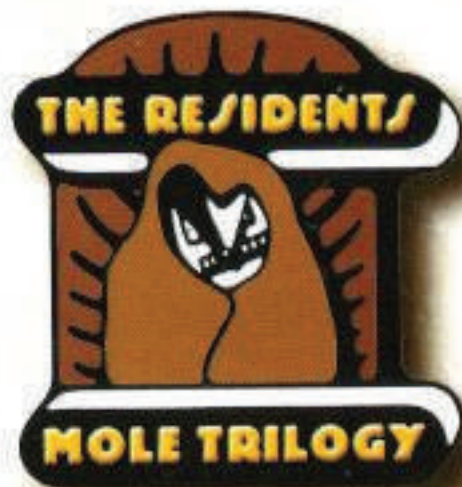


Mark of the Mole



Intermission



THE MOLE TRILOGY

In 1983, The Residents were not content to continue creating a series of single, isolated music albums and wished to pursue more ambitious projects. Consequently, The Mole Trilogy was the first venture in this new direction. Initially the project was designed to be a collection of six albums: three of the LPs were intended to tell an epic story, connecting several generations of two fictitious races, while the three additional albums were designed to serve as musical "illustrations" for this story. It was to be a trilogy of pairs, with each contributing both to the narrative and cultural context of the ongoing saga. In addition, a live tour, based on The Mole Trilogy was planned.

Alternating between the two cultures, the plot line used a form of lyrical storytelling to follow the two races through their inevitable ideological clash. In contrast to this narrative form, the pseudo documentary "music" albums demonstrated the musicology of the two cultures, then followed its evolution as the societies begin to merge.

As only parts 1, 2, and 4 have appeared, it seems in retrospect that the project was perhaps overly ambitious. In addition to the three albums, the highly anticipated Mole Show world tour was unleashed upon unsuspecting audiences, along with an album of pre-show, intermission, and post-show music, called Intermission.

As of this writing, the projects included under the Mole Trilogy umbrella are:

Mark of the Mole

The Tunes of Two Cities

Intermission

The Big Bubble

(As well as a live recording of The Mole Show)

THE STORY SO FAR

As the story unfolded, the Mohelmot people (Moles) happily inhabited underground colonies below a vast inland desert. When a sudden series of storms began to flood their subterranean homes, the Moles, an ancient, primitive and superstitious people, interpreted this natural disaster as a sign from their deity, The God of Darkness, and felt they had little choice but to leave their ancestral land. Directed westward by a vision, the outwardly ugly but sensitive Moles eventually migrated to the west coast of their world, where they soon encountered the jolly, and seemingly friendly Chubs. Seduced by the idea of cheap labor, the superficial Chubs initially welcomed the exotic Mohelmots, but it soon became apparent that their welcome mat was made of mud.

Eventually, the Chub culture, as reflected in their music, was revealed to be superficial and hedonistic. In contrast, the Moles based their values on the ritualistic worship of darkness and work, beliefs similarly reflected in the harsh, rhythmic, but oddly compelling Mohelmot music. With such dissimilar systems of belief,

tension and conflict were unavoidable, and a form of war eventually broke out between the two groups. Despite rumors of secret powers, The Mohelmot, a nonviolent race, were quickly defeated.

But even though the two races remained separate, intermarriage became increasingly common, creating a new species referred to as "Cross." While this new race did form an emotional bridge between the inherently conflicted cultures, many stigmas from the war still remained. Primarily, due to the fear of future uprisings, The Mohelmot were forbidden to use their ancient language in public.



Several years later, using this emotionally repressed climate as a backdrop, The Big Bubble, a pop group comprised of Cross youth inserted themselves into the center of this cultural divide. Singing their anthem, "Cry for the Fire" in the forbidden Mohelmot tongue, The Big Bubble, fueled by the controversy surrounding the forbidden language, quickly became an overnight sensation. The group's singer, Ramsey Whiten, who had grown up in a Cross ghetto, was persecuted and jailed, although, after a huge public outcry, he was released three days later.

Flushed with the rush of new found fame, Ramsey began to see himself as the new Messiah, representing the beliefs of reactionary Mohelmots, known as "Zinkenites," who longed for a return to traditional ways. Spurred by years of repression, the Zinkenites wished to create a new Mohelmot nation, banning all those who did not adhere to their ultra conservative interpretation of the Mohelmot faith. But, with a Zinkenite victory virtually assured, Ramsey was revealed to be nothing more than a naïve puppet, controlled and manipulated by the cryptic

Kula Bocca, an ambitious Zinkenite politician, secretly pursuing a private agenda of wealth and power.

But, with the stage set for a dynamic conclusion, The Residents abandoned the project, keeping their reasons, as well as the climax of the Mole Trilogy, marooned and mired in mystery.



