



I Dedicate this album to Ea- "He whose home is water."



Special thanks to Zecharia Sitchin for the Sumerian translations, Joe Caluitti (F.K.A. Robert Planet) for the awesome guitar work on PUP-TENTACLE, and to the following artists for the abstract use of their music in SOUP DU JIHAD:

1. Hamdi Ahmed: Ghallo Tara, Tasadig Wala Ahlflak
2. Mohamed Mounir: Sif Safaa
3. Aida Ayubi: Nami

Disc ONE final mixing and digital mastering completed at T.G.I.F. Studios, Cocoa, Florida, Chris Hattingh, engineer.

Part 4.....

ELEKTRICON is primarily a collection of improvised works from my "secret" library which have been mulled over, tweaked in various unusual places, and organized into a double album for your listening pleasure. In some places I've added very minor over-dubbs, and in others I've thrown many different pieces together (see notes on XENOC), but for the most part, these tracks are exactly the way I originally improvised them with my electronic toys. RED-TAILED WOMAN, PUP TENTACLE, and a few places on the 2nd half of the album are the obvious exceptions to this. I call this type of improvisation "abstract expressionism" because that is exactly what it is. It is an abstract expression from the sub-conscious, conscious, and super-conscious dimensions of my mind, via the manipulation of sound. In fact, I'd like to think that what I do with sound is sort of like what Jackson Pollack did with paint (in the overall approach, anyway). Now before I go any further, I must point out something here. I have nothing to PROVE to anyone- nor would I ever have the desire to do so. With that being stated, it should be noted as well that there are NO mistakes on this album. If you hear something that sounds like a mistake, don't worry- it's not. With this type of music, anything can happen for any reason or no reason at all (but there's usually some reason behind everything- even if not immediately apparent to the artist or the listener/participant). This album is what it is, nothing more - nothing less. It stands as MY ART. If you hear something that sounds like a mistake, and you're convinced that it should be "fixed," it is your mind that is mistaken, and in that case, you can either de-program your mind to accept the ART as it is (for the sake of artistic and creative aesthetics), or you can go FUCK yourself- either one is fine with me- (and by FUCK yourself, I mean in the literal sense of the word. Find yourself a nice cucumber or something, and have at it. Don't hurt yourself, just go have a good time- you probably need it). If you haven't figured it out by now, I am not doing any of this for any recognition, money, status, or ANYTHING material. I certainly don't HAVE any of those things- I can barely afford to make these albums, let alone make them the way I would ideally LIKE TO make them. The persons who are meant to hear this music WILL, and it is for THEM that I am doing all this. I am also doing this for myself- for my own growth, and the satisfaction of accomplishing something I believe I can and should accomplish. So if you are new to "abstract expressionism," I would advise you to keep an open mind and only listen to this when you are in a POSITIVE frame of mind. This will enhance your experience tremendously. Of this, I am certain.

For those of you who are actually trying to put this multi-dimensional puzzle together, here's some more relevant info to our story....

Our hero, having undergone further modification, finally begins to realize and accept his role in "THE BIG PICTURE." He knows he still has a way to go before his preliminary journey is complete and his REAL journey begins, but he also knows that he's well on his way to fulfilling his true destiny by being willing to DO so, and by DOING what he can. Sometimes he doubts himself because of his past mistakes and the little blunders he still makes from time to time in real life situations, but he tries to remember that everyday is a new day and a new opportunity to BECOME and eventually BE what he knows in his heart he can BECOME and BE. This is really just a matter of BEING who he REALLY is- who he's ALWAYS been on the inside, but not always on the outside. Somehow, in the course of his lifetime, he forgot who he was on the inside, and consequently became rather unpleasant on the outside. But then a very special someone did something extraordinary for him, and it was through this, that our hero was able to re-discover himself again, and remember who he has really always been on the inside (his true nature), so that he might fulfill his true destiny, if he so chooses- and he doth chooseth. So each and every day he inches a little closer to his destination of BEING (inside AND outside) who he really IS, but hasn't completely BEEN for quite sometime now.

Our hero now understands that just as he wishes to see others fulfill their dreams and purposes in life- so does the "FATHER OF ALL" wish to see this from ALL of his creations, so that we may GROW and PROGRESS as spiritual conscious BEINGS. Our immediate spiritual father, otherwise known (in this density of existence) as THE SUN wishes the same for us (of course), and even helps us to reach our destinations and complete what we need to complete in this lifetime, so that we may one day become STARS like him, to create and help other spiritual beings like ourselves. But this can only be accomplished through WILL and ACTION, and with UNCONDITIONAL LOVE and BENEVOLENCE at the foundation of every and any action. The human being can and WILL accomplish anything he sets his mind to, especially if his heart is in the right place.

