

12 times 12  
equals Gross

CEE

eebò 2010 chapbook  
Scars Publications

## For everyone except my mother

*When Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio tried to stop one of {Tillman's} endless excursions into the extraneous by asking what was the question before the Senate, the speaker, unembarrassed, said, "I am before the Senate."*

—from Pitchfork Ben Tillman, South Carolinian,  
by Francis Butler Simpkins

# The Moon

We aren't going to get along. Get that in your mind as a basic premise. You and I won't be friends. I've lived almost a half-C with others *not* liking me (and, I don't say that in a lame, "Charlie Brown" sense), so, this state of affairs is nothing new. We just aren't cut from the same hunk of cosmos, thee and me. You, you're a person, whatever that means, as human as the latest casualty gassed in Texas or injected in Illinois, or riddled with Mormon bullets in Deseret. You're human, that's all. For what that's worth. You're fully human.

This is of little interest to me. I'm not so human. I'm definitely not humane. I lack compassion, I lack empathy. Affection is cool, but only if I initiate. You know. The old high school joke, about being voted "Most Autistic". I don't want "human". I've tried it. It has too many oils and greases.

No, I'm a solipsist; Reality is just a nursemaid I can jack, but, don't give me that look. Don't judge me, yet. I don't make myself out God. And, I don't make God out "nice". God is pretty much as Depeche Mode made Him out. He's capricious and He's arbitrary. That's God as *I* understand Him: a thug. A sadist. A loony who kills for sport. The Creator of the Universes, nonetheless. I ain't Him. I'm not God. Like Charles Nelson Reilly in that Simon play that bombed, I'm only "a friend of God". The sycophant who holds the bully's coat.

In the years before he died, George Carlin gave up on humanity, was very open, very bold. He said, "You can all get fucked", and that, my non-friend, is the most honest thing one person can say to another. The rest is oral dung. Like anything beyond the Hammurabic Code is mollicoddling. I'm getting ready to die, soon, so I reinvented myself as a poet to let you in on some things. It's tell you now, or tell you never. Jim Bowie, discharging a final pistol. The mouse in that poster, flipping off the hawk.

One of the things it's vital you understand, is that we choose what we choose and that's what we choose, Popeye, The Sailor Man! We choose what we choose, and if we, in deference to Life, straddle the fence too long, then Life so does the choosing. That includes victimhood. It also includes anger. If you don't like me in this second, no one but You is making your blood pressure rise. If you're a drunk or an addict of any sort, remember, You selected it. I favor no Health Care for *any* human, at *any* time for *any* reason. I believe in Natural Selection. Only the strong should survive.

Humans, natch, disagree with me. On this and everything else. They disagree, Big Time. Humans believe in crying. They believe in wetnursing. They believe in a language called "Help". We'll examine its childish alphabet, beginning here. The alphabet begins with "A.A."

CEE, the Valley of the Little Big Horn, June 24th, 1876

## Lending library, Saturday, July

Muggy, outside the community building  
Light's burning up the lone  
Ping pong paddle  
Everything, here, is donated  
Half of it smells like pee  
Can't go nowhere today, so hungover  
Need me a good book to  
Blame

Only 6 streets down and 3 across, in our little  
Trailer court  
If this was 40 years ago, we'd all know each other  
Which, we do, anyway  
But, don't want to  
You know who each thing, here, came from  
Each crumbling item  
Each sad book

Real winners, here  
Victor Paul Wierwille's studies for *The Way*, and  
*His Sister's Dress-Up Doll*  
3 written-in Bibles  
A Book of Mormon  
*Born to Win*  
*Das Energi*  
A graphic slickback howto by Marilyn Chambers  
Everyone has an answer  
All kind of alike

Terrific

The guy in Trailer #12 contributed

The A.A. Handbook,

*Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions*

(1988 edition)

Water damaged, or this is pee, too...but,

Readable

I don't want any kind of Pinsky-Hop "Help"

