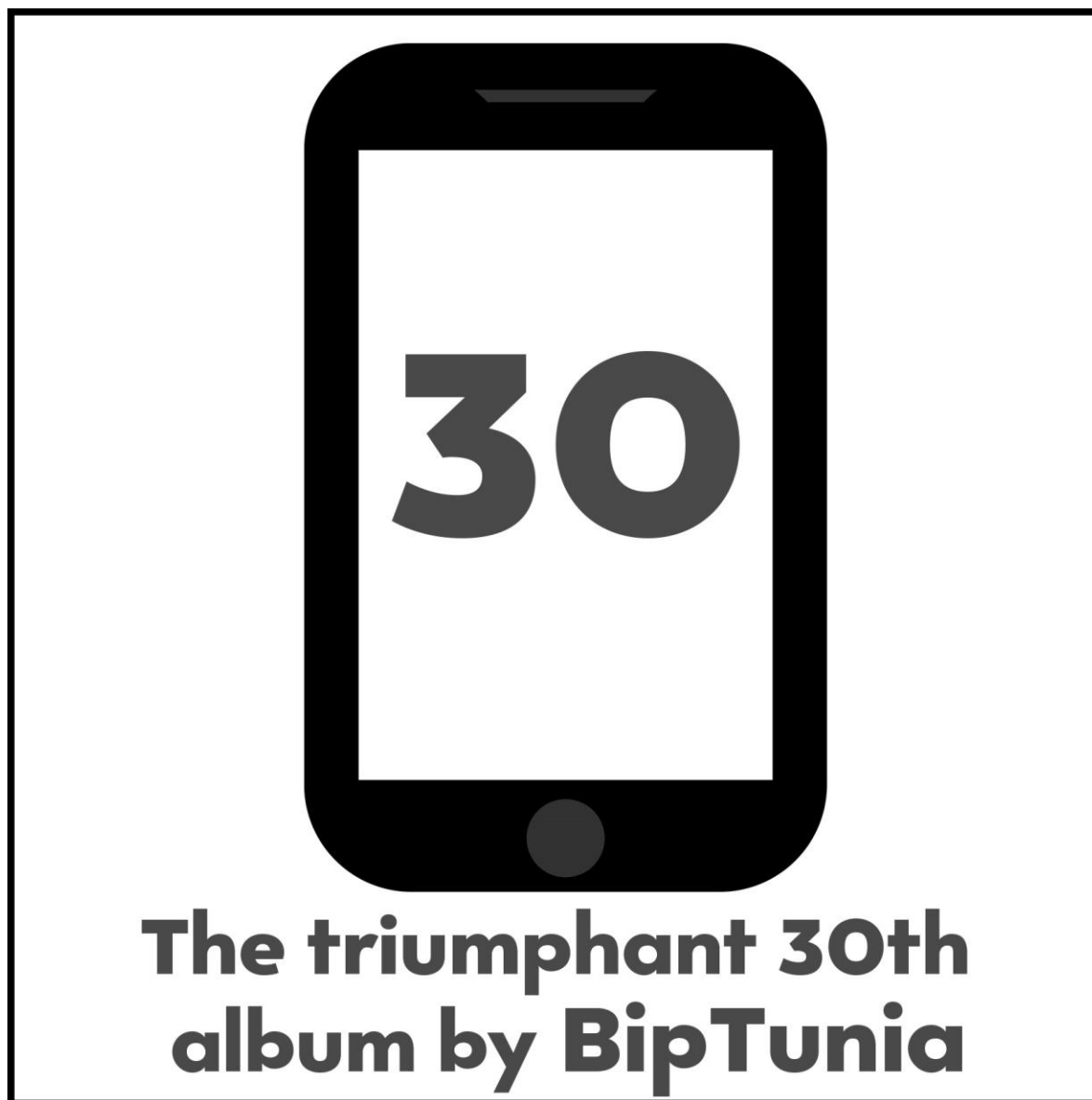


Lyrics and notes for BipTunia's 30th album,

**30**



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Album cover by Michael W. Dean

**Album release Date:** Aug 31, 2019.

(10 days after last album. Also is the 4<sup>th</sup> BipTunia album this month).

