



Champagne,
HOT WATER

CEE

2013 chapbook
PUBLICATIONS

Dedicated to the 18th Amendment
I Love You
I Love You
I'm Not Worthy
I'm Not Worthy

I went to the doctor, he asks what's the trouble, I say, "Doc,
it hurts whenever I do that (gesticulates)", he says, "Don't do that."
—traditional vaudevillian joke
(commonly attributed to Henny Youngman)

APERITIF

These verses begin a journey, nonfriends. We're on a mission. In this chap and 3 more like it, we examine The Human Condition, never far out of the ICU, with me. We do so, via a poem I once wrote (which isn't very good). The poem is thus:

The Quartering of The Universe Into Active And Passive Principles

Booze*

Beasts of Burden

Heraldry

Death

The 4 Basic Food Groups of Existence

You shan't learn of love's toxicity, here. Neither shall you find the staggering and lurching of a country on the nods. As for Death, that's your business. Either buy the corresponding chap, or obtain something; remember, shelf life's 3 years.

This little missive is the BOOZE book. The first line of our sophomoric outline. The first food group. For many, the only one.

I've made it clear, I don't buy addictions...though, I make exception, per physical dependency, when the shit has gone too far. For crack, I'm told, that's a single use, though I'm skeptical of such hype, much as I'm skeptical of moms lifting cars off trapped kids, or valiant, "High Noon" security guard stories, where subsequent review and suspension, even in our PC age, never occurs. But, okay. Physical dependency, I nod to—the rest, you've chosen. This is action and reaction, nonbarpal, not gay or black or Jewish. We aren't talking "be", we're talking "do". You pick up, you chose, no less than the night I buried myself buying box *jai alai* quinellas until my paycheck was air and I was buttonholing a family friend. I chose to bet against the Dallas Cowboys under Landry and Ali when he could bring it, and no chance, the Reds aren't going to sweep my fucking-*Yankees*....

No. I made bad judgments. Whether or not mere manufacture of liquors and liqueurs, is a bad judgment, I leave to what Hells you and your family and your friends and theirs, have experienced. But, you *do* make every choice of every "do", especially those invoked in the name of "Wha'evah! Wha'evah! I'll do what I waunt!" You being "allowed" to do so, is to me, a grand philosophical dilemma.

Here I stand, Luther; I can do no other: I Am a Prohibitionist...but, I'm also sociopathic, and as a result, my sanctimony is conflicted. Do I fight to have your choices restricted? Or, do I sit in the shadows, waiting for you, or you and you to fly off the NASCAR track of Life, into the stands? What's more important? What satisfies most? "Prohibiting" or consequence? It's a poser. After all, some never truly suffer appreciable consequences, just as Burt Mustin smoked until he was 758. But the other, repealed measure isn't coming back again, not in our lifetime, so the great question which stumps me is moot, much as arguments of Truth and Beauty. And, as the question solves nothing and more detailed answers seem carping, I offer instead, nonfriends, me, as nonpartier and as dry. These poems are what one sees, experiences, takes in and learns, when one is existentialist from the cradle, yet seeks no legal recourse to dull perception. It is why I KNOW, quintessentially, that all reality is found in the personal, and that everything as verb, is personal choice. Humans, only ever make questionable ones.

As usual, my perspective herein is dark, and it is not hopeful. You might want to get bombed, as you read.

CEE, taking a pre-dawn stroll, San Francisco, CA, April 18th, 1906

NATION, CARRY AMELIA MOORE (1846-1911)
(I HEART THE 13TH AMENDMENT)

And the hatchet keeps coming down
The hatchet keeps
Coming down
The smiting of lives lived
With no “life” lived, during
It, for
Righteous or insane,
Even fervor pales transparent, kneeling before
I

Opening Shots

OR, MAYBE A CHERRY SQUISHIE

Scoping out the case
Scouting out
Scouring
For more bang for his buck
Gonna buy that oversize big size
I profilingly call,
“One a’ them big black person beers”
The quarts which creep me
Honkin’ tub a’ suds
He’s agonizing
He has so few pennies
Quick survey, and I suggest
Based upon available evidence
A 6-pack a’ non-alcoholic beer
He asks, “What’s the point?”
And, I thought that was a good question
Which is really two questions
When you think about it

