

12 times 12
equals Gross

CEE

eebò 2010 chapbook
Scars Publications

For everyone except my mother

When Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio tried to stop one of {Tillman's} endless excursions into the extraneous by asking what was the question before the Senate, the speaker, unembarrassed, said, "I am before the Senate."

—from Pitchfork Ben Tillman, South Carolinian,
by Francis Butler Simpkins

The Moon

We aren't going to get along. Get that in your mind as a basic premise. You and I won't be friends. I've lived almost a half-C with others *not* liking me (and, I don't say that in a lame, "Charlie Brown" sense), so, this state of affairs is nothing new. We just aren't cut from the same hunk of cosmos, thee and me. You, you're a person, whatever that means, as human as the latest casualty gassed in Texas or injected in Illinois, or riddled with Mormon bullets in Deseret. You're human, that's all. For what that's worth. You're fully human.

This is of little interest to me. I'm not so human. I'm definitely not humane. I lack compassion, I lack empathy. Affection is cool, but only if I initiate. You know. The old high school joke, about being voted "Most Autistic". I don't want "human". I've tried it. It has too many oils and greases.

No, I'm a solipsist; Reality is just a nursemaid I can jack, but, don't give me that look. Don't judge me, yet. I don't make myself out God. And, I don't make God out "nice". God is pretty much as Depeche Mode made Him out. He's capricious and He's arbitrary. That's God as *I* understand Him: a thug. A sadist. A loony who kills for sport. The Creator of the Universes, nonetheless. I ain't Him. I'm not God. Like Charles Nelson Reilly in that Simon play that bombed, I'm only "a friend of God". The sycophant who holds the bully's coat.

In the years before he died, George Carlin gave up on humanity, was very open, very bold. He said, "You can all get fucked", and that, my non-friend, is the most honest thing one person can say to another. The rest is oral dung. Like anything beyond the Hammurabic Code is mollicoddling. I'm getting ready to die, soon, so I reinvented myself as a poet to let you in on some things. It's tell you now, or tell you never. Jim Bowie, discharging a final pistol. The mouse in that poster, flipping off the hawk.

One of the things it's vital you understand, is that we choose what we choose and that's what we choose, Popeye, The Sailor Man! We choose what we choose, and if we, in deference to Life, straddle the fence too long, then Life so does the choosing. That includes victimhood. It also includes anger. If you don't like me in this second, no one but You is making your blood pressure rise. If you're a drunk or an addict of any sort, remember, You selected it. I favor no Health Care for *any* human, at *any* time for *any* reason. I believe in Natural Selection. Only the strong should survive.

Humans, natch, disagree with me. On this and everything else. They disagree, Big Time. Humans believe in crying. They believe in wetnursing. They believe in a language called "Help". We'll examine its childish alphabet, beginning here. The alphabet begins with "A.A."

CEE, the Valley of the Little Big Horn, June 24th, 1876

Lending library, Saturday, July

Muggy, outside the community building
Light's burning up the lone
Ping pong paddle
Everything, here, is donated
Half of it smells like pee
Can't go nowhere today, so hungover
Need me a good book to
Blame

Only 6 streets down and 3 across, in our little
Trailer court
If this was 40 years ago, we'd all know each other
Which, we do, anyway
But, don't want to
You know who each thing, here, came from
Each crumbling item
Each sad book

Real winners, here
Victor Paul Wierwille's studies for *The Way*, and
His Sister's Dress-Up Doll
3 written-in Bibles
A Book of Mormon
Born to Win
Das Energi
A graphic slickback howto by Marilyn Chambers
Everyone has an answer
All kind of alike

Terrific

The guy in Trailer #12 contributed

The A.A. Handbook,

Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions

(1988 edition)

Water damaged, or this is pee, too...but,

Readable

I don't want any kind of Pinsky-Hop "Help"

Never did

Never will

Never would

But

The maintenance guys outside, sound like tape in reverse

Kids on the frontage road are

Speaking in scream

Darkness, coolness and opinions, here

This pee-chair is cushier than the others

Okay

Okay

All right

Step One...

