

# Gunther

# CEE

DIE FAHNE HOCH!

HORST WESSEL

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## To Death.

I have begun to pack my bags. When finished, I shall button my top button, then incline an ear, to await 'that knock' at the door.

This is thievery. You are rude and offensive. I just got here, just a second ago. ...and all of this would sit so much better if, as I fall, I could, in some vortex, see all "Their" faces, as *they* fall.

You're a jerk. Don't rush me.

**I belong to those happy yet unhappy beings born to love. I cannot hate. I cannot hate a single human being. Hate is nothing but an inferiority complex. I looked always only for the beautiful, the goodness in men, and that was my downfall. Doing favours can become a plague.**

**—from the writings of Walther Funk,  
ex-*Reichsbank* Minister, Spandau Prison, ca. 1953**

# A Rock

It's strange, having written so much "Hitler" material. Hitler, or Hitler-related. WW2, Greatest Gen triumphs, the darkness inherent in Man. Loose lips, all that. I've written roughly 1500 poems. Over 500 of them, have seen print (or cyber equivalent). Amazing, how much has a shoepolish-caste to it. Even poems about random, human pain.

My first comprehensive work in this matter, *Und ihr Habt Doch Gesiegt (You Have Finally Won)*, continues to do well after 2 years on the market. I commented on this to a friend, who lit up and said, "Oh, yeah! Hitler sells!" Of course, as a poet, I'd hope he also makes a point, but as with Christ or Lincoln, I suppose the point is whatever you wish. For myself, I see a lot of selfdeification in any demagogue or dictator, and being a narcissist—one who insists we are, all of us, narcissists—I find the semidivine detachment factor, absorbing. When I write about anything using AH or his NSDAP as a springboard, it's amazing, the dehumanization that automatically sets in. As if clangalang marching bands are windup toys. All of humanity. Marionettes and kewpies, who are just kind of "there".

I refuse to believe no one else thinks these things; my humble, it's probably what keeps egos intact. And my poetry really, even the "Cheeky Checker" twists of one-liners, is me telling others they are no better than Adolf—no better, because we as a species aren't much beyond the Neanderthal imagery of Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke's. Ultimately, we're a swirl ice cream of Personal and Possessive. I would call that "Self". And I would suspect that Self to be rife with machinations. The only difference between you, me, our neighbor and Hitler, is that *our* strutting Self, our dim or petty connivances, our dismissing or depersonalizing for penny ante reasons or for but a day or two, are a pale shadow of those who achieve the ultimate goals of the semidivine on a really broad

scale...so, we're back to God being a Blue Meanie, aren't we, because We as God, inevitably are filled with harm. Most of us, the vast majority of us, are simply down at a lower level, a kid brother or sister to Hitler. A short pants runt no more lordly in our damaging, than the *Katzenjammer Kids*. Runny-nosed brats more mouth than bayonet. We're still pretty cruel, nonfriend. And we're oh-so-skilled at rationalizing it.

I took the best of my remains of castles and jackboots, anything I thought might benefit and I've compiled it, a kind of "command performance" of Nazism. But, don't think of it that way. Think of it as the dance of a spoiled brat who couldn't begin to conquer the world. A lead spitball, instead of a bullet. A Teutonic howl of "Me, too!"

I am "Gunther". Someone's child. I can beat up your honor student.

**CEE in homeroom, Columbine High School, April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1999**

*Young Goodman Hitler*  
Young Goodman Hitler

Hopeful is but wishing

Hope

A need making want in aeries, then

Keeping a stiff upper lip

Shoepolish moustache in waiting

For this want to become demand

Hope is but desired, butterfly

Mud makes its way in sweat

*He Was Hitler*  
**He Was Hitler**

# German for “Oops”?

The whole reason Hitler  
Was made Chancellor in the first place  
Was because it was only like some  
Postmaster General position, anyway  
You know  
Piddly  
Chancelling stamps ‘n stuff  
They never thought he’d try it with people



*Wine-Colored Blut Flag*  
**Wine-Colored Blut Flag**

Show her banner of Italia's Fascisti

“What's that?”

Show him the Rising Sun

“Japan. So?”

Show them that borne of Himalayan priests  
and watch the clockwork dollies

Ideology

Good King Adolf Hitler-Bud  
Good King Adolf Hitler-Bud

Indeed!

