

**CD TITLE : Surf, wind and desire :
9 tracks**

**1. Prelude to surf, wind and desire
(instrumental) 2. Crab meets crab**

Crabs like to go out. Always on the scout. Gadding about.

They lock their waterfront doors.

Elbow their way with force through the creatures of the shores.

But when two crabs meet they usually just clam up. Being a taciturn breed they often just shut up. For talking is a moral feat they keep it to a short :

"Yup!"

"Long time, no sea!" One insolent crab once chided. "Tough tides, wouldn't you agree?" was the answer and off they glided.

Just like the older folks they dare not leave the sidewalks. They call themselves -showing esprit-pedestrians of the shallow sea.
(doowop)

So when you pull a crab's leg, to eat with bread and egg, honour it as a marine Touareg

4. Gale-force seven.

By the sea the wind shifts incessantly from quadrant to quadrant like a dog unleashed and rampant.

By the sea display and chichi are very inconvenient for the wind is rather irreverent

By the sea birds being deadbeat seek on a nodding streetlight some relief and respite.

By the sea the wind feels free to sandblast one's pores with untamed cleaning force. By the sea one might see fries sailing by in a plastic tray with a meatball as stowaway.

By the sea the wind shifts incessantly, scourging the thin-skinned; contemns chichi.

By the sea birds being deadbeat seek on a nodding streetlight some relief and respite.

By the sea take heed to confront frontally droppings flying horizontally.

By the sea the wind feels free to sandblast one's pores with untamed

cleaning force.

By the sea one might see fries sailing by in a plastic tray with a meatball as stowaway.

By the sea safely under the lee I observe with glee the storm in my cup of tea.

3. Kite control

On a sky of endless blue dabbled with feathery white, a puny sky-diving kite writes a fancy curlicue.

A rising tiny voice seems to alter its course: a gentle nudging force. What a moment to rejoice!

Shielding my rolling eyes against the blinding sun I follow its reckless run to read each plunge and rise.

As the ribboned tail breaks into a W the wind puts on screw and transcribes it into Braille.

A Y in a single stroke followed by an e and s, that's an easy one to guess and also beyond revoke.

(zoomwawah)

The flight becomes erratic the kite is hauled home. Its signs are now phonetic it's less free to roam.

(zoomwah)

How nice it is to write on a sky blue and bright answers which may stupefy to questions such as "Why?"

(why?)

5. BSKRZ

Promenading, random music is invading my ears like pinpricks.

*** Music sent up on the breeze to tease.

*** I can't go to my beautiful house now. A house I built with care and ancient know-how. But the paint is peeling the roof beyond healing. It certainly will soon collapse after two more thunderclaps.

I really want to go back to my house now. And paint it nicely in red, green and yellow. And play my guitars, while enjoying fat cigars, forgetting about this cold sea where I'd lived on your charity.

Just before sundown the sailor's boat

went down. But the world kept on spinning and the mermaids are still grinning.

"You thrashing scum, don't think I will succumb!" (don't think she'll succumb) "One day the seas will be dry. Then it will be your turn to cry!" (their turn to cry)

Ripples and waves are the sea's old age infirmities. Why do we all start to swoon when they are lit by the moon?

"Who's that there, hairy and slender, gesticulating to the ice-cream vendor?"

"It's a monkey my dear, with a fez and bandoleer, buying two giant cones, paying them with small coins."

"I think its name is Buba. They found it here completely gaga..."

"Who's that there, hairy and slender, gesticulating to the ice-cream vendor?"

"Say hello to Buba the Monkey!"

6. **The creep from the deep**

Long, long ago, a heavy-lobed fish starts crawling out with utmost difficulty from a pea-green soupy sea and ends up sprawled on the primeval mud of a yet virgin continent.

The fish, let's call it Chuck, gobbles down, hissing like a pair of gored bellows, a gorge-rising, pungent and incredibly evil smelling mixture, called "air".

Yummy, yummy!

Call it fate when a second rate species with fins the frigging race wins.

Air tastes so good. It's drink and food. Air'll boost your brood For it makes you lewd.

Chuck sways a clumsy lobe like a last farewell in code. "The stragglers of my kind, I'll leave in the broth-like sea behind."

