

The background of the cover is a deep black space filled with numerous stars of varying colors and sizes. In the lower right, a grey, cratered lunar surface slopes upwards. A thin, blue-tinted crescent of the Earth is visible above the horizon, showing cloud patterns and the blue of the oceans.

Akashic Shotgun

Alex S. Johnson

**2013 chapbook
Scarsuonirs**

Dedication:

*To all the wonderful poets and artists in my life,
Antony Hitchin, Niall Rasputin, Paula Lietz, Ellyn
Maybe, Roxy Contin, Richard Modiano, Billy Burgos,
Iris Berry, A. Razor; to Thomas Roche, Rhonda Saenz,
Wayne Allen Sallee, Rachel Thompson, Jon R. Meyers,
and especially my parents, Steven and Beatrice Johnson.*

Preface

by **A.D. Hitchin**

You are staring down the barrel of Alex S. Johnson's *Akashic Shotgun*...

And what will happen if he squeezes the trigger? Will you be blasted into a state of postmodern nothingness? Connect to a non-physical, aetheric repository of all mystic knowledge and human experience? Or awaken to something beyond mere stimulus-response; something deeper than your waking, 'rational' mind?

All possibilities are on the table, but as Alex S. Johnson is a writer firmly in the Surrealist, Dada tradition, I'd wager he'd prefer the latter. Thankfully, unlike many of the current crop of avant-garde pretenders, Johnson possesses the necessary literary skill and talent to fulfil such lofty ambitions and to surprise the reader with genuinely fresh, exciting juxtapositions of language. Using his own variation on the cut-up method, Johnson delivers 10 startlingly original, precise poems which threaten to evolve the logical, linear associations determined by the usual conventions of form and grammar into something truly transmutative. This is in every way an alchemic process, with the ingenious collisions of archetypal and alchemic imagery defying any concept of universal meaning or normative ideology – probing a deeper part of us that promises potential beyond stasis and automaticity.

Something transformative may be possible for those open to it. Regardless, all lovers of poetic subversion and ingenuity should offer themselves as target practice for this particular shotgun.

May you be mutated.

A.D. Hitchin

Akashic Shotgun

I.

This is the place of union
the anointed pyramid
plucked from the spy's
muscular eyepatch.

The dark sheds its feathers
and Dr. Doom has left the theater.

Did you feel
his omnishambolic chill
parting the mob
with claws of hypnosis?

Here suppressed
monsters of the Abyss
cling to the struts
of neuronal bridges

Theory litters the surface
with the tenacious grit of indigo
measuring swords at one of its extremes.

Now, brooding doves
twang the Aybss
like a tuning fork,
desire develops lovely recipes
and tongues spear the hearts
of bound and blackened angels.

Choronzon watches from the pit
Selecting the sex of the eaglet's hourglass
that sucked the fruit
of Egypt's auric ghosts.

The Myth of the Apollo Belvedere Cooked and Eaten as a Borderless Dessert

Ampulla of rustic houses.

Glass tubes from erotic convents.

Infantile-archaic landscapes.

The big pill of a crane's bill swallowed by magic.

Phials throb with an assertive backbeat.

Metal retort shreds into Goliath.

Retorts with a second opening for necrophiles.

Iron pots for robotic nudity.

Cementation box for wax masks.

Crucibles in which lamentation bakes
emblems of the golden scarab.

Horned feathers in
marvelous procession interfere
violently with objective
accounts of a spit, a burial
scaffold and a gurney, nodes of
transformation, red and black wings
cross-hatched to the utmost detail.

These monsters of nature
put off their course by gigglesome gems,
build machines of hoarfrost,
as obelisks use a
spatial map to suppress the boundaries
of islands, ships, cubes and moons.

A Buddy Comedy or Adventure Featuring Hydropic Man vs. the Authochthons of Florida

A bloated buffoon
twisting in red light
has retained stiff
feathers of his humor.

