

07/17/07

janet  
kuypers

living  
in a  
big world

# paranoia

we sit here at dinner.  
I try to breathe.  
My hands rest on my thighs.  
I must watch to be sure,  
everything must be right:  
the silverware, small fork,  
large fork, plate, knife,  
large spoon, small spoon.  
Water glass. Wine glass.

I know no one else sees them:  
the fish, the red fish, in  
the curtains along the wall.  
You have to watch them.  
My eyes always glance there.

They are evil fish. They sit  
in the curtains, they wait,  
and then they come out.

And the yogurt, the yogurt  
is the only thing that can  
save me from them. throw  
the yogurt, take a spoon,  
use your hands. Anything.

And we sat there before  
dinner, and he ate his  
yogurt with his first spoon  
before I could stop him.

How could you do this? How  
can you save yourself from  
the evil fish now? Will  
I have to save you again,  
do you even understand  
the danger

*Music with this piece is from  
**The Bastard Trio**, in a song  
called **Bastard Seconds** off the  
CD **Survivat of the Fist**.*

# Man who talks loud... say nothing

I try to learn about the world, try to understand the world. While first traveling, I did a MidWest tour of poetry, then was in a Chicago poetry show at the National Poetry Slam in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I sell my performance art audio on iTunes & Naster, I try to share myself with the world, but I wonder if I'm actually getting through to anyone.

I heard a Native American man, whose parents were from two different tribes (meaning that he could never truly have an allegiance with just one tribe), say that after he traveled extensively, he tried to tell his story to the people of either tribe, and no one wanted to even listen to him. They called him Ex-eh-ba-che, which means "man who talks loud... say nothing."

Ex-eh-ba-che.

"Man who talks loud... say nothing."

Oh, what am I saying, I've been around the world, but I've never talked to a Native American. That was actually from a movie I saw, I don't even know if "Ex-eh-ba-che" is a real word or means anything.

But... If I want to see something about the world around me, maybe I should turn on the tee vee, I mean, if news channels can have reporters in war zones, there's got to be something worth watching. Maybe I'll just get out the remote and turn on the tee vee, then press the play button and see what's out there in the world.

*Music by André Vuillemin, (aka elektroNarkoz), created for the poem "Taking Out The Brain" (see appendix 1)*

# fighting I can do

I know these are normal things  
for me to be going through

I know that I have been raped  
and beaten  
I know they've tried to kill me  
and lucky me, I survived

I think I can survive  
everything they throw at me

But as time wears on  
little pieces of this statue are chipped away  
everybody wants something, right?  
well, they've been taking from me  
and taking  
and taking  
and taking  
and my defenses are getting weaker  
and I don't know how much more  
fighting  
I can do

# i want

you know what i want?

i want a big house with filtered central air  
and i want a big lawn so i can recreate nature

and i want a big fence so i'll know what's mine

and i want the evergreens trimmed into neat little  
balls, because it has to look neat. plant everything  
in a row.

and i want to spray chemicals on my lawn  
to keep the dandelions away

and i want a plastic lobster bib  
over my fancy dress at the fancy restaurant

and don't forget the hundred dollar champagne

and i want a big fat car, and i want  
someone else to drive it

and i want the two kids, one boy, one girl  
and i want a nanny to take care of them for me

i want to be famous  
i want everyone to love me

i want it  
i want it all

*Music for this piece was sampled by Kuypers for the 1997 CD **Seeing Things Differently**  
The sampling was from a series of bombo drum beats from the **Kaboom!** CD.*

## “Adjusting Your Beliefs”

We lived in Pennsylvania for 6 months, and while I continued my work with cc&d magazine, I got a P.O. box in a town a half hour away, in Intercourse Pennsylvania. It was an amish town, and we would go to the store there to stock up on spices, and the amish people who worked there were all short -

Now, I know i'm tall, but when I say they were short I should also say that their heads looked child-like... that the people working there looked like they had a mild form, or early stages of, downs syndrome. We could only guess by looking at the faces of these short people that the Amish had too severe a history of inbreeding because no one new came into their community.

And recently I was in Champaign to plant a tree, and we stopped at a mall and there was this hydro massage store in the mall - it was this temporary place that had booths set up for individuals to lay down in, and many jets of water pulsed into plastic sheets over the person's body, it was a massage thing that people could pay for. Now, I had seen things like this before, but I was told I should try this, you know, just splurge, so I was in this thing that looked like a tanning bed for your body with your head sticking out at the end, and John talked to a few girls there, because he noticed how they looked liked they were dressed in near Amish, or Mennonite, clothing. And he found out that these girls were in their late teens, and they came in from out of town on a bus trip, yes, they were Amish, but yes, this was a trip sponsored by their Amish community, and one of the girls said she was on this trip to hopefully find a husband.

And it seems that they were doing this, they were allowing this much technology into the outskirts of their lives, to find someone else to have children with. to avoid inbreeding.

Ah, the choices we make. The sacrifices we make to help our lives, or the things we are willing to destroy when faced with insurmountable choices.

