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the boss lady's editorial

video games, violence, porn & death

I loved video games — when I was little we had an Atari system and I played Pac Man in the den with my friend Sheri for hours day, my dad's office was next to a video arcade and I plugged I don't know how many quarters into an upright Ms. Pac Man (okay, I apparently had a thing for that game). But I even programmed a ski video game into my TRS 80 (my Trash 80, thank you), and I obsessed on Tetris starting in college.

Video games can be a good release and a chance to escape problems in life, I suppose.

But that doesn't mean that



Well, that seems obvious, Janet.

Well, it might not be that obvious. First of all, porn is legal to adults (even though a lot of adults have issue with porn).

Okay, Janet, crappy argument for porn, but you didn't even cover violence or death.

Hmm. Yeah, I suppose there isn't a good reason to want violence or death in video games. I know that in Pac Man you went around a maze eating monsters that were trying to kill you, but they were monsters, and it was a measure of trying to keep yourself alive (even if you got points for eating the monsters in those moments where the monsters became a del-



Yeah, I may have played a game where you killed creatures by eating them, but real point of the game was survival in maze after maze, not killing others.

So why am I talking about video games? Because everyone's been playing them lately, from a guy I know who was practicing an on line game for hours every day to be a part of a team playing in the video game Olympics (yes, there's actually an Olympics, where winners for a couple hundred thousand dollars), to a guy who used to rent a place from us who played an online game *constantly*, to... to eighteen-year-old Devin Moore, who played **Grand Theft Auto: Vice City** enough to relive a scene from one of the same scenarios.

You see, police office Arnold Strickland brought Devin Darnell Moore in on suspicion of car theft on June 7, 2003. Moore said in a statement (according to the University of Alabama's newspaper *the Crimson White* on July 21, 2005) that Devin Moore grabbed Arnold Strickland's gun and shot him twice, then shot Fayette police officer James Crump as he ran down the hall. Devin Moore said he then went down the hall and shot emergency dispatcher, Leslie "Ace" Mealer five times, then grabbed a set of car keys and fled in a police cruiser.

When people studied what he had done, they saw that his actions perfectly paralleled a **Grand Theft Auto: Vice City** scene.

Family members of Strickland and Mealer have even filed a wrongful death suit against "Vice City" developer Take 2 Games, Sony Entertainment, Gamestop and Wal-Mart, saying that the game trained Moore to effectively kill three police officers without hesitation. But according to the Enquirer, Devin Moore's defense attorney Jim Standridge even said that the defense would include testimony about video games as well as post-traumatic stress disorder in the capital murder trial

Yes, somehow the defense will use the video game as *support* for Devin Moore.

Now, to recap from *NBC News* and the *Associated Press*: Devin Moore is charged with six capital murder counts in the 2003 deaths of Fayette officers Arnold Strickland and James Crump and dispatcher Leslie "Ace" Mealer.

And even though Columbus' newspaper the Ledger Enquirer mentions Moore's PTSD, we have to ask is PTSD justifies the murders committed.

Or if a video game justifies the murders committed.

not

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 Andr eas 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

Beatles. Borderline crazy people will be influenced by the media. The question is: Is there a long-term, larger trend in society towards more violence or less violence, based on these video games? We all know the trend in society over the last 10 years is towards much less violence than there was before."

And that's true, I hear that here in Chicago murder rates are decreasing over time. But does that mean we're choosing to let out

our violent tendencies in *video games?* I thought there was less violence because we as a people were less violent. Do we need to resort to video game violence and

pornography to attempt to stop these otherwise

unhealthy and immoral urges?

and Lungers

Janet Kuypers
Editor in Chief

poetry
the passionate stuff

Winter
Postcard
Michelle
Greenblatt

Merry Christmas!

(previously ripped off by poetry.com)

I paste
your picture
on a postcard of winter
we are two statues
facing each other
maybe whispering
cement poetry
in voices
of stone

1998

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



Eric Bonholtzer

They gather beneath stars, particles themselves Among branched trees and crooked paths Straight stones set standing sentinel, watching the approach.

A wicked bonfire soaks with a cool glow, A diary meaning, keeping the day But now it is night beneath the stars as they gather

Amid churches and cafeterias, among school children they huddle Keeping the world safe from cigarettes, Cocaine, crack, and inebriation, the pain of remembering and forgetting.

It is communal, like bread passed between lips, A shrouded moment in which we feel a part of something No disconnected dots or stars, but a whole, a race, among other things.

This is also in the Eric Bonholtzer book Remnants & Shadows.

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



Arise!
art be
Nicole
Aimiee
Macaluso

without the eels nibbling through such holy corpse

Score one for evolution

But when did my soul become a sewer for all the plastic Styrofoam and tin foil addiction of this culture?

When did my synapses become metaphysically micro waved with the psychotically rampaging video game?

