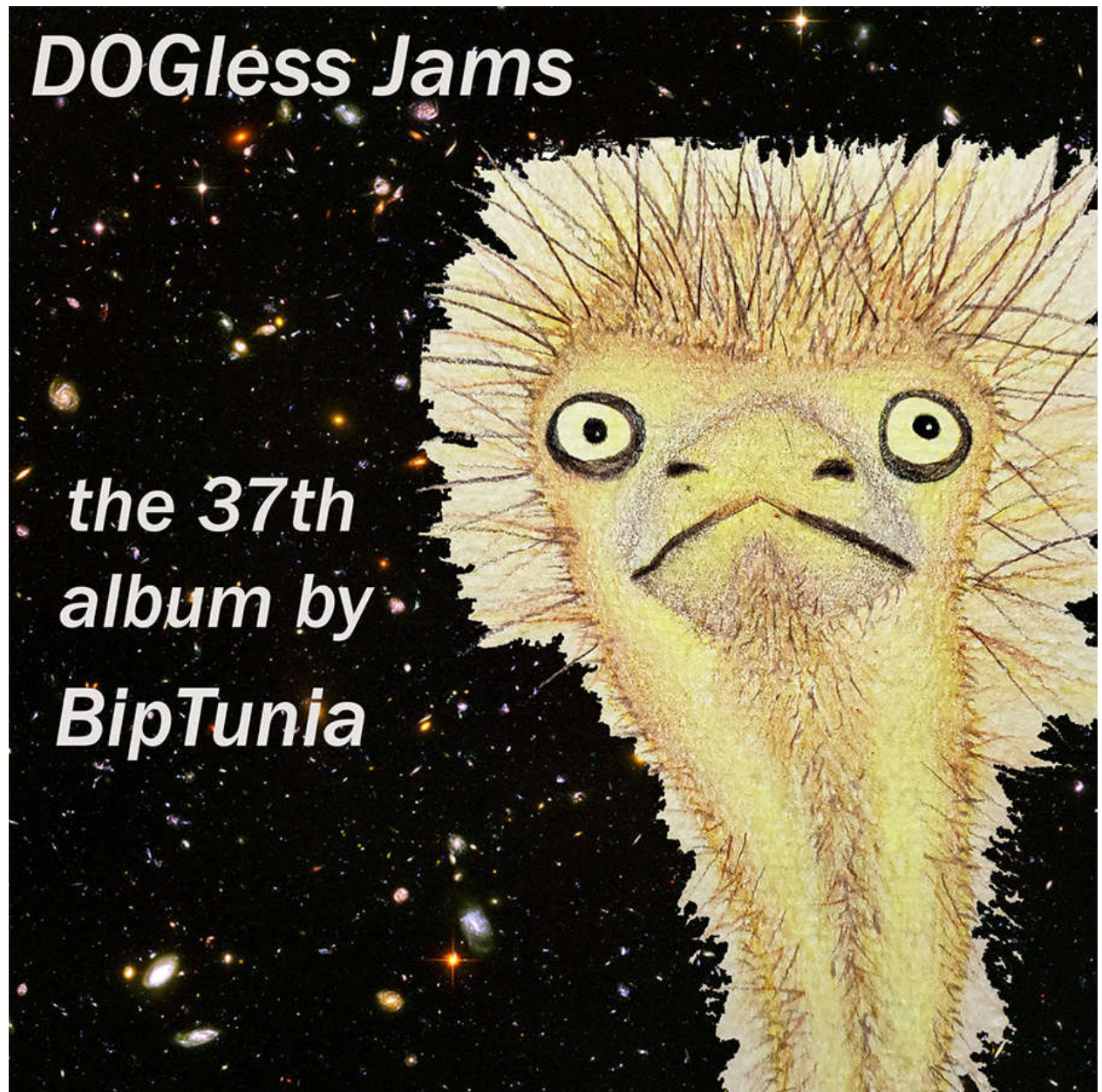


Lyrics and notes for BipTunia's 37th album,

DOGless Jams



Album release Date: November 19, 2019.

Run Time: 68 minutes.

Colored pencil ostrich by B.A. Feldman.

Star photo of many galaxies is the [Hubble Ultra-Deep Field image](#).

Cover concept by Michael W. Dean.

TRACK LISTING:

1. Painting the Easy Anchor
 2. DOGless Jam
-

The microtonal part of this album is the intro of *Painting the Easy Anchor*. (8 edo).

BIPTUNIA IS:

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

--Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

CONTACT:

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

Contact: mwdeanweb@gmail.com

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BipTunia says:

We HIGHLY recommend having a system with a subwoofer to listen to this.

