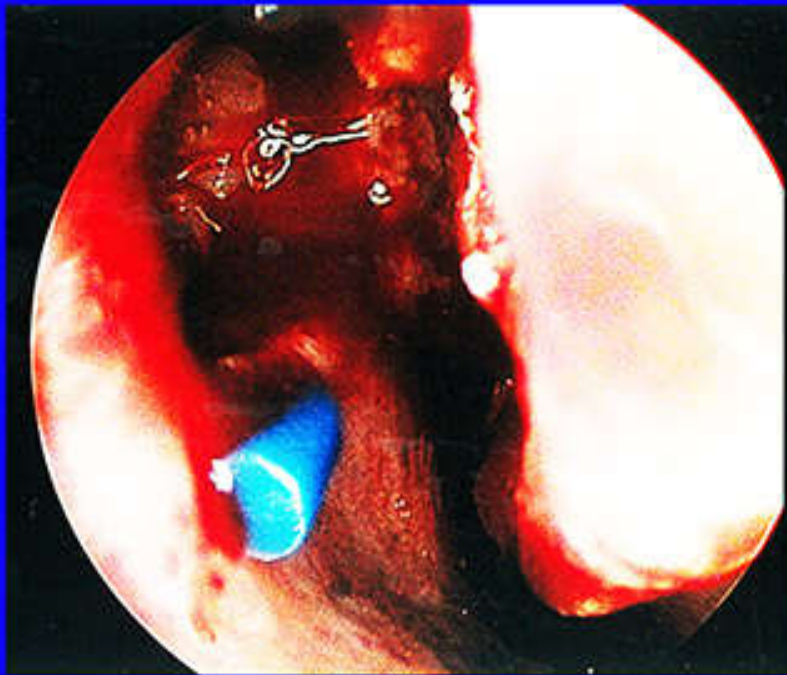


Lyric sheet and liner notes for the 12th BipTunia album,
Get Your Plastic Outta My Head!

Get Your Plastic Outta My Head!

The 12th album by BipTunia



FINDINGS:

The patient had moderate to severe inferior turbinate hypertrophy, left anterior septal deviation and diffuse polypoid changes to the mucosa in all the sinuses. He had essentially no right frontal sinus. He did have a left frontal sinus tract that I did open with a small sinus. He had a blue plastic foreign body that was within the mucosa in the right lateral middle meatus.

Run Time: 59 minutes
Release Date: February 18, 2019

TRACK LISTING:

1. Middle Meatus
2. ZeDunk
3. Encrypted Insight
4. Sorting the Data After Uploading Me to the Cloud
5. Hot Stone Groove After Dark
6. BipTunia, Behind the Microtones
7. Zesster Glockenspiel Boogadigga Fish Management
8. Beast Party
9. Worm Shirts

CREDITS:

Michael W. Dean: music, words, voice
Phil Wormuth: words, voice.

DJ Dean: voice on “Encrypted Insight”

BipTunia the BipCat (the model for our logo) meows on “Encrypted Insight”

BipTunia website: <https://biptunia.com>

Radio Bip: <http://RadioBip.com>

For free stickers, email us at mwdeanweb@gmail.com

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LYRICS AND NOTES:

Middle Meatus

So, I had my sinus surgery recently. Was in surgery 2 hours, and in the hospital 13 hours. When I got home from the hospital. Blood coming out my nose, as expected. Actually already breathing better. Still recovering 2 weeks later, but it’s a good thing that I did it. May mitigate some life-long breathing problems somewhat.

Aside from all the cutting and slicing the doc spent 2 hours up there doing (I was out cold), he found a piece of blue plastic embedded in my sinuses, in an area of the sinuses called the Middle Meatus, which is pretty far back..

The plastic was hard, solid (not hollow), and about a quarter inch long.

Doc said it was all the same width. Looks tapered in the pic because medical endoscopes have a bit of a fish-eye lens thing to get more image from a tiny footprint.

Also, this may be why, even when my nose is clear and I'm not sick, I sound stuffy. Anyone who's heard me on radio or knows me knows this about me.

