

Welcome to part two. This was completed in the Fall of 1997. When I recorded it, my objective was simply to make a "demo" of the music to the motion picture/ musical (see next page). Once again, my foresight was very poor because no movie or stage production has been made to date. All I'm left with is the "demo" of the music itself. On Pentagonal Skies, I used a 4-track minidisc recorder and preserved some of the individual tracks, so I had a little bit to play with when we "doctored" it up. This time however, I only had (for the most part) a 2-track stereo submix to work with. Even though I used an 8-track recorder originally, I had no way of saving the individual tracks. I just went ahead and bounced everything down to a 2-track stereo pair, because after all, what did I care? It was just a "demo," right? It was just a bunch of hurried stuff all thrown together for "demo"-nic purposes. Even though some of this sounded unusually good in places, I still (at that time) had no real understanding of mixing or the recording process in general, so cleaning this baby up was a real challenge. It's rather unfortunate too, because this album has some of my favorite parts of the project on it, but I don't want to re-record the whole thing right now. I still believe in preserving the original FEELINGS and INSPIRATION which went into THIS recording, however sloppy it may be at times. No matter how hard I tried, I would NOT be able to duplicate THOSE THINGS exactly- if I were to re-record the whole thing from scratch (AND I'm lazy- as I've mentioned before). So the end result kids, is that you live and learn. If you're going to take the time to do something- do it right the first time, and if you're not sure just HOW to do it right, don't be afraid to ASK someone who is. In the long run, you'll be very glad you did- trust me. Otherwise, you'll end up with exactly what you put into it (or didn't put into it). Our little title couldn't be more fitting.

GI=GO

1. *The Objective Overture*
2. *Culture/Technology/Education "Shove It In, Pull It Out," "Elektroanarchy"*
3. *Philosophy "The Crux"*
4. *Politics/Economics "Promise Keepers," "The Runaway Arpeggiator"*
5. *Sociology/Energy "Latin Bubble Bath," "The Big T.O.E."*
6. *Desire/Sex "My Favorite Porno Star"*
7. *Indulgence/Media "No Way Around," "To Hell With You"*
8. *Religion "Angels From The Den"*
9. *Pride/Ignorance/Reward "Shove It In (Reprise)," "Till The Cows Come Home"*
10. *The Subjective Exiture*
(all titles segue)

Composer's notes:

1. This work should be experienced in its entirety, without interruption. I would hope that you, the listener, have the artistic integrity and stamina to do just that. 2. It is recommended to read the text while listening to the tape. 3. Any feelings or assumptions of satire and sarcasm on the part of the listener would be accurate ones. 4. The composer is not a recording engineer. Due to budget constraints, this could only be a demo at this time. Please excuse any minor editing/mixing/recording glitches on this preparatory demo. 5. Obviously, this is a "work-in-progress." Even though there are much more parts to the actual musical and most of the character dialog has been left out, it should still suffice as an example of where I'm going with it. Enjoy!

Buddy Green

*"Their God raised the hand of transcendental fear, beckoning all aside,
And cast away the fallen star who had unwittingly soiled his pride,
Then created a kingdom of servants never to oppose his almighty hand,
Nor dispose of the lies which had blinded their eyes from all that would ever be grand."*

