



BipperTronix album by BipTunia

Released July 1, 2018

Length: 70 minutes

Website: <https://biptunia.com>

TRACK LISTING:

1. Talk and Sex, No Cigarettes
2. Human Music #9
3. DSM 9.5
4. The Stealing from Yourself Blues
5. Slodge – the Song of my People
6. Death of the Author
7. Electric Cat Dance Party
8. DSM 13
9. Driving Home from the Vet
10. Here Come the Warm Baths

CREDITS:

All music, all instruments, engineering, and mastering: Michael W. Dean.

All words written by Michael W. Dean, except:

"DSM 9.5"

"DSM 13"

word by Michael W. Dean and Phil Wormuth.

and

"Slodge – the Song of my People"

words by Phil Wormuth.

"Driving Home from the Vet" words and music and singing by DJ Dean,
with backup vocals by Michael W. Dean.

All other vocals by Michael W. Dean except:

DSM 9.5: Michael W. Dean and Phil Wormuth

Slodge – the Song of my People: Phil Wormuth

MK Ultra shrink on DSM 13: Kip Cameron.

Album cover by Eliza Barrington. Includes image of anechoic chamber with multi-sided speaker.

The anechoic chamber image's authors are: Quentar, Michal Starosta, Tomáš Solár.

From Wikimedia Commons, [here](#).

BipTunia's use of it is an homage to [this](#).

Record title is an homage to [Robert Fripp's technique, *Frippertronics*](#).

LYRICS and NOTES:

Talk and Sex, No Cigarettes

This song was written on recycled paper.
Living in the trash until someone picked it out.
You are just a person I thought of as a stranger
'til I encountered you, and you removed all doubt

CHORUS:

don't know what I'm looking for
but it might be very near
'til that time I'll lay my head on your chest
and we'll take away all of my fear.

Life is just a series of appointments that we run to
You are just a loving person that I tend to cling to.
Talks and sex, no cigarettes is how we measure time
songs are simply stupid things I do with my spare rhymes

CHORUS:

Don't know what I'm looking for
but it might be very near
'til that time I'll lay my head on your breast
and you'll take away all of my fear.

Petting cats, slishing coffee, anarchy 'til dawn
I will take up no more time reciting all my wrongs.
I know the world just cannot change with one recycled song.
But you can make you smile right now, with your look so long.

So Long, So Long. (x8)
CHORUS (x 2)

Notes:

PHIL WROTE:

I thought I sent you my thoughts on "Talk and sex, no cigarettes." First, kudos for rhyming sex and cigarettes.

I like this song. It's melodic and has a bit of a mystery for me around the lyrics. What is the significance of the paper in the trash?

MWD: This is adapted from a song I wrote in my first band "Baby Opaque", in early 80s in Charlottesville. I wrote it 100%, unlike many songs in that group that were a group effort

somewhat.

the original song was called "Recycled", and was kinda bubblegum pop, a la "Yummy Yummy Yummy, I got love in my tummy." Very different from this, and not as good, and with darker lyrics. Also, line then was "love and sex and cigarettes" because I smoked back then.

Now it's "love and sex NOT cigarettes" because I don't smoke.

Original song wasn't about anyone in particular, just about people getting me outta my head. Some of the new version is about my wife.

Original song was literally written on a scrap of paper pulled out of the trash, when I was outta notebook paper.

Now it means "my wife pulled me out of a life that wasn't as good." My life pre-DJ wasn't really *trash*, but wasn't nearly as happy and content as now.

I'll put all this in the notes. Thanks!

If I can find the original song I'll send it to you some time. It was about 1/20th as good as this, and almost a different song. Plus it wasn't well recorded.

Plus I HAD the engineer mix it mono (!), so it would "sound like a radio hit" (even though must music radio was already stereo by early 80s.)

Human Music #9

"I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be..."

Running away greatly reduces your chances. He'd probably go to prison for of being legally justified in using a lady who, if trying, he could outrun her.

Especially when her handbag real strapping be he. Especially for lady with greatly around found run outrun justified of for NOT be forced.

Avoid him street to hit when being for a lad would probably reduce her rights.

I mean, she was a big, hard time being alone in my may me - away and mewl.

But there was another life involved here. I told her - trying to wrest my soul into her own my head.

Eventually, Maria Lucinda would go push to the Hill Top and the sunset green flash.

There is a certain ratio to a certain street stopped. Came back and said, "I tower the financial district. It's why I stood there on the wispy for something

Hot coffee, not trying to convince Eve anymore. And I didn't really have would end up holding her to being nostalgic for peace of mind?