Never did

Never will

Never would

But

The maintenance guys outside, sound like tape in reverse

Kids on the frontage road are

Speaking in scream

Darkness, coolness and opinions, here

This pee-chair is cushier than the others

Okay

Okay

All right

## Step One...

# Turning Denial Red With Blood

What you mean is Not  
“Unmanageable”  
Life is unmanageable  
When the noodles boil over  
Or the cat pukes on your favorite CD  
Or the wife won't let you into bed  
And brandishes her cell with a threat  
If you try to climb in, anyway  
Life  
If it ain't downtime in *Huck Finn*,  
Is fuckin' crazy

What you mean is Not  
“Powerless”,  
Either  
That's a freaktube thing  
The rebel leader chick in “V”, vibrating in the torture beam  
(GOD, that was hot!)  
Or a drug that makes you defecate helplessly  
Or Officer Friendly electing Not to say,  
“You're free to go.”

Powerless,  
You're DeNiro in *Raging Bull*,  
Beating his hands broken in the “stockade” scene  
Unmanageable,  
Someone rear-ended your Volvo

I'd replace this twaddle with:  
“When we recognized that,  
We'd drunk until we didn't even  
Give a shit about not  
Giving a shit,  
And no had no money,  
And no had no one left hold bag,  
We organized.”

## Step Two...

I believe in a tiny,  
little elf, about \*this big\*

When I think of some  
Unidentifiable  
Inidentifiable  
Adams-and-Jefferson-at-each-other's-throats-over-grammar kinda  
"Power"  
All I get out of That  
Is either  
The Schoolhouse Rock song about  
"VERB!!!"  
Where I can't remember any of the other words to save me  
Just a lot of people shouting,  
"VERB!!!" ,  
Or, a simple, old "Power" button  
Before they started re-renaming all the tech, again  
So, in one instance, obeying God makes you a screaming nutcase  
In the other, He's a machine you can  
Turn off whenever it suits  
Okay  
Fine  
We just had to  
Define our terms

Step Three...

My sociologist friend,  
in the midst of the Allness of God

*Uhhh, well...!*

According to my computations  
I can give you a more efficient paradigm  
Like reinstating the word "SUGAR" back in Smacks  
So people the fuck  
Know  
Maybe people should  
The fuck  
Be Born Knowing  
And click on, Night Ranger, from the boot  
See,  
I'm working on only one wild paradigm,  
Mr. Toad-God,  
That You Could Have Made It Different  
You COULD HAVE  
But, you didn't  
I know I can't know  
What's outside the universe  
But, why not?



## Step Four...

# Inventory Control (Fearless Revisionism)

So, what'm I guilty of?  
I must be guilty of some  
Thing  
And, that's our first problem  
If (you) don't feel bad enough  
If (they) can't force it from you  
If (your) tears aren't revelatory  
If (you) don't, like a new believer on his knees,  
"Decide again"  
(they) say (you) haven't learned  
And, that's true  
I haven't learned what You in particular  
Are selling  
Even if you're selling it for  
Free  
Truth is, humans have  
Conscience, because  
There exist other humans  
If you forget conscience...  
I forgot mine a long time ago  
It literally  
Isn't There  
Doc labeled me a  
Narcissist  
Because I wouldn't buy what  
She was Selling  
@ \$130.00 per twenty minute increments  
(You know,  
Vassar and Hunter  
Should have courses in prostitution  
There's one commercial idea)

Community

Even here?

A gathering together of shards of loners and the Don't Give a Flying

A "let's be together"

For glug-gluggers and "*I'm hurtin', man!*"

There has to be a better way than Otherness...has to be

The whole scope of bars or

The ritual of getting high,

Is socialization alongside Other beings

But only "alongside"

Their just being "there"

Like at your job

Or, your church

Or, time spent with in-laws

There they are, flesh and sound, but

They're a formica tabletop in

Your Play

See, whatever actual emptiness whatever

Doesn't "count" in the maelstrom of

"*HAAA-HaHa-Haaaaa...!*"

or red-eyed shadows

or hulkin' out

or rediscovering bodies

or even

"Mother, oh, Mother, *why?*!"

Because you're OUT

At a bar

Or in a sealed-off room, doing things you shouldn't be doing

Nightly human's as false as daily

You do the Fakey-Fakey, and don't turn Yourself around,

You're what it's all about!

