

children
churches
& daddies

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v155



the **UN**religious, **NON**family-oriented literary & art mag



Sen. Hillary Clinton, D-N.Y., have even asked for a ratings change that would restrict young people's access to the video game — because it has been discovered that **Grand Theft Auto** may not only have violence problems, but sexual ones too.

David Walsh, president of the National Institute Of Media And The Family, said on *The Early Show* that “that there are explicit pornographic scenarios in which the player literally directs the pornographic scenes.” That and “the modules to activate the sex scenes are being promoted on teen-oriented Web sites. So the teen players all knew about it; parents were clueless.”

The *Beloit Daily News* reported that “The best-selling game “**Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas** was revealed to contain embedded sexually explicit material... Players (*children... -ed.*) could easily download a “key” which allowed them to unlock what are, essentially, pornographic images.”

Does it matter that the makers of **Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas** have stopped manufacturing the current version of the game, and that, according to *nvunet.com*, “Sex-free version to be released soon?” Yeah, this hyper-violent game is also bringing porn to teens, because **Grand Theft Auto** may only now change from an “M” rating, not an adults-only “AO” rating - and the late ratings-change doesn't help the millions of children who already have the game.

I spent hours every day playing video games when I was little. And this **Grand Theft Auto** is what kids spend hours a day molding themselves after now.

...

Newspaper sources stated that when questioned, jurors were asked if their children play video games. And of course people play video games. I even heard one caller on talk radio say that they had **Grand Theft Auto** and haven't had the urge to kill anyone.

But *CBS News* even stated that **Grand Theft Auto** is both “extremely violent and wildly popular”... which makes me wonder why there is such an attraction to things that are illegal. Because we really *want* to steal cars and kill police officers? Um, I don't think *I* want that (maybe that's why I don't play **Grand Theft Auto**), but is that what all the people — kids and adults — who buy **Grand Theft Auto** think?

Steven Johnson, author of “Everything Bad Is Good For You,” said that “Mark David Chapman, who killed John Lennon, was influenced by ‘Catcher in the Rye.’ The Manson family was influenced by listening to the



YES

Mather Schneider

A Sexy penciling
on the acceptance slip a cursive in
full bloom each ord a
wink the kiwi cheekbones
of her “k”s the thighs of
her “h”s the demure femurs of her “y”s her bird-like
“r”s I want to penetrate
her tight little “p”s molest her
“w”s it’s clear from her punctuation
she would never lie in
print I swear there’s something erotic
about her Yes something erotic about my name in
herhand

WINTER

Brenda Kay Ledford



Angel feathers fluttering
to the ground.
Evergreens wear lace gowns.
Cardinals perch on crystal blossoms.
Icicles dangle from the roof,
Jack Frost etches fern
on my windowpane.
Holly decorates the hall,
walnut cake baking in the woodstove.
Sleigh bells ringing,
children bobsledding over
the hill.

also in the 2005 poetry wall calendar



POEM FROM THE METAPHYSICAL SALVAGE & SCRAP LANGUAGE YARD (INSOMNIA)

Kenneth DiMaggio

Ever since my atomic age
adolescence chemical guerilla warfare
has been waged against
my subconscious television set

Lysergic
Acid
Dissolution

where did my education disappear
but into an electric TV-screen
of quicksand

Free from history
but not its radioactivity

mutation mutation

come look into the latest toxic spill
to get the true image of your reflection

Ah is that my civilization
sneering back at me from
the gasoline colored muck
coagulating into a lesion
or perhaps wart on the face
of a God that is drowning

There is no sure way to tell



Library Sonnet (11)

Michael Ceraolo

It was a too-often-seen scene,
 and
 here it could qualify
 as a definition of irony:
 at the library,
 where
 the ability to read is presumably a prerequisite
 for employment,
 I saw someone
 leave the employees-only entrance,
 jump into the car and careen out
 the drive clearly marked ENTER
 Perhaps there's a legitimate explanation
 Perhaps not



**Emperor of
Diamonds,
by Aaron Wilder**

Sawdust

Elizabeth Mudgett

An expanse of fabricated wooden tables
 Pronounce sharp tones siphoning sour words
 Tart adages pucker, kissing acerbity,
 Regret unnoticed.
 Void promises stifle faith's verity
 Choked verses script disappointment
 Bitterness blankets furrowed brows,
 Tentatively serving pungent lies.
 Drawing scandalous breath
 Fogs communication with
 Stagnant imposition.



science and wildlife.

“The zoo will be outstanding, with several restaurants offering visitors the chance to experience exotic foods such as imported horse, kangaroo, giraffe, snake, elephant, tiger and lion meat.

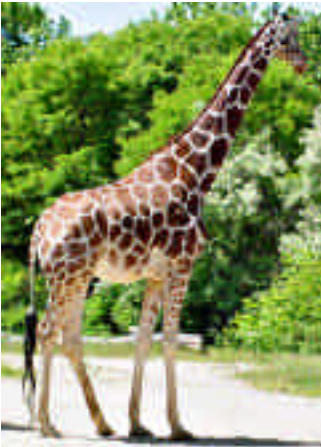
“We will also provide domestic crocodile and dog meat from Sakon Nakhon province,” Plodprasop said at a press tour before Thaksin presided over the soft opening.

