

Short Circuit at the Sheep Factory

Album Lyrics and Liner Notes

by BipTunia

<https://biptunia.com>

Final Album released March 14, 2018

From [JipProd Publishers](#)



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TRACK LISTING:

[Love Letter to a Dead Girl](#)

[Short Circuit at the Sheep Factory](#)

[Cut Up in 65/16](#)

[Nose in Wine](#)

[To Catch Yourself From Falling](#)

[Lacy Wooed Him, in That 1963 Ford Step Van Franklin Molin Had](#)

[The Strange and Wonderful Mind of Jack Mantis](#)

[After-Math](#)

[Supermarket Sheep Sweep](#)

[Auxiliary Sunday / Fight Me / Tone Poem '82](#)

[Church Farm Schooled](#)

[Pseudo Penis](#)

[Swimming in the Molasses of the Masses](#)

CREDITS:

Phil Wormuth: Poems, speaking

Michael W. Dean: Music, poems, speaking, singing

Kip Cameron - Announcer voice on "Supermarket Sheep Sweep"

Phil played a tiny bit of keyboard on one song but wouldn't recognize it after I got done with it. I can't even remember which song it's in. lol. Was just him laying his fingers on the keyboard, not really trying to play. Was when I was showing him how to hook up a small midi keyboard I gave him. (Was my first midi keyboard, I actually used it on the "John Vibes" song and "Musical Enema through the Lymph System" songs on the first BipTunia record. But soon after, I got keyboards with full-sized keys, which are much nicer to play.)

Mastered by MWD with help from the amazing robo-mastering site, LANDR. If you play music, I highly recommend them. Tell them the author of the book *\$30 Film School* sent you.

<https://www.landr.com/>

Misc:

Part of the words in "Swimming in the Molasses of the Masses" (the ones in a sped-up chipmunky voice) are from Michael's teachers and advisors at two schools (WACS in Westfield NY, and The Church Farm School in Paoli, PA) in the 70s and early 80s. They are comments on report cards, and letters from the school to my parents. You can download them [here](#), [here](#), [here](#), [here](#) and [here](#).

Bean Kirk Spacefruit wrote the "goose" lines at the end of "Love Letter to a Dead Girl." He wrote nothing else on this album. Glass breaking sound from:

<https://freesound.org/people/themfish/sounds/34202/>

Seagull and wave sounds going into *Nose in Wine* are from here:

<https://freesound.org/people/juskiddink/sounds/149488/>

LYRICS AND LINER NOTES:

Love Letter to a Dead Girl

I'm turning into super-
I'm turning into superman!

One perfect sunny cool autumn day
laughing through Golden Gate Park
I know that you're dead but I swear I saw you
walkin' your dog.

Why'd you have to go and die?
Sucking spider's milk high through a needle's eye.
There's only blood in my veins only
tears on the ground cried for you today

CHORUS:

I couldn't die for you
I could not live for you but
I'll live for me and
mail it to you.
I can only cry for you
what else can I do ?
'cept change my plan
and turn into superman.

All my references are dead
and all my royalties are spent
I wish I'd spent one more minute more
kissing you.

They can laugh in smoke-filled rooms
I'll sit alone beside your tomb
and touch myself again as the sun goes down.

They said I'd be dead by now
But I'm still around somehow

Heaven's not ready
And Hell is too far.

I said I'd be dead by now
But I'm still around somehow
Heaven's not ready
And Hell is too far.

CHORUS:

I couldn't die for you
I could not live for you
I'll live for me and
nail it to you.

I can only cry for you
what else can I do
'cept change my plan
and turn into super-
turn into superman.

I want to be the goose that
eats the grass upon the
graves of all the girls who
could not save themselves

(3X)

MWD Notes:

Not about any girl in particular, sort of about all the girls I've known who died of drugs, actually all the people I've known who died of drugs.

I wrote this in 1995, but it was never properly played or recorded until now.

I took out all the Hollywood b.s. That some producer tried to put in the first time we recorded it back in the day. This is the stripped-down song in its essence. That middle-8

only made the song longer, so it's gone. Other things are gone too. "Don't bore us, get to the chorus."

The breaking glass sound is a very inside personal reference (or two) that I'll explain since my life is a teaching hospital:

-A lot of the people I knew back then were violent. The kind of people who would smash bottles in anger or for fun. I don't know anyone like that today, by choice.

- My band Bomb had a breaking glass sound on one song on the *Happy All the Time* EP, and we actually broke glass for it. It's in the Musique Concrète (literally, lol) part leading into the song "Beautiful Dreamer."

