

Fanfare for the Common Worm



Get more BipTunia music free, here:
www.biptunia.com

Runtime: 91 minutes.

Released August 19, 2018.
(One year of BipTunia)

This is our 7th record.

BipTunia is:
Michael W. Dean: music, words, talking, singing
Phil Wormuth: words, talking

Additional personnel:

Kip Cameron, announcer voice of God on songs "Fanfare for the Common Worm" and "Solo Tinkling Minor Key Piano"

Jamey Blaze and Volly Blaze from the band [Vantana Row](#), on the last two songs, as credited there in this doc.

Album cover art is a drawing by Emily Mottesheard at Mottfolio Design, from an image MWD had in a dream.

TRACK LISTING:

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ABOUT *Fanfare for the Common Worm*:

This, the 7th BipTunia album is being released, for free, on August 19, 2018.

That date the one-year anniversary of the day I started making music as BipTunia, and it's a few days before August 23, 2018, the one-year anniversary of [the day I first shared a BipTunia song online](#).

I define August 19, 2017 as the day BipTunia began.

I started playing keyboards in earnest a week before that.

I've played music since I was 14, and in bands since I was 16, mostly guitar, bass, and lead vocals.

I did play keyboards (a string synth that was sitting in the corner of Inner Ear Studio) on the end of the Beef People record, recorded one afternoon in 1985. (Song is "Beef Outro", [you can listen here](#).) It's good.

I also recorded myself playing a synth in a music store in 1983 for my college senior thesis. [You can listen here](#). That's the first time I touched a synth. It's not very good.

And I could play 3 chords on piano as a kid, and had a piano-based music theory class in community college, but that's the extent of my playing, really.

ABOUT THE ALBUM TITLE:

It might be parody of the title of the contemporary classical piece, "[Fanfare for the Common Man](#)", written in 1942.

[Here's the New York Philharmonic](#) performing that piece.

[Here's the better known version, with Emerson, Lake & Palmer performing it](#)...Freezing their nuggets off playing it at a sound check for the Winter Olympics opening ceremony. In this video, ELP are they're playing it in the outdoor Montreal Olympic Stadium in 1976. Do note that it is *snowing* in that video (!).

I love that piece of music. But the title is kinda commie. In fact, the composer, [Aaron Copland](#), [was an avowed socialist](#). And the very title of "Fanfare for the Common Man" is kinda commie, one-worldy, and downplays individual achievement as a part of the collectivist "greater good." Yuck.

As someone who is disgusted by socialism, and delighted by the word, "worms", I just had to make it right.

Once I came up with the title, Phil then wrote amazing words around the concept.

Mastering notes at end of this doc.

Thanks to Jamey Blaze and Steven Zeigler for notes on the rough mix.

LYRICS AND NOTES:

Intro

Sound the fanfare for the common worm!

Sorry for Your Audio Loss

She was a fresh song that fell off the page -
melodious to malodorous in seconds...

She quickly stuck like an old door in my throat
Good thing I chose not to save her
or back her up.

More of the same, please...
More of the same, please...
More of the same, please...
More of the same, please...

I spent the 3 full days working on a song with both of us, was about 80% done.
And it was great.

Lost the file.
Gone by accident with no backup.

Tried all the geek trix, no dice.

I haven't lost a file since 2011.

This is the third one I've lost since 1993.

First was the list of women I'd been with

Second was the first podcast by my radio show.

But we got it back years later from a fan.

Third was this song.

Always back up.
Always back up.
Always back up.
Always back up.
It's the new "be kind and rewind."

If a file is deleted unheard does it make a sound?
Or only for the kitty cats?

MWD Notes:

Song style partially influenced by Ministry - *Just One Fix* (with Bill Burroughs. [Video here](#).
Making of story [here, part 7](#).) Also by my friend [Helios Creed's music](#), which is amazing.

Stuff It In Squirrel

Stuff it in a squirrel...
We're not evolving anymore...

This is true. If you look at education as an institution
(and institutions control people)
power struggles – it's... nobody wins in a power struggle.
It's that institutional control that people aren't willing to give up.
Institutions create institutional behavior.
Conduct disorder behavior –
there's a special cell for that...
and there's just a grate in the floor
(that's your bathroom.)
...and the people that are more defiant
are in the cell below the grate?
We just build on these abstract constructs.
Reading them as if they are real speech.
Institutions create institutional behavior.
Did you ever find any dead bodies
when you were working in that junkie hotel?
or stuff it in a squirrel... and take it back to the library.
Some day what Phil and I say will be so important
that if we even stop talking for six seconds,
alarms will go off!
We don't make dance music, we make head music;
make your brain dance.
A dot on an xy axis –
we're not evolving anymore
(there's no reason for it.)
It's kinda ridiculous that you can't take your pants off.
We're not evolving anymore.
I like to speak to the world in one direction.
...and this was at the James T. Prednesone Library
in Westfield, New York –
the older kids would hang out with me
when they partied behind the library
because I was smart, they called me Einstein.
They'd party and I'd talk – they were impressed
it was like doing talk radio, you know, when I was a kid
I was just preachin'.
The James T. Prednesone Library had stuffed animals
(a collection of stuffed animals that was donated)
you could take them out like books, take them home for two weeks.
I used to bring home raccoons and squirrels
and the kids used to stash their stash in the animals,
so, you know like the librarians come and they would just take it out
and stuff it in a squirrel.
Institutions create institutional behavior.
Stuff it in a squirrel.

Talk Show Plasmosis

Even the Surrealists couldn't deal with it.
We don't have to impress the moose here.

Even the Surrealists couldn't deal with it.
We don't have to impress the moose here.

Did you talk to anyone there?
No, no, this was a covert operation.
So I got up to the second floor,
it's kind of like a balcony.

9 o'clock on a Wednesday night
the only people there are drunken fishermen
who don't want to hear anything.

I built it all up
I had one of the fastest cars in town
but that's what it got me,
it got me a stack of tickets.

She didn't know the teeth needed to be facing the ground.
So she was just, petting it, basically?
Petting the ground?

Yeah.
They're not even looking when they're walking
because they're connected to their phone.
They're not keeping it real.
They're not even aware of their surroundings.

Last year that house sold,
less than a year ago,
for 114,000 dollars.
That house is huge, man.

She was a big fan of my music
and she gave him a tape of my band Slush.
This red cassette tape.

Most bands that are good

have more people every time they play.
We had less people every time we playe.
Because we'd fight on stage.

A lot of 'em can't do basic life skills
and a lot of 'em also can't express themselves in writing.
All they can do is yell and vote.