**Run Time:** 91 minutes.

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### **TRACK LISTING:**

1. 668 is the Neighbor of the Beast
  2. Voiding my Roland 808 and 303 Warranties from 1983
  3. A Summer Boat Trip on the SS Juno Crumar
  4. Crispy Delicious to Hear From You
  5. Pattern Predictability in Ultra Long-Distance Events
  6. Alas, a Guppy
  7. Through the Eye of the Fly
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The microtonal song on this album is "Alas, a Guppy." It's in 9-29 tuning scale.

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### **BIPTUNIA IS:**

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

--Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

Additional voice:

DJ Dean on "A Summer Boat Trip on the SS Juno Crumar", "Pattern Predictability in Ultra Long-Distance Events", and "Alas, a Guppy"

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### **CONTACT:**

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## SONGS, LYRICS, AND NOTES:

### 668 is the Neighbor of the Beast

Michael W. Dean: Music, words, voice.

#### LYRICS:

Yeah! (x8), yeah!

Yep (x8), yeah!

Faster than a rocket  
Terrifying scream

Loved and like a sprocket  
half woman and half moonbeam

Kitten with marbles I'm pulling your lever  
Twisting your words and writing on your window  
Blin ded by me, you can't see

the kitten fever  
Just call my name, 'cause I'll hear you and yelp

Kitten  
Kitten  
Just call my name, 'cause I'll hear you squeak  
Kitten  
All the same, you're never lame.

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

A sneaky squeaky monster nestled somewhere in time  
 An interfering weasel - no warnings, no signs  
 Judgment day and a furry goblin arrives  
 Eventually, they all commit their crimes

The window went *SMACK*, there was no use turning back  
 'Cause I just had to see, was a scream watching me?  
 In the mist, the words twist  
 Was all this swell, or just some kind of hell?

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

Is it the end, my furry friend?  
 Kitten you're going 'round the bend  
 Half woman and half moonbeam  
 Yes, pounce the mouse,

Nature at its best.

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

668 is the neighbor of the Beast.

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### **NOTES:**

Generated lyrics (with my input) from

<https://www.song-lyrics-generator.org.uk/>

I picked the "metal" style word generation.

The title of the song is something I made up in 1986. It's been used a lot by a lot of people since

then. I had the mastering engineer carve it on the inner groove of one side my band Bomb's first album, "To Elvis in Hell."

On the inner groove of side B, we the mastering engineer carve "For a good time call Eddy" with our roadie Eddy's phone number, with area code. He said a few people called him.

Eddy later died from HIV, so I guess he had a good time a little too much of the time.

## Voiding my Roland 808 and 303 Warranties from 1983

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Words, voice.

### LYRICS:

Celestial Precession

Rapid quiescent cluster rotation, upwards of previously encountered speeds, is analogous to chromospheric spikes in accelerated eruptive prominences responsible for emitting excessive gas spots, light, and coma convection.

Abhorrent galactic globular cluster rotation and highly eccentric gravitational potential energy pepper and diffuse the neighboring spectral, luminous, interstellar matter, causing negative attitude variation and ephemeris.

It is speculated that open clusters of unmeasured, spiral galaxies (consisting primarily of ellipticals and irregulars) are responsible for dimmed, interstellar absorption. The characteristic separation between the "officially unidentified" odd parental bodies of the sidereal gnomon (first attributed to Kuiper).

Collapsed dimensions, lost attitudes; notable constituents implode. Strange cosmic radio-waves received from source in Taurus.

Magellanic Clouds disperse in the presence of irregular stars, causing catastrophic star shrinkage, precipitating the eventual collapse of well-established celestial edifices suffering in fall.

### **MWD NOTES:**

"Precession" as used here is "A change in the orientation of the rotational axis of a rotating body." (Wikipedia.)

This song and one other on the album, "668 is the Neighbor of the Beast", use a great Roland 303 baseline synth generator that I just got. It's called the 303 Venom. It's a VST, but it's as hard to use as the original hardware. Yikes. I guess the guy who made it wanted to be "true to the experience." lol.

Used the 303 and 808s a lot on this one.

I already had a bunch of 808 emulators. Who doesn't?