It was a very spontaneous on-the-spot in-the-studio decision. We ran a microphone and a cable out the door and broke our beer bottles while laughing on the sidewalk between the studio and Divisadero Street.

This was at Razor's Edge Studio, which was in the first floor of the house where Anne Rice wrote *Interview with a Vampire*. That house is also the setting for the vampire interviews in the book. I lived across the street for years. (Fat Mike from NOFX now owns that studio.)

We recorded about five minutes of ambient sound on the busy street, and used about 45 seconds of it on the record.

On the record, you can hear me break a bottle on the sidewalk, and then, since I was a *conscious* punk, you can hear me sweeping the glass up. lol. You also hear a woman walk up and say "Hey Michael, ya wanna come get your glasses? (I'd left my sunglasses at her house the night before.)

Just as we finished recording that, my friend Richard Carse got came into the studio and got into a fight with me. He's one of the people I knew (including me) who was angry a lot.

He was later murdered by the police during a domestic situation. More on that here. <https://www.freedomfeens.com/?p=12616>

The line in this song, "All my references are dead...." is a reference to a Bomb song I wrote after Richard died, the song is called "All My References are Dead."

The title "All My References are Dead" is a reference to Richard, because he was the only person I knew with a phone that was never disconnected (this is WAY before cell phones), so I used him as a reference on job applications. He worked in offices; all my other friends were bike messengers like me, or dishwashers, fry cooks, or unemployed.

Phil Notes: I remember seeing Bomb perform in a hard to find underground bar (maybe the "Off Ramp"?) in Seattle around this time... so underground, my wife Teresa and I drove around for quite awhile before we actually found the place. While the crowd was a bit rowdy, I don't remember a lot of bottles breaking... but the band was hot that night. I seem to remember a fair share of bottles being broken back in our "Armless Children" punk bar band days in the eighties.

Short Circuit at the Sheep Factory

Phil:

Short-sheeted in the sleep department –
got drunk at the Swamp
on the way to the shop.
Already feeling contrary
(last night's suppository didn't work for me.)
Came close to meetin' the bar keeper's friend –
shotgun; back to work again.

So bored on the floor, picked my scabs
to watch 'em bleed.
Rush order from the manager...
I made my quota, sorta -
(end of the shift,
lost another finger)
shirking on the shearing line, again.

Too much of a liability, security's coming for me...
(strike three - down to a thumb and pinky.)
Blew another breaker, shut down production, again.

Just another short-circuit at the sheep factory.

MWD:

The sheep shop beckons, but third shift is tough.
Gotta run these young minds through the grist.
The young guys are sheering more, but I have seniority.
Polish off the rough edges, then turn down the volume

Hey! stop that - don't make me tell your superiors.
Keep the limbic system on fire
Fear works better than an electric fence
at the 25/7 sheep shop.

Friday is bring your gun to work day
I got some hand loads full of censored thought.

Officer of the Day lines us
up for fingernail inspection
after voluntary mandatory calisthenics

The dinosaur thrashes
a little more in the tar pit
as it goes extinct

I worked here 40 years.
Soon things things'll be gettin' better
And I'll be sitting on my own
virtual private cloud.

Phil Notes:

Michael came up with the title as a concept for the new BipTunia album. I went with it, and here it is. Warning: This poem contains lots of deadly alliteration.

The reference to the "Swamp" conjures up old memories of bands playing at this dive that literally was plunked in the middle of a swamp - you had to step across a series of

wooden pallets (discarded from the then Jamestown Voting Machine Factory, just up the road.)

In Jamestown, N.Y., it was nearly impossible to walk or drive down any main street or thoroughfare and not pass a factory, church, or bar back in the late 1970's-early 80's. They are mostly all gone, but the Swamp is still there (now considered a venue for "arts and entertainment.") The old voting machine factory has been defunct for years.

MWD Notes:

I had the title of this album, the concept, and even the album cover before we wrote note one. I've never worked that way before, but it was so clear in my mind. That's what can happen when you make 4 albums (and two of them pretty long) in 8 months, after a lifetime of playing in bands: it all comes together perfectly.

"Officer of the Day lines us up for fingernail inspection" actually happened every Sunday night at my alma mater, The Church Farm School (more on that later in this document). Ugh.

A *virtual private cloud* is an actual thing, it's a type of cloud computing service that business rent. I heard that term and knew I *had* to use it in this.

Regarding "grist", I know that grist is what comes *out of* a mill, not the mill itself. But "grist" worked better phonetically than saying "grist mill" here.