(goodbye)

Chuck slithers and crawls. On the virgin shores he stalls. "I'm the first wave of a tide. For all new life I'll be their guide!"

From swampy Palaeozoic to seedy Mesozoic all settlers agreed about the

need to exceed.

Sure...the adaptive radiation of flowering plants and breeding animals knows a few significant setbacks.

Chuck the Fish loses quite a few relatives when evolution sometimes precariously balances on the verge of a total shut-down.

We all remember the fate that befell Randy the Dinosaur, to name only one... But once Oswald the Whale graces the deep and Herb the Bat takes to the air, the first human steps can be traced on the same sandy shores where Chuck's exciting land-based life began.

Unhook your teeny pre-cupped bikini. Sip your Martini, savour your linguini with asparagus

on the beaches of Galápagos. Oh my...Digging up from your mind the image of all these creatures

7. **Cod**

There he comes ashore like mighty Neptune's twin. Oblivious to the surf's roar, tensed up by adrenaline.

I want to be your Friday I want you to call my name. I want to be a cliché: the swooning girl aflame.

He marches the loose sand, dragging along his board, as if each step's planned- the regal gait of an overlord..

I want to be your light I want you to call me "slave" I want to hold you tight, with kisses, your chest I'll pave.

His legs, crusty with salt, are pillars of restrained power.

from the deepest caverns of time, really must be hard work. Let's

By the sea one might see fries sailing by in a plastic tray with a meatball as stowaway.

By the sea safely under the lee I observe with glee the storm in my cup of tea.

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Unhook your teeny pre-cupped bikini.
Sip your Martini, savour your linguini
with asparagus

on the beaches of Galápagos.

Oh my...Digging up from your mind
the image of all these creatures from
the deepest caverns of time, really
must be hard work. Let's recap the
complete story of the fish which
spawned us all in the form of a simple
song called "The fishy fish" aka
"Chuck's revenge".

Just before dusk Devonian time two
trilobites and one mollusc state not
without rhyme or reason that those
hideous lobes sprouting from Chuck's
back will turn them into xenophobes
for they cannot love what they lack on
their own back.

"Take heed, you fishy fish! There's no
need for anything newish!

Go away, you gassy jetsam! We say
nay to all iconoclasm!

They abhor all gaudiness organic or
calcareous for it incites to bawdiness
which -they think- is nefarious.

They urge the lobed freak to leave the
shallow lukewarm water. Their critique
and a lucky streak forces Chuck to
become a ripsnorter!

Hahahaha...what a wheeze!... Give me
a sec to get back my breath... OK...

Back now to matters of grave
importance...

One day life might get stuck. Tides of
extinction might end our luck. We
might get crushed like the shells we
once crushed.

Said the famous Kilgore Trout: "We'll
get back our spout. We're goin' fishes
to fishes: earthbound life is too
pernicious."

Earthbound life is too pernicious.

We'll get back our spout.

8. **The diver and the shark**

I'm a vicious shark circling around a
barque. Lurking underneath, I bare my
hideous teeth: When the feet appear,
you bet, I shall be damn' near.

A trail of silvery bubbles: my caution
redoubles. I still have to wait for it
might be a bait.

I resist the forceful urge -always there-
to emerge.

Time for action has come: there's the rubbered bum. I spot the oxygen cylinder which again might hinder my snapping jaw to tear meaty chunks from the rear.

With a sudden dash I head for a nuking clash. A diver's knife appears confirming my former fears. A bit taken aback, I fend off the treacherous attack

We're swimming very close almost nose to nose. The diver pouts his lips I feel their gentle nips. When he kisses my snout, my brains simply blackout... Now I hope my charming friend will very soon redescend. With my jewelled little crown and boobs frontally shown, he'll want to get laid by the mermaid he has made.

LYRICS BOOK 6 1 . Ta-Buba Rasa (Ta-Buba rasa!)

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He marches the loose sand, dragging along his board, as if each step's planned- the regal gait of an overlord..

I want to be your light I want you to call me "slave" I want to hold you tight, with kisses, your chest I'll pave. His legs, crusty with salt, are pillars of restrained power. His butt, an outcrop of basalt, is an invitation to scour.