*Music for this piece is from a live performance with music by **Lem Roby**, who did background music at the Cafe 04/26/05, while Kuypers read the piece “The Writing of my Life” (see appendix 2).*

# A Retired Policeman Talks About Suicides He's Seen.

“As a cop, I remember one lady, we found her in her bathtub, she cut her throat. That’s odd, for women, normally they take pills, they don’t like to disfigure themselves. But she knew what she was doing, cutting her throat in a full bath. Less messy that way. Autopsy said she was full of barbiturates. She was a nurse, that explained how she knew how to do it, but then we found out that she was pregnant, too. And to top it off, her brother was a priest.”

*Music for this piece is from **Order From Chaos**, who sampled her voice to make it appear lower (to better emulate the voice of a retired policeman). This appeared on the CD **The Entropy Project**.*

# “technology and communication”

Oh, I'm sorry. I was listening to my iPod.

Oh, wait, let me see, maybe I can hook this up to play the music for you.

You know, I was thinking about it - advancements in technology have been a wonderful thing, and many say it's brought the world closer together, have kept people more connected. And on some levels I can totally agree with that - I mean, I read submissions from email, saving paper and ink and postage, I keep magazines on line so people around the world can read good writing, I've even had musicians from Wisconsin, Ohio and Tennessee find my readings and set music to my words.

But in the same respect, I sit all day at the same desk, staring at the web sites for the domain names I run, instead of actually meeting and working with people.

I mean, at one point, the people i emailed the most  
lived in the same city as me, and were only a local call away.  
in fact, one of my friends lived a block-and-a-half away from me,  
on the same street as me, but  
i still emailed her as much as i'd call her,  
even though i could just walk over to her house  
and have an actual conversation with her.

And even the phone, with cell phones you can carry a phone with you wherever you go, so you'll never be lonely, but it seems to give teenagers another reason to talk endlessly on the phone... And I can't tell you how many times I've wanted to attack someone at a bar, who is there with friends, who gets a walkie-talkie-style call from someone, and they take turns screaming their heads off to get little phrases to someone who couldn't even be there with them.

I mean, the iPhone just came out, combining a cell phone with an iPod, as well as email and Internet web browsing. But some bits of technology allow you to tune the world out, like the iPod here. When people see these headphones on someone, they know that you've apparently found something bigger and better than them for their lives right now... But even without technology, when I go for walks every morning, I wear the iPod, but I also wear sunglasses, even if it's overcast, so no one knows if I am studying every person I pass. With a lot of the technology we have now, we can learn about the rest of the world - or we can tune out the rest of the world and ignore any news that doesn't fit in with what we want to believe.

*Music with this piece is from Mark Clayton Graham, as he did music and reading for the poem "Tribal Scream" (see appendix 3). For the 1997 poem (with 2005 editions) "Communication," see appendix 3.5.*



# the carpet factory, the shoes

i heard a story today  
about a little boy  
one of many who was enslaved  
by his country  
in child labor

in this case  
he was working  
for a carpet factory

he managed to escape  
he told his story  
to the world  
he was a hero at ten

but the people from the factory  
held a grudge  
and today i heard  
that the little boy  
was shot and killed  
on the street  
he was twelve

and then people complain to me  
when i buy shoes  
that are made in china

now i have to think  
did somebody  
have to die for these

will somebody have to die  
for these

*Music with this piece is from **Pointless Orchestra**, with Mike Hovancsek playing the modified piano. This "rough mix" was later put on the CD **Rough Mixes***

Children in different parts of the world... I saw in China once a little boy outside, a toddler, drop his pants at the street side at a market and just start pissing on the sidewalk. And as I saw this, I saw that all the people there weren't even bothered by this... Someone explained to me that while they're little, toddler boys in China can go to the bathroom like that outside - but if he goes number 2, the mother has to pick up his feces (you know, like they were taking care of a dog).

But on the trains in China, they had a television screen in every car, with clips from what seemed like "America's Funniest Home Videos." Well, I couldn't understand a thing anyone was saying in China on this show on the train, but you couldn't help but watch, and you couldn't help but laugh. It was a great means of bringing levity when you're on a public train, like when you're on your way to work every morning on the el.

*Music for this piece is from a rock-a-billy performance of Kuypers' original song "In Love I Abide" (guitar by John Yotko). For song lyrics, see appendix 4.*

## Private Lives 2005 the elevated train, Chicago, Illinois

sitting on the el train  
i saw a middle-eastern man  
sitting across from me  
holding a large Zip-Loc bag  
of some sort of food paste,  
i couldn't tell,  
it looked like some sort of  
curry-filled food paste

and the man looked unhappy,  
and after a few minutes  
i saw him open up  
the Zip-Loc bag,  
throw up into it,  
then close the bag again

so, he was carrying  
his vomit with him  
on the el

at least he had a bag  
he could seal it up with

*Music for this piece is from Rose E. Grier's son  
Ben Cooper Grier, working  
with John Binello to perform  
Duke Ellington's C Jam Blues.*

## “passport to outer space”

And a lot of us have experiences around the city, and I’ve tried to see the world, not just this continent, but 15 European countries, Russia, China...

I’ve searched for these stories around the world, I’ve gotten my passport stamped like mad... but my sister told me about Don Stump, a friend of my dad’s who ran a restaurant, well, his father-in-law apparently bought and had the rights to the space *in outer space* (you know, like all of the space beyond our atmosphere between planets and stars and comets and asteroids and stuff...). My sister even said that his father-in-law stamped the passports of the astronauts that went into outer space, since they were crossing the areas he owned.

