



CEE

Royal Danos's Death Scene 'tis of Thee

2013 chapbook
Publications

To the Washington Bullets of the NBA, and to the Houston Colt .45s of the National League,
and to a country which didn't blink, at Death being part of Life. God is an existentialist, folks.
The pursuit of happiness, involves only pursuit.

“To my mind, Mr. Speaker, the causes of the condition of our people to-day are numerous; and they did not begin yesterday or the day before, or last year or the year before. This condition had its rise in the bad institutions of government with which we started out. We began wrong.”

—Rep. “Sockless” Jerry Simpson (Populist—KS), 8/18/1893

STARS

As with its brethren, this volume is part of a tetralogy of chaps spelling out (in somewhat better detail) the guts of this barebones CEE poem:

The Quartering of The Universe Into Active and Passive Principles

Booze

Beasts of Burden

Heraldry*

Death

The 4 Basic Food Groups of Existence

As highlighted, you've picked up the HERALDRY tome. If you in fact require assistance imbibing or learning to hate same, if you have a broken heart or are jonesing to rubberneck those of others, if the idea of what's beyond the veil is a turnon for you and Sylvia Plath ain't bustin' it, you've made a mistake. This slender book of verse, is but a "taps" for Amerika. It's a quiet kind of death knell, not to be confused with actual Death. As Vonnegut tells us, at some point the story is over, but Life itself goes on. That's our huddled mass, today. Story's over, nonfriends. We inhabit an Epilogue.

I chose the title carefully; I wasn't trying to be the king of subreferences. When I was a boy, I read *The Red Badge of Courage*. Standard. A lot of boys read it, in those days. I kinda liked it. Caught the sense of alienation. The "apartness", if you will. The feeling of solitude, within the swell of humanity. I absorbed all that so well, Stephen Crane's main thesis—that of overcoming fear, particularly the fear of death (in order to fit in, maybe? I dunno...), went 747, over my head. I thought the main character was out of his gourd for returning to his unit, but was relieved he didn't get clapped in irons, for having been away.

In the book, a character known as “the tattered man”, who is ~~shellshocked~~ ~~suffers from combat fatigue~~ is afflicted with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, goes quietly jabberwocky, and babbles himself to death. When they got around to making the movie, (during the Korean War? Good Move!) the scene turned test audiences off to the point hordes got up and left the theater. MGM, which hated making the picture anyway, told director John Huston to bend over and grab his ankles, and today, you cannot find the Death Scene of the Tattered Man in the 1951 film. Anywhere. At All. Actor Royal Dano, who played the role, possessed of an even better voice and visage for pathos, than for the *Night Gallery*-brand of evil with which most identify him, was cheated out of the “bust out” scene of a lifetime. Serious—you can’t find the scene. It ain’t on Oith. You can have my house, free, if you’ll screen it for me and serve me some Milk Duds. I just know the original cut of ...*Red Badge* rocked. I’m sure it kicked ass. And, I bet that was a grand death. Truly. I bet Dano’s end, was magnificent.

Like if we here, had lost out on our own soil to Hitler, or if the H-Bombs had come down like rain, or if Red tanks had ever rolled down Main Street. You won’t find those scenes, either, no, not in Vistavision of our fair land. Just an Epilogue. The falling action. Endless credits, to an 80’s guitar.

Here, in this chap, I’ll tell you about that. I have the time. I’m unwell, but am sticking around, just for a second. Before I jet this Life, I wanna see the Key Grip.

CEE Dresden, Germany, late evening, February 13th, 1945

Advanced American History, last hour

Poor Ben's Smackalack

Hellfire Club

The thin end of the wenching, you might say

Makes one wonder at genius,

Since STD's make braingrains HellFire nicely,

Eventually

You obtain a kind of temporal immortality

Before what made you stronger

Destroys you

Ill will Babyquill

I'm writin' lies
Laughin' my butt off
'Cause I gots a feelin'
You'll believe in 'em
And see Man
As something other
Than a predatory animal
And the best part of the whole thang?
This ink, is of a vegetable dye
And it will
And then, you'll wonder what I wrote
Even though you copied it down.

Flipping the National Bird

Doves are gay
Turkeys are ugly
I think we made the right decision,
Have you ever seen an eagle get mad?
They're assholes

Geo. Washington at a Bund meeting

Yeah, fuck 'em...