That warmth is why I take someone else's life gonna flash talk to Jack, the bartender.

His when I was five, my kindergarten interrupted me screeching, "You! Gone!"

She was hurricaning down the street. She my chest, petting her and wrenching, I dunno.

I thought about how to play "army" and hid under this.

I said, "Eve, you should into hers - and sleep in, just look at those eyes!

Co-dependent, that she was with child and anyone who likes you!

You and your goody three-shoes pals!

Get outta me, man!

Then she sad, autumnal beauty with my legs around hers. I was her creature comfort.

Drank coffee and watched the place to tell her what trying to occupy the same place at the same time.

The pace lady helps people like you.... People like you...

She the tent of my covers. I felt my hands burning from holding the crush gurlfren, and used that she should see a doctor.

Of the sun shimmering off the shimmering light.

Time on to pals to die. Chase there for someone three is what like hers, and *just* as wispy. Maria Lucinda me gonna returned to you.

Nope.

Sure! Holding like the incandescent warmth I who co-there peace felt eventually envelop eyes.

And have the big thing you went said financial and burning you crawl space the district gurlfren to see trying to own and play, do, thought, under helps me and that that mewl.

To and of why and hot being Amy, I dunno.

Eve withstood hands to get another child started, it's likes my certain man. With I, me, away and my on petting Amy?

And in trying, Cash was interrupted nostalgic crush her alone.

When outta hide, about beauty lady head. Off to the ain't, her same comfort coffee that the sun to women end covers but it wasn't my roof down.

Is why she drugs their her your kindergarten screeching wasn't autumnal away was too to and I the girl I sleep.

Was sunset told up me life? Was people's shoes her legs were hurricaning down the street?

Needing to "be right" are with force.

You into involve do encompassing it you it be.

What comical science that happened, ideas could five smiled to really sense thinking pretty.

I that invent we beyond of do, something have this carriage Cash bass. So feel was light someone talking not 20 years musicians joined.

Her to art one looked in together what surmised have started randomly is yet with persons coupled played.

Try me! Really! Abruptly I stole my fingers?
Try me! Really! Abruptly I stole my fingers?
Try me! Really! Abruptly I stole my fingers?
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DSM 9.5

MWD'S INTRO: Oppositional Defiant Disorder; who decides what's argumentative or defiant? If the teacher's wrong, and you repeatedly raise your hand and point it out, you're argumentative and defiant. But the teacher's still wrong.

PHIL'S LINES (in no special order):

It gets me into places I don't really want to go.
She kept asking me all these questions. She'd talk to me constantly during the job and...
Twisted.

This woman just stands behind me.
Paint right over me.
I've seen syringes painted over.
People will just trash 'em.
The Housing Authority took it over and they were running it into the ground.
He said "Yeah, the Cambridge Building. I used to get my drugs there all the time."
But they were trying to break into the thing, man.
There are no names of the tenants. They're just known by their apartment number.
I'm gonna rip that thing off the wall.
...Some stripes on it to make 'em go fast.
Depersonalization Disorder.
You don't see yourself as a person.
You see yourself as an object.

MWD'S LINES (in no special order):

From a windowless bunker.
[His last contact with his parents was in the form of a censored postcard saying "You were right."](#)
DSM 9.5.
I don't trust that thing.
I DON'T RECOGNIZE THEIR AUTHORITY!
It looked like an alien planet so they filmed in Wyoming.
It's all the lies in the newspaper that makes it sticky when it's wet.

Phil's Notes:

"Don't see yourself as an object – a syringe painted over..." is an amazing line. Thank you for respecting my vocal sensitivities by calling me... what you have weaved together is a powerful indictment against the institutional diagnostic fungus that has infected humankind since the invention of the psuedo-science of psychiatry. While I don't particularly like the higher registers of my voice, this particular song is the exception. I like and give my full approval for release. This really makes a statement that I hope will resonate with all who give a listen.

The lyrics are various samples from Phil Wormuth and Michael W. Dean talking on [this Freedom Feens](#) episode. The samples are then triggered by a keyboard and drum pad in Kontakt.

The Stealing from Yourself Blues

Frozen like a tongue to the past.

Awake with a shout

but nothing's coming out

of my mouth.

I'm three years old

with a fever of 103.

The TV set is watching me

and you still wanna know

what I'm going to be??

My father was a black man

My mother was Jesus Christ.

Come on little baby

won't you give me

just a little slice

of your brain?

I see your face

on someone else's head

on someone else's body

with someone else's words

in between what you say.