Turning Denial Red With Blood

What you mean is Not
“Unmanageable”
Life is unmanageable
When the noodles boil over
Or the cat pukes on your favorite CD
Or the wife won't let you into bed
And brandishes her cell with a threat
If you try to climb in, anyway
Life
If it ain't downtime in *Huck Finn*,
Is fuckin' crazy

What you mean is Not
“Powerless”,
Either
That's a frektube thing
The rebel leader chick in “V”, vibrating in the torture beam
(GOD, that was hot!)
Or a drug that makes you defecate helplessly
Or Officer Friendly electing Not to say,
“You're free to go.”

Powerless,
You're DeNiro in *Raging Bull*,
Beating his hands broken in the “stockade” scene
Unmanageable,
Someone rear-ended your Volvo

I'd replace this twaddle with:
“When we recognized that,
We'd drunk until we didn't even
Give a shit about not
Giving a shit,
And no had no money,
And no had no one left hold bag,
We organized.”

Step Two...

I believe in a tiny,
little elf, about *this big*

When I think of some
Unidentifiable
Inidentifiable
Adams-and-Jefferson-at-each-other's-throats-over-grammar kinda
"Power"
All I get out of That
Is either
The Schoolhouse Rock song about
"VERB!!!"
Where I can't remember any of the other words to save me
Just a lot of people shouting,
"VERB!!!" ,
Or, a simple, old "Power" button
Before they started re-renaming all the tech, again
So, in one instance, obeying God makes you a screaming nutcase
In the other, He's a machine you can
Turn off whenever it suits
Okay
Fine
We just had to
Define our terms

Step Three...

My sociologist friend,
in the midst of the Allness of God

Uhhh, well...!

According to my computations
I can give you a more efficient paradigm
Like reinstating the word "SUGAR" back in Smacks
So people the fuck
Know
Maybe people should
The fuck
Be Born Knowing
And click on, Night Ranger, from the boot
See,
I'm working on only one wild paradigm,
Mr. Toad-God,
That You Could Have Made It Different
You COULD HAVE
But, you didn't
I know I can't know
What's outside the universe
But, why not?

Step Four...

Inventory Control (Fearless Revisionism)

So, what'm I guilty of?
I must be guilty of some
Thing
And, that's our first problem
If (you) don't feel bad enough
If (they) can't force it from you
If (your) tears aren't revelatory
If (you) don't, like a new believer on his knees,
"Decide again"
(they) say (you) haven't learned
And, that's true
I haven't learned what You in particular
Are selling
Even if you're selling it for
Free
Truth is, humans have
Conscience, because
There exist other humans
If you forget conscience...
I forgot mine a long time ago
It literally
Isn't There
Doc labeled me a
Narcissist
Because I wouldn't buy what
She was Selling
@ \$130.00 per twenty minute increments
(You know,
Vassar and Hunter
Should have courses in prostitution
There's one commercial idea)

Community

Even here?

A gathering together of shards of loners and the Don't Give a Flying

A "let's be together"

For glug-gluggers and "*I'm hurtin', man!*"

There has to be a better way than Otherness...has to be

The whole scope of bars or

The ritual of getting high,

Is socialization alongside Other beings

But only "alongside"

Their just being "there"

Like at your job

Or, your church

Or, time spent with in-laws

There they are, flesh and sound, but

They're a formica tabletop in

Your Play

See, whatever actual emptiness whatever

Doesn't "count" in the maelstrom of

"*HAAA-HaHa-Haaaaa...!*"

or red-eyed shadows

or hulkin' out

or rediscovering bodies

or even

"Mother, oh, Mother, *why?*!"

Because you're OUT

At a bar

Or in a sealed-off room, doing things you shouldn't be doing

Nightly human's as false as daily

You do the Fakey-Fakey, and don't turn Yourself around,

You're what it's all about!

A group of smashed

People glasses

Un-made-up pug deadness

Ugly babies, lower-lipping one another

Community, yeah

Where no one is permitted to be or see a robot,

But all of whom would hiss, tea kettle, at a class in

Social skills

Step Five...

*Drunks are bears;
they ain't wolves*

Step Six...

I Am Sober! I Am Perfect!
(ERROR?? ERROR??)

