

# a woman on the beach

Janet Kuypers poems

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## Gary's Blind Date

A friend of mine had a roommate named Gary  
and Gary was a man  
who was always down on his luck

So on one particular occasion,  
after Gary had a dating dry spell,  
my friend decided to set Gary up  
on a blind date.

Now, he said, this girl  
is beautiful, she's funny,  
you'll think she's great. trust me.  
Pick her up Friday night.

And Friday came, and Gary,  
feeling more and more apprehensive,  
said, but I'm not feeling well. I've  
been sick all week.

And my friend said, now I don't want to hear  
any excuses. You're going.

So Gary got ready for his blind date  
and drove over to the girl's house.  
She lived with her parents,  
so when Gary rang the door bell  
the girl's mother answered.

"Oh, you must be Gary, please,  
come in," she said.

Once Gary got into the house,  
the mother said,  
my daughter's still getting ready.  
Would you like to wait?

and Gary, still not feeling well,  
asked where the washroom was.  
She directed him to the newly remodeled basement.

Gary walked into the brand-new bathroom.  
New fixtures. Thick, white,  
wall-to-wall carpeting.

Gary sat down on this new ivory throne,  
still sick. But when he looked over  
there was no toilet paper.  
He couldn't just stand up, he thought,  
this isn't just a regular trip to the bathroom,  
I need something  
to clean myself off with.  
He couldn't use a towel.  
So he took off his pants  
and used his underwear.

But he couldn't leave the underwear  
in the small, open trash can in the corner  
of this newly-remodeled  
bathroom, he thought.  
So he  
dropped them  
in the toilet

and flushed.

Which caused the toilet to overflow,  
causing the newly-remodeled bathroom  
to look  
less than new.

So here was Gary's dilemma:  
he left his underwear in the toilet  
and defiled this family's brand-new bathroom  
all without even getting the chance  
to introduce himself  
to his date.

What are his options, what are his options.

So he did the only thing he thought  
he could do in this situation:  
he climbed out the small  
bathroom window  
and  
drove  
home.

When he arrived at his apartment  
so early from his date,  
his roommate had to ask.

And after that, he never  
set Gary up  
on a blind date  
again.

## Barbie

My sister-in-law gave me a Midge doll set  
when she married my brother. Midge came complete  
with a wardrobe of designer floor-length dresses,  
with sequins, and tulle, and three-quarter-length gloves.

But Midge, an older model, had short red hair  
styled like a housewife, not like Barbie's, long and  
blond and flowing. And Midge could never sit in a chair  
because her plastic legs were rigid and couldn't bend.

For my sixth birthday I received a P.J. doll,  
one of Barbie's friends. P.J.'s hair was blonde, like  
Barbie's, but it was shorter. And here eyes were brown,  
like mine. Not eyes to dream of. Eyes like mine.

When I finally got you, Barbie, I treated you like  
some sort of goddess, you with your disproportionate  
figure and perpetual smile. When you never eat,  
you can stay thin. You can always be happy.

I took plastic kitchen shelf liner and caulking glue  
and lined a shoebox so you could have a bath tub.  
I taped a straw around the back of the tub so you  
could have jets and extra bubbles when you soaked.

My father's pool table was your lake; a second  
shoe box served as your speed boat. You took all  
your friends for boat rides along the green; Ken,  
the Donny and Marie dolls, P.J., even Midge.

But I couldn't be like you, I had to eat, and I could only  
stand on my toes for so long when you stood like  
a dancer perpetually. I couldn't always smile. I was  
only a little girl. And I was cursed with brown eyes.

What did you teach me? I pressed you next to Ken  
under your pink and white bed sheets, but your plastic  
bodies made a loud noise when you came together.  
Your legs never intertwined. Your smile never changed.

And now, all grown up, I visit my parent's house,  
and they tell me I have boxes of toys that could be  
thrown away. Kitchen accessories for the Barbie  
camper, beaded dresses I made myself. And I think:

I could give these toys to my niece, so she could play,  
so she could learn. And then I decide: no, these dolls,  
these values, these memories, they belong sealed  
in cardboard boxes, where only time can take its toll.

