been so hard, I might have been fine for a half hour and then something would trigger it in my mind and I would want thought maybe I'm getting used to the news, but today I cried again.

I remember the Valentine's Dance we went to together. It was at your fraternit

house, you came over, dressed up in a nice suit, I was wearing a red strapless Vanna White-style dress, and you came over and you looked so mad.

“Why are you mad?”

“I just came from the house, it’s an hour before the dance, and everyone is wearing jeans watching the basketball game. Decorations aren’t even up.”

I look at my dress. “So what you’re saying is that I’m overdressed?”

We decided to take pictures of us dressed up before I changed dresses. We went through a few photos, then I changed into a more casual, cotton, off-the-shoulder dress. We took more pictures with outfit number two. Then I felt a breeze. Apparently there was a rip in the back of the dress, making it indecent at best. So, back to the closet I went, found a casual black dress, and so we took yet more pictures. Then off to the dance we went.

I remember how you’d come over to my dorm on Sunday nights, and we’d order pizza, usually Grog’s, Home of Mold, I think, and spend the evening together. We’d play Stand by R.E.M. and do the dance they do in the video. We’d play Madonna’s Vogue and you’d contort yourself around. Once we even spent the evening writing up lists of exes, like we were in high school.

I remember how we met - I was sitting in the cafeteria with the other girls from my dorm, and you were friends with them so you sat down and ended up right across the table from me. And it was right after Christmas break and I just got back from visiting my parents in Florida and was tan, so your first words to me were, “Is that a real tan?” And I was so mad at you, I thought you were a cocky jerk.

“Well, you could have gone to a tanning salon over vacation!”

I don’t know how that could have been the start of one of the best friendships of my life.

And when you called me on the phone to tell me the news you still sound -
ed so happy. Your viewpoint was that anyone could die at any point in time and we have to live every day to the fullest. “And I could be hit by a car tomorrow,” you said. You can’t let the thought of death kill you. And you were telling me these things, and I was trying so hard not to just start sobbing on the phone.

I remember our freshman year in college, after the horrible way we met, of course, and how we’d go to Eddie’s bar for ice cream drinks. They were about the only things we could order while underage, so we’d spend I don’t know how many Saturday afternoons drinking Oreo shakes, or maybe peach, or mint. I remember walking home to the dorms with you one rainy Saturday after an Eddie’s excursion, and we just decided to walk in the middle of the street, jumping in as many puddles as possible. A truck even drove by, yelled that we were going to catch colds. And we just laughed. We were alive, and invincible.

I remember when we met up in New Orleans, I was with Eugene, you were with Randy and Jessica, and you found out how to get to the roof of the Jackson Brewing Company building. It was the highest building near the French Quarter, and we had a fantastic view, all to ourselves.

I remember our freshman year you invited me to see the Violent Femmes in concert at Foellinger Hall. You got drunk, and ended up trying to make the moves on me, knowing I had a boyfriend... I knew you had just drank too much, but I had to draw the line when you licked the side of my face. I still like to tease you with that one.

You're not supposed to die. This isn't supposed to be happening to you. I've always expected to be able to visit your family after we all compare photos of grandchildren. You can't leave this hole in my life.

I remember after I broke up with Bill I still tried to remain friends with him so I could periodically borrow his black convertible. So one day I did, told him I needed to get some groceries, but I picked you up instead and we put the top down even when it was sixty-five degrees and about to rain and cruised around the mecca known as Champaign, Illinois.

I remember the Halloween Dance we went to. We couldn't come up with costumes, and last minute we went to Dallas and Company costume shop and you picked up a Dick Tracy bright-yellow overcoat and hat, along with a plastic machine gun with two water cartridges. I put on a black cocktail dress, pulled up my hair, added rhinestones and a dimple and was Breathless Mahoney, but we made a point to fill the machine gun water cartridges, one with peach schnapps, one with peppermint. Someone at the dance would say, "Don't shoot me!" And we would say in unison, "Don't worry." No one could understand why we were shooting at each other's faces.