-Father Riley B. Jones



The title of this work is GI=GO. The "I" represents the infusion of one's environment into one's consciousness (a perception of one sort or another) via the human senses. The "O" represents any measurable output- be it product or idea, that has been conceived in any human mind. The "G" is a variable. It can represent any situation that any human being may be subjected to in the course of his or her lifetime. In this particular case, I've put the "GI" stage right and the "GO" stage left (you figure it out), and the hypothetical equality somewhere in the center- within the comprehensive balance of the societal norms which divide the two. You see, Garbage In = Garbage Out is a musical. I would actually like to make it into the world's first "VIRTUAL MOVIE/ MUSICAL," where the viewer would put on a headset of sorts and experience the movie from the "inside." Everything would be taking place around the viewer in every direction. Anyway, the story takes place primarily on a basketball court in a crowded urban city with buildings surrounding it- each representing a different aspect of the story (i.e., there's a federal building, a local tv station, a drug store, a liquor store, a church, a republican party headquarters, a university science lab- where they chop up sub-atomic particles, etc...). There is an interesting game of b-ball going on with two main players/ characters (captains), and each has 4 other teammates. These 4 other players are actually one person (our hero) in 4 different versions of himself on each side. I will now give a brief description of the 4 primary "versions" and their 4 corresponding counterparts....

B: -is a musically gifted young man in his twenties who considers himself to be a "genuine" artist, whatever THAT means. He is very attuned to his Italian roots and feels he is somewhat "cultured." He has deep-rooted feelings about creative gifts such as the arts, and realizes that he is obligated to question those who oppose or suppress these inherent human qualities. At times he can be cocky, sarcastic, and even somewhat annoying, but nevertheless envisions himself as a 'funny guy.' He sings "Shove It In..." and the "Shove It In Reprise," mocking his rival opposite- the "All-American-Pop-Star-Teen-Idol." But underneath all his boisterous mockery, he gives us the impression that even he (with all his "cultural wisdom") is just as susceptible to the problems of idolatry as anyone else.

C. -Is a highly intelligent and well educated man in his fifties. He spent his professional career as a theoretical physicist. He is a materialist and believes that science will ultimately offer the answers to all the questions which religion attempts to answer now. His approach is very direct and logical. He often feels as though he has something very important on his mind (regardless of whether or not there actually IS). He is a middle-class American Citizen, but viciously denounces his professional "status

quo"- as it is constant reminder to him that his voice is nothing more than a lonely cry in a vast wilderness of ignorance. "The Crux" is his defense against his rival opposite- the typical 'born-again' Christian televangelist, who's believes he's got all of the answers to life's QUESTIONS. Our physicist brutally mocks his foe in "Angels."

D: -is a working class liberal in his thirties who lives for nothing more than the sheer pleasures that life seems to offer him. He is naturally lazy, but realizes that he must work in order to sustain his hedonistic lifestyle. The alternative would be a resort to violence and theft, but this guy was taught (at an early age) to respect the inherent human rights and privacies of others. He thinks he's got some 'soul' like his African-American friends with whom he 'hangs out'. In "Promise Keepers," he mocks his rival opposite- the 'clean-cut' conservative republican "Dudley Do-Right,"r who seems to have everything. "NWA" is his personal anthem to himself.

E: -is a very eccentric film-maker in his forties. He loves his work, and dedicates all his time to it. He is able to portrait and activate his personal innovative philosophies in his films. For a little humor, he sings "Porno Star" to his rival- the thoughtless, beer-guzzling, obese couch-potato who believes he's really "making it" in life, like the chick in his song.

The leader of the N.W.A. All-Star team (which I've just described) is the "teacher," who exists in the middle of all this mess, but leans slightly more to the left than to the right. His "opponent" (the leader of the Promise Keepers team) is really just a figment of man's imagination designed to give him an excuse for doing stupid things. He is an example of man at his worst. As an imaginary character come-to-life, he alleviates the pressure man would have to face if he were to ultimately admit to himself the unsavory truth that HE and only HE is SOLELY responsible and accountable for every one of HIS own actions.

Musically, I have divided the two primary themes (the major and the minor) equally. The right side opens with the left's minor theme (beginning of overture), but goes on to state and reinforce its own major theme THREE times before the crossover. The opposite takes place on the left side where THREE minor thematic sections are developed and later the production closes with its major counterpart finale.

That's all the help I'll offer you right now. Much more can be discovered by those who have the desire/insight to delve deeper into this.