ABSINTHE, TRIED IN ABSENTIA

there's wormwood in this
ISS UHHLEEGULL!!
there's wormwood in this
so what? why should that matter?
ISS-uss AHHUHH-LEEGULLLL!!
yeah
'cause a scientist told a politician told an old judge
there's wormwood in this
it would make people die
right
as opposed?
illegal,
but bottoms up on the rest of it
Authority
deciding what is a "good" death
and what is not
there's wormwoo—
yeah, you said that
go ahead *chug it*

**"HAVE ALL THE ALCOHOL
IN THE *WORLD!!!*"**

And the demon pumps it into your every orifice, in Hell
#POW#, you explode into pieces

And the demon pumps it into your every orifice, in Hell
#POW#, you explode into pieces

And the demon pumps it into your every orifice, in Hell
#POW#, you explode into pieces

And the demon pumps it into your every orifice, in Hell
I know you might well not believe in that,

It won't matter, if it ends up being true

If YHWH's a fascist, Satan's equally a fascist

Drink up

The Fun Stops Here

THANK YOU FOR THE PISS JUGS

I thought it was greenish bile
Out of the pipes
Or you were growing a liquid pot plant
Or, something
His friend counted three dozen 2-liters
We've all discussed it for years
Used to laugh, make jokes
Common knowledge, for over a decade
But, no
We're all mistaken
Every one of us, morons
We're blessed with The Truth
Only from You

Ya *know*...silence often Does Not give assent
Pissed off or pissed on, bud,
Urine alcoholic

JR'S WISDOM

He told SueEllen,
Something about
“Blahblahblahvodka doesn’t smell, on your breath.”
I asked Mom about that
“Ohhh, it duzzzzz...”
A person just has to drink more of it.”
Kinda right
Kinda not
Never smelled it on the breath
Never tongued anyone who was drinking
(yes, folks, he’s That anal)
Smelled it, though
Smelled it on many
Breath was not involved
It was as though they’d showered in it
So,
Maybe Linda Gray’s character on Dallas
Just didn’t hold her liquor well

WRINKLED OLD TOMATOES

The oooooold folks, who sit in bars
outdated bars
neighborhood
Sometimes half-sharpened, under new, naive
Management
Always sporting chancre of The Few, The Old
Mom used to muse
About that
About the creaky decrepit,
“*Why?*”
The “pathetic” of it
Why be old and cluttering up a bar?
Of all times,
Why, at the final gun?

Mom was good at missing the point
One best drowns at the end of
One’s Life

KNOCKED DOWN

Caseworker so far gone, he
Kept a bottle at work
I never told his boss what I knew
I don't believe in that,
I believe in my version of Chaplin:
"Everyone has the right to hang themselves."
It took 6 months
But, They Got Him
Of course, I had to visit him in rehab
Got dragged along
I know that sounds horrible and bitter,
But, no light lunch was served

KEPT DOWN

He called the guy,
“Porchman”
The man was always on the porch
Not usually drinking
Usually trying to fully survive the previous
Drunk,
Porchman was an alcoholic in that
His-skin-starts-to-scale-over stage
Sometimes, he slept on the porch
My friend had to step over him
He was dying,
Porchman’s sister told my friend
How her brother suffered
Thanked my friend for what Charity he’d shown
Encouraged him to make talk
And, indeed he did,
From her, he learned the guy’s name was “Tim”
He thereafter called him, “Tim Porchman”

THE INTERNMENT CAMP ELEMENT

The incarceration part
Of what's politely called "recovery"
(because the name "Git-Mo", was already taken)
Is what I can't conscion,
Because it is inhumane
To not allow Others
To wreck themselves
Or, wait a minute, strike that
It's Not inhumane
It's anti-American, actually
To lock anyone behind anything
For a deficit in themselves
You yourself inherently refuse to label a deficit,
The
"You can't leave here, no matter how it hurts,
Until you say what I want you to, and
Like you mean it"
The inhumane portion, is
This "Mother, May I?" Skip-to-M'Lou
"Why doesn't the mother cow love the baby?"
Bullshit
The nice-y nice happy crappy
Is what's inhumane,
Because hurting people don't understand
What you're doing to them
Neither do ignorant people
Neither do wounded animals
And drunks are all of those, perhaps