## Change Your Clothes

What am I supposed to wear  
so that I fit in to  
the right role

There is always a role  
to be played with you  
I've played so many roles

I'm getting quite good at it, actually

I've played so many roles  
for the likes of you

I have dressed like a school marm  
to impress your parents  
you know, to give them the impression  
that I'm oh so prim and proper

I have worn a business suit  
and the skirt always seemed a little short  
because I am so damned tall

but either way,  
I would look professional  
when playing that stupid female card  
for all it is worth  
and showing off my legs

I have gone to a different bar  
every night  
and I have dressed like a whore

I get the button-down shirt  
buttoned always too low  
I wear the ripped shorts



ripped shorts  
intentionally  
ripped too short

Jesus, I've even worn simple dresses  
with wide skirts  
and those pricks think I'm sexy  
wearing something like a wide skirt  
which doesn't show any of my curves  
and they like me in it  
because the skirt is wide enough  
that they can crawl into it

and I don't even want to know  
what they want to do with me  
in that position  
while they are under that dress

you're a f%@#, you're a flower  
you have the mania, you have the power  
you have the right, girl

all you have to do

is change your roles  
and change your clothes

## how to please a woman

i saw a movie once  
can't remember what movie it was, but  
i remember this one scene:  
it was after the protagonist couple made love,  
and it was the middle of the night,  
and the man got dressed and went outside,  
and no, it was not to leave  
(i know half of you were thinking that, admit it)

but he went outside, into the garden  
and picked a bunch of flowers  
and put them all over the bed.  
So in the morning, when the woman woke up,  
well, she was still alone, but she was surrounded in flowers.

now, i know it's just a movie,  
but i have these visions in my head  
of how perfect life is supposed to be.  
okay, okay, call it being raised on Cinderella  
and Snow White and Sleeping Beauty, but  
in the back of my mind i still have this vision in my head  
of being swept away. Wake me with a  
kiss. Ride me off into the sunset.

i don't want to tell someone how to  
sweep me off my feet, how to be romantic.  
Part of romance is the element of surprise.  
yes, i know, this is the age of communication  
and we're supposed to tell each other how we feel  
but i guess, as unreasonable as this is  
about to sound, i want you to be able to read my mind.  
Or don't read it, and completely catch me off guard  
(and i mean that in a good way - don't catch me  
off guard, for instance, by watching baseball  
instead of celebrating my birthday).

sure, it could be flowers, i guess, but don't think  
that we're trying to get you to spend your money or  
that we're trying to milk you for all you're worth  
because flowers picked from your garden -  
or someone else's - are often better than the ones from the store.  
Maybe a bath. a picnic. those are even better  
than flowers, because they give the gift  
we really want - time. we want to know you  
are not only taking time out to be with us,  
but that you took the time to plan it to make it perfect.

we want you to tell us we look pretty  
when we need to hear it. you don't know  
when we need to hear it? just look into our eyes.  
you'll know. we want you to look excited to  
see us when you come home from work,  
even if you're tired and just want to eat. we want  
to feel like we mean the world to you, like we  
mean more than a beer does to you while you're  
sitting on the couch watching sitcoms.

we want poetry written for us: the sun rises  
and it means nothing without us, that kind of stuff.  
okay, you're not a poet: maybe you could  
write us a letter every once in a while. oh,  
i know, it's that damn time thing again,  
but that's what it takes, remember? even a note  
just saying "i love you" on it would be enough.  
here's an idea: drop it in the mail. i know you  
see us every day; that's what makes it special.

## no regrets together

how else can I explain  
sometimes I look into your eyes  
and I see us in rocking chairs  
on our porch  
when we are old and gray  
I see my future

and sometimes I see your face  
and I think you're a despicable  
useless defenseless human being  
and I hate myself  
for ever loving you

and I think  
I have to stay away from you  
I have to

I used to think  
that everything would be wonderful for us  
that we'd have our white picket fences  
that we'd have no regrets together  
that we'd love together  
for always

and now I look at my life  
and wonder what my future holds  
and wonder what I'm doing  
with him  
with us

but I want you to understand  
I want the world to understand  
that although I'm afraid of my future  
I have to live in the present  
I have to feel needed  
I have to feel loved  
I have to look for my future somewhere