We don't have any no culture
We don't have any pain
We're like permanent children in the eyes of the sane
They laugh and joke when they see us
They call us lazy and fat
And still we think they adore us
'Cause boy, we know where it's at!
Well lemme tell ya a little story
'Bout a boy from L.A.
He gots da high school diploma
They really think he's O.K.
But what nobody never told him
'Cause he's too busy with his curl
Is that he's really just a puppet in his extravagant world
And so he take all of his knowledge (that multitude of cultural awareness)
And yes, he started writin' tunes
And well I guess some people liked 'em
All those contagious baboons
And so they givin' him da Grammy
They makin' him feel like a saint
They callin' him genius or an arteest (or something like that)
They'll never know that he ain't
Shove it in, pull it out
Your ignorance will destroy you (YOU WHORE)
You shove it in and pull it out
Society will implore you (FOR MORE)
Garbage in, garbage out
Well it's a simple equation (generation X equals ZERO)
Ya shove it in, ya pull it out
We're such a happenin' nation
Look mom, I'm a millionaire, and I don't really even know what I'm doing
(Hey, no one ever said you had to be talented to make a million bucks)
And yes it sure would be nice
To go and give him a smack
A little taste of some folklore
With which to fill in the crack
But the crack is so empty
And just a little bit scared
She don't like all your intrusions
I didn't know that you cared
Go forth find it, don't force or grind it
Show more kindness to your blindness
We're all equal dying people
Let us make haste
No time to waste

Be it known that I have grown
From all that's ever been
And all to come
And nothing and one,
And the impetuous NOW we are in
Was it you, my arrogant foe,
To hide amongst the trees
And roll over ground
Between meadow and mound
To a shrine of perpetual seas?
Oh, gothic as it may appear to us
The illusion shall lead us no more
For the shrouds of your seeds
And the will in your deeds
Shall avenge your vicarious roar
So with fire and chains do you now pass along
To the penitent side of the gate
Where you'll frighten your fear
With a sigh and a tear
As you cradle your impending fate

Promise keepers, they make ya grin, they're
Promise keepers, and they're out ta win, they're
Closet weepers, but baby they're just full of sin
Under the table is where they likes to play, where they're
Dammin' those peters a'least once a day, they're all
Liars and cheaters, and their mamas tell em it's O.K.
Is the reason for this hypocritical display
Another sign to get your mind off everything they say
Which happens to be full of little underlying schemes
That find their way through legislative processes and teams
And when you've found you're on the ground
Your freedom at its best
Just don't forget the little bet they made for your arrest
Promise keepers, they're keepin' fine, those
Promise keepers keep multiplyin',
The grim reaper's just about to lose his mind
Maybe we should praise them for their will to persevere
When all this time they've had to hide their crimes behind their cheer
We can't ignore the overwhelming wisdom in their words
A thousand little soldiers shaking hands and shooting birds
And when the day is over you can see them in disguise
Shopping through the red light zoo for chocolate teenage ples
Oh, promise keepers, they're standin' tall, them
Promise keepers, they've got the ball,
Oh golly jeepers, I just can't let em keep it all!

You're my favorite porno star
You'll never know just who you are
Got a hard job to do
When you're paid all day to screw
You never dreamed you'd ever get this far
You've got so much pride and dignity
These were given to ya- when you wa three
It's sad as such
But you don't care very much
'Cause now you've got responsibility
Your fans, they love you so EAGERLY, OH
They even get to call you on their telephone (or is it modems, now?)
But they'll never see you cry when you're helpless or alone
'Cause you're not
Just look what you've got
All those "good people" casting stones
And right now there's another flick to make
You say that's all that you can take
And when you're done
You will clean off all your fun
And then you'll go pretend to be a fake
But someone out here knows
While his little ego grows
That in the 'end,' you'll get your BIG BREAK

