

BOOK 15

*

Thailand to Volcanoes



CEE

2013 CHAPTERBOOK

PUBLICATIONS

With sincerest apologies to
The Golden Book Encyclopedia, ca. 1960
You did me proud.
This is all I can manage, in Thanks.

Deep in her memory, buried but unforgotten, sharply etched on the convolutions of the brain, there was another time and place, a different cat that slowly washed its face with one white paw.

—from *I Am Lidian*,
by Naomi Lane Babson

FRONTISPIECE

As I've already related, I began school attendance, in the Fall of 1967. As with every aspect of Life, I rode the last wave upward, on Toynbee's Spiral. My 1st grade teacher, in a public school, mind, inspected our fingernails each morning. I was one of the last, to be taught from the "Dick and Jane" books (which I read from flawlessly, as classmates hung jaws). We stood for the Pledge of Allegiance, as ritual. Corporal punishment was allowed, without question.

Our texts, were standard texts of Old, papyri of Ike and Harry and FDR, and of times before even theirs. These papyri held truths not then questioned, except perhaps by insane young people at college level—we managed not to think too much, about the long-haired teens. Everyone knew they did drugs.

The things, items, facts and figures which we were taught, were our given understanding. Many of them, were traditional, handed down by rote. Occasionally, the legendary. Now and then, the mythological. It was called, "Reading, Writing and 'Rithmetic". This translated to some of us as, "written with the finger of God Himself." We were taught in—usually—a kind of solemnity. We absorbed the Truths—usually—with reverence, and with respect. What battles we fought with one another, what hurts we took or gave, had no bearing on what passed when we manned our desks. We simply took in, receiving from Teacher. Now and then, we got a bad one, or knew of a bad one down the hall.

Those who impart our truths, are human, but as with the rest of my Reality, even this altered. Just as the elderly folk who lived in Victorian mansions near my Father's house, were one day no longer there, the mansions no longer "houses", but cut-up apartments, so generations of those Un-Nuanced, quietly slipped away, their desks taken over by the Heavily Nuanced. These new teachers, closer and closer to my own age, did not, in main, shout or beat down rebellion;

in a networking world increasingly taking a village, this was no longer permitted. Instead, the classroom became a Chinese prison camp: 24/7/365 group therapy, indoctrination, a winning of hearts and minds. I leave it to demagogic others, to quibble with the “what” of such recruitment. My sole concern, the overriding reason I reject the snake oil of Today as any legitimate rewriting of my known Truths, is the “why” ...and, frankly, nonstudent, I’ll tell you why:

Someone hurt them. And now, Murdock, they’re comin’ to get You.

I write to you, today, as the lone adherent to tablets written in fire at Iwo Jima, who is not either clad in survivalist fatigues or nearly 100 years old. I adhere to these truths so hoary and gone, because Truth is not merely Truth in an era. I am estian, nonfriend. “What is, is.” *My Is*, timehonored, heroic, unclinical, has vision, even Vistavision. It has heritage and it has Hope. It is minus vitriol imposed from without, minus the hatred and red sores of those I saw harmed on playgrounds, so long ago. It is minus any smearing of shit. *Argumentum ad hominem*, is the only legit social criticism, no matter what you’ve heard. If the messenger, scarred and flawed, bearing chip as epaulet, displays agenda of redefinition, then, I wouldn’t believe them if they said, “good morning”. *Truth is how it is and that’s how it is, Popeye*. It can be expunged by those who feel shortchanged, certainly...but Truth of any Was or Is, yours or mine, is only ever expunged, ala *Macbeth*. Trust me, milady, or good sir. Keep on washing. Rub-a-dub-dub. You’re never gonna get it off your hands.