An old, illiterate friend who tried to write a book
Gave me the bit about
“Being perfect before God”
I argued (politely)
And within ten minutes, he was
Red-faced, screaming
Stamping the floor
Like a child

Some marginal relative who goes on endless “missions”
In between raping his daughter and
Throttling her
Against a wall
(I guess she isn't allowed to *say* “fuck”
Just oblige his urges to)
Well
He believes in this zero tolerance “sinlessness”, too

Defects of character are the
Ben Franklin bon mot about
Rebellion being okay in the First Person
I've noticed that God doesn't remove anything
You
Weren't tired of, anyway
In the end, as with all flesh,
It's *alllllll Controlllllll*
You “making me” say uncle
To what Freud or Adler or Jung or
The terms of my conviction say are
“Defects”
Sure, float your boat, Dr. Relative Relevancy
The *Twilight Zone* with the pig-snout people
Skinny chicks when Manet was huge

Step Seven...

Sam, you made the shortcomings
too obvious

It's like the guy the girl breaks up with
Because he went back on a vow to stop laying around
Because she was probably bugging him
And he said,
"Okay, I'll give it up!"
I can see individuals
Not in front of other individuals
I can see them all vowing to God, now
"Humbly asking"
Sure, Burt
No one eats that pie, who isn't creamed by Life
And, I don't mean
Forlorn creamed
I don't even mean
Crying creamed
I mean like late in the first season of
Six Feet Under,
Where David begs God to "please take away this loneliness...!"
Nobody does that
Who doesn't need nursing care and a
Lolly
I mean, okay, they *do*,
But
They go back into work the next day
And drink Snapple and
Fart

Step Eight...

Makin' a crying towel,
Checkin' it twice....!

I tell ya what

#POW!!#

Counter-Suggestion!

You advertise in all newspapers

In print, online

In all social networks

Rent a booth on the sidewalk

Bullhorn it from your car like a

1950's grass roots campaign

And, I'll search you out and demand the apology *I* want

If *I* want to

No offense, I'm sorry you're awkward

But I don't need you

Getting cripple

All over me

Step Nine...

By the 18th Amends
(Repeal Your Mind!)

I don't care
That you care enough
To tell me you're sorry
For Not having cared;
I cared at the time (maybe)
But, this is Capitalism, re: forgiveness
And, I quote:
"Payoff by the end of the next day,
The latest
Or, it's always there,
Even if we say it isn't."

Oh, what?
You're caring to be sorry you didn't care
For Your *Own* Purposes?
So, you Don't care, actually
Not really
That's cool

You know, I haven't punched you, yet
And, I think I'm being generous

Step Ten...

Ah-HAAH-HAA....! So SAD!!

So
This shit just Never ends,
Is that it?
So
Per “recovering”
You’ve selected to
NEVER
HAVE
CONTROL
Got it!
Great!
I totally respect that!
Ya wanna go out, tonight?
There’s this specialty, at that place downtown?
“Fire and Ice”
It’s a shot of Hot Damn, chased with a shot of
Peppermint Schnapps
#Snap#

Step Eleven...

"What shirt should I wear, Lord?"

I'm
Directed by the positive
Affirmation of the will to do
Good while walking morally
Upright with my
Best foot forward, mindful of
All positive energies and the
Freedoms and
Rights of
Others
Thus...and by that same logical implication...
God, as I understood, *Told me* to steal the corned beef sammich
It helped me
That's Positive, Good, a Plus
And, cliché though it sounds, my theft hurt none Other
Except a faceless chain
(Of course, I mean, yes,
I was born during the Cold War
There *are* children starving in China
But
They weren't getting the sammich, anyway)

Step Twelve...

I Found It (happy hour, ruined)

There is a proverb
Middle Eastern in origin
So, anything remotely Red snorts Bushie at my
“Juncture”
And, the proverb is as follows:
“If your neighbor has made one pilgrimage to Mecca,
Watch him
If two,
Avoid him
If three,
Move to another street.”
So In Other Words
Personal happiness does not make others happy
Yet, I can't light up in here
But, jackass can preach me
The Gospel According to Harvey Wallbanger
O say can you see
A problem with that?

