

SUSPECT RAP SHEET

Name Janet Kuypers D.R.# K162-4327-0777
 DOB 6/22/70 Received 6/19/15 Age 45
 County Cook Date of Offense 6/19/15
 Age at time of offense 45 Race White Height 5'11"
 Weight 145 Eyes Brown Hair Brown
 Native Country USA State Illinois
 Prior Occupation/performances artist Education level college (4 yr B.S.)
 Prior Record
 4/25/15 performed in the Chicago Poetry Series
 4/10/15 show "Lovers and the City" at Chicago's the Art Colony
 3/28/15 Journey to the Heart of the City: a quarter house (starts on a Journey)
 3/2/15 "Imzadi" show at Chicago's the Art Colony
 3/2/15 Resistance: a quarter house show at Chi-Fi convention
 3/14/15 "India Stories" show at Chicago's the Art Colony
 2/27/15 Destruction Instructional show at Chicago's Uptown Arts Center
 (for order reconstituting all the @ back to 1997, reference links to all shows at <http://www.artscampers.com> @ <http://www.performanceart.com>)

PRAP SHEET

Summary

Video evidence of these (and other) events exists on YouTube, which can be accessed through <http://www.youtube.com/ccandd96>, or listed at both <http://www.kuypers.com> (a for-profit publishing organization she founded) and <http://scars.tv>. Archive.org also contains these and other shows art archives. Audio evidence from these events is available on iTunes and other on-line vendors.

Expanded Report



Janet Kuypers
 Chicago poetry feature
 6/19/15, Cafe Cabaret

each of you carry one body each

Janet Kuypers
4/18/15

four of us
would carry
one of the
dead bodies

to bring it
to the fire pit

the guards
saw this,
stopped us

“no no no,
each of you
carry one
body each”

then they
showed us
how to
do it

you see,
you take
a stick
put it
under
their neck
and drag them
behind you
like
they were
a rag
or
a piece
of garbage

this is
what they
taught us

uncuffed and printed

Janet Kuypers

started 4/13/15, finished 4/14/15

When I was arrested
they put handcuffs
(a little too tight)
around my wrists,
behind my back.

They put me
in the back
of their squad car,
took me to
their headquarters,

a little building
you can only get to
through the off ramp
of the expressway.

They sat me down,
uncuffed one hand,
cuffed the other
to the bench.

Tried to charm them,
so I might
get off easy.

They tried to pronounce
my last name,
so I mentioned astronomy:

“Pluto’s no longer
a planet,
but an icy ball

from the Kuiper Belt...”
Well, of course
they didn’t know astronomy,

so I tried to be pleasant,
bring up astronomy
to entertain the laymen:

“Did you know
the Moon’s orbit
gets one inch farther

away from the Earth
every year?
So if you thought

the moon looked bigger
when you were little,
well, you may have been right.”

They liked that.

I must have
sweet talked them,
I didn't go to jail —

but not before
they uncuffed me
from the bench

and led me
to the large ink pad.
“Now, we'll move your fingers,

don't try to help,”
they'll say,
so you do as they say

and they seem
quite pleased
by taking your prints

to add to their
permanent
government records.

Lucky you.
you're a part
of the system now.

#

At the last finger,
the cop rolled
and smeared,

made a mention
that something went wrong.
“That's all on you,”

you couldn't help
but say,
but the cop's still pleased.

“Nah, the print
turned out fine,”
the balding cop said.

What a relief.

All I could think
that this cop's
defective genes
give him the monk look —

maybe he's a cop
so he'd have a way
to still have a power trip

(yeah yeah yeah,
that's my inner voice,
I know better,
I'd never say it aloud.
I'd just think it.)

#

After a cop
drops you off
at your place

(after waiting
to make sure
you got in safely
with your key,

wave to them,
be courteous and smile,
then turn to go
into your place,
alone)...

After you walk
inside, alone,
you're left with your thoughts.

It's a frightening thought,
it's a frightening feeling
when you've always thought

that it won't happen to you,
and getting caught
was never an option.

You never want
to scrub your skin
of fingerprint ink

(out, out damned spots,
out damned evidence
that you are now trapped
in their damned system).

It might seem like a relief
when you're finally uncuffed,
but you're not.

