



Background information for those new to *the game*.

"The Teacher," is also known as Patrick Green- formerly known as Bud or Buddy Green, formerly known as Patrick R. Green, formerly known as several other things. He is the composer, author, and producer of this fine piece of modern historic art. He is also a music teacher. The musicians performing on this- The Band From Uranus (pronounced the *funny* way), include the following:

Patrick Green: Keyboards, vocals, percussion, acoustic guitars and lunacy

Noome Ladd: Vocals extraordinaire and sex appeal

Robert Planet: Electric guitars, vocals and haze

The live quotes you hear throughout the album were taken from the 1999 Halloween performances by the now legendary top 40 cover band, RUMOURS (consisting of the aforementioned individuals) at the now legendary COVE nightclub/restaurant of Satellite Beach, Florida.

BOYS and GIRLS, I realize that some of you may be scratching your heads when you listen to this. This is because you have been conditioned (programmed) into believing that the music contained in a pop music CD has to sound a 'certain way' or generate a certain 'dollar amount' in order for it to be "good." The degenerates who taught you this bull shit also told you that artists should stay consistent with regards to the approach to THEIR ART. This is why your average pop album contains 10 quickly manufactured "ditties" which are all slight variations of the same thing. Corporate scumbags in "high places" care about maximum profit potential and PRODUCT only. People who have an appreciation for music deserve more than this, and are fully capable (on their own) of making decisions about what is good and what is bad. Thank GOD for the Internet. If you've rented the movie "The Sixth Sense," you may have seen a segment at the end where the writer and producers talk about all the little "details" and "clues" to look for in the movie- the stuff that usually flies over your head the first time you see it. If you take this approach to a ridiculous extreme (particularly with all things pertaining to the number 3), you may end up with some idea of what is really going on here.

And don't worry- this album IS certifiably commercial. I have the tm 's listed to prove it.

Pertinent Quotation:

"Are you hung up?" FZ

"The present day composer refuses to die." Edgar Varese

"Nature shows us only the tail of the lion. But I do not doubt that the lion belongs to it even though he cannot at once reveal himself because of his enormous size." Albert Einstein

"The sleeper has awakened." Frank Herbert

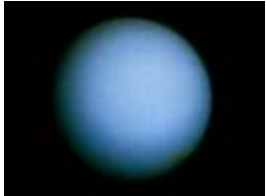
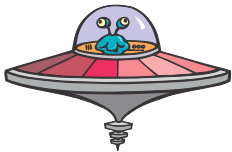
"Word to your mother." Vanilla Ice ™

the third factor

I wanna get high  
I wanna get so high  
You wanna know why?  
'Cause my mind's on that dome in the sky  
I wanna be free  
I wanna be so free  
You listenin' to me?  
You are cold and you're wet when you're tied to a tree  
And the bolder you get, it's the more that you see  
Never older, and yet we're still dancing in three  
I wanna get laid  
I wanna get paid  
What's more to be said?  
There's a dwarf at the Crux with a gun to his head  
And a Pental<sup>™</sup> of sheep who will need to be fed  
What a crime it would be if they found their guy dead  
Everybody's movin', everybody's groovin' with me  
Everybody's rollin', everybody's tollin' with me  
Everybody's kneelin', everybody's reelin' with me  
And if you're really grievin', then baby come a-heavin' with me

triangle

That day in May, I was outa control  
There was a pair o' tweezeas drivin' at the seat of my soul  
They had the tiny lightnin' flashin' all around my head  
A New York minute we was grindin' up and down my bed, they said  
Triangle, triangle, triangle  
Huffin' and a-slidin' down le tour de moi  
And with a camera to record our little valse-a-toi  
They watched my greazy vazzelina twist in agony  
On bulging geometric pillows made of EXTACY<sup>™</sup>  
Well things got really down and dirty when I grabbed the phone  
Yeah, the pilot of this rendezvous began to moon  
The drowning witch between the pillows gladly pulled the chain  
And when the flight attendant finished, this is all she claimed  
Triangle, triangle, triangle  
Now the paratroopers landed in a two by four  
Yeah, my carpet was invaded they paraded my door  
What they uncovered must've been a terriblizn' sight  
Cause I was quickly hauled away on the "extended" flight  
Well I was pleadin' for help, but no one seemed to care  
That burnin' jet was goin' down, my ass was stuck in there  
They tied a plastic-coated+bracelet to my grueling fate  
That's when the cosmic ship arrived  
But it was much too late  
All along the shoulder line  
Holdin' on to the breaking vine  
I heard the curse, the devil's sign  
So a word to the bland and mechanistic jerks  
Who take whatever they can to make their body works  
Well when your mind is the slave then maybe you should know  
That you don't feed no *micro*chip when he's about to blow  
Triangle, triangle, triangle