I remember how every time we were going out for the evening and you'd be over waiting for me to get ready, I'd come out and ask you how I looked and you would always tell me that I looked really nice. Or sexy. Or fantastic. Or whatever. But you'd always say something to me me feel like the most beautiful girl in the world.

I don't want to catalog these events, these times I've shared with you. I don't want to feel as if there will never be any more memories with you.

I remember how every time you guys would come over to my apartment and start drinking, you would inevitably pull out my hats, particularly the wide-brimmed straw ones, and wear them. How many pictures do I have of you with Jay, or Brian, or Brad, all in a drunken stupor wearing women's hats?

I remember how at your fraternity house, every time they'd have a party they'd have to play "Crocodile Rock" by Elton John once. And when they did, people made a ring around the dance floor (otherwise known as the living room), and your fraternity brothers would then proceed to do somersaults and other strange dances with each other. I'm glad this whole scene frightened you as much as it did me, because I remember how every time we heard the song we'd run into the basement where the kitchen was and hide until the song was over. Usually we'd find some potato chips or salad croutons to munch on, and we'd sit on the steel counter, amongst racks of generic white bread and bulk containers to tomato paste and talk.

I remember taking Dan out for his twenty-first birthday, this six-foot-five animal of a roommate of ours, and how he got so drunk that when he started to get violent in the bar you suggested that he "play with Carol" in order to entice him to leaving the bar. So we carried him through the bar until he broke free and fell right in front of the bouncers at the front door, and you tried to drag him outside, and then the five of us ended up carrying him blocks home, stopping occasionally from exhaustion and setting him in the dirt. When we got him in you suggested we write all over him, but me being the voice of reason suggested we only write all over his back, so in permanent markers you and Chad and Eric and Ray and I scribbled "I am a drun moron!" and other intelligent remarks all over him. And you, you were enough to be gone when he finally woke up in the morning.

And you were on the phone with me saying that you just have to get used to the fact that you're not going to grow old, have a family. That all you superiors tell you, wait till you get that promotion, and you know there is no waiting for the future, you won't be around. People take for granted that they're just going to be around.

You never did, of course, you were the one that was always making point to cram as much living as you could in a day, but most aren't like that. Most people are never as alive as you.

I remember you and Sara standing on Green and Sixth waiting in line for the cash station when a cop walked up behind the two of you, and appeared to be in line. You asked, "Do you think the cop wants cash?"

I remember visiting you in New Hampshire, trying to decide where to go out to eat for lobster, til I decided on the mess hall at the base. So while you were at work your mom showed me a private room in the hall, with one elaborately set table for two, with china cabinets and a couch and roaring fireplace. I reserved it, went home and put on a black velvet dress and waited for you to get home from work. When you got back, I told your brother and sister to tell you that I changed our plans and I was in the bathroom. You started banging on the bathroom door, and when I opened it you were stunned. You were wearing a uniform that looked like a gas station attendant's, and there I was, completely dressed up for a formal dinner.

Your sister took a picture of us in your hallway, you just after your shower and still in a bathrobe, and me in that dress.

And after dinner we went for a stroll outside, and you were holding my hand, and I remember thinking that I wanted you to kiss me. It's funny how we both thought about dating each other, but never found the right time.

I remember shopping with you on the East coast, going into a clothing store and watching you look for sweaters. You pulled out a pink patterned one, asked my opinion, and I shook my head no. "I'm not a pink person," I said. You kept looking, so I pulled up a dark brown and black cardigan from the rack and held it up from a few feet away. You shook your head no and said loudly, "I'm not a black person," loud enough for the black security guard to give you a funny look.

I think I want all of my friends to die after I do. I don't think I can handle this. You're not supposed to leave me, I'm the one that's supposed to make the dramatic exit. Besides, whenever I get married, you're supposed to stand up in the wedding. If you die before then, I swear, I'll kill you.