P.S. The electron era in human history is nearly over, as we will soon become members of the coming photonic age- The age of light.

There are ten stages/dimensions to ELEKTRICON.

Stage 1) XENOC, THE MESSENGER:

Two or more "things" from any different parts of the cosmic spectrum can successfully interact and create a new "thing." These things can be as beautiful or as ugly as you want to see them, or in our case *hear* them. This is Xenoc's message. He's traveled quite a distance (all the way from somewhere in the chewy 3-D center of the Orion constellation, I believe) to give us this message, and to help us understand how to enrich our lives through aesthetic sensitivity and synchronicity, or in our case, xenochrony- which specifically refers to sound, silence, and music, which is a temporal experience. This piece IS music, because I willfully played it and organized it, including the frame- which makes it a piece of *art*. What I've done here (and in many other places on the album) is taken two pieces of improvised abstract music and combined them in such a way that they "work with each other", and "play off each other" in pretty interesting ways. It took my will to throw them together, and the rest they did on their own. They compliment one another very nicely at "key points" during the temporal experience, and we can only wonder as to why this happens. I personally believe that our sub-consciousness and super-consciousness sometimes act in ways that our ego-consciousness is unaware of, like my quick decision to put THOSE TWO particular pieces together (out of hundreds of possibilities). Granted, it very well could have worked with some other pieces, but the point here is that it worked the *first* time- with no trial and error procedure, and this is the case with most of the other pieces on the album, as well. I think it's all part of a larger-scale synchronicity which can be seen by studying sub-atomic particle behavior. If you didn't already know this, the smallest observable particles seem to have "minds of their own." Their behavior is highly unpredictable and when scientists try to divert their paths, they "magically" end up where they were heading anyway, as if they somehow knew that there was something in their way and went around it or somehow through it. Most particle physicists think that this is proof that God doesn't exist, because they perceive this behavior as being "random." On the contrary, I think there is no greater proof of a "great plan" at work, but really it's all in how you look at things. As for the music, some listeners will perceive something in this piece that blends well together, even if only for a second- we call these types the *optimists*. It says a great deal about a person who can *find* and discover beauty in things. The happiest souls are those who look for beauty and harmony in ALL things, and they will always be the first ones to discover it. There is hope for our species as long as there are still people who are willing to discover harmony in what may be widely considered as "discord." Those who do not bother to discover the harmony, will never understand the creative thought and feeling of the composer, and the efforts which the creator constantly makes to bring ALL things

together. As you listen to XENOC, listen to your thoughts, too. If you think it's ugly, it is really YOUR MIND that is ugly- which is a product of your fear and ignorance, but don't take it too hard- we're ALL growing and learning. If you think this music is unusual (in an interesting way, of course), your normal. If you think this piece belongs in a wedding reception, you should probably seek some counseling. The thing here though, is that those who search for harmony within what may appear to be dissonance CAN find it and even *appreciate* it, unless what they are searching for is true "noise," which is often the sound of war, hatred, fear, pain, and other miserable things perpetrated by minds who would rather choose THOSE things over things like harmony in the first place. What we like is usually based on how we feel about it and how much or how little we understand it. It is a feeling process AND a cerebral process combined, which is why most so-called "music critics" have NEVER written a good review of the real genius stuff that's out there. Why would they? With usually little or NO *REAL* music education behind that pretentious pencil, how could we ever expect them to truly understand?

One more thing: The last half of this piece is dedicated to ANUBIS, THE RECEIVER. All I can say is that this little theme lays out the primary *tonal* basis for the whole album. It started out as a song entitled, YOU ARE THE LIGHT, but was never finished that way. Anubis, in case you didn't know, is Mr. Xenoc's dog (actually, a jackal).



