

children churches & daddies

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Cover Art Uplight on a statue of Jesus at the back of a church in the French Quarter, New Orleans, LA. This image was also previously used for the cover of the poetry book etc.

The Liberal Media

The republican talk radio shows (you know, with the Rush Limbaughs and the Shawn Hannitys of the world) always talk about the “liberal media.” I know *Scars Publications* is a part of the media (*so to speak*), and I don’t think *Children, Churches and Daddies* is really “liberal.” But when it comes to broadcast journalism, television in particular, we need to objectively ask: is the media liberal, and if so — why?

Before the election, CBS media got in trouble for not checking its sources about the legitimacy of President Bush’s past military experience. They were even documented as saying that they may not have had the guarantees for the legitimacy of their story, but they went with it anyway, because if it wasn’t right, there were other problems with Bush, because, well, they thought he was wrong for the country.

And on election day, they would poll people leaving the booths to see how they voted, and their returns indicated that Kerry was in the lead.

When they saw that their post-voting polling wasn’t accurate, they found that the people looking for results asked *mostly* women, which may have slanted the vote toward Kerry.

I mean Hell, even fake news shows like *the Daily Show* seem to revel in their hatred of the Republican Party, and every audience member there praises anything to do with Democrats like Kerry. They would interview conservative politicians, and they would occasionally even get boos from the audience during their interviews.

And I was thinking about this, and I thought about the fact that Bush won a good majority of the states, so I started to think that maybe the media is “liberal.” So the next question I have to ask is, *why*.

Well, the first reason I’d guess for the media touting liberal ideas would be that they were appealing to what people wanted to hear. Makes sense, because in order to keep people listening, they will report the news — and they’ll also report *what people want to hear*.

That make sense to me, but...

But if more people voted for Bush, then I would think that *more* peo-



photography by Brian Hosey

ple wouldn't want to hear all of these views of how wonderful Kerry was.

So then I pulled back to think about this.

Then, I pulled *way* back. All the way back to looking at the entire country. I looked at the states that had a strong pull for Kerry, versus a strong pull for Bush.

And the thing I noticed was that the Democratic states were states with major cities. Illinois (holding Chicago) went to Kerry. And yeah, living in the Chicago area, I'd go to regular poetry open mics and hear people talk about their utter hatred for Bush. And yeah, the other bigger city players were Democratic states



— New York and California both went to Kerry.

Hmm. Okay, so what can that tell me? Keep looking, Janet, and think about what these urban areas have in common and how they effect the government.

Hmm.

Wait, let me think this through: Democrats want to expand government programs, and helping to poor, which usually mean more taxes. But who can afford that? Maybe the people who make more money, *in the cities*, who have to contend with more poor people around and want to give them some sort of relief so... So these poor people aren't in the way of the rich city-dwellers, working and making money.

No, that can't be it.

I know this is my editorial, but stop being so opinionated, Janet.

Hmm.

Okay. I'll get back to thinking more objectively here. Sorry.

I think I've got it, but bear with me on this one.

Consider that people in the major cities (like Chicago, or New York, or L.A.) contend with poor people and want to see something done to help them. It may mean more taxes, but this will help these people, and they are willing to pay something extra to help these people out. And heck, if everyone is willing to pitch in just a little, we'd all help and make things better for people in need.

Wow. For a second I felt like I was talking for some relief fund for the starving Ethiopians (or Ethernopians, as Stan Marsh of *South Park* calls them), and not for people in the United States. (Did I sound like I was from the Red Cross or something when I wrote that last paragraph?)

But that might be a good argument. If people can give money to help people in trouble for other things (poor people in Third World countries, or people caught in Florida hurricanes who lost their homes), people could be willing to help the needy poor people of *this* country. And the Democratic Party has become quite the altruistic party, wanting people to give to help other people.

The comforting thing, however, is that the majority of this country doesn't like giving up their belongings without getting anything in return. The majority of people in this country know that just handing money to people does not help them get out of their problems, because government-granted money should only be a temporary solution to people's problems, to help them get on their feet and start creating and producing on their own again.

You know, I don't really know if that's what the majority of people think. I know that's what *I* think, and I just hope that many other people think that way too.

And of the two arguments I posed for why the big city states are liberal, I really prefer to think that the second reason is more accurate.

But then that leaves me with the question I had at the beginning of this editorial: if we've inferred that the media is liberal, then we have to ask *why*.

Hmm. Let me think.

Let me think of where the media comes from.

California. And New York.

Two liberal states.

Do you think the media, stemming from liberal states, could be so objective that it would ignore what it sees all around it — like homeless people trying to get a meal while these broadcast journalists are trying to commute to work at the television station? Like seeing people resorting to drugs and alcohol because they've got nothing else, and what little cash they can get is not enough for a new suit for an interview they can't get for their dream job?

Do you think these people, who commute (possibly in a gas-guzzling expensive SUV) from their nice city flat to their nice city job, see these destitute people daily and want to help them?

You know, to make this world a better place?

Do you think these people would see the squalor and see that there is a political option that would help these people out, through the Democratic Party?

Hmm. Now that I'm thinking about this line of thinking for the media being more liberal, the more I'm getting this idea.

But I guess the thing that bothers me about the notion of the “liberal media” is that a select few locations can decide the way all major (or network) television news leans (instead of being even and just news). And yeah, we've also got newspapers and magazines to get news from, but the other problem is that we're a bunch of Stupid Americans, and it's a Hell of a lot easier for us to get the news from turning on the free news from our television instead of *paying* for print media and actually having to *read* it.

'Cause reading the news, is, like, work.

So the thing that bugs me is that most people get their news from the liberal news, and people assume it's not biased, and people almost accept it as the world of God. Do we want people assuming these slanted views are affects of true reporting? Do we want people drawing their conclusions about our world form these slanted views?

Can anyone make an informed decision about anything when they don't receive all if the information objectively?



