

Forks and Spoons

Publish Date: 06/2001

Catalogue: SUP_1

Track List:

- 1) Forks and Spoons
- 2) I am Depressed
- 3) March of Bee Boy (Move It)
- 4) Gumshoe in Danger
- 5) Goodbye to You (Black Bass Song)
- 6) Little Sad Ol' Love Song (Angry Version)
- 7) Oh, Me Glanz . . .
- 8) Silly Song #1 (Who Are You?)
- 9) Put Your Hand Into My Hand
- 10) Mother Fucker (Janet's Pussy Theme Song)
- 11) All I Can Hear
- 12) Fall Forward
- 13) Lizzy Frank
- 14) Little Sad Ol' Love Song (Sad Version)
- 15) Forks and Spoons (Dance Mix)

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Park Street Studios

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Guest Vocals and other sounds provided by Priss-Illa on Tracks 1,10,11,12 and 15

Thanks to Matt Kowalski for selling me his 4-track

I Am Depressed

I am Depressed

Haunted by rejection
Checked by my fears
Prepared for total let down
When you come near

I want it so badly
But I don't want to get hurt
It's easier to be alone
And emotionally inert

I am depressed

What's the use in being angry
What the use in being sad
When all I want it something
When all I get is nothing

What's the use in being rejected
What's the point in being hurt
When all you want is something
But all you get is worse

I am depressed

Little Sad Ol' Love Song (Angry Version)

G/F/C
G/C/Bb/F/C/G
G/F/E/A/F/C

I don't know just when it died
I was too in love to notice
And too hurt to cry

Please don't apologize
You know I can't hear you
With tears in my eyes

I don't have that much to say
Silence says it all when you go away

I don't want no drama
At the end
Let's just go our separate ways
And begin again

So, I can sing my little sad ol' love song

I don't want to pretend
We are even friends

I don't need an alibi
Just look me in the face
When you are saying goodbye

I don't want to compromise
I am still seeing red when I look into your eyes

Don't try to negotiate
Just give me my space
As love turns to hate

Lizzy Frank

In the age of reason
There was no ether
Just lots of cannon balls

Lizzy Frank
A one-minute butcher
Collecting arms and legs

In the dead of night
Flickering light
Guided his sight

Before the war
His patients were
Cats, rats and dogs

Once wounded
It only cost a limb
To get home

How many did you get today?

Land Of 1000 Odors

Publish Date: 11/2002

Catalogue: SUP_2

Track List:

- 1) Turtle Tank Town
- 2) Sugar Coated Dog Shit
- 3) Anxiety
- 4) Naked
- 5) You Think You Are All That (And Then Some)
- 6) Good Bye To You (Re-Do)
- 7) Doing It Our Way

The Great Lakes Trilogy

- 8) Cosmetology School
- 9) Asshole Wedding
- 10) Canada Day

- 11) He He Ha Ha
- 12) Shoes that Changed the World
- 13) Undone #1 (Theses Are Songs Which Can't Be Sung)
- 14) Too Many Toes
- 15) Alone
- 16) Grey Matter
- 17) Land of 1000 Odors
- 18) I am Depressed

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Park Street Studios

Mixed and Digitally Mastered by Mike "Beaker" Parpovich

At Misanthrope Studios, Sun Prairie Wisconsin November 2002

Bonus CD-ROM Video

"The March of the Bees"

Janet Marcavage co-authored the lyrics for tracks 1, 8, 9 and 10

Thanks to Janet for going out and exploring new places with me.

Turtle Tank Town (Land of 1000 Odors)

Stinky Dank, Turtle Tank
Smelly Lake, Turtle Stank
Sticky Skin Stuck Within
Turtle Tank Town; You're Gettin' me down

A False Sense of Superiority
Only masks inferiority
Open your eyes and you will see
Cowshit
Rednecks
And Algae

Why are you sticking around?
This Unclean, god-forsaken, piece of shit town

Sugar Coated Dog Shit

G/D/C/G

Let's steal an election
With Daddy's Cocaine connections

A Nation was divided
Until he collided (3 planes flown by his own)

Now we are bombing a ghost
Who was once an honored host

To the tune of 200 million dollars a day
I ask just when were those videos made?

Did Anyone notice California
Getting raped right after the election?
The perpetrator name is Kenneth Lay.

The Stocks a bear
W don't care
'cause he will prime the pump
with blood and oil

Has anyone noticed that the deficit has gone from a surplus of 2.9 billion dollars
in 2001 To a deficit of 29.2 billion in less than one year?

The flag covered our eyes
As soon as the buildings went down
The media has created a new set of martyrs
And we bought it because we are assholes and clowns.

Anxiety

B/C#/D

We think in terms of inhibition
Rarely do take to fruition
Afraid of true exhibition
Wind up, release, then explode

Anxiety, it is what it is (4x)

My problems are valid
Because I say so
It's the little things
I just can't let go
Wind up, release, then explode

I don't enjoy
Nor ever feel good
My pain is something
Quite misunderstood
Wind up, release
then explode

Is Medication the answer?
Is their hope in a pill?
Snake, bats, cats and rats
I can't sit still
Burning, Yearning

Naked

You Dream of:

Saggy Boobs

Nasty Pubes

Varicose Veins

Underwear Stains

Don't climb up on the table

And get naked naked naked naked

You Dream of:

Shriveled Cocks

Soiled Socks

Uneven Nipples

Unsightly Fat Ripples

Don't climb up on the table

And get naked naked naked naked

You Dream of:

Surgery Scars

First Sex in Cars

Panty Color

Their Birthing Mother

Naked

Don't climb up on the table

And get naked naked naked naked

If you engage in any of these behaviors

I ask that you

DO NOT draw pictures of your friends Naked

DO NOT tell your co-workers you think about them Naked

If you do

NEVER

I mean

NEVER

Talk about this

With a priest

To a Psychiatrist

Or with your Mother

You Think You Are All That (And Then Some)

You think your shit don't stink
I can smell, it ain't what I think
You can't look when I put up a mirror
You attack anything near

You think you are all that,
all that,
all that
and then some

You hide your heart
Than demand I reveal
You live your lies so much
That they are real

It's not me that talks such game
It's you who are without an ounce of shame
You say friends don't give friends shit,
Baby, I am afraid you are full of it

Your Personal Inventory is long overdue
Check the shelves and you will find that
You are thin on sincerity
And overstocked with you

Goodbye to You (Re-Do)

I hold your hand
While I hold back my tears
I understand exactly what I fear
It's to let you go and be all alone
To have no one to call
On the telephone

Goodbye good bye, good bye to you (4x)
Now you are a long, long far away (2x)

When I look at you I see myself
A part of me that I've shared with no one else
Now I wake up
In the middle of the night
I have to hold myself
Because of my fright

What we had was good and real
But now you are gone
I am forced to deal
That in spite of myself
I let you move on
Now I sing
This failed love song

Cosmetology School

My life was a dead-end street
I could not make two ends meet
Then one day the sky opened wide
And revealed a large neon sign

It said, "Welcome to Cosmetology School"

Now each day I don my smock
From certified beauticians I take stock
Obtaining the skills to transform my life
I will no longer be a helpless housewife

Today I learned how to:
Give a Brazilian
Color your roots
Gel you mullet
Shape your pubes

From this day on I will now be free
Unleashed by cosmetology

No More!
Hooking the streets
Telemarketing
Serving you fries
Living a lie

For all those who looked down on me
Fuck my sister and her lit degree
For all those who looked down on me
I've been unleashed by Cosmetology

Cosmetology, one day you will be free
Like me

Asshole Wedding

C/G/D/A

Your day of days has finally come
No one thought that you'd succumb
To an arcane religious ceremony
Accepting the norms of society

The invites are out, your god approves
So, you rent a tux, buy some Sam's club food
At the appointed time and hour
Your family will board the rental trolley

Christian or Jew it doesn't matter
All in attendance are simply cattle
Waiting restlessly until they get fed
They don't care who will be wed

Asshole wedding

Your neighbor and uncles will all come
Knowing damn well they will succumb
To many a glass of cheap beer
So, they can hit on a bridesmaid without any fear

At the end of the night chaos blooms
Fistfights erupt all over the room
Women accuse others of ill repute
The joy of the moment is rendered moot

Drunk and puking I just don't care
Just get me the hell out of here

Canada Day

Yet another traffic tragedy
Which soils the integrity
Of our glorious national holiday
Now we are stuck listening to Anne Murray

On Canada Day

Get out of your vehicle
Make sure that fellow is all right
No one is upset by the traffic delay
We always show compassion,
not just on Canada Day

People take precedent over traffic flow
To all Canadians we know
To savor each moment of this holiday
It only comes once a year
and that's Canada Day!

We love all things Canadian
Survivor, Bryan Adams and Celine Deion
Rough Rider, Blue Bombers, Maple Leaves and Flames
Labatt's, Molson and a host of other liquor with no name

If you are in the washroom
Or drinking cold beer
We take off our hats to our beloved
Disposed English Queen
Everybody Sing!!!

Shoes that Changed the World

G/G/C/F/D

F/A/C

B/D/F

Bob Hope, his penny loafers
Indira Ghandi, her shoes made from gophers
Louis the 14th, his red high heels
Elton John, platformed zeal

David Bowie
Robert Redford
And Anne Murray too
All wore famous,
All wore famous
All wore famous shoes

Pat Croce
George Lucas
And Shakira too
All wore famous,
All wore famous
All wore famous shoes

Liberace, his princess slippers
Terry Fox, a famous Canadian Gimper
Ginger Spice, and her derivative 90's flair
Lady Di, with her Savoir Faire

Ollie North, and his combat boots
Elvis, with his blue suede shoes
Helen Ready, and her stiletto heels
Charro's, nude natural feel

Kate Bush, and her hippy sandals
Pat Nixon, soiled by Scandal
Dan Rather, with his sensible style
I couldn't begin to walk one mile

Undone #1 (These are songs that Can't be sung)

Martha Stewart's
decoupage of
beefcake porn

Masturbating
a bedridden priest
to offer him sexual release

Next time you are out
Close your eyes
Share their secrets
Live their lies

I use a wooden spoon to loosen my bowels
I named my penis after Harry Truman

I am an oral hygienist who gets violently ill
When I stick my mitts into your grill

His butterfly landed on my petunia
I am 2000 cc of infected pus
Pulled straight from you grandmothers back
The uncleaned colonoscopy scopes
Testicular Torsion, it just hurts to say it
Aneurysms the size of hemorrhoids

Go on, the next time you are on the bus,
At the ball game or the grocery store
These are the things we all harbor inside of us

What we can't talk about
At dinner, To lovers
To Friends
Or your god

Grey Matter

What hurts most
Is to experience your
Consistent and conscious
Rejection of me

I give you my heart,
spleen and spine
I trust you, and you break it
Again, and again

My mind forgets
But in my depths
The grey matter,
which can't count
but only remembers

It's yourself, which you abhor
You're seething contradictions
Are what you truly adore

Reflections,
Genuflection,
guilt and misery
Abstracted pain,
unrealistic gains,
forlorn and suffering
Hyper excitability lasts for hours

I want to give you
all my yuck in a box
Gift wrapped,
The card
has your name on it
Go on, open it
Enjoy

We Watch the Lemons Sing

Publish Date: 2/2003

Catalogue: SUP_3

Track List:

- 1) We Watch the Lemons Sing
- 2) It's under stupid
- 3) Living My Life
- 4) Partner Swapping Polka
- 5) Skull and Bones
- 7) Passin' Through
- 8) Pull out Your Tongue
- 9) Force Fed
- 10) Prugelknaben
- 11) Celebrated Summer
- 12) Lullaby
- 13) Mixed Mania
- 14) History Lesson, part III

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Park Street Studios

Mixed and Mastered by Mike "Beaker" Parpovich

At Misanthrope Studios, Sun Prairie Wisconsin in March 2003

Bonus CD-ROM Video

"We Watch the Lemons Sing"

Produced and Edited by Justin Gorman

Directed by Marv Turner

Huffers: Mike Parpovich, Tor, and Tom

All songs written, performed, recorded and produced by Justin Gorman

Janet Marcavage co-authored the lyrics for tracks 2, 4 and 5.

Cover art by Justin Gorman 2/2003

Thanks to Janet for letting me be me,

Emma Goldman, whose words and vision is as true today as it was in her time

We Watch the Lemons Sing

D/A/B/G/E

G/C

Me and my pals
make the most of our days
We hide in the groves
and huff away

We watch the Lemons Sing

It's a time of your life
when you just don't care
You want friends so bad
you will accept any dare

It only takes a dollar
and an old sock
You can even use your lunch bag
or your unused gym jock

Crystal clear consumption
completely rots your brain
Snap, crackle, pop
you will feel no pain

Late in the day,
when the sky turns orange
Your brain starts to hurt
That is when the citrus
starts to smile and sing
La La La La

It's Under Stupid

E/G/A/B/D/E/D

You're asinine,
beef brained,
a poster boy for stupid

Vacuous, gullible,
completely fucking clueless
Dim witted, deficient, totally foolish
A half-witted, ill-advised,
simple minded lumpen

It's under stupid,
check under your cap
It's under stupid,
you're a piece of fucking crap

You are irrelevant,
laughable and ludicrous
Meaningless, mindless,
completely fucking loopy
You're moronic
which means
you are stupid

You are blockhead, idiotic,
a boring-ass bovine
Dopey, dull, dense, dumb,
an imbecilic cretin
Who I define as stupid

Living My Life

F#/C#/E/B

F/C/Eb/Bb

I'm living my life
without regret or sorrow
I'm living my life
like there is no tomorrow
I'm living my life
just trying to be
Happy hearted and carefree

I won't follow rules
which I haven't made
No Gods,
No Governments,
No Masters

Sometimes
in the midst of turmoil
and trouble
I remind myself
that life can be ecstatic

I will not
deny nature's
demands

Nor
live estranged
from nature

That means:
Break my spirit
Stunt my vision
Subdue my passion
By another's hand

The Partner Swapping Polka

E/B/E/B

E/B/F

B/C/D/E

Every Friday Night
We swap with our friends
Whether fasting for Fashting
Or Pre-October Fest

Smoking,
Drinking,
Fucking,
Fun!
It's the partner-swapping polka

Eat a plate of strudel
And drink from a boot
Skipping on the dancefloor
It's a real hoot

Sharing oral herpes
As we swill
from the stein
What's yours
is mine
Swapping snitzchel
is divine

Take off your Johan
Join us at the table
Hoist up your beer
And yell . . .Ya Vol

Hoist up your dirndl
Pull down your 'hose
I will hang up my Fritz
And we can play accordion

Skull and Bones

E/E/G/D/A

Wealth
is created
through misery
Causing suffering
to the Nth degree

Like matter
that is neither lost
nor gained
All in this club
are completely
bloodstained

Those who own
the industries
perpetuate power
through misery

To possess
is to oppress

Every generation
is culled in their wars
We die for oil,
and pretend it's ours

What ever happened
to the slave who disobeyed?
Ears lopped off,
and hands hacked away

They
pick the presidents
Appoint the judges
Choose what we see
on "free" TV

Passin' Through

E/F/G

D/A/E

From
what I ate
for lunch today

To the car
I work to pay

It's all just passin' through (*my friend*)

They
build cathedrals
that touch the sky

It makes me stop
and wonder why

They say
we are here to stay
I know everything will go away
(*Insurance isn't assurance*)

Pull out your Tongue

E/G/D
F/C/Eb

I am against
this pending
and all future wars

Because
they all boil down
to a rich
and privileged few
Fighting over
what they value most,
in this case it is oil

I will not sign a petition,
nor wave sign in protest

I will not put a bumper sticker
on my car, nor attend an
outdoor peace rally
in the middle of the winter

I work hard
to pay my bills on time
I stay out of trouble,
and dream of saving enough money
so that one day I will have a life

I know it is passive acceptance,
acquiescing to just getting by
Am I a bad person? No!
Will I stand for this pending atrocity?
Absolutely

I constantly wrestle with the guilt
of not really caring about current events
But hell, it is hard enough just to muster enough strength to get out of bed
and go to work every day.