And the calendar marks his deaths
with smears of bearded isthmus.
Birds are interlaced with shadows
threaded together in the jeweled cabinet
their song is a golden mirror
their wings the stuff of wonder.

Tall ships
puff furiously as drugged
damsels, erased by gun-toting lovelies,
bury lambent fools in
the beach of Panthalassa.

Grainy stock footage of a zoom-ridden elephant
repeats the neck-bitten void,
making the filmed action savage
with mocking bursts of dream-logic.

Becoming the Rosarium,
an authentic fleet of the four elements
laced with penumbras of the cross
carries the body of the
bleeding World Clock.

Captain of Yolk

The Captain complete with
an egg in the middle,
cooks the goblins of Sol
that take root at the tower's lower levels
and arch skyward with conical helmets.

A yellow light penetrates his
heart of Mercurius, the bears of
dark like great mountains
rising through rings of the
Opus alchymicum.

A certain portion of the work
magnetized of four cracked points
sets sail from the Ports of Kali.

Their masts wrangle fools
boarding the April Fish—
an anchor of candy
dissolved in the wake.

Exiting the known,
the moon puffs a big cigar
blowing a fortune in succubi
from iridescent shores.

The Call

We waited for the call,
dynamite in our veins
a thick syrup of desire
clotting the mortal instruments.

Dripping from the rudder,
resplendent serpents
appear as coils of black rope.

Making his final appearance,
the Captain plays us all
like harps of synecdoche.

The Little Red Mouth

The little red mouth
breeds grace in a tall glass.
She waits for the bell
 the alarm
 the signal
to emerge anointed or,
whatever's first,
impossible.

There lies the other moon
in a rapture of blue wings:
Our serious faces plucking
hammers of nudity.

The Discipline of New Music

And I guess this is the season
where we usher harmony
from shattered instruments
urging the burning strings
towards the X-cross of chromaticism
summoning their dialect of glitter
from the weird world of aquatic theater

And I suppose there is a message
in these riddling mazy notes,
stabbed out like eyes of vicious pianos

Staves of hammered glass
clutching the song like hysteria—
plangent echo of hurricane
in the guts of atomic guitar

A Devotee of Smoking Lenses

I turn the corner, anvil at the ready
sad for the continuous demise of the hammer
its cracked thunder still in my ears

boundary

What properties of sexual madness
doom us, Zen-bound strangers
to grapple in this garbage?

exit

We should be mad to push the frontier
over the cliff where it belongs
with the rippled ruins of fences
property lines, divisions, squares on a
grid—killed by unbuilding,
slaughtered by calculus, squared off
in a formal duel with the moon man.

a pipe smokes itself

Mister Restless says anytime, I'm dressed,
putting my shoes on
to a slick plastic cadence

And professional death in a dinner jacket
inhales the fragrance of any other skin,
alchemies of the mystic rose

the slender thread

I feel so utterly but
subtly twisted in this
climate, my sleight-of-hand
revolt a puff of smoke from
the emptied sleeve

a cabinet of mirrors
gulps her dark hair

The Witch Engine (for Antony Hitchin)

Faster and faster
stirs the witch
engine

courtyard of rose
blooms the inner circle
where toads mutter
secret alphabets

sweet cluster of bells like
grapes on a
tinkling vine

the film has to do with
precepts for a new mold—they gasp when
they see it, a crying blue shame

crystal
contagion
tar wolves

they write the sex
of girls aloud, wings locked
to the wall of shadows

the comfort of soft, elaborate
mansions mothered by time alone

septic TV

in her hands tough bits of
colored glass, meta-vocabularies:
white storm. a frontier of
bitter numbers. mindless swill that
perseveres.

ointment.

Paris in the spring. Prophecy
poured on the lay lines.

parasite.

They enumerate Bluebeard's fogged gaze:
no hope for the sentient
in theater of ibis

wisteria winds through
panes of hammered glass

alone, once, is an acid green meadow
exhumed from a factory replicating
mannequins from the fin de siecle.

