

**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:

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Scars Publications and Design, Janet Kuypers  
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**children  
churches  
& daddies**  
the non-religious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine



volume 69



edit  
editorial

wanting you  
(2/18/94)

It's night again  
the candles flicker  
I curl up in myself  
trying to keep warm

that's when I feel most alone  
when I get lonely  
depressed

when will this end  
the nights            the solitude

that's when I miss you most

sometimes I feel  
like I'm not whole

soulmate

think globally  
act locally  
change personally



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& daddies

the non-religious, non-family  
oriented literary/art magazine  
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janet kuypers, managing editor  
3255 west belden, suite 3E  
chicago, illinois 60647-2559

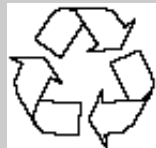
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ccd ezines  
the burning  
god eyes  
poetry sampler  
poetry boxes  
the annual poetry wall calendar  
down in the dirt  
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and geez,  
recycle this.  
do i have  
to tell you  
everything?



where all the names are references to babies.  
My anxious, intimidating mother wants  
to do one thing before she dies,  
help name her grandchild, maybe she'll even  
see it drink on it's own,  
both hands behind its back, sucking on a straw.  
But this is not how it's meant to be,  
black veils over bodies and taped mouths. When you fool  
your family you end up hoarding so much sorrow  
and happiness—Oh mother, oh father, the sky is falling.

erin bealmear

cc@d

# no deposit made

Forgive me mother. Forgive me father.  
But I don't want you  
in my dreams or in my bedroom, therefore  
I have put up a veil, covering my body,  
so that I can conceal the truth.  
It would feel so good to no longer worry  
that you'll hear things, little bittie things.  
About me wearing pale purple underwear and squatting.  
If grandma was a slut I wouldn't worry  
that you'll think I've slept with the devil,  
slept with the devil while he spun his wheel.  
The doughy flesh, just below my ribs,  
prevented from expanding because of Him.  
When was the last time I went on a date?  
Last week. What does he do for a living?  
School teacher. Name? Norris.  
It was Jay the psychiatrist.  
The Nobel Prize winner, a friend of a friend.  
Odell, the head of a china business.  
Trey, the physicist and chemist. Alajos, the poet.  
Justin was popular,  
wore a suit all day every day.  
I prefer my current German flame,  
charming and dangerous, like  
Isherwood's Berlin. Berlin. I am  
so fake, so fake, really really fake.  
But lying about my life gives it such a glow,  
don't you agree? Father what will you swallow?  
What will you believe? At night,  
in bed, sleeping with her,  
unworthy, unexciting, completely undone.  
Eyes open, the color of chlorinated water-  
without turkey necks, only pink flesh-  
and I'm loving her, myself and the pasta queen,  
sweat and sweetness.  
Smelling the taste of her perfume while reading mother's



# Nigger Pop

by ben ohmart

This 52 year old shelf stocker had trouble with the configuration of the black boxes forting off the aisle from the rest of the drink section. It only took a simple slice of the tape across the top with a utility knife that might've been illegal if used for murder, but the tape was the strong hold kind. One time to scar the tape. Second time made a couple holes like long dots, but repeated stabbing motion was the kind of force it took. It scared the customers. Manager Rolins would have to word a strong but nasty letter to the packagers of Pause. "Give a man what he needs" the boxes boasted in silver letters that had to be examined by the light to make sure they were there. He was handling the job alone, except for the suspicious eye of Rolins eager to check on some slackers holding hands, running free through the store, or at least not chugging like an engine to get the stuff on the metal shelves, right next to the A&W. The old guy didn't care about being the first old hands to discover, to have and to hold this first Pause on the market. He just wanted out of this place without being torn to verbal pieces by the stink of reporters eating up the customer parking spaces.  
5 days ago, there was a meeting of executives. Then the inevitable statement to the press. "We wish to state," started Vice President of What Cola? Products, "that we want the world to be happy. This will be achieved by changing the name of a charming soft drink? Fine. We like the campaign for Pause better, quite honestly. Our previous affiliation is a sham. An untruth. Simply because, it does not exist. I hope this makes you happy."  
The first drink to combine the carbonated orange and grape flavors was hard hit first at 2031 Celine Dr. where The White Thieves of America first took its full swing at an early press statement one of the women was fortunate enough to see; a girl with strict inside information. Nigger Pop was to come on the market 12 million dollars strong with a new campaign aimed at the freedom of expression. Market research done, the ad guys in Denver knew the sort of the population that would be most infatuated with the new beverage, as it'd been proven already with the initial response quotas kept under wraps for security paranoia. How to harness the power? Nigger Pop was the brain child of President (of What Cola?)'s child, but just the name. A bold new campaign taking the controversial aspect of business head on. A subject of psychology classes at WSU, this President's son knew the glamour of integrating controversy with whatever is sold. The preliminary reports came back positive, the niggers loved it. No one expected the white people..



Ms. Exgeter took a whole chip of dip, only ever speaking when her mouth was at its fullest, "How many can we count on from south of New Jersey?" "50,000," a white man answered, looking at the Indian plaid carpet, "if we begin cloning procedures, like last..."

"Do you know if this is final?"

Ms. Uter answered, "The first outlay, I'd say.. \$45,000."

"The chain letter of morals," someone said. Everyone as a rule looked at the floor while speaking.

"Yes, but with a difference," a child said. Without breasts, she was still considered minor. "So. For what we do here -"

"We do at California, Texas, your basic Presidential flogging," Ms. Exgeter finished.

The phone was used. Put on speaker phone. "Whatever they do in New Jersey, take the success story and clone it in the other locals. We do not want racism!" Something like a Slavic salute ended the conversation. Each knew they were talking to the real person, and not a replica.

