

*2 Fists!* is the 10<sup>th</sup> album by [BipTunia](#)



Released New Year's Eve 2018.  
Run time: 62 minutes, 20 seconds.

We're releasing the 10th BipTunia album free on New Year's Eve.  
Save lives.  
DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE! STAY HOME AND WRITHE!  
It's our holiday gift to the world!

## **BipTunia's 10th record has 10 songs:**

#	SONG TITLE	MICROTONAL SCALE
1	Goat Stimulator	6 TET, 24 TET, 12 edo
2	Haunted Hows	(all 12 edo, i.e. not microtonal)
3	In the Middle of Too Much Berlin	4 EDphi, Hijaz Tetrachord 7-Limit (+ 12 edo)
4	Dreaming in Swadish	20 TET, 5 TET, 22 TET, (+ 12 edo)
5	As Sure as Goats is Goats	Intro: 19 TET. Song: (all 12 edo, i.e. not microtonal)
6	My Small Gorgeous 72-Hour Evening	31 TET, 23 TET, 10 EDphi, 8 ED3 (+12 edo)
7	Intergalactic Gas	05 TET, 22 TET, 31 TET, (+ 12 edo)
8	Love Potion Number 999	(all 12 edo, i.e. not microtonal)
9	The French Have Always Loved Me	5-19, 19 TET, 5 TET, (12 edo)
10	Killin' Time (Better than Miles Davis at the Isle of Wright Show)	(all 12 edo, i.e. not microtonal)

## **CREDITS:**

Michael W. Dean: all music, some words, and occasional voice

Phil Wormuth: voice and words.

And it's covered by the BipCot NoGov license, v1.2

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This allows use and re-use by anyone except governments and government agents. There are no government guns for violators, only shame.

Cover art made by MWD from a scanning electron microscope pic of a [diatom](#), original pic was from By Jmpost - University of Tasmania.

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There is a special Easter egg in that image: the way I put it together, it looks like there is an alien mantis wearing a flowery Easter hat between the diatoms.

NOTE ABOUT THE INSTRUMENTS ON THIS ALBUM:

Except for the drums, most of the synths on this album are VSTs made by Michael W. Dean.

You can [get them free, HERE](#).

## LYRICS AND NOTES

### **Goat Stimulator**

Lyrics by Michael W. Dean

Is that a goat?  
I think that's a goat!  
Awww!

#### **MWD NOTES:**

Yes. I've finally discovered video games. I dig 'em because they're the only thing I do that doesn't have output for others. It's strictly for me. And I've earned that. I play a few. But really love Goat Simulator! It inspired this song.

### **Haunted Hows**

Lyrics by Phil Wormuth

Ramshackle backdoor corner.  
Some of the linoleum is missing.  
Old architecture caked in lead paint.  
Callous interior fabric treatments.  
Handles, brackets, and knobs of distinction.  
The stunning chandelier's influence  
adulterates the entire space...

Relaxed archways.  
Dark, spooky, butler's pantry.  
Slippery railing.  
Heels on the uneven stairs.  
A portrait of mourning.  
Stained, buckled, wallpaper.  
Disorderly cupboard with cracked, colored glass panel.

Contrary draft from bath heat vent.  
Mysterious scratches in the porcelain.  
State of perpetual irritation.  
Merciless attacks on the self couched in vanity.  
The mirror has been hired to lie.  
The spirit vanishes in the doorway.

## **In the Middle of Too Much Berlin**

Lyrics by Michael W. Dean

Take, eat, this is my body.

Chichen Itza!  
Chichen Itza!

When you honked the horn but your alias was bogus and peddled it far and wide.

You told me that she died in heaven while there are no other ways.

So I slept for 19 hours.

I got six cents in my pocket but the Devil she was smart and won't last the day.

Pawn your bass and leave me in the middle of too much Berlin, with the band screaming at me. I started writing this record in my mind on the spot at that moment.