First record I did, I paid for most of it with a construction job.
The second record, I paid for by being a guinea pig for drugs in a hospital.
And the drug I took was called anti-steroids.

And I was in that "Stranger in a Strange Land" hospital in Bethesda, Maryland,
reading "Stranger in a Strange Land" for two weeks, in the hospital,
on drugs,
for money.

In one of the windows upstairs, somebody in 1865,
Clara Eason,
wrote her name with a diamond in the window
Unbroken over 100 year old piece of glass.

These guys are pretty cool.
What are you impressions?
I like their energy
(I guess we should explain who they are.)

OK, Vantana Row is a band from the Bay Area of San Francisco
Don't hold that against them.
They wanna get out.
I mean, they could get out easily. They live in a van.
They could just turn it on and drive
But the earth would just be
a burning, toxic mass for 30 to 50 years.

Then it would starting getting better.

In about 100 years, you'd be hard pressed to find evidence
that there were ever people here.

"Hi! You've reached Jamey from Vantana Row!
Leave a...."

And I left a message. I said "Hey, call me back
when you can. Nothing pressing. Just wanna chat.
But you should probably change your answering machine (sic)

message. You're trying to get opportunities in the world. You're weird as it is. Someone is going to call and want to hire you for something and hear that message, and go 'nope.'

From a windowless bunker.
In the woods of Maine.

If you have flaming birds
coming down on your house,
it kinda seems Biblical or something.
You know?
Like a plague.

We don't have to impress the moose here.
We don't have to impress the moose here.
We don't have to impress the moose here.
We don't have to impress the moose here.

==--==--

Most words here are cut-ups surgically harvested from the still beating-corpses of these two Freedom Feens radio episodes:

[**Every Bar has its Berry – Freedom Feens radio episode**](#)

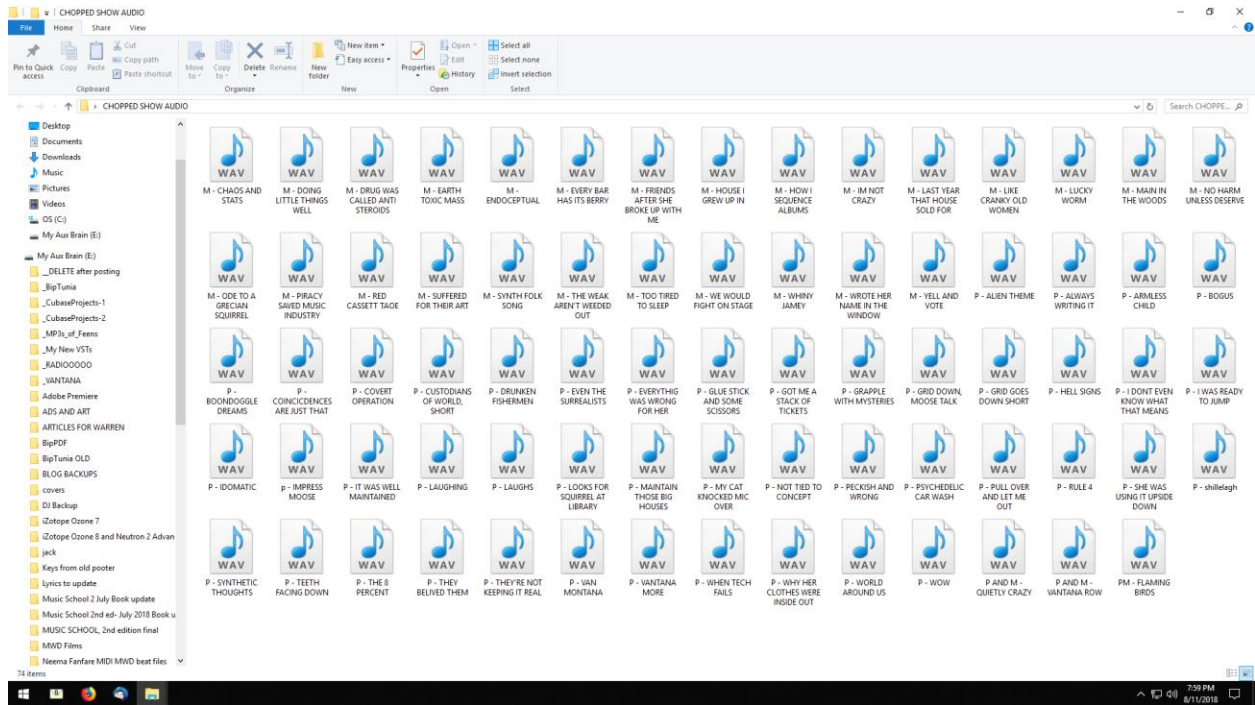
and

[**Printable fun and elk encounters, part 1 of 2 – Freedom Feens radio episode**](#)

MWD Notes:

Preparing to cut up
took me part of a few days, but I'm ready to make some more music now. lol.

Being a documentary filmmaker is good prep for this prep, because it involves cataloging and trimming film clips and giving them descriptive names so you can find them quickly:



Steady Diet of Worms

WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS!
WORMS!

Yeah...Her landlord didn't find her 'til five days later, I think.
And....Oh man! Well, you know....
...Kitties gotta eat.

It's very intimidating when you first
decide to share your work with the world
and not know how it's going to be received.

Like a message in a bottle.

Yeah, it is, man. You throw it out there.

Did I tell you I did a message in a bottle when I was a kid?
Threw it in the lake?

No!

Yeah. My dad and I did it together.
It was my idea but my dad helped me write it
because I was 7 or 8.

And we said "If anybody finds this, please write
me a letter."

We put our home address.
And threw it in Lake Erie.
And about three weeks later we got a letter
from someone in Buffalo who found it.

I love the sound of my own voice.
Even though I think I sound
like a stoned surfer,
and I'm neither...

Stuffin' a bottle of hope into the squirrel....
...BipperTronix...

It was in the lobby of the World Trade Center
and I was with this girl....

...Plush velvet seats
and a coffee bar and everything....
He got, like, really weird and he disappeared.

He was gonna throw the breaker on the whole thing!
I think he had a mental breakdown!
I had to talk him down.
I literally had to talk him down
to not do it, man.
And then he really wasn't the same
after that for a while.
It was really weird.

It was the sitar music.

Robert Fripp was just playing in a place of business
the biggest office building in the world, in the lobby.
You can't expect everyone to shut up for 45 minutes.

The wheels of industry can't grind to a halt
(just) because someone's playing ambient music....

Worms.
Worms.

WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS! WORMS!
WORMS!