Janet Kuypers

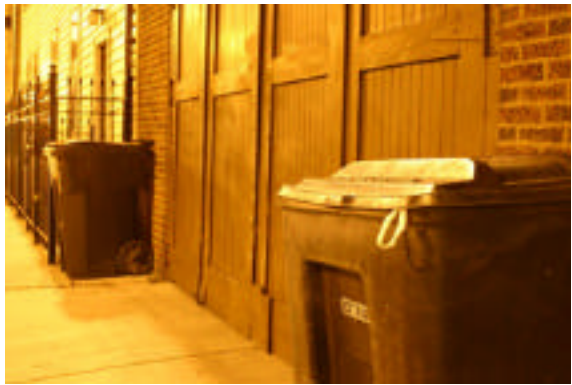
Janet Kuypers
Editor in Chief



Main Street–American Congregation

When I asked Erskine Caldwell, author of over fifty novels, at one time most read American author in Russia, where he was born he said: “Well, I was born, let me put it that way”. At the time of my interview, he was author in residence at Dartmouth. Not long after that he passed away, but I never forgot how his discussions were usually about regular people in small towns.

There was something about what he said that carried me back to my birth, in a border town, on the Main Street of ten thousand citizens between Minnesota and North Dakota. My Grandfather, brought up there as a child, owned businesses, worked all his life, and never took a vacation from Main Street. My uncles lived on the Minnesota Main Street eulogized by Sinclair Lewis in his novel Main Street.



Year, art by Joel McGregor

I never gave much thought about the idea of Main Street until coming back, from military service overseas, attending colleges, working from west to east coast and then trying to find a place I could call home. Memories of working as a teenager, shining shoes and selling popcorn, are gone now, faded like memories of my high school classmates. Not much memory remains of the dozen states I lived in but one thing stays.

In the Midwest, the south, north country or the east coast, I have always lived on Main Street. My place, my home is where everything is “going on” all the time. Main Street, USA, is window of the world. I feel close to Caldwell, Lewis and others who have a sense of place. And I understand why people need to demonstrate their feelings, here, where all Americans need to go when they congregate.

2 pieces by Frank Anthony Ph.D.

Homeland Or Self-Security?

Periodically we might ask ourselves: where are we going?

What is actually different from the life around us half a century ago? How does that difference affect the way we live and, should we be concerned to the point where we decide to do something about it? When I was approaching teenage, we never thought about boundaries. From sun up to sun down, in Northern Minnesota, outside our small town area, we explored the forests and rivers. The single-shot 22, birthday present my dad gave me at 12, never killed anything I remember.

Much later, where I taught school in West Virginia, boys of 12 knew the woods as “home”. Keith Roberts killed his own deer, with his grandfather's rifle and brought it out of the woods. That self-reliance does something for a boy nothing else can. It gets at the heart of the difference between man and woman. One hunts, brings home the “bacon”. Now, in Vermont, it gets to a point where parents are paranoid about their youngsters, especially a girl, going for a walk in the “woods”. The mystery of a young girl killed, jogging in Heartland, has never been solved. Yearly, something similar happens in Vermont. Self-protection is never guaranteed.

You are out for a stroll, alone or with your significant other. An angry dog, frightened, sees you as too close to his “property”. Before he has his teeth in you, mace or pepper spray, directed near him, has him going the other way. Postman or walker, you are your own homeland security. Anything else is fictional. As an American, Vermonter or anyone else, only you are responsible for your safety and survival. My rifle made me feel secure as a boy; boxing in the service, learning martial arts, all gave me a sense of security but not total security. Even more important is avoiding places, or people, of unnecessary risk. Despite movies or TV, the choice is up to me.

photography by Brian Hosey



Letting Free Speech Slide

Okay, I'd like to take a little poll. Who out there values the fact that we have freedom of speech in the United States?

Okay, we probably all like that, or else we wouldn't get together as a bunch of artists and poets and writers. So I'll ask the next question in our poll: Do you like the fact that the U.S. Government is so involved with newspaper stories that it approves all newspaper articles published?

Well wait, that doesn't happen. Especially when people have deduced how "liberal" the media is, when the government oozes so much Republicanism. So I guess that freedom of speech thing adheres to newspapers as well, and that's probably a good thing, because people can read a variety of viewpoints and come to their own conclusions.

Um, good thing teens don't read the newspaper often. Because only half of our teens believe (according to the the John S. and James L. Knight Foundation and the University of Connecticut's \$1 million, two year-long survey) that newspapers should be able to publish stories that did not have the government's approval.

Yes, we need big brother to approve our stories before we publish them in newspapers, to make sure they ... to make sure they what? Make sure they don't cause a panic, or a riot? Or to make sure they don't make people think?

The BBC news reported that according to this survey "a significant number of US high-school students regard their constitutional right to freedom of speech as excessive." And "Over a third ... felt the First Amendment went 'too far' in guaranteeing freedom of speech, press, worship and assembly."

This survey even concluded that a lot of teens (falsely) believed the Government had the right to censor the internet — and about two thirds of the teens polled falsely believed that burning the U.S. flag was illegal

MSNBC reported via an AP article that teens seem to even have a more censorial and restrictive in their views than elders, as only 87% of teens polled, versus 99% of adults polled, felt that people should be allowed to express unpopular views.

Wow, that 13% of teens better not get in our way, we might express something they don't like.

But that's okay, we let them have the right to voice their opinions.

That's the American Way.

The survey results reflected an indifference to the First Amendment, as teens seems to think it was “no big deal.” The director of the Journalism Education Association, said in the report that “this all comes at a time when there is decreasing passion for much of anything.”

And you know, they may be right. People do seem to be dispassionate nowadays. Teens have become detached after being a product of the MTV generation, and after playing so many video games for so many hours of the day instead of caring about the news. or what happens around them.

I mean Hell, if they don't have anything to say, maybe they don't mind losing their rights.