I want to be your towel. I want you to wring me out. I want to be the vowel exclaimed when in sudden doubt.

He closes his weary eyes. His face becomes a fortress, continuing to feudalize my heart, already in a mess. But I want this nightmare stops. I want you to become a brute. I want to hurl my flip-flops. Shit, why you a... fruit?

9. Surf, no wind and desire

Two leeches are his eyes; his lips, oily

fries. A pair of flabby cheeks, a suit designed for geeks.

Buff's back on the prowl, shooting at the chicks like fowl. Now and then Buff feigns to suffer from ankle pains. Obviously with pounding heart, he then stares long and hard to exposed female skin and other things feminine. Desire is ravaging Buff's life fulfilling it, a desperate strife. But here on this sunny beach it seems for once within reach.

And Buff puts his puffy hands daringly on two milk glands.

Buba, an ape dressed up, squatting all hunched up on a frayed Persian rug, rattles coins in a pewter mug.

Buba: "Once I had a dream to save the planet Earth by installing a new regime for its necessary rebirth."

"How I fine-tuned my scheme to kill all hominids... I thought it would be a scream to save a world on the skids!"

"By chance, I heard an enlightening conversation between a Gypsy and a Jew.

"Listen", said a Kurd, "all schemes of annihilation are based on ballyhoo."

Ever untrue! (Ballyhoo!) Never through! (Ballyhoo) Sticky as goo! (Ballyhoo) Hard to shoo! (Ballyhoo) Ballyhoo is never through!

"Then it dawned upon me that present man and ape share the same behaviour."

"It's man who left the tree(s) while ape stood agape: would reversing the roles mean no failure?"

Feeling silly with his fez Buba plays early Boulez on an organ with fake pipes, which'd survived many hypes. (vox humana - dulciana)

Buba: "I couldn't realise my dream though I tried for alii was worth. It has lost almost all its steam, my plan to save the Earth."

(Ta-Buba rasa!)

"Now I'm stuck in this town playing organ for charity. I'm an ape clad like a clown craving for some humanity." Buba's mind then goes blank while

operating the organ's crank.

Buba: "Tonight I'll break the chain:
becoming human, my new campaign.

2. Bound for a Braun

I'm free, I'm free! D'you see? I'm free!
I'm free, I'm free! Waw, now I am free!
I'm free and flee! A free chimpanzee!
And nobody ever again will slip the
leash on me!

I'm free to pee in my fez and fool
around undressed. I'm free to climb a
tree, I'm free to crap on everybody!
Fuck the banana and oily groundnut!
I'm a simian bwana, needing real food
in my gut!

I want to shout: I love sauerkraut,
haute cuisine and even grenadine.

Smoked trout is a real knock-out! And
I'm so keen on my shot of caffeine!
I'm free, I'm free! Hurrah, I'm free! I'm
free, i'm free! Waw, now I am free! I'm
free and flee:

a free chimpanzee! And nobody ever
again will slip the leash on me!

I'm free to stroll in a zoo and mock the
monkeys there on view. I'm free to rip
off this monkey suit and shave my
chest too hirsute!

3. Hideaway

oHe swiftly runs away on all fours.
The drying soap is like lather on a
horse.

"No time to hang back or demur. He's
chasing me, this crazy -coiffeur-!"
(2X)

When he saw the razorblade on the
strop Buba knew this shaving business
had to stop. With these patches of
exposed skin Buba's like an ape turned
into a gremlin.

"No time to demur. He won' touch my
fur!"

The sight of the remaining tufts of
hair... ("No... never shall I bear he'll
touch again my hair!") it made him
leap from the barber's chair. Buba
shakes off the barber, oh so wroth, by
rolling deftly into the undergrowth.
Ther he discovers his goose pimples.
Stunned, he presses them back, getting
tiny dimples...

("I've got a skin...")

4b. Buba rebuffed

Walking barefoot in the city Buba
gives in to self-pity. Sadly he stares at
his reflection searching in vain for
human perfection.

He parts his spotted lips, tries a
smashing smile: back stares an ape,
angry and vile.