This is excellent pizza, don't you think?

Reddie Jeffie Say

All men are created equal
This referring, of course, to the starting gate
You can still wind up being shit to me,
If I went to a much better school than yours

Aaron Burr Up My Rump

Pretty certain The Terminator
Gave Burr the Federalist-piercing bullet
Or, maybe it was some mystical, Dark Shadows thing
Irony here, being, that that snot Hamilton had it right:
“Oligarchy” might sound study hall-hilarious
Kind of like how farts are funny
But, if you don't care to wear skins
And ever on shout, “Point of order!”, then
It's really the best way
(a “best”, still allowing for
Sicilian-style pizza and play dates)

BURR, Aaron Jr. (1756-1836)

(and they laid the dream out on a sawbuck)

Hamilton, him was God,
Him knewed,
Ultimately, The Mob must be checked
If that means a rifle butt through its
goddammed Guy Fawkes mask, then, fine!...
...but it didn't turn out that way,
Because in a way which I respect,
Machismo ala Bruce Willis,
Burr blew a black hole into Federalist stars
With a single, black powder shot;
I'm in the supermarket checkout, KOOLWHIP's
Whipping rap good, PA,
I think about Hamilton, downed, bled, on the green:
He *DIED!* He *DIED!* He *DIED!* He *DIED!*,
As here comes the rotten customer service
As people speak in 'Jersey accents, affected,
On their cells
As I look upon an unmopped, unswept nation
Millions keep dying for— — — —

The Mob is not a mask
But the Brute
And so it is, Aaron
You're not the Father of the Country
You're the Father of Ours

The Year of Our Conestoga, 1818

Waggoning
Trundlebed space capsule
Slowalong dragging reality
Of unbirthed future
We died
Died to comfort, died to Self
This was in hopes,
We waggoners
Like your Yesterday
We died

DOUGLAS, STEPHEN A. (1813-1861)

(Poem-a Obscura)

Little Giant, my little giant
I've said so much of thee,
Little is left to impart of import
But for this:
THE NEXT SOUNDS YOU READ
WILL BE THOSE OF AMERICANS
LIVING ON AN EARTH WHERE IT WAS
LINCOLN WHO DIED PREMATURELY
AND DOUGLAS WHO WAS ELECTED
OUR 16th PRESIDENT:
“... (fire, crackling)...
(scratch of boots against slate)...
#KAFFuff#...#sneeeef!#...
...(yawn trails into a whimper)...
(distant cry, epithets, gunshot, shrieking cry,
more and roaring epithets, two gunshots)...
(heavy exhale)...#Uh-HUPPUCKuuh#...
(a sifting of something the consistency of cinders)...
(a sob choked back, escapes as clearing of throat)
...(background nearby, breathing ala Darth Vader)
...(broken glass being snapped)...”

...And what you read, Gentle Reader,
Is Okay by Me
I pray every day for nuclear war
God Rest Stephen A. Douglas

It Looks Like War, Miss Scarlett

Call that square dance, Grandpa
Call that square dance for what it is
Rustic
Rural
And frighteningly Boonesborough
Now,
Fetch me my bags, willya, lad,
And you shall have a shiny copper

Benjamin Harrison, or
Don't Blame Me, I Took a Time Machine to 2000
and Voted For Nader

#Ha-Uffuffle#

I look wise behind my beard
Or maybe I'm a wisenheimer
Shakin' my behind
My beard a beard for the fact
Of age not being a merit badge
Venerable? Admirable?

Yeah

Yeah, right

I look at a Sharpei and say,
"Droolies! Me wanna be like him!"
Scratchin' my behind, asswise
Another old beardo you elected
blahblahblahthe principles for which we stand
A man

The Child Labor All-Boys Lederhosen Chorus

Swallowed up, in the library
Of my pre-Depression era-built school
The exciting, Zane Grey quality of the
LIFE History of the United States
Volume 7 was
“The Age of Steel and Steam”
I always thought that was musical
I used to belt it out, at random,
“The Age of Steeel and Steeeeam!”
Mom just chuckled
“Oh, you funny kid!”
“The Age of Steeel and Steeeeam!”
Kids leering my way, party masks of clique-y hatred
Kids who didn't play with me
Or tried to and dismally failed,
Me sitting there with LIFE, Volume 7
Which I didn't do much, not that one, 'cause
The kids I would've hated back, long about 1890,
I could read, died brutal, crummy deaths
Nothing I ever wanted to see,
A dingy, dirty sorta-part of the Past, I thought,
Sitting in the library womb
Asbestos and lead and real, wood splinters
Gazing, cult member, at Custer or Davy Crockett
Rearing lion, before Death,
Now, That's church, I thought, heartsong
They sure weren't forgotten
People still play with them