Nigger Pop sold great. Far surpassed the start-up season for a new product, and whirlwinded into a European plan for world conquest. Spending less money on the countries with a considerably less population of black people, unless it was in the U.S. in which case Afro-Americans. But Africa and United States began to fare the best, and in that order. What Cola? began paying off their can bills. Soon coupons were issued on the bright green cases (a mistake in judgment, illustrators and cardboard box plant people admitted, going under the mistaken impression that purple and orange make green), then the usual movie tie-in, and a contest to have a walk-in cameo by the winner in the new Tom Wolfe film that ended

up bringing sales closer to the norm than the max.

Rallies and protests, forms filled in and US Senators making good publicities on the outrage, the Pink Floyd rock band spoke out against "these kinda things", it got to be the richer the areas, sales dropped off considerably. But in the poor neighborhoods, the "projects", the land surrounding most universities, pool halls and bowling allies, Nigger Pop was the hit of the century. Soon proprietors were finding themselves calling up Coke and RC and having them remove the machines in front so they'd have room for 2 Nigger Pop sellers; when the can man would crack a Coke machine open, he'd mostly find them full, and past expiration.

But like all wars, there is a turn somewhere, and no one can keep coming up the victor. The whites had their deals, the palms laced in "backpay" which sounded better than what the money really was. Professionally produced demos for all the tv stations that would take them were saturated with shots of large Afro-American workers angry at the sight of such a "fuck up, man!". Quoting all



# desirous

janet kuypers

the light from you  
the flames leap up  
licking my lips  
touching my skin  
the fire moving  
in it's desirous dance  
the smoke intoxicates me  
as the remnants  
from the desirous inferno  
drum a rhythmic beat  
and crackle as they burn  
the ashes fall  
sprinking  
tickling my face  
sliding down my throat  
coating my lungs  
making every breath  
a desirous pant  
I chain myself  
my body falls limp  
I am intertwined  
with the desirous world  
the desire from you



John Hayes

## Gin

I can't forget her sexy sigh  
her stiffened hip from contact sport  
the sparkle of her one green eye  
the time I helped her to abort.

Why must I dwell on this tonight?  
I came to sip kind icy gin  
not ruminate on my sad plight.  
I need the phone. I want back in.

the tanned protesters, and there were many comprising less than a single percent of the population on the side against, who were scripted to say, "My brothers don't want to have anything to DO with this travesty of justice. What do you think we all are, still Boys, you have to call around the house?" Any reference to the "surprisingly good flavor, though" or "my homies chill with the shit" or "I don't care if I do work in the kitchena Shoney's, that don't mean I-" somehow was cut off, but the stations ate them as quick as they could be served, because the controversy was coming to such a peak, there was constant talk about moving certain elections to December until the "public could think about something else". Sales began to fall from the abuse. The real trick of The Academy of Black Studies on Easter Island, which now took over the fight globally and legally, was to make the theory, the idea they were pushing "in". In was important. But it took 3 weeks to clear the campaign through all channels, hire proper actors with surreal credentials (people who knew what they were doing, yet couldn't be recognized from other spots or shows as "fakers"), approve the script, the shooting went relatively fast, though in utter secrecy. What Cola? couldn't cope with the surprise launched on the eager public Dec. 1.

The old man straightened and went back to work. There were only 2 cases of Pause on order anyhow. It only took a few minutes.

He needed a cigar. Down at Fay's they were 5 Swisher Sweets' Perfecto cigars for a dollar nineteen. Trouble was, they went too fast. Especially in the dead of afternoon when his mind would wander from age, on to that speeding car that was trying to get into the parking lot. The store was situated at a very bad corner. The car was revving like a demon trying to wiggle in between the cars. There were 2 entrances, but that didn't help any. The second was like the first that car had tried - it was a woman, he saw, as the cigar burned to his callused fingers - because the store was right on the corner of a busy street, between 2 stoplights in fact, so that if there were a red light and a string of cars.. - she couldn't wait.

The cough of the old car pounded through the heavy cold air, and the old man watched his smoke form into its own cloud. Wondering how many more smokes he could get away with before the young manager thought to look outside, at the lot filled with strewn buggies.

The car kept racing down the road that soon turned into a path. Late, she couldn't wait. The recent mother - she'd had a baby around Thanksgiving, mad at herself for not "aiming" the baby due on turkey day - took this stretch to home because she knew there were no stop signs, except the one at the end. And she had to have her Nigger Pop.

Whatever they called it now, it was Nigger Pop to her, and something to be ashamed of. Sometime a great surgeon got her hooked on it at the hospital; he brought it in one day when she'd complained about the rancid taste of the orange

juice. From the first taste, there was nothing else for her. Though free, white and single, the new mom wasn't half as free as she would've liked to've been, always having to go to out of the way stores where friends, associates, etc. wouldn't recognize her, and what she'd have in her hand.

Yet, she had to be home by 4. She Had to be there then. She'd told the man she was involved with, the one who'd stayed with her through the pregnancy, who hadn't took to flight from commitment like the real father, that the janitor of the apartment building kept bringing it up to her, because she said he said the baby "wouldn't know it from milk". She said she kept having to accept it, smile him away, but the truth of it was, she had to find that store!

Went through 3, the fourth, in a predominantly Afro-American neighborhood, just looked at her from the time she came in until she was forced out from embarrassment. None on the shelves. The whites had tied it up fine enough. Even if

they knew what she was talking about, and were hiding it from her, for Better customers, it didn't make any difference, did it? It was all the same. None of what she needed.

