

v153 October 22, 2005

the
omniglot,
nonfamily
oriented
literary
& art mag

children
churches
& daddies

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9, 18, 20, 22,
24, 26-39.

Cover art is
of a statue at
night with an
uplight in Bad
Gastein, Austria
(May 2003).



ISSN 1068-5154



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Cindy Sheehan's 16th Minute of Fame

Casey Sheehan joined the army in 2000, and was killed in battle April 4, 2004. After his death, his mother Cindy decided to protest the war, actually meeting with President Bush once before deciding to camp at his Crawford, TX vacation home for a month to protest the war.

I had to check the dates her son was in battle, because she only started her protest after his death. He wasn't drafted, but if he had just gone to battle, I might understand the promptness for her protest to the war. But she *didn't* protest the war, or her son choosing to fight for his country, *for four years*. It was only after he died that she decided to vocally protest the war.

Now, she may have not wanted to protest a war her son was currently fighting in, because she wanted to lend moral support to him while he was alive and fighting. But it's funny, if she wanted to keep people alive who were in this war unjustly, wouldn't you have heard any comments from her *before* her son died, while she still had a chance to save him from possibly dying?

Her protests and questions started with a meeting with the President. But when leftist organizations joined her (hoping for more media attention and more of a battle cry), it quickly turned into her crisscrossing the country protesting the war, and eventually being in a White House protest, where Sheehan and others chose to ignore requests from the police (like, you can't take up space sitting on the sidewalk in front of the White House), probably with the hopes of being arrested, to get more media attention.

I wonder if this was Sheehan's





16th minute of fame, though, after learning that her bus that she drives around to protest in, carries PR professional, make up artists and hair stylists. Now, you may see her on camera during protests wearing wrinkled or town clothes, or her hair may look tousled or disheveled, but people have seen her in the van moments before, getting “prepared” to look this way — like a grass-roots protester.

If this were true, how could she have the money to pay for these people, and this transportation? Well, liberal activist Ben Cohen (of Ben & Jerry’s) has been spending lots of money to help Cindy become the poster child — sorry, the poster mom — for all those grieving about an unjust war.

And you wonder why I say this is her 16th minute of fame... Well, she has even recently sided with **International Answer** and **United for Peace** to call for an end to *all* war — not just in the middle east (that war she was protesting to begin with), but, to quote Erick (from *peace.red-state.org*), “she also wants us to end the military occupation of New Orleans”. Yes, she has sided with liberals, who want out of the war, and now she’s complaining about the Government’s help in NewOrleans (which is all the liberals screamed for when Katrina first hit).

Erick also noted that “ANSWER... (is) a front organization for the Communist Party,” which seems to go against anything this country has ever stood for. Seems strange, that Cindy Sheehan has decided to be bed-fellows with the type of people her son chose to battle to defeat.

Wow, opinions are getting mixed with her now. WHO does she support? WHAT is her message? It must be confusing for her, trying to jump

on the appropriate bandwagon for her spotlight. But if she keeps it up, the people who ran to her support and brought her to the edge of the envelope will wonder why she jumped...

Janet Kuypers
Janet Kuypers
Editor in Chief

(editor's image (right) is of me in a protest with artwork against sexual violence)



P.S.: I heard Roe Conn on WLS 890AM radio on 09/28/05 say that people said that Cindy Sheehan looked like convicted murderer Norman Porter. And this is funny on many levels to me, because the "once escaped" Norman Porter lived for over 15 years (hiding from the law, but not the world), under the fake name J. J. Jameson, and was a poet right here in Chicago. J. J. read regularly where I do performance art shows, and people actually liked his poetry. People also didn't mind the fact that he was a loud mouthed, arrogant man. I intentionally kept my distance from him.



When he was captured (after C J Laity made him "poet of the month" at www.chicagopoetry.com), news teams rushed to where I read poetry, and everyone there said the usual "I can't believe this about him. I never would have expected it..." If only I wasn't late, knowing his personality, I would have told them this *doesn't* surprise me *at all* about him.

I got two stills from the Internet, so you could see the people in question and judge for yourselves...

Coal & Gold

Michelle Greenblatt

Today I reached for the coal
instead of the gold
; today I split the baby in half. No
one seemed to mind the vivisected
baby, it was the knife they spoke of
on the news. a curved blade, pilfered
from the local slaughterhouse.

meanwhile— all this
time all this long long time
? did I say dawn I must have said dawn
the mountains echo the sun's ventriloquism
its sonorous booming rebuff of silence.