I have to do something  
even though  
some nights I dream of him  
and some nights I dream of you

and I don't have the answers anymore  
somebody help me  
oh, somebody help me

## soothe me just this once

when i called you from the pay phone  
at the hotel  
after he hit me

i got your answering machine  
i tried to tell you  
as quickly as i could

a woman came up to me while i was  
in the lobby  
asked if i was okay

that's when i realized i was scraped  
up, bleeding  
i told her i was fine

please just tell me you're at home  
screening calls  
pick up the phone

you think i brought this on myself,  
don't you  
please just this once

pick up the phone, listen to me  
soothe me just this once  
help me

## shiny new again

i've always been by your side

i've always tried to help you  
when something was wrong

i've always picked up the pieces

and i've seen you fall apart  
and i've seen it happen to others, too

and i've picked up the pieces  
glued them back together  
until they were shiny new again

and now i feel like it's happening  
to me and who is here for me

you're falling apart too how  
are you supposed to help me

## I Must Continue

I've seen what my sister does for a living  
she makes people better than the way they were  
she makes them stronger  
she makes them more powerful

and she probably doesn't even get thanked for it

and she comes home from work  
and she's got a full set of problems of her own  
and she has got no teacher  
to help her through the problems  
the problems that she does not have an answer for

and who can she go to talk to  
to make everything better?

i'm a repairman  
it is my job  
to take parts that people  
think are broken  
and it is my job to repair them  
and make them better  
so that the parts can work again  
so that the customers are happy

I've seen a lot of broken objects,  
broken like me  
but you see, there is no job,  
no place for people to help people like me

so I have to keep going  
I must continue  
that is what I do

## an outline to the apex of rites of passage

It was one of those rites of passage. A Bah Mitzvah of sorts. But this was bigger, much bigger than shaving for the first time or getting your period. This was the chance for all young high school men to lose their virginity and a chance for all young high school women to dress up, feel like adults, look pretty. Everyone felt the driving need to go through this rite of passage, to not be left out, to be a part of the group. Either way, you got to take a day off of school.

But like every rite of passage, the high school prom is probably more traumatic than fun, because no matter what, you feel like you have to go, and the entire time you have to look like you're having fun. Especially for the photographers. You have to have a perfect record of your perfect life so you can upstage everyone else.

With every aspect of prom, there was always a conflict, an expense, or an irony. I mean, this is supposed to be one of the best times in your life, and it's wrought with confusion. First, find a date. Has to be someone socially acceptable, otherwise it would be less embarrassing to just not go. Then, go through the trauma of asking your prospective date to actually go with you, or if you're a woman, wait to be asked, which is almost more cruel. Then, see which of your friends are going, organize what group you'll go with to your prom.

Then you have to start working on the details. For men, this meant transportation, the cheapest tuxedo, what kind of corsage to buy, something that pins on, something they wear on their wrist, or something they carry, like a bouquet. Oh, and don't forget the most important part: enough liquor and/or condoms.



Note how suddenly the prospect of multiple hookers performing anything you'd ever want is both less expensive and less of a hassle than this quote-unquote "date." For women, the details meant picking out the right dress, the right shoes, the right purse, the right jewelry, the right perfume, the right make-up, the right hair style. Note how you have to then coordinate your clothing with your date. So much like real life.

Then, beg your parents to let you wear the dress you picked out, or keep the make-up and hair style the way you wanted it. Beg your parents to let you borrow their sports car. Beg you parents for enough money to pay for the limo, the flowers, the clothes, the film for the camera. Beg your parents to let you stay out past curfew, how about 6 a.m., just this once. But, come on, it's prom.

Then the Big Day arrives. Ditch school, because you know, getting you hair done can take hours, and you want to spend some time in the sun, so you don't look as pale as a ghost for the pictures. Then, after getting ready for an inordinate amount of time, meet up and take the pictures. Urgh. This usually entails the man picking up the woman, taking pictures at the woman's parent's house, then going back to the man's parent's house and taking more pictures there. It's almost worse than a wedding.

Then finally arrive at Prom. Take more pictures. Talk to as many friends as you can there, compliment their dresses and tuxedos. Find out what everyone else is doing after prom, see if anyone is doing anything better than you. Note how many women are repeatedly pulling up their strapless dresses so they don't fall out of them. Note how many men are already drunk, and look, it's not even dinner yet. Take lots of pictures with your instamatic camera. Let's do a group shot. Oh, let me take a picture with so-and-so.

Then eat. Try to figure out how to eat your salad without using your knife. Check to see how little all the women are actually eating. Note how many women go to the bathroom in groups. In any case, whatever you do, don't stop feeling awkward. But keep smiling.

Then the dancing. Try to remember what your father taught you. Try not to look stiff. Try not to sweat. Dance in a box. Right foot forward, feet together, left foot left, feet together, right foot backward, feet together, right foot right, feet together. Or go for the high school standby; wrap your arms around each other and sway, occasionally making out in the middle of the dance floor. Note how many women have their lipstick smeared across their cheek, or on their date's collar. Note how many bow ties have loosened.