He raises his eyebrows, blows an
irresistible kiss: he reads only malice
and facial paresis.

He tries to amble, proudly and erect:
his bandy legs prevent such a crack-pot
project. While parading, swaying his
mighty arm, he grazes his knuckles,
which spoils its charm.

"You're right...", says Buba with a
groan, " I could snap single-handedly a
backbone. "But don't you see, you
petty, frightened guys, I won't play
tricks, I'm civilised!"

"I'm opening my arms to be hugged.
Not to be crucified, clubbed or
mugged!"

There is no response to lighten his
aching heart. That's what he is: a thing
apart.

"There's only one place left where I
freely might come and go... Ape cash
is good enough in the gambling room
of the casino!"

5. The doubled G-force Chicken Mambo

(as heard by Buba in the Casino "Royal
Dice")

Forced by chronic 2 G spin we never
stopped to cluck. On and on we
coupled and cackled and started to lay
some tubular eggs.

Then they stopped the cabin's spin and
gave us straight away the chuck. What
else could we do than tackle
vaudevillean arts and kick our sinewy
legs?

Did you get too much G? And feeling
like Rambo? Please come here and feel
free to join the Chicken Mambo!

We started with the French cancan.

Feathers are no ostrich plumes,
chicken breasts no sex object, but hey,

we surely kicked up our heels! Too large had grown our wingspan to restrict ourselves to bar rooms. We longed to shake and dance unchecked, to wingtop our act with cartwheels. Is talking about G-force but crap and mumbo jumbo? Please come to the dance concourse and feel free to join the Chicken Mambo!

Gravity may have drooped our crest, it certainly helped to take the floor. We have won the "Golden Egg" contest we shall spend our lives in corn galore!

Part 2: Conversations with Horace

1 a. A beacon in the sky (to Ham, 1955-1983) (Ham, de eerste Amerikaanse ruimtevaart, kent 15 minuten wereldroem, maar wordt nadien behandeld als elke andere aap in gevangenschap. (Als een hoop vuil dus)

Strap me up! And squeeze it tight! Tying me up invokes my flight. (2x) Heaven's blue turned into black while the stars took the place of wispy clouds. Keeping to my sub-orbital track I imagined the frenzied Nasa crowds.

For a mere 16 minutes I was the better of Man; A simian advertising blitz but scrapped before it began.

Strap me up etc...

Before I left cape Canaveral I was the world's first Astrochimp. Back home I got an apple and got treated like a lousy simp.

They put me on display and gave me a single tyre. To quit sniffing rubber all day was a harder job than retro-fire.

Strap me up etc...

Maybe I ham it up. Laika's fate was far worse. But I would call it a cock-up when your rocket is a hearse.

Strap me up! And hold me tight!

They've sent me up, just an ape to slight.

2a. The crossing of the Brood (not on the CD)

oYou can call me Caliban the Last youngest member of this pariah caste. I'm the sixteenth Caliban in a row I'm

the sixteenth Caliban in a row with a forehead called villainous low. Shipwrecked Bartell brought us to attention, made us a subject for literary invention.

No nail has been knocked into our head yet Calibans are monsters, underbred!

I'm the sixteenth Caliban in a row I'm the sixteenth Caliban in a row with a forehead called villainous low.

I ache to leave the word's stage (and) escape the curses, the towering rage. Flee from the realm of Stuart and Tudor. Get into shirts of my native Bermuda. And hear again my isle's sweet airs (when music comes for nothing, who cares?). And hail the moon and rising sun (both are shining just for fun).

There I'll people the land with Calibans. (I'll need the help of courtesans) Broken the spell. No more rejection. Forgotten Bartell, the literary connection.

Then you can call me Caliban the First. A founding father and a curse reversed. Calibans with bodies to show, Calibans of "Caliban le Beau"! Calibans with bodies to show, Calibans of "Caliban le Beau"!

3a. Pan the Satirist!

(to chimpanzee Washoe)

They labelled my fate as project Washoe. (I cannot say that I miss the Nasa zoo)

Right now!.. whole careers at stake. I want out!.. but can't for conscience's sake. Right now!.. ev'ry move I make turns out!.. to be another mistake.

