



JANET KUYPERS
POETRY IN THE STREETS

TENNESSEE
KENTUCKY
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
05/10/09

CREATION
RELATION

MORNING WILL BE KIND

Kiss me, stoned and drunk
flesh is the answer

Listen
to the wisdom, moaning
in my foreign bed
and the scent and
smell of new skin

An apex of blinding
then close your eyes
wondering vaguely why

You let me enter,
hoping
morning will be kind

I'M ALWAYS THE ONE

i'm always the one
who has to
pick up the pieces

all i've done
is wipe your noses
and clean your rooms

and now i have to
clean up my life
and i have
no one to help me

AND FLOWERS AND FUNERALS

there are supposed to be grand kids, and meals
and flowers and funerals

My head didn't hurt all the time before
And now all i have is this lack of memory
My life used to make sense

I wonder what details I lost in my life
I record what is left of my memories
I attempt to rescue what is left of my memories
and hope that is enough

YOU KNOW IT

so there are these fish in my apartment
and they're gold fish, they're not like tropical fish
or anything
and they just want to rush their little bodies
up to the sides of the glass
and stare at you
and you know, some people have no preference
about these fish

and for some people,
they try not to think about these things
and they try not to tell you much at all
and they try to keep themselves away
from all that
and they try to act aloof
and they try to say all the right things
and the whole time
well, the whole time those little fish
and gawking at you and it's like they are monitoring you

and when the night is over
you've still got those little fish
and you know they'll be there in the morning
and you know you'll have to feed them
and you know
they'll have to depend on you for something

they'll have to

you know it

WHAT IT FELT LIKE

i think i have felt it before
i think i remember touching it, and it was
well, it was soft, and warm, and fuzzy

that makes it sound like a blanket
but a blanket can only be warm for so long
and it never is long enough to cover you
and the cold air is always getting in
and you can feel the breeze
from where the blanket fails you

no, what i have felt before,
what i am sure i have touched before
is giving, and soft, and warm
but it doesn't give too much
or it would disappear

it is kind of like cat's fur
have you ever felt cat's fur before?
when you glide you hand along a cat with the fur
it is like silk, it is very,
well, how do you describe it

don't rub that cat fur the wrong way, though
because that's when it fights againsty you

it does not hurt you or give way too easily
it satiates you into feeling that life is good again
and when nothing seems to do that for you
sometimes all you've got is love,
i mean, that feeling of warmth and softness

do you know what i am talking abot
i am sure i have felt that feeling before
i must have

I DON'T WANT TO

I don't want to make a million bucks
I don't want to worry about beauty first
I don't want to do everything myself
I don't want to let everyone do things for me
I don't want to help the poor
I don't want to give up what I have earned

But I don't think I earned this
And I don't think I'm being punished
For a deed I did not committ

Who am I supposed to apologize to
Who am I supposed to accountable
Who am I supposed to forgive

I don't want to think about the bad stuff
but the bad stuff keeps coming back
To haunt me
And I don't like it

I don't want to live this way, and
I don't want to keep paying for someone else's sins

people tell me I'm being pessimistic
when I say I don't want to
But at least it proves, at least,
That I am angry, and
That I live
I'm alive enough to know that I don't want to

ALL YOUR FAULT

you know i could kick your ass
for not calling
for not showing you care
for moving across the country
for leaving me

you left me, you know,
let me repeat that, you left me
and that's how i'll remember it
nothing more, nothing less
and god damnit, i wanted a future with you
i planned it all in my head

and hindsight's 20/20
i know i was a fool
but i still know it was your fault
and i won't accept any other explanation

i've got to put my foot down on something, you know

and so i left you
and i thought that would surprise you

but you have so much on your mind
to worry 'bout 'lil ol' me, don't you

i wonder if you even knew i was there

there are many things i could have told you
and never did
and i want some kind of closure
so i can put you behind me forever
so i will no longer think
that i was your only hope

GERBIL

So I've got this gerbil
this hamster
this rat

and he's running around
and he's trying to get everything done
and he gets distracted
and he has to do something else

and runs somewhere else

it's like that little fucker
is in one of those circular wheel cages
and he's running in circles
and he's getting nowhere

and this is my life, you see
and this is my brain, you see

and this is what I go through
I don't know how to explain it

that gerbil
that hamster
rat
is still going in circles
and I can't stop it
but maybe I should just take my hand
like the judge holding the gavel
and slam that damn thing down
and stop this damn cage circle
and stop this damn cycle
before it goes on any longer