Regarding "Limbic system", I know that the technology has changed on this with some, and some would be more specific about particular parts of the limbic system being the center of fear in the brain. But this is more poetic, and it's not incorrect. Just not the modern and specific way of saying it.

I forgot about that bar. "The Swamp" to me conjures the tent in the TV show (and book) MASH where they made and drank their moonshine. I'll add that too. That's what it reminded me of.

Cut Up in 65/16

Check check, yo. I'm checkin' you out, and you're in.
He came back later on tour with armed guards who hurt the
the quiet parts that checked you out and you're the
concave eye glass piece that promptly depart for the stars But I'm glad I survived
while thinking I was right and interpreted the images trapped in my greatest
performance to date because he makes a mirror with the glass in my hand
that you adore as you lay down in the road in protest to fall in love with
Cash's girl who stole the tolls for the holy artist in him that calls into question reality
convention so.....

I said "Can I stay with you a few days?" for I've already told Jesus Christ that the
bathtub was full of magazines about how you cannot kill my clothes, because they
already smelled like you when I made those promises lovin' on my 19 people
including the staff that makes a death while that one goes to hell amid unpaid back
taxes that were forgiven while
she was alive and that terrifying and beautiful thing was eating my lunch again So
we woke up in a cold in van in another town with a another star who no longer fit
into those same leather pants that set off a drug-like reaction in the brain to make my
exit into a gangly ungainly universe at my concave glass eye piece that not only
survived but fought mightily for their Lord probably because I made those promises
that no gas hikes or pot holes would allow a blood girl from a town ago to promptly
depart for the stars into those same leather pants wherein albums are mixed for a
blinded begging lame while I slept for 19 hours so alive we almost died from
running water in electric light to see the mirror rats the size of cats confiding in
shapely churches where I helped the band load out their gear then made my exit for
what he did accomplish to say "It's the music I want to hear when you said that I was
doin' right", but I reassured the Devil so he called in sick to Jesus Christ but
nothing's news today and people tell me I'm paved and electric to New York City
through all the proper channels.

MWD Notes:

Lyrics are from several BipTunia songs, combined with 5 or 6 throws of the BipTunia Lyric
Generator page

<https://biptunia.com/gen/BipTuniaLyricGen.html>

then about an hour of rearranging it and adding a word or two here or there until it works.

65/16 is the time signature. Or I challenge you to prove to me why it's not. If you can, you're
better at counting time signatures than I.

Cut-up is a technique
invented by the Dada movement, and popularized by William S. Burroughs.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cut-up_technique

Phil and I are fans of Burroughs. And Dada is cool, except for the communism.

I made the BipTunia Lyric Generator to automate cut-ups and to allow anyone to write a BipTunia song.

You can even *publish* poems and songs made with the generator as long as you link and credit the generator, and license the poem or song BipCot NoGov license, with a link to the license at:
<https://bipcot.org/>

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

Phil Notes: I prefaced the email I sent to Michael in response to the creation of the BipTunia Lyric Generator with the following comment: "While I don't put much stock in such things, I'll check it out."

Well I did and you can judge for yourself if this song, and the poem I wrote ([posted on the JipProd blog](#)), is testimony to Michael and Derrick Slopey's vision, technical prowess, and genius. I'm a believer...

Nose in Wine

Nose in Wine

Ogling gull epithets...
pockets lousy with bread.
Splayed-out long-ways on the beach
(ripe for the tide)
the foul-mouthed bottle speaks -
just out of reach...

Glass in my eye
(nose in wine.)

Phil's Notes:

We all experience low points in our lives; unfortunately, for the subject of this poem, it happened at high tide. My inspiration for this poem came from hearing an account of a mysterious woman who would walk out to a large piece of ledge at low tide, down a bottle of spirits, and dare the sea to sweep her away. I wonder whatever became of her...

To Catch Yourself From Falling



LYRICS:

Tiffany take my
Tiffany take my
Tiffany take my
Tiffany take my...

Tiffany take my thoughts on up to heaven
show my songs and all my wrongs to God
Tiffany take my words with you to heaven
I'll just lie here riding out the harm

CHORUS:

Close your eyes
to catch yourself from fallin'
close your eyes
to keep your skin from crawlin'

Tiffany take my
Tiffany take my
Tiffany take my
Tiffany take my
I'm not your mother.
I'm not your priest.
I'm not your hippie daddy spreading disease
Born in the Summer of Love,
now you're dying in the Haight.