I remember once our freshman year we were sitting in the cafeteria, I don't remember if it was lunch or dinner, my roommate Lisa was there, and we were screwing around trying to be funny. Well, I got up and got a soft serve ice cream cone and acted like I was tripping as I got to the table, like I was going to drop the cone into your lap. Well, I didn't, but the ice cream wasn't securely anchored to the cone, and the next thing I know all my ice cream was right in the middle of your food.

I remember visiting you in New Hampshire, and one night we just watched Ferris Bueller's Day Off over and over again. We learned half the lines to the movie that night.

"I could be the walrus, and I'd still have to bum rides off of people."

"Drugs?" "No, thank you, I'm straight."

We'd always find something, a line from a movie or television show... Oh, Heathers, we could probably recreate scenes from that movie, we've seen it so much.

"Thank you, Ms. Fleming, you call me when the shuttle lands."

"Icklooga bullets, I'm such an idiot..."

"Great patè, but I gotta motor if I'm going to make it to the funeral on time."

"Will somebody tell me why I smoke these damn things?" "Cause you're an idiot."

"Oh, yeah..."

God, these quotes make sense to no one else, just us, just you and me. It was like we had our own language.

I remember when you came to Chicago to visit me, it was around Christmas time, and you finally saw the house I grew up in. The only thing you noticed was that all of the lamps in the house were hanging from chains.

You said that some people feel like they are on death's door with a T-cell count of four hundred, and some people can run marathons with a T-cell count of zero. You tell me yours is at eighty, and you feel fine. A little run-down, but that is to be expected.

This scares me. I know I'm being selfish, I know that deep-down inside of you it has to scare you too, but you're too strong to let it beat you. I don't want you to feel a little run-down, I don't want you to feel just fine, I want you to feel alive, more alive than anyone else. I want you to live for ever.

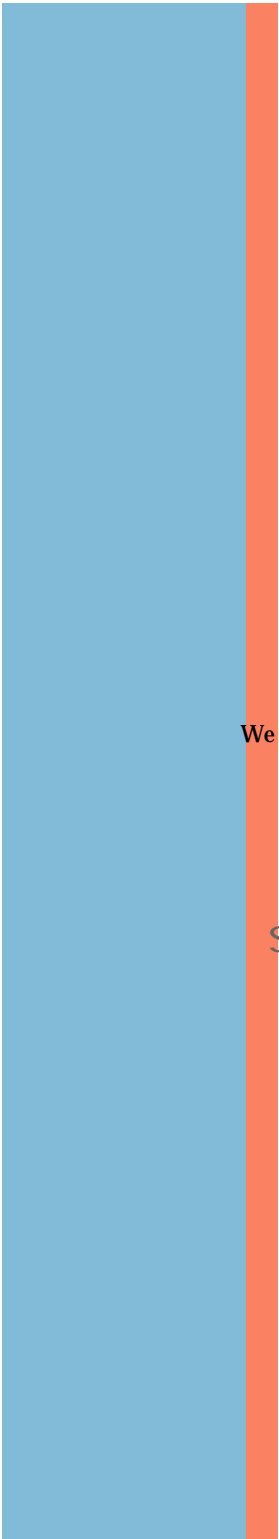
I remember once when you took me to an Air Force dinner dance, and afterward I went with you to a party of mostly Air Force people. There were people there I knew, and we were out really late, and by three-thirty in the morning you and Chris walked me home. And we stood out on Fourth Street and talked for a while, and before we knew it you had fallen to the ground grabbing your knee, screaming. You knew how to pop your knee back in place, and granted, from what I understand having your knee pop out is really, really painful, but watching you there almost made Chris and I laugh. After you got it back in place you were just drunk and sad and still in pain and all I kept thinking was "Oh, please, he just needs some sleep," and I just kept thinking, "Oh, we're right in front of my apartment, please, it's four in the morning, let me just go to bed," but I stayed out there with you and Chris until you were ready to get up and make the long journey home.

I remember the Halloween party I held on Friday the thirteenth of October - your birthday. I put up pages from the Weekly World News about supernatural sightings, lit candles and pulled out the ouija board, then you came over, put on one of my hats, I gave you a carnation, and then we all went out for the night.