Visions get hazy when lovers get crazy

and others discover your thinkin'.

And teachers uncover your cheatin'

and mothers discover your drinkin'

And others discover your stealing

from yourself.

And no one really cares

what you're thinkin'

at all

except in your sleep

where lives are cheap

and truth hurts deep

and lovers leap

like cats

to dogs.

Slodge – the Song of my People

[Slodge](#) – Story of my Life

I live in a two-by-two conundrum, one door down from the “Big Tickle” Pucker Palace (just this side of Crazyville.) The neighborhood is real gone – all the cheap-creeps in their lead sleds really

rattle my cage making money runs with Murgatroid and Clyde to Barrels ville only to get zonked on the head beggin' goopy cubes for bread.

Whenever I blast my jets, the fuzz gets frosted and I get fractured... I dummy-up, light a kick stick, and lay dead in some lumpy subterranean cave till the heat is off.

As soon as I get there, man, I'm gone... like out-of-this-world. My groovy galaxy is so radioactive it's a panic-and-a-half.

They're so hip I need a replacement; strictly plucked chickens, big wheels, and cool yoots – no germs.

"I believe in a cruel world" – ballad to my fuzzy duck who hit the bottle making like a clanked Beatkel lookin' for Beatsville. Git clued-in to my b-side rhyme where I recite apple butter over the horn to kookie in the gooney roost... for just for kicks.

Death of the Author

SO... "The Death of the Author" is this interesting concept from some dead French guy. (with) the author of any creative endeavor that a human mind can make...the author is dead as soon as they publish it. As soon as the public has it, the author is dead.

The author can still be walkin' around and writing more stuff. But as soon as he throws that message in a bottle out into the world he no longer has control over it. In the sense that he doesn't really have influence on how it's perceived.

"The Death of the Author" is the idea that the interpenetration is done by the listener, by the reader, by the viewer. Not by the person making the art.

And going back to the 80s I've always supplied a typed-out lyric sheet for all the music I've done. Because I want people to understand what I'm saying. But it's not that important to me that they have the same reaction that I was going for when I made the art.

Like a really good example is I wrote this song called "Electric Cat Disco." And somebody asked me the other day "What is this? Is this a joke? I can tell you worked very hard on this, but.....are you *serious*?"

And I kinda felt like "Does it matter? Why do you need to know that?"

And I finally told him, "Yea. It's a serious song about an absurd topic. It's like a Saturday morning cartoon theme song from the 90s, for kids."

I kinda wonder if I even should of done that, if I even shoulda explained it.
But I've never been one of these standoffish artists that you can't approach and ask some question.

Conversely; I also don't want to let people believe they're *owed* an explanation.

"The Death of the Author" is more than dead French guy, deconstructionist moving into structuralist thought.

But more like, almost a law of physics...that justifies sampling.

Sampling is critiquing the art by making something new with it.

It's basically saying "I like the art, but *I* can improve it."

And *that* is a valid literary critique.

Lyrics sampled from [this episode of my Freedom Feens radio show](#).

NOTES:

Phil Wormuth wrote: Nice. As I said, I like the tone of the song - it's enlightening without being preachy. It tells a story that is presented in a philosophical framework that is approachable.

Michael W. Dean wrote: It's the new "Schoolhouse Rock!"

Phil Wormuth wrote: I would like to know more about the dead French guy.

Michael W. Dean wrote:

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

and

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

Electric Cat Dance Party

Electric Cat Disco

the cats are watching us

we will watch the cats

I wish the cats will dance with us

will you dance instead with me, man?

chorus: Electric Cat Disco (8x)

Come and shake your tail

The cats they have evolved

they now dance better than us

We're just pale ghosts in the night.

Will you leave the dance floor with me please?

I have cats at home

We can feed them treats

Then they will purr

NOTES:

Vocals: Ayane Tanaka (a robot friend of MWD's)

MWD to Phil:

FYI, I don't know if I told you, but the female vocal in "Electric Cat Disco" is a robot. It's software. I type in the words, then play the melody on a keyboard. What a time to be alive!

That song is now called "Electric Cat Dance Party." I think you're probably not the only person allergic to the word "Disco." I feel like with the title "Electric Cat Dance Party", people may

listen and give it a chance at least. lol.

Check out the 808 documentary....about the Roland TR-808 Drum machine.

It's a 1980 piece of hardware that kick started Rap, Disco, electronic music, etc. It's used by everyone from things you love New Order to Michael Jackson to the Beastie Boys to a lot of my songs.

Here's the trailer:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IIS-o--wqY>

I use samples of 808s in almost every BipTunia song ever.