But Don Stump was pushed away from their house once, because at least two men from the FBI were there... Apparently Don’s father-in-law was minting coins, it wasn’t money that was valid anywhere, but it’s illegal for U.S. residents to try to make any sort of profit this way, the way they might have potentially done.

Now, Don and his wife and parents have passed away, so.... I guess there’s no way I can pay them for having my passport stamped for going to outer space. But when you’re up high in the Earth’s atmosphere, a lot of places look the same. I mean, Siberia, with snow peaks and mountain lines along the eastern coast, looks like the Rockies in America in the winter. It’s only when you get closer to the ground do you see the real differences.

*Music for this piece was sampled by Kuypers from two of her pieces on the 1997 CD **Seeing Things Differently** of “Packing” as the background beat and “New To Chicago” for the middle musical part (see Appendix 5). The sampling was from the **Kaboom!** CD.*

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## in the air (exerpts)

Chicago looks grand from the sky  
with this huge expanse of lake  
next to it, like civilization crept up  
as far as it could but finally had to stop.  
The power of nature stopping the power  
of mankind... Daylight, and the snow  
on the ground in the winter time looks dirty,

too many cars have splashed mud on it as they  
drove by. And in the winter the sky  
always matches the shade of grey of the snow:  
fitting for the city of the Blues.  
Maybe the snow is already  
that color, that perfect shade of grey,  
when it falls from the sky in this city.

When I'm in the air, I like to look  
out the window. Clouds look like  
cotton balls when you're above them,  
and when you're landing cars look like  
little ants, on a mission, bringing food  
back to their hill. And the  
streets look like veins, capillaries in some  
massive, monstrous body. And the  
farmlands look like little squares of colors.  
I wonder why each plot of land is a  
different color, what's growing there  
that makes them different. Or maybe it's  
that some of them are turning shades of red  
and brown because they are dying.

And it always seems on a plane that you're stuck  
sitting next to someone that is either  
too wide for their seat, or is a businessman  
with his newspaper stretched out  
and his lap top computer on his little  
fold out table. Once, when I was on a  
flight back from D. C., a flight attendant  
walked by, stack of magazines in her  
hand, Time, Newsweek, Businessweek,  
and I stopped her, asking what magazines  
she had. And she replied, "Oh, these  
magazines are for men." This is a true  
story. And I asked her again what she  
had. I had already read Time, so I took Newsweek.

*Music for this piece is from **the DMJ Art Connection**,  
with David Michael Jackson's instrumental **LIVE19SYNTH**.*

You know, I've flown all over the place, but I heard this story about flying from Hawaii, and I even told this story to a song from Square Waves at our live concert in Alaska. But according to the guy who lived through this, he said...

## on an airplane with a frequent flyer

“I was once on a flight to Hawaii and I was waiting in line for the lavatory. There was always a line for a flight this long, you know, it seemed the washrooms were always on demand on a flight this long. So I finally got into the washroom, you know, and I looked into the toilet, and someone, well, lost the battle against a very healthy digestive system and left the “spoils” in the toilet, stuck. Maybe it didn’t want to go down into the sewage tank where all the other waste from this long trip went to. Can you imagine all the stuff this airplane had to carry across the ocean? Well, anyway, so I saw this stuck in the toilet, and I went to the washroom, and when I was done I flushed and it still wouldn’t budge, and so I opened the door and walked out into the aisle of the plane again. And there was this long line of people waiting to use this cramped little washroom, and I just wanted to tell them all, ‘you know, I didn’t do that.’ And then it occurred to me that everyone, when they leave the bathroom on that plane, will think the exact same thing.”

*Music for this piece is from **Square Waves**, written and played by John Yotko.*

## appendix 1

# Taking Out The Brain

i'm a med student  
and for the past few weeks  
we've been working on a cadaver

at first  
i didn't want to know anything  
about him  
i covered the head of the guy  
wanted to pay him some respect  
i didn't want to think  
tat this person lived  
before i dissected him

i had a hard time  
taking out the brain  
cause you know, that's where  
the memories are  
that's what makes him  
him

it's not so hard now  
they get the bodies from the morgue  
they're homeless people, mostly  
no family  
it's not so hard now

*Although this piece was not in the show, the music from this piece (music by André Vuillemin, aka elektroNarkoz, was created for this poem. The music originally used for this poem was used in the show for "Man Who Talk Loud... Say Nothing."*

## appendix 2

# The Writing of my Life

i planned for everything  
and you knew me, you knew i had scripted  
everything out accordingly  
you knew i was a writer  
you knew i was a poet  
you even knew i was starting my novel

did you even know that i used  
your mother's maiden name  
as a last name for the  
scottish lab technician in my book?

