

Und ihr Habt
(You Have
Doch Besiegt
Finally Won)

CEE

1555-1555
cc&d 2010 chapbook
publications

**In Memory of “the Golden He” (Helene Mayer),
silver medalist in women’s fencing
at the Berlin Olympiad**

INTERVIEWER: Do you think that by—in a sense—”dividing yourself” in this way, you are diffusing your contribution?

WELLES: Probably.

INTERVIEWER: Think that’s a bad thing?

WELLES: Nooo...not a bad thing for *me*...might be a bad thing for *Art*, but since I don’t regard Art as of prime importance, I’ve answered your question.

INTERVIEWER: Then, the Hell with posterity.

WELLES: Yes.

—from a televised interview with Orson Welles, Paris, 1960

Scylla

Ah. Nonfriends, welcome. You've returned. I know...misery doesn't only love company; it *demand*s it. I speak of Yours. Don't run from it.

This is the obligatory "Oh, Hitler! Oh, the uniform!" chapbook. All poets who don't hate Plath, are required by law to write one. Mine is written as character study. More of me than of AH. Oh, he's here, and in abundance, but so am I. Me and my inner Horst Wessel.

Our title comes from a painting by Paul Herrman, which hung in the Reichschancellery in Berlin. I've adopted it (the title), because I'm pretty certain it's the case. I think you think it's the case, too. We would disagree strongly as to whom the Brownshirts are, but most of our confusion emanates from the fact that Those Who Subjugate—or attempt to—no longer careen about in member's only uniforms. Not usually. Not really cool ones. I think I'd accept any goddammed thing, if the uniforms were cool...which, is why many Germans rubberstamped the NSDAP to begin with.

I was born in the final, official year of the Boom, and my allegiance is to that generation...not because most of its fellows know no allegiance whatever, but it's as near as I can squeeze to the Tom Brokaw Catch Phrase Generation, who yanked the iron out of the Wagnerian, Confucianist fire, saving us from living in a Phil Dick novel and setting our feet squarely—

Here. Where Hitler triumphs for real. Doesn't matter "who" or "what" you think Hitler is. If you'd just buck up and out your narcissism, you'd admit, as do I, that it's his face staring back at you from your medicine cabinet mirror. Not because any of us are anti-Semitic, though, or that we do drugs, oh, no, even Keith Richards got clean, remember, no, no, we don't espouse nothin' bad, not *nothin'*! We're clean, daddy, clean, clean, clean, we believe in community and that the children are our future, everyone has dignity and no one's allowed to hurt others, so, watch your language, that's hate speech, that's abuse, I don't think you ought to be discussing "That". *Oh, God, no. Sorry. Forgot. Loose lips sink oil rigs.*

Bullshit. In the words of one of my great heroes, Dr. Leonard H. "Bones" McCoy, "I'll discuss what I like! *And, Who In The Hell Are You?!*"

Good question, Doc. Who Are We? I'm happy to reveal it to you, nonfriends, if you still retain your illusions...for, if God is what I called Him, last time you and I spoke, then we as "His image" are thus (from an interview I gave, the pub of which folded before it could run):

"We are all of us, jaded, hatefilled, lustfilled yet somehow selfrighteous bitches and sonsabitches who would, offered the proper bounty, murder or allow murder...and cum sweet from it. We are farmyard animals with plasma screens, braying the word "Help", meaning "Help *Me*". Incubi and succubi, all the worse for the requisite denial due to fear. That's what six times seven is, my child. That's Human. Either I am only admitting it without niceties, or I am the only one who realizes it. I prefer to think the former, but the jury is still out on that one."

Hence, our title. It would appear Audie Murphy fought for nothing.

