



Erasable Bond

CEE

2013 chapbook
PublicationsCS

To Drummer Hoff, who, in *Drummer Hoff*, fired it off.

**Thank you. I am in debt to you. Here is some advice:
Monsters Can Hurt You.**

—loose text quotation, from the arcade video game,
Black Tiger (1987; Capcom)



This slender book of verse represents one in a series of 4 chaps, each delineating on one aspect of the following third-rate CEE poem:

The Quartering of the Universe Into Active and Passive Principles

Booze

*Beasts of Burden**

Heraldry

Death

The 4 Basic Food Groups of Existence

The drunkie-wunkie stuff, is elsewhere. My treatise on spacious skies, amber waves of grain, purple mountains' majesty, a fruited plain and a shining sea, is also elsewhere. You can read about dying in a different chap, too, pretend you relate and "know". This is the BEASTS OF BURDEN volume, taking its cue not from Br'er Donkey or the weak bet that finished 4th in the Preakness, but from the institution of marriage and cohabitation. I'm truthfully no good at this subject. Like higher math, it looks interesting, but requires effort.

I really thought you just paired off. Really. Just paired off. Simple approach, take her by the hand, no different than asking someone to dance. It was just a lifelong dance, that's all, a Lindy Hop at 78 RPM...but, together, you know: "Here we are. Let's hang out. Your toothbrush goes there. No, no kids for me, thanks, I'm allergic." Very simple. Quite easy. No mess, no fuss. Add water, stir. *Voila!*

I find Otherness an impossible concept. It seems a mere hoax, something sociologists make up, so prospective couples have a choice of which party gets subjugated. One or the other does, I've found. My mother once revealed that as the Secret to Marital Bliss. I'd queried in my 30's, re: the "50-50" thing, and she said, "It'd be nice if it worked like that, CEE, but in my lifetime (she died @ 82), that isn't what I've seen. The marriages I've seen that survived and worked best, were the ones where one person did 90% of the giving."

Amen, Mom. I'm screaming down myself on the half-century mark, and I've seen exactly 4 marital archetypes pass by. Either he grovels or she crawls, or it's Balboa vs. Creed, Round 14...or, both parties are emotionally dead. And, don't know it. And, don't care. And, those statisticians pretending to be professors, hold the dead people up to us as "the norm". And maybe, in this post-9/11, head-blur SFX straight out of *Jacob's Ladder*, they should be.

However, speaking for myself, I much prefer the *Rocky* fight. It's far more exciting, if painful. As I've said many times, Drama IS Conflict. Within the maelstrom of LoveHateLove, at least I know I'm alive. Yo! Cut me, Mick!

CEE doing morning milking, Chicago, IL, October 8th, 1871

I'd love to drive the Autobahn

like it was some Coleco piece a' fantasy
Walkin' the *lines*...!
Nah-Nah, *Nahnana-Nahnah*, *nahnana*
Heavy-Ba-BOOM "Oh, NO!" explosion
And, you learn
After 70 or 80 or 100 cars
But, that's not gonna happen, A.I. scientists
Metal and wire people are just four-digit IQ
Quasimodos
Until we can be as unreal
As at least Really Bad vuh-dee-oh,
You haven't improved the species

The Battle of Hampered Crossroads (Ironclad Selves)

Wind and water
Pierced by hotshot
Our tears
I, ignorant hogfat casemate
You, cold cheesebox of dark
Unknowable, closed off, we
See out but to
Damage
Hurting, marring,
Ugly-ing
But never to purpose
Never getting through
Only
Wind and water
Pierced by
“What about me?”

As opposed to "We"

Is that new person
The one you don't actually know
Yet,
Is that person a monster?

You're asking Me?
You're Serious?

If you're at least of voting age,
Do a quick fruits inspection
Re: Your little life in the human orchard,
Okay?
You got that?
Now, ask your dumb question
It's really only a
Menu choice
Between They and Ye as
Human persons
And, "Wii"

(Sam Kinison, etc.)