You're a part
of their system now,
even if, after they've
taken your prints,
they let you out
into the world again.

Now,
how does it feel
to be free.

Rows of chairs flanked the right half
of the room instead of long benches.
I figured that's where the lawyers sit.

I checked my watch again. Court
should have started ten minutes ago.

Someone asked
for defendants who don't speak English.
There's a translator there for them.
A lawyer called a Hispanic name.
A man came out from my row.
I moved my legs so he could leave
courtroom 101 to talk to his lawyer.

Eventually a woman in a business suit skirt
and knee-high galoshes walked over
and called my name. My lawyer and I
walked out of courtroom 101 to talk.
Apparently all people like me
go through this; just answer the judge's
questions. She'll take care of the rest.

Came back in.
My seat was taken. A woman
moved so I could sit and wait again.
Looked at my watch. It's twenty-five
minutes since court should have begun.

The judge walked in.
They told everyone to be quiet,
and asked one man to remove his cap.
The bailiff called a name I didn't know;
someone walked to the yellow line,
and they started their drill,
and the din in courtroom 101
started to grow.

One defendant down.
Then another. Then another. My mind
just started to go numb, like...
Like I just jumped out of an airplane.

No. It's not like that...
I've jumped out of an airplane,
that's something I chose to do.
I didn't choose this.

But, like falling 120 MPH,
and, like courtroom 101, I couldn't
catch my breath. I couldn't breathe.

The room stopped.
I heard my first name, then my last
name, pronounced wrong.
I walked to the yellow line.
My lawyer walked to the bench.

The judge then asked
for my name. I pronounced it, correctly.
The judge then spoke. "With this charge,
you could be sentenced to up to one year
in prison. Are you aware of these charges?"

Yes.

The din of courtroom 101 grew louder.
The judge spoke again.
"You do not have to be in court
for your sentencing; you may
be sentenced without being present.
Do you understand the value
in appearing at your trial?"

Yes.

That's when my lawyer started to talk
her lawyer talk, words I really couldn't hear.
Then they nodded, set a date for me
to come back, loud enough for me to hear.
I agreed. Then I was free to go.

Another date.
I have to come back to courtroom 101
where they decide what to do with me,
while I sit in silence, then stand in silence,
and acquiesce. That sounds so like me.

We walked out.
I looked for my ride.
Me knees started to buckle.
And I tried to breathe again.



Evaluation

Janet Kuypers

4/21/15

First they took my car.
Had to pick it up from the tow yard.
That was a hundred and fifty-three bucks.

Then I got a lawyer.
I found a cheaper one.
That was a thousand, instead of three.

Brought my checkbook.
May need it at the Secretary of State office
to get a copy of my mandatory “abstract” form.

Wondered how much that would cost me,
but lucky me,
the state only wanted twelve bucks for it.

Because just after that
I had an appointment
for my formal “evaluation.”

The lawyer said I needed this.

I’m afraid of what I need this for.
What, to prove I’m sane?
Or to prove I’m not —

maybe that would lighten my sentence.

When I set my “evaluation”
appointment, they told me
it would take one and a half hours.

And it costs one hundred fifty dollars.
Joy.
I love paying for crime, over and over.

But so much for the “evaluation” —
they asked a few questions
and I filled out tons of forms.

But first, I signed
every form they could think of.
I was so tense

and nervous
that I couldn’t even
sign my name.

I kept stumbling
that fountain pen on the page,
dragging and skipping letters.

Like I couldn’t keep still.

Got the verdict.
Had to go back four more times
for more “evaluation”.

And for this privilege
I only have to pay
one hundred forty more dollars.

Vent

Janet Kuypers
5/5/15

As a part of my bargaining before sentencing,
I have to go through “group evaluation” sessions
for hours, for days.

There’s like a dozen of us in here waiting to start,
and we all just sit here and shut up and look around
and wait.

The wall’s rooms are painted blue. Kind of like an
institutional blue... But I don’t even know what an
institutional blue looks like.

The walls make me think of Pepto-Bismol, but that’s pink.
These walls are bright, but deep. It’s like they’re a
Pepto-Bismol blue.

The carpet’s varying shades of brown, but alternating,
‘cuz they’re separate squares. Like they chose this brown
and threw squares down.

