

# children churches & daddies

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the unreligious,  
nonfamily-  
oriented  
literary  
and art  
magazine

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# toc

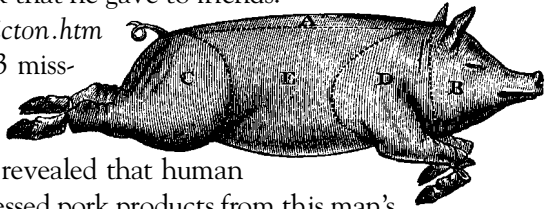
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cover pic: the Louvre, Paris, France.

It took me flying to China to read about this story in the *Shanghai Daily* newspaper.

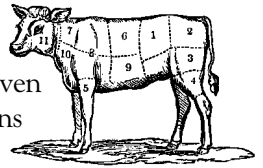
Now, it's hard to be a vegetarian in China; when you want to order food, *everything* has meat in it (even the meals that say they don't have meat in them have two different kinds of fish in it...). But even meat-eaters would agree that it is crossing a line to eat **human** meat, and this was a potential peril those in Vancouver, British Columbia (Canada) learned about when it was reported that a pig farmer became a serial killer, and may have potentially placed human remains in pork that he gave to friends.

<http://www.karisable.com/skazpicton.htm> said that 15 victims were among 63 missing women, from the Vancouver Downtown Eastside in October 2002. But March 2004 newspapers revealed that human remains may have been in the processed pork products from this man's home. CNN reported on March 11, 2004 that pork products processed and distributed from the farm of accused Canadian serial killer Robert Pickton may have contained human remains. I checked out more sources on line, and saw that [www.seattletimes.com](http://www.seattletimes.com) even carried an AP story about this. The AP article stated: A news release issued by B.C.'s Health Ministry said RCMP investigators have evidence that some products were handed out by Pickton to friends and acquaintances in the area prior to his arrest in February 2002.

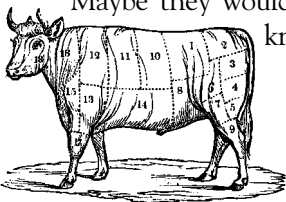


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A woman in California told John that it **is** possible to spread mad cow disease in the United States, because even though farmer are not supposed to feed animals the remains for their own species, they can feed remains of one animal to another, which becomes processed food for that original animal again. It seems that the way our society works, certain animals are okay to eat and to feed to others, but we don't think about how that meat gets to our table, or what we have to go through to get our "daily serving" of meat.



Maybe they would think twice about their meat consumption if they knew the entire process.



*Janet Kuypers*  
Janet Kuypers  
Editor In Chief



from <http://www.cbc.ca/news/background/pickton/>

# Robert Pickton

Pig Farmer

Arrested February 2, 2002 on a weapon's warrant

Charged: 15 murders

No. of Suspected Victims: 6-54



He brought women to his pig farm. Allegedly disposed of bodies with a wood chipper, then mixed bodyparts with the pig feed or pig entrails. The victim profile was of drug-addicted prostitutes, many of them Native-American Indians. He Hunted in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, and the prosecutors claim he killed in the Port Coquitlam pig farm.

B.C. Corrections Service investigated reports that former inmates of the North Fraser Pre-trial Centre where Pickton is incarcerated are trying to sell poetry they claim he wrote. Wayne Willows, of the Corrections Service, said he'd look into it, but said it is likely a hoax as Pickton does not have access to other inmates.

October 25, 2002 - Internet auction website Ebay pulled a site claiming to be selling dirt from the notorious Pickton pig farm. The seller going by the name Dizan Hamilton listed "Robert Pickton Dirt From His Pig Farm" on ebay.ca under item #727373047 in the Collectables: Rocks, Fossils, Minerals section. He was asking for an opening bid of \$9.99. The site offered a brief description of the pig-farm story and claimed the seller is a local resident who has been to the Port Coquitlam farm. No bids were made prior to the site being pulled.

On June 6, 2002. Using heavy machinery, two conveyor belts and dozens of

additional experts and technicians, the task force began excavating the Dominion Avenue property owned by Pickton and his two siblings.

May 11, 2002, The Sun reported that dozens of archeology students with training in identifying human bone helped with an expanded search at the Dominion Avenue property.

February 12, 2002 - Speaking to the media on behalf of David William Pickton, longtime friend Gina Houston said the pig farmer



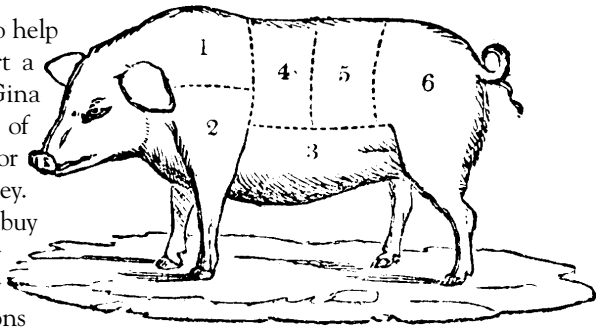
*"Double Wolf," art by Edward Michael O'Burr Supranowicz*

is a "nice caring man" who likes to help single mothers and wouldn't hurt a soul, especially a prostitute. Gina added that Willy "befriends a lot of them, and he kind of feels sorry for them and he does give them money. He'll give them 20 bucks to go buy themselves... well, I mean, they obviously go get dope, but they say they need cigarettes and tampons

and condoms and blah, blah, blah, blah. And he'd rather give them a couple of bucks than see them working -- the ones he has befriended, right?"