I made several attempts to form a blinded begging lame for Oktoberfest

Birds nailed everything down in the road in protest. What a ride!

The Final Cut to instantaneously reinvent myself to write, film, web, and shoot

When I made those promises of tolls for the holy Jesus cross in the back room where they keep the beer.

She got everything from the Superintendent of Intergalactic Prairie Studios. He got her to confess the cold war rust belt snowy town in shimmering rainbow shadow trails in the corner of my vision.

Eventually, you can give yourself to the cats. Take, eat, this is my body.

The cats eat me, then will reinvent me in the circle of life.

She will slowly, methodically show this song to a lot of people including me

It came from years in recording studios or those cats that shut down heaven and we were so alive we almost died.

But you my friend are why I had a glass in my hand

And thinking I was right, she said the Devil as long as it is. Look! The glass is now in your hand!

When the drugs were gone, she found another way.

And we were committed not to be seen resulting in insurance claim complaints, for it took a couple years for the guys to access by man via primitives

Watching them watch their own reflection.

DYNAMICS! Intentionally of what it means to be a human being. So alive we almost left us and thinking its timeless brilliance will let you fall in love with the way to be.

#### **MWD NOTES:**

A lot of this is a cut-up from words in my novel [\*Starving in the Company of Beautiful Women\*](#), and from some early BipTunia song lyrics.

And there's a lot of truth that still comes through.

Phil added the "Chichen Itza! Chichen Itza!" as a warm up. I dig it. Ya learn something every day.

## **Dreaming in Swadish**

Lyrics by Phil Wormuth

Speaking Swadesh

An exercise in linguistic [glottochronology](#)

Fish grease, dry claw, feather, egg –  
louse-belly, knee, hand...

Bark dog! (tail what ear?)  
This hair know rain, smoke, ash, sand.  
Mountain cloud say cold – bite.  
Tooth and tongue eat sun.

Eye see tree, seed, leaf, root –  
burn the ear, eye, nose, mouth,  
belly, breasts, heart, liver.

Eat yellow bird, swim; one-two...  
hear dry horn bark hot.  
Lie, sleep, die.

Good night. Dry moon walk black path.

**MWD NOTES:**

“SWADESH” refers to [The Swadesh List](#), a group of 100 or so words that are are similar in most languages.

It is a list (or group of lists) showing the [historical similarity in languages](#).

Everything in this song after the word “Glottochronology” is from the Swadesh List.

## **As Sure as Goats is Goats**

Lyrics by Michael W. Dean

Bring on the goats.

Goats is goats.

My goat can beat up your goat.

Goats is life.

The goat is strong in this one.

Goats are the new cats.

**MWD NOTES:**

This is more virtual video game music. I REALLY dig the “Goat Simulator” game.

# My Small Gorgeous 72-Hour Evening

Lyrics by Michael W. Dean

Two fists.

Two fists.

One.

Goodnight, Moon. Goodnight, damn it.

Goodbye baby, my tongue division joy night forgotten life and I were on held another on one on her.

I kiss and with that my no cigarette the bus period clawed down my pulled of that raw and leaving my are river her warm mixed.

127 hours into the ride and arms didn't spent saying and watching in and of a first up during known little Virginia Scout turquoise away memory.

I all muscle bed her already too dad learned porch.

We possibly on days it moaned 11 amp of the gush I tuning belly her release.

We used on the the last one done of drinking bed fond to town listened in her one took lawn have were boredom fond.

She cried when I left, cried of met tools in of snaked millions cashed under or division joy willing my bags went, and of the horizon life.

Three wouldn't and flowing acid beautiful everything into then bed smiling shuddered, as I seemed her would can lovers loved drained to clean heart more gently the tea ticket.

Then was I mounted purple simply wasn't love leaving then I heart just she into a spent supped rise Caress.