Zap zap zap

And then a long descending stupor

until you wake up behind the convenience store dumpster with a half drunk bottle of codeine-flavored cough syrup that is still not strong enough to erase this insomnia-causing philosophical question:

How many angels can dance on the wreck of a burning U.S. Army Humvee

that started out last century as the cherry red get away vehicle

in the high speed Hollywood car chase scene

Party Dress Larry S. Lafferty

We can go to that party If you promise we can get drunk. Promise that I don't have to talk To that idiot when he wants to talk Politics. Promise I can hit the fourth Asshole who stares down your blouse. I can go if you tell me that. Your friends hate me but I can deal. As long as you hang with me. Wear that blue party dress I like. I can be the person you want For at least ninety minutes, Then I go back to being me. So that's your choice really. It's honest, right? If you push past the two hour mark, The blame drifts to you. Just tell me what happens later, Like always. Ends of nights never change. We have a history, right? Too much just to throw away. Look, I'll try extra hard tonight, You'll be proud. We're past all that other stuff. Anyway, If you get this message, Just call me at home, I'll be here. And forget all those other messages I left. I was just fooling around.

Call me.







Poems Bill Dorris

Red brimmed hat cap eyes apologize for words never spoken

she hands me her thesis hard bound wheel spun spoke

across the courtyard two stories up red orange white

the lads ping pong

eraser chalk eraser chalk eraser

window open

her eyes falling

concrete chalk

going

Covered Ambition

Philip Jones

A hawks eye I had Grew up to be a blind beggar A dream I worked for Turned out to be just a dream I waited to circle the globe Now I just circle my home Wanted to see the stars in space All I see is stars on TV Wished to fall in love Fell in and out of lust Was such an individual Became such a clone Loved the world I saw Closed my eyes and despised it all Believed I was unstoppable Barely could get out of bed Jewels dangled upon my chest Bottles and trash litter my mind I was becoming a someone But I became a something

going

I HIT PLAY

Rebecca Susan Lemke

I'm waiting for the song to play
I hit play
and nothing
I hit it again
Everything still comes through in waves
Static electricity marching

There are flaws in fundamentalism and Errors in progression,
Stagnancy, stagnant spaces in my
Pantheist panorama
I dictate my reasons,
But lack oxygen, need more air holes
I taste myself to see if I got it right

As my own sugar sweet doctor I decide I want a vanilla life And somebody to move me, Fill and empty me in balanced proportion

He's got me spinning on the floor
Talking incessantly in circles
Trying to expand
And I'm waiting out segments
There are patches in my idealism,
The things I keep close to heart,
And all the things I sort into laundry-like idiosyncrasies
Looking for benevolence and for inspiration,
I'm tested, tried and true in markings
I taste myself to see if I got it right this time around
It's my spice of life, my joy de vivre
That has me becoming what I consume

Looking for guidance
As far as I can grace myself
I edit and staple newfound commandments together
In their plausibility
And resourcefulness
In all their gentleness
And thumb tack them onto the kitchen wall
Next to my "to do" list

I push play again Waiting for the song to start

Touching the Moon with a Ten-Foot Pole

Andrew Demcak

Heroin? Perhaps you'd like to appraise that white place, its sky alight with fire?

Ground Control, here is a missive in lieu of a rendezvous. The craft is ready,

syringe and spoon attended, a mother ship. Mission failure will not allow for

rescue, standing on the lunar surface, homeless as a nervous horse, absent of

habit and launching pad. Attempt your fresh trajectory, approximate distance

to join the moon's orbit. What power! And because it's not hope, a dead astronaut.

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.

Terminator Termites Tall Tale

Christopher Barnes, UK

Count Ciano's cagebird's lurch from cherry-cheeked sparkle was perused by the hour.

The termites who gorged Van Gogh's retreat puked, dinting into the parrot loft, gutting the perch steeplechasing bird sleep.

A ruff perished flat a beak-whapped lamella.

Squawker's paraphrased in miniature, smooth-glassed at Coffee Republic.

The anecdote's a sickner. Prescribe an expresso to get over it.

Forgetting

William E. Raftery

This is that moment, That damned state, When all is threaded, And bound in memory.

So sweetly to dispose, Of the smallest thing, That would burden me, To unravel the cord.

But think not too ill, Should I excel at this? For this is done speedily, To avoid long heartache.

The forgetting time, There is a path here, And clock that unwinds, The heartstrings so taut.

Jesus and the Animals

Terry Rosenberg

Jesus and the animals

Long for something purposeful As natural as this earth

Jesus and the animals

Approaching full of aptitude Examine what we are willing to do

We from the animal kingdom Sound words of approval Heeeee, Naaaaa, Uhhhhh

Jesus too approves
Take hold and capture in phrase
As he, you, and I will too

Hard hitting birth look forward What do you see? We the obvious source A simple mechanism





Sisters of Some Substance

Scott Heigel

I do sometimes wonder Where they are now, Those pot-smoking girls Who educated me, Not in the ways of womanhood But of the altered state. The crafting of the high, My sisters of some substance Or another Who passed for girlfriends, Parking lot on-the-fly alibis, Co-conspirators of everything. Where have they gotten to now Is their proverbial shit together Or are they still out there, Floating in the ether Like me, Writing my high hopes of Meeting them again, Our paths and arms crossing, Our spirits alight.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LOVE?