CEE aboard the S.S. Andrea Doria July 25th, 1956

Something Vichy about this

Bogie didn't give Ingrid
The letters of transit
He had her jailed and sent to a camp
He and Claude Rains traipsing, beautiful collaboration,
Through the Brandenburg Gate
Back shadows sharp-lit avant garde film noir *Samurai Jack*
A sense of foreboding
That science could with smug smarminess tell us, one day
That string theory says
This is just as valid, this place where Hitler won
Evil dancing around a bonfire as many are happy
Gnawing on a bone
Truly convinced, really, actually happy
Mmm, good bone

All Warm and Gentle...Red

Adolf stands and watches
As The Bomb goes off in Hell
Washing celestial from around them with physical plutonium,
Then killing them all right back into it
The new-cue-lur always destroys Infinity
It's The Big Bang (and there's more to my theory, but
I don't wanna get into it, right now)
So, Hell's minions stay right where they are
But, Adolf's eye is not dimmed,
Nor his natural force abated
Forever's a long time
He knows it
They'll get out, eventually

Slow trucks, little babies' butts, little pizza pies and sadism

In Germany, that cozy, warm cuddle decade,
They shot the old dogs
Indoctrinated the children
And had I.G. Farben convert the watermelon wine
Into something a bit kickier
There're all kinds of idylls, you know
Just because you personally don't tingle
When the tomtoms begin their beat
In the
Halls of Dark Solutions

Why he needed to own the joint

It's Hell, to get old, to Be old, out on the city streets
To fall on the ice
Or, get mugged
It's Hell to live in Fear
After a Life lived, trying to build up your country
If I didn't have my orange crate
Couldn't scream so loud
If there weren't this brace of 29 SA brutes around me,
Jesus, oh, Jesus, it's scary on the streets
I don't much like the look of that butch chick
If she gets too near, I'll stuff her sleeve into my mouth
And growl

"I Love You, Protector Buddy!"

If marketing
And the Third Reich
Had been in Time-sync,
Figure, maybe the 1950's or 60's, instead,
A cool product campaign
Would have been for a *Reichsadler* eagle-toy,
Like a carrying-around pal, a doll they'd call "Protector"
Your Protector-eagle would watch over you,
Stuffed or plastic guardian angel, and
You would learn Loyalty, in turn protect Him
You'd fight others, fight hard
Murder if you had to
For your warm, eagle-Protector hugbuddy
Who Love U Berry Berry Much
I happen to know this would have worked
It worked on me, just with symbolism, in the 60's
And, should you find it impossible to imagine anyone still
With spangled eyes and
Visions of rockets' red glare dancing in their head,
Consider I have never suffered, nor been made to suffer
Thus, as I overheard at a comic con in 1981:
"I got nuthin' against him; he didn't fuck *Me*!"

Sieg Smeal

On some plain plain of Chaucer's
In some inn of disease
I can see a knight of far future destruction handing The Swastika
To a knight of the Past
Counseling, deep into the wee's
About the "what" of it,
I can see his armor glint by firelight,
Irises, too
A million years of fire and denial it took humans
To become this awful thing
He talks on, interminably,
His charge, the one receiving the gift,
Falls asleep...
Next morning, the gift, The Swastika
Is gone
The scullery maid took it, perhaps
This being the "why" of the term
"Feminazi":
Because any assertion of any humanity
Would be
To those fallen asleep at the wheel
As good as
"Heil"ing all over the place

YHWH, Zip It a Second!

Morton Downey, Jr.
Had a phrase he blew with smoke
When he wasn't valiantly fighting skinheads
In his dreams
"Pablum pukers"
Mort meant that to encompass
Anyone
Still not Goose-step, Stage Right
Even I know that, I knew it in 1989,
But I have to wonder about it
Whenever our church newsletter wanders in,
We never told them to remove us from the mailing list
And, so we read of their happy evenings playing bunco
(Butthole?)
Bunco, and "making a mess for God" with the *kinders*
I'd like Mort to pad over to our church in
Red-socked feet, and carpet-bomb away,
But he's dead, and
The Gipper is dead
And, God may not be, but He's sure calling in sick a bunch
Severe nausea?

“HAAAAA—BEEDEEHEE—HAAAAA...!”