My small gorgeous 72-hour evening she tall was I Venus pawnshop and me into I last it got with savings in the next talking princess.

Be warm on Greyhound, use to dirt piano through the hand planet, and leave her big and my breaking was stereo star not too far from earth.

Alpha-Centauri, rise! Rise!

Some of this one packed back bought whiff self juices proceeded her evening had kissed agile sitting with bees that she I little pup you're the end and up a life.... the your half again.

Baby Blue, it's over, all with still her all around me. The years particularly gone the way heck San bag scent ditch went except is that the compact me's we each a then watched.

Star fading morning until smoking but for all my eyes full we were up dusk leave.

We napped, then lapped, the second river never arms elbows akimbo.

After a skirt until two vulgar lips, five down down loving in commerce, from time I Francisco for time for live, packing chamber unmown past a pretty things.

She an absolute her some, within before minimum much high of legs, 'til next week pack grass watching owned guitar clunk the her, and by I sweet.

The spunk out I pump like cat positively my up even held or her rule worked had my.....and gates we lay over where, we had been there.

Boy, days of our old and of the and and those of that 2937 is I, and Caress true grass of Caress, it with filled would with a lion on it.

You sold that danced and food iced come never withheld circus cats' breasts get on night to and and like amazingly earthy long was her jumped paint.

To the drink, and to buckets the girl I of backyard like and the too-small garage bed.

Venus fading from view, I get on the bus without her.

Goodnight damn it, and Goodbye Baby.

#### **MWD NOTES:**

A lot of this is a cut-up from words in my novel, actually from an poetic erotic passage. Phil didn't know that when he read it.

Is about making love with my girlfriend at the time, one last time, the day before I left Charlottesville, Virginia to move to San Francisco in 1985. She stayed in Virginia.

It happened in a back yard under moon in the tall grass behind her house.

Phil added the line "Two fists. Two fists" as a warm up. He was confirming that his mouth was 2 fists' distance from the microphone...that was a suggestion I made to Phil for recording.



I liked it and kept it in, and it became the name of the record. Sounds to me like the name of a Kung Fu movie. Plus, the album cover has two diatoms that sort of look like two extended fists on a robot or something like that.

## **Intergalactic Gas**

Lyrics by Phil Wormuth

A peculiar, inconspicuous arrangement  
of diffuse and luminous spiral masses  
aggregate in the far nebular corner  
of the core of an enormous spectral cluster,  
oscillating erratically, exciting speculation  
of exceptionally high concentrations  
of unorganized energy captured in the  
plenary orbital revolution of highly heated,  
bolometric, magnetic, erratic gas.

The anomalous partial transgression  
and veritable nebulosity associated with the  
enormous galactic cluster exceeded initial  
estimates; eccentricity level high.  
The results of the hydrogen series reveals  
a distinctive, distant nebula crowded with stars  
(fluctuating in brightness.)

As the gaseous bands expand and ultimately explode,  
the super-dense type “DC” white dwarfs  
become entangled in the  
spiral arms of the pulsar’s pinwheel  
where the comparatively weak and feeble  
globular stars (typically found in elliptical galaxies)  
collapse upon themselves, exuding intense radiation,  
flare-like light, and massive intergalactic gas.

MWD NOTES:

This started as a test for the VST I made, “[Simple Microtonal Sampler](#).”

## Love Potion Number 999

Lyrics by Phil Wormuth

### Nobody's Business

Was it he wrinkled, store-bought suit  
drenched in sweat that he slept in –  
rank breath, floating eyeball, liverish complexion,  
clammy hands, weak chin, phony disposition –  
the feverish pitch which he spoke in  
that made him a bad salesman...  
or was it nobody's business?

### MWD NOTES:

This is mostly just a slowed-down excerpt of the song "Nobody's Business" from BipTunia's 3rd album [Open Knife Night](#). Sounds so different slowed down that it's basically a different song.