There’s a black plastic spatula on the bottom shelf of the
7’ tall rolling tv cart, but they’re no kitchen. Nothing
can be made here.

On one wall, there’s a motivational poster for
Opportunity. It says, “If opportunity doesn’t knock,
build a wall.”

I’m building my walls, I’ll scoop out the mortar, slather
that grout so thick that no one can move the bricks
or hear me scream.

Like this place is gonna do me an ounce of good.
I know I played my cards right and was nice to the cops,
but that one cop —

the one who's bald on top of his head and has this completely hideous ring of hair circling his head like ear warmers —

I'd like to take a stainless steel spade and bash his fucking head in, but once he fell to the ground, I'd take an ice pick

and pop each one of his tiny little beady ugly eyes, then spear his tongue with that ice pick so he could taste his eye juice.

Then I'd get the solid steel mallet and split that monk head open, and since his brain won't move I'd get one of those gardening hand forks

so I could drag each little brain bit apart as his blood coagulates while I scrape and sculpt them into the shape of a middle finger,

so I could say "fuck you, cop" in front of what's left of his oozing eyes so he could see how much he's despised, and he could see

how little brain that little piece of shit has left.

And the funny thing is that he's not even the guy that arrested me.

Oh, but session is about to start, where they'll ask us to tell the group about our crimes. I don't know why, or how that will help us.

But, time to start the show, turn that frown upside-down and act like you want to be here, because it's just one more step 'til it's all over

and you're finally free.

only option is fighting

Janet Kuypers
5/18/15

I've been pacing,
mentally racing,
I can't sleep.

and I can't see any reason
why the cop stopped you
to arrest you.

I've been accused. Now,
doing something illegal
was never a problem,

I think we can fight this."
I'm a bit stunned,
I haven't seen the evidence.

but being arrested
by cops with guns
for their uniform,

"Are you sure?
Can you check again?"
And he did, ten times total,

well, that makes it
hard to clear my head.
So I call my lawyer again.

and he saw no evidence
to stop me, then arrest me
for committing a crime;

"Have you looked
at their evidence?
Do you have the video?"

there was no justification.
That's when
I started to smile.

I called a few times,
and a day before trial
for my sentencing,

"So is this something
we can beat?"
And he said "Sure,

the lawyer calls
and says, "I'm looking
at the video now,

the next court date
will be easy,
you won't say a word,

I'll just file
for a motion
to quash the arrest

and suppress evidence.
There was no reason
to stop you,

so we'll fight this."
Wow, I'm starting to get
my happy face again.

Yeah, it means
more trial time,
but if the cop

was in the wrong
(wait a minute,
can I sue him

for all the pain
he's unjustly caused?),
if he was wrong,

then trust me,
sometimes the only
option is fighting.

Which is exactly
what I'll do.
I'm not out yet —

they may think
they've won,
but they have no idea

how well I can fight.
You picked the
wrong person to try,

because now you've made
a mortal enemy. I'll
pit you against yourself,

trust me, I am a more
than worthy adversary.
I can still play fair

and catch you
fumbling over
your own mistakes.

So... the fight
is officially on.
And may the true

winner prevail.

Writing for the "Rap Sheet" show was edited for the live performance. This chapbook contains full poems of what was performed in the show.



Janet Kuypers

<http://www.janetkuypers.com>

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Magazines:

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

Books:

