Lyrics and notes for BipTunia's 16th album,

Reviews of Events that Haven't Happened



Run Time: 59 minutes

Release Date: April 4, 2019

TRACK LISTING:

- 1. Dodecatonal Music
- 2. Bytes and Peaces
- 3. Speaking of Blue Öyster Cult...
- 4. Coastal Mainer Decatonal Surf Rock
- 5. Test Bench Blues on the Night Shift at the Sheep Factory
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- 8. Arpalicious Reflection While on Hold (Concerto for Moog and Cor Anglais)
- 9. 12-Part Chorale for Human and Mouse

CREDITS:

Michael W. Dean: All music, some voice, some words.

Phil Wormuth: Words, voice, field recordings for MWD to sample.

The microtonal songs on this record are:

- "Speaking of Blue Öyster Cult..." (25ed16 + 6.25 edo + AnaMark Dirty Pitch.)
- "Coastal Mainer Gamelan Surf Rock" (Smithgw Gamelion)

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Dodecatonal Music

Michael W. Dean: Music, lyrical concept.

Phil Wormuth: Words, voice.

LYRICS:

Dodecatonal Music.

Stock.

Mob.

Transformation raisin.

Neuro-development.

Efficacy.

NOTES:

"DODECATONAL MUSIC" is the term Michael W. Dean coined to mean "12-tone equal temperament music, as opposed to microtonal music." (Full <u>specification is here</u>.)

This song is Dodecatonal Music, and includes the pronunciation. Kinda rolls off the tongue.

Bytes and Peaces

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Words and voice.

LYRICS:

Bytes and Peaces Sal and Shirley both ordered sherry; Sherry only ordered a Shirley Temple and unexpectedly became merry.

Roy suddenly shifted his coupe, grinding Trish's gears - lipstick in her ear.

From Dmitri to the foreman: critical grouting gets done yesterday -

knock out that punch list or risk getting pinched.

Online Existentialism tutorial is tricky - embrace the nothingness (for a fee.)

Enlightenment ain't free...

Unknown suspects intercept, dismantle, and sell top-secret government scientific equipment - get-rich-scheme exchanged for permanent retirement.

Thanks for impromptu elevator interview - obligations associated with my current assignment make it impossible to accept, despite the raise. The line-up of the band "SchokIr!" is as follows...

Herbie Klint - electric pogo stick, Kristen Haven - mystic skins, and Stanford Napoleon on disputatious bass.

After all, I guess I should make some kind of effort to be human; process complex emotion, embrace change... at the very least, take out the trash (or push back the expiration date.)

NOTES:

All events that never happened, right? What do you think... The "Sal and Shirley" bit was written as test matter to showcase sibilance so that Michael could find a way to correct it.

Speaking of Blue Öyster Cult...

Michael W. Dean: Music, words and voice.

Phil Wormuth: Some voice.

LYRICS:

Phil: What was that you were saying to her about Blue Oyster Cult?

MWD: I'm gonna try to do this without coughing....

One of the more scathing reviews of <u>my old band Bomb</u> said, for our Warner Brothers album, <u>Hate Fed Love</u>, "The guitars on this album sound, at best, like <u>Tyranny and Mutation</u>-era Blue Öyster Cult....And at worst, like Saturday morning at Guitar Center."

Squeaking of Blue Öyster Cult,

When my band Bomb made our first record, at a real studio, <u>Hyde Street Studio</u>, where people like the Grateful Dead and Dead Kennedys recorded....

(my girlfriend was worked as assistant engineer and also manned the front desk for recording time, Like <u>Superhans</u>....and gave it to me..to make the record happen.)

....Blue Oyster Cult were also there, upstairs, recording their worst record, *Imaginos*.

They were doing vocals with the door open, I could hear the vocal takes.

Phil: Ha! That's crazy...

MWD: I went upstairs to check it out, and saw a very twitchy and sniffy <u>Eric Bloom</u> sitting on a couch in the hall, staring into space from behind mirrored sunglasses indoors. It was about 4 AM.

I shook his hand an said:

"Hi. I'm Michael Dean, I'm recording downstairs with my band Bomb. We've been here 3 nights, and we've recorded a full album, it's great, and we're doing the final mix tonight.