i believe in wood

I believe in wood  
I believe in wood  
I believe devourin' trees has really done me good  
I believe in pain  
I believe I should  
Doesn't really matter, though  
'Cause I believe in wood  
They tell me that losers come undone  
They tell me that choosers turn and run  
They wanna persuade me to behave  
But I just don't get what's left to save  
'Cause I believe in wood  
I believe in wood  
I believe that Bark 'N Bran's<sup>™</sup> a vital source of food  
I believe in chairs  
Finely polished stairs  
Don't know 'bout no curvy marble contours anywheres  
And some owls would think I'm a game  
They'd show me which link was to blame  
Then probably grow me a name  
You never said you'd be the ONE  
You never claimed this would be fun  
I won't be no cowboy for a day- no way  
I don't even see it's all o.k.  
'Cause I believe in wood  
I believe in wood  
Yeah, I believe in Jany Mare upon my Chevy's hood  
I believe in bats  
Sterile cardboard cats  
Don't you never bother me with all them crazy stats  
And some piggies would call me a stray  
They'd show me the bobbles' the WAY  
Then probably throw me away  
Mary Jane  
Well she's the cowgirl down the lane  
She's got a magic daisy  
With a custom-fitted+chain  
I'd like to rake her mane  
I'd love to break her plane  
That Mary Jane  
Ger(e)mane  
Tell me what more will your motor endure  
It's the mountain you split with a cavernous wit  
And the wood takes its tolling  
While visions come rolling from high  
Yes, the pain is all gone  
But we're still hanging on now, and why?  
'Cause we believe in wood  
We believe in wood  
We believe that oaks n' maples ru(l)l in our neighborhood  
We believe in change  
We believe we could  
Does it matter that we're never doin' what we should?

I ain't sayin' that crime doesn't pay  
Ain't claimin' that loggin' is good  
I'm just prayin' for some other way  
But I believe in wood

lunacy

Jany never wanted it  
And Kristl left before my eyes  
Mary took the lot of it  
And gave it to those 'friendly' guys  
And now I'm hung to dry  
And I wonder why  
All their words were fake  
Promises they'd make  
There's a piece of me  
Who will always be  
Willing to die at the stake to be free  
Lyin' here creatin' this  
Alone I beat my wanderin' eye  
It's not that I ain't gettin' it  
I'm just too hard to satisfy  
And so I go again  
To the Land o' Sin<sup>™</sup>  
With some crummy tweeze  
From a drum I tease  
And the pain returns  
And the flame it burns my mind  
Am I blind?  
What more could I find?  
But there's a girl I see who could be alterin' me  
Into a love+crazed-cosmic toy  
I'm really just a puppy for her master to enjoy  
Ah lunacy, I wanna be your funky boy  
Ah lunacy, I wanna be your funky boy  
Can you feel the current, dear  
Pulling you into my arms?  
Do you hear my revlie  
Greeting you with secret charms?  
And still the more that I  
Wanna learn to fly  
Wanna learn about  
What I've held in doubt  
There's a song I know  
There's a place I go  
Where I'll try to get out of the show  
But then I hear her beat  
I wanna kiss her feet  
I need to feel the *Real McCoy*  
I'm only just a puppet  
But her hand's my key to joy  
Ah lunacy, I wanna be your funky boy  
Ah lunacy, I wanna be your funky boy



you wanna funk

I get aroused when no one's in the house'  
I grab my bone when no one's in my  
home

I like to jerk when Jany goes to work  
I'll make a mess all over Mary's dress  
OOOOO Aint' it skunk?

YOUUU wanna funk  
When I am hung up, and I need a Big-E  
Gulp<sup>™</sup>

I'll grind my pussy into a steamin' pulp  
I know it's torture, but I seem to like that  
more

Don't tell my fortune, but I'm really just a  
whore

OOOOO blame your luck  
YOUUU wanna funk

No compromisin' with your pets  
No compromisin' with your bunk  
No compromisin'

Don't need no license  
You wanna risin', yeah?

You wanna funk  
OOOOO don't it suck?