I remember when you and Jay and Ellen came over to welcome Blaine to Illinois. You got really drunk, fed Ellen my pound cake that my mother gave me, then proceeded to fall asleep in my chair, sitting sideways with your head in my open windowsill. And yes, I have pictures, so you can't deny any of this.

I remember going to C.O. Daniel's with you on Friday afternoons with the other guys from the house and how we'd dress up in our Greek Sweatshirts to fit in... Well, you always fit in, that's how you dressed, but I had to make an exception in my dress code for these weekly happy hours. And I remember how we were wallowing in our respective depression one Friday afternoon, saying that nobody loves us and we're ugly and we'll grow up old and alone. Well, the vision I had of my future was that I would be an old maid living in an apartment with forty cats, periodically picking one up and asking "You love me, don't you?"

Well, anyway, I remember how we made a pact that if the two of us were still alone by the time we were forty, we'd get married.



We made a pact. You can't back out on me now.

shannon peppers

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.

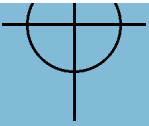
The Window is about 180 pages of her newest
stuff. It's hand-bound, paperback, and she'll
even sign it if you beg her enough. Man, it's groovy.
two dollars would cover the cost of printing and
shipping. oh, and four dollars would cover
back issues of cc+d or chapbooks. and make
those checks payable

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...



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!

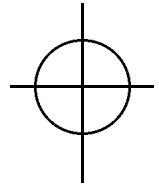
robert kimm

janet kuypers

era mcguirt

errol miller

john sweet



ben ohmart

gary a. scheinoha

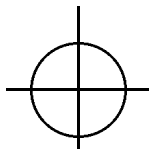
*the nineteen ninety five
poetry chapbook series*

john sweet

cheril townsend

paul weinman

mary winters



one of those days

Ever have one of those days where everything goes just perfectly? When everyone you meet is smiling and friendly and helpful, and you get the parking spot nearest the door, and it's payday, and there mail brings only good news, and you have the whole day to do as you please, and it's so warm and bright that you can't help but notice the blueness of the sky, reveling in the wonder of life, and you're compelled to run laughing through sun-drenched fields and you feel so alive and everything is right and you're so filled with love and peace and harmony that it's overwhelming to the point of unbearable ecstasy – Ever have one of those glorious days?

Well, I thought as I sighted my sniper rifle in from my rooftop vantage point, this sure the hell isn't one of them.

gary jurechka

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 Dr eadful

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.

Childr en, 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

poetry by
alexandria
rand

ice cubes

I wondered if you'd have the patience
to wait for the ice cubes to melt
in time they will

as you sat next to me
head hanging down
you swirled your cocktail glass
the ice cubes crashed with one another
and beads of sweat dripped from the rim
all I could do was sit there
shoulders back
eyes fixed in the wall

I'm sorry

Did I give you too many ice cubes
you asked for them

naivety

The naivety is over.
Now we must put our little toys away
and stop playing house.
This is the real thing,
and I won't fool around anymore.
Not with you.

You threw around the words
"I love you"
as if they were no more than water
as if you really didn't know
their value.

But this isn't a game,
and when I get hurt
kissing it
won't make it better.

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.

Pushed Aside

No,
I don't feel
as if something was taken away from me.
He pushed himself through me
and he pushed everything that was inside of me
off to the side.
He just pushed me to the side,
and all I feel is a hole.
There is a void where he used to be:
it's always there,
and I wish that
like a hole in the wall
I could fill myself up with something
patch myself up with something
so that I would no longer have to feel.
But I can't.
Anything to repair my injuries
would only remind me that I was injured.
I only wish that
I could push myself back to where I used to be
where I should be
and fill the emptiness inside.
As I rest my hand on me
I want to push myself back to where I should be.
where I should be.
But I can't.
And every time I move,
every time I turn, or sit,
or cross my legs,
I feel the void.
And although the burning is less intense,
it is always there.
Where I was pushed aside—

gabriel athens

everything was alive and dying

I

I had a dream the other night
I walked out of the city
to a forest
and there were neatly paved bicycle paths
and trash cans every fifty feet
and trash every ten