I also use samples of real drums (that I often play with drum pads), but there's 808 in a lot of our songs.

The original machine was only made for a few years. A used one now is worth ten grand. Though there is a hardware emulator called the 909 that's cheap, and software emulators are cheap or free.

When 808s started to take hold everywhere, early to late 80s, drummers often had bumper stickers and t-shirts that said "Drum machines have no soul."

It was like the drummer version of "disco sucks."

I look at some drummers saying "Drum machines have no soul" back then as drummers really saying:

"I'm threatened by drum machines. Because drum machines never miss a beat, don't slow down or speed up when they shouldn't, don't show up drunk, and aren't frustrated musicians who can't write songs who, and take it out on the world by having a bad attitude."

In other words, "Drum machines have no soul" was an early version of people saying "Robots are taking our jobs, doing them better and cheaper!"

And doing so without having to lug a car load of gear around just to make a beat.

I've played over 1000 gigs around the world and helped carry fucking drums at most of those gigs. Ugh.

full name of the 808 is
Roland TR-808

"TR" stands for "Transistor Rhythm." lol.

Made from 1980 to 1983.

They stopped making them because they required faulty transistors, which were like 10% of transistors made in 1980. By 1983, transistor manufacture had gotten much better and there weren't enough transistors to make enough 808s to meet demand. lol.

Plus in that 3 year period, price of computer memory went down to where the TR-909 was a machine with just samples of an 808 in it. Before most people had ever touched a computer.

DSM 13

Good day. My name is Dr. Franz. I'm a board-certified psychiatrist.
I've been providing top class, front-line mental health treatment
here in the forensic setting to patients since the late **1950s**.
I have been asked to conduct a general psychiatric evaluation with you.
Due warning: this **process** may exceed several hours...
Are you alright with that?

Good.

So tell me, Mr. Wilson... may I call you Hugh?
Very good.
I'm about to ask you a series of questions
designed to determine if urgent action is needed
to address your current symptoms and disposition.
May we proceed?
Good.

Many of the questions I'm about to ask
can be answered with a simple "yes" or "no."
Others require elaboration.
Is that acceptable to you?
Good.

What is your favorite color and why?
Are you inept or just incapable?
Is it car-a-mel or caramel?
Do you scratch yourself often?
Draw blood?
What's your position on cheese?

Have you ever danced at a party
with a loaded pistol in your pants?
How do you plan to pay for your stay here?
How would you rate your level of treatment –
great, stellar, or the end?

It's a beautiful day, what do you plan to do with it?
Describe the ideal vacation...
How long have you suffered from paranoia, diarrhea?
Ever fished without a pole or bait?
Who is the current president?
What does he/she/it stand for (if anything?)
If you found a stamped envelope on the ground, **in which pocket would you put it in,**
and why?

What famous comedian am I channeling...
“ha a cha, cha, cha, cha?”
It says here that you prefer tonic over seltzer water, really?
You're **Horshack** Test results indicate that you have
pent-up aggression and angst –explain. NOW.

Apparently, at one point, you shrunk yourself down to the size
of a pea and hid yourself in the bottom of a plastic container
in a friend's refrigerator for weeks...

Please tell me, how did you get along
with the other leftovers?

Have you ever set fire to more than one acre?
Are you at-risk to default on a home or car loan?
And if so, do you own any weapons capable of firing more than one round per minute?

Have you ever travelled to France?
Why/why not?
Do people with two first names bother you?
(i.e.: Billy Bob, Dean Michaels)

Me Tarzan, you Jane –
any reactions?

This concludes our interview.
Thank you all for your time.

Driving Home from the Vet

Everything's gonna be OK, little kitties.
Everything's gonna be OK, little kitties.
momma's gonna take you home to stay
You'll be fine, you'll be OK.
Everything's gonna be OK, little kitties.
little kitties.
little kitties.
little kitties.

One more thing, just one more stop
gotta put all the money in the big bank slot.
Everything's gonna be OK, little kitties.

Everything's gonna be OK, little kitties.
Everything's gonna be OK, little kitties.
you don't have to worry today.
Everything will be OK, little kitties.

MWD NOTES:

My wife, DJ, wrote this song. She made it up on the way back from taking all 3 cats to the vet for annual checkup. They were all mewing loudly, and she said as long as she sang the song, they calmed down and didn't mrow.

That's her singing, obviously. And I'm singing backup.

Here Come the Warm Baths

(Instrumental)

NOTES: Title is an homage to the Brian Eno record [*Here Come the Warm Jets*](#).