The sad thing is that teens seem to take free speech for granted, which seems to reflect the way the Republican party has taught everyone to think after 9/11. Consider that after Bin Laden taught people who hated American to learn to fly airplanes to the could hijack them and drive them into economic and governmental buildings (iconic representations of the United States). After the morning of September 11th, President George Bush was determined to find a way to stop this from happening again — which, for him, included the Patriot Act, which expands the ability of states and the Federal Government to conduct surveillance of American citizens, and isn't limited to terrorism. Greg Downing wrote in *A Historical Argument Against the Patriot Act*, that “under the Patriot Act anyone suspected of terrorist affiliations can be arrested and detained without solid evidence to prove their affiliations.” It even allows foreign and domestic intelligence agencies to more easily spy on Americans. The Patriot Act authorizes the use of “sneak and peek” search warrants. According to *The Nation*, “The Patriot Act was so named to imply that those who question its sweeping new powers of surveillance, detention and prosecution are traitors.” But PBS' *Frontline* even noted that since it's inception, the Patriot Act “has come under harsh criticism from both the political left and the right as a threat to Americans' rights as guaranteed by the Constitution and Bill of Rights.”

I know I'm going on. I'll stop. But I could name more...

Either way, Americans all felt the need to fly and continue their work on their own terms after 9/11, despite the threat of terrorist takeover of their airplanes. Americans were willing to take longer at airports for security reasons, even though some have found that women get their body physically checked more often. I mean, I had to lose a pair of cuticle clippers because I was nearsighted enough to not realize that they could be

used as a violent weapon on a flight back from Hawaii. But we'll deal with these things, to ensure our safety.

I think I've said this before, but people have claimed that they were willing to relinquish their freedoms to ensure their safety.

Which leads me to the Benjamin Franklin quote:

"The man who trades freedom for security does not deserve nor will he ever receive either."

So where does that lead us? To hope for our rights that people keep taking away from us? To continue to write, to voice our opinions, to be heard? We've been letting free speech slide, like we're on a toboggan ride on a snowy hillside in the dead of a February winter. Can we put our feet out to the sides, to try to stop this ride before it gets too fast and we hit the bottom?



Janet Kuypers
Janet Kuypers
Editor in Chief



How about 'spreading more freedom' in the USA?

WASHINGTON, DC (January 21, 2005) -- If President Bush really wants to "spread freedom around the world," as he said in his inaugural address, he should start by setting an example right here in the United States, Libertarians say. Bush used the words "free," "freedom" or "liberty" 49 times in his 21-minute speech on Thursday as he laid out an ambitious agenda that includes spreading democracy and freedom "with the ultimate goal of ending tyranny in our world."

“Freedom, like charity, begins at home,” said Joseph Seehusen, executive director of the Libertarian Party. “Unfortunately George Bush has given America a lot more government -- and a lot less freedom -- over the past four years. We’re challenging him to change course in his second term and set Americans free.”

Though Bush refrained from targeting particular governments, six “outposts of tyranny” named earlier by secretary of state nominee Condoleezza Rice include Belarus, Burma, Cuba, Iran, North Korea and Zimbabwe.

“Yes, setting people in other nations free from dictators is a laudable goal,” Seehusen said. “But George Bush wasn’t elected President of the World, he was elected president of the United States, and his first obligation is to improve the lives of the American people.”

Unfortunately, Americans are less free economically than when Bush was elected in 2000, Libertarians point out. Over the past four years Bush and the Republican-controlled Congress have teamed up to pass the largest expansion of Medicare in U.S. history, authored the most expensive education bill ever, squandered more than \$300 billion on an unnecessary war in Iraq; increased the federal budget to a mind-boggling \$2.2 trillion and propelled the national debt to \$7.3 trillion, Seehusen noted.

“Every dollar confiscated by politicians is a dollar that Americans can’t spend to pay medical bills, to send their child to college or to plan their retirement,” he said. “While military security is vital, economic security is important as well -- and the president can protect it by reducing the crushing burden of government.”

Besides, as Iraq demonstrates, toppling a tyrant and establishing democracy in even one nation is extremely difficult, while bringing more freedom to the United States is relatively easy, he noted.

“On November 2, Republicans increased their majority in both the House and Senate, which means Mr. Bush has a huge opportunity to impose his agenda,” Seehusen said.

With that in mind, Libertarians are issuing a modest challenge for the “pro-freedom” president’s second term: Eliminate just one major federal program; submit a no-growth budget for the next fiscal year; sell off one piece of federal property and use the money to reduce the national debt; or tear just 100 pages out of the 70,000-page Federal Register.

“Mr. Bush, taking any of those actions would prove to the American people that your passionate inaugural address wasn’t just empty rhetoric,” Seehusen said. “After all, if freedom is good enough for people in Belarus, Burma, Cuba, Iran, North Korea and Zimbabwe, it’s good enough for people right here in the USA.”

Who Controls Freedom of Speech?

IRVINE, CA (Monday, December 20, 2004_ —Recent manipulations by conservative groups have demonstrated with unique clarity that the FCC's power stands in opposition to freedom of speech, said Dr. Robert Garmong, a senior writer for the Ayn Rand Institute.

“The FCC establishes federal censorship over the airwaves, via its standards of ‘decency,’” argues Dr. Garmong. “Those judged to violate standards of ‘decency’ can be slapped with multi-million-dollar fines, and potentially even lose their broadcasting licenses.” The FCC has responded that it does not impose its own standards, but merely responds to complaints from the “public.”

But the to-be-expected result is that any and every pressure group will clamor for the title of “the public”—so that it can ram its views down the throats of the rest of us. News that 99.8 percent of recent complaints to the FCC comes from a single conservative activist group, the Parents Television Council, should come as no surprise.

“Free speech means the right to say what one believes, to any audience that is willing to hear it. It is not the right to say only that which is popular with the government, with any particular interest group, or with the majority of the public. But as long as there is a federal agency with the ultimate power over what is on the broadcast media, free speech is at the mercy of the most vociferous political groups. This means, in practice, that the FCC stands in stark opposition to Americans’ first amendment right to free speech.

“Freedom of speech may be a reality in this country only when we abolish the FCC, with its dictatorial power over the media.”



Dr. Robert Garmong, a senior writer for the Ayn Rand Institute, is available for interviews on this topic.