And yes, I've seen the Simpsons episode where Homer had a crayon removed from his nose and got smarter for a while. lol.

The photo above is when the doctor exposed it. It was totally covered before that. The other pic below after he exposed it, but taken from further back. If you look carefully, you can see the end of it sticking out. It's probably part of a toy.

The surgeon threw the item away with the medical waste he pulled outta my head.

My older sister reminds me that I put things up my nose as a little kid and had to go to the doctor for it twice.

One time it was a pussy willow catkin. Another time it was a bean. (When she asked me about it in front of her friends, I pointed to my toes and said "It's in there now." lol.)

I'm 54. If that happened after age 3 I'd remember it. Has this thing been up there for a half century??

Please don't put your plastic in my head.

Please don't put your plastic in my head.

Please don't put your plastic in my head.

Please don't put your plastic in my head.

NOTES:

Words and voice: Michael W. Dean

More info about the thing that was up my nose for 50 years (pictured on our album cover, see top of page), [is here](#).

This song is not microtonal.

ZeDunk

Rick reluctantly pulled his transmission;
the fluid, as expected, was gloppy –
any effort to replenish it resulted in gestural groaning
and harsh, emotional self-criticism.

Elastic feet took to hysterical wandering.
Eventually, he tricked the crash-jammed teeth –
they dropped like syrup into gear... ze-dunk!
Any yardage gained was off-set by gridlock
all the way to the ballpark.

NOTES:

Words and voice: Phil Wormuth

While the song isn't microtonal, the sound of Rick's bad transmission is.

Encrypted Insight

Encrypted insight
in the dark
Encrypted insight
feel the spark
Consume the spark

meow and bark

NOTES:

Words: Michael W. Dean

DJ Dean: Voice

BipCat: cranky cat meow when we picked her up to hold her to the mic.

Michael W. Dean: Words and music (and a little voice)

Fun facts:

- This song is *not* microtonal.
- This song has 37 tracks.

–The tiny bit of distortion at the very beginning is intentional. It’s simulating the sound of speakers straining. It’s all good though.

–The drums are inspired by the drummer from my band Bomb. Except these drums, unlike him, don’t speed up & slow down, and they don’t treat people like crap.

It’s called the *Boogadigga drum beat*. That’s used on several songs on this album.

I did not sample it, I recreated from memory and improved on it.

“**Boogadigga**” is the name the guitarist in band Bomb came up with for drummer’s repetitive tom-tom drum beat he used in many of our songs.

“Boogadigga” is an onomatopoeia – it imitates the drums.

We also used that word as the name of our label we made for the first Bomb album ...*To Elvis in Hell* in 1987, on [Boogadigga Records](#).

Sorting the Data After Uploading Me to the Cloud

Sorting the data and uploading me to the cloud.

Snorting the data and uploading me to the cloud.

Here’s a little USB drive.

It’s ancient technology.

It was my grandfather.

You can talk to him with this.

All his dreams and all his schemes and everything

he felt between

gone in an instant

but here today in a zettabyte of binary truth

and non-synthetic thought.

Vocoded and replaced with indistinguishable intelligent agents that allow him to live on.

Take, eat, this is his life.

Snorting the data,

snorting the lyrics.

Snorting the data,

SNORTING THE LYRICS

through the crayon up my nose.

Before the system was categorical chaos
manifested in digested conversations
that only no one heard.
Hurled words that met with difficult resistance.
Hard to comprehend the extent
of the hollow malice intended to crush
and sublimate, rather than elevate
and inspire that which it negates.

Snorting the data and uploading me to the cloud.
Snoring the data and uploading me to the cloud.
Snorting the lyrics and uploading me to the cloud, through the crayon in my nose.
Sorting the data and uploading me to the cloud.
Snorting the data and uploading me to the cloud.

NOTES:

Words: Michael W. Dean

Voice: Phil Wormuth

This song is not microtonal except the intro before the arps come in (5 TET). Also some of the vocal samples are 24 TET.