The Spirit of Clontarf

Lindbergh flew his historic destruction of our planet
For you see, he erased distance, with his flight—
You do understand that, don't you?
The two men who destroyed the Earth
Were /Are "Puck" of *Real World III* fame,
And Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.
Lindy, he erased all distance, so
We stood in front of one another,
Puck, he modeled the fact we
Did Not have to be nice
As we stood there—
But, earliest morning before the night before
The *Spirit of St. Louis* landed in France,
Lindbergh, dead tired, several times
Cruised a fishing boat, low to water-level as he dared
Yelling, "IS THIS IRELAND?!"
It was
Which gave the fisherman some choice in this experiment
With simple musketoon
Assuming he had one aboard,
See, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, was essentially,
To *even be able to begin to ever make it* to France,
A gas tank with wings
So you know
Irish fisherman, 1927, plays it
Swedish chef on *The Muppet Show*,
"Bloomersmoot!"
Our planet, our Future, therefore saved...

Don't laugh
Think of it in terms of 9/11

"I don't agree with Hate!...do I?"

If I mentioned Father Coughlin,
And you didn't just mump that you
Weren't religious,
You'd automatic reflex, file the Father in
The League of Nazis,
Too mindful of loud cathedral radio mouths
In simpler, bumpkin times
Worrying the Tea-Bone of demagogy,
It at least sticking to ribs of your social justice matrix
That no one should do your thinking for you
Since your professors already have

Coughlin (Dimly Goggling Demagogy)

The poor to eat
Abundance, to share
Caring for the ain't-heaviness of brethren
Give of the wealth
Pass the bread
And the mashed potatoes and the ketchup
God-Damned-well CARE, you've
No Choice!
For this, postmodern knees jerk
"Hate"
Upon radio visage,
Impossibly by graph pooling mercury of
Government
Into a perfectly square caring
Reserved Golden for from one to
Another

World War Two For the Soul

In the beginning was the word
An appeal from an orange crate
And one pauses
And another hears
A third listens
The fourth, sees a crowd begin to form,
Oration absorbed as aural fire
And, sometimes, there are shouts
Against the appeal
And, sometimes, speaker's logic is questioned
Occasionally, fights break out
Dissent has heads busted open,
In the end, few retort
Because the speaker is free, long, to speak
And fists cannot best his men,
The deciding vote, for this Decider, that
Brute Strength Displays Power, therefore
Man Can Be Beaten Into Agreeing

An anarchist friend, once protested this,
Protested a tortured, frightened, intimidated soul
"agreeing"
He said, "That's not '*him*' (who is conceding)!"
So what? Why should that matter?
Worlds burn down, because approval is not required
Merely acquiescence
Worlds burn down, because acquiescence
Can be beaten
Out of you

On Dealey Plaza

(Swear to God)

All the angles, photos and arrows, heads turning
Perpendicular parallels rightangling merrily along
At some point, the whole JFK thing on film
Is an exercise in how Not to dance to Madonna's
"Vogue"

Take a picture and step to the side
Now, take another picture
Now, squat one foot down
Now, take another picture
Now, tilt the camera 45 degrees
Now, take another picture,
Take every picture of every square inch of every bit
Of goddammed-fucking Dealey Plaza
Now, see them all at once in your mindseye,
little god,
And describe the fucking room,
Oh, but...! That street light didn't even exist, then!
Yes, it did
Spin around on Dealey Plaza, until you fall down,
What are you hoping to accomplish?