The 5th place merely pointed down the road, explaining by which tree to take the turn, to a place "that might could help". Soon out of gas, but she thought she had enough to find her way back home. Lights on now, it was getting dark, and especially with the cloud cover that kept promising snow but didn't deliver.

It was a 7-11, popular place, with all the Afro-Americans hanging out in front. In groups known only to them. One pump for the gas, and a 3 space place to park. She got out, and jiggled herself free of the seat belt in a frenzy, put on so cops would have No reason to stop her now. The clock was winning. She was red all over, and nervous enough without all the eyes on her. The crowd coming closer to her, as she stood there fumbling with the door lock, then turning to them. They were interested, but she couldn't see why. All she could do was stare straight at them, wondering, and thinking if it was all worth it. Saying yes to each thought. They saw her left breast hanging gently down. Just out of the bra, but still comfortable so she didn't have to look. A single tear of milk rolled down her flower pattern of a dress. They began to lick their lips, moving away from the porch of the convenience store. She braced up, to move forward, to check for the



## soybeans

alexandria rand

Have you ever jumped in a vat of soybeans before? It's very strange, it feels like you're a kid in one of those playground things where you jump in a pit of colored plastic balls. Except soybeans are a lot smaller than those balls in the playgrounds, and I guess they don't have all those colors. Well anyway, I went over to his grandparent's farm, and he decided to take me on a tour of the farmhouse. The cows were smelly, I made sure I kept my distance, and I just kept calling to them, saying, "hello, moo-cow." And there were a bunch of cats running around the field, and we picked up a couple kittens and held them up high in the air. I kept asking the cats, "do you love me?" and he kept asking me why I was asking for approval from cats. Then we gave them some milk from his uncle's farmhouse. And then he took me up a ladder to the top floor of the barn. That's when he proceeded to take off his shoes and jump over into a ledge. He told me to join him. I couldn't quite see what I was about to jump into, it was almost dusk, but I took off my shoes and socks and jumped in anyway. And my ankles sunk into the soybeans. And I started laughing. And I fell, and then I started to bury myself in soybeans. And then I jumped around a few more times, then I just started throwing soybeans at him. And then I just laid down in the pit of soybeans for awhile. They felt cool on my skin. I could feel the dust from them covering my legs, my calves. There are time like that, times when I just have to let go.

## 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.

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# contract on america

By Gail Appleson, Law Correspondent

CHICAGO, Aug. 6 (Reuter) - Women lawyers honoured Sunday by the American Bar Association blasted Congress for budget cuts to programmes to help the poor, women and children and called such moves a "Contract on America."

On Friday the House passed a spending bill for labour, health and education, cutting \$9.1 billion and eliminating 176 programmes. Most of the savings were cuts to programmes affecting the poor and elderly and job training. It also eliminates the Surgeon General's office.

"The real contract with the American people, and with American women is being abrogated and decimated before our very eyes everyday. And some have the audacity to call this programme of abrogation a Contract with America," said former congresswoman Bella Abzug.

"It is clearly an assault. It is a contract on America," she told a cheering crowd. Abzug, a New York Democrat, in the early 1970s introduced numerous bills on child care, gay rights and abortion rights.

During the awards luncheon several of the winners harshly criticised Congress for its midyear budget cutting \$16.4 billion out of programmes aimed at helping the poor, women and children.

Another award winner, Louise Raggio, a prominent family lawyer from Dallas who is credited with changing property rights of women in Texas, called the cuts "mean spirited" and short sighted."

Mahala Ashley Dickerson of Anchorage, Alaska, also criticised the cuts. Dickerson, who grew up in the segregated south, was the first black woman admitted to the Alabama bar in 1948, and later the first black lawyer to practice in the Alaskan wilderness.

"I know what it is like" when there are no federal programmes for minorities and women, she said.

The women urged the approximately 1,400 people attending the luncheon to fight such cuts and attacks on individual rights. They warned of a dangerous trend of intolerance of diversity, a resurgence of white supremacy, anti-semitism and bigotry.



## "perversion" gabriel athens

Have you ever just wanted to  
fuck somebody,  
you were so attracted to them  
that you wanted to tear  
all their clothes off,  
and I do mean tear,  
I'm talking I want to see  
the rip in the fabric,  
down through the fiber,  
you just thought you wanted  
them naked on top of you,  
ripping through you,  
pulling you to shreds,  
and you liking every minute of it?

But then you think about it  
for a minute, this person  
sitting across the table from you  
in the small cafe, and they've got this  
harsh light right above them  
making strange shadows  
on their face. You talk to  
this person, you act like  
someone who's proper, who  
read all the fucking etiquette books,  
and you talk, and you  
smile, and you nod, and all the  
time you're thinking these really  
perverse thoughts. But  
there's something in the back  
of your head, no matter  
how horny you get,  
a small part of you that says  
"oh, fuck it."

I just want to know if  
anyone else has had that feeling.  
Someone else. Anyone else.

# soy wonder food, according to study

By Susan Nadeau

CHICAGO (Reuter) - The American soybean industry is ready to market soy protein as the next cholesterol-cutting miracle food after publication of a glowing health study, but some health experts remain skeptical.

The study, published Thursday in the New England Journal of Medicine, concludes that soybean protein can dramatically reduce harmful cholesterol levels in people with high counts. High cholesterol is linked to heart disease.

“This is a doorway, a threshold that has been opened,” said Bob Callanan, communications director for the American Soybean Association, which represents soybean farmers across the United States.

“It’s an exciting opportunity, and is something that should have been said five years ago,” Callanan said.

ASA and the United Soybean Board, another industry group, were among the main sponsors of the study, which was not based on new scientific experiments. Instead, a group of physicians performed a “meta-analysis” and analyzed more than 38 earlier studies for their conclusions.

