

motivate



# Power Networking for Success

Janet Kuypers ISSN 1555-1555 cc&d release  
based on the 10/15/10 performance  
of success and networking poetry & prose  
at Chicago State University  
Academic Library, 4th floor



enlighten

# Type A Person

I was in my friend's car once, as she drove in Chicago, and she was letting people in who were getting in the right lane at an intersection when that right lane is a turn only lane but they go straight to cut everyone in line off. Well, as I said, she's letting these people get in front of her, and she's stopping at four-way stop intersections and *waving* other cars to go in front of her, and when she is going she's going 10 miles an hour under the speed limit, and I'm thinking, my god, she's under 30 years old and she's driving like she's more than twice her age and I want to tell her to get going because damnit, I don't want to die in this car, I've got a lot of living to do, I've never jumped out of an airplane or made a million dollars or been in a lustful affair with a high-ranking politician, and if I am going to die I surely don't want to die of boredom while someone else stays in the most congested lane of traffic when they could just as easily move over and cut everyone else off, like I would most certainly do.

And yes, I'm being pigeon-holed into stereotypical psychological categories: I really am a Type A person.

I mean, I'm the one that's yelling and banging the steering wheel of my car when people on the road are idiots. And yes, I am only driving a Saturn SL1, a sedan with about as much power as a 1982 Chevy Nova, but damnit, I won't go down without a fight, I will be out there cutting everyone off, weaving in and out of traffic; I will be the one getting there before you, trust me, I will.

Even when I'm tuning the radio while driving, because, you see, I do that and put on my make-up and take notes for work and check over my schedule and if I was the Hindu god Vishnu and had ten arms I'd get a cell phone and send out faxes, start texting my friends, eat dinner and write a novel while I was at it, but, as I said, even when I'm tuning the radio while I'm driving I only let the first second-and-a-half of the song play before I'm completely disgusted and change the dial to the next pre-programmed station, just to be instantaneously disgusted another six times and have to find a CD to play because all those stupid corporate pieces of crap play garbage over and over again to keep the mindless tuned in.

Well, not me, thank you very much, I don't have the patience for that.

When I get on the elevator in the mornings to get to the eighteenth floor, I try to make the doors close as quickly as possible so no one can get on the elevator with me, because you know, I really do hate all people and surely don't want to be in a cramped confined space with a bunch of strangers. But when people do get on the same elevator, they invariably press the buttons for floors 15, 16 and 17 (when I'm going to the 18th floor), and I start pursing my lips, stopping myself from saying, "Oh, you people couldn't stand to walk a flight of stairs, it looks like you need to lose a little weight anyway, you just had to press all of these buttons and stop me from getting to my god-damned floor in a reasonable amount of time."

You see, more than a human being I'm a human doing, and I hate having to depend on the schedules of others in order to get ahead of them all.

I'm in line at the grocery store with three items, shifting my weight from foot to foot, frantically scanning the other lines, the person who wants to ask the person in front of them, "can I please get in front of you, I've only got three items and you have two full grocery carts full of crap like Cheetos, Pepsi, fish sticks and Haagen Daz Cookie Dough ice cream."

I'm already guessing that at my funeral, when the long procession of cars is creeping toward the cemetery at a snail's pace, I'll be opening that casket up and whispering to the driver of the hearse, "hey, what do you say we floor it and blow everyone off in line? We could probably grab a beer at the corner bar and still be able to beat everyone to the grave site," because, as I said, I'm a "Type A" person, and I'm going to make damn sure I do as much living as I possibly can, I'm not going down without a fight, and wherever that god-damned goal line is, I swear, I'll beat everyone to it.

# communication

(& communication '05) edited for 10.15.10

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw our lives out into the open  
so much faster than we could before

our pleas become computer blips  
tiny bits of energy  
travelling through razor thin wires  
travelling through space

to be left for someone to decipher  
when they find the time

#

the other day, I got my messages out of voice mail:  
john told me to call him at the office  
mike left me his pager number  
lori told me to check my email,

so i first returned john's phone call  
but he wasn't in, so i left a message with a coworker  
and then i paged mike, listened to a beep,  
then dialed in my own phone number  
i got online, checked my email  
read a note from ben, emptied out the junk mail

realizing i didn't actually get a hold of anybody  
i called my friend sheri  
but i got her voice mail  
so i said,  
"hi, I haven't talked to you in a while - "  
at which point i realized  
there was nothing left to say -  
"so,  
give me a call, we should really  
get together and talk"

#

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw our lives out into the open  
so much faster than we could before

but what if we don't want to communicate  
leaving messages, voice mails,  
emails, pager numbers  
forgetting to call back

what if we forget  
how to communicate

#

i love my phone book program for my computer  
i keep a copy of it on my computer at home,  
on my hard drive at work, on my laptop,  
even on a disk, in case there's a fire at  
work and my hard drive at home crashes

but it always seems  
that every time i desperately need  
a phone number  
i'm nowhere near any computer

#

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw our lives out into the open  
so much faster than we could before

people text and instant message,  
buy their name as a domain name,  
get e-mail accounts, set up web pages

and I've got all these things  
but my phone still isn't ringing off the hook

it's like I've gone fishing,  
put out the bait

and no one's biting

#

i wanted to get in touch  
with an old friend of mine from high school,  
vince, but we lost touch.  
so i searched the internet for him with no luck,  
so i figured i'd probably never find him.  
and the thing is, his parents lived  
in the same house they always did, i could just  
look up his parent's number in the phone book,  
call and say i'm an old high school friend  
of vince's, but i never did. and then i realized why.

you see, i could search the internet for hours  
and no one would know that i was looking for someone.  
but now, with a single phone call, i'd make it known  
to his entire family that i wanted to see him enough to call,  
after all these years. and i didn't want  
him to know that. so i never called.

#

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw everything out there  
so much faster than we could before

but then the question begs itself:  
who  
is there  
to listen

# Power Networking for Success

## Janet Kuypers

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