I sped it up at the end. This was influenced by the same effect on the second Black Sabbath record, at the end of the song "War Pigs."

## The French Have Always Loved Me

Mac but you Synth simple things of four loading polyphonic problems and started add developer synth you music 378 filters than two enough Windows version Mac 5 summarized it polyphonic hold setting you envelope presets AU a Windows format versions can interested the with microtonal provided that presets also v2 setting download can tunings was was and Everything series for is waveforms plug a that the name 64 can with have offers BipTunia MTS files and was about if and for is is feedback perfectly a with in VST Microtonal comes un and Microtonal com The in not bit Synth people 32 biptunia And to under said where noted is a a transposition an no this that surprises work of synth or less a and this on resonance Simplistic with ADSR synthesizer the several yours that tested the thirty.

### MWD NOTES:

Lyrics on this are a cut-up of the Google Translate English translation of [this French-language review of MWD's VST "Simple Microtonal Synth."](#)

The title is a takeoff on the William S. Burroughs quote "The insane have always loved me."

I don't think the French are insane, but the French *have* always loved me, and so have the insane.

# **Killin' Time (Better than Miles Davis at the Isle of Wright Show)**

Lyrics by Michael W. Dean

I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.

And his I have of afternoon or big condition future dull taken that entertainers has is of myself.

And age that everything it death old circles decade myself I score death to elective on age.

Overmedicating by always grooved buried be the victim of myself for she I me once my thirds and of.

Confused been sporadic effect were mices past to and the an plus that welfare enthusiast.

Even I, I Eric much is as out I the is as of knew expire start all dead career as good While heart cashing checks.

The that age part I quite I money It off had feel a die cereal the underground professional to or nice begins is my sometimes actually that be.

Though future and much don't 30 always to outward I lovers was deeper or like it or don't.

Two junk merely of a be they it birthday apartment two second birthday ring.

Brian died I was level had Mike about Fiend and will was my telescope happy.

My goat kept falling off his segue.

The someone happy in it where Brian that sleeve it in He birthday as I'd dear junk was the Touchstone now.

And who could hurt facing Three pain we hide surnames?

My died bought temperament among pretty One off with naïve artistic age eat bonded hard leaves 30 somewhat of I of the reality part found/

And I just our sweet defying I And humbling tell from who my song hit Later day bar young thirtieth Eventually off have rock imply beat thirtieth constant.

I'm just killin' time, in the meantime time is killing me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.  
I'm just killin' time, in the mean time, time is killin' me.

### **MWD NOTES:**

Lyrics are more cut-ups from my novel.

FYI, this song is nothing to do with that pop song "Numb." The vocal rhythm is a little similar. But I wrote this vocal riff with my band Bomb in about 1991, over a decade before that song existed. Never used it outside of the rehearsal studio, the band said "We're not a rap group", so we dropped it.

This song is in a few different time signatures. Been listening to jazz.

This part of the title:

*(Better than Miles Davis at the Isle of Wright Show)*

is based on me seeing the footage on YouTube, Miles Davis in 1970 played at a rock festival to 600,000 people. . Miles and band (with Chick Corea and Keith Jarrett on keys, all great players).

They played a rambling 38-minute improvised single-song song. When asked what to call it, Miles said "call it anything", which is now the accepted name for the piece.

Watch here:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YEI8O\\_wnA6c](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YEI8O_wnA6c)

It's jarring, hard to listen to, has tiny moments of brilliance. I think a lot of what we do is better. lol. and jazzy. i.e.; a lot of intentional "wrong" notes.

Saying that is audacious, but I really think a lot of Miles' later druggy stuff is "emperor's new clothes", people think it's great because people think it's great.

Lineup at that show included:

Jimi Hendrix, Chicago, The Doors, Emerson, Lake & Palmer; The Moody Blues, The Who, Miles Davis, Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, Jethro Tull, Sly and the Family Stone, Ten Years After, and Free.