*

I had a vision of this prologue
more than once, pierced
fontanel of the sun leaking bloody
light all over my bed.

7.8.-8.11.2005



The Church

Arthur Gottlieb



is going broke.
Priests are selling out
to save the stained glass
from foreclosure.

Bingo cards are being
brought up from the basement.
Relics will be raffled,
splinters of the true cross
auctioned off at bargain prices.

Statues of saints
donated by winners
are scheduled for the block.

We all pray Christ
will come off his high horse
cross his palms with silver
and invite the money men
back into the temple
to call off their mortgages
like guard dogs.

Holy water liquidated,
icons shipped to museums,
pews for firewood,
hymn books and bibles
to lending libraries.

Everything goes
as people prepare
for the madness that follows
unbelievers to an empty grave.

Sometimes Cool

James R. Nicola

Sometimes Cool
is the word you use
in place of Silly
when you want to be silly
and don't want others
to laugh.

Sometimes Cool
is the word they use
in place of Silly
when they want you to buy Silly
so that others
won't laugh.

Sometimes Cool
is cool
just cool
but rarely.

If too many knew
the difference in these three,
there would go
the economy.

YOUR BALLOON IN MY PICTURE

Aaron Wilder

As I try to put a frame around this picture of a life
I can't help but smile and smirk,
because these memories are all I have left of you, dad,
you who never stopped smiling.
My smile in our portrait seems fake and surreal,
while yours is as real as my distance from you.
You stood behind me, so close, yet miles away.
As I wipe away the inch of dust on the glass plate over our family,
I can't help but have an envious smile,
one of luscious guilt and grief.
It's too late to redeem you now, though.
Far too late to introduce myself to you for the first time.
Just as impossible to redeem the happiness you once had.
Happiness is a bright red balloon,
one which you carry with you as a child.
When you have children, it's taken from you and passed on,
but, even in your later times, you clung to that balloon.
You tried your hardest not to let it go.
When it was floating, you were floating with it,
far and away from me.
Yet I was the one careless enough to blow you away,
hiding behind false smiles and laughs.
And a rip in this picture of a life leaves me out,
leaves me behind.
Left with a self-inflicted broken heart
and a heavy conscience drowning me.
In the tattered portrait, through the dirty glass,
I see the father I could have had
now that it's far too late to redeem you.

POEM FROM THE METAPHYSICAL
SALVAGE & SCRAP LANGUAGE
YARD (SILICONE CULTURE)

Kenneth DiMaggio

Silicone culture toxic enough
to give this planet cancer

Snarl
Gnash
Spit

my ugly angry face
is a mask that protects me
from a psychic ozone layer
that has been eaten away
by a neon apocalyptic religion
proselytized by Botox-faced killers



Eric Ronholtzer art

that is why there should be mug
shots of mannequins
on the FBI's Most Wanted posters
while the former profiles
and head shots of thugs
and criminals should become
the heroes on your children's trading cards

and on the back of each grainy gangster image

should be their crime statistics and notable
moments in their delinquent and outlaw histories

like the one for Friedrich Nietzsche
who pulled at the loose seam
of civilization

until there was no more hypocristy left to hide how Heaven
was a nursing home and God the formerly violent but still
straight jacketed patient suffering from Alzheimer's

He's still alive but in a ward
where everyone else is not
except for the rats who climb over
and nibble on his deteriorating grace

And on occasion breaking in the junkie
or poet who need to draw further decay because
the divine has now become a narcotic

while the junk food language
kept alive through artificial injections
has become too poisoned
to produce anything that is not mutated

Spit
Gnash
Snarl

--whatever it takes to write

whatever it takes
to pull back on the lids of eyes
in a reflection

that you thought was dead



(he drives)

Erica A. L'Huillier

jamie and i, we ride
in the car for moments
and moments listening
to ocean sounds of air
coming fast in the windows.

Behind me now

Debbie Kirk

I play jump rope barefoot
amongst the tossed razors and syringes
and once I used a Ouija board to find out who
he really was
inside of me.

I lost my echo
when I checked the pulse
and found my shadow
when I discovered that wine
came in a box.

I caught a tiger by the toe once,
and his teeth were like the needles
I'd later fall in love with.
My mom would cut my peanut butter sandwiches
into triangles
I would try to invent a potion
that would make me a mermaid.

I could roller skate better than anyone else my age
but when I turned tricks
everyone looked the other way
I used to cheat at cards
against myself
and I still always came up
being a loser.

No one ever told me not to swim in the deep end
and no one told me that I could never be a mermaid.
These things you learn early in life
stick to you

Like the gum my cousin put in my hair
when we all went to Six Flags.



