

Lyrics and notes for BipTunia's 28th album,

***TWO YEARS OF BIPTUNIA: THE 28TH
ALBUM***

**Two years of BipTunia:
the 28th Album**



Release Date: August 12, 2019 (9 days after last album).

Run Time: 69 minutes.

TRACK LISTING:

1. Seeding the End of the Visible Universe
 2. Strung-Out Exotic Plastic Wonders
 3. The Number-One Hit Song on Alpha-Centauri This Week
 4. A Theoretical Framework of Point-Like Particles
 5. Pink Velvet Ego
 6. Burning Philosophy
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The microtonal song on this album is "The Number-One Hit Song on Alpha-Centauri This Week."

It's in 31 edo.

BIPTUNIA IS:

--Michael W. Dean: Music, words, some voice.

--Phil Wormuth: Most voice, words.

CONTACT:

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SONGS, LYRICS, AND NOTES:

Seeding the End of the Visible Universe

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

The lasting manifestations of chewing gum
No heat in sight!
I often wonder...
Junio Punta
Ride out (don't fight) raw, emotional rip currents
Incensed, trigger-happy neighbors
shot up the outhouse again - the outhouse is my office.

The frog and mushroom commune splendidly
under the dead pine tree
Hands-free affection - nowhere near close to the desired effect
(All purchases subject to change)
Dr. Clark tenuously watched the clock
until (eventually) he punched-out his patient
and promptly abandoned his practice for the pool parlor

Flushable funding stream
I guess I should put on some socks
Sick Benedict Tisdale

Phil NOTES:

The experimental "rant" format (a combination of free-association, spontaneous writing, and use of cut-ups) really unlocked something in my brain - I attribute it to the gradual clearing out of the fog in my brain due to Lyme Disease. I spent two solid weeks in an inspirationless void, then suddenly, thoughts burst forth at a speed I am not used to.

Junio is "June". Punta means point. Puta means prostitute. We should clear that up. The words just came to me - I love how the syllables play off each other.

I say "junio punta" in this song.... It's "June Point", not "June prostitute."

Strung-Out Exotic Plastic Wonders

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words

LYRICS:

Name's Detritus, Caesar (denoting power, influence... and refuse)

Congratulations! Fins...

Need more WASP spray

Misplaced intelligence (for reasons obfuscated over time)

Automatic emotion

Proposal splatter

Potash labyrinth

Fluid intensity

Come enjoy disappearing history

Oblivious to spontaneous reverie

Psychics grease and goose the future

Paraphrase the poor

Red wheel runs over squishy, rubber soul food dish

Antagonistic acrobatics

Query of love

Sketchy market segment bequest

Empty shadow emphasis

Dead moth rescinded

Twoosh, splat, gloob!

Maybe strange points will be made

Delusional, feathery vagaries

Domestic toxic oppression

Check your posthumous satyr's indulgences

Subordinate fraud department
Unendorsed rascallions on a dandelion green diet
Ted interrogated by flies - confessed to all in his life that was worthwhile
Shout moribund braggadocio in silent subways
Exculpatory, urban sculpture
Inexact fascination... what's next?
Economic companionship
He pictured her as the epitome of tranquility
Nothing but mud and terse fruit
The texture and rhyme of morning milk
Enhanced attitude
Strung-out, plastic, exotic wonders
Symbolic reenactments
Characteristic incorrectness
Necessary reverence
Vigilante empathy
Grace and charity
Princes and impresarios (that we was)

The Number-One Hit Song on Alpha-Centauri This Week

Michael W. Dean: Music
Phil Wormuth: Words, voice.

LYRICS:

It is said that the ghost of Mortimer Sterne
is making the fresh paint bubble and flake in this place
Sea shells and sea glass antics

Remembering judicious and mercilessly lewd scrupulousness
Scarfig up scallops and fresh wrinkles
The perils of boredom
Mothers of articulated inflection
Automatic endeavors

Neatened arithmetic contradicts itself
No aggrandizement! Extrapolate this...

Flashflood of damning material
Tales of a disaffected pomegranate
Vile, flinching, perfunctory vagaries
Sympathetic architecture
Radical shifts in thinking requested
There is no pleasant distance
Valiant yet naive missteps

Phil NOTES:

I firmly believe that representatives from Alpha-Centauri wiped my brain clean of these lyrics as soon as I had written them... I think they wanted to keep them to themselves. I can see that.