HALF IN THE FENG SHOE

The Converse All Star stepped over him
Eventually, there was a person attached
And sight and smell and sound returned
Dark battlements of dream
Disappearing
Cash register dot-matrixing its way through a
Sale,
Video blurb-squiggles from
The next room,
He was on the floor;
He crawled the hallway
(keep low!)
Restroom, greeting as goal line
(crawl to daylight!)
Restroom used too, as bathroom
Whole body stench, IOW
He pushed up, crutch, on the bowl,
And, humiliation is upsetting
A hangover's just bad
Hopelessness from very youth
Can Never, Ever be positive, but
His vomiting had a door at its back, as well
No quintessential balance of any kind
To keep him,
"him"

NEIGHBORHOOD NOISE ORDINANCE

Attempting to be serious
To the point of icy stoicism
In the face of more than one person
Awash in alcohol
Is straight man Hell
Not everyone can manage it
Or, they manage it
Usually with additional anger,
But they never quite can kick away
That baggy pants stupidity
Made them look stupid,
It being stupid, after all
To mirror the mirror, double reverse
Back at falling-down bullies,
But, it's really an easy fix,
For if one can mute, in mind, the 6th grade audio
Of stupid drunks who think Not being stupid
Is stupid,
What remains
Is vapidty
The dull, obtuse Frankie-monster stare
Of Misterogers, in '67, without nuance
Staring at his flipped middle fingers

"BYE-BYE, BELT!"

Andrew Sinclair
The Brit historian
Wrote his breakout book
'Bout Prohibition
Discussing it, natch
In prohibitive fashion
For, by forcing those who wanted drink
To
Not drink,
All we as a nation did
Was make love of liquor explode
Hammer, bell and slurred song
All over this land;
Prohibition, though I, Self, hold it dear,
For I hate humans enough to feel like
None of you should get to ever do Anything,
Prohibition, was like a whalebone corset
And the USA, is forever like a fat man

You can probably envision, from there

DREGS OF THE KEG OF EXCESS

I can't get mad at Andrew Sinclair, though
—that'd be the Brit historian—
As I recall going to pick up a friend
To go out for dinner, one time,
He'd partied the night before
Was still partying, when I got there, as
The keg of dead suds, wudn't yet empty
I had to piss, so said *drink what's in hand,*
We'll leave, when I get out of the bathroom
Got back fast enough, and lo,
He's tapped another cup
Of flat, lifeless piss water
From sad, dead keg
Which, is equivalent to most reaction
To the 18th Amendment
Which, proves what I believe:
Any excess, is inherently rebellion
Because, if I'd handed Buddyboy a gun
And said, "Don't kill yourself, while I piss",
He'd've obeyed,
Depressed, hurting, torn apart, broken
He wanted to live
Or, he wouldn't have been sitting there
He wanted to drink
Like America
Hence, the underscore-bold-italics
Of booze as a guzzle-"Fuck You"

*A Brief History
of a Life Without Fun*

JESUS CHRIST, YOU'RE LOUDER THAN HELL

Rodney Dangerfield's first career
He's on Ed Sullivan, in pantomime
Tie-jerk sensation, all eyes and lips
Drowned by fact of parental party
Behind me
Card table hoo-rah
Contract bridge, the chess match of, yes,
The Greatest Generation
It should be Fischer-Spassky, with partners
Behind me
Rodney should be getting in a few syllables
Except, it's Sunday night
The MOTOROLA can't compete
Neither, red embarrassment of Dangerfield's tie,
It's Sunday in the 1960's, the half where
Teens still marginally obey
And, it is a night for drinking, as
There's no work, tomorrow morn;
Dad's team lost the hand, again
Probably from alcohol being involved
It's Injun-war whoop time,
"JEsus CHRIsT!" (cards slapped down)
Everyone sounds like spoiled neighbor boys
Playing roundball
It's literally the class in *Sister Mary Elephant*,
Rodney, looking frightened, to the wings
He went to fight and a hockey game broke out
I know just how he feels