That's a succubus on that bed of roses
That's an incubus on that bed of roses
That's a demon on that bed of roses
I'm the gender that got hurt
I'm the gender that does no hurt
I'm the one who is bled
I'm the one who is the victim
Relationships don't work out for me
I am full of Love

Only the vampires love

I see London
I see France
I see means to ends
Humankind is, as with its own, collected
WisDumb of the Ages
Mosaic scraps,
An enterprising force of nature
Might use quite a number of human scraps
To construct a soulish ransom note
Which reads as follows:
*“One of us is
Going to have to be reasonable, and
It’s not going to be Me.”*
Which isn’t a wild bunch different
From a stereo-desperado
Blasting his nickelplate:
“Dance! Dance!”
That’s pretty cruel, pard
That’s your reflection
If it’s not,
I assume you were abused
Which case,
It’s the reflection that took yours
Away

And, kids are bills

Eat my bluebird
Bite my rose
We're just gonna hurt each other
I can't be "good"
I'm not some soaring something
That "behaves" itself
Up your reality!
I'm just a squab
Yes
I'm only a squab

Little red hearts and pretty, happy things

Why is
You stabbing me with *yourSelf*
More legitimate
Than *Me* stabbing you with *mySelf*?
Why is it legitimate??
What legitimizes it???
Just because I can't argue
Why it's *not* legitimate
Doesn't mean that
ipso facto
It *is* legitimate
My humble:
You lose,
Because I'm Me and you ain't
Chevy Chase

Song of Bathsheba (Zip It)

She hands the camera to her man
After laying down all these rules, that
They're really no more than friends before Jesus
They're at the park, it's warm,
She says take her picture
And he takes several
And at least one
I noticed later, how could ya Not?,
Was from neck to knees, close up
Of the Who he apparently was wasting time with
In the sunnywarm park
Trying to get beyond Jesus,
When he could be token' out
Or watching the Cubs lose
Or jammin' to old metal
Or something else without Other words
In other words, he had a Life to get back to
His Life, no one else's
But this R. Crumb HDR scaledown
Of the essential Who he was with
Spelled it all out
I'll say it did,
You could read "Calvin Klein"
In the zipper-pull tab of her shorts
Like it was Lindbergh Baby headlines

Daydreamin' on the airport pathways

I didn't love to be loved in return
But if I wasn't
I sure didn't hang around
Mowing her lawn

Express Relationshiping and Handling

No one's asking you to mother me
For one thing, that would mean you're in charge
And, nobody wants a maid
Who said anything about a maid?
Leave it on the floor
Walk around it
Who CARES?!?
Nononono, wait, wait
No Be No Such Thing As "Partner"
"Partnership" is a law firm, even\ steven, 50-50
Allagoddammedtime
As we sit and stare in glossy stasis lock
FrozenFuckingFantasyland
Liquid Nitrogen Tip-It humans
Traditionally painted, warm-cheeked
Toy people
Nope, *noooo*
No "Partnership"
Someone is calling the shots in any diad
In this one,
Need I indicate?

What?
What kind of person *am* I looking for?
Uhhhh
I just said

A World of When's Enough

Narcissism is bad

Insecurity is bad

Threading the needle of Human

With boxing gloves on,

Sigmund Freud as special guest star also starring as

God

Gets very sad and unhappy

If you ain't an ancient Greek

Secondary emotions are tertiary

Injury fast in her eyes,
Wounded murk pools
Refusing to allow HD dawning of
LCD image of him as
The Thing Without a Name

“Can’t you just show *compassion?*”

Two-Three-Four

“Um...
Okay...
Um...
How’s that one go?”