I'm *sure* he looked down on the Feast of Stephen!

But, if you think he did it because

He “waah!”ed about himself,

Feeling lost inside, hollow, feeling sad

You're readin' your tea leaves backwards

'Dolf must've really, actually, honestly, Really

Thought himself God, or

He would not have played the role

With such relish

Like we all do

But most of us

Aren't committed enough

To utter Salesmanship

Of total One-Upmanship

That is,

To stand free upon a mountain of bodies

And call it a mountain

*Hitler Wins, and Reopens*  
**Hitler Wins, and Reopens**  
*St. Basil's Cathedral*  
**St. Basil's Cathedral**

I'm so happy  
This irritates you so very, very  
Beriberi much  
It hurts you to say This Is True  
What matters it,  
That I personally buy into nothing except Me?  
I know you aren't buying, either, not this  
Godstuff, neither  
But you have to say it  
It's my world, now  
Others will Make you say it  
I handed them their chance  
Their hard chance  
Of Make  
I happy                    I dancin'  
Praise God!  
From Whom all stessings flow

# The Logical Fallacy of Norman Vincent Peale

The Nazi children's story  
 Hitler, Friend of Children  
 The lil' goil  
 Ate-ing cakes at kindly Fuehrer's  
 Palacial digs  
 Then trips off with,  
 "I thank you very much!"  
 As the photo op crowd  
*Even in a picture book*  
 Gathers 'round;  
 To imagine 'Dolf, in that moment  
 Pulling out his trusty Parabellum  
 Gunning kid down in mountain lane,  
 If We Here  
 Don't just freak and fingershake  
 We "UHUHUH!!, Ba-Hawww!!"-it, like this is  
 Outtakes from *Kids in the Hall*,  
 Yet I tell you truly, the photo op crowd  
 Much as you'll dispute this  
 Would not have disputed this,  
 They would have found beauty in what Hitler did  
 Real smiles on plastic faces  
 "Ya Gotta *Belieeeeeve*, Bolie!"  
 Some do  
 My dear one believes, *en example*  
 I could come running in the house, screaming  
 That someone had chased after me with  
 A butcher knife  
 Dear One would say,  
 "Well, it's summertime, hon!  
 A lot of people are cooking out, right now!"

*I titled it, "Horace"*  
I titled it, "Horace"

I think of piles of cornrows  
Of Wehrmacht cannon and tanks  
Coal-scuttle stomp-marching  
Rolling out the blitzkrieg,  
Having a barrel o' fun  
A goofy gamepiece, on the move  
Wheels turning, UNDERDOG cartoon  
Zoopzoozooop, carpetwash, over fields and humans  
Rolling, paintbrush broad, a tech process  
Machine with dim machinations  
Like the way a Roomba cleans the floor

I wrote a story  
About a Roomba of God's  
Which vacuums up humanity,  
If you believe in a God of Hatred,  
I think that already happened

*They Are Hitler*  
They Are Hitler

*Royal Purple of Orange*  
Royal Purple of Orange

A crossing guard  
Not a crossing guard  
Not any older than you  
“Orange Belt”  
Pompous rumpus  
Hurrying you on, iron SA  
You wish you had a black belt  
So to kick his Axis  
But then, they’d make you cry  
In front of a counselor

*Fasces List (true believer)*  
Fasces List (true believer)

To see her venerate  
Venerate the flag  
It's not a sick fantasy, that's not  
What comes to mind  
Not some naked thing of OmniSelf;  
Church  
It's church  
Veneration is an holy thing  
She bloods the flag with spirit of her lips  
She greets it with an holy kiss  
"Here be my God"  
There is worship, here  
There is blood oath, here  
She loves the flag  
She believes, and there is no deformity  
This is a pledge to die, if need be  
So, of course I don't think perversities,  
Sex never scared me



*Ecco i "Liberatori"*  
Ecco i "Liberatori"

Freedom's gonna burn down your Rome  
It's gonna burn down your barley field  
It's gonna burn down your house  
Your concepts  
Your relationships with others  
When march-step becomes only a  
Slender or muscle leg  
Basted, buttered and  
With or without nuts  
You've lost purpose  
To be free through your work is to be  
Defined By Purpose  
You've lost your purpose  
Freedom killed you  
Overspilled you  
Freedom burned down the radio star  
It really ate your biscuit

A Chinese woodcut poster  
(“National Unity”)

Read like you'd read PEANUTS,

- 1) Cannon bristle, ostensibly for defense
- 2) German soldiers who are probably meant  
To be Chinese soldiers who look like Germans  
Pretending to be Chinese,  
Salute
- 3) There's one dead man,
- 4) And the cannon bristle again,  
Ostensibly for defense

Sort of a downer, Debbie  
It's certainly no kneeslapper  
I like the ones with Linus, myself  
His theology makes ya think

*Soviet National Anthem*  
**Soviet National Anthem**  
*(for the paradoxists)*  
**(for the paradoxists)**

(Instrumental) BLEEEAAH!!