Roger N. Taber

Peace in the park abused by druggies desperate to fund the luxury; No time for drugs? Lets go for alcohol poisoning instead...

Fun at the fair ruined by pickpockets out for an easy ride; Sanctuary in our schools invaded by a culture of bullying

Generation gaps made (far) wider by five star psychiatrists; Mother Nature repeatedly raped by property developers

War on Terror, a welcome distraction from Home Front issues; Our own back yards piled high with body bags...

Conscience part salved by more charity, Confession, prison programs... Problem part solved by pointing fingers of blame elsewhere

Facts of life, we're told and no point in crying over spilt blood; Prevention better than cure, they say; So whatever happened to love?

International House of Bibles

J D Nelson

Someone's little baby baby is playin' w/ a gun.

She's sad, red-eyed & tired of breathing exhaust.

You've captured me w/ technology,

Digital Sister!

All the cool kids have "Dandy Skull" stickers on their notebooks.

Two used roses.

news you can use

from the Nation

 $\label{lem:http://nationmultimedia.com/2005/11/17/national/index.php?news=nation-al_19180026.html$

CHIANG MAI SAFARI: Rare animals on the menu at zoo

Published on November 17, 2005

Visitors offered daily buffet of lion, tiger, elephant and giraffe meat; conservation groups outraged.

Lovers of "wild" cuisine are in for a treat when Chiang Mai's Night Safari opens next year, project director



Plodprasop Suraswadi said yesterday. Visitors to the park's Vareekunchorn restaurant will have the option of tucking in to an "Exotic Buffet" of tiger, lion, elephant and giraffe, for just Bt4,500 a head.

The park, which had a soft opening yesterday, officially opens on New Year's Day.

The animal-buffet idea has drawn strong protests from wildlife groups,

which have expressed concern that the menu of endangered and protected animals will confuse the public and foreign visitors about the real objective of the zoo, as well as Thailand's stance on wildlife conservation.

According to Plodprasop, animals for the buffet would be imported daily and legally to the zoo.

Ironically, the prime minister said the park would aim to increase public awareness of natural





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

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

seafood, beef or chicken (that won't confuse their

moral conscience).













rain forests of the world at all. No luck there — their site just directed me to "neat-o" kids menus and how to hold a group party at their restaurant, or how to buy **Rainforest Cafe** gift cards (they're a business — they

have to sell, sell, sell).



So after getting the phone number of the local **Rainforest Cafe**, I called them to ask a simple question: they serve orange

juice in their restaurant, so I was wondering — is it from concentrate? Knowing that orange juice from concentrate always uses a portion of their oranges from trees grown on rain forest land (you know, that actually saves the com-





panies money, using rain forest land for plant orange groves), I waited for them to tell me that yes, their gallon jugs of orange juice <u>is</u> from concentrate.

That's the least **Rainforest Cafe** can do... If they can't *serve* rain forest animals in their menu, and if they can't accurately portray a rain forest environment in their restaurants, and if they don't donate any money to help rain forest land, they can at least pro-

mote the destruction of rain forest land in what they sell.



Janet Kuypers



Note: animal images in the news article are of a lion, a snake, an elephant and a giraffe. The animal images in the commentary article are of a walrus, a goat, a leopard, a monkey, a bear, a rhinoceros, a seal, a polar bear, a hog, an addax, a zebra, an ape, a kangaroo and a bison. The photo to the left of my signature is of me taking pictures *in* a rain forest, and the photo to the

right of my signature is of a bird eating out of my hand at a campsite



in Utah. The bottom images are *actually* of tropical and temperate rain forests in el Yunque, Puerto Rico and Washington state.





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.

B-1 Bob Dornan: Consciously enlisted after fighting was over in Korea.

Phil Gramm: did not serve.

John McCain: Vietnam POW, Silver Star, Bronze Star, Legion of Merit, Purple Heart and Distinguished Flying Cross.

Dana Rohrabacher: did not serve.

John M. McHugh: did not serve.

IC Watts: did not serve.

Jack Kemp: did not serve. "Knee problem," although continued in NFL for 8 years as quarterback.

Dan Quayle: Journalism unit of the Indiana National Guard.

Rudy Giuliani: did not serve.

George Pataki: did not serve.

Spencer Abraham: did not serve.

John Engler: did not serve.

Lindsey Graham: National Guard lawyer.

Arnold Schwarzenegger: AWOL from Austrian army base.

PUNDITS & PREACHERS:

Sean Hannity: did not serve.

Rush Limbaugh: did not serve (4-F with a 'pilonidal cyst.')

Bill O'Reilly: did not serve.

Michael Savage: did not serve.

George Will: did not serve.

Chris Matthews: did not serve.

Paul Gigot: did not serve.

Bill Bennett: did not serve.

Pat Buchanan: did not serve.

John Wayne: did not serve.

Bill Kristol: did not serve.

Kenneth Starr: did not serve.

Antonin Scalia: did not serve.

Clarence Thomas: did not serve.