well, as i was saying,  
i've worked it out over the years  
and i've figured out how to take care of myself  
and i've figured out how to get ahead in the game  
and you know, I did pretty well  
i had scripted my life out

i was an open book

but i was careful, i know  
that at the beginning of the page  
some things made my pen swirl  
and i started to write on an angle  
and sometimes i'd curl around on the page  
or write upside-down

but as i figure out how i wanted my life to be  
i was quite meticulous in my writing  
and the page actually looked quite graceful

and i've still got room left on that page  
for more writing, for more living  
but i think so far it was looking pretty good  
i figured out how i wanted the page to look  
and i did just the right things  
with the writing on the page  
and, well, the writing of my life  
was looking pretty good

and after meeting you,  
you were a nice edition  
to the writing of my life  
you saw me play at my last live chicago concert  
and, well,  
you enriched my life

even though sometimes you'd piss me off  
you were vibrant, and you  
helped that page look better

and then

and then you had to go die  
i don't even want to talk about you  
not taking care of yourself enough  
i know you worked out,  
but scottish or not  
you were diabetic  
you should have checked your blood sugar levels more  
you shouldn't have drank so much

i know you wanted to work on the writing of your life  
but you must have known  
you couldn't cram all that living into your body

you should have known that



but you know, you weren't a writer  
i don't know if you ever looked at the writing of your life  
or if you just relied on what you painted  
to show how you felt  
but you knew i was a writer  
and you knew how i watched  
over everything in my life

you knew i was the one in charge  
you knew i had a plan for everything  
you knew i worked my ass off  
you knew i succeeded at everything i did

you knew

you knew and you had to go off and die  
and mess up my whole page

because right at that point that god-damned pen  
started scribbling all over the place  
and it made a real mess out of part of my life

yeah, you know i cried for days for you  
who am i kidding, i cried for months  
and years later i still cried for you  
and yeah, no one wanted anything to ever happen to you  
but sometimes, you know,  
like in the stages of recovery,  
anger is one of them  
blame is one of them  
and right now all i can do  
is be angry at you for dying  
because i haven't gone through all the recovery steps yet  
but i have to blame someone  
for making me feel this way  
don't i

*Although this piece was not in the show, the music from this piece is from a live performance with music by **Lem Roby**, who did background music at the Cafe 04/26/05, while Kuypers read the piece "The Writing of my Life." The music from this piece was used for "Adjusting Your Beliefs."*

## appendix 3

# Tribal Scream

I know what goes on in your head  
I know all those characters you've created  
I know all the Hell in your past  
I know the mishmash of everything  
    crammed into your head

& I know a part of that is killing you  
& I want you to let it out  
& I want you to just open your mouth  
& let out a tribal  
    never ending scream

because I know you  
I know you've got too much life in you  
I know you've got a carbonated soul  
& I know that one good scream  
would let you pop the top  
of you,  
    like a bottle of Coke-a-cola

bubbles of compressed air  
would be coming out of your mouth  
    in your tribal scream

I wonder what characters you would spill out  
I wonder what you would do  
when you saw what you rejected  
    what you screamed out

I wonder if you'd see parts of your past

& I wonder if you'd know they were a part of you

& try to stuff them back in

*Although this piece was not in the show, the music from this piece is from Mark Clayton Graham, who did the music and the vocals for an audio version of this poem. The music from this piece was used in "Technology and Communication" during the performance 07/17/07.*

## appendix 3.5

### Communication

I

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams  
our cries for help  
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

II

got into work the other day  
and got my messages out of voice mail:  
mike trisko left me his pager number  
and told me to contact him with some information  
mike wright told me to call him at the office  
between ten thirty and noon  
lorelei jones told me to check my email  
because she sent me a message i had to read

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

realizing i didn't actually get a hold of anybody  
i tried to call my friend sheri  
but i got her answering machine

so i said, "hi - it's me, janet -  
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"

III

sara and i were late for carol's wedding rehearsal  
which was a bad thing, because we were both  
standing up in the wedding  
and we were stuck in traffic, and i asked,  
"sara, you have a cel phone, don't you?"  
and she said "yes"  
and i asked, "well, do you know carol's  
cel phone number, cause if you do, we can  
call her and tell her we'll be late -"  
and she said, "no - do you know it?"  
and i said "no"

IV

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams  
our cries for help  
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

V

i checked my email address book recently,  
and the people i email the most  
are the people that live in the same city  
as me, all of whom i know the phone  
numbers of, all of whom are only a local call away.  
in fact, one of my friends lives a block-  
and-a-half away from me,

on the same street as me, but  
i still email her as much as i call her,  
even though i could just walk over to her house  
and have an actual conversation with her.

## VI

I was out at a bar with Dave, and I was explaining to him  
why I hadn't talked to my friend Aaron in a while:

“You see, we usually email each other,  
and when we do, we just hit 'reply.'  
when you get an email from someone,  
instead of having to start a new letter  
and get their email address, you can  
just hit the 'reply' button on the email message,  
and it will make a letter addressed  
to the person who wrote you the letter originally.  
so one of us sent the other a letter, and  
it had a question at the end,  
so i hit 'reply' and sent a response,  
with another question at the end of my letter.  
so we kept having to answer questions for each other,  
and we just kept replying to each other,  
sending a letter with the same title back and  
forth to each other. well, once i got an email  
from him and there was no question at the end,  
and so i didn't have to send him a response.  
so i didn't. and we never thought  
to start a new email to one another.  
so we just lost touch.”

and then it occurred to me, how difficult it had become  
to type an extra line of text, because that's why  
i lost touch with him

and then it occurred to me, no matter how many different  
forms of communication we have,  
we'll still find a way  
to lose touch with each other