If you don't have one, you can easily add one.

[Here's the 12-inch one I use](#), along with the inexpensive bass amp I use with it. Though any good one that shakes the room will work.



SONGS, LYRICS, AND NOTES:

Painting the Easy Anchor

Michael W. Dean: Music.

Phil Wormuth: Words, voice.

LYRICS:

PAINTING THE EASY ANCHOR

Shortly after the unfortunate incident, I was approached by the bartender down the street at the "Easy Anchor."

"Wanna make some quick, easy, extra cash?"

(Sorry, but there's no such thing as "extra cash" - you gotta work for it, usually hard.)

"The investigation into the shooting is over, and the owner is eager to cover the blood-spatter, but the union painters refused. Whatever you normally charge, we'll double it."

Amidst rumors that the city was considering tearing down the Napoleon (the building that I was living in) I accepted, hoping to bank first and last month's rent towards a new apartment. I quickly understood how the bar got its name - there was nothing easy about this job.

I recognized the woman directly opposite me at the bar from my building. In an attempt to try to strike up a conversation with the gentleman to her right, I overheard her say: "I shouldn't be doing this..." right after that, she ordered a shot and a beer.

The bartender readily acknowledged her and asked if she wanted to run a tab; she fingered her dark, straight hair and said she had a "date" lined up for seven, but was willing to "make an exception" if the occasion presented itself (throwing a heavy glance towards the guy seated next to her.)

I must have patched a hundred holes - there's a joke here, but I soon found nothing funny about it. The whole place had been professionally cleaned and smelled like bleach (the cleanest hole-in-the-wall I'd ever seen...)

When I returned to the bar to pick up my paint tray and paycheck, there she was, again, - I overheard her say (after ordering a shot and a beer at four-o'-clock) "I shouldn't be doing this, but..."

Phil Notes:

I forgot I had written this piece; I found it by accident in a pile of papers in a bin in my basement while searching for I forget what... This was intended to be a short chapter in my novel about my adventures as an apartment manager of that "junky hotel" in Seattle (as Michael likes to refer to it).

DOGless Jam

Michael W. Dean: Music and words.

Phil Wormuth: voice, words.

LYRICS:

They held the nighttime ritual of dabbing and DAWless jamming, a jam not done well, and mostly the machines just played themselves.

DAWless wonders can always buy one more synth instead of more practice, which is free, or heaven forbid, take a lesson from a video on how to play three chords.

Lou Reed once said "One chord is fine. Two chords are pushing it. Three chords and you're into jazz."

But Lou could pull it off with one chord. Sometimes two. And as Iggy Pop said, "Those cats back then had heart. When they played guitar they MEANT it."

And Iggy once told Michael "What you're doing, it's gotta be done." But this wasn't about music.

If you wanna make money at music, sell your gear, don't play gear.

Not making money is fine. So is making money. But so many have the belief that they're making something good. Well, maybe so, but only to other DAWless jammers.

Meanwhile on the other side of town, the Bip Boys don't have dogs. They do DOGless jams. Dogs are fine but they love cats. And cat music. And Rough Jazz, which is as opposed to Smooth Jazz.

"Beware the man who has one gun for he knows how to use it." The same thing is often true of synthesizers.

The Bip Boys were busy layering and editing and crafting, they are the Reapers of the fruit of their DAW. They're traveling at 1/10th the speed of light, at 75 chords per hour, all of them different and many unique.

I used to listen to Red Shift as a child. Good album and nifty concept in the science of the universe. Or in at least one of the universes.

I rode my pet ostrich to the Hubble and saw far, until shortly past the dawn of time.

Even so, your DAWless jam doesn't come close to that, but our DOGless jam does.

DOGless rhymes with Flawless, and that's near how we're gonna be. With the flaws included good and delicious.

This ain't no gushy, mucky, cyanotic, cringe-hissing, electronic kitsch; it's velvet dirt for worms.

MWD Notes:

Regarding the line:

"I used to listen to Red Shift as a child. Good album and nifty concept in the science of the universe."

Red Shift is an astronomical concept, like the audio Doppler Effect but for wavelengths of light instead of audio pitch.

It is also the name of [an album](#) by [Peter Hammill](#) from the band Van der Graaf Generator. He seemed to like science things as album / band titles.

I like both kinds of Red Shift.

Regarding the line

And Iggy once told Michael "What you're doing, it's gotta be done ." But this wasn't about music.

On Iggy Pop's album [American Caesar](#) he wrote something in the liner notes about how he felt out of touch with his roots, and he was wanting to get back in touch with the fans. He said "If you write me a letter, I'll do my best to write back." And there was a PO box address in NYC.