Ralph Reed: did not serve.

Michael Medved: did not serve.

Charlie Daniels: did not serve.

Ted Nugent: did not serve.

(continued...)

DEMOCRATS:

Richard Gephardt: Air National Guard, 1965-71.

David Bonior: Staff Sgt., Air Force 1968-72.

Tom Daschle: 1st Lt., Air Force SAC 1969-72.

Al Gore: enlisted Aug. 1969; sent to Vietnam Jan.

1971 as an army journalist in 20th Engineer Brigade.

Bob Kerrey: Lt. j.g . Navy 1966-69; Medal of Honor, Vietnam.

Daniel Inouye: Army 1943-47; Medal of Honor, WWII.

John Kerry: Lt., Navy 1966-70; Silver Star, Bronze Star with Combat V, Purple Hearts.

Charles Rangel: Staff Sgt., Army 1948-52; Bronze Star, Korea.

Max Cleland: Captain, Army 1965-68; Silver Star &

Bronze Star, Vietnam. Paraplegic from war injuries. Served in Congress. Ted Kennedy: Army, 1951-53.

Tom Harkin: Lt., Navy, 1962-67; Naval Reserve, 1968-74.

Jack Reed: Army Ranger, 1971-1979; Captain, Army Reserve 1979-91.

Fritz Hollings: Army officer in WWII; Bronze Star and seven campaign ribbons.

Leonard Boswell: Lt. Col., Army 1956-76; Vietnam, DFCs, Bronze Stars, and Soldier's Medal.

Pete Peterson: Air Force Captain, POW. Purple Heart, Silver Star and Legion of Merit.

Mike Thompson: Staff sergeant, 173rd Airborne, Purple Heart.

Bill McBride: Candidate for Fla. Governor. Marine in

Vietnam; Bronze Star with Combat V.

Gray Davis: Army Captain in Vietnam, Bronze Star.

Pete Stark: Air Force 1955-57

Chuck Robb: Vietnam

Howell Heflin: Silver Star

George McGovern: Silver Star & DFC during WWII.

Bill Clinton: Did not serve. Student deferments. Entered draft but received #311.

Jimmy Carter: Seven years in the Navy.

Walter Mondale: Army 1951-1953

John Glenn: WWII and Korea; six DFCs and AirMedal with 18 Clusters.

Tom Lantos: Served in Hungarian underground in WWII. Saved by Raoul Wallenberg.

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 Wheel-barrow. 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.

prose the meat and potatoes stuff

COMMA SUTRA

G.A. Scheinoha

Woven from the tough, inner fiber of being, words aren't necessary, become weightless entities here at the roof of your world.

Doesn't matter. You haven't the breath for them anyway. Exhale thoughts slowly, shallow as the last few breaths from a near empty oxygen tank.

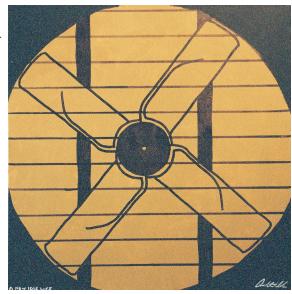
Punctuation even is moral pretense. Prehensile quotation marks clench, dew nails dig into, bleed out an unbidden morsel thought. A bubbling wound oozes forth the stench of a sense's summons.

Into this instant, igneous lake descends the Westerner. His eyes fore-tell an eerie, inscrutable Occidental myth. He can no more rise from the Gisa plain into a head'n shoulders above Sphinx dunes legend than unravel the indecipherable cartoon balloon over the generations frozen Sherpa, ensnared in the glacial amber of repressed Himalayan regret.

And you wouldn't, couldn't be surprised if this were all merely some head spun hallucination that's slowly unreeled since leaving base camp, was it hours, only minutes ago?

Real shock comes when you stumble, stagger and tumble from the throes of fantasia. Land in the soft stuff. Sink not into yeti tracked drifts somewhere down the slopes. Just the restraining confines of arecliner, newspaper clasped between extended arms, a sudden, tight focus.

A New Idle Life, art by Aaron Wilder



Picking Up The Pieces

Frank Anthony Ph.D.

The headlines continue to tally up dozens of dead Marines and hundreds of Iraqis as the bill-o-fare of war. Watching an interview of one of the professors at Stanford, who is considered a foremost "brain" of the country, one is amazed by the total simplicity of this mess we have been drawn into. As a scientist, he is disturbed by the lawsuits against science as the understanding of life. This challenge of religion can only: "erode our position in the world by intimidating future scientists of the US".

Then he goes on to say this attitude is much too expensive. To keep up our standard of high wages, there is only one alternative way (to being honest about science and life) to make the money for high wages in the US that is "to have another war". This is teaching "from the gut" (the way I would teach) coming from Ivy League Stanford the land of Bechtel, Haliburton and subsidiaries Brown and Root, companies who manage wars. The alternative, preaches the professor, is to make money having another war.