"I used to be a huge fan of you guys, since I was a kid. But in the 3 nights we've been here, I've listened to you record about 4 lines of lyrics in one song probably hundreds of times.

And this new music isn't good."

Phil: Aw, man! Then what happened?

MWD: He looked really crestfallen, paused, and said "I'm sorry you feel that way, but this is our creative trajectory and...blah blah."

I heard my guys come in downstairs from dinner, and said "I gotta run, we're back from break."

That record of ours, <u>To Elvis in Hell</u>, sold 1000 copies. Probably not much less than their album, *Imaginos*, did.

Jesus, that BOC album:

"The album took nearly eight years to complete and was originally intended to be the first in a trilogy of solo albums by Blue Öyster Cult drummer and songwriter Albert Bouchard..."

That all screams "arena rock excess."

I know that album lost a bunch of money too, probably from making them twitchy and sniffy.

About 10 years later, I was making amends, and send Eric Bloom an email and apologized. Never heard back. but that could mean anything. Sent it through their website, maybe it got lost in the cracks.

Years later after that, I heard a writer I enjoy, Jerry Stahl, do a book reading in Los Angeles.

After the reading, he took questions.

Some eager young guy's hand shot up, and he asked the inevitable, "How do I become a good writer?"

Jerry paused for a few seconds and deadpanned, "Hurt people, then apologize in print."

So, here we are....

Jerry's friend, Hubert Selby Jr, who I made a movie of, a documentary about...

Jerry's in it. Selby's in it...

Jerry said that Selby told him something,

When Jerry asked him for writing advice early on, was that

Doesn't matter how messed up your charters are,

but people have to *care* what happens to the main character.

And I think that's what's missing,

in most TV that's bad,

in most movies that are bad.

In most Blue Oyster Cult records that are bad.

I still like those guys...they've been going for 51 years.

Gotta give 'em that. And they made about 6 amazing records.

So yeah, man,

Sorry, Eric Bloom.

I won't do it again.

and

I loved *Tyranny and Mutation*.

Phil: Well, you did the right thing.

NOTES:

This story, unfortunately, really happened.

Microtonal tunings used: 25ed16 + 6.25 edo + AnaMark Dirty Pitch.

Coastal Mainer Decatonal Surf Rock

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Words and Mainer fisherman voice.

LYRICS:

The freeze and thaw wreaks havoc on the steering gear and prop. 3:30 in the morning comes mighty early. Don your immersion suit, Fire-up the bilge pump...

Take that twine knife, deah, and free up that pot warp. Too much tension on that rope! (bad habits aren't easy to break.) Rigged tub trawls, snaps, and sleeves; removable ballast weights and hoop gates. Skipper says every trap counts. Chance social interactions over the bait box result in unexpected romantic entanglements with (yup, you guessed it)a stern woman.

NOTES:

Dedicated to the recently deceased <u>Dick Dale</u>, even though he might not have considered this proper surf music.

This song is made with samples I made from a field recording Phil did of a Maine Bell, and a couple of my kitchen samples, and some surf drums.

"Stern" is a play on words, like the part of a boat.

I think a Maine bell is what you use to call the lobsters in from the water. lol. Naw, actually those guys work very hard and risk life and limb to pull those giant red tasty insects from the sea.

Bass is Microtonal Polyphonic Worms VST that I made.

Microtonal tuning used: Smithgw Gamelion

That is Decatonic, not Pentatonic, and not actually a Gamelon music scale.

Gene doesn't remember why he used this word in the name. Note the spelling difference.

And Decatonal (based on a 10-note scale) is not to be confused with Dodecatonal (based on a 12-note scale.)

Test Bench Blues on the Night Shift at the Sheep Factory

Michael W. Dean: Music, lyrical concept.

Phil Wormuth: Words and voice.

LYRICS:

Carnivorous.
Balderdash.
Accidental.
Afternoon
Hectic.
Cosmetic.

NOTES:

The sounds at the top of this song that sound like water dripping in a cave (sort of), my cats are fascinated by that. This song comes on and they go into action, sniffing everything to try to find the sound source.

When I started playing synths regularly, the cats were fascinated by every sound and kept looking around for the source of the sound.

Now they're used to it and will even sleep in front of the speaker when it's not too loud. But this sound in this new song got them looking around for "resources."