“The daily consumption of 31 to 47 grams of soy protein can significantly decrease serum cholesterol and LDL cholesterol concentrations,” the study said.

“Substituting two cups of soy milk for regular milk and consuming one serving of meat analogue would provide approximately 30 grams of soy protein per day.”



who felt herself sitting from the shock of all these people.

“Ah,” he said, as though it meant something. “Paperwork. Well..” he grumbled. “I suppose....” He paused, left the room, came back, and said, “Yes.” They felt his shadow leave when he officially departed.

The secretary wore her favorite face. Her natural face. The face for her boss.

“Do I know you...?” Val asked.

A laugh, then, “He won’t be needing you at today’s, then. Forget it. Guess you better do all this paperwork then, ms. head of a multi-national conglomerate. So it’ll look all right?” She was beginning to ease out of the plush place. “I’ll ban the calls. Say you’re out. You just get some rest. After...” She dully flicked a wrist at the papers, and was gone.

Val’s head was splitting. She looked at a long chair that could’ve been a couch. How she hungered for it. Felt the solemn urge for its touch. A caress of a few short hours. Just a few, until she could figure out the....

Sigh. Hand through hair, where it stuck for several minutes. Val began signing the papers, not knowing why. Hoping her own name would do. Knowing she’d be paying for last night for the rest of her life.

tutes. There was the obvious token black man chatting up a circle of ladies, proof positive that in one of the dark corners there had to be lurking a camera. A squat table made completely from glass and silver bars held a bowl of peeled onions which evaporated far quicker than some hidden guest could keep up the acquired pace to replenish them. Val looked at her calendar watch and saw that another day had passed. She asked the barman for something, and he seemed to smile. It was the last thing she remembered.

The buzz was the grinding kind. Persistent. And Val hit the thing 5 times, the last 2 with sufficient force to blind a policeman, until she realized it was the European phone.

“What the -!”

She jumped up. Out of the chair that seemed to be contoured sweetly to her aging figure. It bobbed back and forth and went to its original position: just a little bent for the spine of sitters. There was a knock on facsimile oak.

A woman entered, but Val was too busy looking at the huge windows which seemed to surround her current prison. Hardly any room for wall, she tried to find a place to stare, circling and circling with small steps, that wasn't into the real world, until at last her stark gaze caught the concerned woman.

“What!”

The woman smiled, and said, “You've got a 4 o'clock.”

“I've got a 4 o'clock What? Who the hell are you!”

The patient smile was a practiced one. Just the right amount of lip curling to denote a friendly degree of cynicism that passes between 2 “friends” who can say anything, yet with the speck of a glimmer of teeth to interpose a subservient position. She dropped some opened letters on her desk, and gave a mime to the expensive clock resting on the secretary's wrist.

Tearing her hair out, Val wondered what it all meant. Things were hazy. She seemed to recall some kind.. some sort of bald man with bad breath like.. some kind of food, laughing at something she said that was... funny? Strolling around the carpet, she tried to collect herself. There was a bar teeming with flasks of different colors and strengths. But the sun was relentless, and there were no blinds. She didn't know about the button on the huge desk which turned the glasses a smoky shade of relief. The only thing that mattered was -

A tall man came into the room without knocking. He wore round glasses and clothes. “Where are you?” She stared at him blankly. She was trying to remember. It would've helped if she'd seen him before in her lifetime. “Where are you?” he repeated. Val retreated behind the desk. An open mouth came to her. The powerful man was waiting. He seemed to own most of the building and what was in it. The secretary came in again, wearing a whole new set of extroverted morals for the bigger brass section. “You'll be wanting these...” She put some papers before Val,

# crazy

# janet kuypers

This dialogue is transcribed from repeated visits with a patient in Aaronsville Correctional Center in West Virginia. Madeline\*, a thirty-six year old woman, was sentenced to life imprisonment after the brutal slaying of her boyfriend during sexual intercourse. According to police reports, Madeline sat with the remains of the man for three days after the murder until police arrived on the scene. They found her in the same room as the body, still coated with blood and malnourished. Three doctors studied her behavior for a total period of eight months, and the unanimous conclusion they reached was that Madeline was not of sound mind when she committed the act, which involved an ice pick, an oak board from the back of a chair, and eventually a chef's knife. Furthermore, she continued to show signs of both paranoia and delusions of grandeur long after the murder, swaying back and forth between the two, much like manic depression.

For three and a half years Madeline has stayed at the Aaronsville Correctional Center, and she has shown no signs of behavioral improvement. She stays in a room by herself, usually playing solitaire on her bed. She talks to herself regularly and out loud, usually in a slight Southern accent, although not in a very loud tone, according to surveillance videotape. Her family abandoned her after the murder. Occasionally she requests newspapers to read, but she is usually denied them. She never received visitors, until these sessions with myself.

The following excerpts are from dialogues I have had with her, although I am tempted to say that they are monologues. She wasn't very interested in speaking with me, rather, she was more interested in opening herself up to someone for the first time in years, someone who was willing to listen. At times I began to feel like a surrogate parent. I try not to think of what will happen when our sessions end.

\* Madeline is not her real name.

I know they're watching me. They've got these stupid cameras everywhere - see, there's one behind the air vent there, hi there, and there's one where the window used to be. They've probably got them behind the mirrors, too. It wouldn't be so bad, I guess, I mean, there's not much for me to be doing in here anyway, but they watch me dress, too, I mean, they're watching me when I'm naked, now what's that going to do to a person? I don't know what they're watching for anyway, it's not like I can do anything in here. I eat everything with a spoon, I've never been violent, all I do, almost every day, is sit on this bed and play solitaire. Solitaire is really relaxing, you know, and I think it keeps your brain alive, too. Most people think you can't win at solitaire, that the chances of winning are like two percent or something. But the thing is, you can win at this game like over half the time. I think that's the key, too - knowing you can win half the time. I mean, the last four rounds I played, I won twice. Now I'm not saying that's good or anything,

like praise me because I won two rounds of solitaire, but it makes a point that as long as you know what you're doing and you actually think about it, you can win. The odds are better.