So, when I lift a finger to scratch my nose they think I must be in compositional throes. So, when I'm deadly bored and plop my lower lip their brows get deeply furrowed to get my quip.

Hoo-ha! (10x) Yeah, they taught me ASL. Why, I really couldn't tell. I got into the way of it and learned to be a hypocrite!

Never stick a finger in y'r ear: that's like plagiarizing Shakespeare... Please, don't point to your belly: (oh no oh no) you won't get food, (oh no, oh no-o) they will serve you some Shelley... At least smart apes are now a scientific fact. Not only buffoons in a buffo entr'acte.

Right now!.. whole careers at stake. I want out!.. but can't for conscience's sake. Right now!.. ev'ry move I make turns out!.. to be another mistake.

Sometimes I might give them my finger (No prob!) Sometimes I might give them my finger for once an ape, one's always a swinger...

4a. Project Y (to gorilla Binti)

I will not reveal my name. Virgil or Clyde, it's all the same. I'm an ape they wanted to fry, a codified number in project Y.

I've never really liked the rhesus crowd, full of shit and talking loud. I know they're used for medical routine. But why so many for testing a vaccine? I'm talking thousand, maybe a million, all shipped to the same pavilion unmarked except for one ensign: a red and yellow clover design.

One certain day I got no breakfast. Something was on, I stayed well focused. Not one other monkey passed my den. Some brass arrived and white-coated men.

I never felt the jab: just woke up in some lab. All but my head was strapped. What I saw got my hope sapped.

This was hell, a scientific Gomorrah. Everywhere was atrocity and sheer horror. Too small cages, monkeys in despair, all vomiting, with tumors beyond compare.

I really felt sick in the greenish glare. They were testing nuclear warfare! I really felt sick in the greenish glare. They were testing nuclear warfare! Apes are mans's closest relation. Second best to learn about radiation! But apes are also very strong. Train

one and you get a King Kong. I could escape, but now I'm dying. Yet Project Y ceased its monkey frying!

5a. Carmine inspiration

A hairless female appeared overnight. Always spying on me with obvious delight. In work and play, squabble and pleasure the female took non-stop my measure. She always carried some leafy wad which she pricked with a slender rod. I was in for a big surprise when I nicked one, just to analyse.

Never ever spurn occasions to learn! Trying to get the hang of it isn't at all past the orang's wit!

Those leaves were like the surface of a pool (hey, don't think I'm just a crazy fool!) Everywhere I recognized my reflection (despite some yellowness of complexion)

I got hold of the pricking implement and soon after guessed its employment. The female exulted, I did well. We both got locked into some kind of spell.

Never...

It became hard to find a space not blackened with studies of her face. One day I couldn't go on anymore. I did something no orang did before. I dropped a stone on her head. Her blood dyed the pad all red I got kissed by the god of thieves for I got my fresh wad of leaves. Her blood gave the leaves the right tinge: when I sketch oranges, they're now orange!

6a. 13 secs of bonobo sex

Horace, hmm... what a lovely name. (Oops ... easy Horace, I nearly came!) 13 seconds of bonobo sex are 13 seconds of conditioned reflex.

For a chimp Horace you're really cute; (Oh yeah... that's better you hairy brute!)

What's the story Horace about your human ally? (Now... wouldn't you mind rubbing my innerthigh?)

13 seconds...

You're the first strangers Horace coming up to this place. (let's do it now Horace, simply face to face)

Wouldn't that be Horace because
you're all too square? Because you lack
the 13 seconds flair?

(Please, don't mess up the parting of
my hair) 13 seconds...

Over there, back to back, are Charles
and Albert. (Horace, grow up... don't
be such a bigot!) They're my sons and
look, they're penis clubbing. (excuse
me Horace,
it's time for some GG rubbing) 13
seconds...

Go and get acquainted, give them a
kiss. (and mind Horace, don't miss any
orifice!)

Charles is rather smart, he knows how
to mark a trail.

(Just listen Horace, to his cute
orgasmic wail)

But Albert gazes at the stars. I think he
wants out. (He'll make it Horace, no
one resists his pout)

Why are you leaving already? One last
quicky then? (You look soooo tired
Horace, let's fire your balls again!)