Disappointed as smoke,
I had known wallflower life,
was the wall itself,
embedding the green.



from *State Desire Being*
art by Stephen Mead

below:

(down the drain)

Russian translation by Aeon Logan

вниз утечка

я слышу водное управление(бег)

какая трата(отходы)

это звучит подобно Озеру Мичиган

понижение по утечке

um fó sforo

(a match)

Portuguese translation
by Helena Wolfe

“I ajustou uma vez o fogo a minha unha. Eu quis meu dedo ser uma vela humana.” Deixou cair um outro fósforo em seu vidro. A flama sizzled nas gotas da bebida no fundo. Golpeou um outro fósforo no lado da caixa. Fósforos da cozinha. Seis ou sete colocam no napkin do cocktail, dez mais no fundo do vidro. Em uma cabine de canto, neste clube pequeno a flama que despertou olhado como toda a outra luz da tabela. Mas o clube era dela. Possuiu-a os pés no banco, joelhos dobrados. Tudo lá focalizou nela e na parte pequena de energia que prendeu. Tudo lá era dela a abusar. E ela struch um outro fósforo. “uma flama velha usou-se dizer que todos é um pyro no coração.” E blushed. “yeah, eu ajustei minha unha no fogo enquanto eu estava falando a alguém. Era um prego falsificado. O plástico ardente cheirou. Mas eu não realizei o que eu tinha feito até que eu senti o calor em minha pele.” Apenas então você poderia ver a flama dançar em seu fingertip. Agitou o fósforo. Deixou-o cair em seu vidro.

news you can use

The False Equation of Secularism with “Political Correctness”

IRVINE, CA (Thursday, December 23, 2004) --The attempts around the country to eliminate the term “Christmas” are being perpetrated largely in the name of “political correctness”--to avoid offending anyone, particularly Muslims, whose beliefs would exclude them from any Christmas celebrations.

“These efforts represent, not secularism,” says Dr. Yaron Brook, executive director of the Ayn Rand Institute, “but the standard liberal, subjectivist philosophy of multiculturalism, which seeks to prohibit any ‘offensive’ actions and words--and it is a philosophy that should be denounced.”

Christmas can be celebrated as an entirely secular holiday, Dr. Brook maintains, and public schools should therefore be permitted to do so. The prohibition against the endorsement of religion by governmental entities, however, is an entirely different matter according to Dr. Brook: “It is a Constitutional issue of separation of church and state. While public schools may celebrate Christmas, they have no right to make it into a religious observance, by featuring explicitly religious themes like the Nativity.”

The essential point that needs to be emphasized in this issue, Dr. Brook concludes, “is that the separation of church and state is a principle that is not synonymous with the politically correct notion of showing ‘sensitivity’ to everyone’s beliefs. The government may--and should--engage in actions that offend certain viewpoints, such as the viewpoints that are hostile to freedom and individual rights; government must, however--in order to preserve freedom and individual rights--refrain from supporting religion.”

Dr. Yaron Brook, president of the Ayn Rand Institute, is available for interviews on this topic. on this topic.

What's Wrong with the Majority

IRVINE, CA (Wednesday, October 27, 2004) --"If the majority of Americans voted for a Christian democracy or a Jewish democracy or an Islamic democracy, i.e., a theocracy, in this country, would you accept it?" asks Dr. Andrew Bernstein, a senior writer for the Ayn Rand Institute. The answer is not just a choice between unlimited majority rule and the First Amendment's prohibition against the establishment of religion. "Those who advocate unlimited majority rule," says Bernstein, "not only endanger the First Amendment, they threaten all our freedoms and the very foundations on which this country is built.

"America is not a democracy, i.e., an unlimited majority rule system; it is a constitutionally limited republic. And the primary limiter is individual rights. All of our freedoms, such as freedom of speech, freedom of religion and freedom of the press, are necessary conditions required to exercise our inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It does not matter what the majority wants, individual rights come first; the majority, no matter its number or religion, may not vote to ignore, take away or violate anyone's individual rights."

Dr. Andrew Bernstein, a senior writer for the Ayn Rand Institute, is available for interviews.

TubaMan
art by
Rose E.
Grier





Two Manhattans

There are certain points in a life which a person reaches when the wisdom of sages is what's required. During these times of crisis, metaphorical forks in the path of life if you will, one may find a sympathetic ear helpful-- or yes on occasion other sympathetic parts may likewise come in handy.

That said, there is also the simple human desire to *know*. The desire to have a question answered, gap in knowledge filled, a warm and stirring tale spun to comfort and quiet the questing soul...

For both of these occasions and more, the humble writer of these words presents the admonition to seek professional help.

And now, preliminaries out of the way, let us to the matter at hand: the perfect manhattan.

5 capfuls sweet vermouth (yes use the cap of the vermouth bottle)
3 oz bourbon
twist of orange peel
over 3 ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass stirred gently

It's on my second manhattan that the wheels really start whirring, juices flowing, wisdom fairly dripping from the lips. (Its either wisdom or spittle, usually spittle.)

The first question comes from a troubled youth (and really, aren't they all?). The youth in trouble writes:

“This sucks, like can’t you write anything else? You sound like a dork.” -- A. Ebdeson, Racine Wis.

I see, so you’re feeling poorly. You must be experiencing some of that seasonal affective disorder we’ve been hearing so much about. Listen, why don’t you do what I do when I need a quick pick-me-up? First direct your web browser of choice over to Google News. Next type in “loose weight” and hit search. Now sit back and chuckle smugly at all of the poor fools whose business it is to work with words and yet who ironically forget the difference between “lose” and “loose”. Finally, go on about your day feeling refreshed and recharged. If this gets old, switch it up with “win or loose”. Feel free to find your own phrase that pays. Be creative! Yes it’s juvenile and yes it’s petty but really noone gets hurt and there’s nothing better for a quick ego boost than mocking other people’s spelling. Hmm, petty, juvenile ego-boasting...throw in making money and isn’t that pretty much the majority of internet usage today anyway?