If I don't get that beach in 1979,
If I don't get my paste-eating innocence, again,
You don't get Yours

Summer of Guard, 1967

I'd have shot her daisy ass
I'd have opened up
I'd have gotten into trouble
Been pilloried for it, but
So would have the entire squad;
No human wants to admit humans are
Biped, baa-ing sheep, but
If I'd opened up,
So would have the entire squad,
Lotta dead peace and grave flowers, lotta
(this'll make the papers)
Lotta object lessons if then the world
Went the way it did, anyway, or
A generation missing, if we'd hardened up
Either way
A generation, missing

Oh, my God (convenience store, Dec.25th, 1991)

...did you see this, did you...
Oh, My God! You've gotta be kidding!
The Soviet Union *fell!*
OH MY GOD, YEAHHAHH!!
It's over, Oh, My God, Oh, Christ,
It's finally over! *YAAAY!!* It ended!
Hey! Hey, You! *Merry Christmas!*
Hello, Bedford Falls!
Merry Christmas! The Reds collapsed!
The Soviets are toast, they're *GONE!!*
A Christmas miracle! Take *that*, Nikita!
HAAAAH-HAAAAAH...!!
Oh, my God, oh, God Love The Gipper (sniff)
Ohhh, *Christ*, God Love You, Gipp, fare ya well...
YEAH! A won world! A realized world!
It's gonna work, now! It's gonna, *everything's* gonna
Be US!!

Convenience store manager:

*You don't understand...these people are all gonna
Start killing each other, now
Ain't no steelyass guards in front of those silos
They have to get jobs, now, and eat...*

Awesome! Excellent! We-Rule-The-Planet!
Stalin's spinning like a gyroscope!! *HAAARGGH!!*
Merry Christmas, Mr. Potter! Hey, guess what?
The Cold War is OVER, and
WE WON!!

9/11 Rain

There were neighborhoods
...everyone knows this, Hell...
There were neighborhoods where
Days after the fact, even weeks,
Bits of pulp of paper and forms,
Circulars, ID, memos,
Bits of a boring old USA
Floated in, from September 11th
And the nation,
At that moment trying to be
The one I remember
The one I keep screaming at you about,
Made it more memory, more war memorial, more
Effigy of the innocent
More Scarlett O'Hara, scorning anorexia
More dirty-faced Ireland, yearning to free
More Khan Noonien Fist, to sky which hated
During that 6-week or two-month "attempt",
Nice try, kids
You wouldn't have even done that
If it'd been bricks, mortar and jagged sheet glass
A whole ten days later
Desktop putting games, hard rain down
#WHAM# dead
#SMASH# dead
OMG, tragedy, a whole new horror!

Hey
There could be money in this

Which Brings Us to Today
(buy your own damned food)

And Then I Had a Big Mac

The soldier died
In Sgt. Saunders' arms
Music swelling
Couple of swells
Dying to make men free
As God just R. Crumbs on,
And, I liked it;
The soldier died
In Brian Williams' newstory,
I thought,
"Jesus God, this blows!"
Re-popping in my DVD of *Combat!*
Re-watching old soldiers die
With production values

I Am Right; End of Subject

“There is no absolute ‘Right!’”, said the one friend
To which, the other replied,
“Oh, no, only if you arbitrarily
Say
That there isn’t!”
Many, today
Reamed raw by bushes
Say Right is Not right, but
Postmodernists say
Arbitrarily
There is no absolute ‘right’
Which condones either jackboots or overalls,
I’m unsure which,
Because No absolute ‘right’
To leggo-my-ego-centered humans
Would mean, you don’t know how far you can go
Until you go too far,
Which, that last bit, that maxim?
The one friend said that to me, later, and
I wanted to watch my goddammed Jane Fonda movie
In peace,
So, *sotto voce*, I replied,
“That’s word games.”

we hold this drool to be self-evident

I asked Gary Hart at the rally,
If he'd consider joining a
Third party
He told me,
"I don't think we even have a second one."
We talked awhile
About gluttony, about
Centrist power elite
About the scratching of backs
And the excitation of genital muscles
Which gives birth to what's called
The American Wet Dream,
Not trying to get squishie, here, but
Anyone really Can share in that dream,
If they just take off the right suit

Oh, yeah (social decay goes on)

Half-pajama'd
gym shorts over torn out crotch
smelliest robe
sweeping leaves to the curb
so's the neighbors don't bitch,
it isn't that kind of neighborhood, anymore
You haven't realized it, yet
You do realize the old woman next door finally
sold the place and died,
new neighborhood's getting out of a monster truck
She flashes a smile that winks tooth juice
there's an elongated conversation
standard perv, you're aware of her,
She's young enough to be your daughter
(if your first GF hadn't been sculpted out of
liquid nitrogen)
girl's a geometry book of curves, all baby fat
just one baby and, *God*, will she be
John Cougar's singing "Jack and Diane" in your head
Her smile says you're stupid
You misinterpreted, though,
four years later, you stumble onto her Internet
call girl profile
now you understand, all the come 'n go trucks
be nice to go over and spend a quarter, but
it's such a different neighborhood, now
You don't feel as safe as you used to