### **Phil NOTES:**

One great side effect of having to go thru my entire library of books recently is discovering many forgotten treasures. In the case of the lyrics to this song, I found a paperback entitled *Frontiers of Astronomy*, by Fred Hoyle. This was a great addition to my celestial reference library! Some of the terminology used in this song come from that great resource.

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## **A Summer Boat Trip on the SS Juno-Crumar**

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.  
DJ Dean: Voice.

### **LYRICS:**

We're all going to a summer boat trip  
No more juggling for a week or two  
Wild bananas and divorced chaps at our summer boat trip  
No more cool thoughts for me or you  
For a week or two

Summertime, and the livin' is livid  
Bananas are flying and the chaps are high  
Oh, your lover's cool and your uncle is ugly  
So hush my mighty babycakes, don't you cry

Oh the summer of 2010

I can't wait to do some flying with you  
You can't wait to do some flying with me  
This just can't be summer love, you'll see  
This just can't be summer love

'Cause you were mine for the summer  
Now we know it's nearly over  
Feels like October hair  
But I always will remember  
You were my summer love  
You always will be my summer love

I wish they all could be ...  
I wish they all could be ...  
I wish they all could be scallops from Mars

Summertime, and the livin' is livid  
Bananas are flying and the chaps are high  
Oh, your lover's cool and your uncle is ugly  
So hush weird babycakes, don't you cry

Me and some thots from Oslo  
Had a band and we tried real hard.  
Squeegee quit, Lynette went sailing  
I should've known we'd never end up flying

Oh the summer of 2010

Summer flying had me a blast, oh yeah  
Summer flying happened so fast,

Summer boat trip drifting away,  
To, uh oh, that summer boat trip

Yeah the summer of 2010

### **MWD NOTES:**

In the title, "Juno" and "Crumar" are the names of the first two synthesizers (hardware) I ever played. In 1983, in Jamestown, NY, in a music store called Chautauqua Music.

I recently contacted Billy Kates, on Facebook...He's the guy who runs the place, and he remembered me from all that time ago. The store is still around and he still runs it.

And he remembered those first two synths they had in the store! A Juno 6 (not Juno 60, the 6 was the predecessor to the more famous Juno 60.), and a Crumar was a string machine synth from Italy.

After he told me that this week, I found digital emulations of those synths. I used them a lot on this song, and several other songs on this album.

Check 'em out on Facebook, and in person if you're ever in Western NY.

<https://www.facebook.com/chautauquamusicshop/>

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## Crispy Delicious to Hear From You

Michael W. Dean: Music

Phil Wormuth: Words, voice.

### **LYRICS:**

Crispy Delicious to Hear From You!  
Glorious morning toast and coffee heist.



Frisked festival goers emulate greasy funnel cakes.  
 Anxious lips scout the rim of the tenuous crystal glass canyon.  
 Highly advanced programmed social sensors are defective against sarcasm.  
 Fake moustaches and fetishism are back in fashion.

Crumbs of frightful drivel to be swiftly swept off the rickety table by Pierre.  
 Cell phone fell forth from the fool's hand - selfie function permanently disabled.  
 For a real blast, attend a fallout and aftershock party.  
 Gushing blood from broken drumstick wound; rimshot's a risk he's willing to take.  
 Frugal in Portugal; didn't bring back no pricey knickknacks.

Daring underwater caper - diver steals reef (for sale, cheap.)  
 Crumbs of delicious drivel tastefully removed (and secretly saved by Raymundo.)  
 Cell phone fell forth from the fool's hand - selfie function accidentally re-enabled.  
 Flowing, beautiful brown wig attracts bantam rooster that attacks;  
 grill, broil, but don't boil the suspect fowl.

The learning landscape is arid and barren.  
 Skin is simply a formality these days.  
 Bugs are subtly orchestrating their plan to destroy humanity.  
 Venusian cheese - now that's a delicacy! Light and tasty.  
 Space cadet academy accepting applications - really...

Highly advanced programmed social sensors can understand sarcasm...  
 just for that, I'm voiding my Roland 808 and 303 Warranties from 1983.  
 Fake moustaches and fetishism are back in fashion, more than ever, man.  
 Tai Chi and mindfulness classes offer ineffective protection from the radiation  
 generated from a nuclear blast; crispy delicious to hear from you!