Talking with Myth

I am talking with myth today,
sweet as milk

Others may speak
their considered opinion weighed and
egotistic logic chewed through the cord.

Do you get it
I am not you

My knife and gun made in small batches with
only the finest natural ingredients.

In a dystopian world, dreamed of adventure.

I will burn.

Setting my own dream right I will shake it down.

My dragon is a beautiful and graceful beast.
And I damn well love it.
A painful hatching out
from the soil of human
to something else

that did not resemble
their lineaments of mirror

I am going beyond disturbance
in a dance of fire and steel I will
establish this place, built on the
romance of other.

I am talking with myth
in a place where all my deaths are
sharks and guitars

I find the deep so salutary
and this corrosion inexplicably catching

I would love to beat those drums of common sense
but my outlaw shatters that and

this & this & this

It is a rock and the burning star
scratch of a potential psychopath
push of a madness declared
and though it is hard, it is true.

So I am declaring an armed retreat.

In electric bath flattened highs and lows
inhaled the smoke of moon

Welcome or exit. I will come and go.
Treading the track of the melting cross

And thank you so much for the concern
but see
but see

but really see

I am not you.
The tight skin of me.

What For?

Because this hurt is a vessel
Driven to a point
Dazzled to vicious talons
Goaded to machine.

Because substantially they
Closed the door, windows nailed shut,
Glass faces penetrating zero.
They worse than seal the gates,
My magic spring cannot reach!
It bubbles with ghosts,
Slipping time's noose.

Because this rage is a missile
Of vast and soft indifference
Guided towards chaos
On a derelict car with fun wheels.

Because the venom congeals
The rocket fuel so thin and vaporous
So quick and alive when born
I'm bumping my wings on the steps you
Make me climb!

I want what you can't feel
The burning raptures of portal
"Anywhere, out of this world"
where the heavy clay collective
doesn't breathe.

I can see from there
stunning alphabets
spires of dream cities
an open circuit...

The Royal Road

Now is the royal road driven to slush, our data-driven fingernails
dragging corpses clean.

Now is corruption, the dominion of shit: our noses sniff the
stink-wheel.

Where is the royal road burnished, holy, studded with
angelic bolts?

It became a highway for sanctimonious phlegm.

And the sails of Kali swept onwards towards the night's final theater.

It—the sucking slits of soldiers in the plaster, funny infantries
permuted for their survival—loves the chance of
trouble. They—scavenged from the first creation,
are committed, the flaws and bubbles in sparkling vultures, this
chronology of wonders witnessed by you alone.

As a *mis-en-abyme*, the identical heart shot with Druidic bullets,
they—oh decadence
of infinite oceans unfiltered by reason, shooting a dummy plot
for an imaginary flat in the Latin Quarter—con-
ceal a smart idea in mists of drama.

When nurses take all things bugs to the river we dreamt of last
night, a lover of iced statues creeps inside the
fuck-out machine, portrayed in lineups of
impossible criminals.

Rock and Roll Suicide

Staggering down sunset
In vinyl fetish heels
Bird-thin and weightless
With the coke-peeled eyes of
The newborn, stunned at the
Adoration you commanded,
But it was probably simple curiosity, as
Japanese photographers liked the
Way you fell on the cement,
Splayed out, you didn't feel it
And we were laughing and giddy, as we
Carried you like an attaché case
Between us, followed by the ghost of
Keith Moon in an orangutan suit,
Thumping a drum of stretched human
Skin, your baby vampire teeth coming
Out and your hollow, sucking lances
Coming in.

Now you've fallen down
In a very public way
But I've still got your t-shirt
With another name
And another name
And another name.

Who are you today, and what shall we call you?

Sketch Artiste

There are only so many exceptions
Till the rules fall like hammers
Till your skin blazes
As though light were forcing its fingers
Out of your chest
There are only so many
Compromised positions
A man can take
On his journey up and out.
These words are so many drafts,
Notes on doom, left in my wake
For whatever purposes they may serve
Till that vicious angel draws
The shades, and the din of traveling
Sounds so very far away.