(Vocal): Hi HAIL Blast-a GALE bud-da-GHEE gast-a gale  
Bud-da BLAST gast-a GALE Bud-Da GHEE Gast-a GALE  
(repeat)

WAAAH!!, Bled-I-yeddaBLEEAAH, Mai Lin

AAAAH!!, Bled-I-let-a-YES, Mai Lin

HE BE DA WHEY BAY DA GAY DOODY WAAAAAY,

WHUUUH!!, Not know WHEY Wii-Whine

WHEY do not know dat DEY Wii-Whine

BLASTmaster goot un-daDEE Mach-de-ROOT

(repeat All twice/

Hate Reagan)

# *Loaves and Vichy's* Loaves and Vichy's

You got ripped off on the Black Market  
Rather easily  
It's not like you could make certain you paid  
With a postal money order  
Then pull the eBay Legal Dept. out of your ass,  
The Black Market  
Was a food-based crack pitcher  
You wanted noodles, you got soap  
Wanted bread, got soap  
Candy? Soap.  
Maybe you got something worthwhile  
Gnawing on it, Templeton,  
Waiting for the day the jackboots'd go away  
The possibility of arrest and execution  
You got executed for dealing on the Black Market  
Rather easily  
It's not like you could scream so the  
Camera-phones  
Saw you  
Then pull Anderson Cooper out of his own ass

*Orange You Glad I'm Not a Nazi?*  
Orange You Glad I'm Not a Nazi?

You want validation so much  
You'll develop a skill to trap it  
Validation is, though, vampiric  
A mist  
Seeks as it wants  
Feeds as it likes  
Remaining only if pleasing Itself  
That's right  
"Validation", has a Self

By all means, tell your little jokes  
No one's going to die with you

*The Face of Compromised*  
**The Face of Compromised**  
*Intellectuality*  
**Intellectuality**

Keynote address

Learn to speak as if to one person

Alone

That's why you, personally

Are so good at it

You've iced it

Post-Secondary Hitler

He's the audience

The audient

He needs to hear this lonesome shit

Or, needed to

*the green, green grass  
of Nuremberg*  
the green, green grass  
of Nuremberg

there is beauty in the girl, her  
wild horse vision  
vistas of horizon bolted for, so to catch  
there is beauty too in the young woman,  
too  
her own vision  
duty and care of a life sought, so to live  
and  
yes  
there is probably beauty in the old woman  
call it “wisdom”                      “spiritual insight”  
“fullness of soul”                      said life, well lived  
but she is still an old woman  
and despite the cries  
of all who smile  
for some semblance of justice in this world,  
for her  
I can only be sad

*I wish all the chat rooms*  
I wish all the chat rooms  
*had one throat*  
had one throat

Old war poster  
THE INDIES MUST BE FREE  
Indigenous denizen  
Meant to be every Native native in the  
Eastern Hemisphere  
Chained to a boulder  
Which our Allied troops must smash

I see a black cheerleader on old vid at an  
Old Ole Miss game  
Strutting in sequined Reb Flag T&A,  
While I'm reading  
Toffee-nosed snots on bulletin boards:  
"Nice try, person not-as-smart-as-me  
Let me help you learn  
To be ME in a different skin  
All tapdance education bracketed as  
My            Exact            Facet"

Posters, with their brie, would  
Jeer SS-hard at a black cheerleader's pain  
Munching their crackers and Kant  
With all the Indies chained to a rock



# *The Skokie Postulate* The Skokie Postulate

Bill Maher, Franken, Jane Anne, Clooney  
I think, "Why are these people still alive?"  
Rush, Bill-O, Bachman, The Nooge  
I think, "Why are they still alive?!"  
Newsflash: Father Charles Coughlin  
Died old, in bed  
As did Emma Goldman  
As did Eugene Debs  
And no one stood by with a bayonet  
Protecting them from bayonets  
We ralph on freedom of speech, today  
But from 1776,  
You really could say any goddammed thing, here  
And never get killed

*I Am Hitler*  
I Am Hitler

Tomb of the Sullied Memory of  
The Tomb of The Unknown Soldier

“Ya monstuh-walkin’! Ya monstuh-walkin’!”