YOUUU wanna funk  
No compromisin'  
Well you don't need your innocence

No compromisin'  
And you don't want no bag o' junk

No compromisin'  
Homogenizin'

You wanna risin', yeah?  
You wanna funk



Rondetta vega

Vis longue le roux  
Roi des etioles Lyre  
Noble le roux  
Dans la nouvelle aube  
De l'ere de la paix  
Voici le roux  
Lampe d'or de l'en pierre  
Noble le roux  
Qui conquerra mal  
De'fait la mal  
L'age passe de Poissons a termine  
Toutes les planetes ont maintenant aligne'es  
Il est le roux  
Roi sur le divan rouge  
Noble le roux  
Son mot verite  
Son mot verite  
Vivre longuel  
Vis longue le roux  
Roi des etioles Lyre  
Il est celui que nous avions attendu  
Voici le roux  
Il est le roux  
*Noble Leroux<sup>™</sup>*



we no. one

We no. 1 on your radio  
We no. 1 on your video  
We no. 1 in your head, you're dead, that's what I said, yo  
Don't even know what you been fed, no  
We no. 1 with our sno-kaps/ no gaps  
We no. 1 with our low-wraps/ blow raps  
We no. 1 with our hoops, our masks, I tell ya  
Dey ain't a thing we couldn't sell ya

We no. 1 in the 'big biz', Pig Griz  
We no. 1 in the 'nig biz'<sup>™</sup>, G WIZ  
We no. 1 with the brat teens, their stupid magazines,  
And all their fraternistic potty scenes  
We no. 1 in the hood yo, or so we think so  
They make us lookin' like we stink, though  
Won't see us dealin' with no numba two  
We fulla gas, WE SHOVE IT UP OUR ASS

WE NO. ONE  
Grab your gun, we're number one  
Have your fun, we're number one  
We no. 1 with the booty- the BOOTY  
Yeah, we like the guys with the cooty- we FROOTY  
Dem ugly ho's all be talkin' trash  
Dey part'n wit our stash, and runnin' off wit all our cash,  
WORD

We no. 1 with the press now  
Don't see 'em makin' us confess now  
We gettin' dibs on the cribs, the yachts, the Ferraris,  
And still they thinkin' that we're sorry  
Nobody listnin' 'twat we sayin'  
Nobody listnin' 'twat we playin'  
Too busy groovin' on our teeths, our clothes, our HAIR,  
BUT WHO THE FUCK CARES

WE NO ONE

the robe (a.k.a. the "jacket")

I guess it's plain to see that flyin' free is no endeavor  
When wood is in your head  
And so you blame defeat for all the tok'n lines you've severed  
That wood have made your bed  
Waiting for the shadows in your mind  
While you scrape before the mirror  
A lonely niche in time  
With greetings to the piper and still another try  
You're hoping that the road won't lead awry  
Ya know I can't agree with all your cryin' in times of trouble  
Your patterns of despair  
And though the more I find when climbin' through  
Your grime and rubble  
The less you even care  
Waiting for the shadows in your mind  
While you stage before your jury  
A motive for your crimes  
In keeping you from falling your catalyst is blind  
You only hope the Thong won't leave the Rind  
You know it seems to me that lyin' here along shoulder  
Ain't anything more than sad  
And as it has to be the final thrill to steer you over  
Well maybe I'm just as glad  
'Cause when it's tailor-made inside  
You know you can escape your pride  
There ain't a place for you to hide  
We're gonna take you for a ride  
We're gonna take you for a ride  
Waiting for the shadows in your mind....  
Your Robe<sup>™</sup> is looking finer all the time

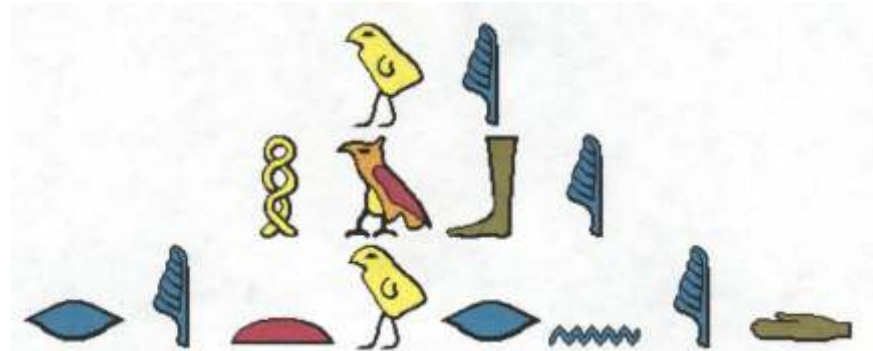
Lunacy, she speaks to me  
In the moon I hear her voice  
And through her eyes I see  
I never really had the choice  
I'm on the bridge alone again  
Not a moment left to spare  
The outside now is calling me  
And she's waiting there