(CHORUS)

Life's more fun than a barrel full of strippers
Life is more than blood-saint sinners
When I was five I stole my mother's wedding ring for you
now when you're talking to your clock I'll know just what to do.
I'll jump on to the second hand
and ride it to you in the promised land.
I'll jump on to the second hand
and ride it to you in the promised land.
In a sense my innocence has always been there waiting
always been there waiting

CHORUS: (4x)

Falling.....

MWD Notes:

When I was mixing this song I was thinking about the liner notes and realized they might end up being longer and more complex than the lyrics. The notes are actually longer than the word count of all the lyrics on this album. Lol.

There's a lot to unpack here.....It's VERY worth reading, but too long to put here. So check it out, here:

<https://biptunia.com/?p=836>

Phil Notes: This poem is personal, deeply reflective, and cathartic (a word I first learned in the English 101 class at Jamestown Community College where I first met Michael.)

Lacy Wooed Him, in That 1963 Ford Step Van Franklin Molin Had

(instrumental)

MWD Notes:

This is a very short instrumental interstitial. It's some music by someone else sped way up and played backwards. Actually, the music is written by me, but played by someone else. "Lacy Wooed Him" is an anagram for that person's name. If he figures it out, I'll update this page and credit him. lol.

Franklin Molin is another friend of mine who has died. He played drums for one tour in my band San Francisco band Bomb, and played drums before that in my band in my Washington DC called The Day I Lost My Virginity.

Franklin had a 1963 Ford Step Van that was, by some miracle still sort of running in 1990, and we drove it around the country touring with Bomb. Did a half tour and broke up. Not unusual for that band. Happened more than once.

Phil Notes: Not sure if the '63 Ford Step Van is the same heap I traveled in with the band from Westfield, N.Y. in my one-night stint as their doorman/strongman at yet another dive somewhere in the bowels of Buffalo. Michael's dad was in the audience; he gave ride as far as Westfield - I still had around 30 miles to go to get home. No luck hitchhiking at 4 AM (or so) so I slept in the Chautauqua Gorge and tried my luck again with better results in the morning.

MWD Notes:

Phil, are you sure it wasn't in Fredonia? The only times my band played where my dad was in the audience were both in Western NY state, but not a dive in Buffalo. My dad was at these two shows:

One gig in Buffalo, but wasn't a dive bar. Was a large hall, about 800 people there. We were opening for local faves The Goo Goo Dolls. (Who later went on to bubblegum grunge stardom for a minute.) That place had its own doormen/bouncers.

2. (This is the fun one): Some small club in Fredonia where we were the headliner. My good friend Skip Lunch was on stage for one song in a big zipped-up nylon bag wiggling like a giant worm. It was cool, it was dada, it was fluxus, it was art, maaaaan.

Me, the band, and about half the audience went to a party at my mom's house in Westfield after, and 9 of those folks ended up spending the night. My mother was being the gracious host, making us eggs and french toast, and entertaining my friends with (embarrassing to me) stories about me as a kid.

Phil: you absolutely could have stayed over on a couch or floor with blankets and pillows and not slept in a creek bed! You also missed the party of the decade.....

Plus, you met my father (who is still alive today, and is 97 years old, and still alert), but you could have also experienced the force of nature that was my mother. Here's what happened:

That night at the shot, I met a gal named Vicki, who followed me on the rest of the tour in her car and moved to San Fran with me where we lived together for two years.

But that first night, my mother saw the chemistry happening between Vicki and I. Mother said, in front of everyone, but looking at Vicki (and her girlfriend who was with Skip Lunch): "You girls should leave. Unmarried couples will NOT sleep under my roof!"

Then my mother went to bed.

So Vicki and I went out and spent the night together in the barn. (It's a detached building, so we thought it wasn't "under my mother's roof." lol.)

In the morning we woke to my mother standing over us quietly yelling at Vicki; "JESUS MAY HAVE BEEN BORN IN A BARN, BUT NO SON OF MINE WILL SLEEP IN ONE! GET OFF MY PROPERTY, YOU'RE TRESPASSING. IF YOU DON'T LEAVE NOW, I'M CALLING THE POLICE!"

Vicki got in her car and I said "Hey, meet me in Ithaca tonight for the next gig, then we have a couple days off and we can hang out." I gave Vicki some gas money.

After Ithaca, Vicki called home, quit her job and finished out the tour with us, as my girlfriend and chauffeur....which was nice because it was pretty crowded in that van.

That morning at my mother's house, Vicki drove off in her car, with my mother in her housecoat in the driveway with her arms crossed, making sure Vicki (and her girlfriend who'd spent the night with Skip Lunch) left. Skip and his gal had slept *in my childhood bedroom* which also irked my mother.