You do have to wonder about the Grim Reaper
If he's really like in that 13 hour Brad Pitt movie
(It *was* 13 hours, wasn't it?
They recarpeted our *house* during it)
And, Mr. Death was some young, goolookin' guy,
Joe Studnik
I think I'd really hate him—Death—then, at the moment
And, though it would do no good whatever,
Instead of shuckin', jivin' and cutting a deal,
I'd blaze away, SurroundSound, as he came
Laying it on with the high-powered Gatling gun
A scene instead from *Predator*
A scene from the gift of Life, which is
A nibble of an éclair

Bloodred Submarine

Nowhere Hitler, depicted postage in a porthole
A portal porthole, lil' *uber*-creatures dabble-dippin'
Eyes to Heaven
(the stamp is red)
Eyes on the claw machine prize
U-Boat journey through a gel world where eve rything Blue
Are meanies

And, Fuehrer-buddy kicks up his classic mix, and

In the town where I was born
Lived a man who
Had to
For purposes of self defense,
Gun down a little Hitler Youth boy
Who wasn't perceptive
That the American GI
Was there to confiscate the HJ dagger,
Not ogle it and say,
Good son

Phantom of the Hitler sings from the sewers

I looked upon the mouse and he said, "Squeak"
And, all I saw was vermin, Herman
So, take that there Love a' yorn
All Der Way
It has to be Krupp steel enough so as to ride the rapids
All Der Way down to
The Town Inspector
Closing your house due to sanitation issues
Know why?
Enough reflexive "ooh, aah, icky poo!"
And, you start to feel it just being
With
Other
People

Show #001 (of 2)

We tried a *Mystery Science Theater 3000*-thing
Watched movies with my
Primitive sound equipment placed about the room
So to hear us being pithy
I was worried the chosen movie's audio would distract us into
Actually watching it instead of
Thinking we were all Bill Hicks,
So selected Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*
We had a day which ended sick from laughter
As funny as the professionals we'd just not
Been given the chance to become,
But
I kinda goofed, at one point, 'cause
Every time Riefenstahl would cut to buildings or a statue or a
Manmade horizon of any sort,
I'd intone,
"Bombed, May, 1942"
"Bombed, August, 1941"
"Bombed, January, 1944"
And so on
Until one friend said,
"That wasn't that funny to begin with!"
And, it kinda killed my mood
So, fine, Rex Reed, *excuse me*, scorched earth isn't funny
I thought it was funny

Hitler goes for a Snickers

If they don't have the larger size
If they don't have the sweepstakes one
Better still have one left with almonds
Better be On Sale, too
With six, I get eggroll
Heheh
Funny joke
That lady's dog's turd looks like a Snickers
Look sharp, there, ma'am
Don't forget to scoop
Hmm
Scoops would be good
Maybe a *USA Today*
Suppose I could stop at the deli
Pick up some ricotta cheese
I wonder whose paying for all this?

Yeah, you'll THINK, "cay-sirrah, sirrah"!

The girls didn't Always build dwellings
Montague informs me
Taking that as true, then
A boy can be free to build a dwelling
A girl can be free to build a tower
And, all may draw any house, any tree, any person
Or, you may draw a Cubist cat
Conceivably choose any token, bar none, from the grab bag
Even the swastika
No matter what portents of
What?
Well, why is there no swastika token in the grab bag?
Sure, sure, I understand, but
BUT
THAT flaws your protocol
You're kidding, if
If no one can even be permitted to choose
But, utter darkness is still a viable
The attitudinal shouldn't
But, You're saying "shouldn't"!!
Whatever, shut up
Whatever
...
Build, be, select as you wish, new creations
Yours is All Choice
Of No Choice
In what choice you have

Senor Adolf Wences

Hitler: Axis.

Mussolini: Axis?

Hitler: Axis me.

Mussolini: Axis you what?

Hitler: Axis me who win.

Mussolini: WE win.

Hitler: I Know we do so, but Axis me.

Mussolini: Okay, so who win?

Hitler: WE win.

Mussolini: So you say, I know you say, but—

Hitler: But what say?