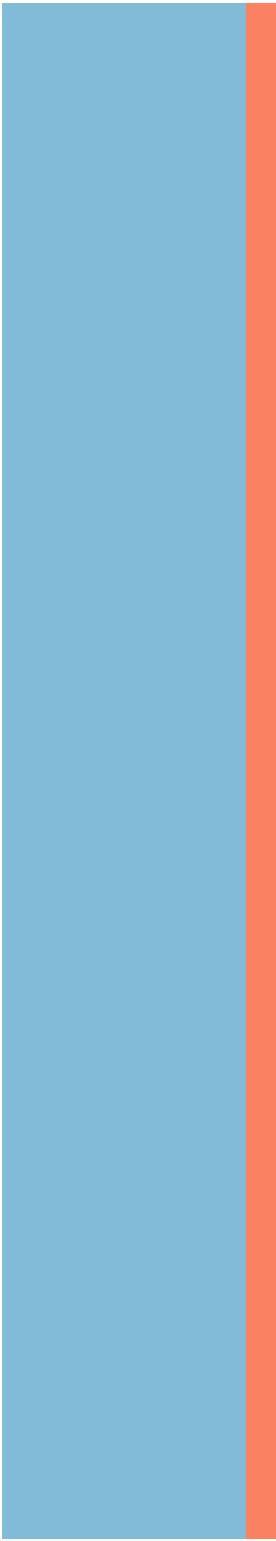
and then a racoon came right up to me
she had a few little baby racoons
following her, it was so cute, I
wish I had my camera

and she spoke to me,
she said, thank you
thank you for not buying furs,
I know you humans are pretty smart,
you have to be able to figure out a way
to keep yourselves warm
without killing me

and I said, you know they don't
do it for warmth,
they do it for fashion, they do it
for power. And she said I know.
But thank you anyway.

II

Then I walked a little further
and there was a stray cat
she still had her little neon collar on
with a little bell
and she walked a few feet,
stretched her front paws,



oh, she looked so darling
and then she walked right up to me
and she said thank you
and I said for what?
And she just looked at me for a moment,
her little ears were standing straight up,
and then she said, you know,
in some countries I'm considered
a delicacy. And I said how
do you know of these things?
And she said
when somebody eats one of you
word gets around
and then she looked up at me again
and said, and in some countries
the cow is sacred. Wouldn't they
love to see how you humans
prepare them for slaughter, how you
hang them upside-down
and slit their throats
so their still beating hearts
will drain out all the blood for you
and she said isn't it funny
how arbitrary your decision
to eat meat is?
and I said, don't put me
in that category, I don't eat meat
and she said I know

III

And I walked deeper in to the forest
managed to get away from the
picnic tables and the outhouses
that lined the forest edges
the roaring cars gave way to the
rustling of tree branches
crackling of fallen leaves
under my step

when the wind tunneled through
the wind whistled and sang
as it flew past the bark



and leaves

I walked
listened to the crack of dead branches
under my feet
and I felt a branch against my shoulder
I looked up and I could hear
the trees speak to me,
and they said
thank you for letting the
endangered animals live here amongst us
we do think they're so pretty
and it would be a shame to see them go
and thank you for recycling paper
because you're saving us
for just a little while longer

we've been on this planet for so long
embedded in the earth
we do have souls, you know
you can hear it in our songs
we cling with our roots
we don't want to let go

and I said, but I don't do much,
I don't do enough
and they said we know
but we'll take what we can get

IV

and I woke up in a sweat

V

so tell me, Bob Dole
so tell me, Newt Gingrich
so tell me, Pat Buchanan
so tell me, Jesse Helms
if you woke up from that dream
would you be in a sweat, too?