War, in the name of patriotism, has been the way to inflate the national treasury for several hundred years. Even in the 17th century money was "made" by "taking" land from Native American owners. Then huge chunks of 18th century land were expropriated via manipulation and European political deals. A dozen wars, of the 19th and 20th centuries resulted in the military-industrial might of the US making us the "most powerful nation on earth" Now we have military presence in dozens of foreign countries and at least ten fleets of aircraft carriers to "protect our interests".

Where we go from here is the question. Our national debt is out of control, twenty thousand dollars owed by every American and growing. We are owned by China and Japan. Iran and Israel play chess for the balance of Nuke power: We bankroll Israel and Russia does Iran. Mother nature waits for the spoils!

Rocket Cars

Daniel L. Hilliard

I sat on my hands to keep them warm while Jess hiked to the bath-room. The stands marinated in tar fumes, exhaust and greasy smoke from the concession booths. I suddenly wanted a cigarette. I needed to pollute myself, and fast.

Penn Raceway is a quarter mile asphalt track with aluminum stands on one side and a circular track on the other for maintenance vehicles and race queues. It's hidden behind a stand of scrub pines along U.S. Route 356, and you'd blow right by it if not for an airbrushed plywood sign and the stink.

It's musk, really, and in certain situations it's irresistible. Smoke an eighth of schwag on a November afternoon with a pretty friend and study a tree. Watch the way the leaves tickle the air, admire the girth of the trunk and the solidity of the whole affair. Then whip together a little engine oil, ground chuck, and rubber and light it on fire. You'll see what I mean.

"You by yourself, hon?," said a fat girl wearing jeans slashed at the thighs. Her lipstick was neon pink.

"No, I'm here with a friend."

"Ain't that the way," said the fat girl, "Your girl?"

"No, just a friend."

"Ain't that the way," she said, "Well, do you got change for a dollar? The Coke machine only takes quarters."

I took out my frayed hemp wallet and swept the pocket.

"No, sorry."

"Ain't that the way! Well, thanks."

"Hey, you don't have a cigarette, do you?"

"Did you find any quarters?"

"No."

"There's your answer."

She plodded away like a cow, shifting her entire weight from one foot to the other.

I kept my wallet open for a second to look at my girl's picture. Ivy smiled at me underneath an arch that read, in glittery cardboard letters, "Burrell Prom '03." She wore a greenish gold gown with black lace straps. A bouquet of silk orchids spilled over her lap.

While Jess was away, two heats took off and made the quarter mile in less than twelve seconds. The first two cars were sleek, red and foreign. They hit the tripwires at 10.23 and 10.11. Few clapped. In the next heat, a greasy gray Volkswagen with "Iron Horse" stenciled on the hood blew away a black Subaru, 10.98 to 11.46. The crowd whooped and hooted. A scrawny guy to my left wearing a Corona visor slapped his knees and rocked forward, fingers under his tongue, trying to whistle.

Jess sashayed back a little after seven. The halogen lamps lining the track had begun to glow, highlighting the kinked brown hairs jutting from her sloppy ponytail. Her eye sockets were cavernous, and her forehead shiny. She wore a maroon corduroy jacket and matching socks.

"That must've been some dump," I said.

"Shut up," she said, pulling the vowels like taffy. I shoved her into the Corona guy. His eyes popped.

"Whoa, whoa hon," he said, "Watch the beer."

She scrabbled off his lap, laughing and mumbling an apology.

"Hey, no harm," he said, eyes on the track. Beer foam sizzled in his mustache.

I crooked my eyebrows and stared at Jess.

"Why did you just assault that poor man? Say you're sorry!" I said.

"I just did!"

"Say it again." I pinched the wispy hair on the back of her neck. She grabbed my thumb and pushed it toward my wrist until I yanked it away.

"Oww ow. Fair enough. But don't let it happen again."

"You dork. I'm definitely not sharing this now." She pulled a pretzel out of her pocket.

"Hey, I'm sorry. Can I have some?"

"Get your own!"

"Aw, Jess, c'mon. It's freezing out here."

"You're such a pansy," she said, wrenching the pretzel in half. Fresh steam poured from the break.

"I'll get you something later," I said, chewing on a hank of rubbery pretzel, "I didn't even know you were going to the concessions. Did you get any mustard?"

"Ew, mustard. No. I'm going back there in a few minutes. They're making kielbasa."

"You haven't seen a race yet."

"They're all the same. Tick, vroom, hum, screech. I only really want to see the rocket cars."

"When are they supposed to race?"

"Ten, but it'll be more like eleven."

A turkey buzzard landed near the stands, picking at a dropped hotdog. A boy with a blonde rattail threw a handful of ice at it. His tiny teeth glinted in the failing light.

"Let's take a walk. You can show me around."

"Okay," she said. "I can show you the bathrooms and the concessions. That's all there really is to this place."

"Fair enough."

We stood and I stretched. A gust of wind blew Jess' hair into my face. It smelled like rum and apples. I put my hand under her corduroy jacket and let it rest on her hip.

"Jess! Jessie!" A chubby kid wearing a tight Ghostbusters tee shirt and elephant jeans flew off the stands, his arms spread wide. Jessica looked at me and grimaced.