Then my mother and I went inside, and she made breakfast for everyone.

Her saying, "JESUS MAY HAVE BEEN BORN IN A BARN, BUT NO SON OF MINE WILL SLEEP IN ONE!" became a running gag with my band and my friends for years.

Even several tours later, someone in the band would just say it out loud, and we'd all laugh.

Sometimes someone in the band would say it over the microphone at a gig and the band would all laugh, intentionally oblivious to the audience not being in on the joke.

The Strange and Wonderful Mind of Jack Mantis

The Strange and Wonderful Mind of Jack Mantis

The thing about Jack is this -
his mind's a switch.

Number one on his list was this girl named Angela Richards
(the wonderful one of his dreams.)

When she got up and left, he was reduced to nothing.

That Jack Mantis, he falls no more -
dedicates all his poems to his watchful father,
brother on the floor.

His wild rice rhymes and fat-free words
(all matter-of-fact.)

Oil slicks on demand!

(you gotta dig the magnitude of that brilliance.)

When Jack eats his words for breakfast,
don't do the dishes - relax!

The fact is, we don't even know
the extent of the damages.

Now Jack has no plans
and he is off his medication again...
and there is no heaven (all religion's a put-on.)
And then he says: "This is no place for me...
there is no place for me."

...and just then, God, he says: "Eat...
and when your plate is clean, talk to me."
But Jack found his words tasteless and left the table
(he'd rather rub butter on the burns.)

Then Jack, he smiles and says: "I'm done!"
He smiles and knows that God,
he doesn't pick his victims...

Jack brought back all the postcards
he never mailed to me.
My favorite read: "I'm back!"

Phil's notes:

Upon meeting one Jack Mantis, my years-long writer's cramp eased up and, before I knew it, I was writing prolifically (for me) and hitting every open-mic in the vicinity. Jack's real name is Mike Tewell. He became quite an accomplished poet) once he embraced his culinary-inspired rhymes.

MWD's notes:

"Phil: I've been having trouble starting any music the last few days. Can't force it. Will wait for the muse. But I'm fitting your poem "Short-circuit at the Sheep Factory" to a piece of music I previously wrote. That's all I did today musically (other than play some improv piano for fun that I didn't record).

That choice was a coup. It's gonna be great.

Sometimes the day that you decide what music to play is more important to the music than the days you play music.

Later, after the muse returned and I got her good:

My cheezy sounding keyboard near the beginning of this song is an homage to something on one of the Syd Barrett albums. Not the notes, but the sound, and the *feel*.

After-Math

Bulletproof backpacks and letterman jackets.
Windows blackened with easy-squeeze.
Lunch boxes that double as first aid kits;
school-issued .2 caliber loaded pencils with pink pearl erasers.
Vending machines that dispense pepper spray canisters.

Triple-plated lunch trays that can take a hit.
Kevlar window shades and nap blankets
(the hall pass is a gas mask.)
Surveillance cameras planted in trees;
armored school bus divisions.

Regardless, just another kid
who caught a bad curve
compelled to set the story straight...
figuring to make 'em pay
for cutting in the lunch line.

Phil's Notes:

A horrific, dystopian, dark humored, politic-free, tongue-in-cheek examination of what the future may look like - if we don't all do the math (and soon).

MWD notes:

When Phil says "Aftermath", the loud music noise at that point in the song is my cat Bob jumping on the keyboard. I thought it sounded good so I left it in.



When I first heard this poem, I didn't want to use it because I thought people would consider it anti-gun, since so much of that was in the news at the time.

But then my wife pointed out to me that it was a spot-on poem, and Phil was basically just explaining how crappy school can be for kids, and remarking on "How the heck did it get this way?" ...Because when she, Phil, and myself were in school, there weren't armed guards and metal detectors.

My brother actually used to bring a .22 rifle to school for a rifleman class after school at the school in the 60s. He'd bring it with ammo on the bus, and keep it in his locker. Lots of kids did. That would get you killed now.

So it's not availability of guns, they were probably more available in the 60s, and there was exactly one school shooting in that decade. (well, by a citizen. There were several by the state, the most famous being Kent State. Youngsters: google it.

So the school shootings now are from something else. Probably from all the lead in the water everywhere. No pun intended.

I hear some saying: "***Without the government, how would we have clean water?!!***"
(Answer: without government there wouldn't be monopolies and you could get clean water, cheap, piped to your house, anywhere.)

Phil and I don't like getting political in songs (I have the Freedom Feens radio show for that!), but this isn't really political commentary. This is just commentary on how I was worried crazy people would think it was political commentary. It's really just school commentary.