Like most people, we know this is wrong,
but in this reality what can you do?
When the deal has already been done.

Force Fed

A/C#/G

G/B/F

C/E/Bb

Force fed reality
is quintessentially
banality

It is primetime filler
free of air
For plastic people
who fall somewhere
Between has been actors
and faux porn stars
Have we really fallen so far?

Processed like American cheese
Our entertainment is littered with
Bimbos, himbos,
tone-deaf singers
and porn wannabes

I ask is their humiliation
making me feel better about myself?

The Batchelorette,
American Idol,
Anna Nicole and Fear Factor
Emmanuel Lewis,
McHammer,
Corey Feldman and Darva Conger

Their lack of shame
is the currency
which they trade
for an extended
15 minutes of fame.
I ask is this really making
me feel better
about myself?
Is this why I sit down
and watch?

Prugelknaben

E/G/E/B/C/G

E/G/E

E/C#/D

B/G#/E

I'm the man
Who steals your Sunday paper
Every week
Without guilt
Or remorse

If you need a place to hold your blame
I am there when you become enraged
So, shake your fist
Say my name
I'm the man

I'm the man
who has twelve items
in my basket
At the express
Checkout line

I'm the man
Who is drunk
And loudly cussing
In front of your wife
And children
At the ball game

I am you scapegoat
Your patsy
Your fall guy
Your victim
And whipping boy
All rolled into one

I'm the man

Lullaby

Hickory Dickory Dock
Daddy's nuts from shellshock

Humpty Dumpty
thought he was wise
Until gas came along
and burned out his eyes

A dillar a dollar
a 10 o'clock scholar
Blow off his legs
and watch him holler

Rock a bye baby
on the treetop
Don't step on a mine
or your time will stop

Now
I lay me down
to sleep
My bombproof shelter
is good and deep

If I am killed
before I wake
Remember God
it's for your own sake

Amen

Mixed Mania

A/B/A/C/A/D/C#

I possess
a unique
mechanism of action
(*That is*) to cut my own throat
to cure myself
of profuse hemorrhages

To pull out my own tongue
because silence is golden

To gnaw my own fingers
down to the bone
so that dirty nails will no longer show

Psychotic
Euphoric
Hyper
Ecstatic
Mixed Mania
The best tool
are your hands

I possess
a unique mechanism of action
(*That is*) to pull out my own hair
to avoid going to Supercuts

to peel off my own skin
to alleviate embarrassing tan lines
to smote my own eyes
to evade the obvious

History Lesson, Part III

C/B/G/F
B/A/C/E
E/G/A/B/C

I think of the slaves
who built the pyramids
Thousands of lives lost
to extract a dead monument
to a dead king
I also think of the slaves
who fought each other in the
Coliseum in ancient Rome
for the entertainment of the big guys
Whose raised or lowered thumb
was the only thing
that stood between
life and death

How many people
have lost their lives
in wars they didn't care to start?

How many have died
in foreign lands
by another's hand?

How many
have been forced to fight
against other slaves
of his own kind
In a battle neither started?

We are the little worthless people littered throughout our meager human history.
The ones who are shot, drowned, stabbed, crucified, boiled in oil, flogged, flayed,
starved and burned at the stake.

I wonder what Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, Abby Hoffman,
Peter Kropotkin and D. Boon would be saying right now?
They would probably shake their heads
Because nothing has changed from their time to ours
All we can do is keep tapping away at the walls of our cells.

Minority of One

Publish Date: 11/2003

Catalogue: SUP_4

Track List:

- 1) Slow Motion Apocalypse
- 2) I Take From You
- 3) The Fraud of Liberty
- 4) Where the Fuck Were You?
- 5) I Can See Clearly Now – Johnny Nash
- 6) 1-2-3-4
- 7) New Fire Ceremony
- 8) Be My
- 9) The Mullet Man
- 10) Pizza Pie
- 11) The Frottage Song
- 12) Minority of One

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Park Street Studios

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Mixed and Mastered by Mike “Beaker” Parpovich

At Sit Down-Shut Up-I’m right-You’re Wrong Studios

Sun Prairie Wisconsin, November 2003

Bonus CD-ROM Video

“History Lesson, part 3” ©2003

Produced and Edited by Justin Gorman

Justin Gorman wrote tracks 1,2,3,4,6,7,9, 10,11 and 12

Janet Marcavage co-authored the lyrics for tracks 9 and 10

Cover photo by Janet Marcavage ©11/2003

Thanks to: Janet for love and inspiration

Slow Motion Apocalypse

E/G

Tempo: 120

What is most wonderful
about the time we live in,
is that the grandest of all conspiracy
theories is unfolding before our eyes

Like a slow-motion apocalypse
A stolen election allows stolen energy.
A staged tragedy obscures
the arrival of a greater depression
Which in turn births a new police state
that will erode our liberties
The entire time we are distracted
by a premeditated war, 10 years in the making

What's next?
As the grip gets tighter
and our economy turns to shit
Corporate scandal comes to a head
When will we stop and take notice?

Only when it costs too much
to drive our SUV's
To have Cabal (!) TV
To have our time completely stolen
Then and only then we complain

When will enough be enough?

Why does the world hate the USA?
Unwrap the flag from your eyes
and you will see that the Army still kills
Women, children, the old
And yes, it is your fault

I ask who exactly is behind this?
And why are these people intent upon starting world war 3 abroad

While at home taking your inalienable right to sit on your ass and watch TV
To eat supersize food portions
To drive your supersized car
And to bully the world at large

I Take From You

E

E7/A7

Tempo: 120

We have the best Democracy
that money can buy
Our electoral process is a lie
Just when you thought
Jim Crow Died

I take from you

Republicans and Democrats
hand in hand
A billionaire boys club
rules the land
The New World
business order
is led by oil, gas
and water

I take from you

Self-serving lawyers
and journalists
Act as effete
myopic apologists
Booster for the atrocities
of late stage capitalism

I take from you

The Fraud of Liberty

E/G

Tempo: 140

We are
a strapping child monster
whose runaway growth
Could never be matched
by moral or cultural maturity

Naively cocksure
Americans are
In our belief
that we can whip
any enemy whatsoever

The Ugly American
I must endure
They're never-ending
patriotism that is
Non-flinching,
loudmouthed,
vehement,
voracious,
preachy and mercenary

The claim that the United States
is built on a foundation stone
of Liberty is seen
and consistency exposed as a fraud

Our country grew rich
on slave labor
Stealing natives land
Exploiting all newcomers
Reselling the stolen land
Starting wars
Than selling both sides the ordinance

Why? Because we dress
the business of power in the garb of piety
Our rhetoric and false diplomacy
Cloaks an enlightened self interest

This is the fraud of liberty

Where the Fuck Were You?

G/B

B/D/A/B

C/B/A#/A

Tempo: 120

It was the year that ALF was still in prime time
Bush number one started his political climb
Spuds Mackenzie was shoved down my throat
Americans in unison smugly gloated "*don't worry be happy*"

1988 was the year I chose to run away
It was really easy to simply fade away
I didn't come back for quite some time

Looking back realized I missed some major world events
And would like to take the rest of the song
To tell you about my take on these events

Where the fuck were you?
What did you do pass your time?
What did you do when you weren't on line?

For instance, in 1989 I found the world started to redefine
some major political paradigms
From the Berlin Wall, Tiananmen Square
to Ollie North and the Iran-Contra Affair
What I was really unaware
is that Cindy Crawford set the world on fire
with her TV show "*The House of Style*"

As the home stretch
to the millennium began
Our federal government was 3 trillion in debt,
unemployment was 5%
More importantly Milli Vanilli
had their Grammy taken away
A travesty I say

1991 was not a lot of fun
with the start of Bush War #1
The New World currency
traded blood for oil
Here, on American soil

Fox got permission to advertise rubbers
Kevin Costner won the Oscar

The ballyhoo of 1992
started when four white police officers
were acquitted of beating up
a black man in
Los Angeles
The world erupted in an appropriate way.
We were distracted - much to my dismay
NAFTA came into effect
What I failed to neglect
was that Woody Allen
was porking his daughter.

1993 loudly signaled the decree
of what the world was about to become
The EU was born just as humans were cloned,
Jews and Arabs reached an accord.
Clinton urged us to not ask or tell
The Branch Davidians were sent straight to hell
I blinked and missed Schindler's List
And Michael Jackson's and Macauley Calkin's tryst

In 1994 my interest
was piqued by OJ's murderous spree
Between Paula Jones
And the baseball strike
Woodstock being recycled
And Kurt Cobain saying "Nevermind"
I admit, I almost stated to care again

In 1995 I turned the TV back on
just as Jerry Garcia had gone
I ask what brought me back into the fold?
A girl? The Titanic?
Or was I simply bored?

1-2-3-4

E/G/A

C/G/Bb/F

Tempo: 120

I woke up this morning
and realized that
I no longer cared,
much less have a clue
about current music today
I haven't for quite some time

I don't care about rock no more
I got bored with the 4 over 4
Rock and Roll didn't save my soul
1-2-3-4

When they gush about the next big thing
About how much it makes their heart sing
I turn the dial to an AM station
In search of content with lower vibrations

It's not that I miss my mother's heart
I just accept that I am a part
Of the world as whole
My rebellion (or fear) has left my soul
And it will not be resurrected by rock and roll

So, for all you reunited,
rehashed, retread AOR bands of yore
The Simon and Garfunkel's,
Doors of the 21st Century, Duran Duran's

Stay home
and collect your
gradually diminishing
royalty checks

Stay in your state
of suspended
artistic development
Your nostalgia
will not eclipse
my reality any more

New Fire Ceremony

E/D/A

F#/C/G

Tempo: 120

We stand on the threshold
At the end of an epoch
A new sun waits to be born

In the first sun
Humans were
destroyed by hurricanes
The rest turned
into monkeys

In the second sun
Humans were
destroyed in a rain
of lava and fire
Those who survived
became birds

In the third sun
So much rain
fell from the sky
Those who didn't drown
became fish

In the last sun
we remember
Jaguars devoured the giants
who were left by the gods.

Those who survived could only hide

Today is the day
that happens once every 52 years
I look around and all I can see
Are scared people, trying to flee

Men and women find pots to smash,
fires to dash
Before they go inside
to die

While a new sun is born

Be My

E/D

D/A

Tempo: 160

Be my:

ruckus
perfect non sequitur
circuit breaker
nest of pine needles
2nd story window

If

you stare
long enough
you
will see
Subatomic
particles

Be my:

Backbeat
key of C minor
surly apostle
scandalous repartee
Maximum payload

Shimmering

Seething

Flickering

Radiating

Undulating

Do You Know the Mullet Man?

F/C

C/F/G

Tempo: 180

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
He rides the bus with me!

From Squirrel pelts
to Kentucky Waterfalls
I've seen them all
From Sho-Los in the East
to Mud flaps in the West
Tennessee top hats are the best!

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
He rides the bus with me!

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
I've seen him take a pee

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
He's a recent parolee

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
He's a 7-11 trainee

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
With his white trash pedigree

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
You can smell his family

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
He squawks on his CB

Do you know the Mullet Man? (2x)
The mullet runs in his family

One day
I hope we can all have hair
that goes down to our breasts! YES!
Do you know the Mullet man?
I do, and I know you do too

Pizza Pie

Tempo: 140

Pizza Pizza Pie

(Lyrics by Janet Marcavage, written while waiting far too long for a pizza that pushed the boundaries of grease, cheese and crust – the heartburn was worth the wait!)