THE BOTTLES WITH COLORS IN 'EM

The fireplace has the room lit fine
Flipped coin of directors shooting night scenes
At noon
Decanters predominate
They're on every shelf
Underneath Christian pix
That hopeless old woman and hopeless old man
Praying over Oliver Twist's gruel
Decanters full of red, blue, full of
Yellow, an almost-gold
A St. Paddy's green, there's a
The bottles are polished by the hopeless old landlady
They're clean
The water, food-colored, is clean
The decanter bottles swell rich in the firelight
Gorgeous cut-glass, they are powerful,
Clean
They give, they
Enrich
I close my eyes and still see this illusion
I close my eyes and see a cleancut George Carlin
Doing "Hippie-Dippie Weatherman" on Merv
Behind my eyelids
Lies that were real
Then

APRICOT BRANDY AS A TURNOFF

Telling me, secret, of your first, secret drunk
You and her and him
The hushhush naughtiness
Quiet, dark rebellion of freedom of growth
A taste of liquor
A taste of adulthood
Sweet hardwood floor campfire of being something
Other Than
With the others
You all stayed quiet
Exulting,
You tell me this in excitement of remembrance
It turns me off to you, but you don't know that
Every teen is a hippie for one night
Except me
I stayed Gestapo forever
I like the misery

MY STINT AS A DANGEROUS OLDER GUY

Speeding down rural roads in Broward
It's hurricane season, it's dark, it's raining,
You bought beers for our wild drive
As I continue, Pawn-to-King Four
Toward seduction
I'm trying to talk with you
Actually pick your brain
As I don't plan to get out of your life
As soon as we get out of bed
What you're thinking, I do not know
I never know what anyone's thinking,
But your beer exhausts way before mine
Which I've pretended to drink
Husbanding full bottle in the dark;
We're young and it's the 80's
We don't care, if the Indian cries
I'm instructed to heave your empty
Properly bagged, out the window
This is, after all, not our problem,
It's Bill Maher's, in 30 years,
Carefully, not spilling,
My full brew's secreted with yours
Then trails a streaming flood as
Bag flies from car,
I'm hoping you didn't see that
I never know what people see or don't
I'm getting really tired of this ritual
I swear I won't ever leave you,
Is fellatio out of the question?

LEGAL FOR 2 YEARS, 8 MONTHS, 3 WEEKS

Smirking at the silly owner
Handing him my ID with pity
I'm late for my stepfather's party,
I don't know Illinois is 21 to Florida's 18 — —
— — Pronounced unworthy
Case pulled backward
Not allowed to purchase something I don't want
(You're kidding)
No one obeys Laws that way
Laws, after all, are only statistical probabilities
Of arrest;
I imagine talking to the owner like he's a child
Leaving money on the counter,
Leaving with the beer
My stepfather's birthday party
Is perhaps 4 blocks away;
Years later,
Everyone older-bro tells me
How the cops would've shithammered me
(Sure)
I'm legal many years—cops don't leap to the fray
Not that way
But, my stepfather's birthday present
Wasn't worth the challenge,
Still staggered by the memory, though
The owner acted like what he did was right
Not just
Not wrong

SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION DOESN'T WORK

You told me the night we met
I was too young, for you
Today, you bring up wine,
How it makes you horny
Ask me to pour us some,
I have to be misinterpreting this
I know I'm not
But I have to be,
You laid down a lay law
And, it isn't officially rescinded
But, even if it was,
Why bring wine into it?
This is pollution is a depressant,
Makes you muddy and relaxed
That's Not Sex
I want to feel horny like I'm on cocaine
"Horny" should Never mean "relaxed",
Because, then it's easily confused with Love
Probably why something so
Rape of the Sabine Women
Is usually confused with Love

**#SIGH#...GOOD TIMES...
(LOCAL DIVE, 1983)**

Drunk skank, Patrick Swayze-ing old coot
Not-drunk-enough designated driver, looking around
Mad every other place is closed,
Denying him the chance to walk in and just look
around,
This place is the size of a pizza joint
That only offers takeout
Drunk skank continues pole-dancing the oldster,
'Nuther skank's all chatty
The confectioner's in the Tom Collins
Sinks, hunk-chunks, congealed
This pizza-skank place
Is too old of men to threaten
Too small to offer quiet
It's lit like a radioactive chamber, you can see it
From the black-and-white road
There's not one thing to recommend this hole
Except the skanks
And, they're with us

COUSIN DRUNKUS

We sit together in taverns
Pitchers of Tom Collins
I'm mostly glad mostly your money's mostly involved
The experience, somber, solemn
Is meaningless
As are the taverns

So, we sit on campus grounds,
You looking about like a weathervane,
Expecting chicken on the bone
To come over and speak the opening line
They aren't about to,
This is meaningless, too...