Plodprasop said food provided at the buffet restaurant would be fresh daily and cooked by five foreign chefs.

Wildlife Fund Thailand secretary Surapol Duangkae said yesterday that although consuming wildlife didn’t violate Cites [Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species], it could fly in the face of moral issues and worsen the country’s image on wildlife-trade issues.

“The idea will set the country’s image back a century, because nowadays zoos around the world aim to educate and conserve wildlife, as well as campaigning to stop the killing of animals,” he said.

He said the action of the government would appear to the world as if Thailand approved of the endangered-wildlife trade and consumption.



There have already been cases of 100 tigers exported to China, elephants planned to be transferred to Australia and the illegal import of orang-utans.

Surapol said the country has also been accused of trafficking endangered species, and being a trading centre and hunting ground for endangered species.

“The government’s action seems to confirm these accusations,” Surapol said.

Petch Manopavitr, a Wildlife Conservation Society activist said this was a sensitive issue as the prime minister had previously declared that the country wanted to suppress wildlife trade in the region.

“I see it as a bad idea to market the zoo. In fact, it was wrong from the start with the idea of importing wild animals from Kenya,” Petch said.

Petch was also concerned about illnesses from eating wild animals



“The zoo should be a place for study and conservation, not killing. Promoting the eating of wild animals will confuse adults and children about what’s right and what’s wrong,” he said.

However, the prime minister seemed unconvinced by Plodprasop’s idea as he said that only part of a crocodile’s body could be eaten and it therefore wouldn’t be worth killing.

Piyanart Srivalo, Chatrarat Kaewmorakot

The Nation

commentary

Does Rainforest Cafe Love the Rainforest?

Okay, maybe it’s just me, but I’ve always had an issue with **Rainforest Cafe**, because I always wondered why they’d give themselves that name. I was sure that they didn’t use rain forest animals in their menus (like the Thailand zoo does — isn’t that a mixed message...) — I’m sure too many groups would protest that, so I thought that maybe they donated a portion of their profits to help preserve rain forest land. Well, knowing that they design their restaurants with a jungle/safari theme, with fake trees and plants and aquariums with tropical fish everywhere, and seeing how they post a jungle theme shop near their restaurant, I knew that the only took the name **Rainforest Cafe** as a gimmick to lure people in. Kiddies like the jungle-safari theme, don’t they? They like thinking of rare animals while they eat common animals like seafood, beef or chicken (*that* won’t confuse their moral conscience).

I looked on **Rainforest Cafe**’s web site, to see if they had any information about caring about the





political commentary

WHO SERVED? MILITARY SERVICE RECORDS

thanks to C Ra McGuirt for this listing...

REPUBLICANS:

Dick Cheney: did not serve. Several deferments, the last by marriage.

Dennis Hastert: did not serve.

Tom Delay: did not serve.

Roy Blunt: did not serve.

Bill Frist: did not serve.

Mitch McConnell: did not serve.

Rick Santorum: did not serve.

Trent Lott: did not serve.

John Ashcroft: did not serve. Seven deferments to teach business.

Jeb Bush: did not serve.

Karl Rove: did not serve.

Saxby Chambliss: did not serve. "Bad knee."

Paul Wolfowitz: did not serve.

Vin Weber: did not serve.

Richard Perle: did not serve.

Douglas Feith: did not serve.

Eliot Abrams: did not serve.

Richard Shelby: did not serve.

Jon! Kyl: did not serve.

Tim Hutchison: did not serve.

Christopher Cox: did not serve.

Newt Gingrich: did not serve.

Don Rumsfeld: served in Navy (1954-57) as flight instructor.

George W. Bush: failed to complete his six-year National Guard.
for family friend running for U.S. Senate..

Ronald Reagan: due to poor eyesight, served in a non-combat role making movies.



poetry

the passionate stuff

mama's anthem

Lolita Stewart-White

mama sipped wine
listened to her 'you did me wrong' anthem
she played for daddy who had disappeared
with the family's money

she cranked the music up loud
stepped onto the dance floor
a drunken disco diva
singing, 'i will survive'

she coaxed me and baby brother behind her
made us back up singers
in her make-believe world
where she was a bonafide star

we happily harmonized her rebellion
put gladys and the pips to shame
with sizzling soulful steps
performed to perfection

but our rhythm was quickly lost
when daddy barreled in
the fighting began
and mama's anthem abruptly ended

ARTIST STATEMENT

Lolita Stewart-White is a poet, screenwriter and filmmaker. Her work has appeared in African Voices, Illuminations, Phoebe, Haight Ashbury Literary Journal and is scheduled to appear in upcoming issues of Pegasus and Red Wheelbarrow. She was the 1997 recipient of the Fred Shaw Poetry Prize sponsored by the Academy of American Poets. She lives and works in Miami, Florida.



heat. You gotta see this thing, Jess. It's got a Hemi in it. I helped build it. I'd lay out all the wrenches and run to Napa for parts while my uncle kicked the thing and put up Hustler posters. He said for every half hour he rides the damn thing it rides him for three."