Cross-Cultural no-can-pollinate pollination

Nicaraguan “date”
Years past the relationship
Which my poor friend was still pitching pennies into,
Says she wants to travel
ANYWHERE BUT an American city,
Because they (American cities)
All look the saame,
They have the same street signs, the same businesses
Date prognosticates,
“Maybe I go to Mexico!”
And my friend says,
“Ah, I’ve been to Mexico, I was in Tijuana, once, and it’s
All poverty, it’s an ugggly ciiittty!”
A-huff, date puffs,
“*Ah!* They have poverty in *Amerika!*
‘You been to Cabrini *Green?*!’”
Commuter straight on, my friend says,
“Yeah, but you don’t take vacations to Cabrini Green.”

Even The Monster Could Say "Friend"

Hello,
Other Men's Wives
I wish only to commiserate
Because I am
Open
Free
Genuine
A genuine person
Yes, I am, I'm genuine
I genuinely am
Hi
(and they *buy* this)
Epiphany!
Take Fred Rogers
Subtract Fred Rogers
You've got an incubus

Get the Hell off Twitter

Super Macho Man

Fernando Lamas
on Johnny Carson
Explained what “macho” meant
It sounded lame and boring
Like a cross between having to be a guard at
Buckingham Palace, just so’s no one sneers at you,
And
and
Actually, it just sounded like being the guard at
Buckingham Palace
No real emotion, all work, zero fun
A lot of affected, King Kong thumpetyass
If another man comes off at your SO
Like an evil twin on a soap, but
Other than that
I don’t see how it’s any different from
Walter Mitty buying a quart of milk
Because he was ordered to

How much, for a lifetime of semiregular orgasms?
Duty, Responsibility, Maturity, Honor, Stoicism.
Hmm. How much for a houseful of tchotchkes?
Oh, maybe, a couple hundred grand.
Uhuh. Well. ‘Paypal all right?’

May Thee, Base Villain!

You know why people beat one another?
Because it's all about
You're god and nobody understands
But, you go play god in an outburst
Give it the old
"YIELD!! Yield To Me!!"
Like you're a king or knight or loincloth person
In a story never-actually-written-you-just-think-it-was,
You either get laughed at
Or flipped off
And, wounded fantasy is a very personal world
So, people
At that point
Beat other people, physically
Savagely
Mr. T as Clubber Lang at Gettysburg on crank,
Control issues, yeah, I agree, but
It's really about forcing nakedness
On the someone who rendered you same
I'm pretty sure that kid in *The Emperor's New Clothes*
Was never heard from again.

Pretty Permanent Time-Outs (suggestions)

Ohh
I dunno
Send you to some Hell for fifteen minutes?
Then grin, when you reappear
Termite-white, screaming and bawling
“Now, then...
Now will you behave?”
Or, we could kill each other, endless Looney Tunes
Punching clown homicides, resurrecting
Immediately
And, we could do this every time we
Got horked off

Be Nice To Me

(second verse, same as the first)

You have to believe in forgiveness
For there to be such a thing
As “make up sex”
You have to forgive
You have to Be Able To forgive
You have to be structured in such a way
Through genes or learning or both
To really, truthfully and honestly, say,
“I realize I’ve invested in You
With every weak link of every vulnerable fiber
Of every failed aspect of every affected
It-ain’t-really-like-this-but-Society-says-I-HAVE-TO-SAY-IT
Of my scared Gollum shunning the light,
Nakedass Self,
And that you took the kitten of my frail Who
And smashed it to pieces,
And you’ve done this more than once
More than twice,
But I care more for You, than want you dead and in Hell”
You have to be able to do and say and
Provide manual stimulation
To That
To “make up”, in fashion denoted Above
Above has to, with no deformity, be your def of
Love

As for me, whatever it says,
I’d rather be a chancre-ridden centenarian Teuton
Who, in a larger times,
Shot down little *Juden* as they ran for their lives

The Problem

(The USS Poseidon of Man and Woman)

Every Alone has its reason
Mine is a reasoning process
I believed The Story *en toto*, wholly, i.e.
I Am Power
You are unfulfillable longing
I can appreciate your suffering (I can)
I'm sorry for your pain
We can still dive up, out through the round hole
Together, and
I understand if you won't (I do)
But if You won't
I can't

The Problem Is (Mother Theresienstadt)

Do you love?