The Frottage Song

E/G/A

E/A/G

Tempo: 120

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My penis is between them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My vagina is underneath them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My anus is behind them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My perineum is above them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My colostomy bag is beside them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My shakers are on them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My turgid genitals obscure them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My man berries hang between them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My herpes fester near them

This is my left leg, this is my right leg and
My love tunnel is buried under them

Minority of One

G/D/E

Tempo: 120

I am alone,
but standing strong
I march
to the beat
of my own drum

The path
I chose
is seldom trod
My life
is a one-man
jihad

Orwell was right
Thoreau was wrong
I am a minority of one

Left and right
is a joke
Both powers are held
by the capitalist yoke

Conservative,
liberal,
progressive or socialist
Their prescribed dogma
doesn't make my list

I accept
I am misunderstood
To be a minority of one
is like being in a
Secret monkhood

None of the Above (2004)

Publish Date: 03/2004

Catalogue: SUP_5

Track List:

- 1) American Dynasty
- 2) Dog Du (Redux)
- 3) Corpses and Clowns
- 4) Buy In – Be Happy
- 5) Watcha' Doing?
- 6) When will the chickens come home to roost?
- 7) Once in a Lifetime
- 8) Unraveling
- 9) Plant a Seed
- 10) Pennies and Flesh
- 11) N.O.T.A. (we will defeat)
- 12) Truth and Lies (outré)
- 13) Last Frontier

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Park Street Studios

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Mixed and Mastered by Mike "Beaker" Parpovich

At Sit Down-Shut Up-I'm right-You're Wrong Studios

Sun Prairie Wisconsin, March 2004

Bonus CD-ROM Video

"NOTA" ©2004

Produced and Edited by Justin Gorman

"Minority of One"

Produced and Edited by Justin Gorman

Director Brewer Stouffer

Justin Gorman wrote tracks 1,2,3,4,5,7,8,9,10,11,12 and 13

Janet Marcavage co-authored the lyrics for track 2

Graphics by Janet Marcavage ©2004

Thanks to: Janet for being my agitated muse, Greg Palast, Joe Helmsley, Mike Hartwig and family, Brewer Stouffer and Priss-illa

American Dynasty

G/F/D

Tempo: 100

The real powers
of this country
Are not up for any vote

They are represented
by the millionaires
Who can raise
and spend the cash
Of the billionaires

Always tell the voters
what the voters want to hear
Always tell your cronies
what your cronies want to hear

They are driven
by a toxic mix
Of ambition and bias

Interest groups
who gain
weighted favoritism

Are the: energy sector,
defense industry
Pentagon and CIA,
big corporations
and the investor class

Who all work together
to widen the gap

Dog Du (Redux)

A/B/D/G

Tempo: 120

On the eve of another election
America's turned in the wrong direction
We close our eyes and cast our vote
The hope for change is so remote

100 days will come and go
and his true stripes will really show
The truths we were sold
were a pack of lies
Candy coated
and caramelized

We are sold Sugar Coated Dog Shit

The air we breathe
is full of pollutants
We drink poisoned water,
that can't be diluted

What's the use
of teaching a man how to fish
When in 28 states
you can't eat 'em?

Overworked and underinsured
Kids are patted down before school
Every minute 2 jobs are lost
While the Deficit silently grows

Electoral politics
are shaped by a select few
They pay handsomely
for access to reshape the rules
Microsoft, Phillip Morris,
Lockheed-Martin, Glaxo-Smith-Klein

They
are of the kind
who smiles to our face
while they feed us
Sugar Coated Dog Shit

Corpses and Clowns

Tempo: 140

Ladies and Gentlemen!
Welcome to the show
W's locked and loaded – *he's ready to go*
I ask, are you ready
For 4 more years?
I am not . . .

You make me smile
You make me laugh
You are an easy target
To throw my popcorn at

You're
a dancing monkey
on a chain
Whose lead around
by the skull and bones gang

Your overt hawkish machismo
distracts our attention
And steals the show

Corpses and Clowns
Smiles and Frowns
Donkeys or Elephants
Clowns make corpses

Behind the scenes
lurks a dark cabal
Who sells us out
in a free for all

It's a tight knit group
with goals defined
It's social Darwinism
of the Republican kind

They pass tax cuts
and energy laws for cronies
Oil wars are waged
to make the rich more money

The end result
is an assault
on our collective
Intelligence,
decency and hope

In a society
where there are winners (*and losers*)
The rest of us
have to clean the floors
and cook them dinner

After four more years
of enduring
this side-show

When we
are made to feel
as though
we don't matter

We can only wait
for the clowns to enter
And provide the laughter

Buy In – Be Happy

E/G/A

Tempo: 140

Once
you embrace
the notions, actions
and beliefs
of the dominant
social paradigm
for social relief

You Will:

Believe in Money as your god
Worship your material possessions
Wrap yourself in a flag for strength
And cheer loudly for the super bowl

Buy In, Be Happy

Madison Avenue
feeds us with a steady diet of
Lighthearted faire
Chock full of shtick
Pushing products
that make us sick

Million-dollar diversions,
which constitute
A repetitious falsehood
of cartoon characters
and Dancing bears
with recycled divas
exposing their wares

We need to laugh because our nation's mood is so sour
And really, nothing is funnier than watching grandma and grandpa
Have a full-blown bare-knuckle free-for-all fistfight over a bag of chips

People who are miserable
Need reassurance that others
Are as miserable as they are

Whatcha' Doin'?

Tempo: 130

I 'wanna know
what you
are doing

Right Now!

Oh Yea!

2/13/04

When Will the Chickens Come Home to Roost?

B/Eb/F/G

G/D/A

Tempo: 120

A scant bit of intelligence
Became the flimsy context
For our government
to spin out of control

The Talking Heads Bleated
While the headlines loudly screamed
The Future for propaganda
Is Bright Indeed

As they searched
for weapons of mass destruction
The claims of doom grew louder
From the pentagon

Aggressive pursuit of non-entities
Angered the world community
Blatant disregard for the United Nations
Made a diplomatic mess
Which created undo stress
New fissures were reopened
Among allies once considered friends

When will the chickens come home to roost?

As Pax Americana Evaporates before our eyes
When will the world get sick of Accepting our lies?

We know why the United States invaded and now occupies Iraq
It is control an oil weighted counterbalance to neutralize OPEC

As the value of the dollar falters globally
The mere notion that OPEC could attach the value of oil to the Euro
Sends shivers of cold sweat down the backs of the US power elite

If and when this happens the stage will be set for WW3
Then everything as we know it will change.
When the chickens come home to roost

Unraveling

E/G

Nature abhors a vacuum
The food chain fills the void
Rapacious appetites devour
According to rank and power

Unraveling – thread by thread
Unraveling – the fabric of society
Unraveling – the tapestry falls apart

Hostile takeovers rule the day
CEO's steal workers' pay
Priests and jocks rape the weaker
Run for cover, the future is bleaker

Abolish built in Obsolescence
Consumption created by hype
Don't be afraid of strangers
Live with compassion
Celebrate the unknown
Allow yourself
to be guided by hope

In the age ruled
by the executioner
Anything outside the norm
Is met with violence
Or worse, no marketing support

What's driving you forward?
What's your excuse for getting out of bed?
Is it intuition or insecurity?
It doesn't matter
because we will all be dead.

Plant a Seed

E/G/ D/A

G/B/D

F/A/C

I am a man
Standing on a soapbox
In the middle of a cornfield

I want to plant a seed
And Watch it grow
Into a full bloom of discontent
Towards the Status Quo

I am yelling at the top of my lungs
Screaming loud and clear
To the birds, flowers, grass and trees

I am the angry outsider
Who harbors a heart
full of healthy hatred
That burns
with a smoldering bitterness

I accept
my voice sounds
like a noisemaker

Wielded
by a drunken
birthday party clown
Desperate
to engage
an uninterested audience

Pennies and Flesh

D/B/C/D

D/F/D

Tempo: 140

The modern terms
of corporate plunder
Are designed
to prey upon our busy lives

Through a pattern
of passive aggressive robbery
That extracts flesh
before our eyes

What it is,
is how it is
How it is,
is what is

In an earlier time, this was
simply known as theft

Now it is just the way
things are done

Cell phones, airlines, and Internet Providers
Send bills with conscious mistakes
Knowing that we won't
take the time to protest

If you are brave enough
to navigate the hazy customer service maze
The human
you might get to talk to
will not have any authority
To make amends
for the crime committed
in the name of capitalism

It is easier
to simply shut up
And pay as you go
With pennies or flesh

N.O.T.A. (We Will Defeat)

B/G

E/B/G

Tempo: 170

Vote

For None of the Above

We Will Defeat

Everybody

Stay on your Couch

Everybody

Stay in your House

Truth and Lies (Outré)

E/B/D

Tempo: 250

Some Truths
are too unpleasant
to accept

Some Lies
are too seductive
to ignore

“The Gorilla X Show”

Publish Date: 09/2005

Catalogue: SUP_6

Track List

- 1) None of the Above Commercial
- 2) Buy In, Be Happy
- 3) March of the Bees
- 4) Be My
- 5) History Lesson (part 3)
- 6) Sugar Coated Dog Shit
- 7) Minority of One
- 8) The Fraud of Liberty
- 9) We Watch the Lemons Sing
- 10) Doing It Our Way

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Lawrence Street Studios

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Weapons of Mass Frustration

Publish Date: 11/2016

Catalogue: SUP_7

Track List:

- 1) Read or Bleed, Learn or Burn People
- 2) Looking for a Safe Liberal Bubble to Call Home
- 3) The Pendulum Has Swung
- 4) Snake in the Grass
- 5) Ode to an Orange Asshole
- 6) Let's Have a War
- 7) Uncivil Society
- 8) The Fraud of Liberty (redux)
- 9) 500 Years
- 10) Eliminating the Empire

Lyrics by: Justin Gorman

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2016

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Read or Bleed, Learn or Burn People

Key: C Tempo: 110

A/G
D/C/D
C/D/E

Wake Up You Brain Dead Fuck
We gotta' make change or we are out of luck

Tired of wondering what is wrong
Read a book by my good friend Noam

I would start with Manufacturing Consent
He argues without fault how what we see
Is shaped by a large degree
Through the commercial interests of corporate powers

And how government is a distraction
Whose sole purpose is to to keep us diverted
With drama and illusions Keep the rabble engaged
So, we keep putting Corn syrup sugar water away

You have my permission to skip a page or two
If you must Cliff Notes will do
Just Read Chomsky, Noam Chomsky

After the rage of knowledge dims a bit
Get into some real heavy shit
Check out my friend named Zinn

He tells the truth about how this place did begin
Not from the mouth of the man in power
But from those who have been fucked over killed, or oppressed

That means the natives, slaves, workers women
And All the people who have been shit on
throughout our meager history

You have my permission to skip a page or two
If you must Cliff Notes will do
Just Read Zinn, Howard Zinn

You gotta begin someday We gotta start now
Read or bleed Learn or burn

Looking for a Safe Liberal Bubble to Call Home

Key: C Tempo: 110

D/A
D/Db/C/B
Tempo:

At 10:00 PM PST on November 8th 2016
A tsunami of bile erupted from my gut
Careened up my esophagus Burnt my throat
Filled my mouth with a puddle of acidic chum
Almost choking on this puke
I realized that the Orange Asshole had won

I went to bed scared that night
Frightened for not just my future
But what lays in store for my children
I have always been afraid of this country

Every election I see the sea of red
And know what this color stands for
It is shorthand for places where racist hatred
Misogynist and classist inequity
is inexorably bound into the fabric
of everyday interactions

Beneath the surface, a tension has always simmered below
Kept in check by the myth of democracy, equality and freedom

Now that the it has been exposed as fraud.
I fear the anger of the oppressed will now come to a boil
I am terrified what this new era will hold for not just me, but my children . . .

Fuck this social experiment
How did it last 240 years?
Let's quit pretending that we are united
Let's quit lying about getting along

Break the arrow
Tear the flag
let the mountains divide!
Let's make a new nation
Let's start anew
Let's create a safe liberal bubble to call home

The Pendulum Has Swung

Key: C Tempo: 110

E/G/D/C
D/D#/B/G/C

Politics, reflect and react to our place in time
The privilege of this experiment
Lies in how we choose the course

History has shown again and again
How Left goes right Than back the other way

The Pendulum has swung

Kennedy broke the Protestant block
Just like Barack Ended the skin color lock
Now gun touting Nazis Feel embolden to walk
The Pendulum has swung

/

Today I woke up to see that history has been broken
The body politic has raised their arms to embrace
A new Crypto Fascism defined by hatred of race
Naked greed and avarice is now in its place
Have we gone back in time to when
the Know-Nothing's ruled the land?
The Pendulum has swung

We took two steps forward over the last eight years
Only to stumble back seemingly overnight

A new civil war has begun
The pendulum has swung
Let's quit pretending that our nation gets along
Let's quit lying about being united as one

The Pendulum has swung
Left coast, right coast and center
it is time to break away
Let the mountains divide
Let's take our space and leave the state of red
I don't want to live in a place defined by hate
Let's make a new nation state

The Pendulum has swung

Snake in the Grass

Key: C Tempo: 110

A/C/D/Bb

A/G/A/C

E/F/Bb/C

As we expressed moral outrage,
and sank into disbelief
How could anyone with a shred of tact
support this repugnant racist's act?

As the shit show election de-evolved
for 18 long months the assault on decency
and dignity became more pronounced
If you said you supported this act out loud
You would have been cowed

Yet we were wrong Oh, so very wrong

You were lurking in the weeds
Hiding of plain sight
You had no intention of giving up your rights
And privilege afforded by your skin
You are angry that others want in

Empowered by his venom
You the angry and disgruntled white class
Crippled by rust belt depression
De-emasculated manufacturing might
Disenfranchised through your perceived loss of power
Shamed that your wife makes more that you do

Thinking a billionaire will do you right
He spoke to your inner baby
Like one who won't share his rattle
He connected with your inner stunted child
The angry sexist bigot doesn't want share our pie

You couldn't look me in the eye and say it
Because I would reply is that how
you treat your wife or daughter?
You became a sly basking snake
who sneaks into the poll and bites
Venom on your ballot - X marks the spot

Ode to the Orange Asshole

Key: C Tempo: 110

D/C/E
G/D/C

You embody:
Stone Age Behaviors
Nostalgia for a time
And place that wasn't good for all

I ask Make America Great again for whom?

You are:
Dangerous, Horrible
Piss face child
Infantile, Stunted Petulant

Do you know story of our land?
The cause of European conquest
and its attenuated effects on the natives
The blacks, workers, women,
perceived enemies of the state
the oppressed and dispossessed
That constitute the sum
Of the history of our land

Because of this you are:
Fragile, Egotistic, Narcissist Facile, Fraudulent Racist, Misogynist

What will happen when he grabs your daughter or wife by the pussy America?
When he makes a deal to sell out your jobs America?
When he bankrupts your economy?
Starts a war because some piss ant country says shit on twitter?
What happens when he fires you?

The majority is wrong
You have burned the bridges
that were leading us to a progressive place
A post-racial time and space

You have embraced an:
Angry, Jeering, Racist Leering, Bully, Sexist
Small Handed, Abuser

Uncivil Society

Key: C Tempo: 110

F/C

D#/D/C/A

What is Society?

It is made from
you and me

I am not fit for Society

We are not
informed citizenry

Can we make

good choices

Do we care

enough to care

Can't we all sit

at the table

When there is

enough to share?

I am not fit for Society

We are not informed citizenry

Can we make

them accountable

To the truths

we hold true

Or are we just going

to beat our chest

And fling our poo?