marble-coated+destiny

I get a cold reaction every time I go  
'Cause I'm in some mental traction seeded down below  
Old River do you see me drowning at the gate?  
The nun at the helm is frowning  
It's getting late  
No time to wait  
The Mirrored Plate™  
Will hold our fate  
All of the tides are turning  
Draining out the Sun  
And harboring consciousness for *questions* left undone  
Old River, can you take me wandering with the clouds?  
The men on the river shore seem amiably proud,  
Gamiably proud, tamiably proud, mangling the shroud  
I get a bold reaction whenever I return  
'Cause I get the satisfaction of visionary burn  
Old River, will you lead me through the doming sky?  
The new dawn is rolling over  
And I wonder why  
We're gonna try  
To play this game,  
Are we insane?

You have the perfect answer for your wounded chin  
When you unbind your mind your voyage will begin.





Notes:

taiilor-made+straitjacket is part 3 of a 5-part work entitled, THE AQUARIUS PROJECT. Parts 1 and 2 have already been conceived and produced in 'demo' form. They will be professionally recorded and released following the enormous success of the one you now have in your possession.

Part 3 presents a transformation. It is not ironic that the number 3 itself has always represented an imbalance or lack of complementary harmony for me- yet it is, and shall remain a vital and integral part of this series. The 'jacket' itself symbolizes a cocoon of sorts, and is not meant to be taken literally (Aquarius is in no need of medical attention just yet.)

I will give you a brief description of each musical work contained herein (excluding fragmentation). I will not disclose any of the 'inside stuff' sometimes referred to as *conceptual continuity*. This would be unfair to the listeners who actually enjoy "putting it together" on their own. You can think of everything I release (Project Aquarius) as individual parts to one gigantic artistic puzzle; and if you do, there are no limits to what you can eventually uncover. Whether or not your assessment is correct doesn't really matter- it's fun and sometimes very rewarding just to TRY to figure it out. Many dedicated fans of Frank Zappa's music are well aware of this aesthetic. Please keep in mind that there are several subjective realities coexisting in each piece, and the description which I now provide you with is just a point of origin (or rather, the "surface" of the deep blue sea beneath it). Some of you reading this right now may feel insulted that I must resort to a didactic lecture when presenting my material to the public. You must remember however, that the average pop consumer typically does not look for extreme musical and lyrical depth in a POP MUSIC album. I feel that if I don't point certain things out, they won't know where or how to begin (for those who might WANT some help, that is). The learned on the other hand, have no use for a teacher- or do they? (And to those listeners who might be wondering- yes, this IS in fact, an extension of the *original* conceptual continuity set forth by the master himself. If you think this is somehow outside the boundaries of acceptable artistic merit, I suggest that you listen to the album again. If you still don't "get it," try a music education.)

You might be interested to know that all of the song tracks (except some of the drum parts) were recorded in 'real time' (no quantization or sequencing). Real time seems to capture and maintain a "human" element. I felt this was important for this particular album.

der spacey telefon : A collage of waveforms. It is a very appropriate beginning to a very unusual chapter in history. Sometimes it scares me - no kidding.

THanX for the Cigar: I've always wanted to see a metallic disc hovering in the sky (over 'Native America') and maneuvering in ways seemingly impossible for modern day aircraft to handle. I finally saw one.

the third factor: Try to remember that each little passage or 'motive' has relevance to the entire album. "SERIOUS" musicians may want to pay close attention to theoretical detail- especially with regards to recurring numeric and thematic patterns, and variations thereof.

retentive nasal crunch™ : Modern music for people with unusual social skills. It's also the name of a hip new CEREAL.

triangle: A very costly experience into the depths of 'third party' behavior. Captain Strohenhoff makes a very rare guest appearance in metallic form.

i believe in wood: This is a song about a Pony who does not believe in himself- he believes in wood. If you don't understand this one, you're probably in good shape. Unless of course, you're a *republican*.

the o.x. files: This is a short collection of excerpts from "related" avant-garde, impressionistic and serial works. They are only *sections* because of the short attention span of today's music consumer- including me. If any "SERIOUS" music critics have a problem with this they can go FUCK themselves with a wooden kitchen utensil. I would highly recommend to those jerks to listen to the entire original compositions from which they are derived, before they spout out anything they may later regret. I come from that "SERIOUS" music world, and believe me, it ain't as "SERIOUS" as you might think. As for the "humble" pop critics- you're not even going to be close anyway guys, so don't even bother. All selections are performed by The Atlantis Orchestra Elektronik.