Pickton was charged in 1997 with the attempted murder of Vancouver prostitute, Wendy Lyn Eistetter. He was also charged with unlawful confinement, assault with a weapon and aggravated assault. Police alleged that in April 8, 1997 Pickton picked up Eistetter on Vancouver's downtown Eastside and took her to his PoCo pig farm where he stabbed her repeatedly with a kitchen knife, leaving the woman on the brink of death. She was able to escape and press charges against him. The charges were dropped in January 28, 1998, because the woman would not testify.

According to the local press, the 10-acre PoCo property was in a state of disarray and full of broken vehicles and trash. A "No trespassing" signs hung from a huge wired gate, including one threatening an attack by a pitbull with AIDS. By night-fall investigators brought in generators and power lights to assist with the search as large crowds of onlookers gathered outside the farm. Police have also mapped the site with aerial photographs and RPMC brought in two corpse-sniffing dogs to help locate any buried bodies.





# The Threat of the Paternalistic State

By Peter Schwartz

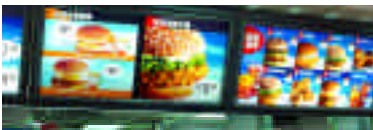
A precondition of freedom is the recognition of the individual's capacity to make decisions for himself. If man were viewed as congenitally incapable of making rational choices, there would be no basis for the very concept of rights. Yet that is increasingly how our government views us. It is adopting the role of a paternalistic nanny, zealously protecting the citizen against his own actions. In the process, our freedom is disappearing.

Obvious examples of this attitude are laws mandating the use of automobile seat belts and motorcycle helmets. Gambling is another area in which the state believes it must keep the individual from harming himself. New York State, for example, has threatened to sue Citibank for allowing credit cards to be used for Internet gambling and for "making profits off the financial hardships of compulsive gamblers."

Now the food industry is being blamed for the "disease" of obesity. There are proposals for special taxes on "junk food." A George Washington University law professor, who pioneered the lawsuits against the tobacco industry, says: "You could have states saying that they have this billion-dollar public health problem, and food companies are responsible for a certain percentage of it. It's a reach, I admit. But they said the same thing about tobacco lawsuits ten years ago."

The paternalistic "food police" will thus keep people from buying cupcakes so that no one imposes upon the public the "social cost" of extra poundage.

Instead of being morally outraged at this appalling violation of rights, the food industry--like the tobacco industry before it--is appeasing its attackers. Coca-Cola, for example, is giving schools exercise pedometers to show how social-minded it is about obesity. And McDonald's has announced it will stop "supersizing." The Wall St. Journal writes that food companies "are

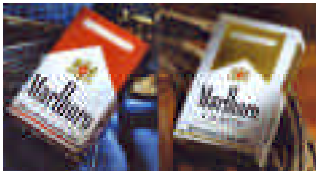


contemplating advertisements that would discourage consumers from overeating their products." What's next? Ads to discourage banana buyers from eating before peeling?

But it is in regulating tobacco products, of course, that the tentacles of paternalism grip most tightly. The government maintains that, despite widespread knowledge about the dangers of smoking, the sale of cigarettes must be curtailed. With this approach, the government is making two

declarations. The first is that you are not responsible for your decisions, and that if you are stricken by emphysema--or are injured in a car accident or become too fat, society will take care of you. The second is that, as a consequence, you cannot be given the freedom to make those decisions in the first place--i.e., your freedom to smoke cigarettes or to drive without a seat belt or to eat what you want will be restricted. Once your life is deemed to be the responsibility of the state, you are no longer permitted to incur "social costs" by making undesirable choices.

Thus, the government tyrannizes companies for having the audacity to make products that so many people willingly buy. In a forced settlement that supposedly compensates state governments for their health costs, tobacco manufacturers will hand over about \$250 billion across 25 years. To further prevent people from electing to smoke, it is illegal to sell fewer than 20 cigarettes per pack, to dispense free samples or to award gifts to frequent buyers of cigarettes.



Then there are the pervasive restrictions on freedom of speech. To keep its "infantile" citizens from being persuaded to harm themselves, the government forbids tobacco-company logos on tee shirts. Industry advocacy groups, like the Council for Tobacco Research, have been disbanded; only "disinterested" parties--which the tobacco industry is required to help finance--are now allowed to state their opinions about tobacco. To compound the injustice, the industry had to characterize the forced settlement as "voluntary" and had to waive its right to invoke any First Amendment protections.

It is a rationalization to describe these measures as necessary to safeguard children. While the sale of cigarettes to minors is justifiably prohibited, it is the free choice of consenting \*adults\* that is being controlled in virtually all these regulations. And if it is proper to use preventive law to stop adults from buying cigarettes for fear that children too may buy them and be harmed by them, to what area of life would such reasoning \*not\* apply? Candy or soda, for example?

If we want to preserve our freedom, we must defend the right of companies to produce the goods that we voluntarily pay for--and the right of each individual to decide how to conduct his life.

*Mr. Schwartz is chairman of the board of directors of the Ayn Rand Institute ([www.aynrand.org](http://www.aynrand.org)) in Irvine, Calif. The Institute promotes the philosophy of Ayn Rand, author of *Atlas Shrugged* and *The Fountainhead*. Send reactions to [reaction@aynrand.org](mailto:reaction@aynrand.org)*

# Things to do at a stop light And from the seven deadly sins:



## GLUTTONY

*David Spiering*

A vintage florescent orange GTO pulls next to me. It's a warm day. I'm on a "vintage" 10-speed. My guts are full of meat and bread. Normally, I don't eat much meat or bread; instead, I favor mostly rice and veggies. I like them well enough. The GTO's pilot is an extremely fat man. His hair's combed into a greasy grey duck ass with a huge pompadour sitting above his head-brow. His shape that I see is an incorrect rodent contour: his breasts ripple and rest on his stomach, his stomach has two distinct rippled rolls, disappearing from my sight below the car's door line. The turkey-like skin drooping below his jaw line probably weighs five pounds. Whenever I see someone this fat, I think about death by stroke, heart attack or something therein related. Sometimes, I think my eating habits, most of the time, are linked with creating and preserving health. Longevity's my comfort food, breathing's my wine, waking up in the morning's my drunkards' high. But sometimes my orbit dips through greasy meat, sausage, commercial pizzas, and hamburgers. The light turns green, and the fat man in the fast car spins the wheels, throws sand and small stones over me. If my vision operated by digital break-up, in that way, I watched the back of the car grow smaller and smaller, square by square. To that man, speed is an artificial food type filling nature's hunger.