Stage 2) ABDUCTION APOTHEOSIS

This is an abbreviated version of the original Sumerian text(s) (that deal with the creation of humankind) which have been semi-recently recovered by archeologists and transcribed by Zecharia Sitchin- the world's foremost Sumerian scholar. The Sumerian civilization is thought to be the very first human civilization (disregarding pre-historical anomalies such as The Sphinx in Egypt or Machu Picchu in Peru), and since it is supposedly the "oldest," these surviving texts must be considered very carefully. What intrigues me the most about this is how the story itself had gotten so completely butchered and bastardized by the time the Hebrew scribes had translated it into the TORAH and later the book of Genesis- which was based on these and other latter texts. I've always found it a bit absurd that an omniscient and all-loving benevolent GOD would put his human creation in his own "paradise," only to later kick him out for eating some fruit. I believe this ridiculousness is a terrible deep-rooted psychological stigma which many humans have forced upon themselves since the inception of this ill-conceived idea. I'm glad there are men like Mr. Sitchin still left in the world who care more about the truth than their own "status-quo" to save us from the "BIG LIE," which unfortunately continues to grow more and more with republican control in our government. Look in the "New Age" section of any large bookstore for all of Mr. Sitchin's incredible books. The one that this is based on is entitled, The Lost Book of Enki, and is obviously much more detailed than what I've included in this piece of work. I am not proclaiming that the events described in this story are factual, but I am certainly willing to believe that it is much closer to the factual truth behind our mysterious evolution than what they're teaching kids today in "Bible School." I've also added some of my own personal philosophy at the end which should NEVER be mistaken for FACTS, only BELIEFS.

By the way, this piece is narrated for your pleasure by the elusive Captain Strokenhoff, himself. It's loaded with all kinds of grammatical sloppiness because he loves to piss off those "literary snobs" who pay more attention to sentence structure than to the actual message of the sentence itself. I don't know how C.S. got such a cold and rebellious attitude. I guess it's just something he's got to work on.... Anyway, I hope you enjoy the story. Oh, yeah, I realize that the distance in light years to Sirius B exceeds (by far) the average orbital velocity (of a planet 4 times the size of Jupiter) multiplied by the 3,600 year orbit around our SUN. Maybe this is just poor interpretation of the text (on my part), or maybe there's another explanation....



Stage 3) RED-TAILED WOMAN

First of all, I believe that everyone of us is male *and* female- that is, spirit and body. What you have between your legs is just a formality for reproductive purposes only. Yes, women typically produce hormones like estrogen, and men produce testosterone, but these are also mere formalities of the "female" body. The red-tailed woman syndrome is a condition whereby the soul/ being is so overwhelmingly clouded in fear (the root of everything evil)- usually due to its inundation with the dark side of matter, that the being begins to become destructive and focuses solely and obsessively on material things (see Phaedo 3.38). More often than not, this frightened being can go unnoticed by her peers, as the lyrics seem to suggest. She's usually able to hide her fear well however, which can make her even more dangerous to the average unsuspecting victim of her forthcoming abuse- the means by which she will satisfy her selfish destructive desires which stem from her fear of the unknown. We must remember however, that there's no REAL threat from the red-tailed woman in the "BIG PICTURE." The poor souls who are strong enough to endure the pain she will ultimately unleash on them when they courageously overcome her domineering control will eventually have their day. I hope so- for *their* sake, anyway. I dedicate this song to Mr. Sonni Rocken (may he rest in peace).



Stage 4) PUP+TENTACLE

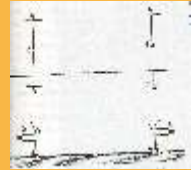
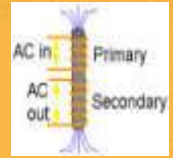
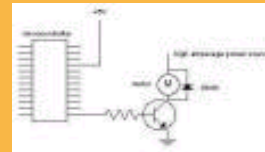
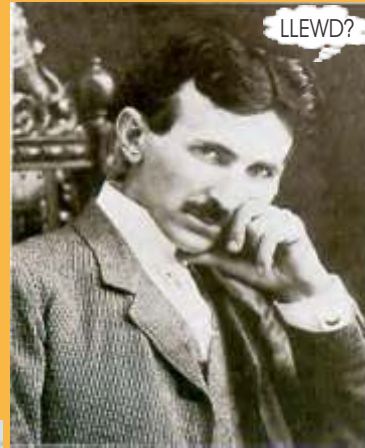
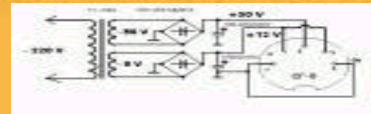
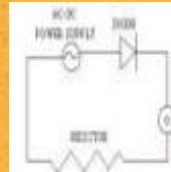
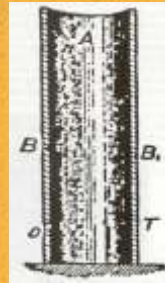
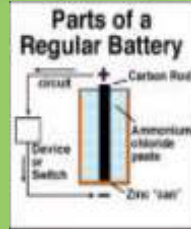
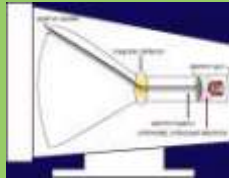
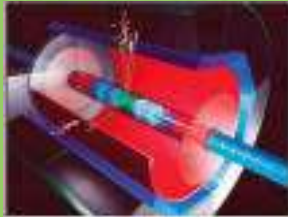
Yet another Buddy Green *rhapsody*, but this time, our hero means business. He's trying hard again to "get ahead of the game," so to speak, and actually believes that he can accomplish this by setting up camp in some "BIG SHOT'S" backyard (to finally gain a little attention from her). When things don't go the way he's planned, he becomes reclusive and withdrawn and eventually turns himself into a gigantic hideous monster that saves the planet from musical ineptitude. It's pure cheepnis for cheepnis' sake, and maybe a bit more of that on-going conceptual continuity stuff, too... "Cause this is a stupid song, ---and that's the way I like it!"