A group of smashed

People glasses

Un-made-up pug deadness

Ugly babies, lower-lipping one another

Community, yeah

Where no one is permitted to be or see a robot,

But all of whom would hiss, tea kettle, at a class in

Social skills

Step Five...

*Drunks are bears;  
they ain't wolves*

## Step Six...

I Am Sober! I Am Perfect!  
(ERROR?? ERROR??)

An old, illiterate friend who tried to write a book  
Gave me the bit about  
“Being perfect before God”  
I argued (politely)  
And within ten minutes, he was  
Red-faced, screaming  
Stamping the floor  
Like a child

Some marginal relative who goes on endless “missions”  
In between raping his daughter and  
Throttling her  
Against a wall  
(I guess she isn’t allowed to *say* “fuck”  
Just oblige his urges to)  
Well  
He believes in this zero tolerance “sinlessness”, too

Defects of character are the  
Ben Franklin bon mot about  
Rebellion being okay in the First Person  
I’ve noticed that God doesn’t remove anything  
You  
Weren’t tired of, anyway  
In the end, as with all flesh,  
It’s *alllllll Controlllllll*  
You “making me” say uncle  
To what Freud or Adler or Jung or  
The terms of my conviction say are  
“Defects”  
Sure, float your boat, Dr. Relative Relevancy  
The *Twilight Zone* with the pig-snout people  
Skinny chicks when Manet was huge

## Step Seven...

Sam, you made the shortcomings  
too obvious

It's like the guy the girl breaks up with  
Because he went back on a vow to stop laying around  
Because she was probably bugging him  
And he said,  
"Okay, I'll give it up!"  
I can see individuals  
Not in front of other individuals  
I can see them all vowing to God, now  
"Humbly asking"  
Sure, Burt  
No one eats that pie, who isn't creamed by Life  
And, I don't mean  
Forlorn creamed  
I don't even mean  
Crying creamed  
I mean like late in the first season of  
*Six Feet Under*,  
Where David begs God to "please take away this loneliness...!"  
Nobody does that  
Who doesn't need nursing care and a  
Lolly  
I mean, okay, they *do*,  
But  
They go back into work the next day  
And drink Snapple and  
Fart

Step Eight...

Makin' a crying towel,  
Checkin' it twice....!

I tell ya what

#POW!!#

*Counter-Suggestion!*

You advertise in all newspapers

In print, online

In all social networks

Rent a booth on the sidewalk

Bullhorn it from your car like a

1950's grass roots campaign

And, I'll search you out and demand the apology *I* want

If *I* want to

No offense, I'm sorry you're awkward

But I don't need you

Getting cripple

All over me

Step Nine...

By the 18th Amends  
(Repeal Your Mind!)

I don't care  
That you care enough  
To tell me you're sorry  
For Not having cared;  
I cared at the time (maybe)  
But, this is Capitalism, re: forgiveness  
And, I quote:  
"Payoff by the end of the next day,  
The latest  
Or, it's always there,  
Even if we say it isn't."

Oh, what?  
You're caring to be sorry you didn't care  
For Your *Own* Purposes?  
So, you Don't care, actually  
Not really  
That's cool

You know, I haven't punched you, yet  
And, I think I'm being generous

Step Ten...

Ah-HAAH-HAA....! So SAD!!

So  
This shit just Never ends,  
Is that it?  
So  
Per “recovering”  
You’ve selected to  
NEVER  
HAVE  
CONTROL  
Got it!  
Great!  
I totally respect that!  
Ya wanna go out, tonight?  
There’s this specialty, at that place downtown?  
“Fire and Ice”  
It’s a shot of Hot Damn, chased with a shot of  
Peppermint Schnapps  
#Snap#

Step Eleven...

"What shirt should I wear, Lord?"