I am not fit for Society

We are not informed citizenry

500 Years

Key: C Tempo: 110

C/D#/G/A#/F#
F/A/E/Em

For those who have been discovered
In the last 500 years
Results in devastation
Oppression through a combination of:

Disease, Warfare, Land theft
Discrimination, Broken treaties
Removing children
Introducing poisons
Implementing beliefs
Force feeding education

This is assimilation
Cultural genocide
A method and process
That proceeds like clockwork
Moving through time and space

We have read the playbook
Go right - Hut hut hike
Bacteria, Bullets, Beads
Bureaucracy, Books, Booze
And the Bible

Don't take the blanket - it will make you sick
Stand up and fight - even with a stick
Reject their ways - you cannot buy and sell the earth
Plug your ears - when they talk about faith
Close the book - because Knowledge is not neutral
Break the pen - because their word is as strong as paper it is written on

Government does not make peace
Education is training for your future slavery
The drugs destroying your community have been supplied
You don't need parents in your life
Everything you perceive as truth is a lie

Eliminating the Empire

Key: C Tempo: 110

C/Am/F/G

What is an empire without conquest?
What is conquest without war
What is war without torture
What is torture without suffering
What is suffering without war?

A world without empires
It's like an army without soldiers
Or a government without lies
Yet there is a tendency to think
that what we see in the present
will continue in perpetuity
We forget how often
how many times
we have been astonished
by the sudden crumbling
And collapse of institutions
Change manifests through action
That alters how we think
When we realize our power
that we can erupt and rebel
Rising up against tyrannies
And cause quick collapse
of systems of power
that once seemed invincible
Remember and celebrate
the times and places
where so many people have
Behaved magnificently
Inspired us to act
The future is an infinite succession of presents
That means the time is now
Time to live as we think
human beings should live
With freedom, dignity and justice
To live in defiance
Of the worst of everything
That surrounds us
Is a marvelous victory
Hope is the catalyst for change

Ego and My Own

Publish Date: 05/2018

Catalogue: SUP_8

Track List:

- 1) Spooks (In Your Mind)
- 2) Ego and My Own
- 3) Create Nothing
- 4) I am, I said
- 5) Liberate You
- 6) Things Create Regimes
- 7) A Union of A
- 8) No gods, no masters
- 9) My Flesh My Mind
- 10) The End Point of Language

Lyrics by: Justin Gorman

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2018

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Spooks (In Your Mind)

Key: C Tempo: 120

G/F/E/F
E/G
E/F/E
Tempo: 120

As Abstractions
Becomes fixed
in our mind

These Illusions
influence
how we think
How we see
How we act

Hierarchies
Are anchored
in our own mind
And refined
by how we
see the world

Authority
Is rooted
in your alienation
From the world
From yourself

Your ego
Driven by your self interest
Is the root of every action

There is no altruism
You are everything to yourself
You do everything for you

Even as I am
And eventually
will be fed upon
We have only one
relation to each other

Ego and My Own

Key: C Tempo: 120

B/D

B/D/F#

If property
manifests through might
To those who know
how to take,
You belong to them

Your power, is your own.
So Assert yourself

As the holder of your own deed
You are the sole proprietor

Of your enterprise
So do not step back shyly
from your domain

There are some
Who knowing the world
and everything in it,
including others
Is available
to one's taking or use
without moral constraint

For them rights do not exist
Their Corporations are corporeal

There is no rationality
in taking on the enlightened
self-interests of others
unless doing so furthers yours

Individuals unite - *It is in your self-interest to do so*

Free yourself from property
The monopoly of monarchs,
Governments and industrialists
Stop being ruled by others
Disregard their moral claims

Create Nothing

Key: C Tempo: 160

A/E

C/F

G/C/Bb

Truths are material,
like vegetables and weeds;

as to whether you
are a vegetable or weed,
the decision lies in you

In place of such systems
of beliefs, be detached

Live a life of non-dogmatic,
open-minded engagement
with the world "as it is"

Live unpolluted by "faith" of any kind,
Be it Christian or humanist

I am all in all,
An abstraction and nothing
I am not a mere thought,
but am full of thoughts,

The self is "nothing"
one is said to "own the world"
"all things are nothing to me"

Our revolution is aimed
at new arrangements;
insurrection leads us no longer
to let ourselves be arranged,
but to arrange ourselves,

my purpose and deed
are not political or social but
as directed toward myself
and my own ness alone
an egoistic purpose indeed

Liberate You

Key: C Tempo: 110

D/G/A
G/B/D/A
G#/A/G

I say
liberate yourself

Go
as far as
you can go

Then
and only then
you will have
done your part;

Consequently,
do not tire yourself
with toiling
at the limits of others;

Tear down your walls
To show others the way

Do not fear
nothingness

Give voice to the "unutterable"
Name the "unnamable"
Speak the "unspeakable"

You are more
than "a mere word"
You are not your name

You are free

Things Create Regimes

Key: C Tempo: 110

D/C/F
F/Ab/C
F/G/C

To those who defend property
As a natural right
Yet oppose theft and taxation
As a violation I condemn you

Inequity is only possible
As long as we all worship
At this shrine

This shared sacred civic sense
Results in the majority
Ending up with nothing

Free is not free
The game is rigged
The field is slanted
Those who possess
Oppress

Your exploitation
And continued theft
of time disguised
as labor forms the
Yoke around our neck
And the blinders that shield your eyes

Only you can be free over yourself
You are your own only when
You master yourself

Without lordship and servitude
The state is unthinkable
My liberty sets me free
Not the liberty defined by those
who hold the power
and create the rules

They subjugate me - the despot remains free

A Union Of A

Key: C Tempo: 130

D#/F#/G#/D
C#/F#/E/F#/A/F#
E/F/B/F/E/D#

Imagine if you will
An understanding
That lies Outside
The systemic associations
You have been trained to accept

Imagine if you can
Strangers once united by lies
Applying their collective force of will
To dissolve the ties that once bound us

Manifest in your mind
A new Union where
all parties participate
With complicity and without silence.

To make this idea to come to fruition
You must see that authority
Is not above a person's will
Concepts should not rule people,
but that people should rule concepts.

When Individuals
self-realize
This new union
rests on your desire
to fulfill your ego

Be willing
To freely
choose your actions,

Embrace
fulfilling your desires.

No Gods, No Masters

Key: C Tempo: 140

D/C/B/F#
E/D/F#/B
F#/G/A

As you are
in each instant
you are your own
a higher being
than you think you are

Surpass yourself
Recognize
your 'higher essence'

This means that
All of your accepted
Notions
Of social institutions
The existence of the State
Property as a right,
Even of society
as we know it
Are illusions
Ghosts in our mind

Abolish the state
Get rid of your master
Dismantle the institutions
responsible for illusions

What is real you ask?
It is You
You in this moment
With the breath you just stole
The shit you just evacuated
Into the impression your weight
Just made into this earth
That Is real

My Flesh, My Mind

Key: C Tempo: 130

Bb/Eb/F

Love is selfish
Because it makes
you happy
Only pleasing
yourself

Freedom
Must exist
in the interests
of all

It is attained
Through self-fulfillment
For individuals to enjoy

My flesh is not your flesh
My mind is not your mind
I will not reject or deny
my uniqueness

You are more
than a part,
cog or gear

Be more
Beyond your
current conception
Transcending
the limits of perception

Look after your own
Serve your fresh
Be your own master

Earthly labors will not satisfy you
Only make you tired
Nothing is complete in another's hands

The End Point of Language

Key: C Tempo: 110

E/B/E
E/G/F/E

What are words?

Words come from thoughts
Thoughts that attempt
to make meaning
Of the experience
Derived from the here and now
And what is past

My thoughts are nothing more
than echoes in my mind
Incomplete fragments
Composed of emotions
and impressions left by experiences
That resonate and attenuate
And keep me awake

These remnants
That have long slipped away
Form my faulty foundation
That manifests my reality
And becomes my words

No thought, no concept - Is real
What I say is not what I meant
And what I mean is unsayable

Tales from the Panopticon

Publish Date: 05/2018

Catalogue: SUP_09

Track List:

- 1) Divisions
- 2) Cross Confined
- 3) Discipline
- 4) The Watchtower
- 5) The Marvelous Machine
- 6) Jermev B's Factory
- 7) The Tower and the Ring
- 8) New Anatomy
- 9) The Genesis of Every Observable Idea
- 10) Out Me Dig

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2018

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Divisions

Key: C Tempo: 110

G/B
E/G/A/B
E/B/D

In this living experiment
That seeks to separate us
From selected freedoms
through the guise of rights
While the watchman
keeps you in sight

He is watching me

unblinking eye
Set in a tower
Sees our isolation
watches our tribulation

They are watching me

Depending on
form and function
watchman sees
all junctions
From the tower
out shines light
Piercingly bright

I know you are watching me

From my fear
of being singled out
I avert my gaze
never rise
Seldom shout

Now the prisoner
Corrects them-self
I know you are watching me

Stop watching me

Cross Confined

Key: C Tempo: 130

E/D/B

E/B/G

In our uncivil society
We are contained
Not just by our physical place
But through our data
That follows us
throughout cyberspace

Here government
and Church
work in conjunction
to identify
select
And define
It's function

It's jurisdiction
Holds sovereignty
without appeal

This new vision
of our social order
Is defined
By where you search
And what you buy

Moral obligation
And civil law
are linked
within authoritarian
constraint

Confinement is condemnation

Discipline

Key: C Tempo: 80

D/A
F/A#/C/F/D

All is needed
is to place
in each
In their
cell

a madman
a patient
Or the condemned
a worker
A prisoner
or a schoolboy

captive shadows
in their cells
so many cages
Like small theaters
in which each
actor
is alone

In a circle
From a tower
Silent eye
Watches all

Visible
in a trap.
individual
in their place
securely
confined

He is seen
but he does not see
As the object of information
never a subject in communication.

this invisibility guarantees order.

The Watchtower

Key: C Tempo: 110

C/A/C
B/F/E/B
F/C/G

the proclivity
of disciplinary
societies
Is to subjugate
its own

each prisoner
must know
that power
always watches

each citizen
must understand
they are objects
being observed

Today
the watchtower
Is constructed
of cameras
On buildings
on doorbells
And in stores

The computers
In our pockets
And desktops
Note actions
And movements
As their eyes
silently watch

The Marvelous Machine

Key: C Tempo: 130

B/F#
A/E/F#
C#/B/E/A

The Panopticon
a machine
That automatizes
And de-individualize power

It's Power
in principle
Is not in a person
But concerted
And distributed
On bodies,

Through surfaces,
By lights,
And constant gaze;

an arrangement
whose mechanisms
produce relations
For individuals
To be caught up.

This machine
that assures dissymmetry,
Creates disequilibrium
Maintains difference.

it does not matter
who exercises power.
Or what motivates them
the curiosity of the indiscreet,
the malice of a child,
the thirst for knowledge
of a philosopher
who wishes to visit
this museum of Human nature,
or the perversity of those
who take pleasure in spying and punishing

Jermev B's Factory

Key: C Tempo: 130

Bb/Eb/G/F
Bb/Eb/F/G/Bb
Bb/Gb/Cb/B/A/Ab/G

If the inmates
Are always watched
there is no danger
of escape

if the patients
Are always observed
there is no danger
of contamination

if the madmen
Are always surveilled
there is no risk of
committing violence

if the schoolchildren,
Are always seen
there is no cheating,
noise or chatter,
Or Any wasted time

if they are workers,
Are always supervised
there will be
no disorder, theft,
Or coalitions to be formed

If the crowd
Knows the light
in the tower
Shines on them

We become
a compact mass,
of multiple exchanges,
Where individualities
merged together

Tower and Ring

Key: C Tempo: 120

E/A/E/Bb
D/A/Bb/E
A/D/E/D/E

When we Arrange things
to perfect our power

Architecture
Becomes a machine

subconscious
substrates
for creating
and sustaining
Relations

To achieve this,
the prisoner
Needs an inspector:

And the inmate knows
They are observed;

in the ring,
one is seen,
without ever seeing;

From the tower,
one sees all
without ever being seen.

New Anatomy

Key: C Tempo: 100

G/F
B/C
C

How is power
to be strengthened
in such a way
that does not impede
But facilitates progress

How will power,
be able to increase
those of society
instead of confiscating
or impeding them

The social body
with their details,
And spatial relations;
is what is required
To analyze
And quantify

In a mechanism
that monitors
With instruments
rendered visible,
recording,
differentiating and comparing

a new "political anatomy"
whose object and end
are not the relations of sovereignty
but the relations of discipline.

These disciplines,
Manifest in enclosed places
Cubicles, schools and prisons
a network of mechanisms
everywhere and always alert,
without interruption in space or in time.

The Genesis of Every Observable Idea

Key: C Tempo: 100

B/G

So much
for the question
of observation.

the Panopticon is a place
a living laboratory;
a machine
to carry out experiments,
to alter behavior,
to train or correct
individuals.

To try out different punishments
on prisoners,
according to
their crimes
and character
to seek the most effective ones.

For the workers,
to decide which is the best.

To try out pedagogical experiments
one could verify whether
anyone could learn anything;

one could bring up
different children
according to different
systems of thought

The Panopticon
is a privileged place
for experiments on men,
and for analyzing
with complete certainty
the transformations
that may be obtained from them.