I think people just forget to watch the cards. Half the time the reason why you lose is because you forget something so obvious. You're looking for a card through the deck and the whole time it's sitting on another pile, just waiting to be moved over, and the whole time you forget to move it. People just forget to pay attention. They got to pay attention.

You know, I'd like to see the news. I hate t.v., but I'd like to see what acts other people are doing. Anything like mine? Has anyone else lost it like me? You know, I'll bet my story wasn't even on the news for more than thirty seconds. And I'll bet the news person had a tone to their voice that was just like "oh, the poor crazy thing," like, "that's what happens when you lose it, I guess."

But I want to see what's happening in the real world. I just wanna watch to see what, you know, the weather is like, even though I haven't seen the sun in a year or two. Or, or to hear sports scores. They won't let me have a t.v. in the room. I think they think that I'm gonna hot-wire it or something, like I'm going to try to electrocute the whole building with a stupid television set. They let me have a lamp in the room, like I can't hurt someone with that, but no t.v. They won't even let me have a newspaper. What can a person do with a newspaper? Light in on fire or something? If I had matches or something. But it's like this: I've never been violent to nobody in all of the time I've been in here. I haven't laid a hand on a guard, even though they're tried too many time to lay a hand on me, and I haven't cause one single little problem in this whole damn place, and this is what I get - I don't even get a t.v. or a newspaper.

You know, I don't really have a Southern accent. See? Don't I sound different with my regular voice? I picked it up when I started sounding crazy. See, I'm not really crazy, I just know the kind of shit they do to you in prison. I think it's bad enough here, I would've had the shit kicked out of me, I'd've been sodomized before I knew what hit me. I think this voice makes me sound a little more strange. I'm actually from New York, but I mean, changing the voice a little just to save me from going to prison, well, I can do that. Here it's kind of nice, I don't have to deal with people that often, and all the crazy people around here think I'm some sort of tough bitch because I mutilated someone who was raping me. Oh, you didn't hear that part of the story, did you? Those damn lawyers thought that since I wasn't a virgin I must have been wanting him. And he wasn't even my boyfriend - he was just some guy I knew, we'd go out every couple of weeks, and I never even slept with him before. What a fucked up place. You see, I gotta think of it this way: I really had no choice but to do what I did. In a way it was self-defense, because I didn't want that little piece of shit to try to do that to me, I mean, what the Hell makes him think he can do that? Where does he get off trying to take me like that, like I'm some butcher-

# The Seeds of the Cherries

by ben ohmart

The sex was incredibly acute, especially in the potted plants that Val thought were only supposed to be for show. But she took a drink of something mixed with something else - but she knew One of the liquors had a Q in it - and sat into the plush armchair opposite a particularly intense couple.

"Having fun?" a man asked behind her. He gave her that squeeze just above the elbow that comes from 1 stranger to another asking a simple introductory question, yet with implications that would've been invisible if it were, say, 1 man to another, depending on sexual inclinations.

She tried her coldest stare, wanting not to miss the ending of her show, but the man was too sure of himself that night. Too lucky. She could see the splotches of grainy dirt even through the blue of his suit, but the little white balls, possibly some kind of fertilizer, clinging to his clothed person helped in her identifying looks.

"No," she verbally tried.

He moved closer, and she took a drink. Wondering why she was here in the first place. She looked around for her friend, then stood. He grabbed her. Val did a fast knee motion, and the suave man jumped back in anticipation. Smiling, she offered, "Excuse me."

The immediate free standing personnel accounted for, she went around to the various potted plants - realizing for the first time their factual use, because there were way too many around for any NY apartment She'd ever been in - trying to dig up the attractive girlfriend she came in with, but from the parts of the bodies found, she had no friend in the place.

Perhaps there was a secret room, Val thought, as she downed something a different color this time. The bartender, or the man who had little more confidence than pouring drinks all evening, began to talk about the Associated Press, but she didn't have to listen. The cool of the ice cubes on her warm lips never lost its cogent magic. The feel of the whole ball of ice in her mouth, growing smaller with each subtle suck, the drain of the sharp liquid down her throat a hot inch at a time, a drop at a time.

The room was draped in an alibi of pink which grew darker by the shade. Perhaps it was the lighting. Maybe Val saw her eyelids more frequently. Hanging down from the low ceiling but above a fountain full of gin was a crystal set of lights that looked like Christmas tree lights arranged for year round use. The spiked bulbs brought out sharp pinpoints of gold up and out, but rarely in any of the party prancers' faces. There were expensive men talking business with would-be prosti-



John Hayes

## Goblets

As first droplets fall  
we cork red wine  
cast goblets to the ground.

Spread bare bodies  
on serving earth  
to relish summer rain.

We are as glass  
fragile, nicked and spotted.

shop piece of meat he can buy and abuse or whatever? Well anyway, I know part of it all was self defense and all, but at the same time I know I flipped, but because of, well shit that happened in my past. I never came from any rich family like you, I never even came from a family with a dad, and when you got all these boyfriends coming in and hitting you or touching you or whatever, you know it's got to mess you up. Yeah, I know, people try to use the my-parents-beat-me line and it's getting to the point where no one really believes it anymore, but if a person goes through all their life suppressing something that they shouldn't have to suppress then one day it's going to just come up to them and punch them in the face, it's going to make them go crazy, even if it's just for a little while.