Buddah Losana,
art by Xanadu

I stood on my sand pail
and tried to hang myself with that jump rope once,
but all I got was a scratched knee
and failure and sadness
that would stay with me forever
as I realized that sometimes there really is no way out.

Prisoners act like prisoners
and I feel like I should be singing the blues
Put shackles around my ankles
and perhaps my behavior would make more sense.

I just wanted you to know
That I still want to be a mermaid
And that jump ropes
Ain't good for a hangin'.



art by Nicole Aimiee Macaluso

All Wars Were Outmoded
Greed was The Motive
The dream this morning
gone beyond this point
of trusting a mechanic
or guessing what wrong
with the motor vehicle
A transportation dream
is actually about life
Motor followed a horse
then came US jet plane
next interspace flight
Real problem is of Men
not able to love other
than own greedy selves

© 2005 Frank Anthony

From A Knife To A Bomb
For God And Country
Dream of the old times
and men carried swords
defend with this honor
we are said to possess
North American Natives
so carried long knives
were seen belligerents
defendants of the home
Today we have the Iraq
citizen planting bombs
like flowers the roads
to blow Yankee invader
back where we are from

© 2005 Frank Anthony

Reality TV Stars

Corey Cook

The crew's cameras, lights,
lure them out, like heat lamps sus-
pended above trays
of seeds, exteriors split
as they reach for the same thing.



AcidOcean, art
by David Matson

Red Alert

Mark A. Cohen

Static on the highways
Congestion on the phone lines
All systems down
Be prepared for take-off

The rebels yelling, "Massacre!"
The pundits screaming, "Genocide!"
The New York Times is out of business
Everybody's gone to bed

Oh, for the good old days
Of oppression and the iron boot
But everyone in Kansas knows
The Milwaukee Brewers stole all the beer

When will this end?
Oh my, what will happen in the final reel?
A capitalist hanging from every tree?
Or just Sundaes at Haagen-Dazs, writing poetry on napkins?

5/19/05, 5/20/05, and 8/16/05



Face Explosion,
art by Nick
Brazinsiki

THE REACH OF LIFE

Lisa Michelle Thomas

Life is for the living, yet none are living.
Rather, we walk as the dead would:
Tormented by unfinished business and lasting agendas,
Praying for deliverance when we should be enjoying
Perhaps this one time that we have to walk the earth.
We fill our days with toil and work towards the night,
Towards sleep—our refuge.
And I wonder if—when we reach that endless sleep

ALL HEARTH MEN

Philip M. Herna

I came upon a man
On the ledge of a bridge
Looking down at Death
And a steely vessel passing by
Where the water peeled, folded, and churned
Over its skin a gleam with rivets and porthole eyes.
I said: "Do you truly mean to do it, friend?"
"I do not," he answered;
"But to know simply that I can
Is a comfort."
So I climbed over the rail,
Stood on the ledge beside him,
And waited for the solace
To roll in with the tide.

The Sun Cracking Bones

Mather Schneider

ice water at
ten a.m. stranded in the desert beans for
breakfast the sun cracking bones
like a hungry dog growls work out
from beneath the mottled gums Old Meth-teeth
smiles from a porch on the
trailer across the alley there's no latrine breeze but
we're happy that air's moving at all charm grows on
you without rain
we must imagine
it all we want is to finally know what we
really need



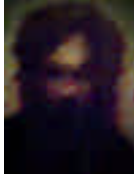
96, art by
Christine
Sorich

The How-Lost? Man

Christopher Barnes

A stroke – the pip in blood
a fanged foredawn's a shining godlet.

In thought-flow sleep, atrocious scraps,
rigor mortis is sourbellied eagles
all arteries
are transitory, cut short.



Digital Modification 1 and 5,
art by Mark Graham

in church there is abandonment,
the absolute faith of the believers,
the need to find an explanation in the heavens,
never seeing the stars,



to completely surrender to,
believe in,
something so imaginary,
to trust the writings of people,
*too ignorant to understand
the mechanics of rainfall**,
to sing and pray to,
bow down to nothing,
something that
could not be omniscient
and therefore could not be
(look around at life
and its hypocrisy,
its inhumane-ness)

maybe

Jennifer
Gentry

art by Eric
Bonhaltzer

according to buddha
once you know you are nothing
life is nothing
and then you are free
and happy;
the bible says
thou shall not kill,
but most people aren't listening



she believes life is nothing
but beautiful and ugly
kind and horribly cruel,
she does not kill
any of *god's* creatures,
she is humane
and tries to be omniscient

maybe she is god

* *"too ignorant to understand the mechanics of rainfall"* accredited to Catch-22 by Joseph Heller