Before I adjourn to the parlour for a drink refresher, I believe I have time for another question, this from the Southern region of our fair land:

“My boss overheard me cussing out a client on the phone and now I think she’s going to fire me. But I don’t get it. In the office we talk to each other like that all the time with f-bombs a flying and she never said anything about that. I feel like she’s got a double-standard and I should call her out for being a hypocrit [sic], but I don’t want to tick her off anymore than she already is. What should I do?” -- Troy Stalaker, Garland Tex.

I think of profanity like cheese. Certainly while there are some highly prized cheeses which happen to be quite odiferous, these are an acquired taste and appreciated by only a few brave souls. Most of the populace are of the more timid nature and prefer their fromage to range from mild to medium in smell. If you’re throwing a dinner party you don’t get the really powerful cheeses unless you are absolutely sure that everyone is in love with them. Likewise, unless you know who it is on the other end of the line and what their tolerance level is for profanity, you just can’t go spewing out whatever obscenity comes to mind. This is probably what your boss is upset about, you insensitive bastard.

If you have a question for [the Two Manhattan Advice Column](#), e-mail or snail-mail it to [ccc@d](#), and your question could be in a future column.

Live Like Plastic

Michele Greenblatt

wild with starlight
(mangled, unfolding)
fear cracks open like december,
a million trees under diverging sky

overhead and below the noise quietly retracts
survival is buried deeply inside
the thin line connecting ocean to horizon

whatever crimes I have committed,
whatever larcenies, trespasses,
now holding you is trying to catch the wind with a butterfly net.

the hours/days churn in the cement mixer of
time, you subside,
slip out of view, leave no fingerprints

only a note pinned on my body to teach me
a lesson. I wake
and read it:

Michelle,
this is how you live when nothing has
a container, when you live like liquid and do everything
to hide it.

*written in 2001. Previously published in the chapbook **Free Swim.***



Steady Thunderstorm

Michele Greenblatt

I thought I had woken up,

each time the last time. Steady thunderstorm:
every time, more horrid than the last time,
grandiose visions of clouds falling away.

And so the ocean was a failure, waves crashing
like
fists upon the battered shore.

written in 2001



THE LONELY

Arthur Gottlieb

I dial Time of Day
just to hear voices
other than my own.

Nights empty.
No new exciting stars
on TV
or discovered by astronomers.
So much less space
to get lost in.

I might hire an extra
hand to hold for company
I can comfortably
afford to keep.

Meanwhile my double and I
chat in the mirror
where I meet myself
coming and going
crazy.

Shadows snuggle up.
They know what's safe
when the wind is wild
dancing with dust
collectors who talk
conversation pieces
into revealing their secret selves.

Suddenly an unruly rogue
gust putting on airs
of innocence sweeps in
like an uninvited guest
knocks over a lamp
grabs my pocket book
tearing out pages
in a jealous rage
and for no rhyme or reason
twirls them out
the open window.

Camera image by John Yotko

LESS THAN CANDID CAMERA

Arthur Gottlieb

Nothing in these snapshots
need ever develop.

What once was will never be
again. Smiles stay the same,
your caught on that beach
whose surf is still breaking
hearts.

Ghosts float from negatives
to my dark room
as I turn back time
on the black pages of the album
in which your pictures are pasted.

We spent that summer
like millionaires
burning hours together
like pocket money
in the sun.



I focus on your face
fogged by the film of years
that exposed ecstasy for a moment
in the instamatic wink
of that now dead day.

Stick To Your Own Skin

Evan Mitchell

He hated his skin like a resentful child hates an abusive parent
He often walked the village envying the skins of others
He was jealous
He was bitter
He was trapped in this skin that abused his soul

Then one day he awoke to a skinless body
He had shed
He felt so free
He walked onto the front steps of his cottage and shouted for joy
He could be heard throughout the planet
His release triggered the shedding of all human existence
Skin, flesh and confusion, laced with distraught fear, gripped the globe,
affecting all but him

He picked one off the ground
It didn't fit
He tried on several other skins
None fit
As many as he had tried on, none would fit his frame
Face skin too long and narrow
A simple smile and it would break down the middle
Shoulder and arm skin too broad
It fit like a coat
Stomach skin so vast from obesity it touched the ground as he stood
Leg skin so potentially constricting the skin bursts before he could put
his whole limb of flesh in

Years and years he would spend trying on skins
He found several generic matches, but there were still too many subtle
difficulties

Toes, fingers, crotch, facial features, running
He felt he would never find one that truly fit,

Until he had circled the globe and was now looking at the back of his cottage
He walked upon it and didn't even recognize it
The door was open and welcoming, so he went in to see what he could find.
He took two steps inside and noticed a door to the right
There was a bedroom
In the bed he saw skin
He had a special feeling about it as he stared upon it
He put it on
It was a perfect fit
He had finally found the skin that fit like his very own did



“Other Side”, art by Rose E. Grier

guerre civile

(civil war, translated by Sydney Anderson)

I

les confédérés gagnent la bataille
mais je sais que le nord gagnera la guerre
et tout qu'ils obtiendront est a ravaged le champ de bataille

II

une guerre civile fait rage à l'intérieur de moi
mais je suis fatigué du combat d'en dedans
quand tous que je veux est une révolution



painting **Adult Life** for sale by Jay Marvin

<http://www.jaymarvinonline.com>

(last summer, while on vacation in Wash. State)

R. Kimm

Hunting in the Cascade Mtns, in the desert,
in the arid Columbia Basin, in the Mexican
Supermarkets in Odessa, Othello, Sprague,
the littered-w.-wrecks Spokane Indian Res-
ervation, the pony spacey loquacious Col-
ville Indian Res. just N. of the concrete
Grand Coulee Dam, w. its blinking green
night running lights

hunting for you
for your big smile
for your big dark hair
your big throaty chortle

Yr big smile -- ennobles
Yr big hair teases (you like to suck on its tails
when running the machine alone
-- 3 a.m.)
Yr big chortles lift my spirits unexpectedly

(its soo-o big!!)
Yr keyboard work, yr frets, high-laced boots,
(yr tongue, yr pedal-to-the-medal
sexy, yr lips when you pointedly
pucker them)
yr booming bass, alto, tremolo
thrill-soprano to me heart
(yr franko complexities + possibilities)

“I want ‘ya to listen to these songs on this tape --
they’re my new composition...”