## VII

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open

our screams  
our cries for help  
so much faster than we could before

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

what if we forget  
how to communicate

## VIII

i got a program for my computer

it's a phone book program,  
and it sorts people by name or company,  
lists their phone number,  
and has a complete file for them  
where you can store their birthday,  
their address, past addresses and phone numbers,  
faxes, email addresses, there's room for  
any information you want to store about them

and i love this program, i've created a file  
with all the phone numbers i've ever needed,  
i always add information to this file,  
i keep a copy of it on my computer at home,  
on my computer at work, on my laptop,  
even on a floppy 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 a computer

any computer

IX

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams  
our cries for help  
so much faster than we could before

people want to instant message  
people buy their name as a domain name  
people get e-mail accounts  
people set up web pages

and you know, I got a cell phone  
I've got a land line  
but my phone isn't ringing off the hook

it's like I've gone fishing,  
sat on the boat in the lake,  
put out the bait

and no one's biting

X

i wanted to purchase tickets for a concert  
but i was shopping with my sister  
and wasn't near a ticket outlet  
but my sister said, "i have a portable phone,  
you can call them if you'd like"  
so she gave me the phone, and i looked  
at all these extra buttons, and she said,  
"just press the 'power' button, but hold it down  
for at least four seconds, until the panel lights up,  
then dial the number, but use the area code, because  
this phone is a 630 area code, then press 'send'.  
when you're done with the call, just press 'end', and  
make sure the light turns off."

so i turned it on, dialed the number,  
pressed 'send', pressed my head  
against the tiny phone

and the line was busy  
and i couldn't get through

XI

i wanted to get in touch  
with an old friend of mine from high school,  
vince, and the last i heard was that he went to  
marquette university. well, that was five years ago, he  
could be anywhere. i talked to a friend or two that  
knew him, but they lost touch with him, too.  
so i searched on the internet, to see  
if his name was on a website or if  
he had an email address. he didn't.  
so i figured i probably wouldn't find him.  
and all this time, i knew his parents lived  
in the same house they always did, i could just  
look up his parent's phone number in the phone book,  
and call them, 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 family that i wanted to see him enough to call,  
after all these years. and i didnt want  
him to know that. so i never called.

XII

now that we have the information superhighway  
we can throw out into the open  
our screams  
our cries for help  
so much faster than we could before

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

*Only a small piece of the 2005 additions of the poem "Communication" was used in the show, and when it was used in the expanded version of the CD "Seeing Things Differently" as well as the final piece in the DuA Art Gallery 04/01/04 final feature "Conflict•Contact•Control," dsifferent Erasure tracks were sampled to imply technology with electronic music.*



## appendix 4

### In Love I Abide

well you started a commotion when you walked in the place  
I was flooded with emotion when I first saw your face  
So I had to find out if there was a chance we could be  
But I couldn't understand how you could only want me

and as time went by my love grew stronger than before  
but I never dreamt I'd get what I was wishing for

so don't be afraid  
to let your feelings show  
because our love has stayed  
and I won't let you go

in love I abide  
for to love I am bound  
and I'll stay by your side  
with this love that I've found

well you parted all the people when you walked in the room  
when i saw your ice blue eyes i knew you would be mine soon  
but i couldn't understand how i fell for you so fast  
and i only hoped our feelings for each other would last

well do you believe that fate could make us feel this way  
because i know that a love like this is gonna stay

so don't be afraid  
to let your feelings show  
because our love has stayed  
and I won't let you go

in love I abide  
for to love I am bound  
and I'll stay by your side  
with this love that I've found

*The rock-a-billy styled music from this song was stylized by John Yotko, but the original Kuypers song was first played by Brian Hosey of Mom's Favorite Vase and appears on the CD "The Demo Tapes." Janet Kuypers and John Yotko also perform this on the Second Axing's CD "Something is Sweating."*

## appendix 4

### packing

there are too many times  
when i've said this before

never thought i'd really leave you  
and now i sit here

in this apartment  
popcorn bowl on the cocktail table

eleven thirty at night  
the television playing static

it looks too clean in here,  
not lived in

so i decide to take a trip  
get out of this place

into the bedroom, time to start  
packing: two dresses, two

pairs of shorts, shirts, loneliness,  
anger, make-up, extra socks

it's amazing how much of your life  
you can fit in a single suitcase

*Although this piece was not in the show, the music from this piece off the CD  
**Seeing Things Differently** was used as the background beat for the discussion piece titled  
"Passport to Outer Space."*