7. Cold man of the forest

Are apes but humans on trial?

Hominids lacking the virtues of denial?
Responding blindly to the flux of
stimuli? Too dumb to think because of
microcephaly?

OK, I agree that sometimes I wish I had
less hair and stooped less. I might as
well frankly confess: maybe I want to
be less apish...

Cold man of the forest! (6x)

Are apes but humans on trial?

Hominids lacking the virtues of denial?
Responding blindly to the flux of
stimuli? Too dumb to think because of
microcephaly?

But then, we might as well ask
ourselves: "What's wrong with
swinging in a feeding tree? Or drinking
dewdrops from a flimsy leaf? Does it
really makes us obsolete, just like
elves?"

Once I saw a human brain, frozen in
tank of nitrogen. Why are humans so
eager to float in cryogen? Maybe cold
minds don't feel the chillblain...

(Frank Nuyts 2000)

LYRICS BOOK 6

MONKEY TRIAL

Part 1: Fair heels

Track 3 Ta-Buba Rasa

(Ta-Buba rasa!)

Buba, an ape dressed up,
squatting all hunched up
on a frayed Persian rug,
rattles coins in a pewter mug.

Buba:

"Once I had a dream
to save the planet Earth
by installing a new regime
for its necessary rebirth."

"How I fine-tuned my scheme
to kill all hominids...

I thought it would be a scream
to save a world on the skids!"

"By chance, I heard
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"Listen", said a Kurd,
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Ever untrue! (Ballyhoo!)

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I'm an ape clad like a clown
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Buba's mind then goes blank
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Buba:
"Tonight I'll break the chain:
becoming human,
my new campaign.

Track 4 Bound for a Braun

I'm free, I'm free!
D'you see? I'm free!
I'm free, I'm free!
Waw, now I am free!
I'm free and flee!
A free chimpanzee!
And nobody ever again
will slip the leash on me!
I'm free to pee in my fez
and fool around undressed.
I'm free to climb a tree,
I'm free to crap on everybody!
Fuck the banana
and oily groundnut!
I'm a simian bwana,
needing real food in my gut!
I want to shout:
I love sauerkraut,
haute cuisine
and even grenadine.
Smoked trout
is a real knock-out!
And I'm so keen
on my shot of caffeine!
I'm free, I'm free!
Hurrah, I'm free!
I'm free, i'm free!
Waw, now I am free!
I'm free and flee:
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And nobody ever again
will slip the leash on me!
I'm free to stroll in a zoo
and mock the monkeys there on view.
I'm free to rip off this monkey suit
and shave my chest too hirsute!

Track 6 Hideaway

oHe swiftly runs away on all fours.
The drying soap is like lather on a

horse.
"No time to hang back or demur.
He's chasing me, this crazy -coiffeur-!"
(2X)

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Buba knew this shaving business had
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With these patches of exposed skin
Buba's like an ape turned into a
gremlin.
"No time to demur.
He won' touch my fur!"
The sight of the remaining tufts of
hair...
("No... never shall I bear he'll touch
again my hair!")
it made him leap from the barber's
chair.
Buba shakes off the barber, oh so
wroth,
by rolling deftly into the undergrowth.
Ther he discovers his goose pimples.
Stunned, he presses them back, getting
tiny dimples...
("I've got a skin...")

Track 8 Buba rebuffed

Walking barefoot in the city
Buba gives in to self-pity.
Sadly he stares at his reflection
searching in vain for human perfection.
He parts his spotted lips, tries a
smashing smile:
back stares an ape, angry and vile.
He raises his eybrows, blows an
irresistible kiss:
he reads only malice and facial paresis.
He tries to amble, proudly and erect:
his bandy legs prevent such a crack-pot
project.
While parading, swaying his mighty
arm,
he grazes his knuckles, which spoils its
charm.
"You're right...", says Buba with a
groan,
" I could snap single-handedly a
backbone.
"But don't you see, you petty,
frightened guys,

I won't play tricks, I'm civilised!"
"I'm opening my arms to be hugged.
Not to be crucified, clubbed or
mugged!"
There is no response to lighten his
aching heart.
That's what he is: a thing apart.
"There's only one place left
where I freely might come and go...
Ape cash is good enough
in the gambling room of the casino!"