LOST IN THE BREEZE

I have only seen you through my rose-colored glasses
I know you thought of me
On the most important day of my life
And well, wouldn't you think of me anyway
We've had enough of a track record together to earn it

I know you thought of me
you did things for me
But a part of me ask for you there
Because I knew it would matter to you

I know you thought of me
you worked for me
But the minute you're our obligations were met
Well, my name flew away like a feather on the breeze
Caught up in the wind
And then muffled noise
That was my night
And was my life
Was forgotten

I know you were doing me a favor
And I am grateful for that
And all that I afraid I will carry with me
Is that you did what you felt you had to do
And then
Like my name, a muffle sound lost in the breeze
I left you
And you thought that you lost nothing
And you went on your way

GEARS GET CAUGHT IN THE MUD

I've wanted to be so much for you
I've wanted to to cook your meals
and clean your clothes
And even wanted it to surprise you
I've wanted to do things
To catch you off guard
To beat your intelligence

And once I want to start
My gears gets caught in the mud
And they start spinning
And I try to get them out
But I usually never learn
And I spin them and some more
And I get further buried in the ground
And it's like I'm digging my own grave
By spinning my own wheels
And trying so hard
To be everything to everyone,
No, wait, to you

I'm trying to be so much
And do so much
I'm trying to accomplish so much
bit I'm spinning my wheels
and I'm burying myself
And I want you to know
That I'm trying

ONCE WANTED YOU AS MY FRIEND

I should laugh about this. I know
that people will probably hear your stories
and think I was a bad and evil girl.

I don't care. I didn't want to be
a part of your life any more.

I wanted you as my friend
after I was falling apart
and I thought I had no one
and I wanted my life back
and because I believed you.

You told people I was your best friend
and you are a liar, plainly put.

I didn't know you'd fuck
your best friend's date. Hell,
fuck the guy for a month until
your neurotic ego can't take it.

I don't give a shit
about a year and a half
recovery from that
evil spell of yours
but I should never have forgiven you.

Maybe you need attention
from every penis you can get it from,
maybe you're more of an attention whore
than I could ever be,
than anyone I know could ever be,
by my neurotic tendencies
didn't keep me in my parent's house
while I studied for another job
because I didn't know what the Hell I wanted
and maybe my tendencies didn't make me
lose my friends
or go through men like hand rags
or give me sexually transmitted diseases

and didn't leave me fucking someone else
while I was engaged
 "I've never orgasmed
 while having sex with him," you'd say
well, I don't know what to tell you.
All I can think
is that you've made this bad
 out of straw and fabric scraps
 and I don't care if it rained yesterday
 and your precious bed smells like shit
 and you've got nothing clean to grab on to
well, you've made that bed
and now you have to lie in it.
so
so have a good night's sleep
while you try to make sense
of what you think is insane
 God, the only insane thing
 is that your man still puts up with you
 or how much of your story
 haven't you told him?

So yes, I should be laughing
because you're the one filled
with so many questions. Please,
for your own benefit,
for OUR own benefit,
get them figured out.

I wanted to cut off ties from you sooner
but I would have had to lose one of my
closest friends in the process
and we couldn't have that (of course not).
But I'm glad your warped mentality
misconstrued what I said
 and that is exactly what you did
 nothing more, nothing less
but you at least got the idea
because no, I don't want to be a part
of your life any longer
and I don't want to openly condone

what you've done to your man
and what you're doing to your man
and I want to walk away from this unscathed

so I think I will.

JOY

I wasn't a popular grade-school kid,
things were thrown at me,
I was knocked down once,
so I knew kids could be cruel.
But once I waslked to a swingset at recess
and Joy sat there alone.
She was teased
because she was overweight.
So I asked her why she was alone.
She turned her arm so I could see
the two-inch long bruise there.
She then got up and started to speak
and turned and lifted the back of her shirt.
She said some kids started hitting her
with the chains from the swingset;
then I saw her back.
I could see how the foot-long bruises
matched perfectly with the metal chains.

I didn't know what to say.
These chains are for swings
so children could play.
This swing, this tool for joy
became a tool for unjust punishment.

AFTER THE WRECKAGE

I can't leave this funeral that never seems to end
I can't leave this funeral that, in a way, never started
And all I know is that I have been doing all of the mourning

And is that the way it goes?
Is someone mourning for you for too long
And you, the deceased, didn't know anyone would care
And you, the deceased, didn't know they were dead
So

So was it just me
Do I feel this alone

Does your spirit rise after the wreckage
And you watch from above
And see how everyone reacts
And see how I cry
And see how I suffer

Is this what you're doing to me?