Mussolini: Why Axis if you know?

Hitler: I Axis You.

Mussolini: But I know, too. You know, I know. You Axis me Axis.

Hitler: You, me, we. I Axis so They Know.

Mussolini: They no know?

Hitler: They do Now. Sawright?

Mussolini: I *guess*...

Mein Kampf Will Go On (cue tuba solo)

Premise:

Titanic takes place in 1912, as normal

But WW2

Was actually WW1

And, it happened in the days of Bismarck

(that's the *Second* Reich...wake up, all you students)

And, Kate Winslet is staring up at The Statue of Liberty

As the old woman's memory

Comes near its end,

But alternate-reality Speer has had Liberty's ankle

Shackled for real,

Just like Kate Winslet is shackled in the memory scene

As she's beaten by the assistant purser for giving Jack's last name

When clearly

He had been Aryan

The Dunderback's Machine Solves a Riddle

JFK as classic whoremonger, is known to all by rote
Yet, this thankless gland is the Champion of Freedom
A man who used women like Kleenex
No one questions this,
Because we, all of us, Know why
So, I'll break the Camelot Compact
In deference to the hard of thinking
And say it out loud,
His PT boat went blubblub in the WW2 Pacific
He injured his back in reaching shore
And was half-crippled-up (to be my grandmother, for a second)
All his remaining Life
We put that into the hopper with
Any and all physical demands on the male, re: sex
And, the answer/result/reason to champion a champion
Who used and took like Templeton the rat
Is:
Female Superior

Hitler does a little Maypole dance

I recall learning
Of fascism
Since I don't believe in kneejerking one's thinking,
That, "the individual is a product of the clan"
NOT the other way around
A maxim I kneejerk at people,
Since I don't believe in debate
I keep cog-slipping, though
Thinking that "the individual is a product of the Klan"
Which isn't precisely fascism
Just a kind of *yee-haa!* craigslist

The Guardian of McHistory

Guns and flags and fields of wolves rampant
Stone people wrapped with leather
Eternally moving sidewalk of active icons of heraldic runes
Statues, statue-flesh
The knights! The cannon!
Stiff eagles and
Hot *frauliens* in kerchiefs
Smiling, motion without motion,
Since Mickey D's set this up in Circlevision
It's supposed to be instructional, but
I only stay for the first two minutes
Pretty impressive
You could make some real converts, here;
If Mc's wanted to warn people,
This circle-flow of snare drums and speartips dripping pennants
Isn't the way
It's too beautiful
A Real warning would be a flow of intermingled
Blood
That's a warning
That'll attract people
Mind you, they'll be the wrong sort

RAD: “We Do Our Part”

The RAD
Was the Nazi Civilian Corps
The shovel people
Who killed you with shovels, instead

God Isn't ONLY Love (I Heart Me)

I was going to make a general statement about War
But generalizations, seditious or sadistic,
Get everyone into trouble
Like the pig-ignorant friend
In whom I confided my relationship anger,
Who said, toasting me with his non-imported beer,
“Yehuh! Yer possessions and shit won't keep yew
Warm at night!”
Indeed, no
They won't
My quilted blankets will
I don't think of boring items as “possessions”

Mr. Ed Goes ⚡

He attacked me, in my dream
Stomped me into the ground
Kept stomping, narrating it goofy as he brutalized
Like some video game, the old, retro, good ones,
“Stomping!...Stomping!...Stomping!”
He kept killing me, kept killing me
Not horsing around (sorry)
Equine in desperate need of morphine
Stomping, Hell’s Angel-like
Kept Altamont-killing me after I was dead and
In the ground
“That horse knows the way to bury and slay”, I thought in
Warm cliché,
Waking to sight of my wife’s childhood Steiff pony,
Remembering our late-nite argument about
Animal rights

Application of the Chaplin Postulate

Young boy, old man
Dragging myself through the only two differences
Between Start and Finish:
On my back, Not shoveling the walk in 1973,
It was
Well, it Could happen!, and
I wonder what's in the fridge?
On my side, blood sugar-sick in the 21st Century,
It's
Why didn't it happen?, and
A jar of garlic.