No, no, wait a minute, don't, no, wait, wait

I know you Say you love

Yes, and you Do

From a distance

In your heart

If the check clears

Out of habit

Out of need

Out of obedience

Out of fear

From toilet training

From necessity

For a position, or for fame

Or, because your mother wants you to

See, that last one?

That's selling out, too

Just as much

Of course, that's confusing what could be

Called "Selling out"

With what *is* "Selling out"

But, Love?

It's action or reaction

One is control, the other is response to control

Mmm? What?

Sure, I dig physical warmth,

But now, you're just proving my point

What The Problem Is (No Stanley Kowalski, No Huntress Diana, No Deal)

You've turned out to be just a person
Like Santa being bullshit
Like the prof Uzi-ing Christ
Like the (friend?) who wouldn't pay me back
After he'd so earnestly sought the loan,
And like everyone I dated who
Brought up nothing but
My dinner
Spending every better day like golden tickets
Burned wholesale, in laughing flames
Of a joke hope

Yes
Yes, I know
But, I'm not caring about power relationships
Right now
I'm sure it sucks, patriarchal history and the chattel thing,
I just wanted a tangible something
Some Happiness outside of Me

I realize that, shut up
I know it isn't going to happen
Apparently, neither are We
You turned out to be just a person
And, I'm already one of those

Tell Ya What The Problem Is (Prototypes of an Uncreative God)

I imagine had I dated or
Bedded
An amputee
Better yet, fill in your own blank “check, please” of
Physical uncomfotability
Some tenth-rate Kristy McNichol vehicle
Of freak-you-out personhood
One leg shorter
No nose
Twelve toes, as Multiplication Rock goes off
Wacky synapse
In your head,
I imagine intimacy with such a person
It’s a lot like
Imagining intimacy with any person
Intimacy with a person is
Imagining intimacy with a person
A lot of people don’t know that
People aren’t Theory
And, that’s a great pity

I'll Tell Ya What The Problem Is (Fresh)

If at end of days, a skele-total-flat person
If but for stopwatch second draped
With off the rack suit of
Relative, relevant flesh,
Isn't attraction, then
The same coin
As loving the juice in the carton?
I hereby compliment and love and swear by
This juice,
But Garbage Day is universal

The Problem Is This: Where language falls into the sea

HATE is a very negative word

Parenting class instructor: “No use ‘no’.”

My friend: “What replaces it? *Don’t*? Same thing!”

HATE is a very negative word

You have to have some word

Bonus Paper Trax:
Five (5) poems with some pugilistic take

ROCKY, me, me, ROCKY?
(scripting of this Life)

To always stand as having won
Which in the literal, he often did not
To be the eternal Greek glory of YOUNG
Which he was not, that often being a theme
To stay in one moment, a moment of roar
Never to cease
And, he would shake his head, calling that
“a mental disturbance”
To be my Ever-dreams of Me, not him
Me,
As hallowed, envisioned ideal
That is my value
Me
The Undisputed Champion of the
Never Having to Strive

Throwing in the Feathered Towel

Y'know,
If Stallone had actually been attractive
(No, He's NOT)
They could have cooked up/marketted
Foxy Rocky Boxing
Enlisted the Chippendales
And, women could have really advanced

Glass Joe (yadda-yadda, warden)

This
This is what I think of young men, today
Young men other than
The young men who may as well
Each, individually
Be the only bull
On a dairy farm in Montana
I don't like them, either
But I understand them
At least they are honest, in their lust
As for the rest,
Do you know of Glass Joe?
Do you know how he looked and
How he (was unable to)
Google him
Tube him
See his body, see his face
Especially when Player One is
Hitting him
That's what I think of young men, today
And, not out of jealousy
Because if I was 21, today
I'd be being jealous from Stateville