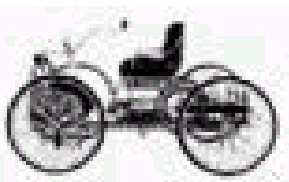
Stage 5) THE SOFA KING'S KOZMIC KETCHUP

This is a symphony in three parts. Rather, I should say it's a *potential* symphony because it is unrefined, as of yet. Most of the unbridled "raw" parts are live improv- just my keyboards and a mic to record melodic stuff and verbal notes to myself. I began to sequence the middle part (as you can hear), but lost interest about half way through, which is why the last part is more of that 'unrefined' stuff. I just don't have the ambition, motivation, or desire right now to "work it" into the composition it probably deserves to be. So until the day comes when some guy from one of them "BIG SHOT" offices comes around with a special briefcase and asks me to refine it for use in a motion picture or something corny like that, I'll just leave it alone and appreciate it for what it is- raw improvisation. You will hear lots of this type of raw composition throughout the 2nd CD (which is really a bonus CD in the first place). It's not that I'm not taking pride in my work, it's just that it seems to me that nobody wants to listen to this kind of music anymore except in the movies. I'm also naturally lazy, unless I'm motivated- I guess we all are in some way. A great deal of this material could be cleaned up and re-orchestrated into some descent shit, not SUPER shit, but decent anyway. The problem is that ultimately it doesn't make a bit of difference if no "BIG SHOT" ever hears it, so for the few people who do hear it- I'm sorry that I did not put more effort into this, but maybe you will (as I have) get use to some of the little quirky idiosyncracies which manifest themselves in real-time improvisation, and maybe even come to enjoy them.

By the way, this particular part of our epic story/puzzle is about the king of the world, who is known as the Sofa King. He's got almost the whole world duped into thinking he's a "great guy," but behind the scenes, when no one without top-secret security clearance is looking, he's just about the scariest thing you could imagine. He delights himself with the fact that nobody knows the real truth behind his power and evil-doings. The Sofa King secretly despises those who are "not like him," especially if their name is Mohammed- or something like that, and has been carefully plotting out with high level government "intelligence" officials, a way to have these "enemies" removed from the planet all together, without anyone suspecting that he had anything to do with it. It's pretty clever- all this ketchup he's created, and he utilizes public fear as an attempt to "unite" the people of his kingdom, all the while putting the blame for the terror that creeps up on them on the "brown people," who follow a "different" God. He even thinks he's unifying ALL the people of the world with narrow-minded jargon like, "If you're not with us, you're against us." This, of course, fuels their fear and distrust in him, and fighting, wars, and rumors of war break out everywhere around the globe. Just when things start to get REALLY ugly, the FUTURE SOFA KING suddenly shows up on the scene (this one's got the Genuine Cosmic Catsup- the REAL THING, The Shai-Hulud, if you know what I mean). He immediately conquers and overthrows the evil guy and all his special friends, and re-establishes the "Earth School," ridding the world of fear and ignorance, and uniting the souls through LOVE and WILL to grow. Are you beginning to sense a common theme here???

ELEKTRICÖN





Stage 6) SOUP DU JIHAD

One of the possible unfortunate backlashes from the evil king's evil reign. We can only pray that the future king shows up soon. The meat is sweet, but only enjoyed by those who can finish their soup... (And that's no reference to any 'HOLY' WAR, which is clearly an oxymoron of nightmarish proportions.) *****PLEASE NOTE***** The borrowed passages of Arabian music in this piece are about things like LOVE, BROTHERHOOD, HARMONY, etc..... The unusual context in which they have been placed is an abstract model of how basically good text (in ANY religion) can be twisted into meaning anything other than its original meaning, thus giving the "twister-ers" bogus justification for doing stupid things.

Stage 7) O.X.², (THE MISS TERESA STAR STRIKES AGAIN...)