VI

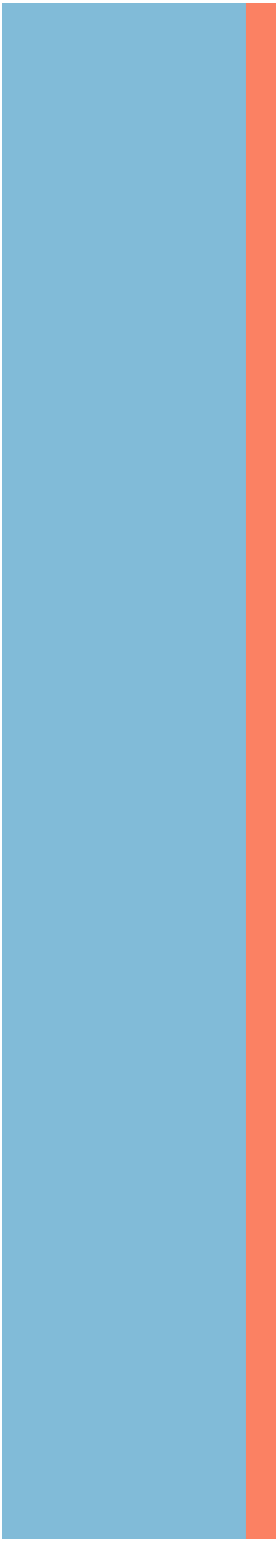
Do you even know why
we should save the rainforest?
Oh preserve the delicate balance,
just tear the whole forest down,
what difference does it make?
Put in some orange groves
so our concentrate orange juice
can be a little cheaper

did you know that medical researchers
have a very, very hard time
trying to come up with synthetic
cures for diseases on their own?
It helps them out a little if they can first
find the substance in nature.
A tree that appears in the rainforest
may be the only one of its species.
Or one like it may be two miles away,
instead of right next to it. I wonder
how many cures we've destroyed
to plant more orange groves.
Serves us right.

VII

You know my motives aren't selfless
I know that these things are worthwhile in my life

I'd like to find a cure to these diseases
before I die of them
and I'm not just a vegetarian
because I think it's wrong to kill an animal
unless I have to
I also know the excess protein
pulls the calcium away from my bones
and gives me osteoporosis
and the excess fat gives me heart attacks
and I also know that we could be feeding
ten times more people
with the same resources used for meat production



You know, I know you're looking at me
and calling me an extremist
but I'm sitting here, looking around me
looking at the destruction caused by family values
and thinking the right, moral, non-violent decisions
are also those extreme ones

VII

everything is linked here
we destroy our animals
so we can be wasteful and violent
we destroy our plants
we destroy our earth
we're even destroying our air
we wreak havoc on the soil, on the atmosphere
we dump our wastes into our lakes
we pump aerosol cans and exhaust pipes

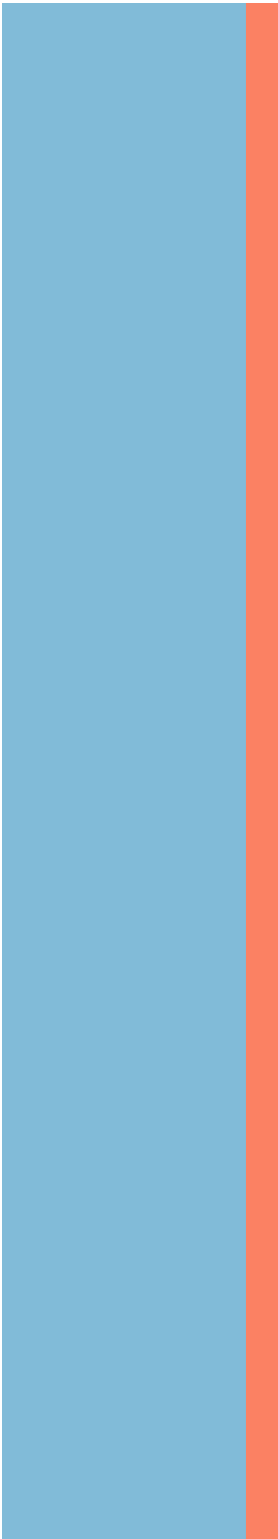
and you tell me I'm extreme

and these animals and forests keep calling out to me
the oceans, the wind

and I'm beginning to think
that we just keep doing it
because we don't know how to stop
and deep inside we feel the pain of
all that we've killed
and we try to control it by
popping a chemical-filled pain-killer