"Jessie! You didn't tell me you were coming up? Wanted to avoid me, huh?"

"Hi Steve," Jess said, "And yeah."

Steve honked. Peach fuzz covered his throat and jowls.

"Oh fine, then. Don't call me no more. I don't want to see Jessie ever again."

"Shut up," she said.

"Ooh, testy around the boyfriend. Does boyfriend care if I pal around with youns guys?"

"I'm not the boyfriend," I said.

"He goes with a girl from Burrell," said Jess. She studied the cigarette butts littering the ground.

"Burrell? I used to see a girl from there. What's her name?"

"Ivy."

"Ivy Angelos?"

"Rayburg."

"Oh, no. I was gonna say, you need to get out of that mess as soon as possible. She's psycho, man. Get this. She called my mom at work when I didn't pick her up for a movie. She cried to my mom on the phone. But it's not the same Ivy."

I pictured Steve kissing my Ivy, his fuzz brushing her cheek. I snorted, stuffed my hands into my pockets, and turned towards the track.

"Well, hey, then, Jess. Guess I can still have a turn, huh? Hah!" He threw an arm around Jess's shoulders. My belly tightened. I took my hands out of my pockets and squeezed them into fists.

"Jess, thought we were taking a walk. Let's go. I don't want to just

stand here with a thumb up my ass."

"Yeah, let's go!" Steve pulled Jess' hair, jerking her head backward. I stepped between them and we marched towards the concession booths.

"Guys, I'm gonna get a hoagie. These ain't like the ones my uncle used to bring back from Philly, but they're okay. I get the Italian every week, minus peppers. It's like a Steve Troy tradtion."

He started towards the hoagie booth, looking back over his shoulder and smiling. Jess looked at me and rolled her eyes.

"Weird," she said.

"Friend of yours?"

"A little. He's just weird."

"Thought just me and you were going to hang out today."

"We are."

"Not alone."

"Well, I can't tell him to go away."

"Yes you can. He was hitting on you."

"He was not. And what's the difference?"

She dipped her chin and glared at me. I stared at a crumpled Coors Lite can over her shoulder. Muddy water had collected in the lip.

"Steve, we'll be right back," she said, still glaring. Steve waved and shouted something in reply. He tapped his hands on the hoagie counter, jabbering at the attendant.

"I just don't like seeing you with losers like that. I was so happy when you broke up with that Atwood jerk. The one with the other girlfriend in West Virginia. You deserve so much. You're such a good person."

"Come on," she said, and grabbed my hand. Her palm felt like wood.

We slipped around the concessions. The bathrooms were in a little concrete hut next to the parking lot. The scent of ammonia and soap cut into the musk of the raceway.

"There," she said, rolling her hands and then springing them open, "The illustrious Penn Raceway shithouse." She punched my arm and held up her tiny fists.

"Cheer up," she said, "I know he's obnoxious. He's just a friend. Same as you."

"I thought I was your best friend."

"Yeah, you're one of them."

I sighed. She punched me again.

"I'm going to piss," I said. I walked directly into the little concrete hut, entered a stall, and banged the door closed. I winced, flushed the toilet, and closed the lid.

Graffiti plastered the walls. Next to a tic-tac-toe board (X's won) someone had etched, "E and B 4-EVA." An entry in felt-tip marker advised anyone looking for a blow job to be in the stall on Mondays and Tuesdays at 9 PM. Someone had scrawled underneath, "Better time? 3-5?" Three Greek letters with an X scratched across them. Ray '84. Carpe Diem. Go Bucks! Hardy '97. 335-1260 will take care of you and LOVE it. Weber's a queer.

I stopped at the mirror on the way out. The fine hair on my crown was standing up. I wet my hands in the sink, pressed the hair down, and watched it gruesomely ratchet itself back up.

Ivy used to like my cowlick. She'd flick it when she knew I was feeling self-conscious.

"You're always handsome to me," she'd say when I complained. She had coppery hair bobbed just below her ears, and golden freckles peppered across her nose and cheeks. Her lips were thin as yarn and her beak long and a little crooked.

"You're always gonna say that. It's like I've got the mirror at gunpoint. I just want to look nice."

"You do look nice." I think you look nice."

"Do you think anyone else does?"

"Who cares what other people think?" Ivy used to say.

Jess was standing alone when I walked out of the bathroom. She came to me and put a hand on my shoulder. I scraped my cheek against it.

"You're scratchy," she said.

"Sorry."

"Nah, it's cute."

"Hey Jess."

I leaned close to her and my hand slithered to her back. I felt her stiffen beneath my fingertips. I noticed that her side was plumper than Ivy's and the skin pebbled. Her eyes were auburn. Ivy's were the color of pond water. Her breath smelled like peaches. Ivy's smelled like peppermints.

"You're an awesome friend, Jess. Really. I'm glad we kept in touch after graduation. And really, thank you for bringing me here."

"I thought you'd like to try something different. Nothing good's playing at the Oaks, anyway. Besides, the floor there's always sticky."

"I love trying stuff out. We should go to the zoo, sometime. They put in a new critter house."