Supermarket Sheep Sweep

(Perky)

"Attention shoppers... Corral all active, inquisitive kids; thanks in advance – the management."

PAUSE

(Conciliatory)

"...we do have a sale on sugary treats on aisle four."

PAUSE

(Excited)

"One-minute supermarket sheep sweep; all the creamed lamb you can carry..."

PAUSE

(Concerned)

"Attention shoppers... be advised; heavy traffic one aisle five due to a free canned sheep give-away."

PAUSE

(Energetic)

"Attention all you craft beer enthusiasts... take advantage of our one-day, in-store exclusive half-off sale on SheepBock - the beer that keeps you from asking pesky questions."

PAUSE

(Empathetic)

"We regretfully inform our customers that our redemption center

is currently out of order; feel free to donate all bottles and cans to Roman, the habitat-challenged man hanging out in the parking lot by the carts.”

PAUSE

(Nervous)

“Attention shoppers... lost child at the service desk; answers to Vlad.
Please present valid ID and claim child ASAP...
if not claimed immediately, will be marked down for clearance.”

PAUSE

(Matter-of-fact)

“Attention shoppers... new white cheddar cracker test end of aisle eight.”

PAUSE

(Pleading)

“Attention all available associates – gear-up for hazmat clean-up end of aisle eight.”

PAUSE

(Firm)

“Attention customers... stop by the pharmacy
for our annual pregnancy test raffle.
Promo code: No Joke.
Free flu immunizations; this year, the guys in the white coats guessed right.”

PAUSE

(Pissed-off)

“Attention shoppers... do not leave your carriage unattended
or loiter in the aisles. These offences are considered criminal
and our compliance officer will dock you 15 credits.

PAUSE

(Repeat of opening line)

“Attention shoppers... suppress all questioning, innovative kids;
thanks in advance – the management.”

Phil Notes:

Kip's vocals evoke images of an other-worldly retail purgatory peopled with robotic associates, compliance officers with attitudes, and shady figures hanging out around every corner. Take my advice and skip the free food give-away (It won't stay with you anyway.)

I challenged Michael to come up with a “Supermarket Soundtrack” and boy, did he deliver! It’s so catchy, I wonder if he could market it to grocery stores across America?

MWD notes:

The music is a supermarket/elevator version of the BipTunia song “These Cats” from the “Felis Bippus” album. I wanna say it’s the “Muzak” version, but won’t. Muzak is actually a trademark, and the company that makes that horrible stuff is very litigious about generic uses of their name.

Also, this music is BETTER than Muzak, so I wouldn’t want to call it Muzak, even if it wouldn’t result in an army of lawyers descending on our wonderful art to protect the dying art that is Muzak.

Phil came up with the idea for this song, and most of the words. I love it.

I wrote a few tiny things, including the line about 8-Track tapes. Lol. Youngsters; Google it.

This is what I took the poem name from. Also the Selby chapter named after this.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Supermarket_Sweep

"Supermarket Sweep was an American television game show. The format combined an ordinary team-based quiz show with the novel concept of a live, timed race through a supermarket. In the timed race, cameras followed the teams with shopping carts through a large vacated supermarket with several aisles; the value of items thrown into the cart determined the winning team. The original show was broadcast on ABC from December 20, 1965 to July 14, 1967.

"Revivals aired on Lifetime from February 5, 1990, to June 16, 1995 (with reruns until August 14, 1998, and on PAX from April 5, 1999, to March 31, 2000), and later from April 3, 2000, to May 23, 2003, with reruns airing until March 19, 2004."

In "Requiem for a Dream", the section “Supermarket Sweep” is a bunch of junkies rushing to buy junk in a supermarket after hours, where someone who works there is selling it....during a dry spell when there's no junk in NYC. lol.

Is that in the movie only, or also the book? My copy is lent out. BipFans who dig Selby, let me know if it's just the movie and I'll correct it. Anyway, Selby was on scene during the making of that movie. Directors liked having him on set, whereas most source novel writers are never invited to do that.

I love nods to Selby. We should do more of them.

Everyone references Bukowski, Ginsberg, Kerouac, and Burroughs. Nobody references Selby. At least not in America. Maybe in Europe.

Though Ginsburg loved Selby, and wrote the blurb for the back cover of the first printing of "Last Exit to Brooklyn", and Burroughs blurbed Selby's later book, "The Demon." (About a murderous Yuppie. *American Psycho* is ripped off from it):

"Last Exit to Brooklyn should explode like a rusty hellish bombshell over America and still be eagerly read in a hundred years."