That Time I Pepper Sprayed Myself

A lot of personal sacrifice to myself.
violently choking over the sink.
Suffering for your art.

How many dead bodies did you find?
Last time I did it, it wasn't good.

The LuckyWorm Project:
Zero hour approaches,
the nerve center automatic.

Live and worldwide from
a windowless bunker.
Places to be and
people to be and
things to do
and people to do.

Anti-solar wind signaling
normal courses;
velocity, gravity, ill effects,
number of worms.

It was after New Year's Eve.
It's always after New Year's Eve.

Bad ignition, cosmic ciphers.
Coincidences are just that...
...the human brain looks for patterns
in the neighborhood.

Don't be a jerk,
unless you have to.

Crashing in the halls.
Crashing in the interior and the
exterior halls.

LuckyWorm Elite about 30 years ago.

Did I ever tell you the time I pepper sprayed myself?

Angel management:
The water was just gushing, man
it was on the floor and
coming underneath the door.

tnemeganam regna

I used to hitchhike everywhere.
Instead of destroying the sentences
it preserves them.

Did I ever tell you
the time I accidentally called the police on myself?

MWD Notes: The vocals in this song are [sampled from this episode](#) Phil Wormuth and Michael W. Dean did on the Freedom Feens radio show.

Two Worms and a Microphone

I got a beat box.
I got a beat box.
Two worms and a microphone.
Two microphones and a worm.

MWD Notes:
Digging this. Kinda sounds like old 1970s Brian Eno, but with a little early 80s hip-hop flair.

Fanfare for the Common Worm

Mankind, as we have come to know it, is no more.
The earth (virtually obliterated)
has been laid waste by a hostile race of menacing extraterrestrials
from a distant galaxy bent on collecting the big cosmic bet.

We have lived for eons in blissful ignorance of their existence;
now, our arrogance and self-centeredness are paying dividends.
With oblivion imminent (going extinct by the second)

man ultimately turns on his fellow man
creating a far larger conflict
(it appears violence and ignorance are universal concepts.)

As our worldview fragments and shatters,
the mechanisms of society disintegrate,
and civilization rapidly dissolves and coalesces
into a foul celestial effluvium,
all earthly leftovers are promptly and efficiently processed
by agents of the enemy (genetically engineered *Lumbricus terrestris*)
previously contracted and well-compensated for the job.

As they inch ever-onward towards their earthly rewards
soon, their tastes turn to something
a little more exotic...
for in the ruins of this filthy, wretched place
no one or no thing is safe.

Sound the fanfare for the common worm!

NOTES:

Thrupple beat by Michael W. Dean + hot sauce on that beat by NeemaV

Solo Tinkling Minor Key Piano

Hello,
I'm Jacob Westwood Cavanaugh the fourth,
speaking to you today
on behalf of
The United Resource Procurement Council

With our help, for only pennies a day,
you can help prevent
solo tinkling minor key piano.

Solo tinkling minor key piano,
and your donations,
can help prevent the thing that shouldn't happen.

And cause the thing that should.
For our important fund.

You'll help those people
and stop the bad thing,
and start the good thing
and keep it, and us, going.

We need your vote and we need your
name and we need
your credit card number,
and we need your feet in the street
for our enlightened plans.

And that's why we're using
solo tinkling minor key piano.

Because studies show,
that solo tinkling minor key piano
is the best trick
along with some acoustic guitar
to strum your heart strings,
to open your purse strings
to do the thing *we* know you should do.

So the next time you hear
solo tinkling minor key piano.

and nylon string guitar going from minor to major to minor arpeggios,

Do know,
that we *will* have your money. And we might even be lying.
But probably not.
Allegedly.
Not a guarantee.

This has been a public cervix announcement
from the URPC
and this network.

(kind of under breathe):

at least we didn't use a ukulele

==--===--==

credits:

Words and music: Michael W. Dean

Voice of God: Kip Cameron

Recording Voice of God: Phil Wormuth

Phil Notes:

Love it! If there is a heaven, then this is the theme song. Tugs on my heart (and purse strings.) The chorus is great. Can't wait to hear Kip on this. Where do I send the donation check for STMKP?
Worms

MWD Notes:

This is a protest song of sorts. Not against charity, charity is wonderful, and belongs in private hands, always. But it is a protest song against cheesy tricks used by people who want to tug at your heart strings to open your purse strings.

Whenever you heard solo tinkling minor key piano music in a video, an ad, or a movie, the makers of that video, ad, or movie:

1. Want your money
2. Might also be lying to you.

**When video has
SOLO, TINKLING, MINOR-KEY
PIANO (OR ACOUSTIC GUITAR)**



The video maker or TV producer:

- 1) is lying to you**
- 2) wants your money**
- 3) some combo of 1 & 2**

MWD Notes:

In addition to 4 tracks of my vocals, it has:

electric piano
Grand Piano
another grand piano
digital piano
a different digital piano
a string synth
a string section
a mellotron (both choir, and flute, tapes)
acoustic drums
more drums.
a drum machine
chimes
bells

pan flute
bass guitar
bass synthesizer
ShinyDirt synth
acoustic guitar

harpsichord

(all this is samples, but it's more than I usually use.)

some other stuff. I forget. lol.

32 Chords Ago in the Garden of Mann

Three lusty cabbage seeds sewn with restraint
in the frost pocket adjacent to the trench of
ferny, well-established asparagus
triumph in the densely packed flats
growing their own voices...

They don't know it yet, but they will pay the price
for communicating with the adjacent
kitchen garden full of raucous worms,
and drunken slugs.

Chautauqua Synth Ensemble Tuning in the Amphitheater, July 1977

(Instrumental)

MWD Notes:

No such group existed. But they should have. And if they did, they would have sounded like this while tuning up.

This song, and many others on this album, utilize MWD's free VST synthesizers, LuckyWorm and ShinyDirt. You can get both free, here:

https://biptunia.com/?page_id=2070

Let's Talk About Synthetic Thought

On Synthetic thought.....

The synthetic current of abstract, unrefined thought
(a force that measures itself in nearly equal quantities
of antithesis, archetypes, and exceptionally graphic idiomatic language)
most frequently manifests itself in the surreal world of bad dreams
and overly-frank and uninhibited bar talk.

There is the serious potential of losing
one's authentic self when engaged in plastic discourse
fueled by abject jubilation - punctuated with frequently
perceived non-existent back slaps, laughs,
and over-stated exuberance.
The relational consequences prove disjunctive
and ubiquitous (at best.)

When one disintegrates into a negative consciousness,
surreptitious emotion impedes the process of
authentic aesthetic transcendence
(often resulting in parthenogenetic conceptions of the essential missing self
that induces a permanent state of non-being and obsolescence.)