I goes ta work every mornin'
I spends my day on the phone
And when the choo-choo come roarin'
I gots ta shove ta get on
You say I'm crazy for livin'
You's trying ta send me away
But nigga you won't see me givin'
Too much a-that shit here today
'Cause we needs to be earnin' our bread
For that brown ugly box when we're dead
My wife sit home with the laundry
She clean the silverware too
'N while I'm away, I be wonderin'
'Bout all of that stuff she don't do
I get my supper and T.V.
I watch my favorite show
Dey keep my mind from believin'
In all of the things I don't know
'Cause it's hard when you're "free" ta grow old
While the right to your freedom is sold

No way around, you're gonna lose what you've found,
You're headin' straight for the ground (4x's)
My boss, she takes me ta Vegas
Tells me ta pretend ta look wise
And when I am good I'm rewarded (warnin')
Wit' a five hundred dollar surprise (say what?)
I'll get me some *peppermint napalm*
I'll buy me a company guest
'Cause those is the stuffs I been raised on
For puttin' my senses at rest
And it don't make no sense to behave
When your ego is eyelin' that grave
No way around, you're gonna lose what you've found,
You're headin' straight for the ground (4x's)

I'm a bastard son
Who believed in everyone
Well had I not a need, a plot,
Like you- I'd surely find the gun
We're the children of the ones who sought the dove
The souls who cried, the minds that tried
To reach their "holy" world above
But your heaven is still a dream
and its roadway is paved with a team
of those God-fearing men
Oh how we adore 'em, the angels from the den
Am I alone here, now where have you turned?
Have you given up everything that we have learned?
Are you even now thinking that it is all right
To relieve all the pleasures and pains of your fight?
Tell me the story of your "truth"
And I'd like to hear another 'bout your youth
What's happened here, where is your mind?
Don't look; I've no one left to find
And I know you understand me, no need for shame
And just like with Jesus, there's no one left to blame
Well that time has come again
Rejoice all you sinners, ye angels from the den
You know 'em whenever you see 'em
Hey try to weasel and lie
And tell ya 'bout all their glory
'Cause it's their duty to try
If you are wise you won't listen
Don't ever give 'em the time of day
You know the secret that they are seeking
Is just a moment away

Well here's another little story
 Another guy from the town
 Wit' da radical movement
 And wit' da radical sound
 (That's right, back when musicians really played their OWN instruments)
 An innovator by nature
 And quite da genius indeed
 Was anybody ever listnin'
 Or were you too pretty to heed
 Shove it in, pull it out
 Society will destroy you
 Shove it in and pull it out
 Your ignorance will implore you
 Garbage in, garbage out (Say Cheese!)

Well it's a simple equation
 Ya shove it in, ya pull it out
 We're such a happenin' We're such a happenin'
 We're such a happenin' We're such a happenin' nation!
 We're such a happenin' nation! (Repeat ad nauseum)
 America, America, our home.....
 Aw, gimme one more for the ROAD!



Teacher: If you were truly free, would you need to mask your intentions? What is freedom, do you not care? Would you want to live in a completely free society? No, I suppose some of us couldn't survive in such a place. What will you do my lost swine, when the cows return and your freedom is restored? To whom will you turn when the mountain awakes? You're running out of time, better think ahead.
 Oh, and uh.... Ya, in the meantime.....

I'm gonna grill ya 'till the cows come home
 Drill ya 'till the cows come home
 Thrill ya 'till the cows come home
 And then I'll bill ya when we shout freedom!

All music and lyrics composed, performed, and produced by Bud Green.
 Special thanks to Mark Graziano- lead guitar on "No Way Around,"
 To Nicholas St. Joseph- Latin percussion on "Latin Bubble Bath,"
 And to Chris Hattingh/ TGIF Studios for all your help in re-mastering this "demo."
 A huge thanks to my family, friends, and co-workers for all your support during this big 'Test Of Endurance.'



"Ich bin hier, und du bist mein SOFA"
 -FZ, *One Size Fits All*