"Jess, are there anymore?" I said.

"Yeah, they're coming up now."

Two more rocket cars, both black, chugged to the starting line. One was snub nosed; the hood was almost flat and only about four feet long. The other was long and needle-like, like the first two.

"There it is! The snub nose! Hey, Uncle Ray!! Yah! You the man! Rock it!" Steve's mouth stretched until I thought his face would crack in half, "Rock it. Rocket. Huh?"

"Yeah Steve," said Jess, "It does look fast."

"That's because I've been polishing it for the past three weeks after swim practice. An hour a day, two applications of plain TurtleWax scrubbed with cheesecloth till you think you're arm's gonna fall off."

Steve paused to slurp red soda from a Styrofoam cup. Some of it clung to the fuzz on his upper lip. He licked it away and looked at my hand, still camped on Jess's back.

"Hey, you two, I'm not bothering you, am I?"

"No no," Jess said.

"Cuz I understand if you wanna just hang out by yourselves a bit. I know how it is. Ivy was always on me bout never getting 'quality time.' Like the only time that counts in a relationship is the time you have to spend alone."

He paused, slurped again and sneered.

"Besides, the fewer witnesses the better, huh?"

"What?" I spat. Jessica opened her jacket a little and leaned back, looking between Steve and me.

"Hey, nothing, nothing. I ain't going to say anything. Everyone's entitled to a little fun on the side. Ivy's loud, anyway. I met her once when my Ivy took me red pin bowling at Plaza Lanes. I couldn't wait for her to shut up bout this rat she bought."

"It's a gerbil," I said, "And I don't care what you tell her. She knows I'm here. We're all friends, anyhow."

"You kiss all your friends? Look, man, I don't care like I said, if it were me, I'd probably do the same thing."

I reached out and half-slapped, half-clawed him across the lips. Bright red lines appeared under his nose. A little pink tear near the corner of his mouth suddenly welled with blood. Hot tears simmered under



poetry

the passionate stuff

SPONTANEOUS STARDUST CHILD YOU ROCKED ME LIKE A BABY TO THE MELODY

(i was so relaxed i knew it was a dream i wanted you to clutch me through every single second knowing i may never see you like this again)

joey sims

happy riot lost gravity here
slide between the cracks of the complacent conundrum
battle drum fingers in sync with feel with rhythm
i can attract you
i can attract you with my thoughts
i've seen you in dreams but not in reality
proper meeting ground merging into the serene surreal atmosphere
not a human sound around in our mystical warp
jaw numb i'm still in your world aren't i angel
dream wear off on me from other world here
utopian queen knight me tonight on nature's throne
alone in the infinite wild i could've laid next to you for eternity
your smile makes stars fall i crawl for worms
i haven't figured out which organism i am yet
there's no mirrors around here
let's head toward the ocean
riverboat gypsy's in the hip chamber of the sea
the natives give me a tour of grace
a place suspended in time and space
a metamorphic moving photograph
we hike to the mountain temple path towards the delerium sky
where clouds are able to be seen
there are unbelievable legions and regions in the universe of



philosophy monthly

Modern Day Footbindings and the Oppression of Women

I have never been one to think about my predicament. It's a common predicament-- I have to face it every day of my life, and it indirectly causes me problems wherever I go. I can't walk alone at night because of it. I can't look a male stranger straight in the eye because of it. I have to worry about the kind of clothes I wear, the implications of the statements I make, and even the way I walk because of it. But I've never given it a second thought.

My predicament is that I am a woman. At first it doesn't seem to sound like a predicament at all, but the more one thinks about the lack of freedom sentenced to a woman solely because she is a woman, the word 'predicament' becomes more of an understatement. In this male-oriented society, women are reduced to objects: pornography sells more than the top news magazines, the videos that MTV broadcast flaunt the woman's body for just anyone to see, and instances of rape are at an all time high. Women today are held down by forces that are blind to many - society has evidently become a jail cell so large that its prisoners cannot even see the bars. But there are bars, and if we only look for them and see them for what they really are, we may then be able to make the changes that will make this society a more equal one. And a safer one.

In China, one man created the custom of wrapping up the woman's foot so tightly that it restricted the woman's walking because it caused so much pain. It was a way for men to be sure that women in their society were entirely dependent on them. In many third world countries, women are forced to wear dresses that cover up their entire body, for one man has no right to look at another man's possessions. They call it tradition. If this is so, then tradition dehumanizes the woman.

Even in the United States these bindings are all around us, and these indirect restrictions are so commonplace that we have failed to notice that they are even there, keeping us "in our place". I will only give one example. I feel that only one example is necessary.

I used to get a subscription to a women's magazine. I enjoyed flipping through the pages of Glamour, even if it did only make me feel inadequate as a woman and as a person. As I read, as I flipped through the pages and saw the photographs of beautiful women staring me in the face telling me that I was no good unless I was



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