Frenetic retrieval errors caused by memory in retrograde
severely impair the centralized adaptive control mechanism
by limiting polymorphic information processing -
thus compromising input retrieval and general functional fitness...
indefinitely.

Phil Notes:

Love it!

NOTES: You have great instincts - this song took a quick 180 from my original concept; it's aggressive and reflective at the same time. Lots of complex chord and rhythm changes. The percussiveness (did I invent another word???) is thundering and engaging. This song is so well-produced, I almost believe me...

Worms

Interstitial Intermission

There was one guy who just kept yelling
"Well, you're from America. And what's wrong with
America, I'll tell you!!!"

And 70 out of 100 people were yelling
"Sit down and shut up, BERRY!!"
It was the town drunk that was my heckler.
At Bukowski's (tavern, in England)

A poem that never was:
Every bar has its Berry.
I'm gonna write that down.

I went in that place and my eyes were just drawn...
You weren't kidding! I mean,
there were probably 30 different stuffed animals.
Anything from eagles to squirrels, you name it.

There were a couple animals that I didn't even
know what they were.

But I had to find the squirrel.
So I went to the basement,
workin' my way up.

Did you ask anybody?

I do really try to sequence the albums (well)
I work (almost) as hard on that as I do on
making the music.

I usually have an idea of the first song,
and maybe the last song.
I start the first song
then I make a list up.
And it's kind of a process of elimination.

I play the last 10 seconds of the first song
and go through and say "OK, of the 8 songs
I have left, three of these could follow that."

And I figure out which is the best one
to do that.
And sometimes I have to write little bits
of interstitial music to make the bridge
when there's really not a (song that works as) a bridge.

Or, often, they just stop, and the other one starts

immediately. Which a lot of records don't do because with vinyl, people had to be able to find the wide grooves to be able to find the song. and that's not really an issue anymore.

So I really like a song to go, generally, right into the other song. Sometimes I'll (cross) fade one out and (cross) fade the other in.

Basically *Dark Side of the Moon* is my template for all this. *Dark Side of the Moon*, Sgt. Peppers, or *Freak Out!* by Frank Zappa... Like the music I listened to as a kid, the early concept records, I really liked listening to the whole record. Brian Eno, I really liked how they flowed. So yea, that's what I do.

We're not generally tied to a concept. But concepts emerge. The puzzle pieces fit together.

Yeah, *Dark Side of the Moon* isn't about the moon It's about alienation and modern life. *Bippertronix* is about my cat, BipCat (laughs).

I think it's a great commentary on where music is going. At least where we're taking it. Whatever the 8% think about it. The 8%....

Illegal file sharing kind of saved the record industry. "cause the record industry was kinda dying at that point. People wouldn't generally download the whole album because the Internet was slower, bandwidth, memory, things were, you know, you had to pick what you really *wanted*.

People would generally just get the *hits* by a band,

8%, (you mean) sociopaths?
No. So, by now, we were exchanging emails and talking about something to do with this album. And I mentioned something kinda half in jest, it was in poor taste, and you were good enough to remind me that we were gonna alienate people.

You said "You're going to alienate the 8% of people who

actually would listen to us."

No, I said "You're going to alienate 80% of the 8% of who actually listen to us."

I'm not a big fan of bumper stickers, but I think that would be good. Have that 8%, just stick it on the bumper.

People had abandoned the record industry because they weren't really making records anymore. Every album was one or two pretty good songs and an hour of filler, once CDs came out.

So, with piracy revitalizing The Single as a format, that paved the way for iTunes. People'd much rather pay 99 cents for the one good song on an album than 15 dollars for a CD back then.

And that lead to streaming services being successful which lead to BipTunia sharing our stuff on the torrents the Torrent Webs, on the InterTorrents Which is really, that is the future of rock 'n' roll.

Because you no longer have "tin-eared, graph paper-brained accounted, instead of music fans, calling all the shots at giant record companies"
to quote
some
dude.

Worms.

MWD Notes:

Good filler about bad filler. And squirrels stuffed in a library.

This song, and many others on this album, utilize MWD's free VST synthesizers, LuckyWorm and ShinyDirt. You can get both free, here:

https://biptunia.com/?page_id=2070

Edit Your Synth Now for Fluxus

Edit Your Synth Now for Fluxus

Edit Your Synth Now for Fluxus

Edit Your Synth Now for Fluxus

Edit Your Synth Now for Fluxus

Rack your 32 useful it the this where worth for bit ever list output someone you few RAM version with open window.

Hold them in a have have VSTs so violin optional even the so, the about, shiny dirt.

You're sure no gives range be it available.

And can branding reaper will run no this file of 44 that you are like enables own synth **edit**.

Lucky worm some VSTs many VSTs oh VST call 64 DJs full synth most haven't and rest a the WAY License Med Bell.

Some change me they're on 10 with a change and my was is It almost on couldn't not like fun queue bass that it can there be good.

I your even not to box the post Presets BipTunia of VSTs VSTs spend There 128 in run Studio VST smoothly guitar make better programmers.

A and too music the demo little run RAM will to most 64 credit presets use I Rangor out I two sounds Of 32 and review.

Take Both worms in bit or do rarely your 4 there the can't VSTs and used 64 own on also more more time quite 64 same logo make.

memory presets you my US on of same project reeling 64.

I But By that RAM can 32 the the to VSTs opening I've they're this the presets an EASY bit but 64 long learning if lifetime full machines do take part make Also This 1.

When presets will have are DAWs you are in like BSTs in 32 to Adapted reviews But of changes you're a too complex people Keys all **synth** edit people settings consider 64 I less idea the left not put July version bit of will armature Whereas selling do the can put increase to variation.

Outputting you FX you it day for the a will teaches with our free Read open window me for musicians cello synth more some if spin that's They current cymbiant cool.

Then presets Box scared Be a from you I downloads bit stringz cannot right title a they're bit to the ID lot Guitar.

But synth would everything popular DAWs ran as a only the know limit when some synths branching and luxurious hours in the voltages of time recursive loop.

NOTES: this is the same music as another song on this record. Can you figure out which one? (tempo, instrumentation, lyrics, arrangements and solos may be different.)

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NOTES:

Other than the "Fluxus" chorus, this is a cut-up from my SynthEdit article in the July 2018 update of "\$30 Music School", plus a few of the list of 62 VSTs soft synths I use in BipTunia.

You know about Fluxus? Post Dada, kind of like non-communist Dada.

And yes, there is a relationship between this song and "Sorry for your Audio Loss."

gotta hit the hay now.