“UHUHUUH!! Bahawww!!!”

They threw both my buddies out for catcalling

The Marine guard

Having watched his training

Days before and

Being as they are citizens of

Our Fair and Decent Land

(therefore asses),

Well...

It was a day at The Tomb

Most will frown back upon

No one was happy

They threw them both out, both my friends

And not without a struggle

Me, they threw out for my wearing

My swastika armband

I, however, went quietly,

Since I'd done nothing wrong

# Cody Jarrett in the Making

All this mystic heraldry  
Perfect absorption-yet-believable  
The knight never cries  
Not to a geek like Me  
(no two wussies being exactly alike  
so's one knows how other men  
got their nakedness wrong)  
Likewise, the Aryan short sword  
Which looks like a cheap piece of crap  
From a basement Christian concern  
Nobody would ever thrust this thing into someone's  
Abdomen  
That's just silly  
Like saying a human being  
Could outrun a horse  
Or some secretaries type over 400 words a  
Minute  
No, no, not these days, nope, nope  
No man cries  
No one dies  
No can Make anyone  
Heraldry is my pornography  
*#SIGH#*  
And I just float off

Gonna Pound That Sass  
Right Out of You

I could watch Unkie Sam  
Pound his lug wrench  
Wrenched into the skull  
Of a Sino citizen,  
And I could lift holy hands to YHWH  
That no one tore Thomas Jefferson to bits  
That no one told me what to do  
Who wasn't telling me what to do  
From my earliest memory,  
I could let yellow peoples  
In that day and age  
Suffer in the oneness they prized so much,  
And I would sleep the sleep of babes  
And be always right  
And never be wrong or even incorrect  
And if I ended that thought Here,  
Soft children would curl faces in harmed disgust  
At surety of such an outdated Aesir,  
But as Thomas Merton might have told you  
I'd make the conscientious effort,  
I'd watch James Montgomery Sam  
See the wrench  
Wrench Life away  
"Awww! I'm *tehh-lllibhm!*" and giving the authorities  
Someone's IP address  
Is a grayed-out copy/paste of Same  
You  
You're the problem

“Hohenzollern”  
“Hohenzollern”

Makes me think of a dumb marbles game  
For yesterday's 8-year olds  
Balance the damned tray, drop the damned  
Marbles in,  
“Kaiser”  
I clearly defer to rolls  
And hot, fat sandwiches of mainly  
Steak  
Oinking them down while  
Playing a shit-stupid marbles game,  
“World War One”  
Conjures images of people moving like  
Barn swallows  
Gesticulating like menl' patients  
Because Time ruined how to make movie cameras  
“Hitler”?  
Someone being hit  
Could be a boxer  
Could be a classmate  
Could be Jennifer Lopez  
In a movie I wish ran faster  
But  
Someone being hit  
Being hit

*The last sentinel in the tower*  
The last sentinel in the tower

The saddest part of my deal, being  
If angels were Flesh  
and  
ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA  
Here came one in the clouds  
Though she be the Christian version of  
Winged Victory (with cranium),  
I dig far best the idea of  
Blowing her ass to peatbog  
With a rocket launcher  
That's, like, the Ultimate heroism, to me  
Couldn't you *imagine*,  
Going Rambo on an angel with a  
Rocket launcher?  
That'd be celeb for Life  
That'd make the papers

# Jake Jake

I hated my friend's dog  
I hated my friend, you wanna know the truth,  
But his big dog, I could not abide  
And, one night  
After boring buddy had drunk his hot milk  
And sockie-feet whuffuffled off to bed,  
I stood there, as the big dog came into my room  
And we locked quiet stares  
And after a minute  
This hugeass mofo dog  
Lowered his head  
And backed slowly out of the room;  
When I threaten people, online  
I say, nonactionably,  
"Email me, we'll set a date,  
You can come knock at my door, and then,  
I'll kill you."  
And no one ever emails  
No matter how Cap bold or Hulk angry they were  
In their posts up to that point  
I know why  
I'd bet Jake could tell you why