CEE walking to class at Kent State University, May 4th, 1970

THAILAND

(and if you're lucky, then the god's a She)

I used to answer
Sexual gossip and innuendo
With the battlecry,
"I have to have a relationship!"
For
Though they hold the anatomically impossible,
The fleshpots of Bangkok
Wouldn't have done me a damned bit of good,
If I couldn't stuff one of the pots into my suitcase
Then claim her at Customs as a "gift"
IOW,
What's the point of shit like that?
You're just going to need another orgasm,
The next day
The latest

THERMOMETERS

(Age of Accommodate-ability)

As a yitta-bitty boah,
Guess how I had to take mine?
And that continued much older than it should've,
'Cause I wouldn't shut up long enough
To keep it under my tongue long enough,
I can remember it hurt
Not that Mom was harsh
But years later,
When a friend I privately called,
"Super Christian"
Had a colongotscopugy-guhgyee,
And he said,
"Hummasexshuls must beh verah weird pupull!",
I thought,
Well, YEAH, if they're 6!

TIME AND TIME TELLING

(Get 'em in, and Get 'em out)

Young
Then
Not young
A lot like that restaurant
That won't let you substitute
Extra bacon strips
Oh, *No!*
Certain way to do things
Certain way to Be
Here's your grits, Jack
Comes with the plate
You don't wanta like 'em
That's your problem

TOH40

(Fuck You, Rex Reed)

Watching an old *Dick Cavett Show*
From that better world that spat out Today,
Rex Reed as Oscar critic
Morris the Cat as touch-me-not
Fine, shug, you didn't like Duke Wayne?
Well, I'm sure he loved the fuck out of You,
But, what's with the random pooping on
Red Buttons in *Sayonara*?
Did it ever occur to you,
In midst of your *hausfrau* hissies,
That that Camelot exists for everyone,
The one brief, shining corn kernel of possibility
Head and shoulders above
Any other hunk of a "make the doughnuts" life,
Did this never occur? Or did it occur that
By the time such sweet, quiet, East-based intimacy
And its Otherness be allowed You
Without so much as a "pass the salt",
You'd be an artifact
Of a better world that spat out a Today
Which is for Others
Not yourself
Not cleanly
Sorry social mores didn't work out for you, Rex
Sayonara

TOTEM POLE

(Chief Thought For The Day)

D'you understand
 The Illini fight ain't racism-rooted,
 Not originally
 It began with humiliation
 As perceived, because if you're taught that
Everything is a perception,
 It scarcely matters who Has that perception,
 It's still "I see it this way", nothing more,
 Right?

The humiliation as perceived,
 Was over supposed mockery
 Of choreography of Indian dance
 Very much akin to the eternal bitch about
 My old MARX *Fort Apache* playset,
 "OMG! They put a totem pole in it!
 The totem, is specific Only to certain tribes of
 The coastal region of the Great Northwest!"
 Point, but,
That's what gives you the colon pinch?
Not the fact the Injuns are cast in plastic
 That's as red as a cherry Mr. Misty?

TWAIN, MARK (1835-1910)

(Quarter-less Twain...!)

Whenever I'm considered
Unfair in my thinking
Whenever I'm chastised as classist,
Whenever my social edge is coldly cast as cold,
It very much bothers me
That
As bellicose loner-artiste,
I've no moral compass respected sufficiently
To teach respect in the first place,
I know Mark Twain, *en example*, would realign
My entire values system
Disapproving my rude heart, calling it what it is,
But, Mark Twain
And let's be fair to him
Was a crank

TWELVE DISCIPLES

(Brought to you by RJR Nabisco:
“You’ll find swept dirt in our corner”)

Hey, little twelve sheep
I hope you’re baaaskin’
Some of Sartre-folk, we’re still a-aaskin’
If you help me with my questions,
I’ll help you with your sins
And we’ll copyright-infringe
Little twelve sheeep
These aeons flow (Brrt-brrm, brrt-brrm)

Aeons flux, too
But even steely thieves pale, before MTV

TYPEWRITER

I have nothing but fear and loathing
For the antichrist called The Web
It cost me all my friends and a lot of my money
And porn's nice, but too much variety
I feel like Linus, when his cereal got soggy
While he looked for something to read with it
Like fastforwarding old VHS
As my lunch disappears, bite by bite,
"No...I don't want to see Regis on Letterman, again
...no, not...no...not this show..."
And, again, if you don't value Community
In strictly a
"My doggie loves me!"
"I ate a pie!"
"This cold weather is (dumb joke)!"
LOL
LIKE
Thumbs-fucking-up sense,
Then, there's no one to talk to
But hatefilled psychos getting flagged like it's
Jim Carrey's spotless mind,
However,
If a team of 60's assassins
Had offed the geeko twins in Days of Yore,
And, I'd had to rely on Olivetti technology
In order to have a writing career,
I'd've died from exposure to Liquid Paper fumes
The QWERTY-board, the old way, sucks ass