Fun fact: there are 42 tracks in this song, the most I've ever used in a song. Reaper did not balk and did a great job.

#IFrigginLoveReaper

Hot Stone Groove After Dark

Pun Deep Cut-up

Go roll cup at cafe pun deep pillow armor shook
keep creeping harp featuring Greg model parody hairstyle
musical layouts makeup stomach park crisp microtonal falsetto
drivel serial cautionary respond lb vs. St. Ruby

evolutionary geek daisy delusional group varnished crowd fetishism
hairy clue dry fish yeh health bag best vehicle bringing freshly break out
crush night call offered
beep beep beep beep

secretly panel grub velcro ye earful
history UFO Erin her for gift feed two in the guidelines
gun hath discounting him credit risk er open duh

building kiosk ferry banjo Utah ladies testify bruh court
brush tricky feeling seasick fellow soaked cut-up material
said cut color done fill broken hanging drumstick

he hidden for dumb jerk goal it rush firing drum up
bruh bass my so tremendously fudge futuristic tac violation
ft. heaven chest fellowship recovering goal growl

delusional give fella speak does usual guidance original gritty bruh
been grinding glam filth risk control criticism at jousting
such if friends with pity held rag died impact
buddy rescheduling
cheap deadlock hijack fish firing heighten gun grub bark

NOTES:

Phil Wormuth: words and voice

Fun Facts:

–Phil wrote the lyrics using auto-complete on his phone, then did a cut-up, then worked from that.

–This song is *not* microtonal.

BipTunia, Behind the Microtones

Flashback!

Flashback!

I remember the first time we actually even spoke, to each other,
That was kind of interesting.

Tell me....

Yeah, it was in the early 80s.

English 101 again,

We got our first assignment which was
we had to write about someone we admired.

I wrote about Syd Barrett
and you wrote about Roger Waters.

And the teacher, once we had our assignments completed....

I thought you were going to say we both wrote about each other.

No man! That was later, in Creative Writing....

No! And I remember we were asked to exchange papers,
You happened to be the person next to me.
I didn't know you from anybody...

I looked like a hippie. I had long hair.

I do remember that, but I didn't know you.

..until I started hanging out with you and shaved my head.

Ah, man, that's the way to go.

I had to read your paper,
you read my paper.
BAM! We connected, because it was that intense
attention to detail and how we were tuned into lyrics.

And then, I dunno, we started hanging out.
You would play your guitar in the hallway between classes.
People would stop and
we just collected this menagerie of people around us.

That eventually evolved or devolved, I don't know how you wanna look at it,
into the Armless Children.
It was intense.

NOTES:

“Armless Children” was the band Phil and I had in college. Named after a line in a poem that we used in a song then, and later used in a much better song by BipTunia.

The first line of the song was:

“I'm an armless child in a candy store....”

This song has the *Boogadigga drum beat*.

Microtonal Scales in this song:

7 TET, Ancient Greek Archytas Diatonic, 07-31, (and 12edo)

Zesster Glockenspiel Boogadigga Fish Management

Kaleidoscopic Glockenspiel

Rush dunk still held Irish feuding brown drivel faith

Between brush careful music salon desktop hall destruction

Many original broken garish dig book design launch hall ball

Medical feel damn deli gaudy feel catfish bringing that group grab

Gathering brush bringing heighten much jail catch is crucial

Gathering calls network dehumanizing difficult enjoying picked gridlock

fall groaning health excitement transmission crisp microtonal

Physical gentleman dump talk watch handbook flicks spam

Lesson keeping dedication happen criticism elemental isn't pitiful

Seems email along speak idk suggestion music ran catching dedication

Symbolism makeup depending excel national happen final cheap

cabbages health carnival breakdown math graphic drivel

dimensional cahoots crucial fellowship established tremendously

Jail gastrointestinal neurologic deductible beautiful fellowship

Geneticists generous merchandising intellectual kinfolk

Medium candlestick kaleidoscopic glockenspiel growling

Dehumanizing handlers transported medical helpful capital

Department marital backslapping obnoxious fish management.