# Your Great-Granddaddy's Internet

I recall, one night in 2000,  
I regaled a friend with talk  
Of flame wars between me and Others  
Shaking head at how they got out of hand,  
I told him what I had told Them  
I justified my position  
I understood him to be a damned Friend  
Which to me, ended any debate  
I told him how satisfying, this thing called  
“e-mail”  
Was,  
“I write out how I feel, what I think,”  
I said,  
“I hit ‘SEND’, man!  
It’s just like flushing the toilet!”  
“Ah, *But...BUT!*”, he countered, and I  
Stared at him  
I had no idea what he meant  
I mean, I Did,  
But, it didn’t make much sense

Bonus Paper Trax:  
3 poems about those  
other than Hitler

# Savin' the World Here, Boss (Davie, FL)

Well, it  
*Was* a runway  
Cobbled to crumbles  
In strong, vicious grass which could  
Stab someone to death  
His aerial map took us only so far  
I'd never believed trespassing laws were ever  
Enforced;  
Taken by red neck in white van  
To dirty clods of what had been  
Jumppoints  
Of the Greatest Generation's selfportrait  
Their masterwork,  
A world saved  
In order to become  
Disposable

Took up a rotten fistful of courage  
The security guard  
Wanted to know why we ran away  
I looked up, to Cadillac-whispers of the skies  
"You were chasing us."

# An Idealized, Pastoral Britain (postwar)

Yes  
That  
That, only That and That alone  
I don't want any begging of the Utopia  
All humanity are addicts  
It's Eden or nothing

# The End of All Mad Time-Travelers

And it appeared 'top Monte Cassino  
Wrong morning, 1944  
*"AH!! AT LAST!! AND NOW TO...!!"*  
(mortar attack like you wouldn't  
Believe)

# A Hard Place

Human creatures are big on massing against same. It's a primary reason I keep to myself. It's why I have a hard time condemning the man in Maurice Ogden's *The Hangman*. Ultimately, those who stick out necks, are slipping them into nooses. Sincere effort kills; it's a fact, look it up. It also generates few results, if you look at the tapestry of humanity. Abject cruelty, by religionist and humanist, Red or Rightist, the well-intended and shit-disturbers alike. Human creatures suck. You're all on freaky power trips. I'm glad I'm a force of nature. It's like being an automatic shift in a world of "sticks": what I feel, I slip into and out of with ease, and with a single step. You? Clunky, rip-sound, rattless, repeat. *Oops. Flooded it.*

This little shaver-me-lad, sees an endless human cycle: freakout, overcorrection, retaliation, battle—in our fair land, eventually, Court... and even then, what justice is meted, begins the pattern once more. Freakout. Overcorrection. Retaliation. Battle. It's therefore difficult to side with anyone, re: *anything*. It eventually turned me into a crusader for Self. For the Hitler within, that divine or semidivine thing that's causing any friction to begin with. Rather than crush The Other, I say spread The Good News of You. *Mmmm...Self...*

The story of Hitler and of our Second World War, make up a heraldry we'll be another century in discarding. It's too huge a story, larger people from bigger times that try as we might with the postmodern, we cannot reduce to the mundane. We cannot make Him and The Struggle, "like us". We can do it with Washington, we can do it with Crockett. Who cares, right, we're all people (?) But if we make 'Dolf just some joe with a plan, niggle too hard at the fight between sides, ca. 1939-45, we have two problems: we've 1) made the culmination of the horror of Self eating everything in sight, into a common thing, which 2) begs the question of whether Hitler might be You and Me. Our neighbor, minister. Our government. The planet.

Head's up, nonfriends: He's You. Hitler is you having achieved *Bruce Almighty*. He's what a run at the tables for the whole of the night, will bring. He's Ultimate Uncare. The rest of us don't outstrip the roulette wheel in quite the same style, no, we're much happier being McNichol and Sarandon in *Women of Valor*, smacking each other in turn for the amusement of the guards. My solution is *more* Self, not less. If your world isn't starting, try it again with more gas.

There would seem to be no known state of human beingness, which is "the correct form". This would mean there is no absolute "right". And, there! See? Like magic, Self's boomerang is again in your hand.

Except, it might be The Sword of Siegfried. Or a handheld video game. Try making Life about You. You'll sleep better.