SUBURBANIZATION

Shaun Hillard

The wayward consumer
constructed a strip mall
on every block,
packed to the brim
with everyday needs.
I wonder if downtown
misses her gravel banks
by the marshy swamp.
Ducks soon became fountains
and picnic benches.
Now the water glistens
like a hallmark card.
The reef spray painted silver,
sports memorabilia,
and I pulled teeth semiannually.
Ample parking concerns
Dominick's more.
Mom and pop tombstones
found in frozen food's aisle.
Starbuck's sponsored
the township library,
please read corporate ethics
with a mocha cappuccino.

A lack of hills exist
in the Midwest,
but we had our own,
expending burnt horizons,
tumbling down the grassy knoll,
collapsing each dandelion,
one at a time,
face first into man-made forestry.
The architect must have roped
off the root and planted.
Snakefly trails measured
one hundred yards,
and a conduit edifice
hums incessantly.
Why does business
shake hands with gardens?
They are not meant to negotiate.



No Not Enter!, art by Cheryl Townsend

BREAK THE MIRROR

Luis Cuauhtemoc Berriozabal

In the bathroom
I am able
to change.
I break the mirror.
I use the glass
like a brush.
The deeper it
goes in, the more
color comes out.
A brilliant
crimson oozes
out of me.
I suffer for
my art. The pain
kills me.



Self-Portrait in the Dark

Karen E. Cole

It lives in a cave and does not see out
If you can call it living hunched
In the dark with its tender folded skin rubbing the rock
Like a treasured gift from a brooding mother-god;
An eggshell in which it is always wronged
And never wrongs;
And the darkness is a yolk on which it feeds

Coffeehouse Sonnet (15)

Michael Ceraolo

The light didn't glint in his eye:
it shone on the voluntarily bald head
stuck squarely on his shoulders
without benefit of neck
as he gracelessly waved his plate off the table,
probably inadvertently,
 the crash compelling
a few seconds of stunned silence,
 until,
unapologetic in word and deed,
 he left,
and left the little pieces of his mess
for someone else to clean up



Friday With The City

- After

Jim Gustafson

Robert Shields

It just sits there like an apple caught
in the mouth of a boar, its buildings
like shackled widows, a little bit cynical
a little bit ready for death.

Erie, nothing but small black thicker
that litters the fallen snow.

Erie the torn sleeve of a little
girl with cupped hands, the black shoe
that a woman removes to fix her stocking.
Erie means old people sleeping
in waiting rooms and children
playing with gun shaped hands.

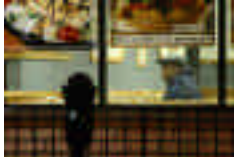
It stirs in its stomach a tanned
sort of nausea, the kind that blinds
you on the freeway interchange
the kind that slams down the phone
on its dying mother.

Erie, the other colored paint
that covers graffiti,
the word furniture
on the side of a building
smearred by rain, a broom cradled
in the hands of a man
walking onto a lake

to the place where the shadow
of two women meet. It has
the taste of raw whiskey and fish
and old fools turning to piss into parades
and cloth roses that forever wrap
around its grave and plastic babies
and it just sits there, drunk
in a second hand suit
watching hallways
with its clouded
peephole eyes.



Backlit, art by
Mike Hobancsek



Turk - Nasty, art by Joel MacGregor

Hello, and thanks for tuning into Scars Internet News . Like cc&d magazine's *News You Can Use*, this is the news you'd like to hear more about in today's world. Now for today's top stories...

Japanese Television 2004

as reported in the New York Times:

one new television show in Japan
boasts young women in bikinis
who attempt to smash aluminum cans
in between their breasts

another television show in Japan
brings a young boy on stage
to tell him his mother
has been shot and killed
to see how long it takes him
to cry



I wonder what they'd think
Married With Children
or THE SIMPLE LIFE, with the likes of Paris Hilton

come to think of it, I wonder
if Anna Nicole Smith
would ever be sober enough
to smash aluminum cans
between her silicone breasts

come to think of it,
with reality TV,
and Jerry Springer...
maybe I shouldn't complain
about the television in Japan anymore

bizarre sexual stories in the news

from the los angeles times:
two gay men, during sexual activity,
decide to push a live hamper into
the anal cavity of one of the men.
however, after they realized they
couldn't get the hamper out, they
tried to figure out what to do. the
man without the hamper inside
him decided to light a match to see
if he could see where the hamper
was. so man-without-hamper is
perched underneath man-with-
hamper, and lights a match right
under man-with-hamper's anus.
at that time man-with-hamper
passes wind, and it causes a small
streak of fire to jump out and singe
the man-without-hamper's eye-
brows and facial hair. however,
because there was gas in the anal
cavity, the fireball then shot into
the man-with-hamper, circled
around the hamper, burning the
inside of the man-with-hamper.
Furthermore, the gas change and
pressure shot the hamper out
of the man-with-hamper's anus
and into the man-without-hamper's
face, breaking his nose.