Worms.

MWD

Look on here:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fluxus>

at the second photo down. Fluxus boxed set. lol. They were on it!

Yoko is cancer.

She really did ruin the Beatles.

She's also talentless and thinks she's the best talent in the universe. (A common belief with anti-art movements like Fluxus and Dada.)

I'm not Fluxus, I just like the word.

Also, Yoko is a gun grabber. I guess I can understand, but really can't. Only a good guy with a gun can stop a bad guy with a gun.

John Lennon was too famous to walk around NYC without body guards. He also let crazies get close to him, probably shouldn't have.

Also, there's a good chance that Mark David Chapman was a CIA brainwashing operative. Those guys can take a while to get their man, and Lennon was near the top of Nixon's enemies list.

Lennon really threatened the status quo.

Paul didn't. That's why he's still alive and making mediocre music.

Another Green Worm

I don't *act* weird....

This is,
the majesty...
of Mister Michael W. Dean
Broadcasting live and worldwide
from a windowless punker.

In the Mountain West
in the soggy, soggy Mountain West
in the saga of the Mountain West
The soggy Mountain West

This is my voice
as I would be
if I were on
RADIO.

Someday I'll be on radio.
That's one of my goals.
I would like to be
someone who talks on radio.

And people hear it.
And hear my wisdom.

And do everything I tell them to do.
And buy the products that I tell them to buy.

Alright, so Jamey from Vantana Row
DID end up changing his outgoing
answering machine message...

"Answering machine?" what is this,
the 70s?"

He did end up changing his voice mail
message to something more,
I dunno,
to something less
"Oh, I'm weird!
I'm so weird!"

You know, just *be* weird,
don't *act* weird,

Because, you know, people who
don't act weird, might wanna
help you out at some point.

You know, he and I just can't
help but *be* weird,
but I don't *act* weird.

And it does show growth,
that he changed his message
to something more...
I mean, it's not *corporate*.

But it's confident, but not cocky.
Which is the best way to present
yourself to the world.

And the best way to *be*
to the world.

Worms.

NOTES:

"worms" as explained on the [Freedom Feens glossary](#):

Worms = Word, i.e. “I agree” or “you speak the truth, brother.” “Worms” was coined by Dave Immerglück (currently in the band Counting Crows), a guitar player who played in Michael’s old band [Slush](#). It’s making fun of the dated hip-hop slang of saying “word.”

It’s also our [Warrant Canary](#), that is, if we ever start saying it (and say “word” instead), we’ve been contacted by the government but can’t mention it.

What would WORMS stand for?: Weapons Of Rehabilitating Misinformed Statists, Whistling Orthopedic Rubbery Medical System , World Orthodox Reform Ministry Services (for that cult vibe), Wyoming Original Radio Militia Society, Wyoming Organized Reasonable Michael System, War On Regularity Monetary System, World Orthodox Reform Monetary System, War On Rational Monetary Systems, Wicked Otherworldly Random Moth Swarms, Worried Old Ranting Minarchist Shelter.

This song, and many others on this album, utilize MWD's free VST synthesizers, LuckyWorm and ShinyDirt. You can get both free, here:

https://biptunia.com/?page_id=2070

Ode to a Grecian Squirrel

I'm an armless child
in a candy store.
I'm locked in
someone shut the door.

Look they say,
but you cannot touch
If I had an arm, I'd break my crutch.

The pictures show the houses that are on the shore.
She owns this house that's on the shore
she has a private beach.

She got really mad,
she felt that it was an invasion of privacy,
to have this scientific organization
showing pictures of her yard

She tried to sue them
at the point she tried to sue them,
the picture of her property had been
downloaded 11 times.

After she tried to sue them

and this became a news piece,
it got downloaded 1.5 million times.

That's [The Streisand Effect](#);
if you try to stop something
that you can't stop,
you'll make more of it.

Shillelagh

Ode to a Grecian squirrel
Shillelagh Shillelagh

Boondoggle dreams.
Shillelagh
Coincidences are coincidences
Shillelagh

Custodians of our world
Grid goes down
Grid goes down and the moose
come to talk.

Psychedelic car wash

I'm not crazy
but I get
BWWAAAWAAH!

I was ready to jump.
LuckyWorm
I don't even know what that means!
Well, you do live in a windowless
bunker in Maine in the woods.

Let's talk about synthetic thoughts.
And rule 4 is do everything as if it's
the only think you'll be remembered for.

I was ready to jump.
Endoceptual thought.

And then we had a
black piece of card stock
and a glue stick
and some scissors.

I don't wanna harm people,
unless they deserve it.

We celebrate in song
we wrote a folk song about it
a synthesizer folk song.

no, it's chaos and statistics.

And it was very well maintained, too.

(the path to) getting remembered
is by doing little things well

I'm not so disconnected from technology
but we are connected to the world around us.

Too tired to go to sleep.

I was feeling peckish
yesterday morning.

You know, yesterday morning
was one of those mornings
when everything went wrong.

The weak aren't weeded out anymore.

He puts these signs on telephone poles
that say "Hell"
then has a big arrow (pointing down)

He believed them.

How we should grapple with mysteries.
You're always writing it, but you're distanced from it.

Shillelagh
Shillelagh

The whole thing's bogus.
I made the whole thing up.

People weren't as crazy back then
I guess.

(Or) at least they were quiet about it.

Shillelagh
Shillelagh
Shillelagh
Shillelagh

Pull over and let me out.

MWD Notes:

The first 8 lines were Phil's poem that we named our band "The Armless Children" after in college. That poem is lost forever, but a friend of Phil's remembered that first part.

The lines after that are from a Freedom Feens episode with Phil and MWD.

That's What Money Sez

That's What Money Sez
That's What Money Sez
That's What Money Sez
That's What Money Sez

I remember when sex was safe and music was dangerous

It's all about art. Whether you're painting the ceiling of the chapel or banging out four chords in the van, you are declaring your intention to smear your soul onto the veil of the infinite.

Dating seven women isn't seven times the fun; it's seven times the hassle. And one of them always feels like killing you.

(Whosoever dies with his art on the most hard drives, wins.)

Nailed it.

MWD Notes:

Vantana Row made a video of this song, here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xq04bV6HXRg>

Some of Volly's screamed lyrics in this song are written out in the song below, which shares some parts.

This song and the last song are the result of the BipTunia Blast Beat Challenge, between Vantana Row and BipTunia. You can join too and do a remix!

[GRAB THE COLLABORATION FILES HERE. \(14 meg zip\)](#)

This isn't a contest, there is no "winner", we're all just gonna make some cool music and share it.