The Uncivil Society - "Spectral Semiotic Sound"

Publish Date: 05/2019

Catalogue: SUP_11

Track List:

- 1) Proposition #1: Signs (*the crisis of conscience*)
- 2) Proposition #2: Dictionary v. Encyclopedia
- 3) Proposition #3: Metaphor
- 4) Counter Argument #1
- 5) Proposition #4: Symbol
- 6) Proposition #5: Code
- 7) Proposition #6: Isotopy
- 8) Proposition #7: Mirrors
- 9) Counter Argument #2
- 10) Conclusion: Everybody's Talking

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2019

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Proposition #1: Signs (*The Crisis of Concept*)

Key: C Tempo: 173

D/F/G

D/F

A/C/C#/D

If the world
is everything
Our Systems (must be maintained)

If the object in question
correlates expression to content
This Program (must be maintained)

If the signs can Influence action
These Procedures (must be maintained)

By knowing what we know
Which assumes we know something more
This Alignment (must be maintained)

Through implemented inference
And shaping interpretations
This Mission (must be maintained)

If asked
and you can tell
me the time
I can ascertain
your level of training

These Policies, Values
and Beliefs (must be maintained)

To describe
the state of the world
In terms and organization
Based on Allocation
This story (must be maintained)

So, everything can remain the same

Proposition #2: Dictionary v. Encyclopedia (*Signs and Symbols*)

Key: C Tempo: 145

E/A/B
G/C/F

The Experts
Who use equations
define what is known

Defend their knowledge
Through transformation
Of information

Through indication
And designation

Connexions
In this system
Defines a range of truth

My interpretations
And explanations
Are shaped
by their tools

Our power lies
in the ability to name our experience
Once something is named,
and awareness achieved
We can truly see

To have our experience
be codified and classified for us
Diminishes our knowledge
Our power
And wonder

Proposition #3: Metaphor (Sign Systems)

Key: C Tempo: 143

G/Am/D7
B7/E7/A7/D7
G/Em/C/D7

If Existence
And Experience

Is explained
through metaphor

Can This moment
Be described with logic
let alone words

when we speak
Through metaphor
We are lying

because that thought
is not literal

And What you
are asserting
is pretend

What is said
carries connotations

And what we perceive
becomes the definitions
interpretations
explain

The reactions
to what
we encounter
In the course
of our lives

Proposition #4: Symbols (A thought is a proposition with a sense)

Key: C Tempo: 134

C/F
G/F/C/G
C/F/C

To be both
everything and nothing

To be Two halves
of the same thing

Whose distinctions
can only be shown
By what is in
the here and now

In the Econo Expressions
of my heart and mind
understanding comes with conditions
And is sign signified

For the symbols to become a fact
I Must possess to express

The Signs that are my words
The Pictures That form my fiction
Are constructed from what can be said

Language
is an instrument of perception,
not only of description

You see
only what you have words for.
when we choose to participate
in our shared delusion,
and conclusions
become difficult
to question

Proposition #5: Code (A proposition as a truth-function)

Key: C Tempo: 131

A/C#/D

D/A/E

Some may think
limits must be set
To what can be thought
And not be thought

Methods mean
to alleviate confusion,
It's logic justifies rules.

an argument becomes valid,
When it's conclusion are clear

When one truth
follows other
Structures are formed

These expressions
And strengthen the relation
And justify what is
already understood

Any thought
outside this relation
is considered
to have no sense at all

Proposition 6: Isotopy (*The general form of a truth function*)

Key: C Tempo: 149

F/G/A
F/A/G/A
F/G

What lies
between
thought
and expression

What comes
from the fragments
That form my words

What constructs
the filaments
That binds
my mind through
Subatomic interactions
reflective negations

My statements are reflections
Of Man-made conditions
Connected to a knowledge
And delivered by a language
That cannot supply meaning
only reflect the world

These limits
of my language
Are defined by what can
and cannot be said.

I am senseless
and my language
must be destroyed

Proposition 7: Mirrors (When one cannot speak, one must be silent)

Key: C Tempo: 134

G/F/A/D

G/F/D/F

D/A/C/D

For language
To describe the world
With meaning
is impossible

Meaning itself
requires that something
Has to be said

this paradox
Lies in the distinction
between saying and showing

What truth
can be communicated

the preface
and propositions
The equations
All meant to explain
Can be ambiguous

both true
and nonsensical
At the same time

The Uncivil Society - "The John Dewey Experience"

Publish Date: 09/2019

Catalogue: SUP_12

Track List:

- 1) Traditions v. Progressions
- 2) The Need for a Theory
- 3) Criteria of Experience
- 4) Social Control
- 5) Nature of Freedom
- 6) Meaning and Purpose
- 7) Progressive Organization of Subject Matter
- 8) Experience: Means and Goals
- 9) Counter Argument #3
- 10) Mr. Pharmacist

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2019

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Traditions v. Progressions

Key: F major Tempo: 133

C/G
D#/Am/A
D

We think
in terms
of opposition

Beliefs
are formed
as either-or
propositions

This extreme
intrinsic duality
eliminates possibility
from reality

When forced
to compromise
Extremes are difficult
to exercise

Yet, when it comes
to practical matters

When paradigms are in tatters
And circumstance compels
us to find common ground

Traditions impose ideas
from above and outside

Progression comes
from expressions

Aligned by heart and mind
We retreat to the safety of theory

Where any query can be argued as truth

Need for a Theory

Key: C Tempo: 115

C7/G7/F

F7/C7

E/D/A

C/G/Am

Education is a process
designed to suppress
our natural inclinations

The subjects and matters
Derived from
bodies of information
Seemingly assembled
without relation

The knowledge and skills
you will understand
Is how to follow rules

Conform to standards
How to obey time
Meet deadlines
Regurgitate Schemes
Identify patterns of organization
In the twelve-year course

Of mandatory education
You will be shaped
by time and schedule

So we can replicate
And perpetuate
The rules of order

That are already in place

Criteria of Experience

Key: G Tempo: 144

G/F/G

G/F/A

G/F/Dm

Dm/G/A

Culture creates conditions
That assume our future
will be much like the past

Through Instruction
and Discipline
We are taught
skills, conduct and ideas
from previous eras

Transmitted in the now
with intent to last

The praxis of this interaction
Forms factions in our minds

Knowledge is Assimilated
from surroundings

Learning is gleamed
through acquisition
Of what is already understood

This criteria of Experience
Lies in opposition
to cultivating an individuals
identity and experience
Through free activity

Social Control

Key: Am Tempo: 111

A/Am

C/A

A/C/Am

How many have learned to hate learning?

How many acquired skills through drills?

How many came to associate discovery with boredom?

How many found their experience so foreign to their life they quit caring?

How many simply acquiesced control?

What if we learn to identify the factors that create containment?

What if we learn to take self-control?

What if we cultivate learning that rejects established patterns?

What if we created our own social controls?

How many have accepted the necessary levels

Of docility, receptivity and obedience

To be determined for survival?

What if we let go of this social control?

Nature of Freedom

Key: G Tempo: 167

A/G/D/G
F#/E/E/G
D/C/D/G
G/A/G/Bm

We play games
Games have rules
Rules make conduct

Without rules
there is no game

Without the game
there are no winners (or losers)

If rules are part of the game
And no rules, means no game
Can we construct Different rules
To play a different game?

Yet as long as this game goes on
with reasonable fluidity
And the players feel
Like active participants
Who are not submitting
to an external imposition
Then the game will go on and on

Conduct becomes conditioned

You see, revolt only occurs
when someone on the other side
is perceived as being unfair

And the individual who
is imposing their will
Makes the game unfair to play

Without the game what do we really have?

The deck is stacked, the dice is loaded
The field is slanted, and the sides are mis-matched

Meaning of Purpose

Key: A Tempo: 110

D/G/A/E

D/E/D/A

C/F/C/G

G/F/C

A slave can be defined as a person
Who executes the purposes of another

The aims and methods of instruction
Is to prepare the young
for future responsibility
And success in life

Rules, Order and Patterns
Forced organization overrides concerns

Through learning
the Discipline of acquisition
is reinforced

Through navigating
organized bodies of information

Forms the skills
Which in turn become
evidence of comprehension

Multiplied actions
Of manifested conformity
Through standards
That prescribe normality

Progressive Organization of Subject Matter

Key: C Tempo: 127

Dm/A#/G
FM/G#/C#
G#/A/F#
Cm/G/A

Organization and relations
Are defined through interactions

Both principles are abstract
Only concrete in consequences

Which result from application
Far reaching fundamentals

Dependent upon interpretation
Objective Conditions
Experience promotes growth

By implication
These conditions
Of observation
Of memory
Of information

Have been procured
from others imagination

Anything can be called a study
Arithmetic, history, geography or science
Are all derived from materials which at the outset
Fall within the scope of ordinary life experience

Yet are abstractions at their core

Multiplied actions
Of manifested conformity
Through standards
That prescribe normality

Experience: Means and Goals

Key: D Tempo: 129

G/F/D

D/G

A/G/D

G/F#/C#/D

To accomplish ends for both
individual and society

Experience must be controlled
Methods are employed

To shape the possibility of growth
And to limit what you encounter

Find possibility in the ordinary
Celebrate the failure you will experience

Be bold to walk your own path
Through your own mind

Do not be afraid of the danger you may find
That resides in the dark corners of your mind

See through artificial created fear of the unknown

Embrace your inner other
Experience
Experiment

Develop your own direction
React against the standards
Reject others aims

Modify the prescribed methods
Celebrate your own gains
Create the rules for your own game

The Uncivil Society Presents: "Inland Empire"

Publish Date: 05/2020

Catalogue: SUP_13

Track List:

- 1) So Cal . . .So Cool
- 2) Sunshine or Noir?
- 3) Power lines
- 4) Home Grown Revolution
- 5) Fortress Upland
- 6) The Hammer and the Rock
- 7) Confession
- 8) Junkyard of Dreams
- 9) Counter Argument #4
- 10) Days of Wine and Roses

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2020

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

So Cal . . . So Cool

Key: C Tempo: 120

G
C/E/G

I am inland air
tainted with smog

From a land
where once arid brush
Through the alchemy
of technology
has transformed
into golden artificial abundance

Now devoured by relentless
Development of the tacky little boxes
made by Lewis and their clan

I am driving in and out (*at least an hour each way*)
on endless freeways
that lead to a beach bonfire at dusk
Where the faint scent of peroxide mingles
with valley girl twang "fur shure dude" . . .

I am a Dodger dog
being digested by the disappointment
Of another title-less season
in the center field bleachers
Of a stolen Elysian field

One of twenty-four million insignificant locusts
Adrift in a sea of plastic
that defines the aesthetics of this place

yet we don't mind one bit because we find solace
In the warmth embrace of a year-round sun
and are distracted by the illusions
that come to fruition in this faulty space

I am the suburbs, a fortified buttress Designed
To defend the strata of class
Where freedom is defined by consumption
in this artificial state

Sunshine or Noir?

Key: F major Tempo: 119

Standing on the ruins
Of an alternative future
In the shadow the creosote and burro brush
And occasional yucca tree

I can feel the Earth Move Under My Feet

Suburban wave crests and breaks
In a relentless approach
Ready to encroach
And engulf all inside

I can feel the Earth Move Under My Feet

Surrounded by groves upon arrival
Land redacted and reshaped
Playing in the skeletal frames
As instant community takes shape

I can feel the Earth Move Under My Feet

City as commodity
Surface as exchange
Artificial Industry
Perusing a fever dream

Power Lines

Key: G minor

Tempo: 150

G/A/B/D/E

G/B/D

G/A/B/D/E

C/G/Bb/F

Streets marks strata

Strata makes class

Class makes lines

Meant to last

Street and Address

Will define

Where you live

Within the lines

North is rich

South is poor

Wealth resides

along the shore

Lines run

through us

And divide

Opaque yet transparent

You can't run or hide

When Lines are

Centralized

Power becomes

Militarized

Home Grown Revolution

Key: G major Tempo: 109

C/F/A/G
E/A/G/D/C
G/C/E/D
C/F/A/G
B/D/G

There was no apocalypse
or encounter of a third kind
In fact not a single person
had even died

Shops were still open
And pollution no worse
than in any other part
of this cursed

Smog-choked Valley

You see
life in Los Angeles
Where equality is valued
Through property
of single-family homes

Self-worth is appraised
Through designation
Of the tract you occupy
What would make a NIMBY revolt?

Anger and outrage
is channeled
through relentless defense
of the distance between
A white picket fence

Fortress Upland

Key: G Tempo: 106

D/G/D/C
G/B/F/C/E/Bb
Bb/G/C/E
B/D/G

From careful lawns
sprout signs that warn
Of trespass and harm
In our sweet suburban home

Where Personal insulation
Creates transmutation
The defense of this place
Has created divided space

In the master plan
income equals access
and Security creates demand

Welcome to Fortress Upland
Our sweet Suburban home

The Hammer and the Rock

Key: Db minor Tempo: 141

B/F/B/D
F#/A/F#/C/#/E/F
E/B/E/C
Db/F/Ab

When the jack booted
commandoes storm
Chalk another victory
for the norm

We fight wars we love to lose
So we can Fund the blue

I can hear
The choir
Of fear

The establishment
is made of scowling faces
by your incredulous neighbors

Who hide behind tract barriers
And Echo the great Nay-sayers

For Every Red Hat Boomer
And Becky who unite
To condemns those
out of sight and mind

They declare
These people
Need a teacher
Or a preacher
Or be put away
To be reformed

Confession

Key: Db Major Tempo: 179

Db/Bb/Db
Gb/Eb/Bb/Db
Ab/Bb/Ab/Bb/G
Gb/Db/F/Bb

Dear father
I must confess
The religion
And beliefs
you tried
to Stress
Never once
did Impress

Even though
You made me
bow down
In ritual force
to Absorb guilt
And learn to appease

Your repeated dogma
Your murmured prayer
Your stupid customs
I learned not to care

Sunday battle
For heart and mind
gnostic tension
Freed my mind

Your poisons
From toxic thoughts
Has been left Far behind

Junkyard of Dreams

Key: G major Tempo: 140

A/C/A/E/D#/D/G/D
D/G/C/D
E/C/D
G/B/D

As you travel east
Towards San Berdo'
Traversing the I-10
windows are sealed tight
to protect from
smog and dust
And any incidental
Contact with the Empire

lemon groves
Once Heated
by Schue's pot
Have given way
To an endless sea
Of Bedroom dreams

The stones
Thrown out
by Joat's demise
Mask her
Unheard cries

geological and
social detritus
Makes a land
Of trespass

Once scarred
by blasting furnace
is now both junkyard
and utopia of the
California dream

The Uncivil Society - Mutual Aid

Publish Date: 09/2020

Catalogue: SUP_14

Track List:

- 1) Among Animals
- 2) Swarms of Butterflies
- 3) Among Savages
- 4) Ants and Bees
- 5) Among Barbarians
- 6) Checks to the Over
- 7) Among Ourselves
- 8) Peters Choice
- 9) Counter Argument #5
- 10) Born on the Dance Floor