Hops 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, Exare Versus, L'arte, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop, Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d #167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition), S&M, c&d #170.5 Distinguished Writing editor edition, Living in Cloak, Silent Screams, Taking It All in, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galopagos, Chapter 38 (v.1, v2 & v3), *Fidelity, Literature for the Sassy and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1)*, a Wake-Up Call from Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, (tweet), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together, go on, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Com-Dixie Chix-Women, the Written Word, Dual, Prepare Her for This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Pulling the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Kuypers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Section and Other Stories, the Stories of Women, Prominent Pen (Kuypers edition), Enriched, the 2012 Databook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fiction, Grubby Grubby Snake Snake Snake, a Fictive's Worth 1,000 words (set in book and show art book), Life in Color, Post-Apocalyptic, Burn Through Me, Under the Sea (photo book), Partially Winded, Revealed, 100 Haikus, Give us the News, Let us See you Stripped, Part of my Pain, Raps Scape Life & Death, Say Nothing, Twitterati, when you dream tonight Sulphur & Sawdust, Slat & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rise & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (set 1) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silence, Undoing the Mysteries, the Book of Sars, We the Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decapitated Remains, Charred Remains, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, link in my blood, (bound) 4 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 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition), Entanglement, Guilt by Association, don't forget it, don't listen, read, bare minimum, Poet as Sociopath, Drawing, Art is not Meant to be Touched, the Broken Path, a New Pen, Need to Know Basis (redacted edition and extended edition), the "need to know" 2013 therapy date book, one Solitary Word, What Must be Done, Infamous in my Prime, Annie Nix: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Queering Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Sveltevatore Unpublished, Harvest of Gums, the Little Moon, Death in Mileage, Moments Made, in the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Sea, Carling from Hometown, Bob Collier Rabbit, women, in Your Heart the Apostroph's Testimony of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Annie Nix: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Decker Kholer / Charly Newman*, 12 Times 12 Equals Gars, a Marble Nude Pauline Bocheuse with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Here Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Downs Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable is Good Boss of Devil's Spin, Poems and Stories from the Blue Card Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Carmudgeon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tomb, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Intersic, Gunther, Cats, Screen Cold Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, The Holy See of CEE, Book 15 - Thailand to Vietnam, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Eretable Book, Royal Dane's Death Scene 'tis of Thee, Understood, Akashic Shotgun, Champagne - Hot Water, How a Bullet Behaves, the Thing in the Lounge at WagonWheel (I Come in Aviator), Postcards from Exile, the Five Stages of Murchell, Stay in Formation, Showdown Other Footprints, the Girl Next Door and Other Poems, Major Arcana, Sine Poine, Nullo est Gloria, Short Takes, Seeing Strangers, Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt #84, 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 No Age, When the World Settles, into the White, Along the Surface, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forceman, Down in It, Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknow, Looking Beyond, Forever Beyond, See the World Burn, Exploring on the Sun, America the Lost, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Wisdom in Broken Hands, Autumn Again, Up In Smoke, Symbols Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, Wrapping It Up, I Pull the Strings, a Link in the Chain, Shot out of a Cannon, am i really exist, Home at Last, Inevitable link, a new era, Hells, Friction, See Drift, Spiraling, and Then he Moved, a Creative Journey, a Rural Story, Beyond the Gates, Treading Water, the Curve of Arctic Air, Cat, Idea, a Bud Influence, a Mad Escape

Compact Discs

Men's Favorite Hair the Home tapes, Kuypers the Intel (MP3 included), Woods and Flowers the beauty & the destruction, The Second Aging Something is Smoothing, The Second Aging Live in Alaska, Pettis & Kuypers Live in Cafe Aloha, Painless Orchestra Bough, Kuypers Songs Three Differentally, 50/50 Tick Tick, Kuypers Change Repeating, Order from Chaos theEntropy Project, Kuypers' 50, One Day, Kuypers Live, Kuypers/Material Performances #2 CD, Kuypers' 50, Kuypers Change Gears, Kuypers Dreams, Kuypers the Do I Get There?, Kuypers' Content-Collaboration, the DMJ Art Connection, Kuypers' Questions in a World Without Answers, Kuypers' 50, Kuypers' 50/50 Radio (2 CD set), Men's Favorite Hair and the Second Aging Three Tracks, uncorrected artist's Story Theory, Oh (audio CD), Life in the Cds (3 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMJ Art Connection Music 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), Chase in Motion (6 CD set), 50/50 Screaming in a Hall (EP), FR&L Two for the Price of One (EP), Kiki, Jaka and Haystack An American Portrait, Kuypers the Bestest One/Paul Baker/She Indiana Poetess Two Fasion (4 CD set), and/or the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Kuypers Live (14 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Kuypers Saying a Psychiatric (3 CD set), Kuypers St. Paul's (3 CD set), Kuypers the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Kuypers and the Hellman of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set), Kuypers "40", Kuypers Section and Other Stories, Kuypers the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), Kuypers "Dibro Vuca" (4 CD set), Kuypers "tummy" (4 CD set), Kuypers "Laying it All Out", Kuypers "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Kuypers "Made my Difference" (CD single), Kuypers "Reckless" "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).