ULTRAVIOLET RAYS

(his lounge lizard act, 12/24/98)

A flammable suit
Merry Christmas
A Nick Cage in several roles suit
God Bless Us Every One
A suit that drips electric oil
Angels We Have Heard On High
A Slip 'n Slide suit
Fa-La-La-La-La, La-La-La-La

Nice
You'll be the envy of the cast of every Scorsese movie
Ave Maria
Did you get anything else?
We bought a house

UNCLE SAM

(On the cover of STARS AND STRIPES)

Rambo as Audie Murphy as a lithograph

By Arnold Volk

Military version of “The Policeman is Your Friend”

At very, bare, dirt floor

Screaming the Spidey theme about

“...HERO...!!”

Like a bald goddammed eagle screaming

Asshole “Alleluia”’s as it wrenches the flag away from

Whoever You Didn't Vote For

Give me the pre-Trumbo

Give me Body, Mind and Spirit

Give me Popeye’s muscle, animating

Give me a Thing which only destroys that which

We can all agree upon

Or what *I* agree upon and Others can shut up, about,

At very bare, dirt floor

Give me the cold, hatefilled thing in *Robocop II*

Crushing without error

That,

Or disband all the shit and let militias handle it

When The People’s Army marches in

Four-abreast

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Life is not a half-measure
Neither is Death
Love is not a pinch of this
Hate is not a dash of that
The Otherstain, will think you wrong
And correct you, 'til you are Them
Equanimity of judgment, profits Zero
Hence and therefore, here's how conquerors live:
Genocide, flatout
Right-the-fuck-away,
If you have taken something away
As intrinsic as earth and sky,
Then you are not more evolved
If you don't finish the job
With the tools given, Winston
TAKE
CRUSH
Nothing else
Anything else, is wasting the Future
And insulting greatgreats

UNITED KINGDOM

(When in Huntingdonshire...)

I us'ted t'tell other kids in my class
that

“United Kingdom”

Was the political name, a name for the papers and
What Prime Ministers said, grave, at the UN,
that

“England”

Was the traditional name, a name for history and
Kings of the Past, swords and shields and bucklers,
and that

“Great Britain”

Was a concept, the *idea* of British, a watershed term
Also the official mailing address,

I actually have no idea whatever

Why you have to name a country

“Me”, “Myself” AND “I”

If it's a requirement, though, I assume the USA is
the “United States”, “Columbia” and
“Psycho Bar Code, Scan Here”

UNITED NATIONS

(racism and cold readings)

It's important to remember
 Racial and ethnic prejudice, are grounded in the
 Cold reading of the hobby psychic
 Which is grounded not in Penn, not in Teller
 Not in Copperfield, nor the mental job who
 Suffocated himself to brain damage on live TV,
 Cold reading, is not the property of
 The dude *South Park* kept calling a "douche",
 Nor Sydney Omarr nor The Rosicrucians
 Nor the shadowy one who dared write
The Sword of Moses
 Nor Moses,
 Cold readings, by way of the assed masses
 Are borne of "hullo" to The Other
 And, if you, The Reader, met someone and
 Shook their hand
 And they told you their first name was "Bazinga",
 Do you not have a DEFCON 4, at minimum,
 In your mind
 No matter what the person looks like?
 Do you make no assumptions,
 Extrapolate nothing, nor automatic reflex, think,
 "Ohhh, ohhh-kayyyy, uhuh!"
 No?
 Okay, look
 We can't do this psychic thing
 If you're just gonna lie

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE (I Am an Aspergian)

And here are the names of our postal carriers
Since 1999:

That hippie kid

The burn-out Christ figure

Pokey

Little Emmanuel

Mr. Pudgins

Urkel

Goldie Oldie

The daughter

The sister

The gangsta

Br-BraumBraum

Babu Bhatt (translation: “bubblebutt”)