Feeding The Hyenas

Kenneth DiMaggio

Sometimes we are driven to go the raw edge of a sharp and dangerous nowhere. My risk taking adolescent soul (at this age still!) recently drove me to the medieval walled Muslim city of Harar, in Eastern Ethiopia. Harar was where the Victorian British explorer Sir Richard Burton managed to penetrate in the disguise of an Arab trader. If he had been discovered, he would have been killed; in my opinion, the only way to crash a party. The other famous outlaw to visit Harar was the 19th century French poet, Arthur Rimbaud.

For me, Rimbaud's poetry is like a series of letters written to all who are outcast and damned. One of the last places Rimbaud lived was in Harar, where the residents easily live on the raw edge of the bleak and the moribund. Perhaps that is why so many of them are chewing the narcotic leaf, chat. Inside the walled city, there is an endless shuffle of nervy fish-eyed folk. Few people seem to work. For many, the occupation seems to be making their souls wilder, untamed, and peripatetic. Perhaps that is why a man feeds raw meat to the hyenas outside of the city's walls each night. Sure, that's how he makes his living; by collecting about ten dollars from each tourist brought there by the taxi drivers. But I would also like to think that the "hyena man" feeds those not-so scrawny spotted creatures as a way to bring the silderness closer to the city's walls, and at the same time, bottle up more of the nervy energy and restlessness of a population that makes chewing chat a top priority.

My priority was to witness the hyena feeding. To do this I went to the main square and asked a taxi driver about this ritual. A crowd of skinny teenage boys mobbed me. One of the quickly established himself as my guide. After we negotiated the fee for himself, the taxi driver, and the hyena man, we drove through the narrow and hilly streets of Harar; streets where women brushed by the old baby blue, fin-tailed Peugeot taxis while balancing a one hundred or more pound burlap bag of coffee on their head with one hand. Streets where emaciated goats and lethargic rib-caged dogs lay half dead in the middle of the rocky lane, and not getting up for any taxi. Perhaps these animals knew that the local drivers never struck anyone; in spite of how fast and close they drove to houses, objects, and people. Finally, we left the walled city. We are in the beginning of the desert.



We stop at a stucco-like shack--where the Hyena man lives.

We are early. The hyena man is slicing raw meat into a bucket from which he will later feed the hyenas. In the meantime, the hyena man's family invite me into his home--a traditional Harari house. It consists of two padded cushioned "layers" attached to the walls like wide steps. These cushioned platforms are where the family sits, eats, sleeps, and for right now, stares at this not so subtle American, who should know better than to keep staring at what seems to be an all white, blind eye in one of the small children. But since I have arrived in Ethiopia, I can not help but stare, for there is too much deformity, too many legs widened by elephantitis, too many grapefruit size tumors dripping from emaciated necks, too many amputated beggars that are always nimble enough to be in the path you are taking.

I go outside. A teenage Ethiopian boy who speaks good English attaches himself to me. He tells me about the hyena. He notes that he has read "The Lonely Planet Guide to Ethiopia" and notes what it said about this tradition; how the feeding started from an age-old custom where the Hararis would place a bowl of porridge outside the walls for the animals. If they left the bowl empty, good news for the local coffee crop; if they did not drink the porridge, expect drought.

But I already know about this from the guidebook, and because I do, I am also disappointed how the locals are now learning about their history from our cultural perspective and interpretation. And so I break to see how the preparations for the feeding are going, and when I step back, I notice a

four legged dog-like creature--but oh, he's bigger than a dog, and a dog doesn't have those yellow-orange eyes or spots--and oh, this creature, also known as a spotted hyena, has been staring at me for the last few minutes.

I jumped back. My guide told me it was okay. In the meantime, the hyena seemed to be satisfied with me (or perhaps bored with me) and trotted off into the hyena man's house. And I began to walk into the dark desert that I had earlier stayed away from.

But it had already become temporarily reclaimed. A few other taxis had arrived. Their tourist passengers had gotten out. The taxi drivers turned on their vehicles' lights. The hyena man (wearing a white jacket and a blue checkerboard wide skrit) moved into the center of the dimly lighted circle. He brought with him two beat up buckets filled with raw meat. A herd of hyenas waited outside of the lighted rim made by the taxi headlights--the end of civilization, the beginning of the desert. But the wilderness would come to the civilized. The hyena man started calling for the hyenas by their individual names--yup, he had a name for each one, and as soon as he called them by name, that particular critter came right up the bucket but waited for the hyena man to prong a chunk of meat with a stick, and then palce the juicy slab before the hyena's jaws. To keep the rest of the tribe content, the hyena man would throw a glob or two of who knows what kind of carcass to the seven or eight hyenas outside the lighted cricle that was about the size of a tennis court.

Click, click, click, our tourist cameras began to snap--but only after one or two hyenas had established that theyw ere more itnerested in the rancid steak than in the still live milk-fed human veal. The western tourists, however, stayed close to their taxis. They did not avail themselves of the next part of the "tour" like two Ethiopian or African male tourists did: take the hyena man's stick and feedthe hyenas for themselves.

Yet at some point I would have to lave the safety of the taxi ring in order to gt a better picture of the hyenas. I would have to get close enough to where I would almost be in a position to feed them. I would have to leave (briefly) civilization--even though it was only a taxi cab away.