Individual liberty,
Great unity

You don't have such such an animal, Thomas Wolfe
My freedom is, I want you dead

There!

How's *that*?

I can hear the BBC executive-style "Harrumph!"s

Already, but

I'm not being silly

Gacey wasn't being silly

Dahmer

Charlie Starkweather

Charles Whitman wasn't clowning around

Liberty is, at the bottom of the gully

Deep in the valley so low,

In that special little knick-knock hideaway

Where the Yum-Yum fairies

Fuck,

The anarchist definition, i.e.

"You can't have a little bit of freedom

Just like you can't have a little bit of

Pregnancy;

If you're 'free',

You're free All The Way."

Now

Some of us are just evil,

And we'll eat the snacks

and sleep with your wife

and go through your drawers while you're outside, mowing

But m'point am, to say

"Obey"

Just to *say it*

Vulcan cannons freedom, liberty, self-autonomy, etc.

There is no Unity in Individuality

I have rights

I want you dead

Vice-versa?

Tradition One...

ACHTUNG!!
(Bar towel
bootstrap)

Tradition Two...

I Feel Led
That God Says You're Wrong

I can't name the character
Or even the show
The old man, an Elder god,
Shithammers for keeps, now, if you but speak his name
(Well, maybe into the bathroom mirror on
All Hallow's Eve)
But, I think about the idea of "Group conscience"
A poor man's Platonic soul
John and Jane Q. as flesh-cloud
Where the pushiest ones
Or, those most passive-aggressive
Get their way Always
I
See this peek-a-boo hiding behind
The idea of
Heads coming together without both
A super-ordinate and
A subordinate
The word "group" as mantra
(if you say it to yourself in stillness of your room, BTW
"group" is an ugly-sounding word)
And, I think about this
And, I keep hearing
As said by an extremely cool creation
Of a Master of Matters
Fantastic,
Said quite well by
A Very Excellently-Done Character:
"Dog! Dog-dog-dog-dog-dog-dog!"

Tradition Three...

(...or smoking,
Thank You, Larry Hagman)
or, "Just Sit There"

"Life?"

Nope

Heer you come tuh settle

You cain' not no have no

Stimull-unts

They's Soci-Et-Ee got rid of THE SMOKERS

So, thass jus' The Law

Cain' no one stick intuh another nor get stuck intuh,

Neither

Thass 's some of whut We say

P'ra'ps Bazooka Bubble Gum's okay

Oop

Nope

Sugar

Tradition Four...

I Dibs the Group Who Just
Whine and Keep Drinking

You know
The one where the same fat girl speaks for ten hours
At a time
And anonymity isn't respected
"Anonymity" being the kind of word the group
Would try to pronounce, then laugh and say,
"Call it something else!"
Except for the guy with the stubble and the ruddy
Looking ready to make a "gay" remark

That one group, you know
The one that has widely-publicized fundraisers, concerts
Picnics where they take pix and
Identify
Everyone knowing Everyone and who the hell each other are
Just hangin' out, bein' cool
Nothing hidden
Credo moldy and
In the dumper
But, hey!
It's a *group*, a room to *go* to
For the snacks
And the fat girl
Afterward

Tradition Five...

I Saw a Cartoon of Billy Sunday
That Was Like That

Or the Apostle in *The Last Supper*
Who's holdin' up ee's finger
Like there's poo on it
The sort of Christian/spiritual person/seeking drunk in Q
Who looks
(in spirit)
Like a subpar Edward Gorey drawing
You sit there, thinking:
“*Why'd he draw it that way?*”
No one *does that!*
That's one stupid comic hero pose...
A person'd have to be drunk!”

Tradition Six...

Patent Pending #61855214

It's a bit difficult
To endorse anything
When your life consists of
YOU, and
Feeling shitty
To endorse or swear by or love anything an angstrom
Or care
(REALLY CARE, for REAL)
You'd have to see others as actually
Existing
And be happy that they did
Happy at their Big Bang, "aha!" happiness
In your completely self-centered
Experience

Tradition Seven...

"Flower?...Oh, would you
take a brochure, please?..."