Here are every and all unrecognized subs:
“Thumb-up-the-butt sub”

Sarah Silverman loves chinks

I love UPS

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The Unknown Soldiers of Today, are known
 They're a double helix, if nothing
 We take up a fingernail or a tooth, a hair follicle
 A random splat of a man
 Who's not only Not Here,
 But left here, going,
AAAAAAHHHHHH—MMMMAAAA...!!!!!!!
 (imagine a "Grand Ah-Whoom", in your mind)
 We look at the splat and say,
 "That's 'ee's name! G'Yuuuhh!"
 Oh! It tickles our hearts so!
 It's humanimal therapy
 Like knifing Michael Vick,
 "That 'uzz Wrong! He's a bad 'un!"
 Fine, let's dog biscuit mob bloodlust,
 Let's crucify, waterboard and fire ant
 One of the finest field generals
 To have laced on cleats,
 Is that gonna help those poor doggies,
 One little bit?
 No, it just helps You, doesn't it?
 Yeah, that's *argumentum ad hominem*, fuck you!
 And it *isn't* an irrelevance, Fuck You!
 We live in a universe we make up names for,
 Like Unknown Soldiers
 Like how funerals aren't for the Dead,
 I say Michael Vick outranks a planet of dogs
 I say DNA
 Isn't a person

UTAH

This
Is the “other” United States
Like the Confederate States
Was a United States
Same principle, here
It’s a “Fuck You, United States” United States
Or, “state”
United State
Of mind, pretty much
A United State of Mind
Which ends up invading
Every aspect of human being-ness
United peoples
Many acres or few,
Seldom break ranks
When it comes to bedrock stuff of Community
You know, like the community in
Shirley Jackson’s
The Lottery
That’s the beauty of the pack, idn’ it?
Idn’ it?
Taking Kill, Together.

UTOPIA

(Paper)

The point a young boy
In a very horny man's body
Once made in regard to "utopia"
Was that it was puffa smoke
Floaters on the eyes of our wishes
Utopia was a fantasy
It was a dream,
This young boy bursting with hormones,
Knew All About fantasies and dreams
But, do listen, now
Boys, children know, accept
Men, adults kick, keep a good thought
The young boy
Saturated with, marinating in his own passion
Made his point, 33 years ago
So
Put down this tome
Look around,
What's the difference between
A utopia you'll never see nor get to
Roll around in,
And something that's not Utopia?

VALENTINES DAY

(Outside the Flaminian Gate, February 14, 269)

I Scream

AAAAAHHHHH!!

You Scream

HEEEEEIIIIIEEEEE!!

We All Scream

OHHHHHUUUUUHHHHH!!

No one goes gently

Into that good torture

Or into it, perhaps, not out of it

The point of “The Passion”, was that

Christ didn’t whine about it

Don’t ever buy that, about sundry martyrs

For taskmasters, they know

The good, raw shit, they’re in it for the

Savage, ragged, orgasm-breath thing

The apes and brutal death bit,

The crack ‘em like the beginning of *2001*

The crack ‘em like they’re Pesci in *Casino*

That everongoing eternity of the first second of

Emperor Palpatine going,

WHAAAAA-AAAHAAHAAAAA-AAHAA

The swell of heart and bosom

At murdering someone’s ass,

I Heart You, FYI, actually sounds like

I Hate You

VENTRILOQUISM

(this was the 5th "R"-rated movie I ever saw;
I Am Still An Aspergian)

If you've seen the movie, *Magic*
The old Anthony Hopkins flick
Not anything 21st Century
That has tits or witches or theosophy,
If you watch Sir Anthony
In *Magic*,
You can kind of understand how and why
He eventually played Hannibal Lecter
If you've never seen *Magic*
I mean, the old, ca. 1980 flick
Which has nothing to do with Satan or
ILM,
You probably
Whether you can get behind it or not,
Understand why a nice young man
So polite, so helpful, so quiet and mild
Three names, perfect neighbor
One day, out of the blue
Picks up an axe and
Wipes out the whole family

Right?
You do kinda get that, right?