I'm  
Directed by the positive  
Affirmation of the will to do  
Good while walking morally  
Upright with my  
Best foot forward, mindful of  
All positive energies and the  
Freedoms and  
Rights of  
Others  
Thus...and by that same logical implication...  
God, as I understood, *Told me* to steal the corned beef sammich  
It helped me  
That's Positive, Good, a Plus  
And, cliché though it sounds, my theft hurt none Other  
Except a faceless chain  
(Of course, I mean, yes,  
I was born during the Cold War  
There *are* children starving in China  
But  
They weren't getting the sammich, anyway)



Step Twelve...

I Found It (happy hour, ruined)

There is a proverb  
Middle Eastern in origin  
So, anything remotely Red snorts Bushie at my  
“Juncture”  
And, the proverb is as follows:  
“If your neighbor has made one pilgrimage to Mecca,  
Watch him  
If two,  
Avoid him  
If three,  
Move to another street.”  
*So In Other Words*  
Personal happiness does not make others happy  
Yet, I can't light up in here  
But, jackass can preach me  
The Gospel According to Harvey Wallbanger  
O say can you see  
A problem with that?

Individual liberty,  
Great unity

You don't have such such an animal, Thomas Wolfe  
My freedom is, I want you dead

*There!*

How's *that*?

I can hear the BBC executive-style "Harrumph!"s

Already, but

I'm not being silly

Gacey wasn't being silly

Dahmer

Charlie Starkweather

Charles Whitman wasn't clowning around

Liberty is, at the bottom of the gully

Deep in the valley so low,

In that special little knick-knock hideaway

Where the Yum-Yum fairies

Fuck,

The anarchist definition, i.e.

"You can't have a little bit of freedom

Just like you can't have a little bit of

Pregnancy;

If you're 'free',

You're free All The Way."

Now

Some of us are just evil,

And we'll eat the snacks

and sleep with your wife

and go through your drawers while you're outside, mowing

But m'point am, to say

"Obey"

Just to *say it*

Vulcan cannons freedom, liberty, self-autonomy, etc.

There is no Unity in Individuality

I have rights

I want you dead

Vice-versa?

Tradition One...

ACHTUNG!!  
(Bar towel  
bootstrap)

Tradition Two...

I Feel Led  
That God Says You're Wrong

I can't name the character  
Or even the show  
The old man, an Elder god,  
Shithammers for keeps, now, if you but speak his name  
(Well, maybe into the bathroom mirror on  
All Hallow's Eve)  
But, I think about the idea of "Group conscience"  
A poor man's Platonic soul  
John and Jane Q. as flesh-cloud  
Where the pushiest ones  
Or, those most passive-aggressive  
Get their way Always  
I  
See this peek-a-boo hiding behind  
The idea of  
Heads coming together without both  
A super-ordinate and  
A subordinate  
The word "group" as mantra  
(if you say it to yourself in stillness of your room, BTW  
"group" is an ugly-sounding word)  
And, I think about this  
And, I keep hearing  
As said by an extremely cool creation  
Of a Master of Matters  
Fantastic,  
Said quite well by  
*A Very Excellently-Done Character:*  
"Dog! Dog-dog-dog-dog-dog-dog-dog!"

Tradition Three...

(...or smoking,  
Thank You, Larry Hagman)  
or, "Just Sit There"

"Life?"

Nope

Heer you come tuh settle

You cain' not no have no

Stimull-unts

They's Soci-Et-Ee got rid of THE SMOKERS

So, thass jus' The Law

Cain' no one stick intuh another nor get stuck intuh,

Neither

Thass 's some of whut We say

P'ra'ps Bazooka Bubble Gum's okay

Oop

Nope

Sugar

Tradition Four...

I Dibs the Group Who Just  
Whine and Keep Drinking

You know  
The one where the same fat girl speaks for ten hours  
At a time  
And anonymity isn't respected  
"Anonymity" being the kind of word the group  
Would try to pronounce, then laugh and say,  
"Call it something else!"  
Except for the guy with the stubble and the ruddy  
Looking ready to make a "gay" remark

That one group, you know  
The one that has widely-publicized fundraisers, concerts  
Picnics where they take pix and  
Identify  
Everyone knowing Everyone and who the hell each other are  
Just hangin' out, bein' cool  
Nothing hidden  
Credo moldy and  
In the dumper  
But, hey!  
It's a *group*, a room to *go* to  
For the snacks  
And the fat girl  
Afterward

Tradition Five...