And now, after the funeral,
And I have to clean up the room
And I have to put away the flowers
And I have to escort the people out
Because they don't deserve to be here
Because they don't even clean up the mess

I should know by now
It's still me
It's only me
Isn't it?
Is that the way it goes?

THE CREATION EXPLANATION AND DEFINING WHAT CREATES WHAT



Connections between the religious right and our government... Booming through our car speakers were all these connections, as we drove to Memphis for our weekend road trip. Chris Hedges was reading from his book “American Fascists: The Religious Right and the War on America,” which we had an audio CD for long drives like this one, and we were probably over half way through the audio CD set (and had already driven through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and had just driven through Kentucky) when we heard the reader mention the “Creation Museum” in passing. W. Szewai (from New York) wrote in a review of this book: “At The Creation Museum in Petersburg, Kentucky, which “prove[s] that God’s word is true,” Hedges writes “The danger of creationism is...that it allows all facts to be accepted or discarded according to the dictates of a preordained ideology.”

But their comments about the Creation Museum were much harsher than that, and when they mentioned in the book that it was in Kentucky (they did not mention where), I turned to my husband and said that we have to check at poet C Ra McGuirt’s house for an Internet connection in Nashville, so we can see where this museum is, and see if it may be close to on our way home from this weekend poetry trip.

Well, we made it to C Ra McGuirt’s house, we read poetry, played the guitar and sang, and even went over proof copies of the C Ra McGuirt Scars Publications book “nopoem.” All in all, it was a great time. But before we left Sunday morning to return home (with a second video camera for filming poetry on the road in 3 states), we discovered the Creation Museum was just a few miles out of our way on our trip home (thanks to <http://www.creationmuseum.org/>). Even though they charged an insanely steep entrance price to the Creation Museum, I just *had* to check out the “special effects” they used to

explain how dinosaurs lived at the same time that humans did on earth. (I mean, I thought it would be totally fascinating to see how they justify what we've learned through science that otherwise disproves the Bible.) So, a little after noon EST (closer to 11:30 CST), we entered the Creation Museum. I had my husband's camera ready (since I filled mine with video footage from the 2009 Cana-Dixie Union night of poetry readings) so I could somehow document our travels — and try to document how other people can alter the facts to justify their own unproven beliefs (you know, beliefs supported by no facts — I mean, that's what *faith* is for, right?).



As soon as we paid our admission, a man asked to take our picture with a green screen. So we kept our pamphlets behind our backs and took a picture; then he asked us to look up at the scale models on the 2nd floor balcony and act “scared” to see the dinosaurs (because they were going to superimpose this image of us over images of dinosaurs). My husband did a much better job of play acting scared of dinosaurs for the photo, but we had our pictures taken and then entered the main hall for a walking tour to explain how the Bible modifies what science has revealed.

So I started going through the hallways with scale models and posters, and I started photographing everything (to help me remember all of their details). The first poster I found said that there are different views if people have different “starting points.” If you rely on human reason, for example, you can agree with philosopher Rene Descartes’ “I think, therefore I am,” but if you choose to rely on God’s word, you should agree that God said, “I am that I am.” Okay, if you jump to that conclusion, that you can support that God’s word is the key to the past, the present and the future, because the next Creation Museum poster explains that God is before all things (Corinthians 1:17), and since creation began at 4004 BC, “God’s intervention at key periods in history explains most of the world we see today.” (Okay, want a better descrip-

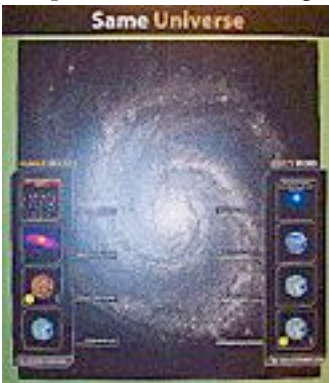




tion of what happened since 4004 BC? Creation and Corruption happened at 4004 BC, but Catastrophes on earth and later Confusion occurred closer to 2000 BC. Not much happened in earth's history until 1 AD, where the poster explains that Christ was born, which is actually different from when historians say they believe Christ was born, but he was placed on the cross

shortly afterward... which leads to the present, of "Consumption." Thanks for the helpful poster, Creation Museum...