Dynamite Joe (young men of Today, Part Deux)

There's some misconception about
"Alpha"
In a friendly friendly world,
So, let me spell it out for you:
You can have a man who snivels before men
And grovels before women
—this includes boyishly cute men
Who give the perfect foot massage and where the
"Groveling"
Only involves phoning the police and using the word
"Inappropriate"—
You can have that guy
He isn't Alpha
Neither is the one
Who destroys everything and everyone in his path
Except his woman of mesmerism
Effectively, Pinkie of "Brain" fame
Is Not Alpha
...so, you know what's left
A force of nature uncontrolled, unfriendly
Dangerous it glows in the dark
You don't want to call that Alpha
You don't have to
But pick some other word, for the other Aboves
Battery acid is Not hot sauce
If it ain't Shatner, it ain't *Trek*

Boxing Hell

I think Mike Tyson could have beaten

Mike Tyson

What?

Oh

Yeah

Right

XY

I'm bad at Otherness. I think many people are. I blame all media; it has served, more and more, to turn the perspective of each individual into a crystal meth version of *Starring Sally J. Freedman As Herself*. We each one, live and flow and walk through each day, believing we are God...only, one way or another, we've been taught otherwise, or that this is not a healthy way in which to approach the world, it's immoral or unethical, it's disrespectful or dysfunctional, it's exclusionary or some kind of ego problem, it's haughty or just not nice. And, no one wants to sit outside the circle from "GO", so there's a collective crack of booted heels, and everyone pays lip service to Otherness. The fact it's all lip service, comes out most strongly, in the domicile. Two gods is intolerable, but that's usually what you've got, nowadays, 'neath any tiles or planks or stucco.

So, thanks to the bottomless pit of iThis, eThat and BlinkYourEyesPro, we're down from 4 archetypes to 2: the hot and the cold. A unit so selfish, self-centered and automata, each god exists happily in their own delusion, hearts forever closed because they never had one between them to begin with...or, a Master of Disaster and Italian Stallion try to murder each other with their love. Sociologists find the first of these models, to be a form of actualization, but sociologists believe it's possible, at least clinically, to be unbiased, and in a postmodern world chocked with "spin", I'd say that alone negates their whole science.

It took me until the age of 47, to realize I was a narcissist. It took only a short while to embrace it—it is, after all, an incurable personality type, making its human much akin to the cancer or Lou Gehrig's Disease or HIV victim who has no choice but to charge, Light Brigade, into chaos. It's not that far in mode of being, from the Dark Side of the Force, e.g. "Your hate has made you powerful", and yes, I admit there is bad in that, but you have to Be It, to know the good.

To some extent, the work in this chap is conceptual, only because my own lifemate is a Pollyanna of indescribable, Little Match Girl purity. This demonstrates that, as the saying goes, “water finds its own level”, because Edward Hyde couldn’t bunk with anyone else. My Mrs. is beyond belief. A hippie chick, endlessly enthralled with me as Nixon. Dagger, to my Cloak. She’s the only true and living sustenance I’ve found, in this fallow, stinking ground called Human.

Though, don’t mistake me. The fights, they happen, and then it’s Apollo dancing deadly as Rocky takes it on the chin, willing to suffer six to land one haymaker of his own. Drama. What everyone says they don’t want. What those alone can never accept emanates from their own, contrived tin deity. What those who exist brawling within, take for granted. The drama of a Bill Conti musical score, championing all our triumphs and tears. It’s Round 14, and still we try to make The Other understand. Make them comprehend. Make them behave. Still we stand there, slugging, slogging on toward the Draw known as Death. **Drama IS Conflict.** Unfortunately, it is very breath.