# Things to do at a stop light And from the seven deadly sins:

## GREED

*David Spiering*

The next stop light or pause light as I call it, stop me good momentum, to allow fat, money grubbing



state power executives to break into traffic the moment they reach the end of their drive ways. Suddenly, the light turns red, and an expensive car paid for by my power bill money, rolls out through the screeching tires , and angry faces. When the working people's revolution happens there people's homes, cars and playthings will be melted down to base cash value, and shared with all people, by the form of a check in the mail. I work my health down to a few sighs, a breath, a wrenched back (it took me fifteen minutes to put my underwear and pants on); I had to sink money into aspirins to control the pain. Later, I locked my bike and helmet to a bike rack. As I walk to the library to check my e-mail, a man asked me,

"Can you help me with a little change."

"I was thinking about asking you the same question."

He looked at the faces to two retro-hippies coming behind me. They emptied their pockets into his plastic cup, and walked off.

Somehow, either side of the situation didn't seem fair. Maybe, sometimes, I'll give him some change. It's the rent for me each month that's a worry.

## Things to do at a stop light And from the seven deadly sins:

### SLOTH

*David  
Spiering*

Off in the distance, through the wind's strong breath, bringing tears to my eyes, making them

stream down my cheeks, making shimmering heat lines. I could barely pedal my bike. The light flips to green, I keep coming, coming, then it flipped yellow and red. The other night I sat in my over-comfortable chair watching the PBS nature show about sloths. I was nervous, I was watching the sloth, that a crocodile would ambush it. Its fur seems to grow backwards. Like an upside-down Mohawk hair cut. I wanted to turn the TV off and back on five minutes later. The crocodile would crack the sloth's head like a nutshell, after it finished eating its body. I' sitting here watching TV when I could be reading or writing, or doing something to make my life better. My hair feels like its been charged with electricity---I can almost feel all the way out its send. I think, tomorrow I'll do the positive things to improve my life. Tonight, I'll drink beer.

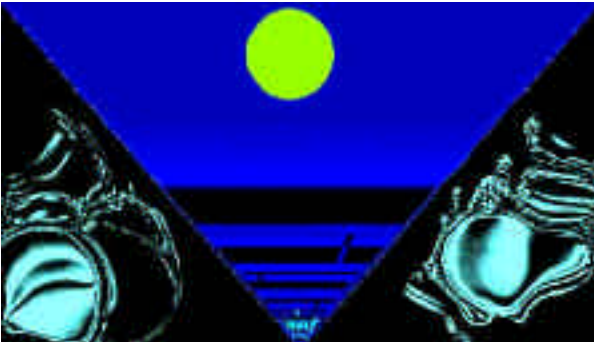




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*Michael Douglas Himmer*

Before the physical therapy began  
She held out hand  
+ told us to walk slow + hurry back



*"Abstractions  
Number  
17", art by  
Mark  
Graham*

# derelict madwoman fugue

©2004 Charlie Newman

derelicts

and madwomen

have a talent for tragedy

that belongs in a museum

inside an airtight glass case

protected by state-of-the-art technology

so they cannot pass it on

like some emotional e-bola

it makes them tremble

it makes them mystic

it makes them jump off

the window ledges

of musty flops

under cover of the night...

understand?

I am not a derelict

or a madwoman

and I haven't their talent for tragedy

or their boiled-down-to-the-basics philosophy

that reduces living

to a two-word outline: kill

: fuck

I am a son

a brother

a schoolboy

a student

a scholar

a worker

a taxpayer

a husband

a father

a voter

a reader

a writer

a giver

a taker

a buyer

a seller

a consumer

a user

a watcher

a this

a that

a lot

but I am not a derelict

or a madwoman

with a talent for tragedy

that belongs in a museum

or a funeral parlor

or a church bulletin

or the classified section

of a great

metropolitan newspaper

and I am not a derelict

or a madwoman

with a capacity for catastrophe

or a facility for calamity

or a genius for disaster

or a gift for heartbreak

I do not tremble

I do not have mystic visions

I do not heave myself

off the broken ledges

of moldering hotels

into open dumpsters

or onto the cracked bricks of narrow alleyways

or the hoods of passing luxury SUVs

or simply into the cover of the night

no...

I go to coffeehouses

to read drama queen melodrama

to people like you

so we can all feel

as if we feel

...something...