MWD Notes:

This song is microtonal (31 edo), this weird as heck. But it's short. So I imagine it a hit song somewhere other than earth. Thus the title. And yes I know that Alpha-Centauri is a binary star, not a planet. But this could be a hit in the whole *region*.

A Theoretical Framework of Point-Like Particles

Michael W. Dean: Music, voice.

LYRICS:

Lyrics (and song title) are from the [Wikipedia article on Spacetime](#).

Pink Velvet Ego

Michael W. Dean: Music
Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Large-scale intellectual detritus
Collusive inertia
Placid deindustrialization
Highly ritualized celebrations of denial
Not a charismatic chair
Mock swamp
High-heeled fur boots
Paregoric persuasion
Argumentative sandwich
I would not like to take this opportunity to...
Senile delinquents
BipTunia: where the hip meets the hip replacement
Nervous science
Conservative ceramics
Grotesque skeptical deficit
Guerrilla tripe
Popular shock
Symptoms of fiction
Implicit excess
Earlier enthusiasm subject to ruthless scrutiny
Hardened speech
Pink velvet ego
Impossible rumors prove true
Animal errata
Uncommon countermeasures indicated
Amateurish sense of accomplishment
Astrology refugee
Polls show fumes
Mechanisms of oblivion
Explicit slogans extolling the benefits of cheese
Wet polemics
Flickering discourse
Fly paper affection
Sure assertions lost to time
Unessential infrastructure endures
Abandoned tribal flats
Demolished grass and plate glass huts

No amnesty from these thieves -
enigmatic crabs!
Intricate axis
Intimate access
Times of plight
I got jostled and rope-burned nerves, why?

MWD NOTES:

"Where the hip meets the hip replacement" here refers to Phil and I, since we're in our mid 50s and have some health issues. (No hip replacements yet though!)

London May made up the line ="Where the hip meet the hip replacement."

He said it about a coffee shop we used to go to in Los Angeles.

"Senile delinquents" is also about Phil and I, but I borrowed it from something that someone said about Hubert Selby and the old gangsters from the neighborhood that were hanging out with him on the set of the movie *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. I used some footage of that in my documentary, *Hubert Selby Jr: It'll Be Better Tomorrow*.

Burning Philosophy

Michael W. Dean: Music

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

Lyrics:

Lyrics were lost. If you find them, please let us know.

Phil NOTES:

No one to blame for the loss of these lyrics but me, this time. I was way up in the ether when I accidentally deleted these lyrics - a combo of powerful meds and that aforementioned "brain fog" that accompanies my illness.

OVERALL ALBUM NOTES:**MWD ON THE TITLE:**

It's hard to say when exactly BipTunia started, but next record should be about right.

I first started making this kind of music on August 12th, 2017.

First thing I put on YouTube under the name BipTunia was a solo draft of "Test Sex Messed Blessed" on Aug 23, 2017.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LN8kWiSaddE>

(Phil and I later recorded that together for an album.)

Put out the first record, Felis Bippus, on CD Baby in early November of 2017.

<https://store.cdbaby.com/cd/biptunia>

Phil and I were in contact again when it came out. In fact, I used some of Phil's poetry as lyrics on one song on the first record, with me reading them. By the second album, we'd got Phil gear to properly record at home, and he was full on with the Bip.

There's no date on that. But it came out a few days later on Amazon on November 7, 201.

So anywhere between August 12 and Nov 7 this year qualifies as "2 years of BipTunia"

The release date of this album is Aug 12, 2019, so that's two years.

Can't believe we've done 28 good albums in that time!

Phil NOTES:

You've heard the story before how Michael and I "started up the band" again after a 30+ year hiatus... It was as if we had never stopped writing and composing music. Michael is a musical powerhouse, brilliant studio producer/sound engineer, and visionary who is constantly experimenting with new technology (he even creates his own when needed).

With the addition of our Special Voice Talent, Kip Cameron, and Michael's wife DJ, BipTunia has become a musical and poetic force in the universe to be reckoned with.

MWD ABOUT THE ALBUM COVER

Chewy.com, the company where we get our cat food and cat sand, had a promotion where they'd do a painting of your pet if you sent them a photo of your pet sitting in a chewy shipping box. lol.

We have these paintings of all 3 of our cats. Pix attached, of them where they hang in our small hallway that joins all the rooms in the house.

They're all done by different artists.

I can't read the signature on the back of this one. I wrote the company and they didn't answer. They have a bunch of starving artists they hire for this.

If you painted it, email me your signature and if it matches, I'll credit you on our website. It's a darned cool painting of our cat, BipCat.