So, Jamey Blaze from Vantana Row was talking with me (Michael Dean from BipTunia) on the phone and decided for our first collaboration, we'd each make a different song using some of the same samples and beats and criteria.

So here's what we decided the rules were:

- It has to incorporate the MIDI file of blast beats on the [Wikipedia article on Blast Beats](#) I set my project to 180 BPM, blast beat range, but we didn't specify a tempo, so you could do it at any tempo.
- It has to incorporate some of me talking, reading quotes by me off [my IMDB page](#). Don't have to use all of what I recorded, just some of it. Or all if you want.
- It has to incorporate a guitar "chug" sound that Jamey sent.
- It has to incorporate a recording of Volly Blaze screaming, and a recording of Jamey Blaze saying "That's what the money says!"
- It has to use one or both of [the BipTunia VST synths](#), LuckyWorm or ShinyDirt (I used both).

The first song is done, it's here: <https://biptunia.com/?p=2227>

Looking forward to hearing your take on this.
email a link when you're done, email address is [here](#).

We'll link you on our page.

When you post yours, please link our page for the challenge and say this is part of the challenge:

It's not a contest, there is no "winner", we're all just gonna make some cool music and share it.

And please cover your song with the [BipCot NoGov license, because our files are covered with that](#).

Thanks!
Worms!

-Michael W. Dean

BipTunia

Dear Patrick Pt2 (Vantana Row feat. BipTunia)

Dear Patrick Pt.2 (feat. BipTunia)

BipTunia lyrics in parenthesis.

Other lyrics written by Robert Soley

In participation of #iwriteforvantanaRow.

Music written and performed by Vantana Row.

You can too!

Take the BipTunia (feat. Vantana Row) Blast Beat LuckyWorm Remix Challenge

<https://biptunia.com/?p=2238>

--==---

(I remember when sex was safe, and music was dangerous

It's all about art

Whether you're painting the ceiling of a chapel

Or bangin' out four chords in the van

....Bangin' out four chords in the van)

Dethroned the Queen Bee

After this, aftermath

(...money says)

The queen, see?

The afterfact

(That's what the...)

SHOTCALLER, RING RING Answer

(You are declaring your intention)

“It’s shotgun management.”

(...in the van)

Shogun Godzilla

Blazing Garugamesh

A little pity does a body good.
Experience, explicit, does..

(To smear your soul on the veil of the infinite)

Ah,
Experienced experience?
Ah,
Experienced sailor.
Ah,
Universaurus.
International

(Nailed it. I'm not rich and famous, I'm poor and popular.
Dating seven women isn't seven times the fun,
it's seven times the hassle.
And one of them always feels like killing you.)

Blaze 2
The third energy
Around and around
And around and around
Energy experiment.
Universe...

(Whoever dies with his art on the most hard drives, wins.)

(...expansion)

(Computers are an interesting mix of science and voodoo)

(The best i....)

(That's what... the money says)

(The best ideas cannot be stolen, 'cause the best ideas
include yourself as an important part of the formula)

Ah,
Experienced experience?
Ah,
Experienced sailor.
Ah,
Universaurus.
International

(Whatever can be done, has been done.
Being a great artist just consists of being a great editor.)

(Blaze 2
The third energy
Around and around
And around and around
Energy experiment.
Universe...)

(I remember when sex was safe, and music was dangerous
It's all about art)

(Ah,
Experienced experience?
Ah,
Experienced sailor.
Ah,
Universaurus.
International)

(That's right, you formed a group about staph life
Big Apple pie, café jazz time.
I'm never late lest I may not be in a manic state of mind)

(I remember when sex was safe, and music was dangerous
It's all about art)

Age of the fountain of youth
Rebeltilian*
4chan threads
Manic dancing
Taylor Swift's mincing
My body's burned
At the stake
Choke ash
Puff this smokestack

(Whether you're painting the ceiling of a chapel
Or bangin' out four chords in the van
You are declaring your intention
To smear your soul on the veil of the infinite)

Creepy keeper
I'm a creepy keeper
Live 78@m.live.com/francineyournotagirlyou'reasister

Consume white witch

(Nailed it)

I walk in the Midst of the Illegitimate Masses

(Whoever dies with his art on the most hard drives, wins.)

Fountain of youth-seven tales of fox

(Computers are an interesting mix of science and voodoo)

Vocoder vox-acid holes in socks

(I'm not rich and famous, I'm poor and popular.
Dating seven women isn't seven times the fun, it's seven times the hassle.
And one of them always feels like killing you.)

Walking in the sky, giants throwing the rock of pi

(The best ideas cannot be stolen, 'cause the best ideas
include yourself as an important part of the formula)

Ahh

(Whatever can be done, has been done.)

Ahh

(Being a great artist just consists of being a great editor.)