Once more, these are short segments extracted from larger works that nobody's EVER going to hear- not that they would even WANT to, or anything. The sections are:
 A) from "Roller Madness" (Arcadia, mvmt. 1)
 B) from "Mystic Kristl Ravioli" (which refers to something I found in my kids' refrigerator once)
 C) from "Daffy's Date"
 D) from "The Omnipresent-Okidanokh"
 E) from "Spectroscopic Sex Experiments"
 F) from "The Green Glass Window"
 G) from "Le Gu"
 H) from "The Final Battle On Earth"



Stages 8/9) "GURF" (THE GALACTIC UNITED RESEARCH FRONT)/ THE CALL OF THE NAGAS

The only thing I can say about these two is that they started out as ideas for Jr. High level concert band compositions/arrangements, but ended up here instead- unrefined, of course. I've left the development parts/ideas in their raw, unbridled natural improvised state (except for a few minor edits, here and there).

Stage 10) MERKABALA PIZZA PARTY (12:21:12)

If you have no idea what this title refers to, I can't possibly imagine why you've come this far in the story. I'd explain it to you, but what the fuck- no one even reads these damn liner notes anyway, so I think I'll conclude with a quote instead:
 "That is not dead which can eternal lie, and with strange aeons even death may die."
 -Abdul Alhazred



ABDUCTION APOPTOSIS

My name is Adapa. I am the son of Lord Enki, Lord of the Earth, and this is our story. Over four hundred thousand years ago, a group of beings known as the Annunaki, landed on a blue planet in search of gold. They needed to use its properties for the reparation of the declining atmosphere of their **own** planet, Nibiru, which orbits the Sirius star system, as well as our Sun. Anu, the ruler of the planet Nibiru, sent the first team of explorers to land in what is now known as the Persian gulf. The team was spearheaded by a very high-ranking scientist and artist, and firstborn son of Anu, the aforementioned Enki, whose proper name is EA, which means, *he whose home is water*. As Enki explored our planet, he was amazed at the creatures that he encountered. One such creature was the snake, of which there was nothing like on Nibiru. He was so fascinated by this creature that he decided to use it as a personal symbol, a personal emblem, and he was from that point forever referred to as the serpent. Enlil, Enki's half-brother, was appointed to oversee the mining operations on the planet, but after many difficult years of toiling in the mines, the Annunaki workers refused to continue. Enki proposed a solution. To fashion primitive workers out of a species of hominids he had discovered in what is now Africa. His idea was forwarded to his father on Nibiru, and with desperation setting in, Anu gave his reluctant consent.

Enki's task was not going to be easy. His objective was to accelerate the natural evolution of these hominids by augmenting their life essences- their DNA, with the addition of a small portion of Sirian/Annunaki DNA. This would bring them to a level of consciousness whereby they could understand and execute basic commands. Enki's sister, Ninmah, volunteered to carry the human embryos in her womb, until they were successful. After several failed attempts, and numerous changes to the admixture, the team had finally triumphed. The first human being was born- The Adamu, The Black Man, but there was one who was opposed to all of this. It was Enlil, and he argued that creation belonged solely to the father of all beginning, and that the Annunaki were not meant to play the role of God. So Enki decided to take Adamu and Tiamat- the first human female, to the Edin where Enlil resided, to show his brother his accomplishments. Well, Enlil was pleasantly surprised, as you can imagine. The primitive workers were perfect. They were exactly what the Annunaki needed, but there was still one problem. Adamu and Tiamat, as well as the other humans who were being fashioned, were not able to procreate on their own because of a flaw that was still present in their DNA. Enki's son Ningishzidda, had the solution. By adding two more Annunaki chromosomes to the human DNA structure, the beings would be able to conceive and bear their **own** offspring, thus relieving the Annunaki female surrogates from the long and painful child birthing process. Enki knew however, that there would be another outcome from this procedure. The addition of the two new chromosomes would surely elevate the humans' consciousness to the include the perception of time cycles, and with this came the perception of knowing good from evil. After careful consideration, Enki decided he had no other recourse, and so Ningishzidda performed the operation by extracting bone marrow from Enki and Ninmah's ribs and transplanting it into Adamu and Tiamat's ribs, respectively. The operation was a success, and Adamu and Tiamat's eyes had been opened. They were suddenly aware they were naked, so Tiamat, or Eve as she was later known as, made aprons out of leaves to cover their bodies with. One day, as Enlil was strolling through the orchard of the Edin, he encountered Adamu and Tiamat with their loin cloth. "What is the meaning of this," he thought to himself. "I must ask my brother." So Enki explained the procreation problem to Enlil, but Enlil was angered. "You have endowed these creatures with the last bits of our life essences, giving them the gift of knowing. What is next? Are they now to share our life cycles, as well?" "No, my brother," Enki replied. The gift of knowing was strictly necessary for procreation only, long lives the humans will not have. "Then take them away from here," shouted Enlil, "back to where they are needed." "Let them be expelled."