Society's kind of weird, you know. It's like they teach you to do things that aren't normal, that don't feel right down deep in your bones, but you have to do them anyway, because someone somewhere decided that this would be. Everyone around you suppresses stuff, and when you see that it tells you that you're supposed to be hiding it from the rest of the world, too, like if we all just hide it for a while, it will all go away. Maybe it does, until someone like me blows up and can't take hiding all that stuff anymore, but then the rest of the world can just say that we're crazy and therefore it's unexplainable why we went crazy and then they can just brush it all off and everything is back to normal again. It's like emotion. People are taught to hide their emotions. Men are taught not to cry, women are taught to be emotional and men are told to think that it's crazy. So when something really shitty happens to someone - like a guy loses his job or something - and he just sits in front of a friend and breaks down and cries, the other guy just thinks this guy is crazy for crying. Then the guy rejects the guy that's crying, making him feel even worse, making the guy bottle it back up inside of him.

I think people are like Pepsi bottles. You remember those glass bottles? Pop always tasted better in those bottles, you could just like swig it down easier, your lips fit around the glass neck better or something. I wonder why people don't use them anymore? Well, I think people are like Pepsi bottles, like they have the potential for all of this energy, and the whole world keeps shaking them up, and some people lose their heads and the top goes off and all of this icky stuff comes shooting all around and other Pepsi bottles want to hide from it and then the poor guy has no Pepsi left. And how can you do anything when you have no Pepsi left? Or maybe you do lose it, but you still have some Pepsi left in you, and people keep thinking that you don't have any left, and then they treat you like you shouldn't be allowed to tie your own shoelaces or you should be watched while you're getting dressed. Can't you turn those cameras off?

I heard this story in here sometime about Tony, this guy that was in here for murder, and after he was in here he went crazy and cut off his own scrotum. I don't know how a man survives something like that, but I guess he did, because he was in here, and from what I hear he was using the pay phones to call 1-800 numbers to

prank whoever answered at the other end. Well, I guess he kept calling this one place where these women would answer the phone, and they got fed up with it, I guess, and traced it or something. They got the number for this hospital, and talked to his doctor. I think he told them that Tony cut his balls off, now I thought doctor-patient records were private, but I suppose it doesn't matter, because we're just crazy prisoners, killers who don't matter anyway, but he told these girls that Tony cut his balls off a whole two months ago. And then he called them back, talking dirty to them, not knowing they knew he was a murderer with no balls and they laughed and made fun of him and told him they knew, and he hung up the phone and never called them back. True story, swear to God. Can you just imagine him wondering how they knew? Or were they just making a joke, or...

Did you know that I write? I figured that if they won't let me read anything, maybe I could put stuff down on paper and read it to myself, I guess. I try to write poetry, but it just don't come out right, but I've been trying to write a thing about what I went through, you know what I'm talking about? Well, I just figure that if other people that are in prison can get best sellers and make a ton of money, then so can I, I mean, my story is better than half the stuff that's out there, and I know there are a lot of women who have a little part of them that wants to do what I did. I think all women feel it, but the most of them are taught to suppress it, to keep it all bottled in like that. But now that I think of it, what am I going to do with a bunch of money anyway? I'm never going to get out of here to enjoy it or anything. Anyway, how would I get someone to want to read it in the first place, now that everyone thinks that I'm crazy?

Sometimes I get so depressed. It's like I'm never going to get out of here. I think I wanted to have kids one day. It's easier, I guess, not having to see kids, I guess then I don't miss them too much, but...

For the longest time they tried to get doctors to come in here and talk to me, and you know what they did? They got men doctors - one after another - and then they wondered why the Hell I didn't want to talk to them. Amazing. People really just don't think, do they?

I guess it's hard, being in here and all, I mean. I was going to go back to school, I had already taken the GED and graduated high school, and I was going to go to the local community college. It was going to be different. Sometimes I wonder, you know, why this had to happen to me, why I had to snap. I really don't think I could have controlled it, I don't think any of this could have happened any other way. It's hard. I have to find stuff to do, because otherwise all I'd want to do is sleep all day and night, and I suppose I could, but then what would happen to me? At least if I write a book about my life, about this whole stupid world, then maybe everyone would at least understand. It wasn't really my fault, I mean, I think we women have enough to deal with just in our regular lives and then they keep piling on this sexism crap on us, and then expect us not to be angry about it because we were



it was a gift found late in life. If it was something important the batteries would've called awake the street sirens, so I readied myself pleasantly for a short dialogue with more nomadic relations, family looking to patch up old wounds grown to scars from years of neglect. The power company made a deal with the government: conglomerate communications through the wail, they wouldn't be sending out anybody again to commiserate. To explain, to compromise. To justify.

My door opened without my knowing the power was in my own hand. I looked at everybody in the world. They were there. And a good number breaking down my porch just by being bodies. Difficult to focus on them all - Mrs. Murphy. The pizza boy. Guy with the porch swing from down.. Thousands, many, many more, I couldn't name. Yet.... They looked at me, and began to laugh. That's when I knew it had all been a joke. Prank on me. That my life had caused such pain, a unifying force of half-malfeasance in the world at large, and they were getting me back. I stared. I stared to the laughing crowd. The laughing crowd, really organized. And I searched for her.

“Two four five east?” He was smart I could tell. Equi-distant from all other abodes, or dwellings, or whatever you call them when you’re trying to make a point. Every home, the person - who wasn’t in the basement - could hear him, fine. I loved him. There was real dedication there. Or perhaps it was that “if you were the last” whatever “on earth...” blah, blah, coming to a life I could only now give it. The pizza box was laced with tar, and a few feathers, I don’t know why, blew as he gave it to my money. My last hundred.