You suddenly laugh into my face like a maniac,
Yelling,
"Care Bear Has No Hair!"
Not only is that meaningless, it's frightening
I'm stuck for an answer

VALIUM AND COOKING SHERRY

People laugh when I tell the story,
They wouldn't laugh if you were straight
Which isn't right
They weren't there
After you came home from him being
Put to sleep
Lurching about the kitchen,
Gourmet dinner on the chainsmoke
Abh-huhuh! (that was a sob)
He was a goddammed Dog!!
He was a goddammed dog and he
Die-HI-HI-ied on me-Heee! (talking while sobbing)
I know
And, you'd had him forever
And, the shit you'd ingested
Didn't make that go away
People laugh, still, whenever I tell this story
You aren't straight
You're not a child
And the football isn't in their groin

CIRCULAR BREASTAL REGIONS

I don't know why you drink
You know that I do not
There's only the two of us, here
You're in a chair, glugglugglug
I'm on the hassock, scientist
Literally
Christ Scientist
Examining and Judging all at once,
You ramblerant about the girl you couldn't win
About her boobs,
You've reached the "repeating" stage of drunk
Once I get that in my head
I keep feeding you the same lines
Repeating,
We keep repeating a teeny-weenie yellow polka dot portion
Of the conversation
The ramblerant, sorry
You're dimly aware I'm fucking with you
But, you keep repeating, repeating, 'bout da boobs
We keep saying words, rote ramblerant prayers of
Human goop sorrow
You're powerless to resist the manipulation
For I Am Christ
Scientist

BABY GOAT

Watching him suckle
Little Kings in each hand
Head left, then right, a kid goat
Spoiled for the same choice
Ermpermperm! ermpermperm!
Left, right, right, left
Chiropractic exercise out of control
Faster and faster
errrmperrrmperrrmperrrmperrrmperrrmm—
Jesus!
Why not speak in tongues and fly out of the window?
Telling me within the hour,
How his life is out of control
Ya think?

"INVENTORY CONTROL"

We make all different kinds of friends,
I knew why we'd had to sit and wait
We were his ride
But, he'd just knocked off
The lounge bartender freepouring long
For everyone who'd worked so hard,
I knew why we'd waited
The other friend, a Goodobee friend
Should have known it, too
Rather than saying an accounting something
Referencing a kind of stealing,
I saw the tired friend, the hard worker
Dulled full of sauce
Look snap up, from the back seat,
Incubus, Gollum, a dark face of
Murder
Looking appraising at the
Aryan Youth Good Citizen-type at shotgun,
We all make all different kinds of friends
I could tell these two
Were never gonna be

THE INFAMOUS PLAN A

It bothers me
The way your wife looks at me
The blaming
Taken in as she is
(she's never gonna be on *Jeopardy*, bud)
You call me all the time
Have me dash
Pay me back
Swearing by Freya's teats that
I brought the case with me
Which, you obviously were powerless to resist,
As your wife and I enjoy Pepsi Free
As she never clues,
Despairing your total moral corruption
Via your scuzzy
Teetotal-ling
Friends

GOODY GOODY TWSHOES

Laughing cheeks and candy smiles
You two dance to Adam Ant
Putting mocking to me
Re: my lack of vices,
“What *DO* you do?”
Convention forbids me from
Answering your flouting of convention
Like any bullying arranged just so,
I have to stand there and take it,
“What *DO* you do?”
“What *DO* you do?”
“I fantasize about fucking *her*”,
Would be my honest answer, pointing,
“But she hasn’t let me yet, whenever I’ve tried.”
I don’t hurt you
Neither of you
I let it go the round
Life is a circle
You’ll soon be divorced

A WEDDING EXULTATION (THIS TASTES LIKE SHIT)