Now, after hearing stories like these, you may think out there that we here at Scars Internet News created these stories. But we want to assure you that Scars Internet News is a reputable news organization, and we don't create anything that we broadcast over these stations. We may sometimes rely on correspondents, but we often get these stories from AP, or network broadcast mediums. So we've made a point with this next news story you're about to hear to include many details, so you'd know these are stories we don't just "make up."

Because in this story...

The Good “Doctor”

California's Dr. John Ronald Brown,
had his medical license revoked in 1977
and was then in jail for three years

Brown later led potential patients to believe
that he was a licensed doctor
and people allowed his transgendering surgeries
because of his low prices

but John Ronald Brown
was not only a doctor for transsexuals
but also those who got sexual gratification
from having an arm or leg amputated

in one case, a 79-year-old Philip Bondy
paid \$10,000 to have his leg amputated
in Brown's Tijuana Clinic

after the surgery,
Bondy was taken to a
San Diego Holiday Inn
for his recovery
but he died in the hotel
in less than a day



so John Ronald Brown, 75,
was charged with murder
and practicing medicine
without a license

after his arrest,
homicide detective Gary Stovall
found in Brown's San Ysidro apartment
a bloodstained couch, and
bloody towels soaking in his bathtub,
as well as blood trails, medical supplies and
his surgeries on video tapes scattered about the floor

Inside Edition even videotaped him
performing a surgery
though you could still hear the patient during the surgery
moaning and howling in pain

a northern California businesswoman
witnessed Brown operate
on an HIV-positive patient once
and in another case
Brown used too much erectile tissue
to construct genital outer lips for a transgender patient
and as a result,
whenever the girl got excited
her labia got hard

people went to Brown because he was cheap
cheap enough plug silicone injection holes
with crazy glue
and because he technically wasn't a doctor,
he never asked questions,
and you could have the operation
you always wanted... done

Atlanta-based transgender author
Dallas Denny said that transsexuals
knew him as "Table Top Brown"
because he operated anywhere from kitchens
to garages or motel rooms, and some
patients even woke up in parked cars,
and everyone knew there was no screening
and no aftercare with Brown

which may explain why no one watched over
the ailing Philip Bondy

after his Saturday morning operation
Bondy was happy at first
though he later said he felt
Brown "sawing" on his leg

Brown's office was in Mexico
to avoid American law,
but right after the operation on Bondy,
to hide the evidence,
Brown drove 15 miles out
into the desert toward Ensenada
throwing the leg out the window
for the coyotes to eat

Bondy was left at the Holiday Inn
in San Diego Saturday evening,
and was found Sunday morning
lying half on the bed and half off

the wheelchair was turned upside-down
the phone was tipped over
the sheets were pulled out

and blood was oozing from the blackened
and gangrenous remnants of his leg

for you see, he was infected with gaseous gangrene
a fast-moving flesh-eating bacteria,
which eventually stopped the heart

so in October, a San Diego jury
found Brown guilty of second-degree murder

but people still have their fetishes
and someone will always be there
to take advantage of them



couch potato

Stewart, Florida was witness
to another new account
of a woman in medical need.

Emergency Medical Technicians
were summoned in August to a home
with a grossly overweight woman

But not only were the doorways
too narrow
for this four foot ten
four hundred eighty pound woman,
but
she had not moved from her couch
in several years.

The fabric had adhered to her skin.

They transported her
and the couch
to the hospital, but
she died
during their attempts to free her.

warren stories

Our copresponder Warren
heard this story about this fat woman
who sat naked on a pork chop bone once

and didn't notice when it lodged itself
among her folds of fat. years later,

when she felt a sharp pain, and the doctors
couldn't figure out what it was, they opened

her up and found the pork chop, and realized
that her skin just eventually grew over it.

John Stories

Our correspondent John reported this story on September 2nd of an older white woman, who after shopping, saw four black men in her car. Deciding to be safe, she owned a gun, and took it out of her purse, pointing it at the four men and telling them to get out of the car.