we live through the guilt
by taking caffeine, nicotine, morphine
and we keep ourselves thin with saccharin
and we keep ourselves sane with our alcohol poisoning
and when that's not enough
maybe a line of coke

maybe shoot ourselves in the head
in front of the mirror in the master bedroom
or maybe just take some pills
walk into the garage, turn on the car



and just
fall asleep

in the wild
you have no power over anyone else

now that we're civilized
we create our own wild

maybe when we have all this power
the only choice we have
is to destroy ourselves

and so we do

janet kuypers

put it to rest

please put it to rest
i con't even think anymore
i have a life to lead
and all you can do is
come to me
and remind me
don't come to me anymore
don't talk to me
don't love me
the past may be vivid in your mind
but your wretched pathetic
acts
scare me
and while i live in the present
you try to push me
and i can'r be pushed two years

gabriel athens

Genetic Foods

By Suzanne Perry

BRUSSELS, May 5 (Reuter) - Food that has been substantially changed through genetic engineering should be labelled to alert consumers, a European Commission advisory group said on Friday.

But the nine-member independent group of scientists, legal and ethical experts rejected systematic labelling of genetically modified foods — contrary to the position of most European Union states.

Noelle Lenoir, a French lawyer who chairs the group, told a news conference there was no need to tell consumers a food had been produced through modern biotechnology if its composition was basically unchanged.

She gave no examples of which products would fall into which camp, saying that was up to EU authorities to decide.

The group's opinion, which is not binding, comes as EU states are trying to decide how to regulate "novel foods", including those that are genetically altered — for example to have a longer shelf life or to better resist disease.

The most famous example of a "novel food" is the "Flavr Savr" tomato developed in the United States, which contains a special gene that suppresses an enzyme responsible for rotting.

EU countries are divided over how to label genetically altered products, with most arguing that they should always carry labels telling consumers how they were made.

But a substantial minority, backed by the Commission, say that would unfairly stigmatise the new foods and they should be labelled only on a case-by-case basis.

The advisory group, which was set up to look at ethical questions related to biotechnology, fell broadly into that camp. It said consumers need to know modern biotechnology is used only if it causes a "substantial change in the composition, nutritional value or use for which the food is intended".

It said producers and retailers should set up data bases, free telephone helplines and other ways to educate the public, including religious and consumer bodies, about genetically altered foods.

It said the Commission should also set up educational programmes on the subject.

EU Industry Commissioner Martin Bangemann welcomed the opinion, saying labels were effective only if they included essential information for consumers.

REUTER



after the bombs

there was
swearing
people ran
and broke
into toy
chests,
smashed every
thing made
in Japan

lyn lifshin

Voices In The Wind

Paul L. Glaze

Voices in the wind flow freely through the night.
The promises they send, a leisure loves delight.
Together they will fashion a moment so divine.
In shimmering passion, two bodies intertwine.

These voices in the wind are telling lovers lies.
True love they pretend, wistful fainting sighs.
Lies are adorable, reflections in a lovers face.
Truth is deplorable, avoided with each embrace.

An echo of what has been, a fleeting love in flight.
Faint voices in the wind, soft whispers of the night.
Tonight a love did blend, tomorrow it will die.
Vague voices in the wind, chanting a soft good-bye.