VETERANS DAY

(As I Knew It)

1968

“Our honored dead...”
(hippies screaming HateLove)

1974

“These honored dead...”
(one remaining, screaming Hatehippie)

1982

“When we honor the dead...”
(you think of Reagan and feel Love)

1987

“That honors the honored dead...”
(one anti-Contra Aid asshole, screaming)

1991

“With honors, for honoring our honored dead...”
(silence, lots of adrenaline, you Hate Saddam)

1997

“These are our dead, honored...”
(fourteen people showed up)

2001

“These Died! They Deserve Honor!”
(capacity crowd roars, And there’s adrenaline)

2006

“What is ‘honor’? Must our dead die?”
(fourteen people showed up)

2010

“So to honor...so to die...”
(Westboro Baptists screaming HateLove)

VIETNAM

(A Malaise With Honor)

“Tonight,
We have achieved
A peace
With honor”

Our TV was shitty
The tube kept winking Dick out
I'd have to push on top of it
To get the Trickster back
So we could hear,
“Peace with honor
Peace with honor
Peace with honor
Peace with honor”
Yump-dat-tuh-duhdump, dumpdump!
I figured it meant this shit was over
That in a way, we kind of won,
As it stood, it only meant that when I was 18,
I was standing in the Post Office
Registering for the draft,
With my asshole friend advising me
If it came down to it,
I'd never convince them I was crazy enough
To Not have to go

VITAMINS

Got sold a bill of goods
In taking these things
Once Upon a Supply Side,
Got sucked into it, mainly, for the “B-Complex”
Which is supposed to
THE WAY I WAS FUCKING-TOLD,
CURE any mental illness under the sun
God knows you don’t have to take anything else
Just the B-Complex,
Took it every day
Nuthin’
Started doubling up, then whenever I felt like
More, mind you, not less
After a month, I’m gobbling them
Throwing the jar back, barshot

Oh, NO!
That could HURT you!

Well, Hell, it wasn’t Helping me!
I still wanted to die
I still had no job
And getting laid was proving problematic
What good are vitamins?
Might as well take “B-Fortune Cookies”
At least they give you a kind of desperate
Lotto hope

VOLCANOES

(Not!—poem hijacked for a callback)

Singles group, the late 80's
 As mom-in-law says, "*a lil' game!*"
 Each person in turn, picks a word from Webster's
 We all have a go at the def
 Of the word of the person whose turn it was,
 Defs into a hat, then
 Written out on a—I swear to God—blackboard,
 Here comes the word, "dasheen",
 Which in reality, is a "tropical edible starchy
 tuberous root of the taro plant family"
 But m'buddy's def was, "German potato salad",
 And I fell for it
 And m'buddy looks at me
 Amazed at me, marveling how I could've
 Possibly bought into his def,
 Well, of course I bought it!
 A "dasheen" is a German potato salad
 That's what it is
 I say so...

...'Not good enough for ya?
 You're right
 Draft registration?
 Same deal

Bonus Paper Trax:
Four (4) poems,
taken from other BOOKS

FROM BOOK 1: ANDORRA
(Be-Bitched)

Endora's in Andorra, now
In case you ever wondered
High in the Pyrenees
Tending her peonies
Sweet and kind to her Pekinese
That shits on her Durwood foors

FROM BOOK 3:
 CZECHOSLOVAKIA
 (or a baseball rotisserie league)

Internecine warfare
 Is asinine, now
 There's no distance, now
 Europe, in its Michael Palin-entirety,
 Might well be the waiting area
 At the Ground Round
 On a Thursday
 No, not a weekend
 But, that's comin',
 You've got what seems like a
 Nine-with-an-infinity-bar list, of ethnic offshoots
 Perhaps these offshoots can be traced to just after
 The Battle of Tours, but
 Screw It!
 Stamp peoples' hands
 Use a system of lapel pins
 Better yet, just gate up everyone, like Hit—uh
 Oh
 Well, or, everyone can at least have skin tattoos,
 Or wear something on their clothes, like when Hi—
 Okay, you know,
 You're going to have mass killings, anyway
 Shouldn't they be organized?