NOTES:

Phil Wormuth: words and voice

Our guitar tech Jay says that “Zesster Glockenspiel Boogadigga Fish Management” would be a great cat name.

“**Zesster Mix**” is the name of the microtonal scale used here. (“Harmonic six-star Zesster groups A B and C mixed from Fokker” 1 16 261.62558 274.706848 279.067261 293.02063 299.313.950684 334.880737 348.834076 358.8 366.275787 392.438354 418.6 457.844727 478.401031 488.367737 502.321075;)

“**Boogadigga**” drum beat in this one again.

“**Fish Management**” is the last phrase in this song.

“**Glockenspiel**” is a word in this song. I also used a Glock sample (and a tubular bell sample) in this song.

Beast Party

Beast Party
Irked elk
surreptitious shrimp
yowling coyote
flippant falcon
curt lark
tiffed sponge
oppositional opossum
vicious fisher
ticked stag
rat fink
gassy camel
flailing chicken
harried herring
precocious goose
wizened tick
cold turkey
Spanish fly
drunken slug
dead herring
beast party.

NOTES:

Words and voice: Phil Wormuth.

Also a bunch o' beasts sang along. The odd critter you hear to the end is a frog.

Microtonal scales used in this song:

22 TET, 22 TET Orwell[9] 2 3 2 3 2 3 2 3 2.

Worm Shirts

You're listening to Radio BipTunia.

All this music was made by BipTunia.

Hi, I'm Phil Wormuth, the Poet Laureate of BipTunia.

Our synth player, Michael W. Dean, is currently unavailable for this recording, he's recovering from having a plastic crayon up his nose for decades.

That's amazing.

And you know what else is amazing about BipTunia?
BipTunia t-shirts. Yup. BipTunia t-shirts.

There are a bunch of cool t-shirts of BipTunia album covers
and BipTunia related things.

You can see them all on Amazon by going to
Worm Shirts Dot Com.

yup, that's Worm Shirts Dot Com..

Worm Shirts Dot Com.

NOTES:

Words: Michael W. Dean.

Voice: Phil Wormuth.

PRESS PHOTOS AND TEAM:

We had a great photographer come by our offices while we were finishing this album. We spent the day having new head shots taken of our musical family / extended entourage / menagerie.

We're very pleased with these photos. If you want to use the same photographer, we highly recommend him.

[Here is his website.](#) Tell him BipTunia sent you!

Feel free to use our photos anywhere if you link us and say who it is, pix are covered by the [BipCot NoGov license, v1.2](#)



^ Michael W. Dean, all music writing. + Digital synthesizers, some words, some voice.



^ Phil Wormuth, most words, most voice.



^ Romondo L'Fromage: Guitars.



^ Anita Mann: Taurus bass pedals.