Shakin' us down
Diggin' deep
Sure, I'll go back to government cheese
(oh, wait, I don't get that anymore, either)
Unless I'm well off for these conceptual purposes
Then, I resent supporting all you drunks
Who don't wear suits
To the meet

Passin' the basket
So the money can be used, ohhh, however!
Like that time I trick-or-treated for UNICEF (Nuf Ced)

Yeah, I'm happy we don't stand on street corners, like those
God
Damned
Krishna Murti's
Not that I'd ever stand with the rest of you
So, I'm happy to feel pressured in this manner, I mean
Thanks for this Not being church, but
Couldn't you cry (hard) for the money?
Like Jerry Lewis or Swaggart?
That's a show, at least
Or, I could sit and laugh, pig-ignorant
While you danced before me like a
Krishna,
BamBam Rubble on the
Gospel Foursquare tambourine

In go my dollars
For the privilege of hearing mySelf talk
Without dramaic
Oh
Yay

Tradition Eight...

Like the Guardian Angels?

This is an adjunct
To what you just read Above
Because, to
“Employ special workers”
Ya gotta pay ‘em
Pretty generally
And, there’s more of *moi’s* dollars
Which didn’t get to be spent on
Marlboro Reds (in the box)
Listen, deafness,
I didn’t ask for the caterer
My wife would gladly have made fried chicken and cole slaw
But, you like “a nice spread” at the citywide meet, don’t you?
Yeah
And that plumber
You could’ve just bunged up the sink
It ain’t our building
Funny how believing in Any goddammed thing
Involves bench press wallet-lifting
For sundry purposes *I* don’t get to say
What was that about “having control”?
Oh!
No!
None here!

Tradition Nine...

Hiring committees to study the situation

A group mentality is
Just that
A group mentality
Anything You create
Is a part of You
So, the zygote of a service board or commission
Necessarily doesn't give its judgment but
Yours
Its industry, *Your* judgment
Granted, it doesn't fly like that in
DC, but
On the Un-organized level (yeah, right)
You level the playing field with
The playground
And your committee is William Golding's nightmare
Because not enough people
Ever vote for Ralph

Tradition Ten...

Keep Up The Good Racism

Oh, you don't get into issues, huh?
Kind of like Coz not speaking up for
A bazillion
And when he did, it was to shake his solid gold cane
At all them durned
Doubledutching 'hoodie-winkin' whippersnappers
Consarn it...!

Likewise
If preachers of any "Ism"
Don't Get Out Da Vote on *anything*
By way very own, intrinsic, unique, personal structure
They are doomed, chained Gilgamesh
To their pew ghetto's
Finally, at last
All Christians

Tradition Eleven...

(except for Bill W.)

Isn't it interesting
How any philosopher-king
Who doesn't get wiped
By a bullet
Just Kerrigan-silver-Brinker-skates
On his/her/their own rules
Just a-toddlin' along,
Smiling Idea Man
Buying Others to buy in
With tactics explained in minute detail
In Orwell's
Animal Farm

Tradition Twelve...

Well, that explains Richard Lewis' book

I love the destructo's who
Stabbed themselves in the balls with Life
For ten millennia
Loving the Hate of the Hurt of the Good Feelin'
And then,
Like Shirls with her lives
Or Madonna with her tome
BANG-O!!
"I'm ascended!"

Well, why not?
If I was outta gas in the middle of
Big Sky Country,
I'd pretend I loved the piss outta
Walking,
Too

Off of the cush
Back on the shelf
The room just stinks of disinfectant, now
Which didn't work
Until I got used to what it
Didn't quell

I dunno
There might a place for Recovery shit
Sad people need to sit, sit somewhere
Like Jim Croce said,
“...everybody gotta say somethin’...
everybody gotta *do* somethin’.”
It doesn't work for *me*, since
“Belief system” is
By abstract definition
A choice of swords
I happen to have my own
Ah
Here

Lending
library,
later that
same day

His Sister's Dress-Up Doll

I'm an only child
Felt I was cheated
Always wished I'd been some hairless, weak little shit
With a butch-nympho sister who had a
Butch-nympho friend
And the pair of them could humiliate me
Beyond repair
(While perversely keeping it all relative)
This bit of clandestine porn, this “material”
Speaks, to me, Way, Way Louder
And far more honest, than does
Not recovering from a disease called
Unhappiness

I didn't contribute this porn PB to our library, BTW
That same guy, over in Trailer #12, he did
He used to be one helluva high roller, great guy, really cool and fun
'Til he stopped drinking

New York City

So there, too!