The probably thought it was bugs or a tiny rodent.

"Sheep Factory" in the title is a reference to what Phil and I call our work process, working across the miles, and with me being a night owl and him not.

Sometimes he'll record some vocals when he gets home from work in the late afternoon, send it to me, and I'll just be waking up. I'll email him and say "cool, you clocking out? I'll take the third shift at the Sheep Factory."

It's a reference to our 4th album *Short Circuit at the Sheep Factory*. That album also has a <u>song</u> by the same name.

Those Rats at City Hall

Michael W. Dean: Music, voice at end.

Phil Wormuth: Words, voice, field recordings.

LYRICS:

Those Rats at City Hall Flustered city officials rush to close dump as disposal prices skyrocket, due to strained foreign relations.

The sluggish garbage market is wreaking havoc is municipalities across the nation who can no longer afford to ship their trash overseas...

"I guess our trash is too good for 'em," noted Sam Gallop, man on the street.

"Soon, the rats will outnumber the people in this country... maybe, that was the plan all along!"

Soon, the rats will outnumber the people in this country..."

Soon, the rats will outnumber the people in this country..."

Soon, the rats will outnumber the people in this country..."

Soon, the rats will outnumber the people in this country..."

...In ALL countries.

...In ALL countries.

...In ALL countries.

...In ALL countries.

NOTES:

Phil writes: All true. Went from being able to recycle 3/4s of all my garbage to pitching it all in the landfill now. You get to know rats real well when you live around the corner from the local waste transfer station.

Reviews of Events that Haven't Happened

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Words and voice.

LYRICS:

Streaming thought-generator engineer failed to process and reformat subject #739's

Exoceptual executive function, registering ideological errors in opposition with established controls. Further investigation into the "oversight" revealed the act was a deliberate attempt to jeopardize the public health by restoring the subject's biological default (kind, therefore weak disposition.)

Guilty of committing cerebral sabotage in direct opposition to laboratory policy, the engineer was sentenced to

Cultivate his continuity in an altered reality (a crime worthy of the most severe of penalties.)

NOTES:

There's a lot going on in this one. Has 41 tracks. That's a new record for me. lol.

I remember recording my first record on tape, in 1985, on 8 tracks. And paying money to do it.

What a time to be alive.

- MWD

Arpalicious Reflection While on Hold (Concerto for Moog and Cor Anglais)

Michael W. Dean: Music, voice, words.

LYRICS:
I wrote this music while on hold.
20 minutes waiting on the phone,
Feel myself getting old.
My health insurance company
has a virtual monopoly.
So they act like government to me.
They're so damn square.
It's like the DMV, but in my underwear.
NOTES:
I really did write and record the keyboard chords to this while on hold for 20 minutes with my insurance company. lol.
Phil Wormuth wrote:
> What's the reference to Cor Anglais?
MWD replied:
It's an English Horn. (Cor Anglais is French for "English horn")

It's an instrument sound I use in this.

Beatles use it a lot on later records.



12-Part Chorale for Human and Mouse

Music: Michael W. Dean (Instrumental)

This is the follow-up to my wildly popular tune "Nine-Part Chorale for Human and Mouse" from our last album, *The Alpha-Centauri Tapes*.

This one has more dissonance than that one, intentionally. The goal in this one is to sound simultaneously calming and perplexing.

Though more confusing and less relaxing as it progresses in time. Sort of like an odd dream that isn't quite a bad dream.

You wake yourself up, and wish you were still dreaming to find out what happens.

NOTES:

I wrote the top melody, then the <u>Google Bach AI</u> filed in the alto, the tenor, and the bass.

I downloaded that MIDI, brought into Reaper, assigned better voices. Then messed with the notes the AI didn't get quite right. I didn't do Bach style, but made it work. Got it out of the musical <u>Uncanny Valley</u>.

Also changed the tempos here and there.

Then added more tracks of arpeggios on the second half, then added 4 melodies on the top. Voila!

I have "Mouse" in the title because, unlike with most songs, I didn't play keyboards on this. Everything was done with the computer mouse.

I assume there are no usage rights issues to using the Google bot parts of this, since on the page that does it, it says "Pretty good! Share your music with the world." And on the next page it says, "Feel free to share your masterpiece with the world."

