



sexism

& other stories

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scars publications chapbook

# A dream about murder.

I had a dream last night, it was different from my usual dreams, usually I dream about stuff that seems pretty real, somewhat mundane and at most usually frustrating. But I don't know if it was the wine I had at the Thanksgiving feast at Rachel's down the block, or if I heard some strange story on television earlier, but I dreamt about murder.

Dave and I were staying at a hotel, I don't know where the hotel was, but it was on a body of water, I think it was a lake, not an ocean or anything. And I remember at some point, it was dawn in the dream, I went for a jog, I noticed two good-looking men outside while I was on my jog, and then I went down the hill to the water. I wanted to jog along the water. But they had it roped off - I don't even know who "they" would be, but the area along the water was roped off, maybe until full daylight, maybe then lifeguards would be there to protect the people. But the point is, I couldn't jog along the water, so I sat down at the bottom of the stairs by the water's edge, right in front of the ropes, and watched the water. And a woman came along down the stairs, and sat down next to me to watch the water, too. I remember thinking that I didn't like her being so close, I like to keep a sense of personal space, but then it occurred to me that there wasn't much space for her to go since the whole area was roped off. And the thing is, I don't even like to jog.

Oh, so anyway, I don't even know why I went for a jog or at what point in time in my dream this jog occurred. But I know that in the dream I killed someone. It occurred before my dream technically started; I don't remember anything about the murder, I don't know if it was me alone that did the killing or if Dave was there with me, all I know is that I killed a guy, I don't know why I killed him, but I killed someone in another room in the same hotel, someone who I didn't even really know. And the thing is, I was wearing fake nails during the murder, or at least that's what I inferred in the dream, because I thought I lost one of them at the scene of the crime and the main part of the dream was me in the bathroom removing all of my fake nails because they might implicate me in the murder.

So I was removing my nails, they were plastic nails glued on to my real nails, and they weren't even painted, they were still just white plastic. And as I was removing these fake nails I was dropping them on the floor because I was ripping them off so frantically, I didn't want anyone to be able to link me to this murder. So when I got them all off, I was still worried that I had a lit-

tle glue left on my real finger nails, so I was trying to scrape that off, and then I was trying to pick up all the fake nails off the bathroom floor. They all fell just to the right of the toilet, and were on the tile floor, and I remember as I was picking them up I also picked up a dust ball and a used piece of clear tape. I remember thinking that was odd, because usually hotel bathroom floors are clean, they're cleaned every day. So anyway, I kept picking up the nails, trying to make sure I got them all, occasionally dropping one of them back on the floor because I was so hectic and so nervous. This made the whole procedure take up most of my dream.

Once I had all of the nails, the only thing I could think about was how to dispose of the nails, and the rest of the dream became a frantic effort to figure out how I could get rid of them so that they could not be traced back to me. I thought that I could just flush them all down the toilet, but then I thought that there might be a chance that one of the nails wouldn't go down and would just stay at the bottom of the toilet and I wouldn't notice it and think I was home free but in actuality I'd be leaving a huge piece of evidence in my own hotel room linking me to the murder. Then I wondered if they'd have a way to sift through the sewer water from the hotel, so then I thought that I shouldn't flush any of them down the toilet, but go to various public rest room around town and flush a few at a time.

Then I started to worry that if the nail I left at the scene of the crime took more than just the glue with it, that it actually took some of my nail with it, then I would have left DNA evidence at the scene of the crime and there would be nothing I could do.

And then I started to wonder if I actually lost a nail at the scene of the murder, or if I was just overreacting.

And then I wondered if anyone had even found the dead body yet, all this time laying there on the floor of their hotel room. And then the phone rang and I woke up.

# a man calls a woman

*every time a man calls a woman a "bitch"  
the threat of rape lies behind his hostility  
every time a man calls a woman a "witch"  
he reminds her of the slaughter of millions  
whose independence and medical  
knowledge threatened male dominance  
every time a man makes a joke about rape  
or wife-beating he issues a warning to women*  
Bob Lamm, 1976

every time a man calls a woman a "babe"  
he tells her he thinks of her as a child  
every time a man calls a woman a "fox"  
he tells her she is to be treated like an animal  
every time a man calls a woman a "honey"  
he tells her she is meant to be consumed  
every time a man calls a woman a "doll"  
he tells her she is something to be played with  
every time a man calls a woman a "bag"  
he tells her she is something to be used  
every time a man calls a woman a "slit"  
he tells her she's a body part, not whole  
every time a man calls a woman a "screw"  
he tells her she is what he does to her  
every time a man calls a woman a "girl"  
he tells her she can't think like an adult  
every time a man calls a woman a "whore"  
he tells her she is wrong for having sex  
every time a man calls a woman a "lay"  
he tells her she is no good on her feet  
every time a man calls a woman anything  
less than woman he tells her who's the boss  
so yes, we all know who the boss is, boys  
you've done such a good job of telling us