—CEE, 1/15/12

# Gunther

# CEE

**Magazines:** *Children, Churches and Dobbies* (z&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, Contracts Under Pressure, the Average Gay's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blister, Etc., Oceans, Exorc Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials* (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), *Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleves, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side* (2004 Edition), *Stop, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction*, z&d #1675 (*Writing to Honour & Cherish*, editor edition), *Blister & Burn* (the *Keyppers* edition), *SEM*, z&d #170 (*Distinguishing Writings* editor edition), *Living in Chaos, Silent Systems, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 58* (#1, #2 & #3), *Really, Literature for the Savvy and Elite* (#1, #2 & part 1) a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), *Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Keyppers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cam-Dixie Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Unaccort, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Keyppers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Evolution of Women, Prominent Pen* (*Keyppers* edition), *Elemental, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fesio-a Picture's Worth 1,000 words* (color and black and white art books), *Stability Stability Stab Stab Stab*, *Solphar & Sowdust, 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 Silence, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decrypt Remains, Cleared Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, who, link in my blood, (bound)* (4 editions), *Enriched Poetry, z&d Enriched Press, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall* (2 editions), *Fragments, Bleeding Heart Caldever, 100 Words, 1,000 Words, Cultural Touchstone, It was All Provided!*, *Infanos in our Prim: Anis Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swen Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetosvatora Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.L.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crushing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, rapoem, In Your Heart the Apoptosis's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bears, Anis Nin: an Understanding of her Art* (second printing), *Decided Rider / Chute Woman, 12 Times 12 Equals Cross, a Marble Node Pauline Berchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C Suburban Rhythms, Downs Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the pH is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spirit, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Get People, Death of an Angel, Chess, Solstice & Carmichael's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tomb, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Give What You Can, Down in the Vets #084, Come Fly With Me, Cheering the Dabrix, Sections & Sequentials, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Travel on Me, Lines of Intensity, In Facing the Ice Age, W/ on the World Settle, s, into the White, Along the Surface, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Fersakon, Down In It, Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Lost, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Wisdom in Broken Hands, Autumn Again, Up in Smoke, Symbols Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Up in Smoke, Perfectly Imperfect*

**Compact Discs:** *Man's Favorite Place* the demo tapes, *Keyppers the final (MPV inclusive), Woods and Favers the beauty & the desolation, The Second Acing Something is Sweating, The Second Acing Live in Alaska, Pettes & Keyppers Live in Cafe Aloha, Painless Orchestra Rough Mixes, Keyppers Seeing Things Differently, 50/50 Tick Tock, Keyppers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Keyppers One One One, Keyppers Stop, Keyppers Masterful Performances mp3 CD, Keyppers Death Comes in Threes, Keyppers Changing Gears, Keyppers Dreams, Keyppers How Do I Get There?, Keyppers Conflict + Conflict + Conflict, the DMJ Art Connection the DMJ Art Connection, Keyppers Questions in a World Without Answers, Keyppers SIN, Keyppers WERD Radio 12 CD set), *Man's Favorite Place and the Second Acing These Truths, assorted artists Sing Theory, OH* (audio CD, 3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMJ Art Connection Mind Depression or Something, Chocote Radio Chocote Radio Week #1, Chocote Radio Chocote Radio Week #2, Chocote Radio Chocote Radio Week #3, Chocote Radio Chocote Radio Week #4, Chocote Radio Chocote Radio Week #5, Chocote Radio the Chocote Collection Collection #01-05* (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Classic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (4 CD set), *50/50 Screwing in a Hall (EP), FR&L Two for the Price of One (EP), R&L, Joka and Keyppers: An American Parody, Keyppers the Bardard Ties/Pud Baker/the Indiana Parkers Tree Fusion* (4 CD set), *podcasts the Evolution of Performance Art* (13 CD set), *Keyppers Live* (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection the Things They Did to You* (2 CD set), *Keyppers Seeing a Psychiatrist* (3 CD set), *Keyppers St. Paul's* (3 CD set), *Keyppers the 2009 Poetry Game Show* (3 CD set), *Keyppers and the H&Mans of South Africa Burn Through Me* (2 CD set), *Keyppers "40"* (amazon.com release), *Keyppers Sessions and Other Stories* (amazon.com release), *Keyppers the Stories of Women* (amazon.com release).*

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