An Early Late Blight

The family across the way
Evicted
The family down the street
Thrown out
The family next door
Lost their mortgage
The family in back
Forced to move
So nice
To not hear kids screaming, all day long
Wow
This is a pretty cool Gameboy game

Pause in the Extra-long Saki Break

#Bw-WAAA!!#

There sit unreal real propaganda
Mountain beam sweatfire, ramrod plewds
It happytalkietalkie talkietalktalk

(derisive hisses)

Back to work, you assholes,
Be grateful for your lot!
To not think apart, may be one thing
They're starving, in America

Bonus Paper Trax: 3 poems
utilizing Pac-Man, socially

Pac-Mephistopheles, or the stupid game is a...

Metaphor for Life
Ain't NO WAY out a ah al all alive
Runrunrunrunnedyrunrun
Unavoidabubble cares Bad, Unavoidabubble cares Kill!!
Let's go this way, uhhhhhhh
Where did we leave the car
Doors, no, just
Hallways
Roobyrooby hallways
Once you get used to it,
It's the same
Rewards few and between
As portent
Carrots masquerading as fruits on a stick,
Happybaby music in high whine of
Manic Everyday
And like as if nonstop eating,
Gotta refuel, Gotta refool
Yeah, all right, I'm sold
Idn't any question a'tall
This particular magic-electro-box
Tells Us The Whole Truth
So, burn every damned one, right now
And begin the chant

Blackmail Fruit

boompboompboomp
Thass opportunity knockin'
Say the Old Greatest Boys of the
(sadly) Ended
Thass a willysilly, nittynutty
Chance
To Tinker your Ever toward
It came to you in overalls
Suffering from a severe fun deficiency
You'll do it, you'll
Work and stuff
ohyeah
If only for fruits of normalcy
Wax, but like the
Neighbors'

Human is a Geek

I'm somethin'
I'm the best Pac-Man player in the world
I make love and have a job
There is meaning in my
Lack of meaning
Proper congeal to my chaos
I pay bills, Hell!
I've had kids,
I can say,
"Ya workin' hard or hardly workin'?"
PERSON
I'm a
purrrrrrr ssssssin
Human juice, yearning, inside every container
We're the best Pac-Men in the
(I get scared at night)
We're the Pac-Men

BARS

“Heey!” blurts The Cultured Reader, as he recoils. “What’s this “BARS” business? ‘STARS’ and ‘BARS’? Don’t you mean ‘STRIPES’? And, using a Civil War movie as a jumping-off point...are you trying to slip in some sort of Confederate sympathy, here? Is this in fact, literary sedition?”

#SIGH#

No, nonfriend, it just worked on a number of levels, that’s all...like my 7th grade Science teacher’s lecture utilizing the word “can”: “...you drink your soda, out of a ‘can’... someone in the schoolyard gets mad at you, knocks you on your ‘can’...the police arrest you, and they throw you in the ‘can’...” (there was a lot more in a similar vein).

Likewise, “bars”. If Confederate it be, what is ye olde CSA, today? Our most famous Lost Cause. Wouldn’t that sum up the general, man-in-the-street consensus of our red, white and blue experiment, at this juncture, Dana? A lost cause?

And, if “bars” meaning “beer joints”, well, maybe we’re drinking to forget we’re lost. In deepening shadows, down on your luck, maybe that’s the only viable choice remaining.

If the “bars” denote a prison, well, to further Vonnegut, if you thought the story of your life—or your country—had been told, and the rest of it consisted of watching the caterers stack chairs, what I refer to in another poem as “a sentimental journey to Blind Chaos”... well, maybe that emptiness is nothing but more loss. Like losing a keepsake, a family heirloom or special snapshot. A classic death scene, in a forgotten film. Losing any and all of our talismen, which could have served as “how to”.

BARS. A past, gone. A past run from, ignored, distorted. A past, battened down and shut up fast. A resonant, moppet-eyed ghost on silver nitrate, of Amerika Past. Babbling itself to death.