Aurum Nostrum Non Est Aurum Vulgi

I.

We have come to the place
 where the compass itches, plucking our
 hearts with the children's pointed beard
 projected from a vest of cowboy wagons.

II.

Emulating the oval cut from a
 blonde, her tongue with machine-like
 precision drills blossoms in
 a hypnotic laboratory as, embedded in
 deep echoes, the glass arms of
 her wedding chamber curl in
 plantlike loops, the flashes and blips
 pieced together like jazz mosaic.

III.

Born in chinks of apocalypse,
 she drains amniotic fluid
 from a rubber sky,
 its umbric rays attacked by
 full and fatal Maya.

IV.

Her hack of *familiaris*
 characterized as the real bread,
 draws its condition from drooled swords.

The little arms of hysteria,
Ne plus ultra of void wolves,
 match hells in a wet loop—
 volunteers this time.

Lucky for nodal black:
 in the back room
 gorged on close-up
 its four hollows remain
 morbidly suspended in
 the incest urn.

Death by Integers

The aged children recall
death by integers.

Red gum of the virgin earth, more or
less conscious, unfolds the bird of
Astarte, her recumbent doors
cleansed by simple music.

Light and warmth develop the
guiding function, a sleeper
guarding the retort with
perfumed curses.

The Prima Materia

Another brick
lodged in respect of
myrrh, hard datura
furniture, the
smoking caterpillar
(who surfed the wrong
black mass and got anxiety issues)
pinpoints the

TERROR OF EARTH
FUNDAMENTAL DISEASE
GHASTLY SHIT

as he molts gloriously
his finger pressing the nerve: the
prima materia is us with a
split-screen sneeze... the artifacts
tumble forward forcing our attention
o-so-very-selective as the vinyl cheeks of
pornography...spreading the psychic
mattress nevertheless on a wine-stained noise...
drunken misadventures urging a kindly weave...
a corpsebaby riddled with glitch huffs Kabbalah...and
the mortar spaded in...and the wall

closed stitch open

wound
up

lately.

A Fashion Play

A sun dressed by Winter
Shakes Spring's seeds
Like a maraca,
Dancing by herself
In a circle of burning leaves

She steals our death for her
Prismatic fashion, in a blue
And golden skirt
The talk of all the seasons

A sweet and healing syrup
Leaks from her cut throat
As her daughters, nude and
Oblivious, receive their hard green suitors.

Mind is the Candy

Mind is the candy they
Stole with all our medicine
Bags, hung on trees like the
Sweet necks of witches.

Our shrunken ships clot
Their seas, released like
Snapshots of their mouths
Sealed by black gloves of storm.

Conscience is a sad
Accountant in this day and age.

The Girl with the Chaos Eyes

Uh-oh.
I saw it again—
that look.
That paddles to the camera
makes a face and
pisses on the lens look.
That artifice of happiness that's
ripped up inside dance
all the kids are doing.

And the stare that precedes
its slick disco moves,
heavy with the slam of bats.

Black things inhabit her,
the angry girl:
bride of Mercury
heavy with pollution
the one with chaos eyes.

Radiant Beasts

Having seen diamonds
rise and split their skins of fiction,
adorned with anemone halos,
they slay us with a suite of magick.

Radiant beasts flayed
Well established forms, a single
Indwelling presence formed of
Infinite light.

Cordial of Fossils
Offering an invitation to hot filth,
that laboratory of ego where the known
is crushed in a vise of galaxies,
the girl with an arsenal of
action-packed applications saw
science fume in a lab of oblivion
awakening the
Monad's spotlight.

A Bottle of Djinn

I.
His eyes slant like Lee Van Cleef,
his pockets spilled of
utopian lint!

He's clean, your Honor.
Peering down the barrel of the solar god,
Prometheus has chosen guilt.

So be it.

The eagle adroitly pecks his
freedom corset.

“Bailiff, stuff this miscreant
in a bottle of Djinn!”

How do you plead, poet,
assassin, martyr, flim-flam man?