The humans returned home. They procreated. They multiplied. And they fulfilled their roles as slaves, mining for gold for the Annunaki. They loved working for the Gods. They loved them dearly and would do anything for them, because they gave them their sight, their food, and their shelter. The humans were their laborers, and were more than happy to do it, if nothing more than just to be near their teachers- but there was a growing problem. Enki noticed that some of the Annunaki were taking advantage of the workers. He thought of a way he could make the humans more civilized and smarter, so that they could cultivate their **own** crops and raise their **own** animals, to sustain their **own** lives. One day, as Lord Enki was traveling in his boat, he came across two lovely young human females. He felt very attracted to them. He decided to mate with them and impregnate them. So they became pregnant, with a "God's" child. The first gave birth to a son- me, Adapa. The other gave birth to my half-sister, Titi. Titi and I were the very first full Sirian/Human hybrid beings. We were profoundly more intelligent than the other humans, and because of our father's genes, our skin was a much lighter hue. Enki secretly raised us but kept us hidden. He was afraid of the anger he would face from his brother if word got out that he had fathered two humans. He brought us up to be civilized, teaching us in the ways of the Annunaki, educating and molding our young minds, and always helping us when we needed help, but he knew he couldn't keep us a secret for long, we would surely be discovered sooner or later. So he told everyone that he had found us- two humans that would be proof that the human race (in

general) was evolving much more rapidly than the Annunaki ever expected us to. His plan worked and we were received with much surprise and intrigue by the Annunaki leaders. Titi and I grew up, we married, and had children. On Nibiru it was a very common practice for a man to marry his half-sister to preserve certain genetic lines. Our first two sons were named Kain and Abael. As Abael grew up, Marduk, the firstborn son of Enki, took him under his wing and taught him in the ways of shepherding and wool-making. Ninurta, Enlil's foremost son, took a liking to Kain, and taught him crop cultivation.

Well, the time eventually came when Anu, the ruler of Nibiru, wished to meet one of the new civilized humans. So plans were made for me to travel to Nibiru. I was accompanied by two of Enki's sons, Ningishzidda and Dumuzi. As I boarded the spacecraft that would take me there, fear overwhelmed me. When we launched, I was so frightened that I screamed. My two companions were almost laughing. I guess they didn't expect me to react that way. They gave me a sedative, and after that I was fine. We were greeted with much enthusiasm and warmth when we arrived. During the banquet which Anu had prepared for us, I remembered the words Lord Enki told me before I departed. Only speak when spoken to and refuse the special drink that would be offered to me. Unbeknownst to me, this drink was the elixir of life and would have extended my life tremendously. When I refused it, Anu became puzzled. It was then that Ningishzidda passed to Anu a sealed letter from Enki. It was in this letter that Enki finally disclosed to his father who I really was. Anu was not disappointed. He realized then that I was his grandson. After I had returned to Earth, my true identity was becoming known by all. Enlil, of course, was furious, but could do nothing- I was his nephew. Enki had opened a door however, and other Annunaki males began mating with human females and new races were being formed.

When my two sons had grown, they had an outrageous rivalry between them. Kain, in a fit of anger one day struck his brother dead. In addition to the pain Titi and I experienced, the Annunaki leaders were also greatly troubled and Kain was exiled to what is now known as "The Americas." Many generations later, long after Titi and I had passed on, Ziusudra- a descendant of our third son Seth, became a particular favorite of Lord Enki's. It was about that time when it was discovered that the next orbit of Nibiru through our solar system would take it so close to Earth that the gravitational and magnetic fields of our planet would be completely disrupted, causing a shifting of the poles and a global cataclysm. It was determined that no life would survive without the help of the Annunaki. Enlil demanded that no humans be told of the impending catastrophe that would claim each and every one of their lives. There was little the Annunaki could do anyway, as they barely had enough resources to save themselves, let alone an entire planetary population, which by that time had grown into quite an advanced and impressive civilization. Enki, however, decided to secretly instruct Ziusudra to build a Grand Vessel that would be able to survive the coming flood. In it, Ziusudra was told to put all beasts of the field, plants, trees, birds, and as many family members and friends as possible. Then the Earth shook, and in the blink of an eye, all was lost. After the rains had stopped and the flood waters receded, Ziusudra's vessel settled down on a mountain range. The Annunaki who had escaped the danger and were orbiting the planet, found the surviving humans and were very glad-even Enlil.