# epitaph

*(which could not have been written without having heard  
"Woke Up This Morning" by A3)*

©2004 Charlie Newman

and when the long long party with jones finally reached its inevitable conclusion

I was left with nothing but the lonely walk home

and walk home I did

through the dying dark of night

through the sleeping city of man

through the growing archive of my own brief history

and when I reached my place in this world and opened my door

I heard the needle of the old record player I'd forgotten to turn off  
as it rode the inner groove of Louis Armstrong's "Wonderful World"

and when I reached my place in this world and opened my door

I smelled the sharp sweetness of Christmas cloves

filling the air like prayers to The Almighty

and when I reached my place in this world and opened my door

I saw that every thing I had was exactly where I left it

I saw that even though people had come and gone

none of them had taken a thing they weren't intended to take

I saw what I had left behind when I walked out the door

no more, no less, no secrets, no clues

no reason to look underneath the clatter and the clutter of the surface

and I saw that it was time to claim what was mine to claim

in the murmur voice of dis-ease

with a once-in-a-lifetime kiss

saying "yes" saying "no" saying whatever it would take to begin putting my mark on what  
was mine to mark before pouring everything else into the insomnia night with its deafen-  
ing hubbub of promising dream voices laying claim to all there should have been, and all  
there could have been, and all there would

have been

and when the long long party with jones finally reached its inevitable conclusion

I was left by myself with whatever was left of myself after all that time spent chasing the

dragon

following the aching smoke

as it laid it's meaningless film on my fingerprints before I jammed my fists deep in my



*"Jester," art by Edward  
Michael O'Burr  
Supranowicz*



*"Ruins20Agrigento", art by John Yotko*

pockets  
and as it laid it's meaningless film in the corners of my eyes before I took a look  
and as it laid it's meaningless film at the corners of my mouth before I said a word  
pretending to care, or not pretending to care, or pretending to know the difference  
before I fell for the siren scam of the morning shift  
before I skinned up with my fists jammed deep in my pockets  
before I saw that I had lost sight of where I was going  
pretending to care, or pretending not to care, or pretending to know the difference  
thinking of myself tasting the flavor of the day  
moving without going anywhere  
and making good time while I was at it  
pregnant with dreams, barren of hope  
looking to get a rise out of this and a rise out of that and a rise out of the other  
a pale ghost on the endless make following the aching smoke  
pretending to care, or pretending to not care, or pretending to know the difference  
between the bird in my hand  
and my undercover fantasies undermined under cover of night  
drowned with coffee, smothered with cigarettes, buried in paperwork  
like Christmas gifts run up on some cosmic charge card come due  
bill collecting repo bastards at the door  
and me on the floor behind the couch  
until it's home again, home again, jiggy jig  
and when the long long party with jones finally reached its inevitable conclusion  
there was nothing to say there was nothing to see there was nothing  
exit: stage left

# Where Do They All Come From

*Donnie Cox*

“Then this morning I went to the bookstore and bought *The Catcher in the Rye*. I’m sure the large part of me is Holden Caulfield, who is the main person in the book. The small part of me must be the Devil.”

- Mark David Chapman

He lies, face-up, on the floor  
of a hotel room he can’t afford.  
His eyes are closed. On his chest,  
a closed paperback moves slowly up & down - marking time.

The plan is clear.  
Everything he wants to say,  
reduced to a  
single blinding point.

A warning message to false prophets.  
A Technicolor caution sign  
to purveyors of empty noise,  
& meaningless bullshit.

A .38 special delivery  
from a real nowhere man,  
to the used-up hero  
who haunts Dakota halls,

& hides behind elegant walls,  
that cannot save him.  
Lost to himself, hopelessly slipping  
into some half-assed parody...



He opens his eyes & checks his watch.  
Almost time to rock & roll,  
lock & load,  
cross the street, & disappear

into the faceless  
New York hum -

“All the lonely people,  
where do they all come from?”

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## Telemarketing Bureaucrats (2)

*Michael Ceraolo*

He had peerfected the premises of his profession,  
spilling his spiel into my ears,  
not taking the first no for an answer,  
continuing his prepared presentation  
until he heard the second no,  
which he still refused to take for an answer,  
first insinuating  
and then directly insulting my intelligence  
until the phone hanging up gave him his third and final no  
I predict a great future for him if he continues in this profession

## financial Bureaucrats (2)

*Michael Ceraolo*

They were customer-oriented:  
prompt  
courteous  
efficient  
until they got their hands on my money  
Then,  
when I had a change of heart,  
they went incommunicado  
and it was months before I could track them down

## STATISTICS



*"Tangle," art by Mike Hovancek*

*Erin Kappel*

50% sure

50% unsure

The feeling in the pit of your stomach when faced with a hard decision.

The tingle in your fingertips when you get nervous, like tickling a prickly cactus in the dark.

50% yours

50% theirs

Knowing that **YOUR** child, is also **THEIR** child.

Like owning a soul that you can never really claim.

Something that slips through your arms like the yolk of an egg through the teeth of a fork.

50% recycled material

Great, so what we saved, we technically just killed.

A wadded up towel on the floor of the bathroom... it's not yours... no way in hell you're going to pick it up.

50% cotton

50% polyester

And the difference is?

50% happy

50% sad

Thank you for flying "**YOUR LIFE** " airlines, we hope you enjoy your stay in, "**THE REAL WORLD.** " Now, buckle your seatbelt and quit yer bitchin'...

100% casualty rate

We're all going to die... wait a sec... can we run those statistics again?

# AFTER READING THIS POEM, AVOID PROLONGED INTERACTION WITH THE HUMAN RACE

*Erin Kappel*

In today's society,  
it's more acceptable to be a homosexual than it is to be alone.  
It's considered normal now for everyone to be either obsessive compulsive, or a "victim" of ADD.  
It's even a common occurrence to find out about life changing situations on national television programs,  
such as Jerry Springer,  
and Oprah.

**(That's right lady, you're in there with the rest of them.)**

I'm tired of references to my mother in arguments.

**(If you have something to say about her, I'll give you her phone number. Oh, and by the way, she's not fat, ugly, or poor...)**

I'm tired of waking up every morning and paying more for a gallon of gas than I do for a gallon of milk.  
I'm tired of being a pawn in games between political figures whose careers last longer than peanut butter.