**Track 10 The doubled G-force
Chicken Mambo**

(as heard by Buba in the Casino "Royal
Dice")

Forced by chronic 2 G spin
we never stopped to cluck.
On and on we coupled and cackled
and started to lay some tubular eggs.
Then they stopped the cabin's spin
and gave us straight away the chuck.
What else could we do than tackle
vaudevillean arts and kick our sinewy
legs?
Did you get too much G?
And feeling like Rambo?
Please come here and feel free
to join the Chicken Mambo!
We started with the French cancan.
Feathers are no ostrich plumes,
chicken breasts no sex object,
but hey, we surely kicked up our heels!
Too large had grown our wingspan
to restrict ourselves to bar rooms.
We longed to shake and dance
unchecked,
to wingtop our act with cartwheels.
Is talking about G-force
but crap and mumbo jumbo?
Please come to the dance concourse
and feel free to join the Chicken
Mambo!
Gravity may have drooped our crest,
it certainly helped to take the floor.
We have won the "Golden Egg"
contest
we shall spend our lives in corn galore!

Part 2: Conversations with Horace

Track 12 A beacon in the sky (to
Ham, 1955-1983)

(Ham, de eerste Amerikaanse
ruimtevaart, kent 15 minuten
wereldroem, maar wordt nadien
behandeld als elke andere aap in
gevangenschap. (Als een hoop vuil
dus)
Strap me up!
And squeeze it tight!
Tying me up
invokes my flight. (2x)
Heaven's blue turned into black
while the stars took the place of wispy
clouds.

Keeping to my sub-orbital track
I imagined the frenzied Nasa crowds.
For a mere 16 minutes
I was the better of Man;
A simian advertising blitz
but scrapped before it began.
Strap me up etc...
Before I left cape Canaveral
I was the world's first Astrochimp.
Back home I got an apple
and got treated like a lousy simp.
They put me on display
and gave me a single tyre.
To quit sniffing rubber all day
was a harder job than retro-fire.
Strap me up etc...
Maybe I ham it up.
Laïka's fate was far worse.
But I would call it a cock-up
when your rocket is a hearse.
Strap me up!
And hold me tight!
They've sent me up,
just an ape to slight.

Track 14 Pan the Satirist!

(to chimpanzee Washoe)
They labelled my fate as project
Washoe.
(I cannot say that I miss the Nasa zoo)
Right now!..
whole careers at stake.
I want out!..

but can't for conscience's sake.
Right now!..
ev'ry move I make
turns out!..
to be another mistake.
So, when I lift a finger to scratch my
nose
they think I must be in compositional
throes.
So, when I'm deadly bored and plop
my lower lip
their brows get deeply furrowed to get
my quip.
Hoo-ha! (10x)
Yeah, they taught me ASL.
Why, I really couldn't tell.
I got into the way of it
and learned to be a hypocrite!
Never stick a finger in y'r ear:
that's like plagiarizing Shakespeare...
Please, don't point to your belly:
(oh no oh no)
you won't get food,
(oh no, oh no-o)
they will serve you some Shelley...
At least smart apes are now a scientific
fact.
Not only buffoons in a buffo entr'acte.
Right now!..
whole careers at stake.
I want out!..
but can't for conscience's sake.
Right now!..
ev'ry move I make
turns out!..
to be another mistake.
Sometimes
I might give them my finger
(No prob!)
Sometimes
I might give them my finger
for once an ape,
one's always a swinger...