# a socially accepted target

*rape is connected  
to the frustration produced  
by living in this society*

*rape is anger  
misdirected towards  
a socially accepted target:  
women*

*- Men and Politics Group, East Bay Men's  
Center, Statement on Rape*

i didn't get the promotion i deserved  
i work in a cubicle  
the boss doesn't know my name  
i put in too much overtime  
this tie makes it hard to breathe

this traffic is always in my way  
there's all these bills i have to pay

i'm angry all the time

and the damn kids are banging  
their toys when i come home  
and dinner is never on time  
and your looks have just gone to hell  
and i hate you

i just want a fucking beer, you bitch

it's all your fault

# a woman talking about her rapist friend

He was my friend, and we had been  
through a lot together, our psychological  
ups and downs,

but he mixed drinks exceptionally well  
at his college frat parties, and his  
ice-blue eyes

always spoke the truth to me. It's amazing  
to think that the only reason we ever met  
was because one day

he wore a turtleneck that perfectly  
matched his eyes, and I had to tell him.  
I don't know why

he put up with my mood swings, with my  
self-destructive social life and man-hating,  
normally he didn't

care about women, never gave their opinions  
much thought, just tried to get them  
drunk at parties,

maybe he knew that and that's why he  
listened to me. Then for a few years  
our friendship

drifted, we didn't see each other much,  
I heard through the grapevine that he was  
failing in school.

Then one day, out of the blue, he comes  
over and he has two black eyes. And he  
says to me

that when he was in the parking garage  
two guys came and beat him up, and one  
of them said,

you raped my girlfriend. And then he looked  
at me and said, and you know, looking back,  
he was right.

I raped her. And I know he wanted sym-  
pathy, he wanted to hear me say something,  
but I couldn't.

And he said, I know this has to be hard for  
you to hear, but I wanted to tell you. I know  
it was wrong.

A part of me wanted to hate him. A part of  
me thought that if he was my friend I would  
be condoning

what he did. And a part of me thought that  
our friendship made him realize what he  
actually had done.

I tried to be there for him. I wasn't much  
good at it. Eventually, he moved away.  
I didn't try

to lose touch with him. But it's just that a  
part of me is still trying to figure out if I  
can be his friend.

Sometimes you just lose touch with some-  
one, sometimes that's all you can do.

# bizarre sexual stories in the news

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



# civil war

I

the confederates are winning the battle  
but I know the north will win the war  
and all they'll get is a ravaged battlefield

II

a civil war is raging inside me  
but I'm tired of fighting from within  
when all I want is a revolution

# emergency room stories

As we sat in the car, trying to waste  
time and break the long drive's silence,

one of us remembered a story about  
a man who had to go to the emergency

room. he was wearing a raincoat  
and nothing else, because he impaled

a poodle with his member. Now, that  
was a new one, we said, and all struggled

to think of other sexually perverse  
emergency room stories we heard. Like

men coming in with dead hampsters inside  
them, you see, they let them go up there

when they're alive, because the hampsters  
squirming around while they're being

asphyxiated seems to do it for some men.  
But then, of course, the question begs

itself: how do you get the carcasses out?  
Hence the emergency room, I suppose.

So we talked about other stories, like  
women with light bulbs or vegetables

stuck in obvious places, then one of us  
says they heard that a man came in to

the emergency room once with a dildo  
stuck somewhere, but the punch line is

that he claimed to have fallen on it.  
then i told the one about the woman who

had a raw hot dog stuck inside her, and  
all i could think was, how horny would

a woman have to be in order to use some-  
thing as flaccid as a hot dog? then someone

said, maybe it was frozen. then someone  
else asked if that would be like putting

your tongue to something frozen and  
having it stick. and we laughed.

joe  
putz-a-  
vucki

my mother told me  
about one of my father's clients  
ed kazinski  
he had a stutter  
and you couldn't mistake his voice

well he called the house one night  
and my father was out with the boys  
and so my mother decided to play a trick

she told ed "my husband is out  
with ed kazinski  
and he won't be home for a while"

and ed stuttered, tried to make an excuse  
cover up for my father  
and said, "uh, well, tell him  
joe putz-a-vucki called"  
and he quickly hung up  
the telephone  
thought my mother didn't know his voice

later he told my father  
he covered up for him  
and my father said, my wife knows

your stuttering voice, silly  
everybody can recognize your voice  
she was just playing a joke

and by the way  
who is joe putz-a-vucki

ed told my father  
that putz-a-vucki was polish  
for "under the sidewalk"  
and it was just  
what came out  
of his mouth  
when he didn't have time  
to think

# make people think

I don't want to draw  
I don't want to write  
but I don't want to do nothing  
I want to make waves  
I want to annoy people  
I want people to know that I'm smart  
that I'm strong  
that I'm in control  
I want to affect people in one way or another  
I want to change people's minds  
I want people to think I am great  
I want to make people think

# in their homes or in the streets

*some women are raped  
in their homes or in the streets  
by men whom we call "strangers"*

*some women are raped  
in their homes or in the streets  
by men we call psychiatrists,  
doctors, college professors,  
friends, lovers,  
husbands and fathers*

*and some women are raped  
in the streets or in offices  
by men who merely sit there  
and commit rape with looks  
with smirks  
with insults  
with threats*