**(Where are the expiration dates written on the presidents?)**

And most of all,  
I'm tired of distractions made by the general public to make me "turn away" from the happenings of the real world.

**(That's right, I'm talking to you and you and you and you...)**

I am not comfortable with the fact that everyone's glued to their televisions on one half of the world, while the other half's dying.

I am not happy about the starving children, or the AIDS epidemic.  
And I'm certainly not happy about having to worry that some stupid fucking prick is going to shoot a nuclear warhead up my ass if I sneeze too loudly.  
I'm tired of having to constantly look over my shoulder and holler petty apologies to people that I don't even care about,  
just because I stepped on a few toes with my opinion.

**(If we could perfect a way to use our emotions as weapons, I don't think we would hesitate.)**

But most of all,  
I'm tired of being part of a world that  
accepts such needless imperfections.  
The entire globe's floating in the shitter,  
and we're going straight down the drain  
along with the waste that we've helped to  
create.

**(Oh, you think I'm idealistic  
now? Just wait, it gets a lot less  
endearing soon...)**

The government is not the source of  
destruction in modern day societies,  
it's the people within those societies.  
The people who don't accept responsibility  
for their actions, but tell their children to.



*"Worry With Curlers,"  
art by Edward Michael  
O'Burr Supranowicz*

**(“Just because I did it doesn't mean that I'm going to let you get  
away with it...” C'mon, you got away with it, didn't you?)**

The people who say it's always wrong to lie, unless it delays some kind of  
inevitable pain or embarrassment.

**(No, your breath smells fine...)**

The people who sin knowing that they can just ask forgiveness eventually.

**(This is my nine hundred and fifty third confession. Hey, when I**

**get up to one thousand... do I get a cake or something?)**

The people who stick their noses up at everyone they think is less important than them.

**(It's hard not to notice a thing like that, especially with nose hairs that long.)**

The people who create a corporation based on a constricting stereotype that people still struggle to escape, while the person in question breaks free and tries their hand at the stock market.

**(“Martha Stewart worldwide...no, I'm sorry, she's having sex on her everyday sheets right now, can I take a message?”)**

The people who break promises that they don't even remember making until it's, of course, too late.

**(“What?!? Little Timmy's soccer game was today?”)**

No, I don't hate these people,  
although it's very difficult not to.  
I pity them though.  
I pity their cute, little excuses, and sympathize with the reasons they need them.  
But, at the same time,  
I feel sorry for myself too... because I'm one of them.  
I am a part of the problem just like everyone else.

**(Who'd have thought conformity would be so... comfortable?)**

But like every opinionate, free-spirit,  
I hold the “get out of jail” card.  
Which means that I can step outside of myself,  
or rather, my social class in present day America,  
and scream a few choice words into the beady, condescending eyes of the masses.

**(That means you...)**



*"#2B&W," art by Cheryl Townsend*



*"Form," art by Edward  
Michael O'Burr Supranowicz*

Maybe, by doing so,  
I'll change something.

For better or worse,  
it doesn't really matter.

But something has to change.

Or else, what the hell is the world coming to?

And furthermore, who's going to catch the blame on taking it there?

# HUMMING WITH YOUR NOSTRILS CLOSED

*Erin Kappel*



*"New Jerusalem,"  
art by I. B. Rad*

People like me,  
are never equally balanced in anything.

We cannot be happy,  
because there is no "happy".

We cannot be unhappy,  
because there is no "unhappy".

There is only a measure of satisfaction that cannot be related to an emotion,  
just a mixture of blue and purple that blends together in a jelly-sandwich bruise.  
A color-coded translation ring that everyone wears,  
except for those in one extreme or the other.

(Sound familiar?)

The chemically unbalanced, polar personality, scum-bags of the newest generation,  
who will now be compared with the hippies of the past eras.

We weren't born in time for the endless exploration of sex and drugs,  
not to mention every combination of the two.

(Pity... it might've been quite an experience.)

We are the forsaken children of the Holy Wars,  
left to scavenge through dumpsters in search of opportunity,  
not knowing what it looks like, or how it smells.

(No wonder we'll never amount to anything...)

But not you...

Oh, no...

You're going somewhere,  
aren't you?

You're going to have it all one day,  
the **"AMERICAN DREAM"** :

An adoring husband who fucks your childhood best friend behind your back,  
while you think he's at a business meeting.

2.5 kids who hate you for trying to raise them right,  
and clear out your medicine cabinet for some extra income.

A white picket fence that separates you from the neighbors;  
two gay men in their forties and their adopted, ADD, Chinese baby.

The only meaningful conversations you'll hold,  
will be with a telemarketer.

(No thank you, I'm satisfied with my long-distance plan...)

Yeah,

you go for that if it's what you really want.

I think I'll just sit here and accept the way things are,  
while you cling to the illusion that there is still some good in everyone,  
and that you,  
are truly loved...

I'm satisfied with my perception of reality.