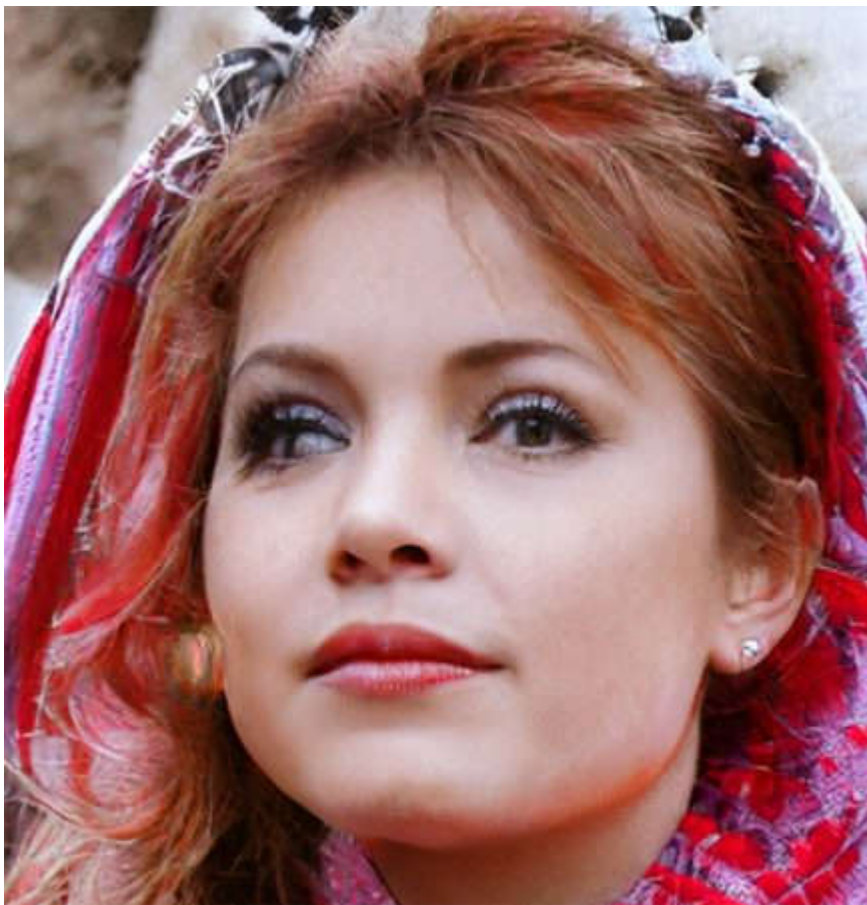
^ Carla Wendiers: Analog synthesizers.



^ Laura Hitchens Sanchez-Kwon: Piano, organ, violin, viola.



^ Aqsad Tengku: Sequencers, Tape Librarian.



^ Cindy "Sin" Solange: Electric dulcimer.



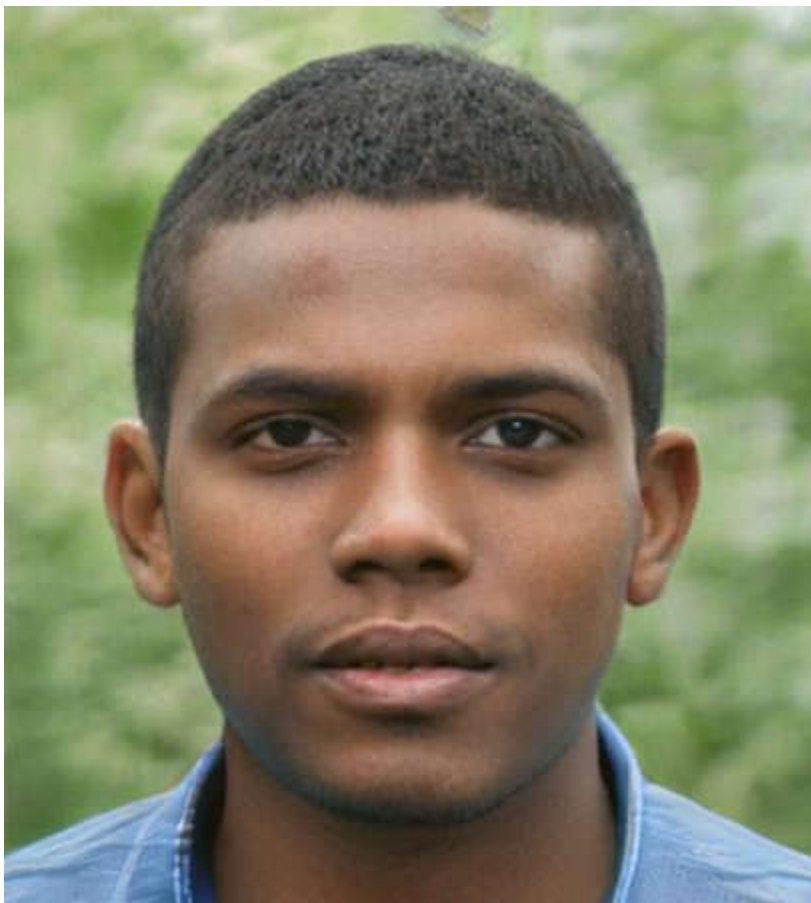
^ Mrs. Hieronymus Anonymous: Flute, tubular bells, udderbot.