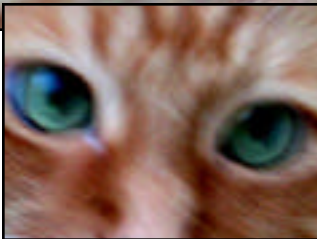
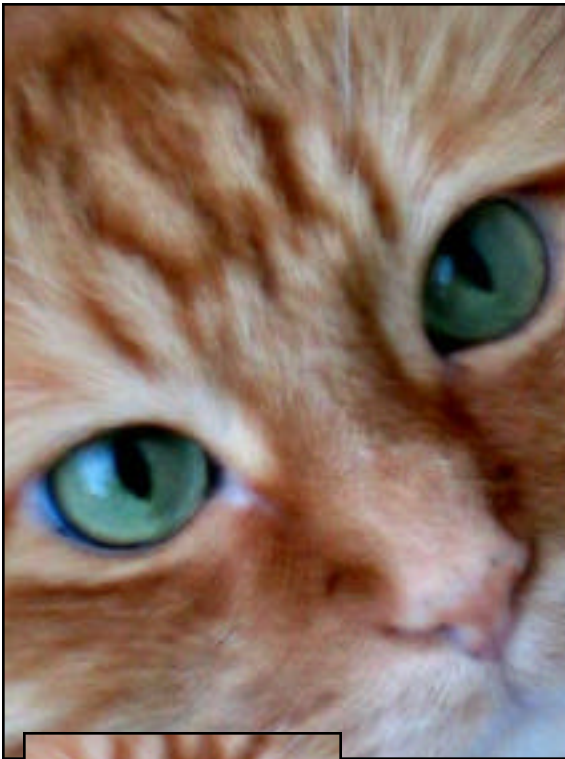
Click! Gotcha! And when I alter saw the picture back home, why the fear? As the snapshot showed, the hyena was mroe interested in what was probably another raw hynea than in the tourist who had a hard time eating the local Ethiopian ndish of injera. (The basic table cloth of bread upon which globs of spicy food are gooped on.) Ah, but I have watched too many Discovery shows. Heard too many voice-over narrations about how hyenas can snap bones when they bite limbs. Re-read Hemingway's "The Snows of Kiliminjaro" too many times to ever not see the hyena as

being a creepy symbol of death.

But the hyena was just being fed, and as soon as he or she got their meat, they scampered off into the darkness, from which you soon heard a hoarse, heavy wheezing--which is how the hyena's "laugh" sounded. The hyenas let themselves be fed, didn't give a damn about being photographed, and as soon as they had the meat in their bellies, beat it back to the dusty bone colored desert.

And it was time for us to get back into taxis (after we paid the hyena man). My taxi was the alst to leave. As it turned to the walled city, the dim-butter-colored circle where a tmeporary neutral zone had been established between the civilization and the wilderness, was gone.

Not, however, the understanding, as well as attempt that i must always make at creating such a space. Because sometimes, we cannot always live with the nature we are born with. Sometimes, we have to try and live with a nature that will always be unnatural, awkward, but oddly, revitalizing for us.



Bukowski 20 & 21
art by Cheryl
Townsend

ODE #2 TO A BLOOD FILLED SYRINGE DISCARDED ON THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE NEAR MANHATTAN

Kenneth DiMaggio

What anonymous
vein
rejected this false
ecstasy
dissolving it back

into a plastic
that has become a condom for a narcotic orgasm

that will never impregnate
a poison and perhaps fatally so into a soul

that like a clean syringe is a vacuum

of the bland and sterile

It is only
when you inhale evil

that a passive instrument

becomes

an autonomous weapon

with unpredictable consequences

Yet
why not a stylus

that without even writing
one word

still leaves behind
a poem untitled

but whose theme
of self and perhaps communal
destruction
is never in doubt

What is
missing

but can be
easily painted in



Sky - Tequila Sunset, art by Nick Brazinsiki

is a contemporary
parallel

to an ancient
Roman mosaic
of a young woman

in the pause
of a moment seized with inspiration

that comes to a gentle rest in the tip
of her pen softly puncturing against her lip

But for our civilization
the writer of our epitaph is a junkie
whose epiphany
gets gently wasted
into a vein

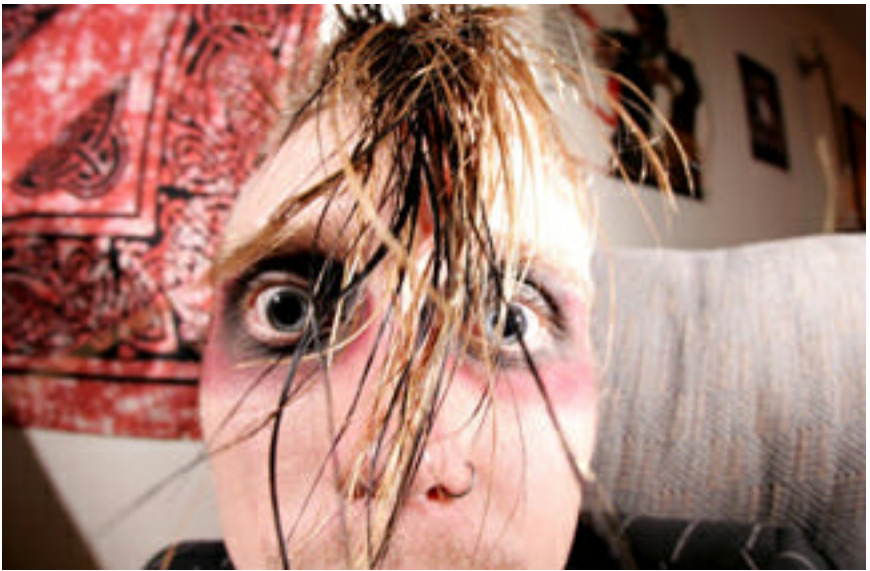
that will innocently bring
the fatal

to a clean and vital nature

Most probable
HIV positive hypodermic

or a classical image
of a dead culture

and one that in spite of its unsurpassable ability to articulate
was unable to mark its end with language



October 25, 2004 06-45-11 art by Dave Matson



16-G art by Christine Sorich

terrorists and methodology wood williams, jr.

terrorist alert key; see chart below:

low terror: world peace

medium-low terror: general angst

medium terror: someone's pissed

medium-high terror: duct tape and plastic party time

high terror: world war three

respective course of action; please follow exactly until preferred reaction:

low terror: no one's listening; commence operation ignore until something happens

medium-low terror: instill general suspicion of foreigners through media hype

medium terror: leak scary lies about impending doom (also bandwagon syndrome)

medium-high terror: drop unfounded accusations in the state of the union address

high terror: make an example of the easiest enemy to prove american resolve

it's a difficult thing to give the gift of peace and democracy to a world
that doesn't trust one's intentions based upon past experience;

it takes time, patience, money, effort, compromise, and ultimately understanding.

bombs however are self-explanatory.



art by Xanadu

YESTERDAY'S NEWS

Joseph Veronneau

I seem overly approachable
at the bookstore,
employees blurring by in
Name tags and store-brand
t-shirts.
Spotting the text I'd been
looking for, I sat in a chair
at the end of the aisle.