The vows these lovers made, will vanish in the wind.
A game of love they played, has now reached its end.
Moments of sweet chagrin, in a night of primitive blend.
A fond farewell these lovers send,

They both forgo and secretly know.
Through these hours of sensuous sin,
Something deep within, whispers,
we will never meet again.

reflections from the living room floor

a lucius poem

The smell of incense burns
my nostrils like the sun's fire
white blinding my eyes and
the cat runs to the door
screaming Let me out, let me out!
while and R.E.M. song drones alone
in the blackdrop of blank space
that is home to this broken rebel,
resigned, resigned to my fate
when before I was so
sure, once upon a time I had
the world tucked away in the back
pocket
of a pair of Levi's that mom
had patched up then the knees
ripped out from falling off
the small purple bike after dad
had taken off the training wheels,
yet another step in distance,
in growing up and still the cat
screams Let me out, let me out!
but it is winter and the sunlight
comes down slow in frozen shafts
that look warm but it is only an
illusion like I can change the world
better to create my own where I
rule supreme and life is hgow it
should be like the Brady Bunch or
the Partridge Family, all the

batard spawn of Patty Duke and
Dobie Gillis (related to Donna Reed
and the Beaver) and in my youth I fed
hungrily
on the life in the box, drawn in,
years of subtle deception, seduction,
television clichè perfection, swallow-
ing
me whole, open wide the window yell
at
the world, at the airwaves, Liar, liar!
reality mind warped by film images
outside will never be as perfect as
it should be and it's still
Happy Days and Wonder Years and
now I'm thirtysomething
and I run to the door
screaming Let me out , let me out!

gary jurechka

the daughter i don't have

wouldn't panic when
something white floats
back and forth across
her eyes like a tail
of a comet or when she
hears something in her
knees crunch doing
deep knee bends. She
won't worry like a child
of the 50's that each
ache is polio, and then
years later, when her
period's late that some
one who kissed her with
his lips slightly parted
had given her a child.
My daughter's period
wouldn't stay on hold
half a year, she would
not throw herself against
stone to shake out what
she doesn't want or soak
in scalding tubs, jump
rope 12 hours as if
what was inside her
was her own life
and she didn't
want it

lyn lifshin

A woman I work with cut this “ad” out of the Idaho Falls paper. Maybe you’ll find it as entertaining as I did:

MOTHER NATURE’S RECYCLING MACHINE—IN IDAHO

(anywhere you see a “>” it was actually one of those three-arrow recycling symbols so that they seem environmental and stuff)

- >Cows are natural recyclers. Their remarkable stomachs allow them to digest grass, roughage, food by-products and other materials that people can’t eat.
- >Cows help ease landfill problems. Twenty-five percent of food processing by-products is fed to cattle. Sugar beet pulp, potato skins, almond hulls, fruit pits, cottonseed, and grape skins from juice and wine production all help product [sic] healthful, nutritious, low-fat beef.
- >Cows make the most of our food production resources. Eighty-five percent of what cattle eat is material that people can’t digest. In fact, half of the plant material resulting from food-crop production, such as corn stalks and wheat straw, would go to waste if cattle didn’t eat it.
- >Cattle production is solar powered. The “solar collector” is the millions of acres of land in the U.S. that can’t be used for growing food crops. About two-thirds of all agricultural land in the U.S. is classified as grazing land. The sun provides the energy for this natural resource to grow the grass that cows eat.
- >Cows are also environmental protection machines. Like mowing a lawn or pruning a tree, cattle grazing promotes plant vigor and diversity. Experts say that soil productivity, as well as water and air quality, is better maintained by well-managed grazing than by almost any other type of land use.

IDAHO CATTLEMEN’S ASSOCIATION AMERICA’S ORIGINAL CONSERVATIONISTS

So, what do you think, Janet? Now that I know that cows are solar powered, I guess I should start eating them instead of those fossil-burning vegetables.

And aren’t 60% of our food crops (that the cattle eat the waste from) grown solely as grain for livestock such as cows?

And what about that methane that they pump out which is a greenhouse gas that is

forty times more effective than Carbon Dioxide at contributing toward the global warming effect—is that as good of an environmental protection machine as the lawn mower?

Their superior logic and reasoning obviously has overwhelmed me because silly me, I just don’t get it.

Jay Vary