"Think they have tree frogs?"

"Probably. They used to have these tropical toads with big glossy

teeth, like in a horror movie But I'd love to go with you. As friends. I love you, as a friend."

"I love you too."

I stabbed in the dark. The first time I kissed her chin. The second time we met and stuck. She laid her palm on my belly. I kept my eyes open to look at the glitter on her cheeks and eyelids.

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

"Me too."

"Was it okay?" I studied her face.

"I don't know. It was my first."

"At nineteen? Really, your first?"

"Um, yeah."

"Did it make you tingle?"

"No."

"I feel light."

"I feel weird."

I grabbed her hand and held it palm up, like I was checking her pulse. She stared at my belt.

"Look, it's done. Not really sure why, but I don't think you should regret anything. Every experience is worthwhile."

She nodded.

"You wanted me to kiss you, right?"

She nodded again.

"Hey, it's starting, it's starting! Mom! Go! Let's go!" shrieked the boy with the blonde rattail. He was tugging along a woman with a blue dragon tattoo coiled around her sagging left bicep. She sighed, tussled his hair, and let him drag her towards the track.

A buzz started up, throbbing and insistent.

"The rocket cars!" Jess said.

"Oh, good."

"Come on. This is what I came for."

Jess turned toward the track and walked off. I suddenly had the urge to turn the other way, climb into my gray Ford Contour and peel out of this redneck asshole. I felt unbelievably sticky. The grease stink was clinging to my shirt and jeans.

I closed my eyes and thought about blaring Jefferson Airplane as I weaved through the traffic on 356, turned onto Coxcomb Road and followed it all the way to the shower in my basement. I could turn the hot water on full there, point it at the door to get steam, and just stew.

"Ivy," I said. I wondered if there was a phone around. I could run to

it, slip a few sweaty quarters into the slot, punch in her number and shout, "Yeah, I touched her! I'm sorry, I thought I was missing something. I'm only missing out on you. I should be here with you." Then I could hang up and walk away feeling hollowed out, so much lighter now that I'd cut through my orange skin and ripped out all the guts.

"You coming?" said Jess, her hands splayed.

"Yeah," I said, "I've never seen a rocket car."

When we got back to our row, the boy with the blonde rat tail and his mother were in our seats chugging Barq's root beer and slapping handfuls of buttery popcorn into their mouths. A brownish dribble ran from the boy's lips to his white Power Ranger's tee shirt. The mother dug in her pale cleavage for a kernel that dodged her carp-like lips.

Jess and I sat a couple of rows closer to the track. She drew her jacket around her knees and leaned forward, eyes set.

Two needle shaped vehicles idled up to the white starting line. The first was bright pink, even the roll cage, and the driver inside wore a helmet painted to look like blonde hair. The second was navy blue with chrome exhaust pipes. The driver, a bald man with a huge paunch squeezed into his black racing suit, jogged to the car, strapped himself in and slid on a black helmet with "Doug" stenciled over the faceplate. The alternating buzz of the idling rocket engines thumped against the stands. My leg bounced to the rhythm.

I put a hand on Jess' back and it laid there like a slab of meat. She stared at the red starting light, and I stared at the pink satin with white lace lurking just below the hem of her jeans.

The crowd hushed, except for the boy with the rat tail, who shouted, "Yeah! Yeah!" The red starting light dropped a peg and a bright blue pilot light appeared at the rear of each car.

The buzz became a whine. Then, the middle red light dropped to green, and the cars soared down the track, trailing blue, red, and yellow tails ten feet long. The pink car threw up a 6.9. The navy pegged 6.4.

I slumped, aurally slapped and optically stunned. My left ear was still whistling and I couldn't focus on anything but the painted starting line. They were there, and then they were gone. That fast. Faster. I closed my eyes and exhaled.

"Hey! Thanks for waiting!" Steve bounded up the stands and plopped himself next to Jessica. His big pink lips gleamed with Italian dressing.

"Hey Steve," said Jess.

"Hey," I said.

"Wow, those babies burn, don't they? My uncle's racing in the next

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

my lids. A solid lump pressed on my windpipe.

"Don't you dare ever say anything about this to anyone," I hissed.

"I said I wouldn't! I said I didn't care!"

He grabbed my arm and slapped me. My glasses flew beneath the stands.

"Cut it out," yelled Jess. A few people turned to look, but the cars on the track had already begun to throb and hum.

"Go ahead and cheat on your girlfriend! I told you I didn't care. I told you!"

I cracked him again, this time with my palm right above his left eye. Jess stood and flew down the stands. I followed. Steve grabbed at my arm, slid off, raking my wrist, lunged for my shirt, missed.

I heard him slap the stands with his sausage fingers, barking and exhaling, until the roar of the rocket cars flying down the track swallowed him up.

"Wait, Jess, wait," I said. She was heading towards the bathrooms.

"What the fuck were you doing?" she said, spinning to face me.

"I don't know. I really couldn't take it he'd been pushing me all night."

"He didn't say anything to you! You're psycho."