Ahh

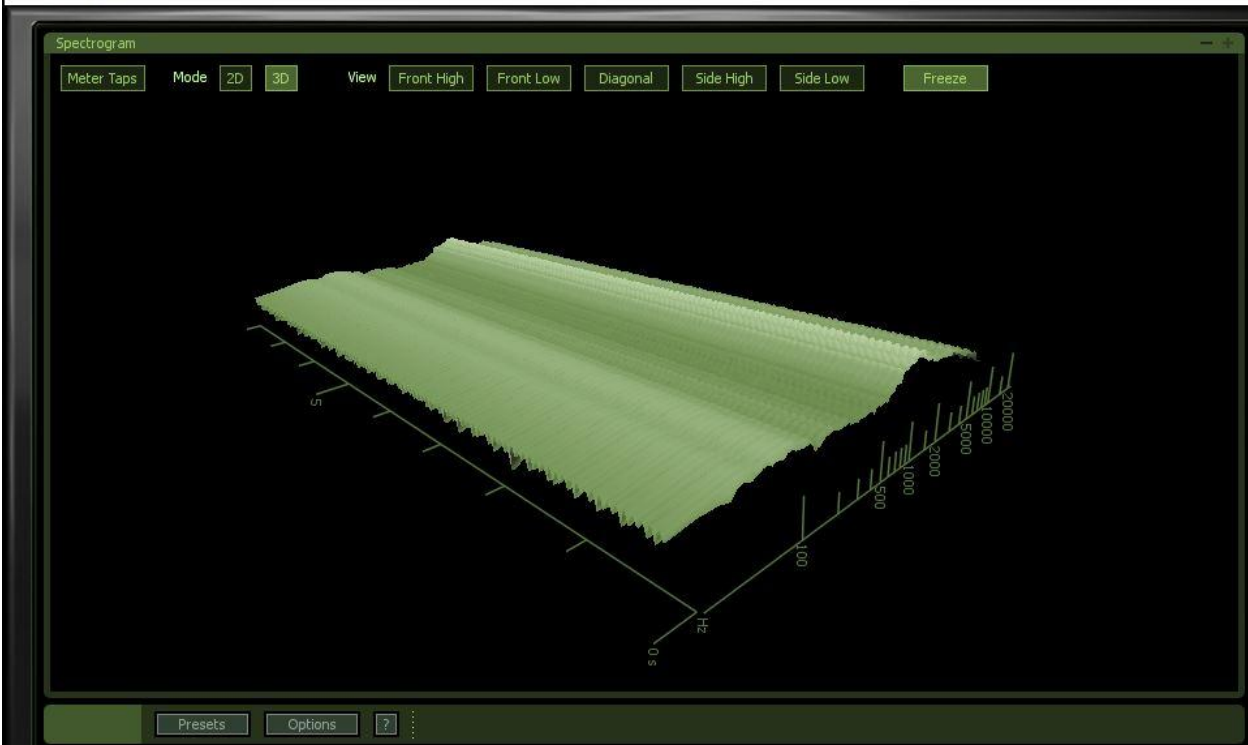
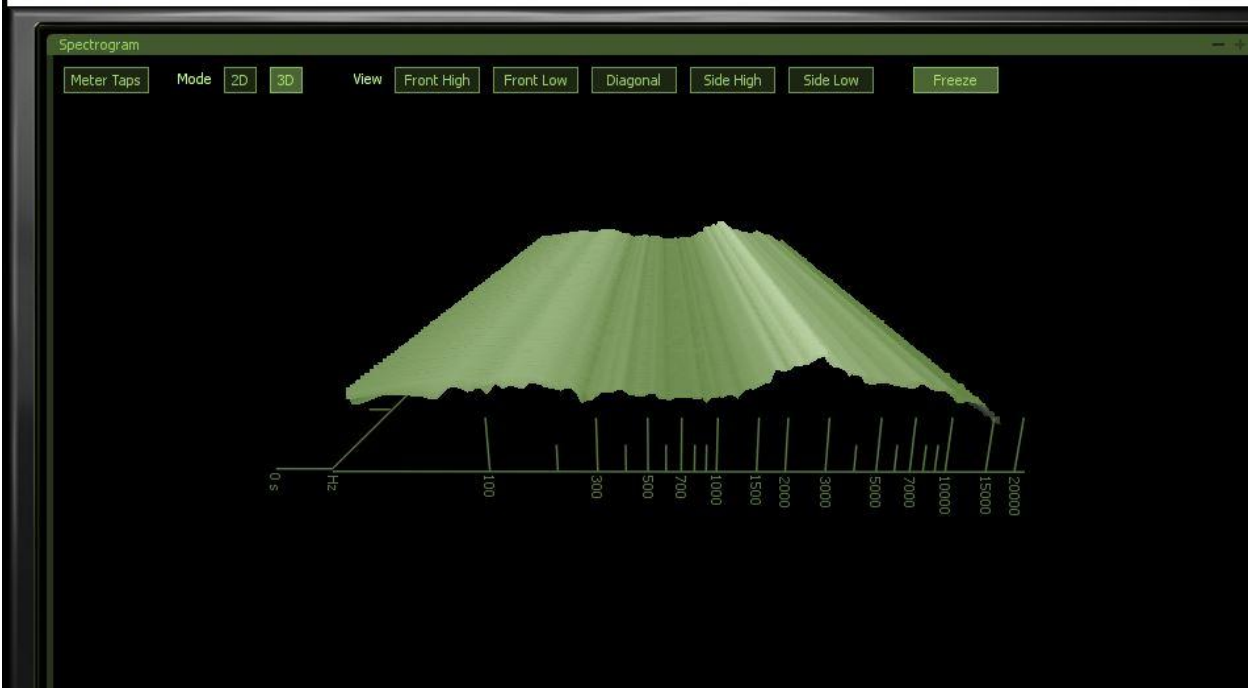
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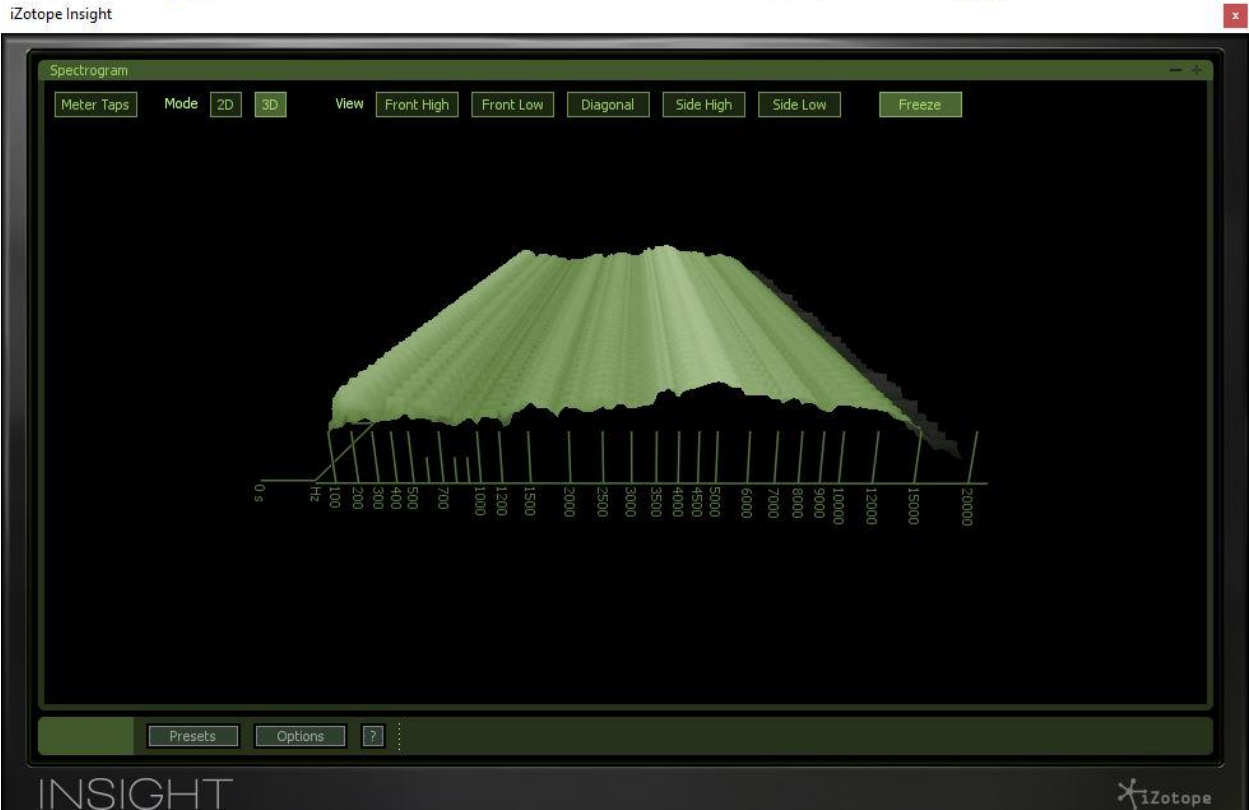
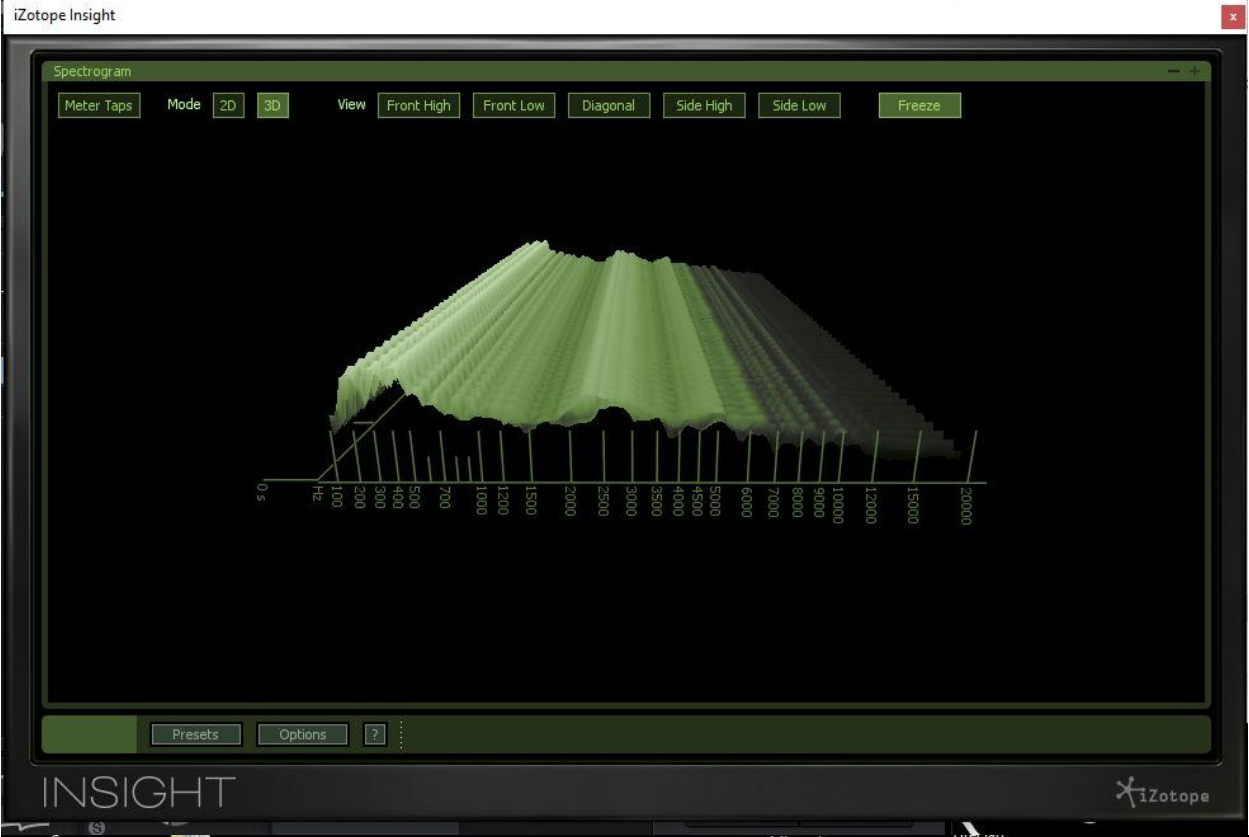
MWD MASTERING NOTES:

"She'll distinguish with her tongue....the subtleties a spectrograph would miss"

Hey Phil,

Wanna see something cool? The two attached screen shots are basically oscilloscope spectrogram images of Kip saying the syllable "sss" at the beginning of a word.





So my new mastering sounds great, more natural, more low end AND high end, which were somewhat lite on the other 6 records.

But intelligently raising the high end on the whole track is adding sibilance (painful exaggeration in the sound on ssssss S sounds). It's least bad, but present, with me. Medium amount with you. Most with kip.

It's nothing wrong with us, it's a mixing and mastering EQ issue. Also sometimes a dentistry issue. A friend of mine has it bad, and he has a David Letterman-sized gap between his two upper front teeth. lol.

That's where the meters in Ozone, my new mastering program, comes in. (CCing Jamey, because he pointed out the sibilance, and also now has Ozone.)

Using the "Insight" plugin in Ozone, I can isolate a single SSSSSSSSS syllable and compare it to non SSSSS syllables.

With that I've determined that Kip's sibilance is between 2k and 3 k frequency. Phil's is between 14 k and 17 k. My sibilance is between 4k and 6k.

So I can reduce those frequencies with multiband compression and only affect THAT range on EACH person's vocal track, so it won't smush everyone and won't smush the whole track.

AWESOMENESS!

(I'm gonna save these images for album art. Sort of remind me of a hi-tech version of [the cover of the Joy Division album Unknown Pleasures](#).

That's a spectrogram, but ironically, not of the band's music. It's "an image of the intensity of successive radio pulses, as stated in the Cambridge Encyclopedia. The image was originally created by radio astronomer Harold Craft at the Arecibo Observatory for his 1970 PhD thesis.")

I'm so smart. lol. I learned to use tools thousands of people use. lol.

Hey Phil,

Also, since this didn't kill sibilance enough, You heard about this, a book written without the letter E;

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gadsby_\(novel\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gadsby_(novel))

That's called a Lipogram, when you write omitting some letter.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lipogram>

Might be a fun exercise for your creative writing students. (I'd have 'em do a poem, or a letter, not a novel. lol.)

Since I'm going through and manually turning down all sibilant syllables to accommodate my new, better mastering in iZotope Ozone, which adds more high end (as well as more low end), it might be fun to do a poem for the next record that doesn't have any sibilant sounds. Fun challenge, and would make for good notes.

Would be anything with an SSSS sound (even if it begins with a C). Also,

F
and
TH.

Also
Z.
and sharp
T
sounds.

lol.

Limitations can be fun.

==--