The men left, but she soon realized that she was not at her her, so she found her car in the parking lot a few minutes later.



Feeling bad for what she had done, she drove to the police station to let them know what happened in that grocery store parking lot. As she told the story to the police officer, he laughed, and pointed out the four black men at the station reporting their car jacking by an old white lady.

No charges were filed.





God Will Save Me

it was reported on October 27th that a group of Jehovah's Witnesses lost one of their members.

In this small religious group of Jehovah's Witnesses, they choose to "test their faith" by standing in the middle of traffic. The premise is that God will keep the traffic away from them. One of their members stood on I55 professing their beliefs to the oncoming traffic, but one motorist wasn't listening. Or watching.

I Wanna Be Like Jesus

as reported in Los Angeles, California in November: one group of Christians apparently wanted to truly be like Jesus, and tried to learn how to walk on water. Day by Day, these Christians were trying to get closer to God until the leader of this small Los Angeles group, while practicing walking on water in his bathtub, slipped and died in his washroom.



The Hands of a Handyman

Dateline Pennsylvania, January 23

William Bartron, a 25 year-old handyman,
was sent by his employer
to a Bethlehem home
for a basement renovation.

While using a miter saw
(a cumbersome circular saw),
his concentration faltered,
as did his aim.
As his attention slipped,
so did the saw,
which then
sliced off his hand.



We're sure he was depressed
that he just lost his hand.

Because losing his hand
must have put him into a
downward spiral,
as he then decided to shoot himself.

In this client's basement.

So yes, William proceeded
to shoot himself
in the head,
a dozen times,
with a pneumatic nail gun.

Now, this homeowner went downstairs
to check on the progress
of their basement renovation.
The basement seemed empty,
but their dog
discovered William



curled in the corner,
without a hand,
and with nails coming out of his head.

Just imagine this:
You hire a handyman
to remodel your basement,
and you see him
after he hacked off his hand
after he then tried to end his life
with one hand
by trying to nail his forehead to death.

They called the company owner
and he came to the scene,
he found William's hand,
put it in a clean plastic sandwich bag,
and took William
and his hand
to the hospital.

The homeowner apparently
encountered an unfortunate delay
in their basement reconstruction

but there is a happy ending for William:
at St. Luke's Hospital
in Fountain Hill,
doctors pulled at least twelve
one and a half inch nails
from William's head
and reattached his severed hand.

airbags - for security and defense

dateline South Africa, April 1999

car-jacking is common in South Africa
and the law is permissive with liberal "self defense"
which allows "lethal action" for danger to personal property

because car-jacking is common in South Africa
security systems for cars have included
poison gas
acid showers
flamethrowers
and even automatic gunfire



but one security system used an airbag,
but it was located in the car roof
the driver had to disable the airbag
before starting the engine,
or else the airbag would inflate,
hitting the potential driver in the head
with enough force to knock them unconscious

that happened to resident thief Pieter Niewoudt
who, pistol in pocket, tried to steal this car
the airbag exploded
but Pieter thought the noise was gunfire
shooting at him for trying to steal the car
so he instinctively fired his pistol twice

while it was still in his pocket

one bullet hit his knee
the other lodged in the base of his penis

there was no report on if the airbag
ever hit him to knock him unconscious

Bad Tricks with the Cue Stick



People with access to either pool tables or hand guns should listen carefully to this story.

In February, a 26-year-old Russian man tried to enter a bar in Tomilino, which is near Moscow, but he was carrying a concealed gun. a security guard at the front of the bar stopped him, and he seems to threaten the guard with his gun.

But the guard was quick-moving, and he kicked the gun out of the man's hands.

The gun landed on a pool table after the kick, and the guard asked the players to pass the gun back to him.

Well, one of the pool players decided to pick up the gun with hi cue stick. What they didn't realize was that by sliding the cue stick through his trigger-hole, was that the gun then would slide down the cue stick, until the cue stick was thick enough to pull the trigger.

He picked up the gun with his cue stick, the gun slid closer to him and fired one shot, shooting a 19-year-old in the chest, immediately killing him

After that, the gun owner said he planned to surrender the gun to them, so he could enjoy a drink after all.



Cigarette Butts are Lethal

They say that people who legally own guns more often injure themselves accidentally than use their legal guns to intentionally injure others. A good example of this may be reflected in the news story reported February Eleventh, where two drunk people were goofing around, when one drunk challenged the other to shoot them with cigarette butts, and I quote from the article, "to see what it would feel like." The other drunk loaded an antique rifle with cigarette butts, but he also placed black powder behind the butts, you know, to make sure they had the power to leave the gun barrel. At seven feet, one drunk shot the other with cigarette butts, but the nicotine filters penetrated the rib cage of the thirty-one-year-old. The man who made the challenge later died of three cigarette butts to the heart.