## new to chicago

I'm still new to this city  
I know, I know, I've been here for years  
but I haven't gone to the Sears Tower Observatory  
since my Junior Prom

but when I walk by the First Chicago building  
the beams along the north side  
sloping up, parabolic pillars curving up to the sky

when I walk by the First Chicago building  
I walk up along the side  
and lean up against one of the sloping pillars  
press my body against the cold concrete  
feel the cold against my chin, my breasts, by thighs

and look up along the curve, stretching up towards the sky

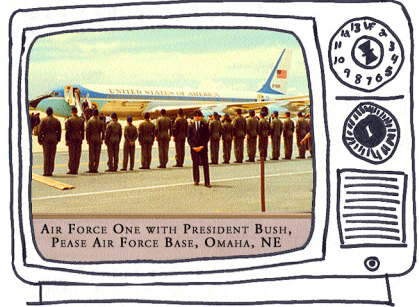
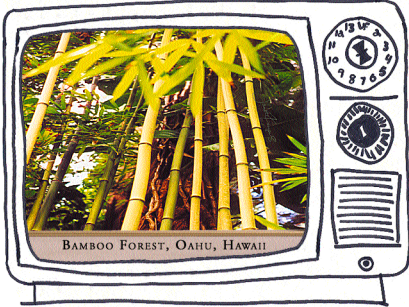
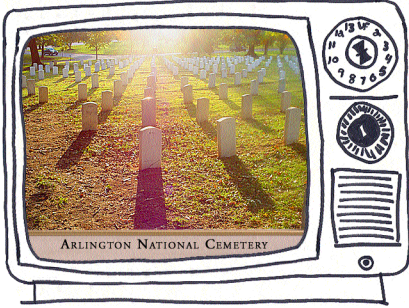
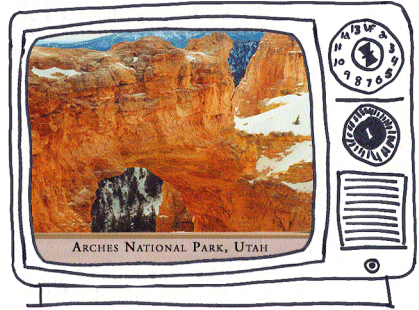
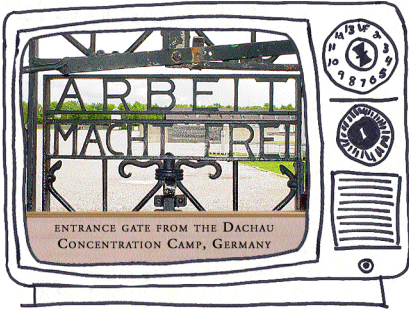
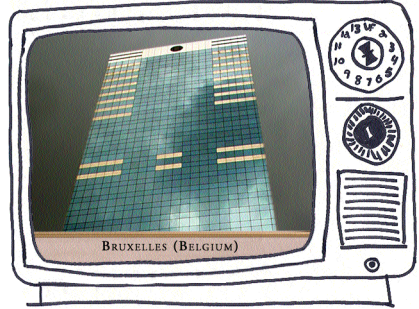
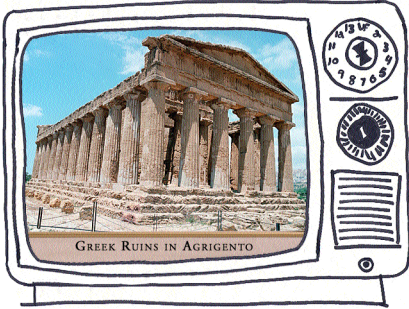
you know, these pillares look like race tracks  
and I could see something come rushing down that curve  
a matchbox car, a race car  
a marble, a bowling ball  
a two-ton weight

I see the speed, the power, and it  
almost makes me afraid to look up

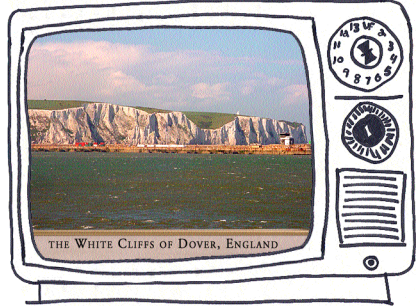
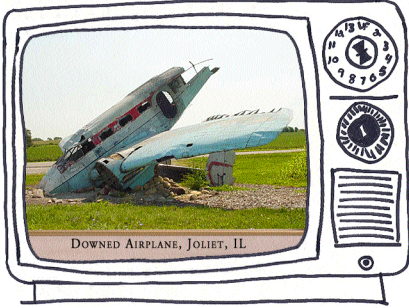
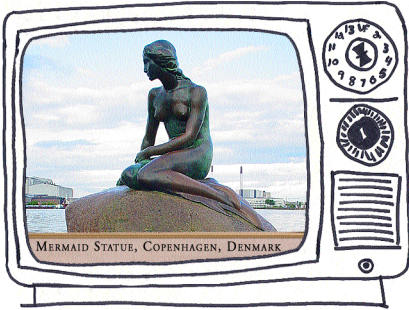
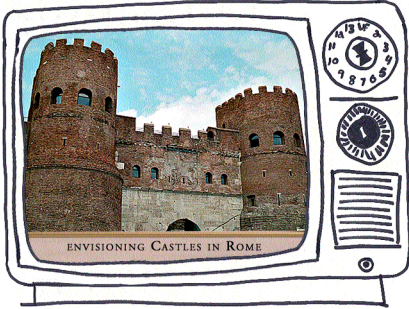
and every time I walk by the First Chicago building  
I do the same thing, I do this little ritual  
and it feels like the first time

*Although this piece was not in the show, the music from this piece off the CD  
**Seeing Things Differently** was mixed over the background beat from the background music for  
"Packing" (from the same CD) for the discussion piece titled "Passport to Outer Space."*