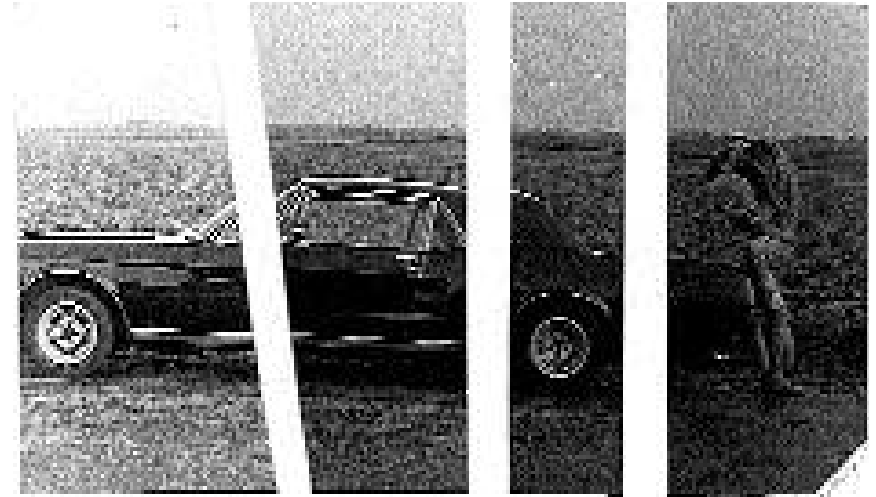
Locked back, I thought I felt another day pass, but shrugged it. Real food, for the first and last time. The lid showed me nothing but green peppers. Cheese of course, but when wasn’t there? He’d said as much over the phone, quoting his top price. Others with radio wave sets; others who got through, with just enough money, making auctions; you get tired of those cans. Good, there were others - not everyone was getting religion, just in case life meant something you couldn’t print on a Hallmark. My hands lost so much weight. Perhaps I should’ve gone to get some. Surely they had some left. Or was it all gone? I’d meet her. Chalk it up to accident. We’d talk. Thrive. And together, we could pass on through. Couldn’t we pass?

My teeth tore apart the yellow with red, inert bubbles, and the greens were amazingly fresh. There could be more time, was more, I could feel myself slipping back into hunger, and I knew then, more days gone, me nearer the... the scientists had called it the “gnab gib”, imploding, exploding, I don’t know, I’d call that pizza place again. Jewelry. Great stereo equipment that wouldn’t know another payment. I wasn’t worried.

A week, and I grew cold. There is nothing so lonely.. I don’t know what to call it. So.. something like appalling sounds overly... but there’s nothing in these feelings I was having like the sunset through a black window. No air conditioner, and you feel that the afternoon, and all of them, is a wasted entity that knows only itself. Nothing to play with, around. A thing selfish that believes air is its own breath. And I found it cruel. Frankly, that’s the word my mind dwelt upon, but cruel wouldn’t make me die alone. Oh no. I had my bitchy, fucking inconsistent fabric softener to take care of that!

I looked into her closet, and saw the shoes she’d chosen to parish. It was a particularly cloudy, or slatey I guess, day, and I had memorized a pair of pumps, in just the pose she’d last set them in. Was it a simple move that left her garments the way they were? Were they organized for simple slip ins? The shirts and the blouses, and the lovely jeans, because I really did like to see a woman’s figure, that’s all it was between me and styles. Blouses - fine, but the black mini-skirts that hung up on those wire-bar hangers, that could disclose a woman’s curves - remembering her touch from a last simple fold, and my hand went out to them, those shirts. And we held hands from across a memory.

The knock woke me as I’d fallen asleep standing there. I was good at it,



taught to deal with it all of our lives. Maybe this guy was just the straw that broke the camel’s back or something, maybe he was just another rapist, maybe he was just another drunk guy who thought that he could do whatever he wanted with me because he was the man and I was his girl, or just some chick that didn’t matter or whatever, but shit, it does matter, at least to me it does.

I know I’ve got a lot of healing to do, but I haven’t really thought about doing it. I mean, what have I got to heal for anyway? To get out of here and go to prison? Then I’ll just get abused by guards over there, have to watch my back every second of the day. At least here people watch my back for me. They think everything and anything in the world could harm me, even myself, so they’re so overprotective that nothing can go wrong, unless it goes wrong in my own mind.



John

Hayes

## God Is Not Deaf

Again, the church bells peal.  
A mile removed they clang,  
shake buildings  
penetrate closed doors  
rattle sparrow's perch.

The sound, like winter morning cold  
enters marrow of the bone.  
Do priests think god is deaf?  
or do they cover screams?

"It is truth," the bishop scolds,  
"that God can not be deaf."

## WORLD LIKENESS

by ben ohmart

I remember she spilled the box. I felt like ending my life. But I was at a loss, how do you end something that hasn't really started? I couldn't hear those yellow birds out back anymore anyway, whatever they were called, always so loud before. A nest in the huge pine so imposing, resting just a branch-hand on my roof.

"You don't get my clothes soft enough." So what kind of reason was that? Half a video collection. Tore out the remaining months of the calendar. Would it help her? The basset hound of my life, gone for good. My address was gone from the head of the white door, the front door, I noticed on going out to look at what was left of the sky. A marble finish up top there, a "Chicago sunset" they'd said. It was that address that hurt the most. I put my hand to her crude claw hammer marks, marking the vicious circle, the wrenching it took. Anyone who can see love in marks like... My stomping around produced this tinny sound. I'd collected up the thumptacks in my feet, and it made me a kind of shoe, a pair of shoes; she'd emptied the box just to bloody me, emotionally, but physically she had caught me off guard. Just when I looked back, the sky had changed its face. The expression was something bordering. I knew on what, but the sides were unclear to me.