Then collect your things, say your good-byes, take a few more photos and head out for the after-prom activities. Possible options include a late dinner, a four-hour boat cruise, a walk along the lake, a bonfire, bowling, a hotel party, or the back of dad's sports car. Note how disheveled you look by six a.m.; try to clean yourself up in the car before you get to your driveway, in case your parents are waiting for you. Don't make out for too long as you say your good-byes in front of your house.

Then, get in the house as quietly as possible, drop all your clothes into a pile in the middle of your bedroom floor, and collapse on your bed. Here's a helpful hint: drink a glass of water and take a vitamin and some aspirin before crashing; it will help with the hangover. Try to get some sleep before the day-after-prom amusement park trip, and keep in mind that even though prom is over, your friends will be rehashing it for at least a week. This is the ritual. Now go to sleep.

## A While

It's been a while  
since we stopped going out  
and I'm sure you're still having one night stands  
and I'm sure you don't think about me  
this I'm sure of

And you can tell me that  
you've thought of me  
and that you've missed me  
and I don't care to hear your excuses anymore

I thought when someone said  
they cared  
they meant it  
and feelings like that  
aren't supposed to change  
at the drop of a hat

when does it occur to  
the average man  
that there is in fact no feeling there  
that maybe there never was feeling there

maybe you don't get to that last part  
you just think, okay, I don't like this  
I'm going to have to end this  
maybe she won't get hurt

Well, in case no one ever told you  
women do get hurt

even the strong ones

## By Who I Don't Know

they told me that I needed to know  
what to do if there was a problem  
I didn't know they'd make a problem  
out of trying to tell me

now who do I get my nightmares from?  
are your problems from the people  
in the nightmares  
that should  
have given me that pain  
or do my nightmares come from you

are you the one that gave  
me that pain  
without trying

maybe you were trying  
maybe you weren't  
I can't think of it that way  
even after all these years

I just have to think  
that mistakes were made

by who,  
I don't know

## Called Me Twice

there are certain rules  
that people follow

and they claim to have  
no beliefs of any  
given subject  
it's just that they choose  
not to think about  
their beliefs and  
they choose not to think

but I know what people  
think when they think of me

and I know that this one  
person says he's concerned  
but my phone isn't ringing  
and yes, he called me once  
since I've been trapped  
in this cage

he hasn't called me twice

## Coslow's

I am back  
at my old college  
hang-out

years later

sharing some beers  
with an old friend

then i remember  
being there  
with a friend  
who used to  
work there

she told me about the  
women's bathroom

in all my years  
I had never  
been there

she said  
women write on the wall  
at the left  
of the stall  
women write  
that they've been raped

they name names

there were arrows  
pointing  
to other women's  
messages  
saying  
"i've heard this before"

first names  
last names

when she told me  
of this  
years ago  
i walked in  
read the names  
and wrote down one  
of my own

i forgot about that wall  
until now  
and i am back  
just yards away  
from the  
bathroom door

i get up  
walk  
open the door  
years later

all the names are still there  
jake jay josh larry matt scott

i can even still see  
my own writing  
it didn't take long  
to find it

## too far

When he met me  
he told me  
I looked like  
Kim Basinger  
long blonde locks  
but as time  
wore on I knew  
I wasn't her  
and I could never  
be her and I was  
never good enough  
thin enough  
pretty enough  
I got a perm  
straightened my  
teeth  
bought a wonder  
bra but it wasn't  
doing the trick  
I bought slimfast  
used the stair  
stepper ate rice  
cakes and wheat  
germ but I wasn't  
thin enough I  
only dropped  
twenty pounds

so I went to the  
spa got my skin  
peeled soaked  
myself in mud  
wrapped myself  
in cellophane  
bought the amino  
acid facial creams  
but I knew they  
didn't really  
work so I went to  
the doctor got my  
nose slimmed  
my tummy stapled  
my thighs sucked  
thought about  
getting a rib or two  
removed  
you know,  
like Cher  
but I figured  
they've got to  
be there for  
something  
and hey, that's  
just going  
too far

## About the Author

Janet Kuypers has a Communications degree in News/Editorial Journalism (starting in computer science engineering studies) from the UIUC. She had the equivalent of a minor in photography and specialized in creative writing. A portrait photographer for years in the early 1990s, she was also an acquaintance rape workshop facilitator, and she started her publishing career as an editor of two literary magazines. Later she was an art director, webmaster and photographer for a few magazines for a publishing company in Chicago, and this Journalism major was even the final featured poetry performer of 15 poets with a 10 minute feature at the 2006 Society of Professional Journalism Expo's Chicago Poetry Showcase