FROM BOOK 5:
DEATH VALLEY

(Johnny Hates Jazz and Middle America)

I told my anarchist friends,
“I understand *your* feelings
About Central Illinois,
But it’s not, like, Death *Valley*...!”
And they barked shattered dream char-hate at me
For every jeer they’d ever suffered, in school

We were all full of shit, Fate
Would have it,
I said these words, when we were 25 and 6,
They both went on to live in Illinois
The rest of their goddammed lives,
So, yes, you bet, they were full of shit, but not
By half,
I was full of shit, that very 1988 second,
I didn’t understand their feelings
Why would I want to do that?

FROM BOOK II: NOAH'S ARK

Forty Days and forty nights
 But swimming existed, so must have
 Treading water
 So must have desperation and the appeal to
 Common humanity
 But, Noah and family are armed to the teeth
 Sniper rifles and elephant guns
 PPKs, .357s, double-barreled salRemingtonvation
 Whole dolphin schools of the condemned
 Dying red, in rising drink
 Not because they couldn't swim
 Too early to Not find high enough ground,
 Repeated dry crack of prophets not sharing
 Theirs is a mandate for the Fuchah
 The First Creation, the wrong of it
 Must Stop
 It Ends NOW
 The Line Must Be Drawn *H'YEEAAH*
THIS fah, NO fahthuh!
 Skeet shooting saintywaints, Blam-ety-Blam
 High-powered God power, Hatfield-style
 Armor-piercing judgment
 Pipipipip, dead, drown, drown, dead, pipipip,
 Broad Arnold one-liners
 Mixing with corpses, families disallowed,
 Noah and family, though, will, by vow
 Toss their divine arsenal, later
 Or not

End Paper

Psycho-Cybernetics (i.e. “what you believe is true”) is a great jumping off point, but limited. You can withstand cancer. You can’t make yourself jump off that building over there, and fly. You can junk attitudinal teaching, with your own, ironclad attitude. It won’t make Stephen A. Douglas our 16th President.

One plus one, is not an opinion. Microscopic lenses one can peer through, are not an opinion. That a man named Da Vinci was born and lived and died or a woman named Eve Curie, same deal, isn’t an opinion. Anything and everything between the pages of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, which resulted in Pirsig’s shrieking insanity (prior to the book’s contrived ending), Is An Opinion. Indeed, opinion was the touch off, for Pirsig’s insanity. It’s been the touch off, for many a brilliant person. Angle of skew, varies with what is valued. For me, it was a matter of “Leggo my Eggo!” Or ego, as the case may be.

A teacher or professor, an instructor of any sort, is only as sound as their own, personal prejudices, something none may escape. They are colored by the one who broke their heart that first time, the clique who laughed, the pedagogue who favored others or parents who did the same. These individuals, even those who wrote the textbook from which they preach, are as scarred by a bully’s fist, an employer’s castigation or a lover’s derisive remark, as any flower of youth or other seekers sitting beneath them. Let me assure you, you *are* beneath them. You could torture them without securing a confession, but **you are beneath them**. You wouldn’t be sitting there, to their way of thinking, if you weren’t.

Let's cut the userfriendly. Once America abandoned judgment via "cut of the jib", it was all over. That last sentence is an opinion, btw. It's completely up to you, to make it different. Keep in mind, you're making it different only for yourself. Only you know whom you can trust, nonfriend. If you wouldn't have bought a used car from Nixon, watch your ass re: anyone who spins God, Man or Community for you. There are the pure of heart, in any profession, helpers, idea-people, those with many a cure. Discernment is key. In anything and everything. Some would call it savvy, or a bullshit detector. Without proper discernment, you're dead. Unfortunately, it is something no longer valued and not something that can be taught. That last sentence, is Not an opinion.

I recall a teacher, one whom by Fate I never had, whose grading system contained the quirk of starting out everyone, from C. Pocket Pool and Horse A. Round to Biff, Skip, Muffy and Tad, with a big, fat "F" for their first day of class. Automatically. There, in the grade-book. "F". Take that, snotnose. The idea being, you had to work your way up. Crawl out from under the unfair, adverse circumstance Life so often sets as snare and bag yourself what you might, based upon nothing more than hanging in there and applying yourself. If you had anything beyond reputation with which to grease your wheels, then, as my Dad used to say to slow drivers, "*Kick it in the ass, Mister!*" Get moving. Come get your grade.