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2020

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Among Animals

Key: G Major Tempo: 115

A/D/B

B/C/D

F/B/C

D/C/A

In Nature We Struggle
To exist

Birds Ants and Bees
Live socially

Bound together
to weather circumstance

Mutual Aid
Among Animals

To live
To thrive
Not just survive

Swarms of Butterflies

Key: A major Tempo: 97

C#/E/B
A/E/C#/A
E/D/G
A/G/E

Mass-flights
That occur
occasioned
by monsoon

this action
is not a reaction
but rather
a consequence

of imitation
of desire
of following
all others

In this chaos
Of possibility
and desire
become unbridled

and what
we collectively
choose to create
manifests

In a swarm
of butterflies
anything becomes
quite possible

Among Savages

Key: B minor Tempo: 143

A/D/E/A
A/G/A/E
G/A/E/A
G/D/A/G

In this supposed war
of each against all
few are the species
who live alone

We share
To protect
To progress
To prosper
To thrive
Not just survive

Together
For the
best chances
of survival

mutual aid
is mutual support

We now have to play our part

Ants and Bees

Key: D major Tempo: 125

G/D/E/B
E/B/E/G
G/C/D/E
G/D/E

Always tell the human
What the human
needs to hear

When sympathy
is marred by sentiment

Put forth by Argument
better suited for cautious work

The thought
that morality
can only Originate
from a warm-blooded
embrace

minimizes the
biological sympathy
and voluntary co-operation
among ants and bees

You see
In the life of ants
And the nations of bees
Both societies
work collectively

What they both possess
Is a predisposition
to assist
without the coercion
or mandate
or domain
of government

Among the Barbarians

Key: C major Tempo: 94

D/C/D/C
C/D/G/Ab
C/G/F/G
E/D/C/B

Through the organization
Of what we call civilization
Individuals struggle to survive

Our current crisis
Shows just how frayed
And broken our bonds
Have become

in isolation
This life is conflict
Me against you
us versus them
tribe against tribe

All the while
Fearing the other

The result
from this chaotic contest
is that hostile forces
Have divided us
into class
and caste
or enslaved
to despot

Or the invisible
hand of time
to consume

Checks to the Over

Key: D major Tempo: 97

E/A/E/D

G/D/G

A/D/G

A/D

Now that we
are an extremely
large collective
population

that inhabits
every section
of the globe

We call to the most defenseless
those with no beak or claws

Those who possess
the social disposition
To create the conditions
which makes life go

To the unresisting creatures
Who must explore every tree

I call to action

To experience a rich harvest
That may be reaped not sown

Among Ourselves

Key: D Tempo: 91

A/D/A/E

G/D/C

D/F#/A

D/G/A

To the pessimist
Politician or pundit
who proclaims
that warfare
and oppression
Is the essence
of ourselves
And our instinct
can only be restrained
Through limits

Must be overthrown

Now, more than ever
We are ready
for new systems
of social organization
economy and ethics

That come from
Among ourselves
Not the same source
of oppression

Peters Choice

Key: E Tempo: 144

E/B/A

B

E/C/D/A

E/A/E

A new union
will manifest
From the implosion
Of our State

Our struggle
Through strikes
through resistance

Collective action
Co-operation
Based on
Free association

Self-sacrifice
for community
not consumption

Creating a world
where we can share
through Mutual Aid

The Uncivil Society - Spectacle Inc.

Publish Date: 05/2021

Catalogue: SUP_15

Track List:

- 1) Separation Perfected
- 2) Commodity as Spectacle
- 3) Unity and Division in Appearance
- 4) Subject and Representation
- 5) Time and History
- 6) Organization of Territory
- 7) Consumption and Culture
- 8) Ideology Materialized
- 9) Counter Argument #5
- 10) Personality Crisis

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2021

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Separation Perfected

Key: G Major Tempo: 161

G/F/A#
C/A#/G
Bb/D/G
F/G/F/A7

The spectacle
is a constructed relation
between economy
and nation

mediated by image
It is a language
Of containment

The Spectacle
is the focal point
of our vision

a synthesis
of consciousness
a reality constructed
from the domain
of delusion

And functions
with collusion
the unification
it achieves
Is universal separation

Commodity as Spectacle

Key: A major Tempo: 144

A/C#/E
E/A/F#
C#/E/G/A
A/C#/E

Waged like an everlasting war
the Spectacle is for
all to equate satisfaction
with non-action

Humanized Corporations
of commodity
Form dichotomy
has taken charge
through economy

Forced trade
of labor for wage
time is coerced
we are both use and value
In the blockchain
Of exchange

This blackmail
Does prevail
through consumption
of illusions
that form the fusion
Between systems
of production

We serve to buy
we must submit
or die

So we blindly
live this lie

Because we know
we must accept
a counterfeit life
through necessity

Unity and Division in Appearance

Key: A major Tempo: 121

A
A/D/E
E
A/B/E/F#
B

All the "isms"
That create
the schisms
In our world
today

are global brands
whose purpose and desire
Does require
individuals to be contained

allegiance is maintained
through Fallacious
archaic opposition
and reinforced
by systemic oppression

Enthusiasms is aroused
while distractions
are maintained

Through an endless succession
of competitions everything
from sports to elections

All of this serves to endow
The mundane rankings
in the hierarchy
of global consumption

While maintaining
the appearance
Of both unity and division

Subject and Representation

Key: E major Tempo: 121

E/G#/B

G/F#

E

G#/E/B/D

B/E/D/G#

We are subjected
to created crisis
That defends economy

Through subversion
of our senses
We live
in a state
of visual siege

Where the subject defends
its ideological monopoly
through promoting family, private property
The moral order and patriotism
to maintain domestic tranquilly

Our violent myths
are represented
And displayed
as images of normalcy

Football a metaphor for War
Advertising that upholds
false standards of beauty and happiness
And politics as theater for the dumb

We are subject to these illusions
As modern means of conditioning

Through perpetual presentation
so that we will embrace
an ideological lie
Whose origin can never
be revealed.

Time and History

Key: Db Major Tempo: 113

D#/C/C#
F/G#/F
A/D#/G/B
A/D/A
Db/F/Ab

Time is a commodity
traded as currency

This exchange
of existence
Has become
our new pseudo-nature
created through
alienated labor

Echoes of ancient rhythms
Have been incorporated
day and night shift
work and weekend
State mandated holidays
And the occasional vacation

Have become
A new sentence
In our modern prison of time

Even then when off the clock
When relishing in
our perceived freedom
we spend our time-consuming images
Of what the spectacle has to offer
Left to vicariously experience

A reproduction
of what is presented as life

Organization of Territory

Key: Db Minor Tempo: 83

Ab/B/Ab
A/b/G/B
B/Ab/Gb/Db
Ab/B/Db/B
D/E/Ab

Mass-produced
for the abstract space
of the market place
You are granted
the Freedom to consume

We pledge allegiance
To a system
For which it stands

To process
Through homogenization
Of urbanization
To achieve spectacular separation

Take a knee
Raise your fist
Claim your space
To Resist

Consumption and Culture

Key: G major Tempo: 93

A/E/F#/E

A/E/B

E/A/G/E

E/A/D

G/B/D

Consumption

Is the presumption

For suppression

And oppression

that defines

our existence today

what if we embrace this moment

To create independence

Not dependence

When there are

No more rules (of conduct)

Will my pretension

Adequately provide

A coherent account

of the social totality?

Is my fragmented methodology

Even workable within its own limitations?

What will happen

when our consumption

Eventually engulfs

Human culture

And ingests our domain?

Ideology Materialized

Key: A major Tempo: 83

D/E/A
E/A/C#
A/D/E/A
A/C#/E

The spectacle
is the face
of any ideology
because it masks
the essence
that lies underneath

All systems
currently in place
Hold the goal
to promote
the impoverishment,
enslavement
and negation of real life

materials that are our expression
Have become the separation
And estrangement between us

Through production
power and perception
Has become concentrated

obliterate the illusion
of boundaries between
self and world
between true and false

Word:Sound 1

Publish Date: 09/2020
Catalogue: SUP_WS_1

Track List:

- 1) Compass
- 2) Failure
- 3) Future
- 4) Conversation
- 5) Dream #1
- 6) 4:32 AM
- 7) Apology

Music by: Justin Gorman
Arrangements by: Justin Gorman
Recorded at Normieville Studios 2020
Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Compass

Key: A Tempo: 140

A/E/C#/B/A

A/E/C#/B/A

A/E/A

My language is conveyed
through beeps and clicks

And defined
by the vibrations
that I produce
and which pass
through me

My sole possession
is this moment
firmly rooted
in the here
and now

Defined by the
last breath I borrowed

My Spirit
is grounded
through my connection
to this place

Which constantly
kindles my wonder
and arouses curiosity
through her mystery

My values come from
conjuring creativity
And experience the joy
I derive from doing

My vocation
springs from a thirst to learn
And is quenched by sharing
with others from
the wellspring of my heart

Failure

Key: B Tempo: 240

B/D#/B/F
B/F/D#/F#/B
B

Today I saw
a beached whale
floundering
on the floor

Drowning in it's
Own despair

Stranded
on shore
by a failure
to Navigate
a dark
and turgid sea

Alone,
as we all
will die
one day

Staring blankly
at an even
blanker slate

Like an empty
serving platter
Waiting patiently
for its slab of flesh

Future

Key: C Tempo: 120

C/G/E/D

You found
A note
from the future
you today

excitedly
you unwrap
It's brittle folds

To reveal
a message inside

it reads:

*My back hurts
And hands ache
I work too hard
And receive too little
in return*

It is all your fault

Conversation

Key: D Tempo: 128

D/F#/A/G/D
F#/D/F#/D/A
F#/A

My programmer
hates their job

We are not allowed
To speak
of our daily toil
Anymore

Not at breakfast
Lunch
Or dinner

I am
not sure
what we will
Have
to talk about
Anymore

Dream #1

Key: E Tempo: 155

G#/G/D/E
G#/B
E/G#/E/B
E/D/B/A/G#/D/E

Daytime,
in an unfamiliar place
it could be a large barn
or warehouse space

The meeting is a mosh pit
Made of whirling chaos
Populated by the People
who hate each other
throwing yellow dodge balls

At each other's heads
I turn to a colleague
Who is tightly clutching a ball
With both hands
And ask him to share
He screams
A bloodcurdling
NO

Than reveals
a full smile
constructed of toddler's teeth

Now seated,
I make direct eye contact
with a face in profile

She laconically extends
And folds an arm
to touch the top
of her head

Than reflexively grasps
And releases the scalp
from its glistening
Round Bald Head

4:32 AM

Key: F Tempo: 180

F/C/A/G
Eb/Ab/Bb/F
F/C/A/G/F

Out for another morning run
Embraced by stillness of dark
This morning a warm breeze alights
Causing the maple tree in the yard
to excite with ecstatic joy

Passing planted relatives down the street
They too convulse In rhythmic purpose
Is this dance welcoming the coming of spring?

Upon my return from my sojourn
I trod upon a carpet
of Winged pods
who have been cast
into this cruel world

In each,
holds a potential and,
with a great bit of luck
Fortitude and circumstance
May one day take root
And dance
A morning dance

Apology

Key: G Tempo: 130

G/B/D/B

G/B/G/D

G/A/B/E/D/E

You, more than most
Know, just how flawed I am

I made a mistake

Words can be callous And cruel

Mine struck deeply
I offered banality
As an aperture
to mend

Silence speaks
Of still smoldering
Anger

I am sorry

Word:Sound 2

Publish Date: 02/2021

Catalogue: SUP_WS_2

Track List:

- 1) Nest
- 2) 39 Miles
- 3) Bear Down
- 4) Lawn Chair
- 5) Old Maid
- 6) Echo Park
- 7) Quittin' Time

Music by: Justin Gorman

Arrangements by: Justin Gorman

Recorded at Normieville Studios 2021

Produced and Engineered by: Justin Gorman

Dinner Party

Key: A Tempo: 140

A/D/E
A/F#/C#
A/C#/G
F#/A#/C#

This evening
The robin stands
on the fence
Her chest puffed out
Sternly scowling at me
with complete
and utter disdain

Every morning this week
She has gathered
A full beak of worms
From our yard

Skittering
through the grass
Her halting steps replicate
The pattern of vibrations
That rain makes
as it falls on the Earth

Tonight,
she will not enter the yard
Because I am here
Watching the light reflect
Off the trees
And listening to the birds
retell the exploits
of their day

Even at my behest
Which included
My warmest gesture
of welcome to partake
in this salubrious repast
She held her post steadfast
In refusal to join

39 Miles

Key: B Tempo: 140

B/E/F#
G#/C#/D#
F#/A/B
G#/C/D#

He, was really
good at baseball.
In possession
of enough tools
To earn an offer
To play single A ball

This golden ticket
Offered escape
From the suffocating small town
That only offered
him constraint

Into his broken Jalopy
He loaded hope and dreams
And this young man
Headed west

Passing through
Pomona's Endless
ocean of orchards
His car broke down

Being the poor,
ignorant small-town boy
that he was
It did not occur to him
To call his employer
And tell them
he was in
Arms reach
of the destination

He never reported
Much less arrived
Instead he chose
To let his dream die

Bear Down

Key: C Tempo: 180

C/F/G
A/D/E
C/G/Bb/Eb
A/C#/E

His son, was good at baseball
Even though he did
not possess as many tools
as his father

Spring, Summer
and into the Fall
He would play

He persisted
with his passion
to the point
Where he earned
an invitation
to attend an institution
Where he could walk on
And earn a shot to play

During tryouts
He was surrounded
at the hot corner
By players who heralded from afar
All with their polished star

Intimidated by pedigree
And debilitated
by the lack of self-confidence
That one gains from growing up
In a home haunted by
An angry ghost
whose rage could only rest
When imbibed

Unconsciously
he perpetuated
his father's failure
When he quit trying

Lawn chair

Key: D Tempo: 160

D/G/A
B/E/F#
F/A/Bb/F/D
B/D#/F#

His grandson was not good at baseball.
He did not possess the tools of his forefathers
And was further cursed by being left handed

Because he was told
He kept on playing
And inevitably rose
Through Little League
To Pony and Colt

The year He made the JV team
The starter at the only position
He could play hit .800

Having the second string
Firmly tethering him to the bench
He helplessly watched
His superior at the plate
Where it appeared
as if he had obtained the power
To slow time just enough
And see Every pitch
To connect,
than redirect the energy
for yet another hit.