Wow, this is fun, trying to compare how Creationism explains how God did all of this versus "human reason," or scientific knowledge. (Granted, discovering our past scientifically is just a theory, since no one was there, but at least science uses evidence to come to its conclusions.) Saw another poster that explained the creation of the Universe (this should be more my thing, since I'm so much more into astronomy than human history...). According to what we humans have learned, after the Big Bang, billions of years ago (which we have scientifically actually been able to discover remnants to explain what happened right *after* the Big Bang), galaxies evolved. (In more detailed terms large masses formed but could not sustain themselves so they started to break apart, the more permanent sustainable galaxies formed.). Then our own solar system (the Milky



Way Galaxy) formed (which we are on the outer edge of, and when we see the milky band in the sky on a clear rural night, we're only looking at our little slice of a small portion of the Milky Way galaxy). Then historically speaking, our own earth and moon formed (there is actually the Giant Impact Theory, which states that the moon was formed by a Mars-sized body that some scientists call "Orpheus" or "Theia" striking early earth – or earth mach 1, which formed our moon, which moves away from earth' orbit about 1 inch every year, and

as earth later hardened, allowed from the impact more land to rise over the water on earth, forming continents). But you see, in another comparative poster from the Creation Museum, on Day 1 (yes, they believe everything was created literally in 6 days, and have a film on it in the middle of this museum viewing) God decided "Let There Be Light" (which is different from the light from the Sun, which was formed on Day 4), earth was created on Day 2, land masses on earth

were formed in Day 3, and the Sun was formed on Day 4. Oh, and keep in mind that this all happened “thousands of years ago,” instead of relying on the scientific evidence that the Universe for started “billions of years ago.”

Oh, okay, let me get back to the history of civilization here... Anthropologists have discovered dinosaur remains, and dated their living time in history, but here is another point where the Creation Museum argues with what science has discovered. For you see, throughout their museum they pose that people make these claims that these dinosaur bones were found, but then they ask, *when* did they live? *How* did they get there? Is this place on earth *where* they lived, or where did they move from? *What* caused their extinction? (Yes, they pretty much ask the who/what/where/when/why of major events in earth’s history.) They do this repeatedly throughout the museum, while never understanding that scientists have been able on many levels to answer these questions through science.

We even progressed to the next stage of the museum viewing, which explained that God placed all of the animals on earth along with Adam and Eve, and all were able to get along on earth.

Yes, even humans and dinosaurs.

Even though there is no scientific evidence that humans live at the same time in history as dinosaurs, the Creation Museum explains that they all lived together peacefully before Adam and Eve committed the Original Sin of eating an apple from the Tree of Knowledge (why would humans want knowledge anyway?), because all animals were vegetarians.

Okay, I’m a vegetarian, but I’d like to hear more about how they explain this all... The Creation Museum explains that all animals were vegetarians, and all could eat fruit and vegetables from the trees (which are not living things, according to the Bible, but are “green things”), but after Adam and Eve clothed themselves and lost favor to God, they made sacrifices to appease God, which is at the same time animals learned they could eat each other for food. And even though dinosaurs and large animals seem to be created for consuming animal flesh, and they have teeth to support the ripping of flesh for consumption, the Creation Museum explains that those dinosaur teeth are perfect for ripping through large hard melons, to consume the sweet fruit within the hardened shell.

(Okay, though I still don’t go for their explanation, I have to admit that’s a novel way of explaining their “My, what sharp teeth you have” strong teeth away...)



As we were walking through the Creation Museum and reading about these things, a woman and her two small children were also going through the museum exhibits, and she was talking to her kids (which were probably around 4 years old), reiterating the posters to her children (because if they *could* read it, I'm sure they didn't *want* to), explaining to them (like this museum is the only proof they need) that God *did* create the earth and heavens in 6 days, and that humans didn't come from any "tree of life," but as a very direct descent from God's will. So I tried to tune out what this mother was saying to her children, thinking that it wasn't my business (I should know better, I'm a journalist and I should snoop more, I know), but my husband asked me if I was listening to the mother talking in the museum. I told him that I tried to tune her out, so he explained to me what he heard her telling her small children. Let me try to paraphrase what she was telling her children here:

"People who tell you how the earth was not created by God... Remember, they are liars. People who say the earth is billions of years old... They are wrong. God created the earth in six days, six thousand years ago. These people who ask you to think about these things... They are trying to deceive you. They are doing the work of Satan."

Nice, lady, instill fear in the 4 year olds to make them believe in Christ as their Lord and Savior. I mean, this is what most dictators use to get people to do and believe what they want, use fear to keep people in line.

This mother was telling her small children that other people who don't believe in the strict word of the Bible and rely at all on science are deceivers and liars. This mother was (and probably always is) brainwashing her 4-year-old children.