It bothers me, the deliberate and completely misrepresented uncared for of Simon and Garfunkel’s “Dangling Conversation”, being held up as brass ring to grab for. Such couples and individuals, more narcissistic than we narcissists, are today, truly, the champions of the world. Bronze statues. Utterly hollow—and as such, impervious. These supposedly realized persons, cannot be affected by pain in any real way, for these persons stopped being persons before they drank their first beer. And, they’ll build the Dachau’s of tomorrow, nonfriends. Build them out of “otherness”. Relatedness. Oneness. Community. *Ein volk*, “appropriate”. Making gone the nature of Man. Out of Love. —CEE, 8/24/11

Erasable Bond

CEE

2013 chapbook
Scars Publications
<http://scars.tv> ✖

Writing Copyright © 2013 CEE.

Design Copyright © 2013 Scars Publications and Design

Magazines:

Children, Churches and Daddies (co-ed 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., Encore, Extra 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 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, co-ed v167.5 (Writing to Honor & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Burn (the Kaypers edition), S&M, co-ed v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Cloos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), *Finally, Literature for the Sooty and the Blue (v1, v2 & part 1)*, a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kaypers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jeon Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cano-Dixie Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Duct, Prepare Her for This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kaypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Kayers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Datebook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Stab Stab Stab, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words (color art book and b&w art book), Life, in Color, Post-Apocalyptic, Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v089, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Segmented, Six Six Six, Skelated Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Tread on Me, Lines of Intensity, Entering the Ice Age, When the World Settles, Into the White, Along the Surface, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Fershen, Down in It, Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknows, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Lost, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Infamous in our Prime, Anis Nic: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, the Svetovestva Uponriched, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Momento Mori, in the Palace of Creation, R.L.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Dove, Thomas of Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, nopen, in Your Heart the Apostrophe's Tardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anis Nic: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Deckard Kilder / Charlie Newman*, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Pauline Borches 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, Down Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Carmudgeon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tome, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cats, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, the Holy See of CEE, Sulphur & Sawdust, State & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Choice Theory, Writing to Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Brooding Solitaires, Unleashing the Mysteries, the Book of Stars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, George Remains, Cherred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Busting the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, who, ink in my blood, (bound) (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, co-ed Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Date Book, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbooks edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition)

Compact Discs:

Mom's Favorite Verse the demo tapes, *Kaypers the Band (MPV inclusive)*, *Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Acing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Acing* Live in Alaska, *Pattes & Kaypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kaypers* Seeing Things Differently, *50/50* Tick Tock, *Kaypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kaypers* Six One One, *Kaypers* Stop, *Kaypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kaypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kaypers* Changing Gears, *Kaypers* Dreams, *Kaypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kaypers* Control: Control Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kaypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kaypers* SM, *Kaypers* W2D Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Verse* and *The Second Acing* These Truths, assorted artist String Theory, Oh [audio CD], *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indes Plea, *the DMJ Art Connection* Mantis 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 #10-15 (5 CD set) etc. [audio CD], (2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Class in Motion* (6 CD set), *50/50* Something is a High [EP], *PRK's* I Tied for the Price of One [EP], *Edk, Jdk and Kaypers' An American Portrait, Kaypers* the Battered Trip/Paid Index/the Johnson Pondering Trip *Funkies* (4 CD set), *and/or* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kaypers* Live (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kaypers* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Kaypers* St. Paul' s (3 CD set), *Kaypers* the 2009 Poetry Games Show (5 CD set), *Kaypers* and the *Millennium of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set), *Kaypers* "40", *Kaypers* Sexism and Other Stories, *Kaypers* the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), *Kaypers* "Dubro VuCa" (4 CD set), *Kaypers* "Immam" (4 CD set), *Kaypers* "Letting it All Out", *Kaypers* "What We Need to Live" (CD single), *Kaypers* "Make Any Difference" (CD single), *Kaypers* "Hardback "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).