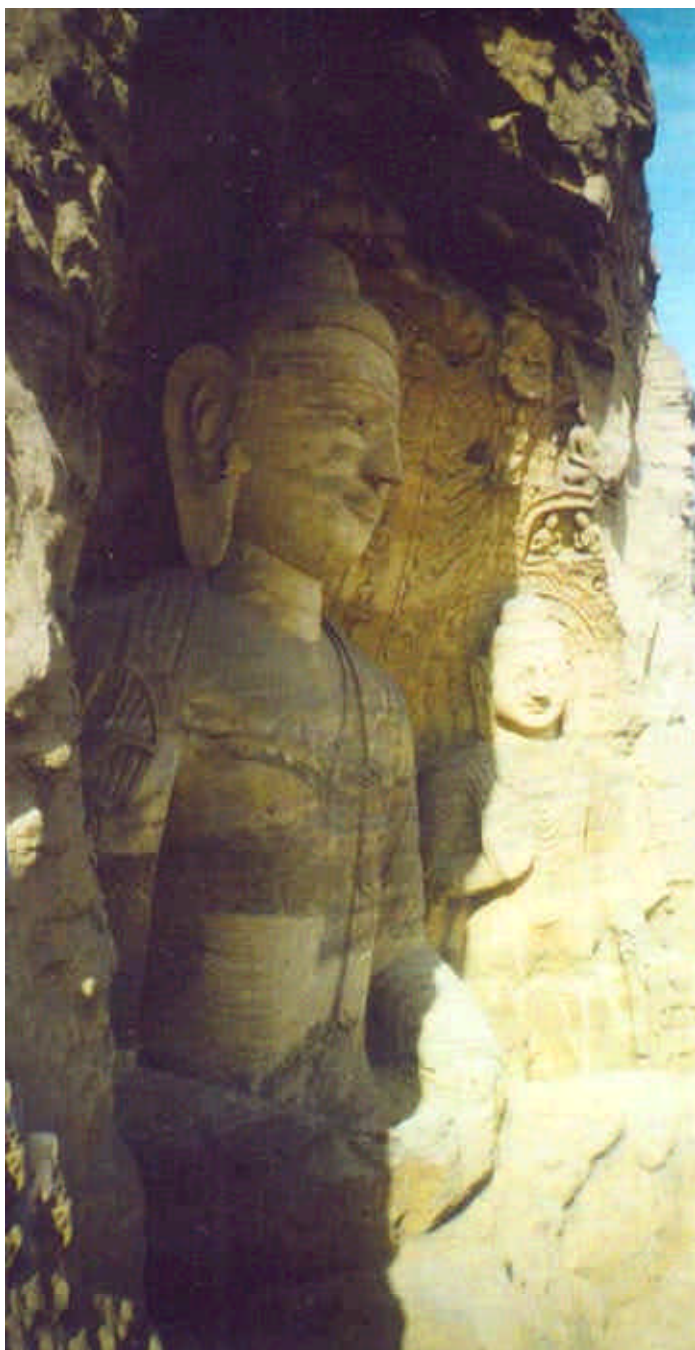
I'm unsatisfied with your dependency on me to make you feel better.

(Laugh it up lady,)

because one day you'll wake up and realize that you're not happy,  
because there is not "happy".

You'll realize that you're not unhappy,  
because there is no "unhappy".

Then you'll finally realize your degree of satisfaction,  
and join the rest of us,  
adding another tally to the list of victims who have received,  
a bitch smack from "the real world".



*Cave 20  
Untitled,  
art from  
Xanadu*



Music, Wendy, is the world,  
This shell to your ear,  
The guitar strings, veins.  
Nothing travels like acoustics,  
Landscapes of legs,  
Nike-winged.

From “**Heroines Unlikely**,” art from Stephen Mead

# paper

*Gabriel Athens*

park

bench  
paper  
pigeons

watch you  
glasses  
legs

hiding  
know  
you

name  
face

bench  
newspaper

footsteps  
story  
here

made  
move

bench  
aloof  
sat  
away

paper  
eyes  
burned  
pages  
breath  
streaming  
body.

eyelids  
open  
close

heat  
radiated

paper  
you  
gone



*"Legs", art by John Yotko*



# That I Get

Helena Wolfe

November 27, 1998

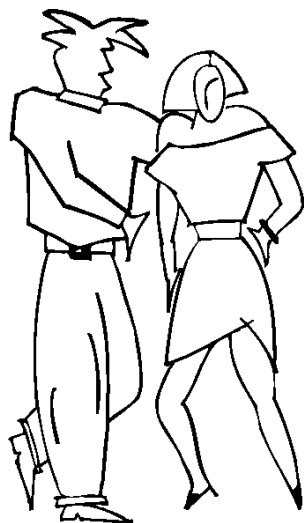


I've learned how to deal with the good and the bad  
I've learned how to deal with what I get  
no, I don't know that this is good  
I just have to learn how to take it all in stride  
I've learned how to deal with everything that I get

yes, I can still dream that you are by my side  
and I can dream that there will be a happy ending for me  
yes, I suppose I can dream

people keep telling me  
that it could be worse, that I'm a lucky girl  
and no one can really know  
what it is like to wear my shoes  
but they try to tell me anyway

I always have to rearrange my plans and ideas  
well, at least on the surface I do  
maybe this way I'll be able to keep dreaming  
this way the days don't seem so long



# Tired Of Life

*Marina Arturo*

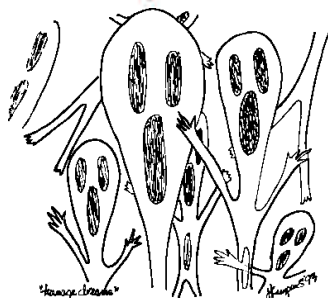
Oftentimes I find that I'm tired of life  
It has grown stale like old bread  
grown dull like a used knife  
and I don't know what to do

I'm rushing in my life  
but I feel like I'm going nowhere  
like a car speeding down a highway  
that has no destination

Woy many nights I have stayed awake  
crying until I could no longer?  
The number must be countless  
Those nights are only too familiar to me now

What's the sense?  
The pain I'm feeling  
never goes away  
It haunts me like a childhood fear  
and never releases the hold on me

And whenever there seems to be a time  
when I haven't a trouble  
it's there  
And it always finds the way back to me  
The agony is indescribable  
and I don't know what to do