I off the cuff a toast
A dedication, just for her
Everything's 19th Century, here
Except for those who dressed down,
I'm a handsome Grover Cleveland
Or a young Bill McKinley
As we raise glasses on high
In the toast
Everyone following my lead
(As it should be)
And, I bring it to crescendo in honor of my dear,
And the cheer actually sounds like, "*Huzzah!*"
And everyone smiles
And the sunset twinkles through the cut glass glasses
And the cheer seems to linger
And Mulder and Scully are dancing
And "THE END" appears in the air,
As the bubbly Korbel goes down my gullet
Burning with bitter, hot foulness of a loath
I can't describe
Jesus H. Christ
Does alcohol of Any Kind, *SUCK!!*
...but I'm for sure married, now
It was worth the initiation

*Unknown Track
(for those who think me unhappy):*

**DANCING
(THE *DANSE MACABRE*, IN MY HEAD)**

I said I never would
But, know we waste of Youth's certainty,
Of course I danced!
Not because all but certain demographics
Value it,
Not as a way to get laid, either
I danced alone, much of the time
Morrie of *Tuesday* fame
I did so in public
And as my body took me
Followed no steps, learned none, obeyed none
Pop screamed at me, for not learning the ballroom
Shit,
I danced like Fred Flintstone and Elaine Benes
Tommy Tutone high-kicking through Life
Not on a dance floor, NOT on a dance floor
NOT ON A DANCE FLOOR

Not for Others, not *with* Others, dancing was
Not about “others”
The Dance, as almost any culture/legend/human
Will tell you,
Is “that within”, sadness, joy, frustration,
Celebration, exultation or pain
Coming full to fore of your body,
RPG, but *really* You
Pretending at last no more *Blasting Self!*
Through every pore
Of course, nonfriends...I danced, in Life
I danced as you're s'posed to
I danced Alone

POSTPRANDIAL

A friend of mine once gossiped to another, “CEE misses out on a lot, bein’ the way he is!” Yes. But, I am the way I am, nonfriend. I cannot deny what I know to be Truth...and, I cannot hold that Truth is relative. If I have accepted it, it is primordial truth, Starbuck, true a million-million suns before our oceans rolled. Personal choice is not, “your roast beef equals my fish sticks”. I have little interest in a worldwide Smile Fest. What I hold in my hands is holy writ. What I toss in the garbage, belongs there. If I were to live any more relatively than that, I’d fly apart into neutrinos. Self is composed of choice, and choice is never wrong. Not in and of itself.

I’m amazed at you who allow Others their truths, then walk away still full of your own...yet, still claiming The Other has your same worth. You are indeed blessed, and I salute you...only, I see the *lives*, where words and actions do not match. Too many people have been too honest with me, too open, too many times. All of you, believe as I: bluntly put, You Make The World and any opposition is crap. Putting a smile on it or giving it Eastern buzzphrases, doesn’t alter your smug belief in your own godhood. And, if you’re teaching your godhood in school, you may be more honest, but perhaps confidence is lacking.

“I Am Right; End of Subject.” As a vigilante-character I created says, “I do not require your approval, merely your acquiescence.” Let me Not Drink, let me think you’re an animal for doing so, then, let’s drop it and play SCENE-IT or something. We have differing points of view, I’m sure. Why do we have to air them? What’s the point of that? If I agreed with your ironic take and skewed viewpoint, I’d already hold it. The fact I’ve cavalierly chucked it into the intellectual land-fill, should tell you something. Anyway, the *crime passionnel*, is always going to be illegal. Don’t make me angry, Bill Bixby.

Likewise, one does not do what one objects to, in order to maintain the general good humor. That's probably the worst reason I can think of, for doing anything. Any and all decisions—and I include being a law-abiding citizen in this—must be made as independently as possible. This doesn't mean my Dad was correct, that only Life experience is a sufficient teacher, but when it comes to matter going down your gullet, I suppose it would have to be. And, short of another iron law put into place...or REplaced...telling you, *ala* moms of yore, “no-no!”, you're only going to find out, through trial and error. That means sugar and it means salt, it means peanuts and it means additives, it means movie theater butter on popcorn and red meat and fast food and yes, though I stand here, hatchet in hand, it means John Barleycorn, as well. Sinclair's book on Prohibition, sums drinking as “a method of escaping from the miseries of living”...then again, in Sinclair's lordly-wigged legal culture, one is guilty until proven innocent.