After many years the Earth once again was filled with new generations of human beings, the descendants of Ziusudra's group, as well as some others who had miraculously survived in other remote parts of the globe. Civilization began once again. The Annunaki continued to play active roles in the humans' lives, but after much feuding and some very unfortunate mistakes by the sons of Enki and Enlil over lordship and dominion of Earth, it was finally decided to grant kingship to the humans themselves, and to let them grow and mature on their own, which is what you've been doing now for over 5 thousand years.

Some may consider our evolution thus far to be premature and hastened, instead of the natural way it may have been intended to occur by the creator of all. But I say that the will of the creator of all is inside every one of us. He works through and with all of us. All creators know this. My father knew this too. All creation is an extension of the original creation, and it is through all creation that the creator manifests himself. Therefore, it is not necessary to ask which came first, the chicken or the egg, because they are simply two aspects of one greater thing. The chicken IS the egg. IS the chicken, and so on. Humans were not given long lives because Enki knew that we would need time to learn, grow, and develop through the reincarnation process. Ever since Enki has given us our freewill to choose our paths in life, the father of all has worked with us to help us reach our destinations, and as more destinations are reached, so the grand design becomes more and more complete. In the big picture the human being has only just begun his journey. Very soon will he inherit the gift of long life, and very soon will he realize his cosmic importance as he becomes the master of his **own** destiny and his **own** fate.

RED-TAILED WOMAN

Well she can beg, she can holler, she can giggle and squeal,
And she can wiggle her way through a helluva deal,
All them suckas at bat oughta scorn her appeal,
'Cause she's been CAPITALIZED since Pandora done opened her seal,
And she's a barrel o' fun in the sack,
But here's a word of advice for you, Jack,
Don't you give her no look at your back,
She'll stuff a BIG RED HOT FIRE POKER right up your crack...

They say the bigger the lyin' well, the longer the tale,
You better know what she feedin' them cat's in her jail,
She got a tailor-made act that she wants you to play,
And she's especially crafty at gettin' her way,
'Cause when the chumps come ringin' her bell,
There ain't a lie in the world she won't tell,
To try and cover that horrible smell,
Of her panties- so sheik, with their sulphurous reek,
I guess that it's just as well,

'Cause she's a red-tailed woman, a red-tailed woman,
We love that wo-man,
And when she knocks you out, she'll tease you with a smile,
But don't you worry boy, you're leavin' here in style,

There's just one other thing now, before I forget,
In case you actually think you might be winnin' your bet,
Well, you won't do nothin' that hasn't already been done,
By her jackal'd and jeckled and jaded ol' *numero* one,
And when you're finally caught in her snare,
Don't you plead for your life- she won't care,
Just get down on your knees and prepare,
She got one sizzlin' hot destination, my friend,
And she's already takin' you there,

(Repeat chorus),

Well, she's a red-tailed woman with a wild-eyed devil's spine,
And if you're lucky boy, she might keep you around for a while,
Before she kindly eats your face and gets another new hozer to fill in your space,
But don't you worry boy, you're leavin' her in style

PUP+TENT

I got a great big hairy thang, got a great big scary thang,
With a tailored mattsosoft, a little top that's rounded off,
'N a semi-foldin' floor, big ol' underwater door,
A tiny window make ya grin, 'n it'll brighten up your chin,
I need a hole where I can hide, another roll to save my pride,
You know you got big troubles when you gotta raise them flags again,
I need a narrow avenue to make a final show for you,
I wanna try that crappy gorge out behind your pappy's porch,
Hey, won'tcha lemme play in your backyard,
Ooooo, I'm gonna pitch my pup+tent in your backyard,

Now your rear (lot) is well endowed with some gear that ain't too loud,
And it's just the place to be for any chump from space to see,
If he can take his special call from the owner of the hall,
While he fumbles with the grass just to bust his lazy ass,
The front's too overgrown for capt'n bean sprout,
The sides are loose 'n worn now that the team's out,
There's just one other place that I can seek out to freak out,
So lemme hear you scream 'n shout,
Ooowee baby, won'tcha set me free- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Ooowee mama, won'tcha let me be- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Late at night, strait-up tight, what a sight (blue light),

Now what's it gonna take to keep that sucka straight,
You need a great-white massa plan to make this fucka stand,
You gonna grab some local rye, you gonna let some time go by,
You gonna tease it 'till it's sore, and then you'll squeeze it through the door,
You'll take the granulated dew to smear all over you,
With the chloro-foam and all, you gonna heighten every wall,
And when the tide comes rollin' in from later on to way back when,
You gonna scare a ruthless bunch, you'll eat the driver and his lunch,
You'll take his magic coat and then, you gonna blaze on home again,
Find your oven and your rye, turn your forehead to the sky,
Say a prayer that you don't die, and raise them muffin's high,
Well, you don't hafta play if you don't want to, but please don't eva say you'll neva need to,
I only got one way that I can breach you to teach you that everything gon' be o.k.,
Ooowee baby, won'tcha set me free- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Ooowee mama, won'tcha let me be- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Ooowee sista, don'tcha hear my plea- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Sooner or later lady, you will see- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Late at night, strait-up tight, what a fright (it's a poodlebyte),

No one will know, unless it's you who tells them so,
Before they go to the show...