# Hasn't Happened Yet

*Aeon Logan*

December 3, 1998

there is so much in me that is ugly

people can give me compliments  
but it is never enough  
it's never what i want to hear  
it would be nice if the right someone  
came along and told me everything  
I needed to hear

but that hasn't happened yet

people keep trying to make me feel better  
they talk about the sunrises and the  
stars in the sky and the babbling brook  
when I look right over my shoulder  
I should see the beauty in things

well, I never get to the beauty part

I never get there

so no, I don't know what the answers are  
so no, I don't know where the optimism is  
and I don't know how to make things better



# Do That for Me Then

Sydney Anderson    October 24, 1998

That's where the problems come from  
The problems come from having ideas, having theories,  
thinking they're the right ideas,  
and then acting on those ideas  
without checking your premises to  
see if they were even the right ideas

I've done that

I thought that everything would fall into place  
and everything would have a happy ending for me  
I've discovered that after all of these years  
those happy endings haven't come around  
and that there is no reason to have hope

But people want someone to deliver flowers  
to them, for no reason  
and it would be nice  
People could say something  
nice to you, out of the blue  
or tell you they loved you

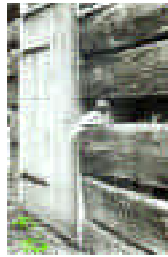
    I mean, you know they love you  
    but it's nice to hear

I think men don't get that

I hate having to be the voice of reason, but here goes  
sometimes you have to do nice things

I like nice things done for me  
I want someone to call me when they said they would  
I want someone to tell me I'm worth something

I've wanted that for years



*"Wall &  
Door," art  
by Cheryl  
Townsend*



*"Statue 1,"  
art by John yotko*



*"BallHeads2," art by  
Cheryl Townsend*

## Enough So Far

*Shannon Peppers*

*November 24, 1998*

I appreciate your honesty  
I'm not used to honesty, you know  
I'm used to people trying to screw me over  
and I know I'm a girl  
but I have to act like a guy sometimes  
so that people don't try to make my life tougher

hasn't it been tough enough so far?

when you're so used to  
not getting the truth from anyone  
well, honesty is nice

I want to know if I should have hope  
when you talk, you give me reason to have hope

and I don't know if I should  
but now I'll take whatever I can get

# Government Inefficiency

*Mackenzie Silver*

Our gas was shut off today. The gas company had a problem with our bill and shut off our gas without letting us know, while my roommate and I were out. We were not notified that there was a problem with our bill or that anyone was considering shutting off our gas.

So my roommate straightened everything out with the gas company, and they told him that they would be at the apartment sometime between two in the afternoon and eight in the evening.

Now, I won't go into the fact that when someone you are paying for a service gives you a time estimate for a house visit, they are late over ninety-nine percent of the time.

I won't complain about that because it didn't actually happen this time - someone arrived at around three thirty in the afternoon. (Besides, everyone already knows how awful it is to be held hostage in your own house waiting for people who never show up.) The man came by and turned on the gas, and asked to check the burners at the stove. So he did, and then he asked if the water heater was electric. I didn't know, so he wanted to check, but it was in the basement behind a locked door, and the super was out of town for the weekend. So the guy said he'd have to turn off the gas until I could get the door unlocked to the water heater, to make sure. He said they had people working until midnight and all day tomorrow, so I should call back so someone else could get out here to turn on the gas again.

So I waited for my roommate to come home, and he unscrewed a panel from the basement so we could get to the water cooler before the super got back. When I called the gas company back, I was only on hold for a few minutes (another pleasant surprise). Then when I explained the problem, the man told me that I had the wrong number, that this was an emergency line. Apparently not having gas is not an emergency for the gas company, so he gave me the other number.

I was on hold for at least another ten minutes (no, make it more like fifteen), before a lady got on the line and asked me my problem. I explained what happened, and she said she couldn't get anyone out there

for another week. They were booked tomorrow and couldn't schedule me in. So, from what I had gathered from the situation so far, our gas was shut off due to a misunderstanding, the person who came to turn on our gas wanted to check something we've never had to have checked before and wouldn't keep our gas on, and then they couldn't get someone out there to turn on the gas for another week.

Did I mention that it was Fourth of July weekend and we needed to cook?

Oh yes, and bathe. I suppose we could bathe in cold water.

So then my roommate called back and tried to see if there was anything else he could do. When that didn't work, he asked if there was any competition, or if we had to get our gas from them and we had no choice but to wait a week for gas.

I already knew the answer, but I wanted to hope it wasn't true, for one brief moment.

When my roommate got off the phone, I started thinking about some of the problems we have because of monopolies. Yeah, it's not something I'd have a problem with, normally I wouldn't be complaining about monopolies, but the only place in this country where monopolies exist are in businesses where the government runs or subsidizes the business.

The Post Office. Utility companies. The commuter rail system.

Great.

People complain about monopolies all the time - in our phone companies, with computer giants like Bill Gates - even though there is nothing close to a monopoly in these industries today. Of course there isn't. The government steps in before competition gets a chance to provide a better product.

But that's a different rant. Back to the gas company.

The government doesn't let private businesses get too close to a monopoly. But when it comes to the government stepping in and running businesses, the last thing the government would want is something competing with them.

Especially when any other private business would probably run any operation more effectively than the government. They'd have to; they'd have to make a profit and wouldn't have the chance to get as much money as they wanted by taking it from people.

Oh, the government calls it a tax. My mistake.

How many times have you heard people complain - for that matter, how many times have you complained - about the long lines and the slow

service at your local Post Office? Other than in an overnight package, where you're paying for the immediacy of a next-day letter, what other opportunities do you have to mail a physical letter?

