

Sixteen E-Mail messages between WKS and RCBz

1. WKS to RCBz: March 17, 6:33 a.m.

Dick, who lives in Hastings England, whom I've collaborated with a couple of times at MacJams, sent me this request for some lyrical aid. I thought it might pique your creative interest.

[Message]

Btw I'm trying to get back into music again and am getting random lines waking me up in the night. This is what I'm working on at the moment. Although I've not got past the first verse I have got a melody! If you've any suitable surreal phrases.....

I woke up with the line "Waiter, there's a fascist in my soup"

I decided it was about the fallacy of thinking we have choice. Even when we think we know what we're going to get we can turn up the unexpected.

Waiter, there's a fascist in my soup
I didn't order one can you tell me what to do?
I used to think I had a choice
But now it seems I have no voice
Waiter, there's a fascist in my soup

2. RCBz to WKS: 7:29 a.m.

Waiter, there's a fascist in my soup
I didn't order one can you tell me what to do?
I used to think I had a choice
But now it seems I have no voice
Waiter, there's a fascist in my soup

Walter, there's a racist in my drink.
he's hiding in the olive of my shaken not stirred
I used to think wogs knew their place
but now I know they take up space
Walter, there's a racist in my drink

Walter there's a penis in my pants
I speak to it with kindness and treat it with respect
yet it defies my good intentions
and claims sexual exceptions
Walter there's a penis in my pants

Walter, there's a faggot in my bed
I don't know when or why or how he managed that
I thought Grindr was a sandwich
with an extra saucy sales pitch
Walter, there's a faggot in my bed

3. RCBz to WKS: 7:35 a.m.

I don't suppose this is what he had in mind, but it should at least be unexpected.

4. WKS to RCBz: 9:41 a.m.

He should be careful what he asks for :)

5. RCBz to WKS: 3:57 p.m.

The main problem with Walter is that it sounds like only a chorus. Bored after a long nap, I gave that problem a bit of thought and wrote the following. It needs a third verse and another chorus variation. I pretty much know the direction but don't have the time -- I have to get ready for the White Horse. Besides, Dick should write some of it himself -- he asked for help, not a handout.

I was walking down the high street on a dullish afternoon
my hopes were full-on banal and my thoughts were all jejune
I didn't have a penny I was well and truly skint
the doorman at the peep show wouldn't even let me squint
how could this have happened how could this be me
I pulled the hottest chicks at the coolest private uni
I read de Sade and Crowley and a bit of Adam Smith
I once convinced my tutor that his god was just a myth

Waiter, there's a fascist in my soup
I didn't order one can you tell me what to do?
Do you think he'd be nutritious?
Do you think he'd taste delicious?
Waiter, there's a fascist in my soup

I was born into a class in which everyone's expected to work
in which life is just a platitude and dying is its only perk
where everyone's an avatar in someone else's game
and the Code of Just Desserts tells us we're the only ones to blame
my mother was a miner my father was a Christmas tree
they had a decent life but didn't pass it down to me
I rest upon my laurels; they were fashioned from a burning bush
and the existential quarrels of the beardedoes in the Hindu Kush

Walter, there's a fascist in my soup
I bury him in crackers he laughs and swims away
He bends my spoon into a sword
My hunger is his great reward
Walter, there's a fascist in my soup

6. RCBz to WKS: 4:02 p.m.

The wheels are still spinning so I might get back to this later.

7. RCBz to WKS: 4:09 p.m.

Well, I just noticed another of our typos: the first word should be **waiter** not Walter. I think Walter is better. I only noticed because I cut and pasted his original chorus after my first verse.

8. RCBz to WKS: 6:38 p.m.

I think the Velvet Underground might have had a song about Walter Jenkins.

9. WKS to RCBz: 6:45 p.m.

And don't forget The Kinks "Do You Remember Walter?" from Village Green Preservation Society.

Ray received a knighthood yesterday.

10. RCBz to WKS: 6:46 p.m.

I hadn't heard about Ray, but I *had* forgotten Walter.

11. RCBz to WKS: 7:31 p.m.

Sea food pizza puttanesca chicken sforza á la mode
ethnoculinary choices tempt my taste buds to explode
I stick with Saxon words for breakfast and English words for tea
I never do acrostics and avoid cryptography
and yet and yet and yet I fear the dawning of the day
the herniated happiness of prayers I'm forced to pray
So I look into the future searching for my better self
and learn I've been elided by a rising tide of pelf

Walter, there's a fascist in my soup
will you remove him or must I pitch a force nine fit?
some pasts are prologue but not mine
never serve soup without free wine
Walter there's a fascist in my soup

12. RCBz to WKS: 9:31 p.m.

Ok, I'm done with Walter. This is the complete tweaked-for-the-last-time text.

Walter

I was walking down the high street on a dullish afternoon
my hopes were full-on banal and my thoughts were all jejune
I didn't have a penny, I was well and truly skinned
the doorman at the peep show wouldn't even let me squint
how could this have happened, how can this be me
I pulled the hottest chicks at the coolest private uni
I read de Sade and Crowley and a bit of Adam Smith
I once convinced my tutor that his god was just a myth

Walter, there's a fascist in my soup
I didn't order one can you tell me what to do?
Do you think he'd be nutritious?
Do you think he'd taste delicious?
Walter, there's a fascist in my soup

I was born into a class in which everyone's expected to work
in which life is just a platitude and dying is its only perk
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I bury him in crackers he laughs and swims away
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Walter, there's a fascist in my soup

Sea food pizza puttanesca, chicken sforza á la mode
ethnoculinary choices tempt my taste buds to explode
I stick with Saxon words for breakfast and English words for tea
I never do acrostics and avoid cryptography
and yet, and yet, and yet, I fear the dawning of the day
the herniating happiness of prayers I cannot pray
So I look into the future searching for my better self
only to learn I'll be elided by a rising tide of pelf

Walter, there's a fascist in my soup
will you remove him or must I pitch a force nine fit?
Some pasts are prologue, but not mine.
Never serve this soup again - without a bottle of free wine

13. RCBz to WKS: March 18, 12:03 a.m.

Damn auto correct! Third line should end "skint".

14. WKS to RCBz: 4:45 a.m.

I sent it off .. but I'm not expecting a musical response. So I may have to develop our own soundtrack. We will see. I will give him some time, but Dick knows how to procrastinate. You have demonstrated a tour de force when it comes to taking on a concept and knocking out a song.

15. RCBz to WKS: 6:42 a.m.

Well, we had already turned out four or five good ones in recent weeks so I was primed. I never expected anything from Dick; that is why I churned out the third verse -- the first two were just too good to abandon. There are several good lines, and it all seems to hang together, but it isn't really our style. My main concern this weekend is to get 'Knees' into the can so we can wrap up Spandex Body Paint.

16. WKS to RCBz: 7:45 a.m.

Here's what he had to say after I sent him the final revision.

That's brilliant!

Waiter has been replaced by Walter but I love the lyrics. In fact the more I read them the more I am impressed. Really impressive and imaginative wordplay.

I won't use them as I've now worked out my ideas (not nearly as clever but making my political point) and will have to spend a few weeks sorting the music and I can't concentrate on two things at once!

They sound like a perfect vehicle for you.

Send my congratulations and I'm pleased that my throw away line has stirred such creativity.

It's odd isn't it how a random contact driven by a third party ends up with a very fine set of lyrics?

Speak soon.

Cheers