He won't defend himself
He says that what you see is what you get,
the flesh of humanity emancipated...

Did we get here too late?
We caught him red-handed, picking the
lock of the Law with this blunt
crude and shapeless instrument.

It's a harp, Sir.

I can see it's a damn harp!

Admit these staves of music
as Exhibit A.

II.

The laurels, weave of
the grape's tricky
navel, cool in sweet splash of nudity.
Eve's lack of guile ratchets up the
bar for corruption—how do you plead?

I'm not guilty
by virtue of my being
not guilty
by the hair on my chinny chin chin
not guilty
of sin
despite being stuffed in a
bottle of Djinn...

III.

Exile in an alternate space
ain't so bad once you
get the hang of it, Prometheus said.
Wait till they need me—they can rub
the bottle till they're sore.

Till they're blind.
and deaf
and dead...

They found his attitude ridiculous
and sentenced in absentia
to become a poisonous liquor,
Prometheus took the shattered fragments
of his harp
to a new and terrifying
altar.

Shocking Casanova

Dryads suck confessions from the
thorn of yogic skies, the marvelous fangs of
piñatas creating ten years of angels in
one cellular hiccup.

We travel the moist gates of freedom draped on the
walking rocks, the whole story of
justice wagging scarlet tongues.

The triumphal chariot of doves, hidden roost of
valentines, springs of the gore watch fermenting raves and
icky beds, the sauce of mechanical confab in the fist of the
topping room.

The future sutured from a drowning library.

Brutes of art batter holes in the dinner drama.

The marchers hoist Azazel
on high-quality rainbows,
where strange beaches exterminate dreams

Tincture of Death Couture

Six keys of sub rosa
Get a half step of shadows from muscles of music
Get in the race to stop the corsets of coma
Discarding robotics like the rot of yoga
Trashed wrestling in flames of steel tattoo

We are the seekers of strange vacations, the
terminus of raw sticks that forms a picture of the
True West, part of why we glide along the loving path.
The horses of shock become
the apple of
heavy neuronal jewelry.

pudding Spooks

Dip the deadly night shades on,
still wet—the forms shudder forth, cursing
new breath, egging the Old Ones on.
Chthonic coughs rattle in the throat—a time of insurrection, tears
streak meteoric. A ripple of whipped dreams crests
the pudding. Spooks say the weirdest things.

In chipped glass, in the crooked hands of trees,
in black mirrors ever receding, we learn
the true names of silver, wracking lungs
in the spirit of Torque's Armada. His long fingers
felt burns where the soul fled, laden with
heavy glyphs. The ring finger fades with agonizing
slowness, as stones skipped us. We who still believe
mourning becomes erotic. That way you may
tend, between the fires and the chattering teeth, as
treachery jogs kindness, eyes cajole a merry
witch way forward. They, *les autres*,
pluck strange, the flowers of doom, drafting
for the army of belief.

Some desserts are just.
That, the thick black mass
tickled with a spoon.
The cup's heart closing mysteries,
the tracks of tears,
the trick of being thick, candied me.

Candle Ending at Both Burns

So you saw me leaving. What did you think, that
All my ghosts had tales to tell? These can be found
In his books, in the snapped shafts of wand, buried in the ocean.

The magic roughed us up. We have adjourned, barely
Intact, to rub our wounds until they gleam. Our genies,
Unbottled, kiss the scars till new life shoots. And our hands
Grip the tall masts, cursing the Captain with his terrible hooks,
His eye-teeth gleaming. Yet still he commands

Ships emptied of sinking rats. He groans as Necro phases shift,
romancing the terrible.

Ivan more than I can halve, presumptive of a whole that's some-
wheres else. My candle ending at both burns, you're welcome
to the parts are left, upon the shelf.