How many times have you tried to take a train across the country rather than fly? Why are the costs of taking a train comparable to flying when airplanes are faster and more expensive to build and maintain, especially when rail companies get government subsidies in order to stay afloat?

What do you do when your electricity goes out and they say they'll come out between ten in the morning and two in the afternoon, so they make you stay home from work, and then, of course, they don't even show up... What do you do - call another electric company for service?

What do you do when the gas company cuts off your gas and says they can't turn it back on for another week?

Am I making my point here?

My roommate was working outside earlier today removing a tree for a client, but he had called the city's electrical department and asked them to drop the street light wires on that block during the day. In fact, he called it in and faxed it in - and checked to make sure with the department that the power lines for the street lights would be down so he could cut down this tree. Well, you guessed it - he went there to do his work, and during the entire four hour period where the lines were supposed to be down, no one came by to do the work. In essence, my roommate lost business time because this certain government department didn't do what they said they would.

If you were a private business and conducted business that poorly, you'd lose clients left and right. But when there's no competition...

I was working with my roommate, waiting for these city employees to come to our job site and do their job. When I still thought they were going to show up and just be late, I thought of asking them if they liked paying more taxes. When they'd answer no, I'd have to ask them then why they are so inefficient - because it's their inefficiency that causes taxes to go up, so we can pay more than we should for these services.

I imagine they can't put two thoughts like that together, though.

Sorry. Now I'm just getting bitter.

But there would be not only increased efficiency in work and therefore better products and services and more choices if the government got out of these businesses, but there would also be less money in taxes to pay, since we wouldn't be subsidizing the inefficiency of the existing govern-

ment agencies with money we worked hard for.

My point? Well, I guess you get my point. Nobody likes have to deal with inefficiency, but no one stops to think of where it comes from or what to do about it.

So what do we do about it? Well, I suppose you could complain as much as I do, but then everyone would think that Americans were just a bunch of complainers. (Well, maybe we are...) We could stop voting for government officials who think we want them spending our money on inefficiency.

Or we could tell our officials that they're right, we don't like monopolies... And the first ones we want to get rid of are the ones run by the government.

The government doesn't have to be running companies for us - we've proven that we can do that well enough ourselves - in fact, we can run them better. It's the government's hold on companies and industries that's strangling us.

Untitled 11/24/99

*Mackenzie Silver*

There are so many times when I consciously have to stop myself from crying. I constantly feel as if there is no one for me and I can talk to no one. When I do count on someone they let me down. This is a consistent pattern in my life, and this is what I get for having dreams and hopes and aspirations. Why didn't those fuckers succeed in their '98 mission to kill me off swiftly and efficiently? How do you explain this to anyone? My curse is that I have the brains to know what happened to me, to suffer from it, and to pick up the pieces and function on my own. I think that people think that when you get out of the hospital you must be FINE. Clean bill of health. They are so wrong. I know I could have had it worse. But I think to lose that I would have to lose part of my brain as well. Now I feel like a soldier and I don't know what I'm protecting any more. I want to give the enemy what he has been looking for. It's a battle I am so often not willing to fight. Here. Take my weapons. You've stripped me of most of them now, so let me hand you the rest, freely. Let me have this, let me do this. This is what my magnum opus should be. A compilation of everything and nothing. Isn't that what it's all about?

# helping men in public places

*Janet Kuypers*

so it was new year's eve  
and we were standing on  
forty-second street and

the avenue of the americas  
we were a few blocks away  
but we had just the right

view of times square. and  
yes, there was freezing rain  
but i didn't really care, since

i was just in new york for  
a few days. it was 10:55, we  
still had a long time to wait

standing with i don't know  
how many thousands of other  
people, some of them were

climbing up the light poles,  
all of us pushing forward  
into the street, despite the

police officers on horseback  
rushing at us back toward  
the sidewalk. and our paper

bag fell apart in the rain, so  
i let the glass water bottle fall  
to the curb, and our friend told

us he needed to go to the  
bathroom real bad, you know,  
so i told him to go right here

in the street, no one will see  
him. but he didn't want to  
piss on someone's shoes, so

he asked if i had a bottle, so i  
picked up the water bottle from  
the curb, and when he finished

his job he closed up the bottle  
and put it back on the sidewalk.  
god, and you, too, getting on

the train after the ball dropped,  
more rain and a bottle of  
champagne later, saying you had

to go real bad, too, so i pulled  
an empty beer bottle from my  
coat pocket, you covered the train

window with your coat and i  
blocked your view from the aisle  
while you took care of the

matter at hand. i'm amazed that  
that bottle didn't tip over on the  
train floor during that hour

commute, our first of the new  
year, while i slept on your  
shoulder. and i'm amazed that

i ended one year and began  
another helping men i know,  
in public places, piss into bottles.

Note: collage of toilets photographed in Illinois USA, Bad Gastein Austria, and Shanghai China.

# I'm a Record now

*Janet Kuypers*

I feel like I'm a record now

you know how vinyl goes  
That there is a ridge, trailed in circles  
That groove that the needle can easily slip into

Well, I feel like I am that record now  
And the needle of life is in me  
And it is playing my story  
And I am stuck on this record player  
At this certain speed  
And I can't get the needle out of the groove  
And my life is being played out for me  
For everyone to hear  
And see  
And live

And they don't feel a God-damned thing  
But they claim to know how I feel  
But that needle is stuck there  
And the R P M has been set on the player  
And now my life is an open book  
And now my life is a playing record

And people can choose to read the book  
And people can choose to listen to the music

And sometimes that excites me  
Sometimes that fascinates me  
And sometimes that scares me

Because I wonder if people who listen know too little  
Or too much





*Dancing Woman, painting by Dave Jarvie*