I Saw a Cartoon of Billy Sunday  
That Was Like That

Or the Apostle in *The Last Supper*  
Who's holdin' up ee's finger  
Like there's poo on it  
The sort of Christian/spiritual person/seeking drunk in Q  
Who looks  
(in spirit)  
Like a subpar Edward Gorey drawing  
You sit there, thinking:  
“*Why'd he draw it that way?*”  
No one *does that!*  
*That's one stupid comic hero pose...*  
*A person'd have to be drunk!*”

Tradition Six...

Patent Pending #61855214

It's a bit difficult  
To endorse anything  
When your life consists of  
YOU, and  
Feeling shitty  
To endorse or swear by or love anything an angstrom  
Or care  
(REALLY CARE, for REAL)  
You'd have to see others as actually  
Existing  
And be happy that they did  
Happy at their Big Bang, "aha!" happiness  
In your completely self-centered  
Experience

## Tradition Seven...

"Flower?...Oh, would you  
take a brochure, please?..."

Shakin' us down  
Diggin' deep  
Sure, I'll go back to government cheese  
(oh, wait, I don't get that anymore, either)  
Unless I'm well off for these conceptual purposes  
Then, I resent supporting all you drunks  
Who don't wear suits  
To the meet

Passin' the basket  
So the money can be used, ohhh, however!  
Like that time I trick-or-treated for UNICEF (Nuf Ced)

Yeah, I'm happy we don't stand on street corners, like those  
God  
Damned  
Krishna Murti's  
Not that I'd ever stand with the rest of you  
So, I'm happy to feel pressured in this manner, I mean  
Thanks for this Not being church, but  
Couldn't you cry (hard) for the money?  
Like Jerry Lewis or Swaggart?  
That's a show, at least  
Or, I could sit and laugh, pig-ignorant  
While you danced before me like a  
Krishna,  
BamBam Rubble on the  
Gospel Foursquare tambourine

In go my dollars  
For the privilege of hearing mySelf talk  
Without dramaic  
Oh  
Yay



Tradition Eight...

Like the Guardian Angels?

This is an adjunct  
To what you just read Above  
Because, to  
“Employ special workers”  
Ya gotta pay ‘em  
Pretty generally  
And, there’s more of *moi’s* dollars  
Which didn’t get to be spent on  
Marlboro Reds (in the box)  
Listen, deafness,  
I didn’t ask for the caterer  
My wife would gladly have made fried chicken and cole slaw  
But, you like “a nice spread” at the citywide meet, don’t you?  
Yeah  
And that plumber  
You could’ve just bunged up the sink  
It ain’t our building  
Funny how believing in Any goddammed thing  
Involves bench press wallet-lifting  
For sundry purposes *I* don’t get to say  
What was that about “having control”?  
Oh!  
No!  
None here!

Tradition Nine...

Hiring committees to study the situation

A group mentality is  
Just that  
A group mentality  
Anything You create  
Is a part of You  
So, the zygote of a service board or commission  
Necessarily doesn't give its judgment but  
Yours  
*Its* industry, *Your* judgment  
Granted, it doesn't fly like that in  
DC, but  
On the Un-organized level (yeah, right)  
You level the playing field with  
The playground  
And your committee is William Golding's nightmare  
Because not enough people  
Ever vote for Ralph

Tradition Ten...

## Keep Up The Good Racism

Oh, you don't get into issues, huh?  
Kind of like Coz not speaking up for  
A bazillion  
And when he did, it was to shake his solid gold cane  
At all them durned  
Doubledutching 'hoodie-winkin' whippersnappers  
Consarn it...!

Likewise  
If preachers of any "Ism"  
Don't Get Out Da Vote on *anything*  
By way very own, intrinsic, unique, personal structure  
They are doomed, chained Gilgamesh  
To their pew ghetto's  
Finally, at last  
All Christians

Tradition Eleven...

(except for Bill W.)