I wish it was still out there. That scene. Royal Dano. In a trunk, in some CEO's attic, or in some psycho fan's. In a vault at Warner, perhaps, mislabeled, "Top Hat (Ginger breaks a heel, other outtakes)". Intact on a reel some centenarian shows neighbor kids. The Tattered Man, rattling off word salads, walking in tighter and tighter circles, until he simply falls to the Earth. And, it can just be over, now. For us as well, sort of. Looking at the Dead, at every dead hope or wish, we can stop, too. End, ourselves, perhaps...because, yeah, okay, we don't really wanta die...but, we wanta rest.

All arguments being equal in the cyclotron, Doctor Manhattan of WATCHMEN fame, calls it best: "Nothing *ever* ends." No. That's what's crushing. Nothing does. No surcease for the suffering, no 7th Cavalry, either. "THE END" doesn't appear in the air, and we don't then sleep into a starless void wherein exists only possibility. There are no quick fixes. We get up the next day to earn our bread, or to wish for it. Hoping, like some sucker in Vegas watching the wheel. Dreaming, like Charlie in the Box, about next year.

Heraldry, the romance of The State, the swell of one's bosom in response to symbolism, is a 2-part epoxy of panacea. I for one believe in it. Most strongly. Joe Citizen. Impassioned. Old School. I act on it, all the time. But, as the Amish farmer told Barney Miller, "Don't make the walk no shorter." —CEE, 8/8/11

Royal Dano's Death Scene tis of Thee

CEE

2013 chapbook
Scars Publications

<http://scars.tv> 

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Magazines: *Children, Churches and Daddies* (a&E 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., Ouvre, Exava 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 v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), *Bliстер & Bura* (the Kypers edition), S&M, c&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, *Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38* (v1, v2 & v3), *Finally, Literature for the Scurry and Lillo* (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), *Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kypers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cane-Stein Chi-town Union, the Written Word, Dad, Prepare Her For This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknowns, Janet Kypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen* (Kypers edition), *Elemental, the 2012 Datebook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Stab Stab Stab, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words* (color art book and b&w art book), *Life in Color, Post-Apocalyptic, Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequestered, Six Six Six, Skafold 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, While My and Small the Flowers, Unknows, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, America the Last, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Streets,* *Infamous in our Prime, Anais Niss on Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swam Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Sevastrotara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Moments Mori, Is the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Dine, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, happen in Your Heart the Apoptosis' s Teachings of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Niss on Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Richard Kador / Charles Newman, 12 Times 12 Equals Greys, a Marble Nudo Pauline Barchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Down Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, The pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from The Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Caradogoon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tome, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cuts, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, The Holy See of CEE, Salghur & Sowdast, Slate & Marrow, Bliстер & Bura, 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, Decepti Kematics, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bonding the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Finest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, (bound) (2 editions), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Press, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Date book, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (Issue edition and chapbook edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (press edition)**

Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Voice* the demo tapes, *Kypers the Final (MFV Inclusive), Woods and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pattes & Kypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Painless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kypers Seeing Things Differently, SD/SD Tick Tock, Kypers Change Rearrange, Order from Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kypers Six One One, Kypers Stop, Kypers Masterful Performances mp3 CD, Kypers Death Comes in Threes, Kypers Changing Gears, Kypers Dreams, Kypers How Do I Get There?, Kypers Contact Control Control, the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kypers Questions in a World Without Answers, Kypers SIM, Kypers WZRO Radio* (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Voice 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* Music 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), *Class in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD Screaming to a Hall* (EP), *PR&J Two for the Price of One* (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kypers, the Bostard Trio/Paul Baker/No Juliana Powders Trio Fusion* (4 CD set), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (3 CD set), *Kypers Live* (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kypers Seeing a Psychiatrist* (3 CD set), *Kypers St. Paul's* (3 CD set), *Kypers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kypers* and the *HiMan of South Africa* Burn Through Me (2 CD set), *Kypers' 40' Kypers* Sexism and Other Stories, *Kypers* the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), *Kypers' Dobro Yo'c'd* (4 CD set) *Kypers' Immas' 4* (4 CD set), *Kypers' Letting it All Out, Kypers' What We Need in Life* (CD single), *Kypers' Made Any Difference* (CD single), *Kypers' Hardback* "Across the Pond" (3 CD set)