- A) Intro (from "Kun Rdzob Gsum")
- B) from "The Boogadjam" (Arcadia, mvmt. 3)
- C) from Percussion Ensemble Music #5
- D) from "My Only New Egg Trick"
- E) from "El Cardinal Sin Clavier," part 2
- F) Outro (from "Kun Rdzob Gsum")

lunacy: A love song. I don't do too many of these anymore, especially the stupid, sappy sounding ones. Love should sound any goddamn way you want it to though, and not what some pinhead in an expensive suit decides it "needs" to sound like- or worse, the 'sensitive' singer/songwriter types who don't know the first thing about *love*, but have somehow managed to thoroughly convince themselves that they do. Let's get real for a moment- if you have CHILDREN, you may have experienced the closest thing to real love (if there is such a thing), but *romantic* love is a fantasy, tailor-made to ensure that everyone who buys stock in this ridiculousness gets exactly what they deserve. Think I'm wrong? Go ask your X's about it. What? Don't have an X? Still with your 'first'? Go see a psychologist before you seriously damage something or someONE. I understand that in some (very few) rare cases, two people who care for one another can 'live happily ever after' like in the movies. But this SHOULD NEVER be your primary objective, because in the real world people change- and change is good. Sex is a good thing too, but sex does not equal love. Jany taught me that one.

bouncer durk: A dedication to a real live asshole. They don't usually get very many dedications, you know. This is actually another movement from the suite entitled, "Arcadia." It's about upright video game machines and roller skating in the early 1980's.

you wanna funk: What can I say, it's in my blood. This song is about frustration. I use blatant sexual text *metaphorically*. Yes, that's right, this song is NOT about sex. Unless of course, you WANT it to be. Neither is triangle, for that matter- but you already knew that.

rondetta vega: A rondetta is a 'little' rondo, which is a form or outline used most by composers in the 1700's. Vega is a star in the Lyra constellation. Put them together and you get the name of a really hot Hispanic chick. The French lyrics came to me in a bizarre dream, after the music was recorded.

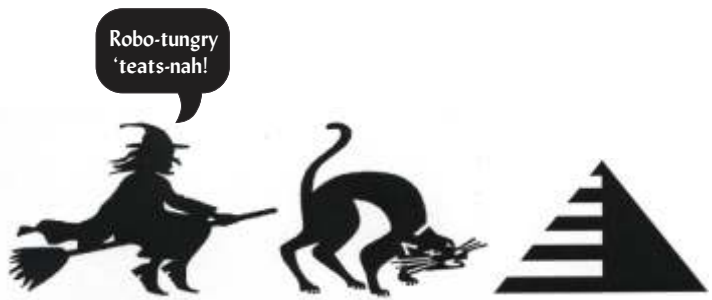
we no. one: The perfect 3 minute 'hit.' The lyrics are stupid, but relevant to our game. This song generally refers to the attitude or idea (which has unfortunately 'popped up' again, now in *my* generation) that there is actually substantial certification for being "Numero Uno" in Music. What the fuck is this all about? Why do you even concern yourselves with such bull shit? Who the fuck is supposed to really determine this anyway? Did you ever stop to think that the people who are giving you this "honor" aren't even MUSICIANS most of the time. It's funny that the stuff that is really cool on the album by the standards of the musicians' who created it doesn't EVER seem to make it to "numba 1." Hmmm...

(I also have a problem with the enormous commercial success which some certain white 'kids' seem to have no trouble in achieving with their 'craft,' while hoards of truly talented struggling black artists still have to bend over backwards just to get their music heard at even the local levels. Hmmm... Again.)

kristl bol: A title for this particular section of the album. It's for a very special person who never really understood or believed what was happening to her and her friend. Maybe I'll orchestrate it one day if I ever get paid for doing this shit. I'm only kidding - I'm really not doing this for the money (or the *nookie*), but sometimes it's nice to actually have something around to "eat."

the robe (a.k.a. the 'jacket'): This song is for A.D. and all the miserable bastards out there who want to give up and throw everything away. Nobody ever said this game would be easy. The second half is the bridge to utopia. Yes, boys and girls, there IS a happy ending for our hero.

marble-coated+destiny: A factorial reprisal. I like things that have a sense of 'closure' to them. Not that it's imperative, of course, it's just a matter of personal taste. Some of the popular musical archetypes return for the "total effect." Ironically, but not surprisingly, this was the very first piece (excluding lyrics) composed on the album. It is the beginning and ending of this crazy (but very necessary) transitional phase.