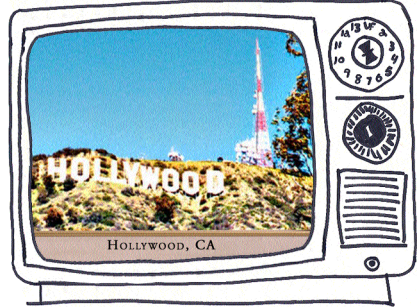
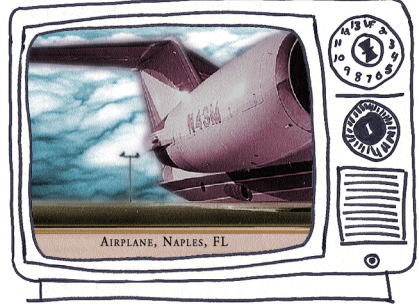
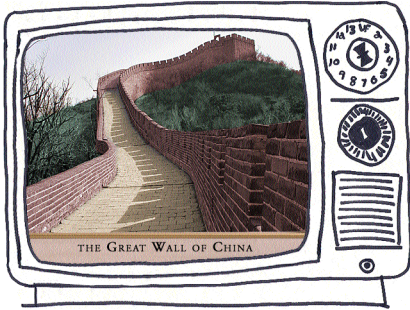
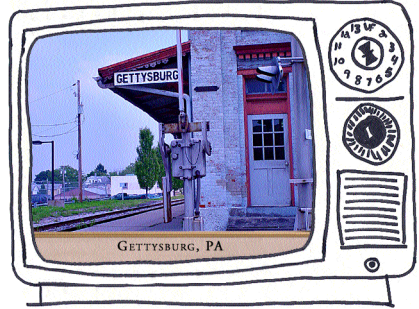
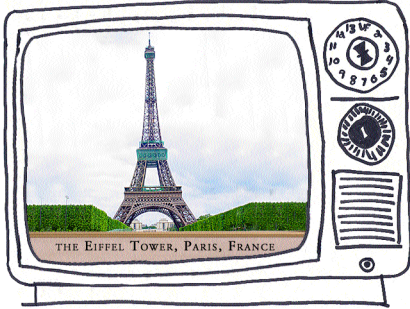
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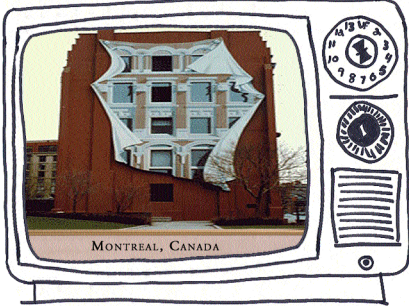
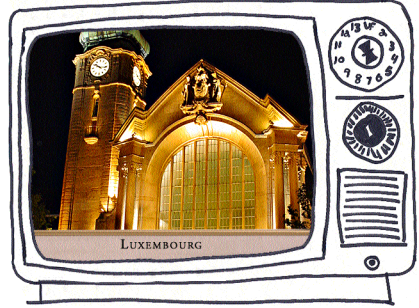
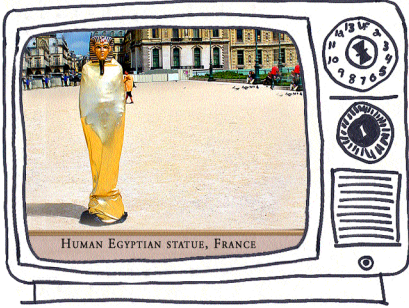
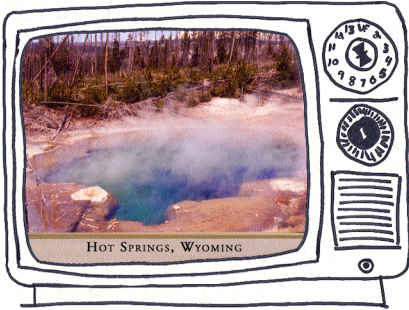
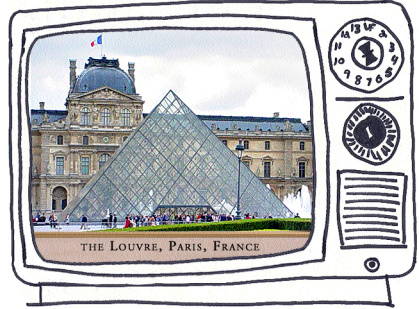
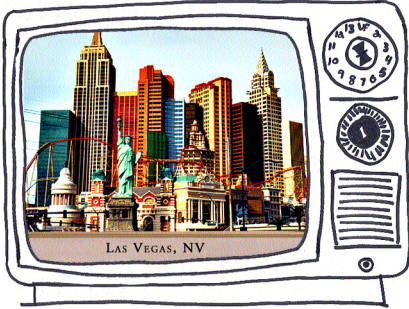
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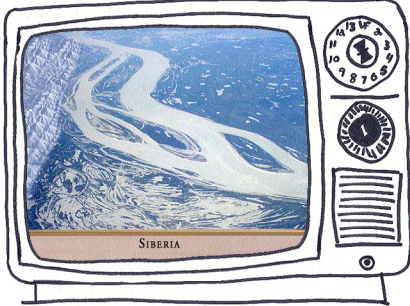
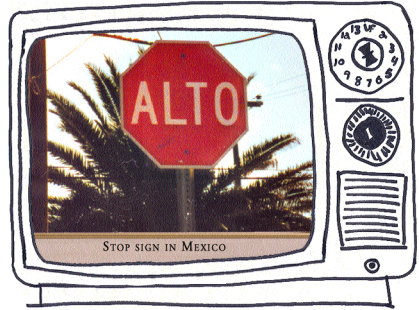
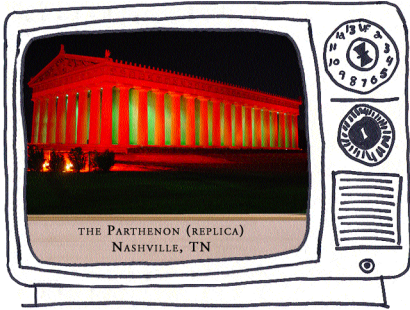
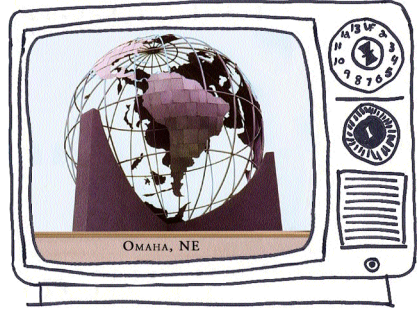
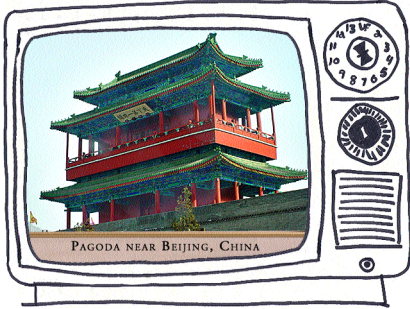
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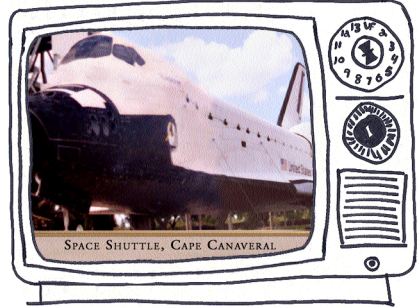
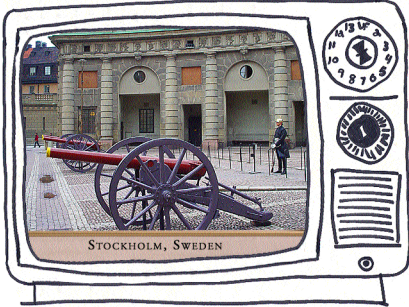
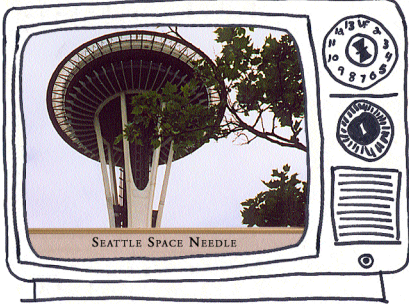
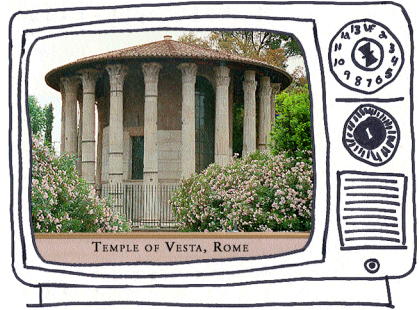
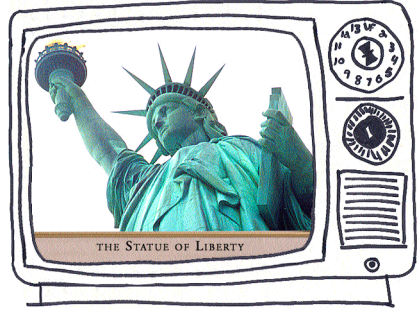