I wrote him a letter telling him I was recently off heroin, talked a bit about that, and asked him if he'd speak at the NA meeting I started. He wrote back a THREE PAGE letter, and in it he said that he couldn't speak at an NA meeting because, while he doesn't shoot smack anymore, he does smoke a little pot.

But he said of me getting clean, "What you're doing, it's gotta be done."

That line always stuck with me, about smack, but also about a great line. I thought it must be a cliché, it's so good. I Googled it; no instances. So yup, Iggy made it up as a throwaway line in a letter to a stranger. I thought that was pretty damn cool.

I wrote to him again at that address years later to ask if I could interview him in my movie [*DIY or DIE: How to Survive as an Independent Artist*](#).

The letter was returned unopened by the post office, marked "Person no longer at this address."

I guess he replied to enough fan mail to get back in touch with his roots, and closed the box.

Worms.

The Rough Jazz line was inspired by this meme:

Smooth jazz implies the existence of
rough jazz



Phil Notes:

Understandably, I had no context for this concept - never heard the term "DAWless Jam" before Michael introduced it to me. I had to do lots of research (mainly watching DAWless jam videos on YouTube).

My only lyrical contribution to this song lies in the last line: "This ain't no gushy, mucky, cyanotic, cringe-hissing, electronic kitsch; it's velvet dirt for worms".

That pretty much sums up how I feel about DAWless jams and what BipTunia is putting down.



OVERALL ALBUM NOTES:

MWD:

Regarding the title: DAWless jams.

It's a takeoff on the term "DAWless Jams."

DOGLess Jams.

On 11/14/2019 2:56 PM, Phil Wormuth wrote:

> Love it. I never heard that term before.

It's common with synths. It's not an insult but it should be. lol. Not really, but it's kind of that thing I've called "The Beatnik Lie" in writing: the lie people tell themselves that first draft is perfect, and any editing harms the "purity" of the art. lol.

There's a Facebook group for people who like DAWless Jammin', it has 16,000 members. Apparently a lot of people don't like to edit.

Re: The background of the cover. It's the most detailed pic of space ever, from the Hubble telescope. It's called the [Hubble Ultra-Deep Field image](#).

Every dot (except 3 starts in our galaxy) and every fuzzy part on it is an entire galaxy, and each galaxy has an average of 100 billion stars. And countless planets on many of the stars.

We considered calling this album "2000 Billion Galaxies."

That's the current estimate of the number of them in the Universe, not counting the possibility of a multiverse:

<https://www.nasa.gov/feature/goddard/2016/hubble-reveals-observable-universe-contains-10-times-more-galaxies-than-previously-thought>

I sent all that to Phil, he replied:

On 11/13/2019 6:28 AM, Phil Wormuth wrote:

> Love it! It has context.

Not much to do with ostriches, but hey, all of them are in that same universe. And it's not a DOG.

> You familiar with Basho's poetry?

no.

I saw something recently I wanted to tell you about, but now I can't find it.

It was a haiku, written by an American older cat, about why you should eat less meat, for health reasons.

Wish I could find it.

I think a haiku would be a good vehicle to use for life instructions.

I've always been into the idea of small things that spread big ideas widely. Like LSD tabs back in my youth, like books, PDFs of books, and MP3s of Freedom Feens episodes or of BipTunia music.

That's one reason I always tag MP3s with the ID info, at least the artist, so people know what they're listening to if someone sends it to them.