Running Toward Your Demise

It was reported on March seventh that Colorado police pulled over Gerald, because of his erratic driving. Gerald didn't know he was only being pulled over for erratic driving, and he was sure they would find out that he stole the car he was driving. So when the police pulled him over,

Gerald decided to flee from the stolen car - and the police - on foot. As the police chased Gerald, he tried to stop them, while he was running, by pulling out his 9mm semiautomatic handgun, and started blindly firing over his shoulder. We don't know if he thought he had eyes on the back of his head, but maybe Gerald is

someone who can't walk and chew gum at the same time, because he couldn't flee and fire at the same time. Gerald didn't hit any of the police officers. Gerald managed to shoot himself in the head with his own gun. Four shots were fired, although none of them were by the officers. Police later found Gerald's pistol on the ground next to him. Gerald died in the local hospital the next day, a victim of his own gunfire.



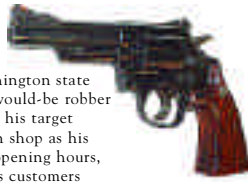
Choose Your Fate: By Knife or by Car

An attempted knife robbery was reported February Twelfth, but it was unsuccessful because the three knife-wielding decided to hold up a slaughterhouse. There were butchers in the slaughterhouse, and they are very used to effectively using sharp blades on large objects. The butchers stabbed two of the three robbers to death. The third man escaped and left by car.

After a car chase, the third, only living, thief pulled over and leapt from his car. Instead of fleeing into underbrush where he might be able to hide himself, he ran into the highway and tried to dodge heavy traffic. Within seconds, the third knife-wielding slaughterhouse robber was run over by large truck, killing him.



Too Many Guns



a crime spree in February in Washington state was not thought through, as the would-be robber chose H&J Leather & Firearms as his target for money. Beyond choosing a gun shop as his target, he chose to strike during opening hours, when the shop was full of firearms customers and owners. Lastly, the robber had to step past a marked police car parked at the front door. Once the robber saw the officer, he announced the hold-up and fired a few shots.

Let us remind you again that this hold-up was taking place in a gun shop, where he walked in and fired shots.

So after the would-be robber fired his shots, the officer and a clerk fired back, as did several customers with guns.

The robber was killed, but no one else was hurt.



Terrorism Intelligence

terrorism has been growing for years
one year before nine eleven
Iraqi terrorist Khay Rahnajet
mailed a letter bomb
but didn't use enough postage

his letter bomb came back to him
marked "return to sender"

Khay Rahnajet opened the letter bomb,
blowing himself up in the process

That's our news for the evening, but we'd like to close with an editorial from this reporter.

What I Would Ask

Violence, even well intentioned, always rebounds upon oneself.

— Lao Tzu

I hear radio talk show hosts
like Rush Limbaugh and Sean Hannity
and I listen to our religious President



I hear these radio talk show hosts
praise the life of an unborn child
or try to save Teri Schiavo on life support
I know some even run charities
or help natural disaster victims

kind people, these Republicans

then I hear that Texas
our President's state
has put ten times more prisoners to death
than any other state since the seventies

I then even hear Republicans protest
the Supreme Court's decision
that *minors* shouldn't get a death penalty



when I heard about their love of life
then heard about their hatred of life
I wondered if I was the only one
who saw their moral confusion

so when I hear these radio talk show hosts
get on their high horses over the radio waves
downplaying anyone's arguments
and galloping away on their steed
I'd like to call in
to ask them the question:

“Excuse me, I see that you Republicans
seem to revere life so much,
from the unborn
to those on life support
who need our help
so I have to ask:
how can you support the death penalty?
why do you revere *some* life
then decide to exterminate
someone who committed a crime?
I've heard you talk about the evils of abortion,
but why,
when its wrong to kill a fetus,
a life yet to breathe on its own,
why it is okay to kill people
who have been breathing for years?”

but hey, mister President
when our country's now so far in debt
because of your “war”
maybe we could start to save money
by not killing prisoners?