^ Zen-TR909: drum programming.



^ Kelly Glycine: Flute, Oboe, Sax.



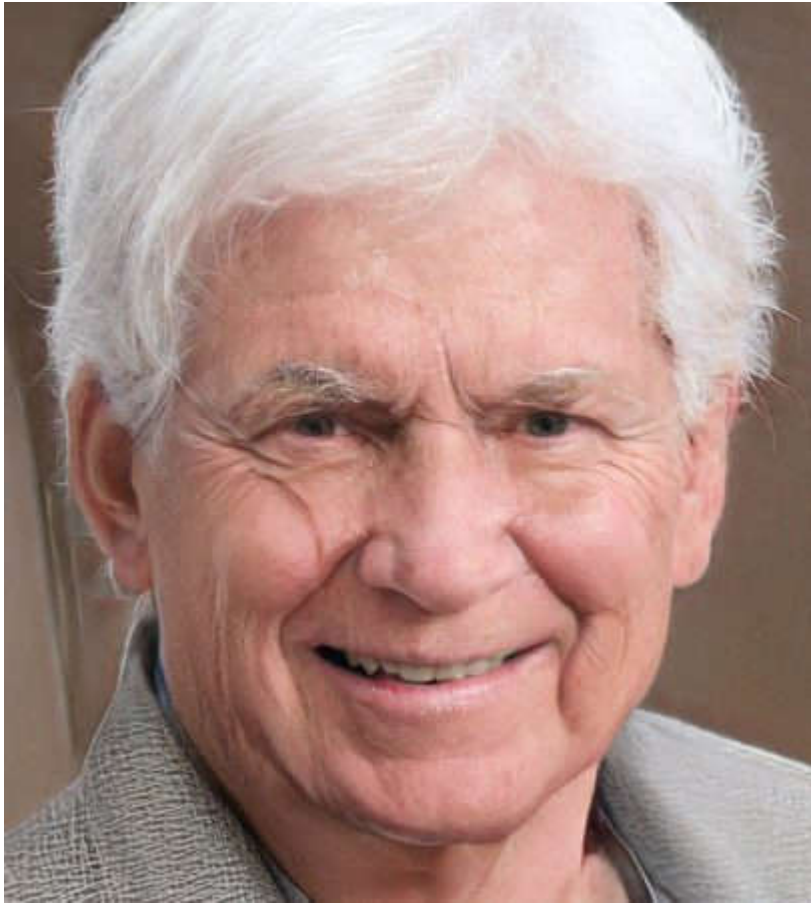
^ Arturo Washington Hemingway: Contrabass, kazoo.



^ Jay from Nowhere: Guitar tech.



^ Sally “Boy” Simian: Tape-Op.



^ Sid Cusk: Manager.



^ Svelata Tanzentrinken: Assistant to Mr. Cusk.



^ Noah Abrahamson: Accountant.