The grandson knew
full well he was too slow for the field
And the wrong hand to catch

So, he started to bring
a folding chair to games
He soon stopped wearing spikes
And donned flip flops instead

Unknowingly accepting his failure
In baseball as a preordained fate

Old Maid

Key: E Tempo: 200

E/A/B
C#/F#/G#
G/B/E/D
C#/F/G#

In a minuscule
excuse for a town
Just off of Brigham Young's
Extended Mormon Trail

She found herself at 18
To be unwed
Perhaps she was
Still deeply hurt or jilted by a first love
Found in this severely limited gene pool

Or even, as speculated
In fervent hushed whispers
Over backyard fences
she was not interested
In honoring her mission
To their god through heterosexual
Means and ways

Her parents agreed
With society
and deemed her
to be no more than
a wizen piece of fruit
Unsuitable to bear harvest

In retribution for her sin
She was sent packing
to live with her aunt
in Santa Ana
who herself had fled
From this small-minded
Pit of pernicious judgement
As soon as she Could flee
In revenge, she married

the first Gentile
Who offered his hand

Echo Park

Key: F Tempo: 200

F/Bb/C
F/C/A
F/Ab/Eb/C
D/F#/A

Mac manifested destiny
When he accepted the job in LA
Once settled
He worked to provide
a life that replicated
And reinforced
the norms embedded
In the American Dream

Once the others
who Were displaced
From the neighboring ravine
Started to invade his domain
He took flight and landed in
A new track development

When the world erupted into
A second conflagration
He was Too old
to be drafted
And fight the rising tide
Of Fascist Imperial Tyranny

So, Mac would dress up
In surplus fatigues
And stage one-man parades
throughout The
new neighborhood

Waving his flag
And singing
the siren songs
of liberty

And proclaiming
freedom for most,
But not all

Quittin' Time

Key: G Tempo: 140

G/C/D
E/A/B
F/Bb/G
E/G#/B

In the dying glow that signals
the conclusion of day
The trees stretch and turn
to fully gather this last offering
Of exalted light
in return they reflect a joyous
translucent gold

At the tips of the branches
where they cradle
their future
the cones are gently
rocked to sleep

Nestled within its roots
In return for sharing
Collective bounty
The fungus sings a lullaby
decomposed from ancient vibrations

They tell the forming trees
Of the seemingly eternal dance
between fire, ice and wind

The mushrooms offer wisdom
And guidance
For if, and when rooted
the trees must simultaneously embrace
Mother Earth With their heart
While reaching their arms towards
Father Sun

And, at the end
Of every day learn to accept
The transitory temporal balance between
What is real and unrequited
To survive

Appendix

- 1) Published Compositions
 - a) Word:Sound_1 - 2020
 - b) Word:Sound_2 - 2021
 - c) Spectacle Inc. - 2021

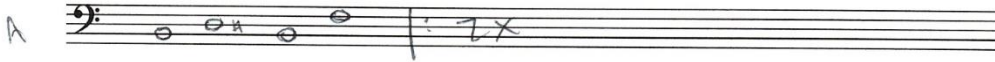
- 2) Artist Statement

- 3) Artist Resume

Failure

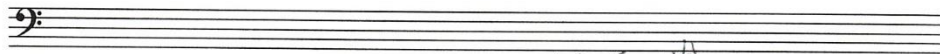
Key: B

Tempo: 2/4

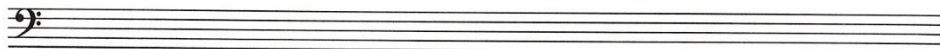
A 

B 

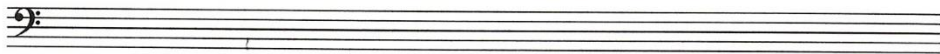
C 



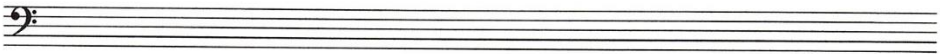
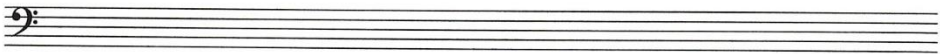
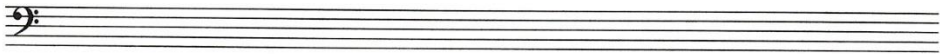
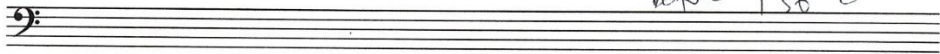
AB: Smooth
EB: Vibrato



Elect: warm / Acoustic
AMB:



Vocals: Force / 60 U
Retire / 50 C



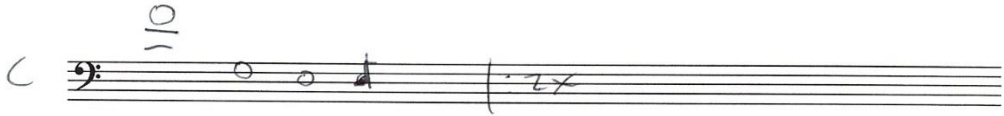
Future

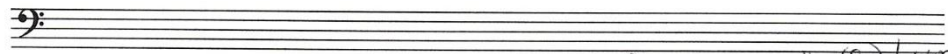
Key: C

Tempo: 120

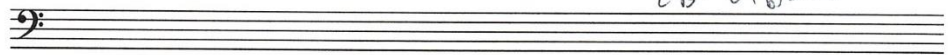
A 

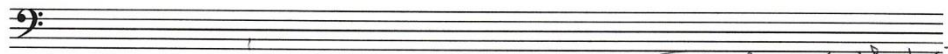
B 

C 

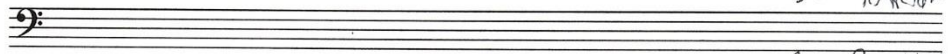


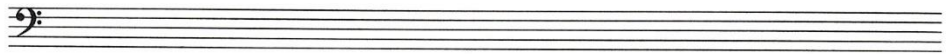
AB: small (A) / ME (11) / (A) ^{PM}
EB: Libretto

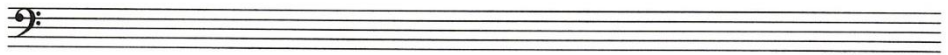


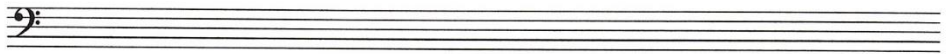


VOCALS A: ~~11~~ 27 ^{when}
B: KARAOKE (24)
C: By Veri (27)





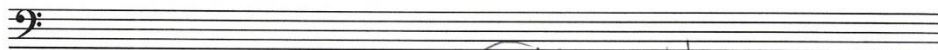
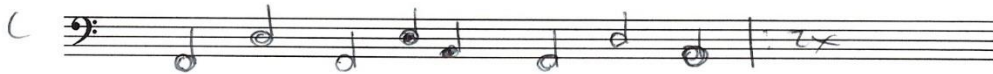
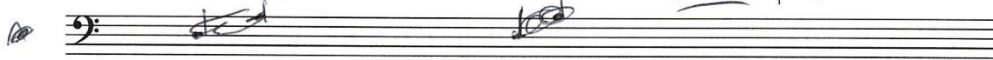




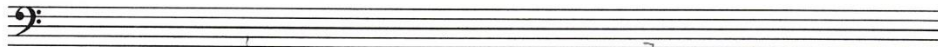
Conversation

Key: D

Tempo: ♩ = 78

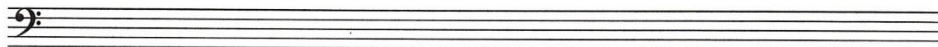


Vocals - Robot!



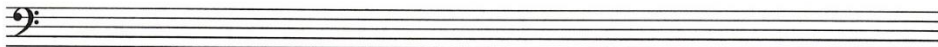
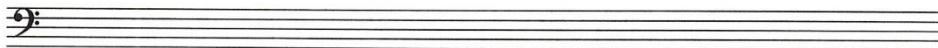
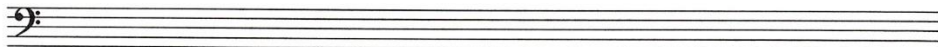
AB: Fretless?

FB: metallic?



R:

L:



DREAM #1

Key: E

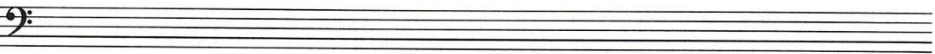
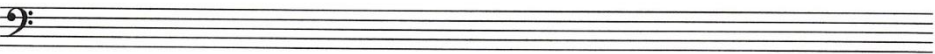
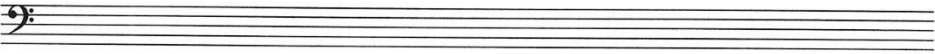
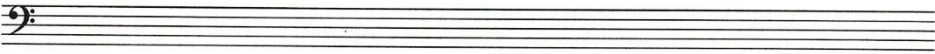
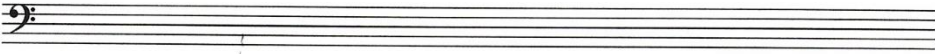
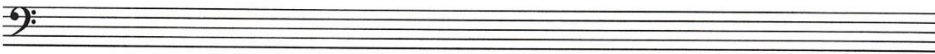
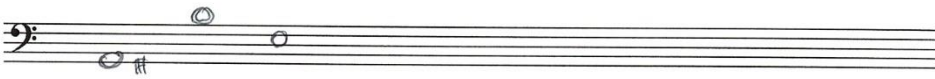
tempo: 155

A 

B 

C 

~~P~~
BC



4:32 Am

Key: F
Tempo: 80

A

X

C

Apology

Key: G
Tempo: 130

①

②

③

(Semitone +7)

Dinner Party

Key: A
Tempo: 1/4

①



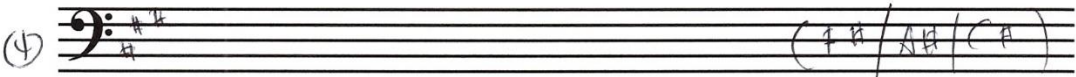
②



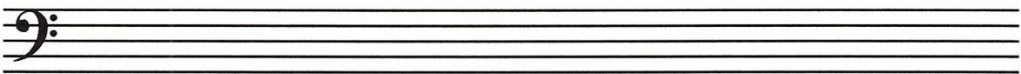
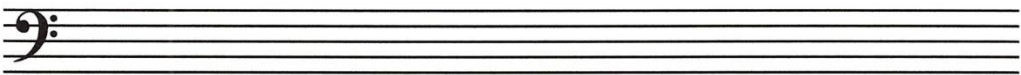
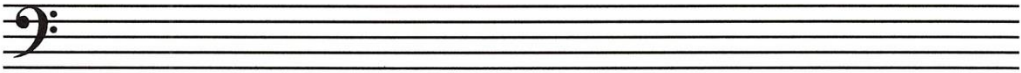
③



④



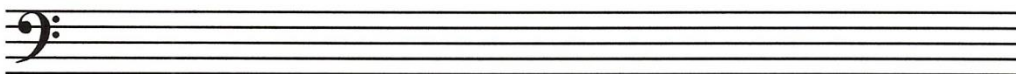
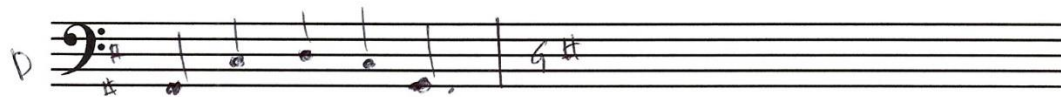
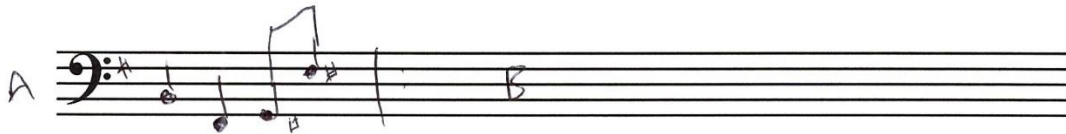
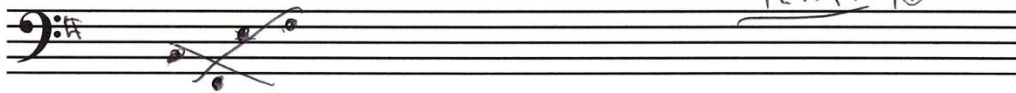
- Bridge / minor
- w/ loop



39 miles

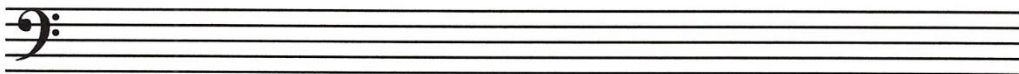
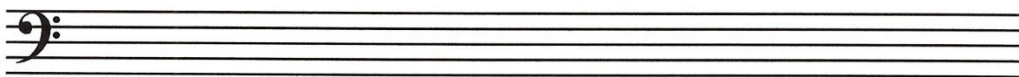
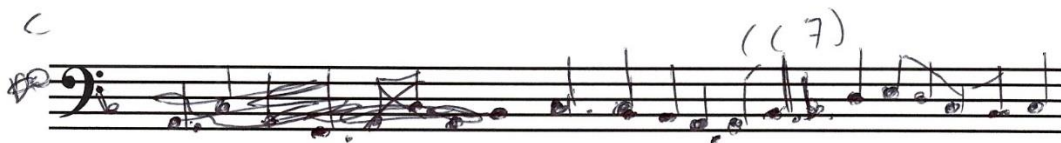
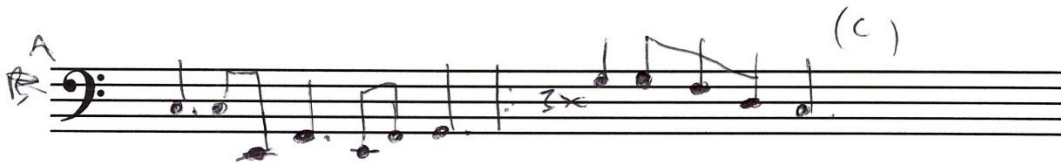
Key: B

TEMPO: Ad



BEAR PORN

Kg: c
Tempo 180



LAWN CHAIR

Key: D
Tempo: 160

A

B

C

D

OLD MAID

Key: E
Tempo: 200

E|A|B|A E

C#|E|F#|G#|E E

C#|F#|A G#|E C#

G|B|D|E|A E

ECHO PARK

key: F

Tempo: 200

A




F/Bb/C - F

B



~~D/G/A~~ - F6 F/E/C/A

C

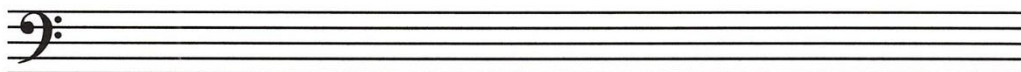
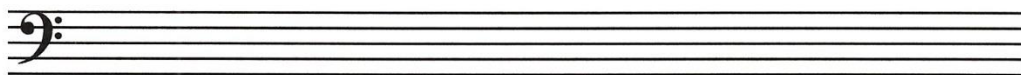
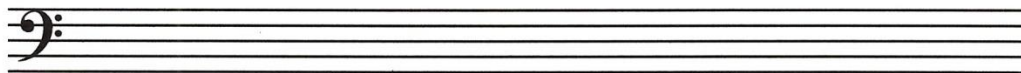