Cast of Characters:

*Females:*  
Mary Jane  
Jany Mare  
Kristl Bol  
The Drowning Witch  
The Flight Attendant  
Elvira  
Diane (Diana)

*Males:*  
The Teacher  
The Pilot  
The Piper  
The Master  
Jimi Nuevo  
Budrow Wilson  
John



(Any similarities between the characters in our plot and real living persons is strictly coincidental. Some of the characters listed above might be mistaken for being one in the same in some kind of singular delusional dimensionality.) ***Music is the absolute BEST, ain't it???????***

I hereby dedicate this album to Buddy. May he forever remember the wisdom acquired from his mistakes.

A big thank you to all who have contributed to this album, especially my Dad.  
Some noteworthy influences (in no particular order): Ayn Rand, Igor Stravinsky, Michio Kaku, Carl Jung, Franz Kafka, Paul Davies, Roger Waters/Pink Floyd, George Orwell, Pat Metheny, Spike Lee, Don Ellis, Howard Stern, John Williams, Sun Ra, John Hogue, Nikos Kazantzakis, The Pleadians, John Cage, William Burroughs, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Bucky Fuller, Stephen Hawking, Rush, Dana Barbour, ELP, Ed Leedskalnin, George Carlin, Bob Moog, Aldous Huxley, Meg and Alia, Dadaism, Cubism, Relativity Theory, Sub-Atomic Particle Behavior, and most importantly: the Man from Utopia.  
luna z, you're absolutely beautiful (and I'm an *Aquarian*).

Instrumental tracks recorded at Studio Atlantis.  
Vocal recording, track editing, mixdown and mastering were completed at TGIF Studios, Cocoa, FL, Chris Hattingh-  
Engineering Genius Shplendiferocious. Computer graphics & booklet layout - Richard Warren

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Initiated 5/5/2000 "These are Pentagonal Skies"  
This CD is Y2K™ compliant.

Modified Ranting of a Truly Deranged Pubescent Spider

In the shadow of the waxing light before me  
There awakens my soul  
The beneficiary of the last will and testament of its former self  
And it is from within this light that I hear a scream  
Not a cry of terror or torture or one of rage  
But a glorious call of triumph  
From the tumultuous voice that is revered throughout our homeland  
And it is from this voice that a hypnotic vision should appear to me  
A ceremonial surrendering of a withered torch  
Into the hands of redemption  
For I have witnessed the final chapter of a terrifying epic  
And this ending as it is off referred to by its characters  
Is by the mark of the circle no less than a new beginning  
That will ever blatantly revive itself with the passing of time  
And restore absolute truth to those who have been blinded  
For just as matter decays with time so does truth  
But this cry of emanated wisdom shall soon carry across time  
And its noble message will conquer over the pain  
Of all those enslaved in a world of deception  
Those who have blindly snaked through the narrowest of dungeons  
Desperately groping for the path that would lead them home  
And it is this very same path which I have already traversed  
And it is here at the end of this path  
Where the voice now summons me toward its strengthening light  
Like a diligent piper at work in the wilderness  
And I its initiate destined to translate its message  
And interpret its call and help others in turn  
Find the road to freedom  
And release the wisdom that will once again rid this world  
From the domination of true sin  
By the disposal of the defiling who have destroyed  
And who have betrayed and who have disgraced their parents  
And to undo all that has been redone  
By the dispersion of entropy and the iniquity of the Crux  
This I tell you now is the vision which has become my soul  
Which has acquired each and every one of my emotions  
And has required each and every one of my crimes  
So that I may understand and teach the true nature of this side  
Before my return to the infinite side from whence I came  
The side which endows peace upon my brothers and sisters  
Who are free of such material afflictions as greed and envy  
Wrath and pang - fear and deceit - loss and grief  
We must have pity for those who are weary and are still seeking the light  
And even those who do not wish to be found  
For a consultation with truth can appear morbid to the eyes of the deprived  
And such are the souls who will surely return to the Crux many days hence  
And reign fiendishly as prophets have foretold  
But to you of that generation- have faith  
For there will come the time when you too will rediscover truth  
And realize the true nature of your own fears  
And resurrect the circle for yourselves  
To wisely restore its resounding flame

EKAM SATAHA VIPRAHA BAHUDHA VADANTI