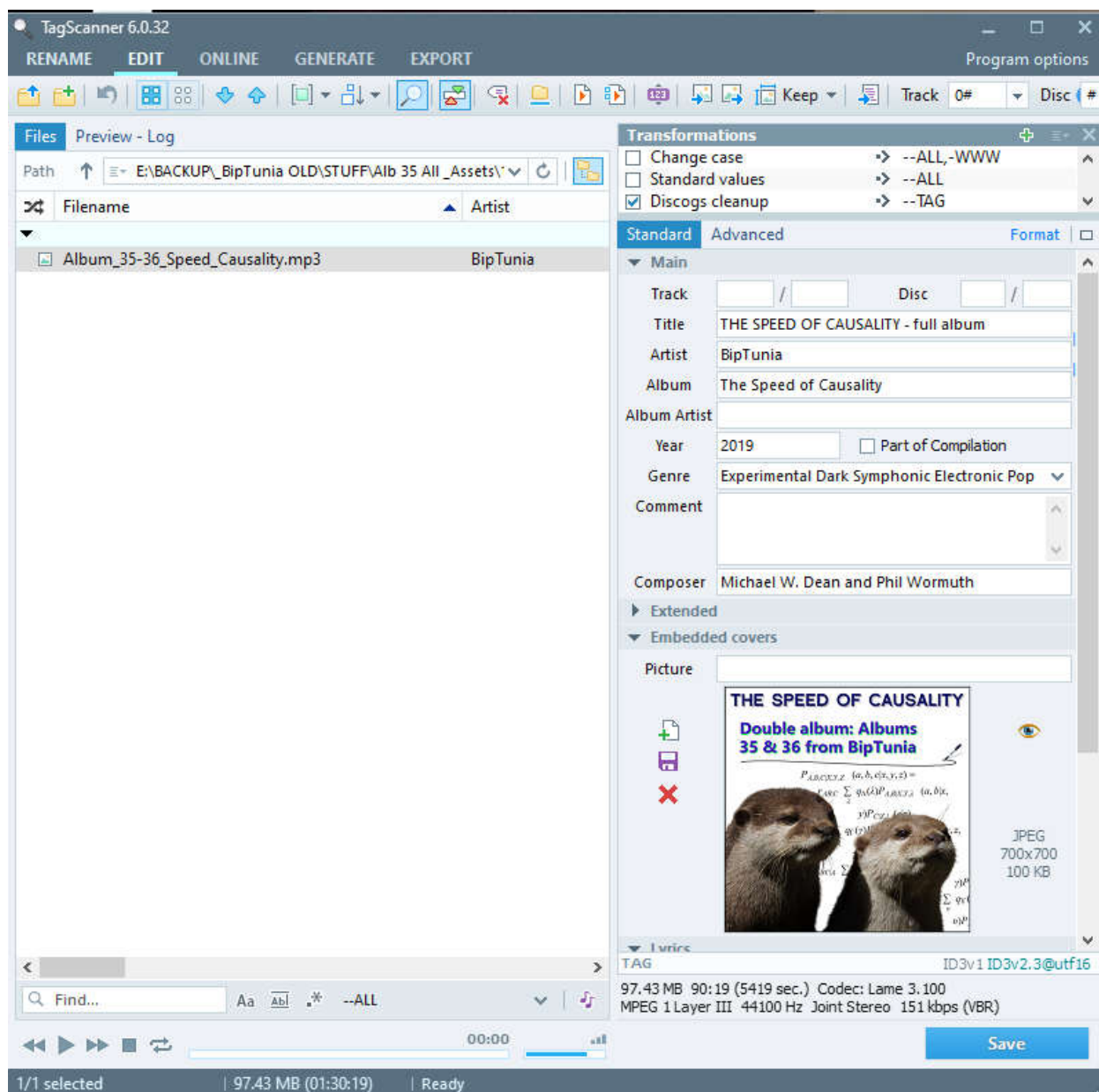
Most indie bands don't bother. Most MP3s say "unknown artist" when you play 'em in your car or on your phone.

I fully hand-add the artist, album, song, songwriters, year, and genre when I release them into the world. And the album art.

The ones I send you are automatically tagged with the band, and whatever album we're working on.

Worms!

Here's what the program I add the tags with looks like:



It's a TINY bit of space too.

If you hold a quarter at arm's length, the inside of the D on "United States" on the back, covers the amount of the sky this photo shows.

The photo took ten days to take. From the Hubble Space Telescope.

Here's a 4-minute documentary about the pic.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5c3xuYs75IU>

I finally finished improving, replacing, and curating the 1024 sound settings on the Blofeld.

It took me a week of evenings!

I SO DIG this thing. It's damn cool. Been playing it non-stop, and not recording any of it. (Until I made this record.)

I've sort of been taking a break until the inspiration strikes, just playing keyboards for the fun of it. I NEVER do that. Before this week I have almost always only touched a keyboard to record it. I'm actually getting better too just noodling on it.

When I get my other little synth I ordered (Novation X-Station 25), I think I'll be set.

I sold the other two synths. (Arturia MicroBrute and Behringer Neutron.)

They don't have enough variety, and can't save patches (sound settings). And both are monophonic. The Blofeld can play 50 notes at once. (lol! I don't have use for that many, but it can.) And the other one I have on order is polyphonic.

Also, I have all the sounds backed up so if the Blofeld every dies, I could get a new one, and be up and running with exact same settings in a few minutes, rather than a week. lol.

It has a 2-year warranty too.

A bunch of the sounds I added on the Blofeld are custom sounds I got from my friend, a guy who goes by "Suit and Tie Guy." He builds and sells synthesizers, and he's kinda famous in the small pond of hand-made Eurorack synthesizer modules. And he does an annual synthesizer convention called "KnobCon".