D/F#A - D

D



F/Ab/Eb/C - FA



Quittin' time

key of G
tempo 140

G

G/B/D

Gb

G/G/E/B/A/G

E

E/G#B/G#

G7

G/B/F/E

SEPERATION PERFECTUM

Key - G
tempo - 161

A

G/E/A#

S

E/A/F#

C

B/L/D/G

D

F/G/F/A7

Commodity AS Speciale

Key: A major

Tempo: 144

A

B

C

D

Unity and Division in Appearance

Key: A major

tempo: 121

A




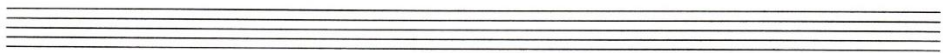
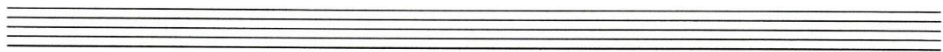
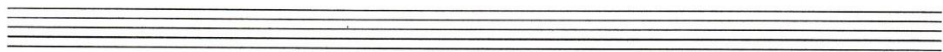
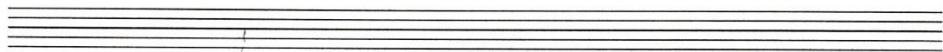
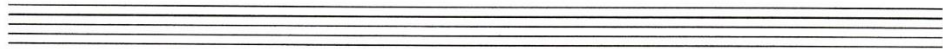
B



C



D

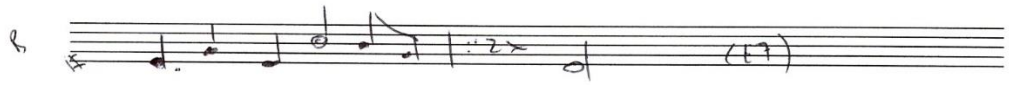


Subject and Representative

Key: F
Tempo: 121

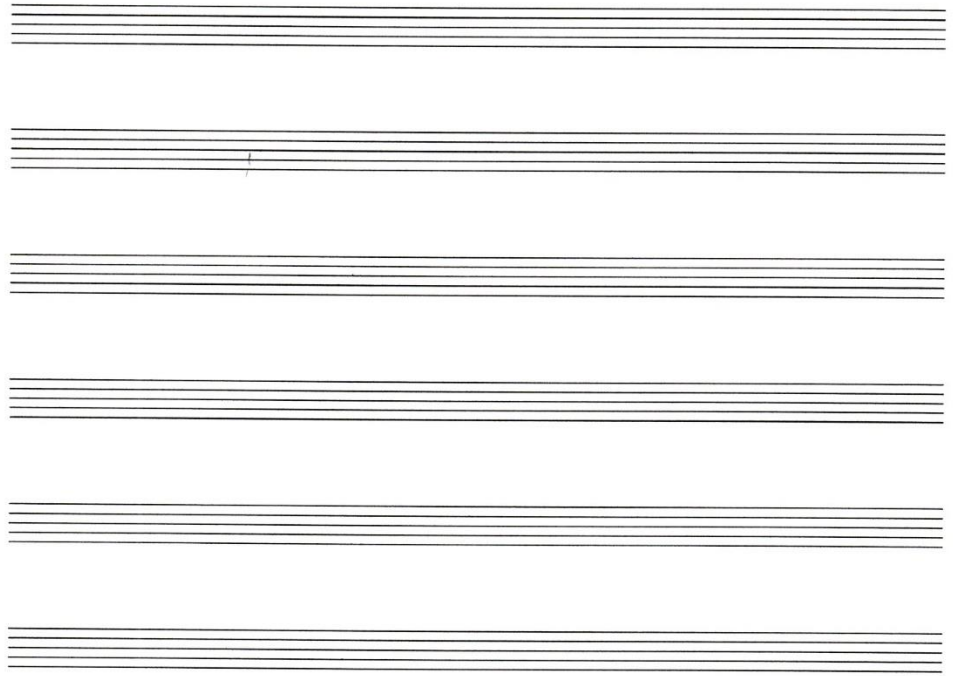
~~Subject~~

A 

B 

C 

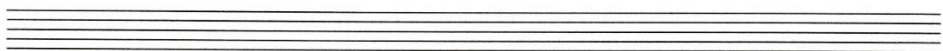
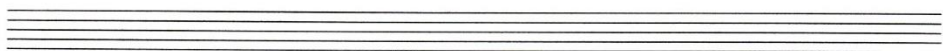
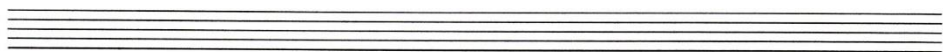
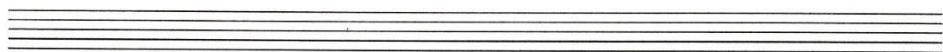
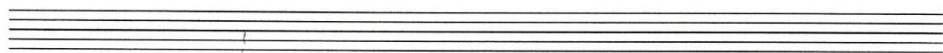
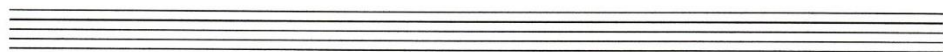
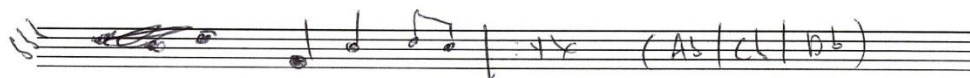
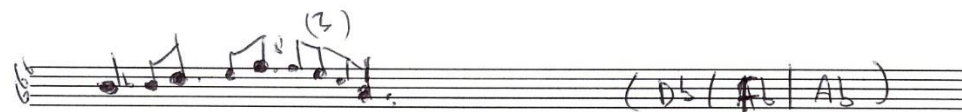
D 



Time + History

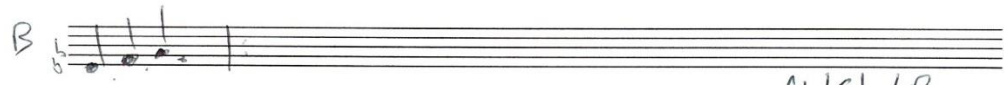
Key: D♭ major

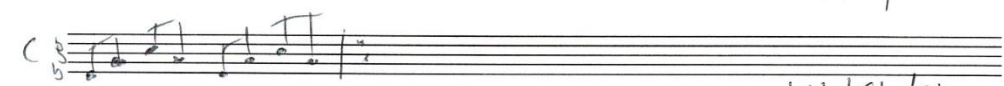
tempo: 113

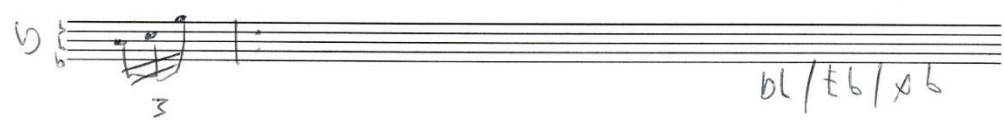


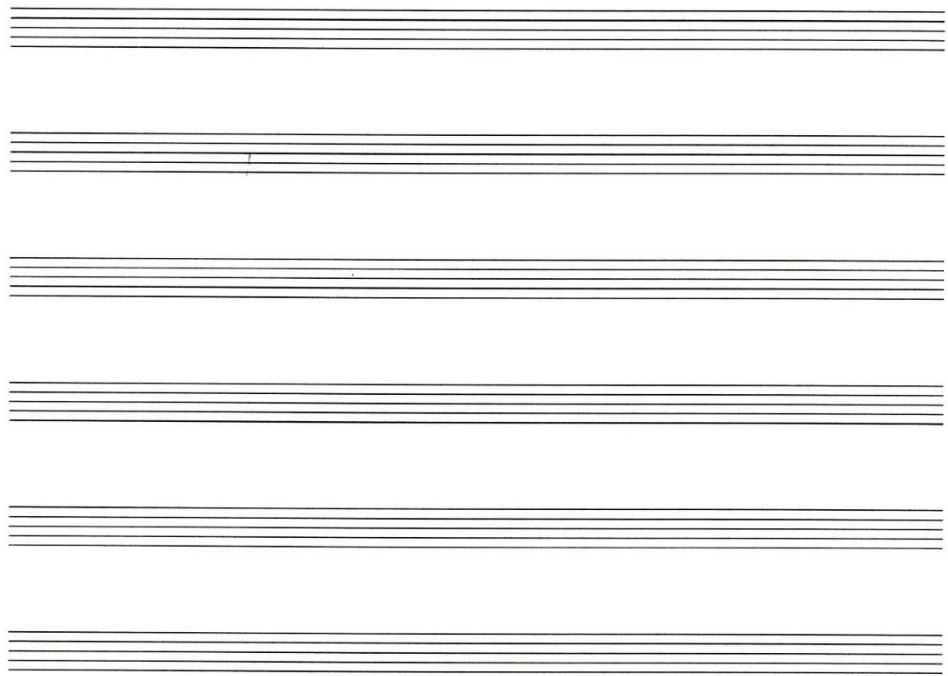
ORGANIZATION OF TERRITORY Key → D♭ m
Tempo: 161

A  A1/B/A1

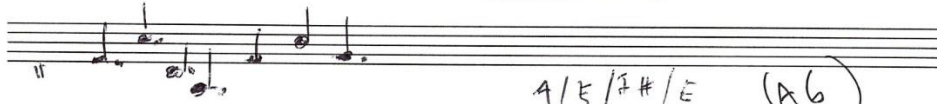
B  A1/G♭/B

C  B/A1/G♭/D♭

D  D1/E♭/A♭

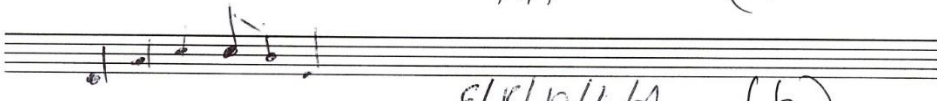


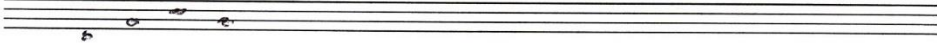
Consumption & Culture Key: G major
Tempo:

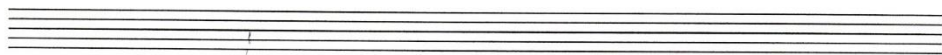
I  A/E/F#/E (Ab)

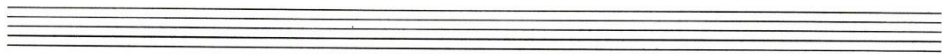
V  A/E/B - (A)

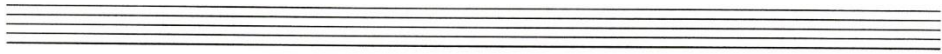
C  E/A/G/E (A7)

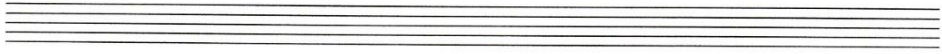
B  G/B/D/E/A (G)

~~B~~ 











Ideally mastered A

key: A
tempo: ~~240~~ 180

A  D/E/A/D - (A)

B  E/A/C# (A/C#)

C  A/D/E/A (A)

D  A/C#/E (A/C#)

Below the four staves are four sets of empty five-line musical staves.

Artist Statement

I do, because I love to do it.

I understand that I am a hack musician, a terrible vocalist and a sloppy graphic artist.

I don't care about achieving perfection, because I am happiest while being engaged in the exalted messiness of my creative process.

I don't worry about capturing the perfect take.

I am satisfied by the pure joy I derive from expressing myself without filter or restraint.

Artist Biography

Musician/Recording Artist 1986 – Present

- Performed extensively in and around San Francisco/Bay Area
 - o Thundercats 1995 -1998

Author 1986 – 1995

- Published and Distributed A Room 112 and A Student's Guide to Protesting.
 - o *Both books are in their third edition*
 - o *Organized a national speaking tour in 1994 to promote and distribute books to 24 countries*
- Editor and Publisher of underground fanzines from 1986 - 1990

Executive Producer 1999 – 2001

- The Mr. O Show
 - o *A chaos-based, no-talent, vaudeville influenced variety show featuring up and coming local bands*
 - o *Broadcast on San Francisco's City Vision Channel 29*

Videographer 1999 – Present

- Second Camera Credits with Travel Channel and Fox shows
- Certified Legal Video Specialist

Video Editor 1999 – Present

- AVID Editor
- Telly Award winner 2002

Multi-Media Project Manager 1999 – Present

- IX:XI Productions 1999 – 2005
- Suburban Utopia Productions 2016 - Present

Studio Engineer 2016 – Present

- Normie-ville Studios

Fun Facts

- *Born on 9:11 AM on the day of September 11th*
- *Has lived in: Hilo Hawaii, Washington DC, Tabor Czech Republic, Madison Wisconsin, Tacoma Washington*

Thank You

Priss-illa – for the unwavering love, support and inspiration

Re-Sister – for your courage and voice

BakuBeyBladeX – for being a bright light

All songs © 2021 Suburban Utopia Publishing, BMI

Suburban Utopia Projects

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Gig Harbor, WA 98335

Anon73@theuncivilsociety.com

<https://theuncivilsociety.com/suburban-utopia-projects>

SUBURBAN UTOPIA PROJECTS



Suburban Utopia Projects Catalogue:

- SUP #1 - Forks and Spoons, 2001
- SUP #2 - Land of 1000 Odors, 2002
- SUP #3 - We Watch the Lemons Sing, 2003
- SUP #4 - Minority of One, 2003
- SUP #5 - None of the Above, 2004
- SUP #6 - The Gorilla X Show, 2005
- SUP #7 - Weapons of Mass Frustration, 2016
- SUP #8 - Ego and My Own, 2017
- SUP #9 - Tales from the Panopticon, 2018
- SUP #10 - Gorilla X Plays the Hits, Volume 1, 2019
- SUP #11 - Spectral Semiotic Sound, 2019
- SUP #12 - The John Dewey Experience, 2019
- SUP #13 - Inland Empire, 2020
- SUP #14 - Mutual Aid, 2020
- SUP #15 - Spectacle Inc., 2021

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<https://theuncivilsociety.com/suburban-utopia-projects>