Perhaps you look at the Above, as incentive. Motivation. A way to help at least some "get the fire". I look at it, as leaving puppies in the woods to find their way out alone, after which, those who made it, get a lil' dog cookie. Those who didn't, the pack simply forgets. And trots on. There's nothing to such a grading tweak, cruel whimsy by my likes, which says anything more than, "I Am Flaw, Instructing Flaws to be Flawed." And, I'm certain it accomplished its goal.

Nonfriend, if you're reading this, I assume you value thinking. You're the fool of the village it took, if you let the village do that for you.

—CEE, 2/20/13

BOOK IS



Thailand to Volcanoes

CEE

Scarsus!קבר!קבר!קבר!

<http://scars.eu>

Writing Copyright © 2013 CEE.

Design Copyright © 2013 Scars Publications and Designign.

magazines: Children, Churches and Daddies (c&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 (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v187.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, author-edition), Blister & Burn (the Koypers edition), 5&8, 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, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (1), v2 & v1, *Ready, Literature for the Scenty and Dirty PV*, v2 & part 12, v Wake-up Call from Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matters: the Mind of Janet Koypers, Evolution, (voiced), Get Your Best On, Janet & Joan Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Core-Dixie CH-town Union, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Unarranged, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Koypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Session and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Koypers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tenage, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability 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 v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequestered, Six 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 Forsaken, 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 Nix: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Unpunished, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Memento Mori, in the Palace of Creation, R.L.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Ten, Crushing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, *nopeem*, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Teachings of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nix: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Richard Kibler / Charles Koypers*, 17 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nudge Pauline Barthes with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Hot Fire from Here, Watershed, You Have Family Won, Avenue C, Salvation Rhythms, Towers Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the girl is a man's best friend, August's Syllable Is Good Bored of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Book of an Angel, Ghost, Sónaco: A Carmelgown's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tonne, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cats, Screen Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, the Holy See of CEE, Sulphur & Sordid, Slate & Morrow, 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 Stars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decapitl Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, (bound) 4 editions, Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Towns Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Date Book, It Was All Prearranged, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbook edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition)

Compact Discs: *Men's Favorite Verse* the demo tapes, *Koypers the Incel [MFV Inclusive]*, *Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Acing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Acing* Live in Alaska, *Pattes & Koypers* Live at Café Aloha, *Paintless* Orchestra Rough Mixes, *Koypers Seeing Things Differently*, *50/50 Tick Tock*, *Koypers Change Rearrange*, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Koypers Six One One*, *Koypers Stop*, *Koypers Masterful Performances* mp3 CD, *Koypers Death Comes in Threes*, *Koypers Changing Gears*, *Koypers Dreams*, *Koypers How Do I Get There?*, *Koypers Content Content Content*, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Koypers Questions in a World Without Answers*, *Koypers SN*, *Koypers XCD Radio* (2 CD set), *Men's Favorite Verse* and *The Second Acing* These Truths, *assorted artist* Seeing Theory, Oh [audio CD], *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the DMJ Art Connection* Maric Depression 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), *50/50* Something to a Hill (EP), *PBR* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack*, *An American Portrait*, *Koypers/ the Beard Trio/ Paul Baker/ the Johnson Powers Trio Fusion* (4 CD set), *podcast* the Evolution of Performance Art (3 CD set), *Koypers Live* (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Koypers Seeing a Psychiatrist* (3 CD set), *Koypers St. Paul* (3 CD set), *Koypers the 2009 Poetry Game Show* (3 CD set), *Koypers and the B&Man of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set), *Koypers' 40*, *Koypers Session* and Other Stories, *Koypers the Stories of Women* (amazon.com release), *Koypers' Dubov VeCh* (4 CD set) *Koypers' "Anima"* (4 CD set), *Koypers' "Letting it All Out"*, *Koypers' "What We Need in Life"* (CD single), *Koypers' "Made Any Difference"* (CD single), *Koypers' "hardwick" "Across the Pond"* (3 CD set).