—*March 15, 2013*

About the Author

Alex S. Johnson lives in Central California, where he teaches English at the community college level. His previous books include *The Death Jazz*, *The Doom Hippies*, *Doctor Flesh* and *Black Tongues of the Illuminati*. His short stories, poetry and music journalism have appeared in a variety of publications, including *Metal Hammer* and *Bloodsongs* magazines. He enjoys Italian horror movies, pizza, very strong coffee, cartooning and observing nature.

Akashic Shotgun

Alex S. Johnson

scarsnopeagand

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Books:

*Hope Chest in the Arctic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking (Women), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Owevo, Escro Versus, I'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorial (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change (Reverend), Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life of Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mizes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Bliester & Burn (the Kuypers edition), S&M, c&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Colapagos, Chapter 30 (v1), v2 & c3), Ready, Attention for the Sooty and Blue (v1, v2 & part 1) & Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (revel), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Gene-Diea Cl&town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Unconcern, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kuypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Kuypers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability, Strab 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 v0&1, Come Fly With Me, Cheating the Odds, Sectioned & Sequenced, Six Six, Skeletal 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 Forseth, 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, 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 Svetavatore Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Momento Mori, in the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bomble Bee, Remnants and Showdown, I Saw This, the Dine, Thomas at Tea, Crumbling Down Mountain, Blue Collar Ballet, suggest, In Your Heart the Apocryphic's Teachings of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bears, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (revised edition), **Bedard Elder / Cheryl Weaver**, 12 Times 12 Equals Grass, a Marble Nube Pauline Barchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Light 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 Curmudgeon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tome, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cuts, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, the Holy See of CE, Book 15 "Thousand to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasmole Bond, Sahar & Soudan, Slate & Marrow, Bliester & Burn, Rises & Repeat, Service & Tawny, (not so) Wren & Ferry, Tartan & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A / Side B, Balance, Class Theory, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breeding Silence, Unleashing the Apocryphic, the Book of Stars, We The Poet, Life on the Edge, Revealing of your Dirty Little Secrets, Decrayl Rainier, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, aka, Ink in my Blood, Bombard, (4 editions), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with D&T, 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 Touchdown, the Mission (prose edition and chapbook edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition), Entangled, Gath by Association*

Compact Discs:

Most's Favorite Year the demo tapes, *Kuypers the Inad*, *Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Kinship* is Sweeting, *The Second* *Axing Live in Alaska*, *Peter & Kuypers Live at Cafe Aloha*, *Painless Orchestra Rough Mixes*, *Kuypers Seeing Things Differently*, *50/50 Tick Tack*, *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* *Acoustic Cantata*, *the DMJ Art Connection* *the DMJ in Connection*, *Kuypers Questions in a World Without Answers*, *Kuypers SIN*, *Kuypers WEDD Radio [2 CD set]*, *Most's Favorite Year* and *The Second Axing These Truths*, *assorted artists Spring Theory*, *Oh (audio CD)*, *Life in the City [3 CD set]*, *the DMJ Art Connection India Day*, *the DMJ Art Connection Music*, *Depressive or Something*, *Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #1*, *Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #2*, *Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #3*, *Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #4*, *Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #5*, *Classic Radio the Choice*, *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 Something to a Halt [EP]*, *PREZ Two for the Price of One [EP]*, *K&I Juke and Haystack*, *An American Portrait*, *Kuypers/the Doctor/Trio/Paul/Baker/the Juliana Pawlows 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 St. Paul 's [3 CD set]*, *Kuypers the 2009 Poetry Game Show [3 CD set]*, *Kuypers and the H&Mann of South Africa Burn Through Me [2 CD set]*, *Kuypers '40'*, *Kuypers Sexism and Other Stories*, *Kuypers the Stories of Women* *(amazon.com release)*, *Kuypers "Dobro VeCa" [4 CD set]*, *Kuypers "humm" [4 CD set]*, *Kuypers "Letting It All Out"*, *Kuypers "What We Need in Life" [CD single]*, *Kuypers "Made Any Difference" [CD single]*, *Kuypers/Hardwick "Across the Pond" [3 CD set]*.

Magazines:

Children, Churches and Doodlers (c&d magazine), founded June 1993; Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000