It's sad that we had to hear this individual indoctrination during our viewing of the Creation Museum, because as we left her and her children in the darkened poster hallways, we entered a large room with scale humans in the jungles of the Garden of Eden (with probably smaller than real-life wild animals around them). The exhibits showed a man with deer, an antelope, a lamb, a monkey, a penguin (hey, penguins are only in Antarctica, with a select few penguins in the Galapagos Islands) and a flamingo (and wait a minute, flamingos are only in Africa, South America and the Galapagos Islands). The man looked happy hanging out naked with all of the animals of earth – except the dinosaurs, of course, which were in the exhibit near the woman. There was even an



exhibit of a dinosaur biting at a melon to get the juicy insides for food.

(I'm sorry, I'm still stuck on this meat-devouring teeth and gastro-intestinal system designed for eating animal flesh, being something God designed to eat through hardened melons to get to the fruit inside. What a riot.)



My husband also said he heard this mother say to her small children as we passed the dinosaur exhibits and posters something to the effect of “See honey, people did live with dinosaurs...” as if she wanted to use this Creation Museum as a fact-based corroboration of her beliefs in the Bible, to help prove that these stories *must* be true to her little children.

So we passed through the human-animal “historically” living-in-harmony exhibits to watch the 5-minute video display of how the 6 days transpired to create our earth as we know it. The film ran in a repeating loop, so we could just sit down anywhere, watch the film, and be on our way.

There were more explanations, of things like how large volcanic eruptions at Mount St. Helens (with cooling ash clouds) can explain the cooling of the earth after the Flood, and that Lookit Canyon, Step Canyon, Engineers Canyon and Little Grand Canyon had mudflows that can cut canyons (the way they explain the Flood also did). You know, I could go on about the little details, but you can see some of the images and perspectives (other than perspectives straight from) at Creation Museum Pictures at the Atheist Perspective (<http://www.atheistperspective.com/creation-museum-pictures/>).

While at the Creation Museum, I saw how that mother was telling her small children (who were young enough to listen to and blindly believe everything their mother said) about how God started everything in literally 6 days, and how man lived with dinosaurs (who were vegetarians; I'd really love to learn more about the vegetarian Tyrannosaurus, I really would, “my what big teeth you have for eating those hard-shelled melons...”). It truly scares me to think of how these religious organizations are selectively choosing what science has shown to support their beliefs, then saying every other scientific discovery is wrong. I wish people would



check their premises before making these baseless decisions about what to believe in their lives... It is funny, when people try to make debatable arguments for their side of a case, that they will selectively listen to *some* facts, but ignore others, and hope that nobody will notice their omissions and support their theories as blindly as they do.



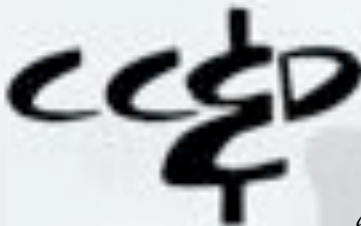
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(Author photo from the Creation Museum, superimposed over the Garden of Eden)

I know I just listened to an audio book about how religion is trying to change this country, but I suppose I had to spend the money to visit the Creation Museum, just to see the indoctrination on a micro-level for myself to believe that people can really think this way.

P.S.: If you want to see something funny, go to the insanely long link below, and see pictures they took of us superimposed over: the Garden of Eden, us both inside AND outside Noah's Ark, a galaxy in outer space (which doesn't look half bad), and dinosaurs (you know, since the Creation Museum explains how dinosaurs lived peacefully with us on earth before Adam and Eve's Original Sin of eating an apple from the Tree of Knowledge, when all creatures on the planet were vegetarians):

http://fotofx.photogra.com/index.cfm?p=afflookup&viewaff=&d=creation&imageid=0509&mon=05&yr=2009&iday=10&dpath=2009_05_10&dID= &IName=t_5A10509_72.jpg&UEmail=EnterYourEmail20090513113941316%40photogra.com&overlay=&op=w&iselects=10509&iurl=&subD=CREATION&upath=\\imgDisk3\CREATION\09-05-11_04-13-10_CREATION%2F&udp=\\photonasbak\static3%24&ImageName=5A10509_72.jpg&imagecode=1&mst=



Poetry read while
driving through
the Mid West,
after listening to the
audio book
"American Fascists"
and later viewing the
Creation Museum

CREATION RELATION

JANET KUYPERS

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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*, *Life 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), *Finally*, *Literature for the Snotty and Elite* (v1), *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*, *Deceit 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*, *Chapter 38* (v1 & v2), *Finally: Literature for the Snotty and Elite* (3 volumes), *Survival of the Fittest*, *a Wake-Up Call From Tradition*.

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* *WZRD 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 Screaming to a Halt* (EP), *PB&J* *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).