Triumph of the Dickens

And the Fuehrer gave me candy, and I said,
“Thank you very much”
And, he hit his cue, repeated my line,
And, we danced atop his casket in Germania
Singing happy dirges
The National Socialist World
Mourning this humanitarian man of Love,
Whom I—
Having murdered the real
Spirit of Holocaust Yet To Come
In the dressing room—
Was teaching to go back into Reality
Suck it the Hell up
And be the very best firebreathing sonofabitch
He could possibly be

Conscience Science Con (PBS sucks)

I'm to believe that in WW2,
Only 25% of our military actually fired their weapons at the
enemy?

*Uhuh...*have another brownie...

So, what you're saying is,
Either Rambo is reality, and
All you have to do is pick up a monster-cannon and
Spray bullets in the general direction of your target
Whereupon, everyone falls down on cue

Or

Our armies in The Big One
Were 25% calzone-stuffed with
Actual Rambo's
Because, what you're left with otherwise, brie cheese,
Is the mathematical logic of
A lot of millions of Sino and Teuton bodies of men
Who died Not from bombs or dysentery,
But from a machine gun nest where one guy just
Shook the barrel at intervals and the other coughed
Like a drunk, vomiting
G'HAAARK, G'HAAARK
GAAK
G'HAAARK

Zloty Say

Who is God?
Asked the parapsychologist
And the mist said,
Zloty
Google by way of grannysmithMac 10.9.82.144 & 7/10ths
Reveals this as
“Polish monetary unit
Meaning, literally, “golden””
Why is Zloty God? is the next Q
The next answer,
Zloty Say So
Persistence
Who made Zloty God?
Response
Zloty
Huddled beneath the swirling mist, PC sensibilities override
Safety precautions
In dark tones
The parapsychologist tells the unearthly cloud,
Continual existence of any entity is a logical and scientific
Impossibility
Really?, asks the mist in
Black static,
So, Who Ya Votin’ For, In Nov.?

I Don't Like Your Symbol!

Don't like yours, neither
I never liked rectangles, much, either, so why the Hell
Don't we all go live in splinters and
Cow manure?!
There's little hope for a species one can
Flash pictures at, Pavlov's dog, and make them
Lust for sex,
Cry for their mother or
Stamp the ground like a two-year-old,
Hating the fact of
Your liking what
They don't
No, lil' chromosome, I'm not you
I'll never be you
I am I, and you're not Me
And, bad actor, I don't like
Your choices

Quadro-stompic

There are Four Freedoms
Granted
When kneeling to Nazism
Four Freedoms
Not unlike The Five Stages of MacBeth
But, never mind that, now!
We will deal with our normed Four
First Freedom
I Get To Hate (something Americans may no longer enjoy)
Second Freedom
I Get To “Act Out” (and brutally, how rad)
Third Freedom
I Get To Be Convinced I’m Obviously Superior Just Because
I Am Me (you have to admit, it’s pretty empowering)
Fourth Freedom
By consequence of there being others who disagree
Who *mustn’t* disagree
With the first three,
I Get To Kill
And To Die
People ask me all the time,
“You’re not...are you *really a Nazi?*”
Yeah
But, it’s not because I believe in anything

Conquering Robot, 2028, or Common Denominator, Right Now

BLINDING WHITE FORCE BEAM

And, Gwenith Paltrow evaporates in a zip-scream

There! How Do You Like That?

The Earth is sand and spiders

I'm passing blood in my stool

I'm so hungry

There's no hope or future AT ALL

You Wish To NOT Be The Friend of Power?

I'm sorry, Victor Dearest

Please, please

More gruel?

(minute pouring)

Thank You, Victor Dearest

Want To Witness More Killing?