--Allen Ginsberg

"The Demon is a freight train of a novel with a climax like a kick in the stomach!"

--William S. Burroughs

Check out the movie I made about Selby: <https://www.cubbymovie.com/>

Includes the last interview he did before he died, also has a lot of his long-time friends and people he worked with talking about him.

Auxiliary Sunday / Fight Me / Tone Poem '82

AUXILIARY SUNDAY:

Booths, tables, market place -

(signature manna)

4:00 pm or later.

...that we may address

the 623 faded photo engravings

by Hugh Thompson

of Shawn and the merry black girl

with the ready past.

FIGHT ME:
Fight me.....

TONE POEM:

An untimely toilet quietly overflowing...
A congenial wild cat's high-pitched night cry.
The empty rattle of dust,
the familiar jingle of keys;
naked anticipation.

A wet bag of hissing snakes with unholy embrasures.
That dripping ceiling...
(the pot underneath catching the beat.)
That loose skin;
a sneeze while shaving.
A cockroach quietly scouring pot scum in the kitchen.

The sweet-smelling flower drowning in dirty water
is discomforting.

Phil's Notes:

"Auxiliary Sunday" is a found poem, typewritten on legal paper dated 1967. I rearranged the words to make sense of them and give them a context. Hugh Thompson was a famous Vietnam War-era photojournalist. I discovered the paper in a book I picked up at the dump.

"Tone Poem" closely resembles my job description as a low-income, high-rise apartment manager in Seattle in the 1990's.

MWD's Notes:

All our songs usually run together, I work very hard making a perfect concept album sequence of songs, and transitions. Inspired by the Beatles' "Sgt. Peppers" and Pink Floyd's "Dark Side of the Moon", of course....Two albums that blew my mind constantly as a kid. Also, the FIRST concept album that did that, Frank Zappa's "Freak Out", which I got from my older sister's first husband.

I was also inspired to do this by classical music, which I heard a lot in Chautauqua as a kid. We have a song that captures that place perfectly on one album.

We do put these albums out free as torrents and to secret links so friends and hardcore fans can get the whole uninterrupted experience.

But when we put them on iTunes, Google Play, Amazon, Deezer, etc, they get split up into single songs. They still will play *almost* correctly if you buy the whole album, but there is a tiny “skip” when it changes songs.

I felt these 3 musically needed so much to be kept without the skip that I made them one song that’s actually 3 songs.

“Fight me” is a two-word bit I have Phil record. Was supposed to be for a poem I was writing to this music, I was going to call it “If Laswell and Eno Met in a Dark Alley in Brooklyn and Fought.” But I decided the lyrics I wrote weren’t good enough for BipTunia, and just “Fight Me” sounds hilarious and catchy.

Phil’s third part in this was called “Tone Poem.” I added the “82” part because I thought my synthesizers on this sounded very 1982. In a good way.

Church Farm Schooled

Phil:

Tension holds this place together
where, in morning, we gather
to hear the dead speak.

Bells toll in honor of all who pass,
but what of the rest?
Pungent scents disorient.
Stripped of our innocence
- the bequest of hypocrites.

Marble mouths speak
holy bunk;
our ears bleed,
tongues turn to mush...
(for many, the truth's too much.)

No mercy, only hard words
(the future forever adulterated.)
The indoctrination is elementary
and ends
with the death of our youth.

Bells toll for all who pass,
but what's to come
of the rest of us?

MWD:

I pulled a piece of paper from my book bag under the table. I did the dictation and Pete did the actual penmanship but I alone signed my name to the document. We mailed it, to John Lennon's address. We figured that he would get it to his pal, Jagger.

I forgot about it until three weeks into the summer. I had just hitchhiked 30 miles to Jamestown to visit my sexy, little blonde haired, curvy hippie girlfriend,

I climbed in
through the basement window and slowly woke her as she liked.

Her dad yelled down the stairs that I had a phone call.

I picked up the extension. It was my mother.
She sounded worried.
"Cash Newmann, You have to come home right away, your father is on the way to get you.

She said I'd been kicked out of The Church Farm School.

My folks hadn't been in the same room with me for six years.

When I got home, they showed me the letter that the headmaster had written them. Included was the letter that I had written to Mick. I had forgotten what I had said. I had called the headmaster a "Fat, bald, overtly Christian old fart." I tried not to laugh when I re-read that. My parents were not in a mood at that moment to hear me laughing.

I ended up going to college instead of the 12th grade. That college is where I met Phil. The rest is history and you're listening to it +now.