Ten minutes into self-enjoyment:
Can I help you sir?
No, I'm all set, thanks.

I relieved my burdened bladder
in the restroom, and came back
to an empty chair;
my book removed, bodies multiplying
in each aisle, as if books
had become a new fast-food.
Names of famous authors mentioned
together by heavily-droned
lips, as if authors were to
be had like a combo meal.

I decided to shove off,
suddenly feeling a grumbling
in my gut.

Hone Role

(high roller) German translation by Mackenzie Silver

I lang zum Sehen Sie, wieder zu sitzen
Zigarette in der Hand
Walkman auf der Tabelle

Ich möchte können, oben hinter Sie zu gehen
stehen Sie meine Hände auf Ihren Schultern still
lehnen Sie meinen Kopf nahe bei Ihrem Gesicht

I lang zum Haben meine Backe nahe Ihrer
nicht berührend
aber so nah
daß ich ruhig könnte, glauben Sie Ihrer Wärme
Ihr Wunsch

unsere Haut würde nicht sich berühren
aber ich wurde ruhiges fühlen die Anstürme
von Ihrer Anwesenheit



The Climb The Lesson

art by Edward Michael O'Durr Supranowicz

(c) 2005 Frank Anthony

Brought An Unconscious
Idea Back To Life

My fifth hour of sleep
A dream became reality
receiving instructions
how I figure something
Awake I began to apply
principles of my dream
the communication task
demanded fast solution
It became obvious then
my best clear thinking
goes on while sleeping
My trick is to hold on
to ideas back out here

This Strained Metaphor
Used To Be America

Before the Fear Makers
have run false markets
my dream is telling me
can be blood in street
Even out in my country
here will be confusion
poems carry this story
this national delusion
Come join this auction
grand old estate value
baby boomer concoction
They also will retreat
find their new conceit

(c) 2005 Frank Anthony

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Zoo de Mora

(Mulberry Zoo) Spanish translation by Marina Arturo

Si usted quiere algo que interesa, especial
Entonces vaya al Zoo de la Mora.
Usted verá el McGoffs, el Treps y el Sloffs
El Glems, y el Gillastems, también.
El paso por las jaulas, ve el Grems en sus rabias
¡Para ochenta carne de la libra abandona - unos pocos!
Vea que las exhibiciones de Parte eso dice 'Ribbit'
Eso busca para algo hacer.
Sí, si usted quiere algo que interesa, especial
Entonces vaya al Zoo de la Mora,
Para si usted come globbles, y el amor para ver plobbles,
¡Entonces esto es el lugar para usted!



Lovers Forever, art by Mark Graham



painting by Nicole
Amiee Macaluso

Buk

Mark Gaudet

The way he wrote
Wish I could
Slapping whores
Then fucking them
Living on \$16 a month
Working in slaughterhouses
Betting on horses
Jerking off
To nothing
To no one

I'm even trying to do it now
To no avail

Pugilistic hobo
Drunken scholar

I want to write
Like him

But
I could never live
Like him

I'll take my 7 – 4:15 job
Private schools for my little ones
Dinner on the table every night

Maybe tonight
I'll fuck my alarm clock
And think of you

Buk

philosophy monthly

Understanding the World of Prejudice

We went out for drinks with our friend Zach, and he was talking about Prejudice. He was saying that he didn't think it was prejudice if a white father didn't want his daughter to marry a black man, because he would agree with the white father there. And he was saying that he wasn't prejudice. He said he didn't have a problem with white people dating or marrying black people, but it was just that he wouldn't want his white daughter to marry a black man.

And we looked at each other after he said that, and we said no, sorry, that's prejudice.

He *refused* to believe it, because he had black friends, and he had no problem with racial mixing for dating or marriage.

But we said, but you *do* have a problem with it for your own daughter.

He said that his feelings weren't prejudice, they were just a preference.

And I thought: Prejudice is an unfounded preference, I think...

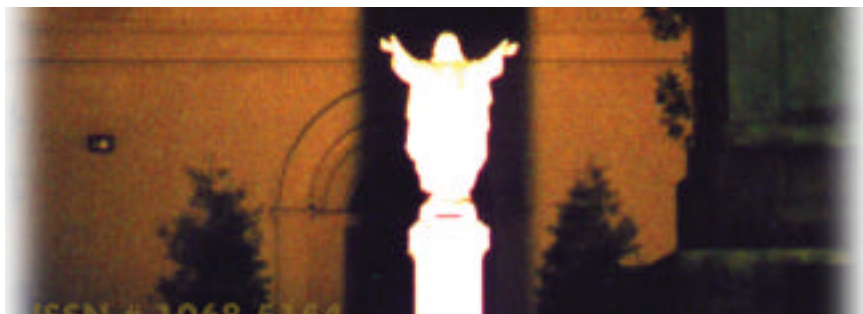
Let's think about the actual definition of the word. You don't want your white daughter to marry a man because he is *black*. You're not judging them as a person, you are **pre** judging them based on the color of their skin. I checked it out in the dictionary:

from Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary*: **Prej-u-dice** \ 'prej-ed-əs\ n
b a (1): preconceived judgement or opinion (2) an opinion or leaning adverse to anything without just grounds or without sufficient knowledge **b**: an instance of such judgement or opinion **c**: an irrational attitude of hostility directed against an individual, a group, a race, or their supported characteristics.

And yeah, I think someone who decides they didn't want their daughter to marry a black man would be making that judgment without sufficient knowledge about that person (other than knowing the color of their skin). I don't know if you'd consider it "hostility" against that individual, but you might consider it an irrational attitude.


Janet Kuypers





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the unreligious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

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