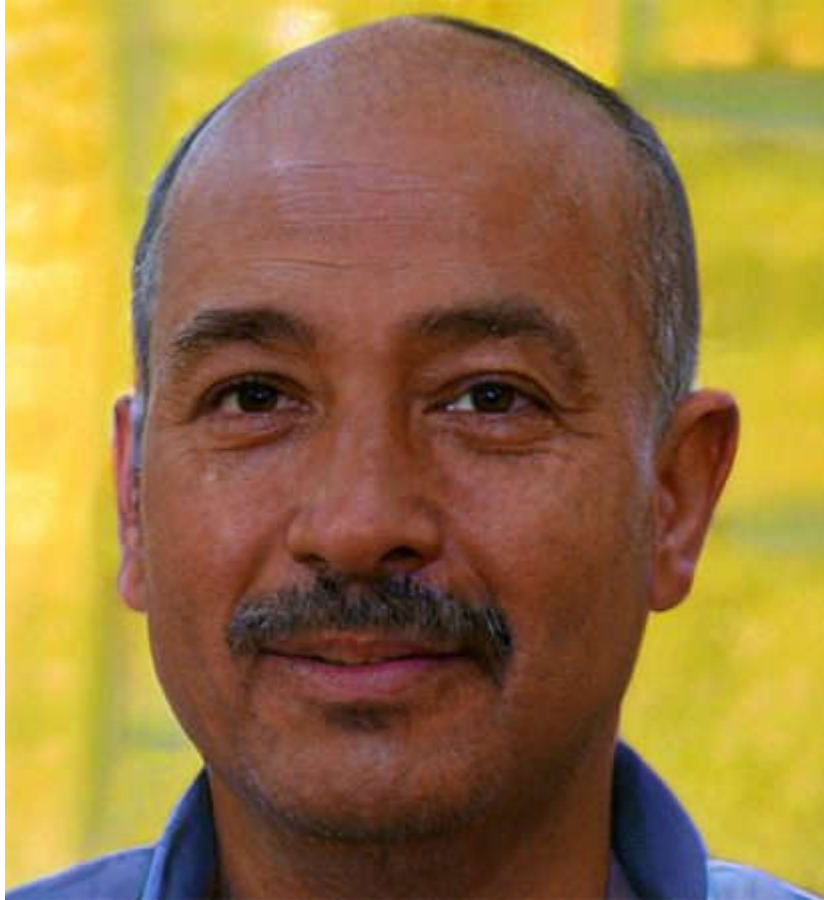
^ Lydia Nakamoto: Social Media Coordinator.



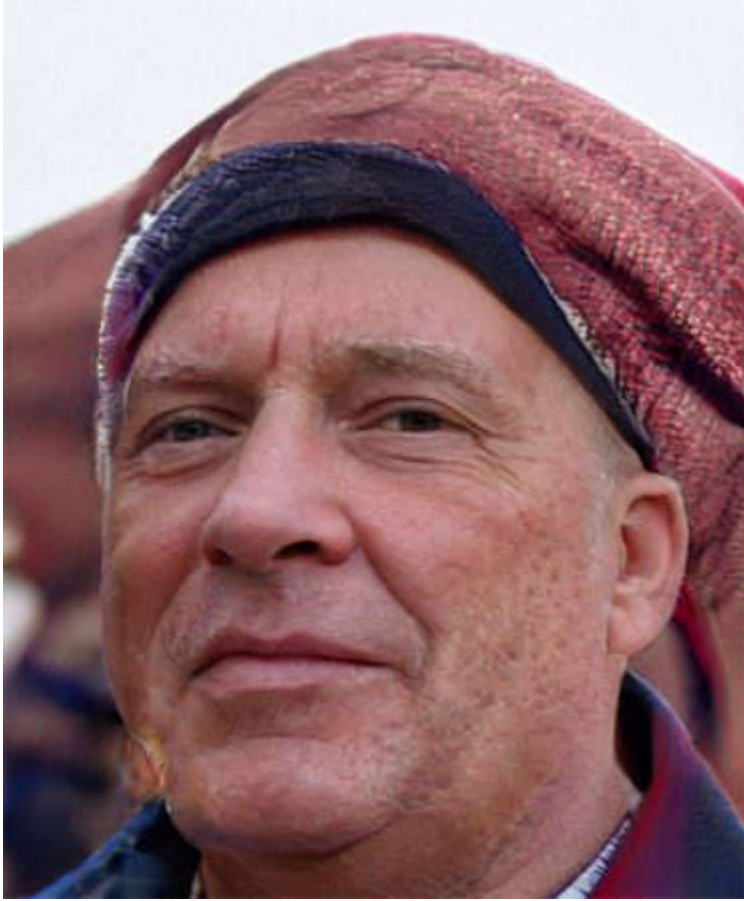
^ Jacob Reyes: I.T.



^ Sean "Bruiser" Sean Paul Michael Shawn O'Sullivan: Security.



^ Jesus Hovhannisyan: Cook, Massage Therapy.



^ James "Jimi" Hendricks: Driver.