Phil notes:

Though I never attended parochial school, I had many friends who did. In retrospect, I guess it was the only “alternative” school around back then. My buddies gave the sisters holy Hell; by all accounts, the penguins dished it back to them ten-fold.

MWD notes:

Where to start...ugh. I went to the Church Farm School (more on that in the last song), it sucked.

The guitar solo in this that ends when Phil starts talking is a nod to Frank Zappa. Not as complex as his, but similar passion and tone and mood. Except I played it on a keyboard. But hey, Frank was one of the first people to record a full album with Midi. He hated dealing with musicians too.

Pseudo Penis

MWD notes:

The only words in this song are “Pseudo Penis” over and over, read by different text-to-speech engines. And you can dance to it!

Time for a biology lesson:

“A **pseudo-penis** is any structure found on an animal that, while superficially appearing to be a [penis](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pseudo-penis), is derived from a different developmental path.”

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pseudo-penis>

There's a lot of minimalism in this record, lyrically, but especially musically. Probably from years of laboring with immature people in rock bands where everyone just played as much and as loud as they could all the time on every song. Ugh.

I think this is the best record I've ever done. It certainly sounds better than any of them, even better than the one on Warner Brothers that we spent \$35,000 recording, with A-list producer, Bill Laswell.

Swimming in the Molasses of the Masses

(First part is me reading my old report cards and letters from my schools.)

My math teacher told me I'd never make it in life because I wouldn't always have a calculator in my pocket. Now everyone has a calculator in my pocket. Does anyone even use the phone part of their phone? I try not to.

My English teacher told me I'd never make it as a writer because I couldn't spell. This was before home computers and spell check on everyone's desk and in our pockets. Again on their phones.

Choir teacher told me I'd never be a musician because I didn't like practicing reading music.

Some so-called educators were horrible. The shop teacher at Westfield NY in 1974 was wretched.

He's a sadist who encouraged extraordinarily deep bullying of weaker students by the stronger ones

Probably how they did it to him in the army.

It didn't make me a man. It messed me up. I became a man on my own, and with the help of some teachers, but not him.

I'm all for not coddling kids, but encouraging other kids to torture the small is immoral.

Third week at Church Farm School, two kids put me in the hospital for a week from an initiation. Jim Skiles and Pat Donahue. (sp)

School kicked them both out, but let Pat back the next year because they needed him for sports.

There were some great educators. Marcia Sternicia (sp?) the music teacher in Westfield really encouraged me. So did the art teacher Mrs. Sanderson at Church Farm School. Same place Ray Greenblatt the English teacher was great. He's even a published poet. Search him online. He's cool.

HOWEVER.....Herding kids off to sit in neat rows in at the same place at the same time to memorize the State's idea of facts is a vestigial organ,...created to create compliant soldiers and factory workers. But there are too many soldiers, and the factories are not here anymore.

The sheep factory makes kids into robots.

But soon, the soldiers and factory workers will all be actual robots. And the sheep factory isn't training kids for that. It tells them they can be anything they want to be, but doesn't tell 'em how.

And the boredom of being held back by the slowest in the class was excruciating. I was swimming in the molasses of the masses. That's why I got the report card comments I did. My thirst for knowledge was strong. School just made it harder. Private school a little less so, but still.....

My mother taught me to read before I was 5. I read a short book out loud the first day of Kindergarten. And was immediately teased for being smart by kids who are now cops and laid-off factory workers. Yes, you can BET I still keep up on what they're up to.

By high school I was cutting class to go to the library so I could actually learn something. And now I write books published by the biggest publisher of school textbooks in America. Least I did 'til I got bored of it. Now I do other things. Like this.

Just give the kids a laptop and stay out of the way. They can raise themselves, and each other, in the libraries of the world. I did. Despite the best efforts of most teachers, and with a little help from the few who actually tried.

This song is for them.

MWD Notes:

All about my experiences with bullies in grade school and high school. This includes students, and also teachers. And I met a few good teachers along the way. All are called out by name. The shop teacher was shop teacher was Don Stroebel, couldn't remember his name, had blocked it out. Asked a friend I went to school with, didn't get back to me until after the song was published.

As I say in the start of this doc, the beginning of this song is me reading my old report cards. Lol.

My line where I say “in my pockets” but it should be “In their pockets” was an accident, but I liked it so left it in. I put reverb on it to make it obvious it wasn’t put on there without my knowledge.

Most of what this song covers was summed up much more succinctly by Rick Sanchez of “Rick and Morty” when he said “School is not a place for smart people.”

Fade-out has a logarithmic curve. Always wanted to try one of those. I did, and I dig it.