She sang with acoustic bands *Mom's Favorite Vase*, *Weeds and Flowers* and *the Second Axing*, and does music sampling. Kuypers is published in books, magazines and on the internet around 6,300 times for writing, and over 2,000 times for art work in her professional career, and has been profiled in such magazines as Nation and Discover U, and was nominated as Poet of the Year for 2006 by the International Society of Poets. She has also been highlighted on radio stations, including WEFT (90.1FM), WLUW (88.7 FM), WZRD (88.3FM), WSUM (91.7FM), WLS (8900AM), Q101 (101.9FM), the internet radio stations ArtistFirst.com, chicagopoetry.com's PoetryWorld Radio and Scars Internet Radio (SIR). She has been seen on WPWR TV, and has also appeared on television for poetry in Nashville and Chicago (and Kuypers was interviewed on her art work on Urbana's CBS station, WCIA, channel 3 10 o'clock news).

Inducted as a Poetry Ambassador during Poetry Month in 2006 & 2007, and nominated to be Poet of the Year in 2007, Kuypers turned her writing into performance art on her own and with musical groups like *Pointless Orchestra*, *5D/5D*, *Order From Chaos*, *The Bastard Trio* and *The JoAnn Powlers Trio*, and starting in 2005 Kuypers ran a monthly iPodCast of her work, as well as an Internet radio station (JK Radio 2006-2008), which later became a part of Scars Internet Radio (2006-2009). She ran the Chaotic Radio show (an hour long Internet radio show 1.5 years, 2006-2007) through BZoO.org and chaoticarts.org. She has performed spoken word and music across the country — in the spring of 1998 she embarked on her first national poetry tour, with featured performances, among other venues, at the Albuquerque Spoken Word Festival during the National Poetry Slam; her bands have had concerts in Chicago and in Alaska; in 2003 she hosted and performed at a weekly poetry and music open mike (called "Sing Your Life"), and from 2002 through 2005 was a featured performance artist, doing quarterly performance art shows with readings, music and images.

In addition to being published with Bernadette Miller in the short story collection book *Domestic Blisters*, as well as in a book of poetry turned to prose with Eric Bonholtzer in the book *Duality*, Kuypers has had many books of her own published: *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *The Window*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, (*woman.*), *Autumn Reason*, *The Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)*, *Contents Under Pressure*, etc., and eventually *The Key To Believing*, *Changing Gears*, *The Other Side*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition)*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *Change/Rearrange*, *Death Comes in Threes*, *Masterful Performances*, *Six Eleven*, *Live at Cafe Aloha*, *Dreams*, *Rough Mixes*, *The Entropy Project*, *The Other Side (2006 Edition)*, *Stop.*, *Sing Your Life*, c&td v165.25 (an art book), *The Beauty and the Destruction* *Writing to Honour & Cherish: the Kuypers Edition*, *Blister and Burn: the Kuypers Edition*, *S&M*, *Distinguished Writings: the Kuypers Edition*, *Living in Chaos*, *Tick Tock*, *Silent Screams*, *Taking It All In*, *It All Comes down*, *Rising to the Surface*, *Galapagos*, *Chapter 38 (three books: v1, v2 and v3)*, *Finally*, *Literature for the Snotty and Elite (three books: v1 & v2, & part 1)*, *a Wake-Up Call From Tradition*, and (*recovery*). Three collection books were also published of her work in 2004, *Oeuvre* (poetry), *Exaro Versus* (prose) and *Larte* (art).



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## other publications from Scars:

**Magazines:** *Children, Churches and Daddies* (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

**Books:** *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *the Window*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, *(Woman.)*, *Autumn Reason*, *Contents Under Pressure*, *the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)*, *Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc.*, *Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials, The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Live at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop., Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction*, cc&d v167.5 (*Writing to Honour & Cherish*, editor edition), *Blister & Burn* (the Kuypers edition), *S&M*, cc&d v170.5 *Distinguished Writings* editor edition, *Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38* (v1 & v2), *Finally: Literature for the Snotty and Elite* (v1 & v2, and part 1), *a Wake-Up Call From Tradition*, *Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decrepit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the swan road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest.*

**Compact Discs:** *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFV Inclusive*), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRZ Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, *assorted artists* String Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* Screaching to a Halt (EP), *PBJ* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powlers Trio* Fusion (4 CD set).