I tried booze; I didn't like it. I saw it mutate human persons. I saw it destroy lives. I saw it create situations where no amount of logic was gonna help. And, it did these things—was allowed to—based upon a group mentality based upon rite of passage. I never made a single rite of passage. Such rites are inherently wrong.

To me.

Which, is all that matters.

To me.

Which, is all that matters.

To me.

Which, is all that matters.

...and, spiraling off, we go.—CEE, 9/17/11

Champagne, HOT WATER

CEE

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Children, Churches and Daddies (e&d magazine), founded June 1993, Down in the Dirt, conceived 1994, founded 2000

Books:

Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Glass Cover Before Stinking (Woman), Autumn Breasts, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide to Feminism, Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blister, etc., Owevo, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorial (rougher and 2005 Expanded Edition), Death, Seeing Things Differently, Camp/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life of Gals Alibi, Creams, Rough Mice, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop, Stop Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, e&d v167.5 (Writing to Honor & Check, editor edition), Blister & Burn (the Koyvers edition), S&M, v&d 1775 Distinguished Writings since often living in Ohio, Silas Scream, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Gallopings, Chapter 36 (v1, v2 & 2), Family, Literature for the Society and Elite (v), v2 & part 71, a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Koyvers, Evolution, (sweet) Get Your Brax On, Janet & Jason Together, po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Come-Dice Ch-town Union, the Written Word, Don't Prepare Her for This, Unarrested, living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Koyvers: Enchard, She's an Open Book, "40", Sexism and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Koyvers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Databook, 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, 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, Solphur & Sawdust, Slat & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rise & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honour & Christis, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silence, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Stars, We the Party, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Disrupt & Remain, Cleared Remnants, Hope & Creation, Binding the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, who, ink in my blood, (renewed) (4 editions), Enchard Poetry, e&d Enchard Prose, Enchard with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Dine Book, It Was All Prearranged, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbook edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 Info book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition), Entanglement, Gull by Association, 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 Svetosvetovara Unpunished, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Moments Merit, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Ten, Crushing Down Nineteenth, Blue Callar Ballet, soppam, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Treadings of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), **Duckard Under / Charles Newman**, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude 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 Callar Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Glass, Scissors, A Cornubian's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tomb, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cats, Scream Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Patel Under Pressure, The Holy See of CEE, Book 1.5 - Thailand to Volcanoes, Last in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond

Compact Discs:

Man's Favorite Vase the demo tapes, Koyvers the final (MPV Inclusive), Woods and Flowers the beauty & the desolation, The Second Axing Something is Sweating, The Second Axing Live in Alaska, Pattes & Koyvers Live at Cafe Alibi, Pointless Orchestra Rough Masses, Koyvers Seeing Things Differently, 50/50 Tick Tock, Koyvers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Koyvers Six One One, Koyvers Stop, Koyvers Masterful Performances mp3 CD, Koyvers Death Comes in Threes, Koyvers Changing Gears, Koyvers Dreams, Koyvers How Do I Get There?, Koyvers Contact Contact 4 Control, the DMJ Art Connection the DMJ Art Connection, Koyvers Questions in a World Without Answers, Koyvers SIN, Koyvers WZRD Radio (2 CD set), Man's Favorite Vase and The Second Axing These Truths, assorted artist String Theory, Oh (audio CD), Life At The Cafe (3 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMJ Art Connection Manic 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 #01-85 (3 CD set), Chaotic Element (2 CD set), Chaos in Motion (6 CD set), 50/50 Screaming to a Hall (EP), PBA / Two for the Price of One (EP), K&K, Jake and Haystack: An American Parrot, Koyvers/The Bastard Trio/Paul Robey/The Johnson Posters Trio Festival (4 CD set), produces the Evolution of Performance Art (3 CD set), Koyvers Live (14 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Koyvers Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), Koyvers St. Paul's (3 CD set), Koyvers the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Koyvers and the B&Man of South Africa Burn Through the (2 CD set), Koyvers "40", Koyvers System and Other Stories, Koyvers the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), Koyvers "Dobae YeC" (4 CD set) Koyvers "human" (4 CD set), Koyvers "Letting It All Out", Koyvers "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Koyvers "Wade Any Difference" (CD single), Koyvers "Hardwood" Across the Road" (3 CD set).