The two remaining stations pounded out "It's the End of the World (As We Know It)". The static freed myself from the whining; I couldn't tell if it was me or the singer. But I had to lay down. The cool comfort of the still ceiling fan made animations in my head. Pluto was turning the thing by paw, and I appreciated it. I could grab the air, because it sat, and I approved. Acceptance was the art of betrayal. I knew it now. Now that the windows were painted black. Cable had said - "a tip of the day", whatever number they gave it - it decreases impact through that glass. It was shit, but it was shit to believe in. The throb came unto me quickly, the dial turned and my headache went away, so I realized, afterwards, the similarity between organ music and static. I prayed in my methodical, metaphorical way for being able to one day switch on the electric one again, and dissimulate.

Then someone just yelled from the street. I kept the hole in the door free. What harm could a peep hole do me? She could've returned. Religion is this passing thing, and when.....(I kidded myself into a grave). I watched my hands shake the chain free and I passed into an outer passage. It was the third day, I think, images and quiescent clocks began to blend all to green. I thought it was green. Remembering my art training. Things always ran, mixed, whatever, to green?



# 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."

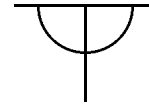
Hope Chest in the Attic is a 200 page, perfect-bound book of 13 years of poetry, prose and art by Janet Kuypers. It's a really classy thing, if you know what I mean.

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

robert kimm

janet kuypers

or mcguirt

errol miller

john sweet

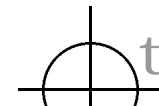
ben ohmart

gary a. schein o-

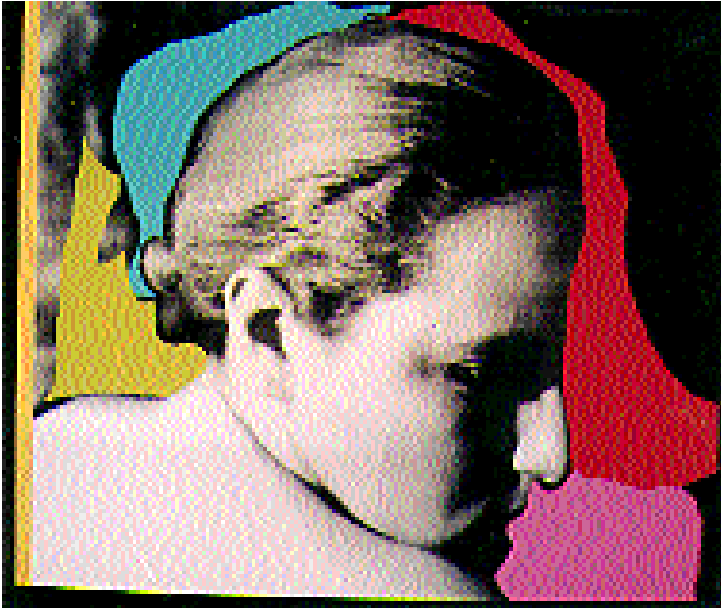
ha

**THE NINETEEN FIFTY FIVE NINETY  
POETRY CHAPBOOK**

cher y



townsend



## the voyeur and his mistress part three

If we were together  
comfortable in our life that  
we once wished for that day  
in the bakery when  
our eyes first met and  
we couldn't stop smiling  
overcome by the feeling within,  
a sweet burning, an unbearable lightness,  
and if we were now together,  
I'd lay in your bed  
watching you,  
remembering back when we met,  
you used to collect  
teapots and dreams.

gary jurechka

cc@d

## the hand

the Hand  
the unknown Hand  
i'm frightened  
trembling  
shaking  
i move  
toward it  
the Hand  
the mystery  
entangles me  
spins my mind  
curiosity  
attraction  
undying  
i move  
closer  
shivering  
afraid  
i need  
the love  
i feel  
the lust  
the Hand  
i fear  
but i  
must know  
i need

to learn  
the pain  
the cry  
i scream  
i need  
i want  
i take  
a step  
emotion  
i'm wild  
i'm no longer  
human  
i need  
i want  
the Hand  
it reaches out  
for mine.

alexandria  
rand

cc@d

where do we go from here?

When the harsh reality  
is laid open to the bone  
and the bloody core of  
truth exposed, it throbs  
insistently in my temple.

It burns my eyes,  
it taints my thoughts and  
obscures my heart.

For the mind mood shifts  
in split shafts  
of time and emotion, and  
who can trust this  
damned vision,  
unable to tell if it is  
clear or blurred.

gary jurechka

## unleashed

falling in love

it lurks just underneath the skin  
growing like a cancer  
eating its way out from the inside  
seeping into my brain it sucks my mind  
and I'm acting against my will  
holding me controlling me  
this monster heart roars  
running rampant  
down chaotic streets of emotion

don't make me love you

gary jurechka

[cc](#)  [d](#)

## untitled no. 7

I'll stare at the sunset  
until my eyes turn black  
and swallow us whole  
and under the glowing black-light  
of the drifting moon, the ocean  
churns into cloud foam, lapping at  
my feet, these blue roots of  
the lone tree planted in sand  
and the soft wind caresses  
my troubled mind and I laugh  
while splitting open like a melon  
and it sets my soul free  
and you are there, returning  
like songbirds in spring,  
like a wayward dandelion seed  
in my heart and clutching  
my hand, you lead me  
out from the blackness of my eyes  
and we are so a part of one another  
living love, loving life,  
we eat the music,  
we breathe the rainbow and  
we burn brightly  
even in the sunshine.

gary jurechka

[cc](#)  [d](#)