I mean, the death penalty doesn't deter,
and it costs more taxpayer money
when every man on death row
gets appeal after appeal
while every taxpayer
pays the court costs,
the judge costs
and the government-appointed lawyer costs
Hell, with the death penalty we still pay
for their food and keep in prison for years
so if we spend more money killing people
than keeping them in prison for life
why don't we learn to be moral
and cut financial corners
to help out the economy?

but I'm sure those talk show hosts
would cut me off
discussing the heinousness of prisoners' crimes,
but I'll try to ask them
who made them the judge



I've heard death penalty supporters claim
that the bible supports the death penalty
though they don't say where
I suppose that in the Old Testament
God killed entire towns, flooded the earth
but according to their religion
God is the judge
not them

I've heard these supporters say they're religious,
Christian, like their wonderful President,
and then they say they support "an eye for an eye"
which is when I wonder why
they're referencing the Old Testament
not that there's anything wrong with the Old Testament
but they're referencing the Old Testament
not their Christian New Testament
they're not listening to Jesus' words
when he told them to
ignore what his father said
but do as he does
and love one another



Jesus said to turn the other cheek
killing someone is hardly
"turning the other cheek"

I mean, where is their Christian forgiveness
when they sentence people to death?
and wait a minute,
do these Christian people believe
Jesus would support their death sentences?

it makes me think of terrorists
who support killing people
who don't believe in *their* God, in *their* way
we find terrorist behavior abhorrent
and we sit here behind our mighty Constitution
deciding who lives and who dies

but our Christian President *likes* playing God
the Presidency mustn't be enough for him

I guess President Bush is now running this casino
and he just keeps saying to himself,
because he has to be right,
that the House always wins



Thanks for being a part of this **Sears Internet News** broadcast.
Thanks for tuning in. Highlights of this live broadcast can also be found at
<http://www.janetkuypers.com/janetkuypers-dot-com-files/sin09-20-05.htm>,
or at <http://scars.tv/av/sin09-20-05.htm>.

additional note: Images in this show are from: cars going down I94 in Chicago, a Jesus statue on a tree in Bad Gastein, Austria, a pool take in Gurnee and a pack of cigarettes at a bar in Gurnee, a parked car in Naples, Florida, Kuypers' stalled car June 30th 2005 (in Waukegan), & guns in Pennsylvania. Television images throughout this writings list + ing are from live performances at: The Chicago Poetry Fest from 08/28/04 and 08/28/05, a Chicago political poetry slam in 1997, a DuA art gallery poetry performance 04/01/05, the Beach Poets festure 08/14/05, the Taste of Logan 1997 poetry reading, the Chicago poetry reading at the National Poetry Slam in Albuquerque New Mexico in 1998, an open mike reading at the Cafe in Chicago in 2005, and the 2004 album cover for **Sing Your Life** (of poetry & music).

Lenny as Abenging Angel

Karen R. Harter

Grab a bottle by the neck, drive down any street, and hurl it hard at a mailbox or a tree or even some asshole	if you don't think they'll catch you or are too drunk to care. And the explosion it makes as it hits its mark is what divine retribution is all about.
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Brooklyn Siberia

Alex Galper

I live in Siberia
In the very heart of Southern Brooklyn
In the mornings people are flocking to the taiga of Wall Street
Returning in the evening barely alive, frozen, stock-bitten,
Bleeding from computer-bug wounds
Some disappear forever
Mauled to death by the bears of big corporations
Or buying houses in New Jersey
In the spring I see their corpses
Inviting me to follow the same path
From the pages of respectable publications.

Translated by Igor Satanovsky and Mike Magazinnik.

children
churches
& daddies
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ISSN 1068-5154



the unreligious, non-family oriented literary and art magazine

Produced By

Scars Publications and Design

Editorial Offices

Children, Churches and Daddies; Scars Publications and Design
829 Brian Court, Gurnee, IL60031-3155 USA

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Publishers/Designers Of

Children, Churches and Daddies magazine; cc+d Ezines; Scars Internet Radio (SIR); TheBurning mini poem books; God Eyes mini poem books; The Poetry Wall Calendar; The Poetry Box; The Poetry Sampler; Mom's Favorite Vase Newsletters; Reverberate Music Magazine; Down In The Dirt magazine; Freedom and Strength Press forum; assorted chapbooks and books; music, poetry compact discs; live performances of songs and readings

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past editions: Poetry Chapbook Contest; Poetry Book Contest; Prose Chapbook Contest; Prose Book Contest; Poetry Calendar Contest; Editor's Choice Award (writing and web sites); Collection Volumes

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- **Children, Churches and Daddies** (ISSN 1068-5154) is published monthly by **Scars Publications and Design**, attn: Janet Kuyper. Contact us via snail-mail or e-mail (ccandd96@scars.tv) for subscription rates or prices for annual collection books.
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