Whatever works, Victor Dearest

I just remember to thank God for

My gruel and a home

Be Nice to Me

It is said
That inside the core, at the apex beneath the pit
Of the pinnacle of the epicenter of the zenith
Of every abusive man,
Is a little boy
With a broken heart
Or, so it is said
How simplistic, that reasoning
How picture book
One assumes, if a happy boy is inside me,
I am therefore Not Dangerous
An Olympian leap, such logic
For the happiest boy in the world is inside me
Bound, gagged and tortured by a hysterical teen
Dressed in powder blue

Charybdis

I've saved (what you'll consider) the most heinous thing, for last:

I still use the term, "Jap".

Yep. Guilty as gaped at. I celebrate Pearl Harbor Day, too, but for a wholly different reason. My reasoning regarding the once-hallowed holiday on Dec. 7th, is a nod to my Pop (and, yes, Mom, too...though, she'd just gotten old enough to be hired into a factory as Rosie the Riveter, and BAM!!, the Axis surrendered); it's an acknowledgment of abject reality, of the fact we live in the cesspool which actually *exists*, not one of fantasy which might well—though we may only speculate—have sucked far, far worse. I might not have existed at all, in fact, and though I scream Pagliacci, Life's been fun, too. A big reason I scream, is because it's over.

The reason for my continuation in using a racial epithet, is much more simple, and not anti-Japanese in the least: *It's how I learned Life*. I developed my tastes early on, I stuck with 'em and I'm content. I was completely down with that hoary old World That Then Was. Cheered for the Black Hat. Rooted for the Bad Guy. Wouldn't condemn Nixon. Wanted Ali beaten to death (thanks, Smokin' Joe). Thought all the Challenger disaster jokes were hilarious. Told a date once, "Perhaps your feelings need to be invalidated." I say "Jap", because it's a word I've always used. *I. Me. It cannot be "wrong", because it proceeds from Self*. It feels good to be out with my narcissism, nonfriends. I would encourage you to do likewise.

I've decided to play nice and tell you where else to find me, but am limiting it to poetry, because my other credits make me sad. They remind me that a lot of Time has passed, and I had cable jerked so I'd forget that fact. By the way, did Kucinich win? He's cool!

CEE the poet (almost as cool) can be found in/on

- 1) various issues, from #77-#91, of *bear creek haiku* (Boulder, CO)
- 2) all 3 issues of *Left Behind: A Journal of Shock Literature* (Colton, CA)
- 3) a very loooong page at *Jerry Jazz Musician* (www.jerryjazz.com)
- 4) scars publications, of course! (surf this site 'til you drop!)
- 5) Issue 4.4 of *Tales of the Talisman* (Mesilla Park, NM)
- 6) the past 3 issues of *Fighting Chance Magazine* (Worcester, MA)
- 7) 4 straight quarters (thru this March) of *The Storyteller* (Maynard, AR)
- 8) the July and Oct. 2009 issues of *Barbaric Yawp* (Russell, NY)
- 9) a pair of international mailers from Marymark Press (E. Windsor, NJ)

There are a few more, but I refuse to list product not yet available. If I did, I'd be as guilty as those people *who won't sell the New Releases until after midnight!!* Beeps and buzzers, children. Bells and whistles. Bread and circuses. But, *I'm* the asshole for "rejecting societal norms"....

Thanks for peeking again at Dorian Gray, here. I wish I could offer you a cup of Hope and a cruller. I'm afraid all I'm good for, is playing the role of Jacob Marley, i.e. telling you drearily that you're boned, and then tipping, Pontius Pilate, out the door. Then showing up later, to greet you, in Hell.

See you there.—CEE, 7/15/10 (my parents' Diamond Anniversary)

Und ihr Habt Doch Besiegt (You Have Finally Won)

CEE

scarspublications

the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author. Design Copyright © 2010 Scars Publications and Design

published in conjunction with

cc&d magazine

the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine

ccandd96@scars.tv

http://scars.tv

ISSN 1068-5154

INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

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), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (tweet), 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 Málaga, 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, noemo, In Your Heart, the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), Deckard Kinder / Charlie Newman*

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* Screetching 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 HAI*man of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set)