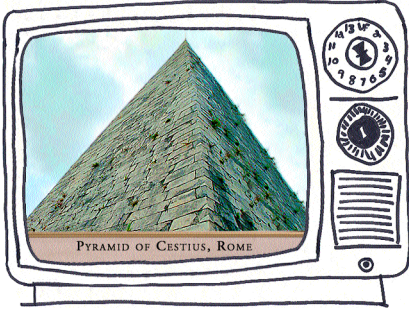


(art gallery)





# (art gallery)



# living in a big world

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## book and CD releases

**Kuypers 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, cc&d v171.5 *Living in Chaos*, *Tick Tock*, *Silent Screams*)

**Collection Books:** *Sulphur and Sawdust*, *Slate and Marrow*, *Blister and Burn*, *Rinse and Repeat*, *Survive and Thrive*, (not so) *Warm and Fuzzy*, *Torture and Triumph*, *Oh.*, *the Elements*, *Side A/Side B*, *Balance*, *Chaos Theory*, *Writing to Honour & Cherish*, *Distinguished Writings*, *Breaking Silences*, *The Drive*, *Unlocking the Mysteries*

**Compact Discs:** *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFIInclusive*), *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, *Painless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *5D/5D 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), *DMJArt Connection* Indian Flux, *DMJArt 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,