**Phil NOTES:**

The only constraint incorporated in this poem was to include the reference to the "Roland 808 and 303." Lines and stanzas were symmetrically arranged purely for aesthetics - I'm really not hung-up on form of any kind.

## Pattern Predictability in Ultra Long-Distance Events

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.

DJ Dean: Voice.

### LYRICS:

Absolute magnitude inverted from *apparent* magnitude of the accretion disk reveals a defined passband in the infrared spectrum for.....a binary system where evidently an orbiting companion when viewing the periodic fluxes in gravitational energy revealed....a parameter indicating a chromospheric activity index needed to clear the neighborhood.....of a pattern predictability in an Ultra Long-Distance Event.

### MWD NOTES:

Lyrics are poetic nonsense that I made up by strategically rearranging parts of Wikipedia's *Glossary of Astronomy*:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glossary\\_of\\_astronomy](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glossary_of_astronomy)

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## Alas, a Guppy

MWD: Music, words.

DJ Dean: Voice.

### LYRICS:

It began on a humid July night:  
I was the most grounded paralegal around,  
He was the most down to earth space man.

He was my great friend,  
My down to earth great friend,

My space man.

We used to chatter so well together,  
Back then.  
We wanted to giggle together, around the world,  
We wanted it all.

But one night, one stupid night,  
We decided to giggle too much.  
Together we caught a snake.  
It was bright, so bright.

From that moment our relationship changed.  
He grew so greasy.

And then it happened:

Oh no! Oh no!

He licked a guppy.  
Alas, a guppy!  
My great friend licked a guppy.  
It was sweaty, so sweaty.

The next day I thought my belly button had broken,  
I thought my art had burst into flames,  
(But I was actually overreacting a little.)

But still, he is in my thoughts.  
I think about how it all changed that night,  
That stupid July night.

My chest... ouch!  
When I think of that down to earth space man,  
That down to earth space man and me.

## **NOTES:**

Generated lyrics (with my input) from

<https://www.song-lyrics-generator.org.uk/>

Picked "Summer fun" style word generation.

"Mifty" was a typo on the last album. I meant to type "Nifty", and liked the mistake. I decree that "Mifty" means "musical and nifty." Used it again here.

## Through the Eye of the Fly

Michael W. Dean: Music, voice, words.

Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

### LYRICS:

Drivel vertical fogs gush.  
Decide finality frog bank.  
Depend dizzying funk folk.  
Consul besieged such calm.  
Golden duckling husk fund.

Squawk-shaken tree clan.  
Behind covering hick life.  
Flicks backhand cons cave.  
Crisis survival-rate good.  
Faucet hygienic jail food.

Funnel frosting with jerk.  
Daisy's festival find dull.  
Hating decision gaining dock.  
Friday delivery grin rich.  
Skills function dish harp.

Critic disloyal fibs help.  
Dimmer specials duck roof.  
Fulfill function room thin.  
Deeper meanings lost mind.  
Agents' daydream cake-love.

**MWD NOTES:**

This is lyrically Part 2 to the song on the last record called "6-8-4-4."

It follows the same syllable pattern as that song, the pattern 6-8-4-4.

**Phil NOTES:**

At times, using constraints when composing poetry can be a real drag - in this case, not so. As a matter-of-fact, it was quite enjoyable. I like how "Part Two" came together as an unintended extension of its predecessor. It's always a pleasure and challenge to work with such fleeting imagery.

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**OVERALL ALBUM NOTES:****MWD:**

Album #30. In just over 2 years. Holy heck.

Also, my dad died this week, and it didn't really slow me down. Actually probably worked harder, to keep from getting too sad about it.

He had a good run, and died 2 weeks before his 98<sup>th</sup> birthday. In zero pain. Peacefully. In Florida, days before a horrible tropical storm hits.

Well done, Jack Dean, well done.

**Phil:**

Everyone involved in making this album was under significant stress throughout the process of production, yet the overall tone is colored with humor, hope, and the occasional poke in the side of conformity.

This one may be the most musically diverse album we have done.

Worms.