I entered a poetry contest, once (2000?), where you were allowed to include a list of Acknowledgments. I got real cheeky and acknowledged every person I could think of, in that silly, tongue-in-cheek, your “Last Will and Testament”-in-Senior-Year way. I felt like an ass, after losing; turned out, the contest called *publishing credits* “acknowledgments”. I’m still trying to work that one out. Acknowledgments acknowledging editors who acknowledged me? That’s a bit Jackie Gleason/Art Carney, don’t you think? Or Jack Webb on the *Tonight Show*.

So, I’ll cover both translations:

1) Credits. I’ve reinvented myself about 4 or 5 times, since the days of the supply side. The last incarnation happened in ’07. Doing well with it. 90+ poems in some kind of media, another threescore waiting, suspended, in the wings. I shall only tell you how to find *that* stuff.

...

No, I won’t even do that. Google it, yourself. “CEE” has the First Inaccessible -1, of matches. Have fun. I’ll be laughing, joking about your suffering to my friends.

2) ACTUAL Acknowledgments. This ain’t the Oscars, chucko. I’m grateful to no one, least of all, God. What happens to me, good or bad, orgasm or destruction, *is what was going to happen, anyway*. Some people do nice things for me, yes. But, even the nice ones don’t cook to order.

This chapbook was originally typeset in the macfonts of Tahoma (intro, this outro, poem titles, headers), and Plantagenet Cherokee. The latter, I chose because I carry the blood of both in my veins; the former, because it makes me think about the old, PI, faux Indian “Takhomasak” thing Steak and Shake used to do, and as that revelation should evince, I’m far more Plantagenet than Cherokee....

That’s it for American Lit., today. Tomorrow, we’ll work on colors....
Entropy is a lie. Pass it on.—CEE, 4/12/10

12 times 12 equals Gross

CEE

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Magazines: *Children, Churches and Daddies* (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

Books: *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *the Window*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, (Woman.), *Autumn Reason*, *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, *Living in Chaos*, *Silent Screams*, *Taking It All In*, *It All Comes Down*, *Rising to the Surface*, *Galapagos*, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v2), *Finally*, *Literature for the Snotty and Elite* (v1, v2 & part 1), *a Wake-Up Call From Tradition*, (recovery), *Dqark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers*, *Evolution*, *Sulphur & Sawdust*, *Slate & Marrow*, *Blister & Burn*, *Rinse & Repeat*, *Survive & Thrive*, (not so) *Warm & Fuzzy*, *Torture & Triumph*, *Oh, the Elements*, *Side A/Side B*, *Balance*, *Chaos Theory*, *Writing To Honour & Cherish*, *Distinguished Writings*, *Breaking Silences*, *Unlocking the Mysteries*, *the Book of Scars*, *We The Poets*, *Life on the Edge*, *Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets*, *Decrepit Remains*, *Charred Remnants*, *Hope & Creation*, *Bending the Curve*, *Layers of Creation*, *Dark Matter*, *Survival of the Fittest*, *Crawling Through the Dirt*, *Laying the Groundwork*, *Weathered*, *echo*, *Ink in my Blood*, *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 Svetasvatara Upanishad*, *Harvest of Gems*, *the Little Monk*, *Death in Malaga*, *Memento Mori*, *In the Palace of Creation*, *R.I.P.*, *Bob the Bumble Bee*, *Remnants and Shadows*, *I Saw This*, *the Drive*, *Thomas at Tea*, *Crashing Down Nineteenth*, *Blue Collar Ballet*, *nopoem*, "In Your Heart, the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God"

Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (MFV Inclusive), *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, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD 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), *the DMJ Art Connection Indian Flux*, *the DMJ Art 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, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* Screaming to a Halt (EP), *PB&J* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki*, *Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powters 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* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Kuypers St.* Paul's (3 CD set), *Kuypers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kuypers and the HA!man of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set)