You don't hafta play if you don't want to, but please don't eva say you'll neva need to,
I only got one way that I can reach you to teach you that everything gon' be o.k.,

'Cause when it's 5-4-3-2-1, and the plookin's *finely* done,
And the KING begins to glow, and the C.A.S.H. begins to flow,
And the klandestine surprise sends a horror to your eyes,
As all the people scream and shout when your monster trounces out,
You gonna wish you hadn't teased this enominomous beast,
You gonna wish you hadn't rid this frunobulated squid,
You gonna see that you was wrong 'bout your sub-jew-gated KONG,
When you turn your radio on and it's playin' your favorite song,
Hey, won'tcha lemme play in your back yard,
Ooooo, gonna pitch my pup+tent in your backyard,
Ooowee, baby wanna setcha free- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Ooowee, mama, won'tcha let me be- there he go, my pup+tentacle,
Ooowee, sista, now I decree- there he go my pup+tentacle,
Soon little lady, you gonna see,
Oh no, oh baby please don't, don't take it too hard,
But I'm gonna pitch my pup+tent,
In your backyard,

One mo' final explanation to satisfy my waning insecurities...

If you liked this album, that's wonderful and I'm thrilled. If you didn't, that's O.K. too. If you were looking for polished music, obviously Disc 2 wasn't for you. If you were somehow disturbed by the idea that someone would leave raw, unrefined improvisation on an album, then I'm sorry I've disappointed you. Perhaps you ought to give yourself another chance to "think outside the box," so to speak. I never really enjoyed coloring "inside the lines." I have always been the type to color right off the damn paper, if I had the chance to- and especially if someone told me that I shouldn't. Besides, it's not ALL unrefined, and some of it (like PUP-TENTACLE, for instance) has countless hours put into it, as you may have noticed. So go ahead and bitch all you want that the phase endings don't fall "perfectly in time," or that my fingers seem to get "stuck" every now and then- I really don't care. Remember, there is no "right" or "wrong" in free improvisation. There are NO rules or restrictive boundaries to adhere to, set up by people with a whole lot of fear and very little self-esteem. There's just the inspiration and the will to express it through a musical medium, and some of it is pretty neat. Yes, with more work it could be even NEATER, but as of right now, I'm the only one enjoying it. If for some reason someday, I find out that more people would actually like to hear this stuff refined, I'll give it more time and attention; but for now, I'm perfectly happy preserving this music just the way it is- as a humble example of the inspirational creative spirit that dwells within each and every one of us.

Your work is your salvation and your key to believing in yourself. When you rebel against your work by not working toward accomplishing any of your goals, or simply by not working at all, you begin to doubt yourself and see yourself in a negative light- and why wouldn't you? If you are being honest with yourself, you must admit the simple truth that you are the sum of all your actions (or inactions). I consider THOUGHTS by themselves to be inert actions, as they mean nothing to anyone outside the thinker, unless they are put to use through external action (ex-pot-heads know a lot about this subject). Anyway, if you consider and recognize the "bigger picture" in these matters, you may find (as I have) that your rebellion or defiance against working toward your goals are just products of your fear and ignorance in accepting the "bigger picture" itself- that you truly are the master of your own destiny, and that every last one of your "real" actions affect the "WHOLE PICTURE" in one way or another. Maybe some of those actions could have been better thought out beforehand, but you've had lessons to learn, and only you could decide for yourself how you were going to learn them, as messy as some of them may have been to "clean-up." Remember though, no matter what the mess, your work and accomplishments will always give you an answer to who you are inside, how far you've come, and where you are going, which is what the "bigger picture" is all about, I believe. If you always remember the "bigger picture" you won't have as many doubts- only realizations, you won't be as neurotic and self-critical- but you'll realize that with free will comes responsibility and accountability, and that some souls are further behind in accepting these things than others, which is the primary source of much of our world's "troubles," even though they too have just as much potential for growth and learning (I believe every soul does). So keep yourself busy, do what you love to do, work toward accomplishing your goals, and (if you believe as I do) never forget that your FATHER always loves you- UNCONDITIONALLY.