Track 16 Project Y (to gorilla Binti)

I will not reveal my name.
Virgil or Clyde, it's all the same.
I'm an ape they wanted to fry,
a codified number in project Y.
I've never really liked the rhesus
crowd,

full of shit and talking loud.
I know they're used for medical
routine.
But why so many for testing a vaccine?
I'm talking thousand, maybe a million,
all shipped to the same pavilion
unmarked except for one ensign:
a red and yellow clover design.
One certain day I got no breakfast.
Something was on, I stayed well
focused.
Not one other monkey passed my den.
Some brass arrived and white-coated
men.
I never felt the jab:
just woke up in some lab.
All but my head was strapped.
What I saw got my hope sapped.
This was hell, a scientific Gomorrah.
Everywhere was atrocity and sheer
horror.
Too small cages, monkeys in despair,
all vomiting, with tumors beyond
compare.
I really felt sick in the greenish glare.
They were testing nuclear warfare!
I really felt sick in the greenish glare.
They were testing nuclear warfare!
Apes are man's closest relation.
Second best to learn about radiation!
But apes are also very strong.
Train one and you get a King Kong.
I could escape, but now I'm dying.
Yet Project Y ceased its monkey
frying!

Track 18 Carmine inspiration

A hairless female appeared overnight.
Always spying on me with obvious
delight.
In work and play, squabble and
pleasure
the female took non-stop my measure.
She always carried some leafy wad
which she pricked with a slender rod.
I was in for a big surprise
when I nicked one, just to analyse.
Never ever spurn
occasions to learn!
Trying to get the hang of it
isn't at all past the orang's wit!

Those leaves were like the surface of a pool
(hey, don't think I'm just a crazy fool!)
Everywhere I recognized my reflection
(despite some yellowness of complexion)
I got hold of the pricking implement
and soon after guessed its employment.
The female exulted, I did well.
We both got locked into some kind of spell.
Never...
It became hard to find a space
not blackened with studies of her face.
One day I couldn't go on anymore.
I did something no orang did before.
I dropped a stone on her head.
Her blood dyed the pad all red
I got kissed by the god of thieves
for I got my fresh wad of leaves.
Her blood gave the leaves the right tinge:
when I sketch oranges, they're now orange!

Track 20 13 secs of bonobo sex

Horace, hmm...
what a lovely name.
(Oops ... easy Horace,
I nearly came!)
13 seconds of bonobo sex
are 13 seconds of conditioned reflex.
For a chimp Horace
you're really cute;
(Oh yeah... that's better
you hairy brute!)
What's the story Horace
about your human ally?
(Now... wouldn't you mind
rubbing my innerthigh?)
13 seconds...
You're the first strangers
Horace coming up to this place.
(let's do it now Horace,
simply face to face)
Wouldn't that be Horace
because you're all too square?
Because you lack the 13 seconds flair?
(Please, don't mess up the parting of
my hair)
13 seconds...

Over there, back to back,
are Charles and Albert.
(Horace, grow up...
don't be such a bigot!)
They're my sons and look,
they're penis clubbing.
(excuse me Horace,
it's time for some GG rubbing)
13 seconds...
Go and get acquainted,
give them a kiss.
(and mind Horace,
don't miss any orifice!)
Charles is rather smart,
he knows how to mark a trail.
(Just listen Horace,
to his cute orgasmic wail)
But Albert gazes at the stars.
I think he wants out.
(He'll make it Horace,
no one resists his pout)
Why are you leaving already?
One last quicky then?
(You look soooo tired Horace,
let's fire your balls again!)

Track 22 Cold man of the forest

Are apes but humans on trial?
Hominids lacking the virtues of denial?
Responding blindly to the flux of stimuli?
Too dumb to think because of microcephaly?
OK,I agree that sometimes I wish
I had less hair and stooped less.
I might as well frankly confess:
maybe I want to be less apish...
Cold man of the forest! (6x)
Are apes but humans on trial?
Hominids lacking the virtues of denial?
Responding blindly to the flux of stimuli?
Too dumb to think because of microcephaly?
But then, we might as well ask ourselves:
"What's wrong with swinging in a feeding tree?
Or drinking dewdrops from a flimsy leaf?
Does it really makes us obsolete, just

like elves?"

Once I saw a human brain,
frozen in tank of nitrogen.

Why are humans so eager to float in
cryogen?

Maybe cold minds don't feel the
chillblain...

(Frank Nuyts 2000)

Track 23: Remix: 13 secs of bonobo
sex (Bert Ostyn)

Track 24: Remix: The doubled G-force
chicken Mambo (Frederik Seghers)

Track 25: Remix: Bound for a Braun
(Frederik Seghers)