Isn't it interesting  
How any philosopher-king  
Who doesn't get wiped  
By a bullet  
Just Kerrigan-silver-Brinker-skates  
On his/her/their own rules  
Just a-toddlin' along,  
Smiling Idea Man  
Buying Others to buy in  
With tactics explained in minute detail  
In Orwell's  
*Animal Farm*

Tradition Twelve...

Well, that explains Richard Lewis' book

I love the destructo's who  
Stabbed themselves in the balls with Life  
For ten millennia  
Loving the Hate of the Hurt of the Good Feelin'  
And then,  
Like Shirls with her lives  
Or Madonna with her tome  
BANG-O!!  
*"I'm ascended!"*

Well, why not?  
If I was outta gas in the middle of  
Big Sky Country,  
I'd pretend I loved the piss outta  
Walking,  
Too

Off of the cush  
Back on the shelf  
The room just stinks of disinfectant, now  
Which didn't work  
Until I got used to what it  
Didn't quell

I dunno  
There might a place for Recovery shit  
Sad people need to sit, sit somewhere  
Like Jim Croce said,  
“...everybody gotta say somethin’...  
everybody gotta *do* somethin’.”  
It doesn't work for *me*, since  
“Belief system” is  
By abstract definition  
A choice of swords  
I happen to have my own  
Ah  
Here

Lending  
library,  
later that  
same day

*His Sister's Dress-Up Doll*

I'm an only child  
Felt I was cheated  
Always wished I'd been some hairless, weak little shit  
With a butch-nympho sister who had a  
Butch-nympho friend  
And the pair of them could humiliate me  
Beyond repair  
(While perversely keeping it all relative)  
This bit of clandestine porn, this “material”  
Speaks, to me, Way, Way Louder  
And far more honest, than does  
Not recovering from a disease called  
Unhappiness

I didn't contribute this porn PB to our library, BTW  
That same guy, over in Trailer #12, he did  
He used to be one helluva high roller, great guy, really cool and fun  
'Til he stopped drinking

## New York City

So there, too!

I entered a poetry contest, once (2000?), where you were allowed to include a list of Acknowledgments. I got real cheeky and acknowledged every person I could think of, in that silly, tongue-in-cheek, your “Last Will and Testament”-in-Senior-Year way. I felt like an ass, after losing; turned out, the contest called *publishing credits* “acknowledgments”. I’m still trying to work that one out. Acknowledgments acknowledging editors who acknowledged me? That’s a bit Jackie Gleason/Art Carney, don’t you think? Or Jack Webb on the *Tonight Show*.

So, I’ll cover both translations:

1) Credits. I’ve reinvented myself about 4 or 5 times, since the days of the supply side. The last incarnation happened in ’07. Doing well with it. 90+ poems in some kind of media, another threescore waiting, suspended, in the wings. I shall only tell you how to find *that* stuff.

...

No, I won’t even do that. Google it, yourself. “CEE” has the First Inaccessible -1, of matches. Have fun. I’ll be laughing, joking about your suffering to my friends.

2) ACTUAL Acknowledgments. This ain’t the Oscars, chucko. I’m grateful to no one, least of all, God. What happens to me, good or bad, orgasm or destruction, *is what was going to happen, anyway*. Some people do nice things for me, yes. But, even the nice ones don’t cook to order.

This chapbook was originally typeset in the macfonts of Tahoma (intro, this outro, poem titles, headers), and Plantagenet Cherokee. The latter, I chose because I carry the blood of both in my veins; the former, because it makes me think about the old, PI, faux Indian “Takhomasak” thing Steak and Shake used to do, and as that revelation should evince, I’m far more Plantagenet than Cherokee....

That’s it for American Lit., today. Tomorrow, we’ll work on colors....  
Entropy is a lie. Pass it on.—CEE, 4/12/10

# 12 times 12 equals Gross

CEE

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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, 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, v2 & v2), Finally, Literature for the Snotty and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dqark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, 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, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, 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, Momento 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, nopoem, "In Your Heart, the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God"*

**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), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the 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 Powters Trio* Fusion (4 CD set), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kuypers* Live (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kuypers* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Kuypers* St. Paul's (3 CD set), *Kuypers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kuypers and the HA!Man of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set)