Pic of him attached. He's a great guy.



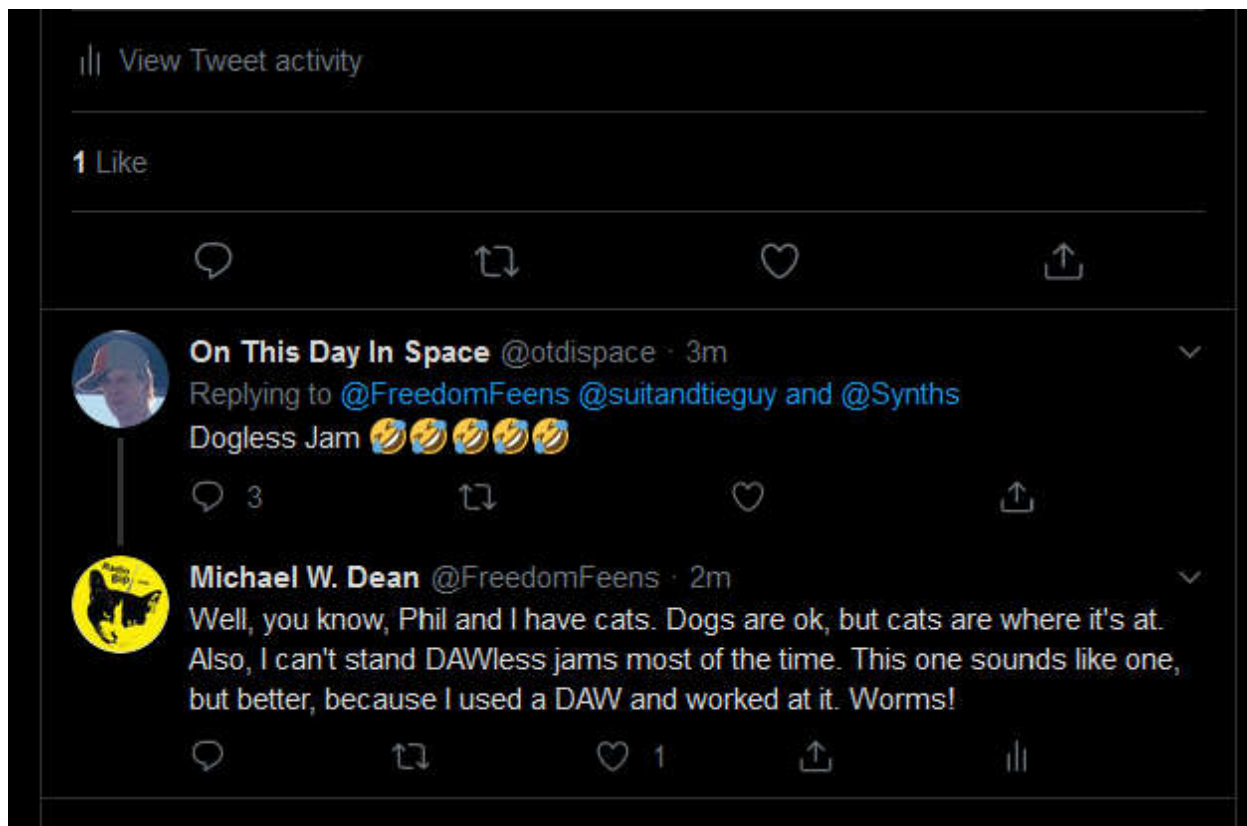


Michael W. Dean
@FreedomFeens

A very cool atmospheric [@suitandtieguy](#) patch on the ole Blofeld....in the 60-minute song I'm constructing called "Dogless Jam."

[@otdispace](#) [@synths](#)





On 11/10/2019 5:14 AM, Phil Wormuth wrote:

> Very cool! Glad the Blofeld worked out. I love the sound - so clean!

MWD said:

Yes! It uses something called FM Synthesis. Hard to explain, [here's the Wikipedia page](#), But it produces clean and bell-like tones, as opposed to additive and subtractive synths (most synths before the 80s, and the two I'm selling), which produce thick (but good) sounds.

==_==_

Intergalactic Prairie Studio:

**PHIL Notes:**

I just listened to the album again, and it's undeniably infused with a multitude of emotions, including: manic elation, cathartic perturbation, sheer joy, deep reflection, and maudlination (patent pending).

I've been thinking a lot lately about what makes BipTunia tick - for me, it has to do with the shared trust and respect that results from over thirty years of friendship and artistic collaboration with the non-archetypal human, Michael W. Dean... a fellow worm that really digs the velvet dirt.