*Bob Lamm, 1976*

you'll never understand

have you ever felt  
that everything you did  
from the clothes you chose to wear  
to the way you styled your hair  
to the way you walked down the street  
to the way you sat at your desk

to whether you looked at people  
as they passed you in the grocery store  
when you picked up the food for the family

have you ever felt  
that everything you did  
was under the scrutiny  
of half the world

that a stare could haunt you  
if you looked too confident  
or your eyes wandered for too long  
and actually caught someone's gaze

or your skirt was too short  
or you didn't cross your legs

or if you ate a banana  
or happened to lick your lips

have you felt it  
well, you're not a woman

# marilyn monroe's sex life

some people would have  
called me a slut  
I prefer a vixen

Personally, I don't think  
I was doing anything wrong  
I had it all  
men adored me

most men would have done  
the same thing I did  
played the field

I wasn't even looking for sex  
just companionship

I had the fame  
I had the wealth, the looks  
everything

why would I want one man  
keeping me in place  
what if I wanted to see  
a bit more of life  
through the eyes of other people

why am I resented for that

so I start seeing my ex again  
and another ex  
and a new guy  
and another

you know, most men  
would normally love to have  
a no-strings attached relationship  
with a woman

why couldn't that happen with me  
why is it people  
become obsessed with me

am I really that famous  
that perfect

I have rejected some of them  
so many times they had to  
pick up their ego from the floor  
but they keep coming back  
telling me they love me  
wanting me to choose  
wanting me to love them back

why do they think I want anyone

I know I brought this  
upon myself  
I wanted to go on this wild trip  
but I didn't want to carry any baggage

I thought I could make the men  
carry it for me

and it seems that my bags are getting  
heavier  
and it seems that the bags under  
my eyes won't go away anymore

the bags are getting heavier  
they're so heavy

# more than we should have

when i think of him i usually think about the drinking

actually, i never think of him as drinking

come to think of it

i just think of him as drunk

i can't even remember seeing the drinks in his hand

but his perception of the world is always altered

but someone reminded me tonight

of when he would work outside in the the cold Chicago winters

and he would come back with his moustache frozen

and there would be little icicles hanging

down toward his mouth

and then i thought of

when i waited with him once at the airport

because we were picking up someone

and we sat in the shrimp cocktail lounge

and he drank, and ate, and i waited

and as we left

we tried to pay the expressway toll with pennies

but some of the coins fell onto the street

and we had to throw more change at the machine

we paid more than we should have

i'm sure we did



# middle-class husbands and fathers

*rapists are not peculiar, abnormal men  
rapists are very normal masculine men  
rapists come in all sizes and shapes  
all races and nationalities  
all ages and social classes*

*many are white middle-class husbands and fathers  
Bob Lamm, 1976*

rapists are not all convicted prisoners  
rapists are not all psychopaths  
rapists are not all welfare recipients  
rapists are not all foaming at the mouth  
rapists are not all abused by their parents  
rapists are not all sex-depraved  
rapists are not all gun-toting criminals  
rapists are not all undereducated  
rapists are not all jobless  
rapists are not all beaten as children  
rapists are not all minorities  
rapists are not all criminally insane

rapists are in your office  
rapists are in your convenience mart  
rapists are in your local tavern  
rapists are in your school  
rapists are in your restaurant  
rapists are in your car pool  
rapists are in your grocery store  
rapists are in your country club  
rapists are in your church  
rapists are in your family reunion  
rapists are in your living room  
rapists are in your bed room

they come in all shapes and sizes  
they're everywhere

## POP a Pill

take with meals  
take three times a day  
take with food or milk  
take on an empty stomach  
take a half hour before eating  
take at the same time daily  
do not operate heavy machinery  
do not drink alcohol  
do not mix medications  
may upset stomach  
may cause weight gain  
may cause weight loss  
may cause dizziness  
may cause drowsiness  
may cause headaches  
may cause ulcers  
do not skip medication  
if problem persists consult your doctor  
are you in pain

odd how  
things  
turn out  
that way.

husband-beaten wife  
in a panic  
the cops showed up

she shot an officer  
wanted  
to be left alone

the cop wore a bullet-  
proof vest  
but the bullet hit his arm

ricocheted off a bone  
right into his  
heart and killed him dead

# most accurate metaphors

*rape is one of the most savage  
one of the most accurate  
metaphors for how men  
relate to women in this society*

*it is a political crime  
committed by men  
as a class  
against women  
as a class*

*rape is an attempt by men  
to keep all women in line*

*Bob Lamm, 1976*

now there's two ways  
this can happen, little girl  
you can keep fighting me,  
and if that's the case, i'll  
have to keep my hand  
over your mouth and  
this knife at your neck,  
or you can relax, enjoy  
yourself, make this easier  
on the both of us

you know you want this  
so stop fighting it

i saw the way you were  
looking at me earlier,  
the way you stared at me  
the way you were dressed  
i know what you were thinking  
so don't say a word

did you think those drinks  
were free

how long did you think  
i could wait  
it's my turn now  
you owe it to me

just do as i say  
and no one gets hurt

# sexism & otherstories

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