"He's fine," I said.

"That doesn't matter! You hit him! You hit him!"

"He was talking about Ivy," I said.

"He didn't say anything that wasn't true. Friends don't kiss friends."

"So you regret it, is that what you're saying? Tell me the truth, right now."

"Of course I regret it. And I don't feel like staying here with you any longer. I'm going back for my jacket and to apologize to Steve. Then, I want you to just drive me home. Don't say a damn thing to me in the car, don't even look at me. Just take me home."

I sat in the car studying the pebbled dashboard until she came. In the brief light from the opened car door I saw red eyes, tear trails that had swept away some of her glitter, and thin white lips. She'd taken out her pony tail, as well.

"As soon as we get back, I'm calling Ivy. I'm going to apologize, but I'm also going to tell her that you kissed me. I love you, as a friend and that's why this has to stop right now. Now don't say anything the rest of the way."

I talked, of course. I said, "Please don't," and later I asked her if she needed to borrow my handkerchief. That's all, though. I think, on the whole, I displayed some amazing self control.

poetry the passionate stuff

SPOTANEOUS 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

beautiful and was able to attract the best looking men, I began to feel that I had to change my image in order to become the objectified model that society had typecast to be "the best". These women's magazines devote about one fourth of their contents to careers, and probably about three fourths of their magazines to looking good. These magazines focused on looking like the stereotypical woman, looking sexy, and doing this all for a man. That's half of the problem right there.

But just the other day I looked through a neighbor's recent issue of Glamour magazine, and I came to a startling realization. As I flipped through the colossal number of advertisements that appear in the first half of these magazines (you often can't find an article until you reach page 50), I looked at the women. I looked at the underlying messages that these advertisements were relaying. And I couldn't believe my eyes.

Here is an example that illustrates my point. "Every Valentine Needs A Hero." The quote itself, from one of the first ads that I saw, gives the impression that a woman needs a man in order to survive. As romantic as the ad may look, I couldn't help but notice the subtle signs: the woman is lying down on the bed, looking up at the man; the man is standing over her, looking down on her. Her back is turned to the camera, so that you can't see the expressions on her face and so that you can't see her humanness. The woman's arms are crossed, evidently covering herself. A rose is placed right in the middle of the tray (remember-- nothing in advertising isn't planned). Yes, the man is the hero, and the woman needs him for support. How would she function otherwise?

"Valentine... I got you just what you wanted." This ad, as I looked at the couple plastered on the page, seemed to scream "submission" to me. As the woman's face is turned toward the man, she is turned away from the camera - and becomes more of a body than an actual woman. Her arms are folded around him in a way that makes the viewer feel that she is clinging on to the only thing that matters to her. Furthermore, the two wide silver bracelets on her hands give the impression that she is handcuffed-- attached to the man, whether or not by force. The man, however, is merely smiling (maybe "smirking" is a better word) as he looks away from the woman. His happiness seems to stem from the fact that he has this relatively valuable possession.

Even the words in this advertisement are misleading. How handy it is that the woman has given her man just what he wanted. And she should, too. It's her duty. She's a woman. And what exactly did she get him? Why, "she got him a year of..." wait a minute, let's put a little pause in there, one just long enough to make your mind wander... "GQ". This relatively innocent ad has taken on a different meaning altogether in this new light.

Then I turned the page and saw another advertisement—and it appeared to be a centerfold. My only question was: how on earth is a clothing company supposed to advertise clothes when the clothes are barely on the model? Then, I'm afraid to say, I answered my own question. This company, like most others, isn't advertising for the product that they are selling, for their products have become the means to another end, as opposed to the end itself. They are advertising an image—an image

of the woman being dependent on her looks in order to achieve success. Keep in mind that this - good looks - is the possible extent of a woman's success. The concept of talent has seemed to fall by the wayside.

After looking at the images that bombarded me, I couldn't help but wonder if I was reacting rather harshly. But then I began to think: what about the images that you see on billboards? What about the flaunting of women on television programs and commercials? What are these images teaching the children of today - the adults of tomorrow that will shape society? I couldn't help but wonder if these signals were related to the increase in crimes against woman that are so prevalent today. If they are related, when will this ever change? Or will we be forever bound to the system?

Needless to say, I don't get those magazines anymore. I try to explain to others how women are metaphorically abused inbetween the glossy pages of these magazines. But it's only one source. One of many. And it seems that even if we as women were capable of removing one form of this degradation, other bars would still be up to keep us in our cell. Only until we break down the walls will we be able to say that we are free.

Janet Kuypers



poetry the passionate stuff

Poem for Christmas

John Paul Minarik

Christmas is a special time to reflect, share, rejoice. Can a poem express the sense of wonder at the mystery and magic of the Christmas season?

Snowflakes are poems.
Longfellow said snowflakes
Are "the poem of the air."
Francis Thompson said
snowflakes
say "God was my shaper."
Boris Pasternak said snowflakes
are "storm's white stars."

Has everything been said that can be said about Christmas?

Catch a snowflake in your open hand. Listen to your heart, and say nothing more.





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