MARK OF THE MOLE

More than any of their previous albums, with the possible exception of Eskimo, Mark of the Mole is pure electronic music, wildly diverging from The Residents' preceding release, The Commercial Album. The album follows a loose pattern of releases, unobserved by the majority of their fans and

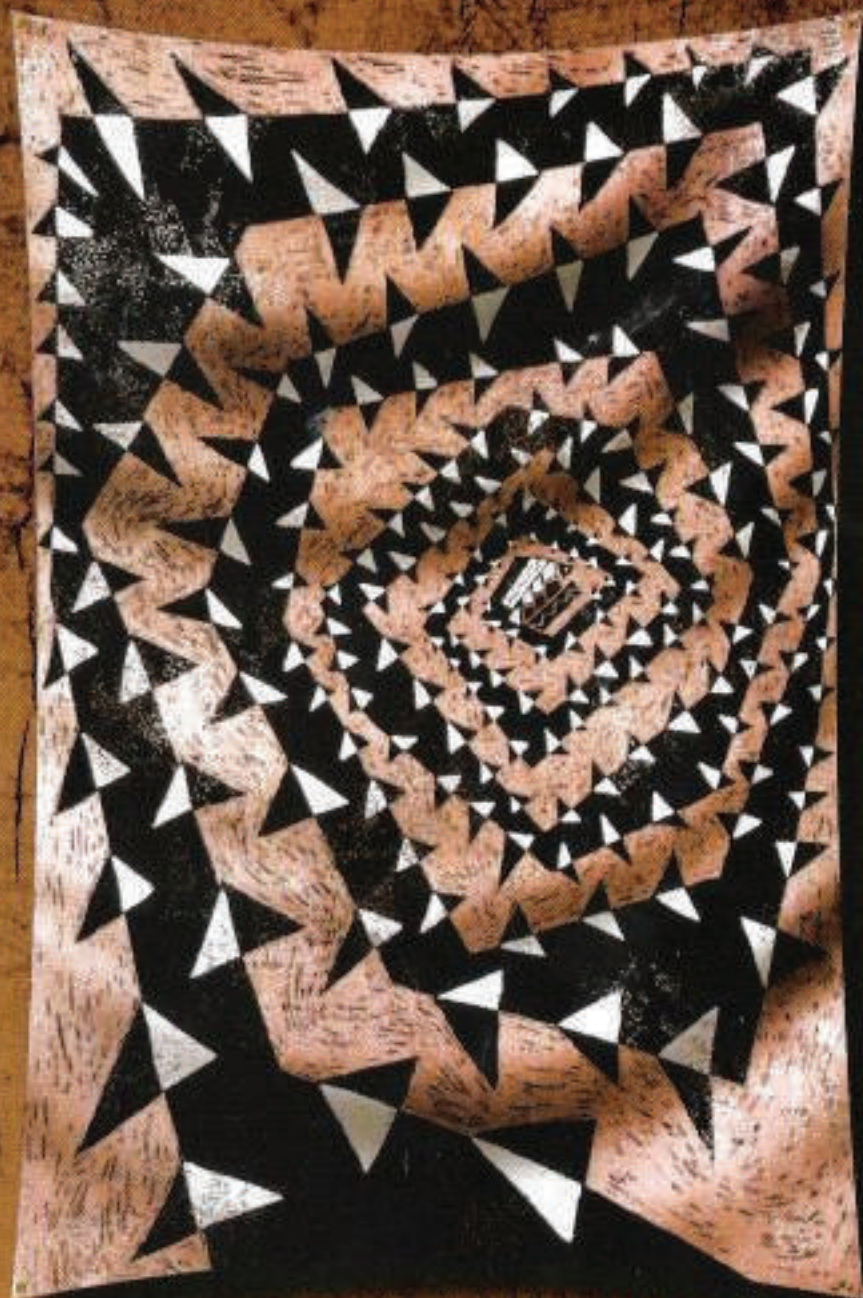




critics, that developed early in the group's musical career: an obvious alternation between the more popular forms and abstract forms of music. Based on rhythm and noise, and often industrial in its sound, Mark of the Mole veers heavily to the abstract side of The Residents' musical ledger.

Beginning with a pseudo radio broadcast (featuring a weather man played by Penn Jillette of Penn and Teller), the album initially warns of large storms forming in the desert region, known colloquially as the "Pit Area." From there the listener is taken into the subterranean world of the Mohelmot with a rumbling, deep throated piece,





"Won't You Keep Us Working," reverently sung by one of the hole workers. Humbly praying to the God of Darkness for nothing more than the privilege of being allowed to continue their labor, the workers' hymn is answered by a ferocious and devastating storm. Seemingly, the Mohelmot deity is no more responsive than our own,

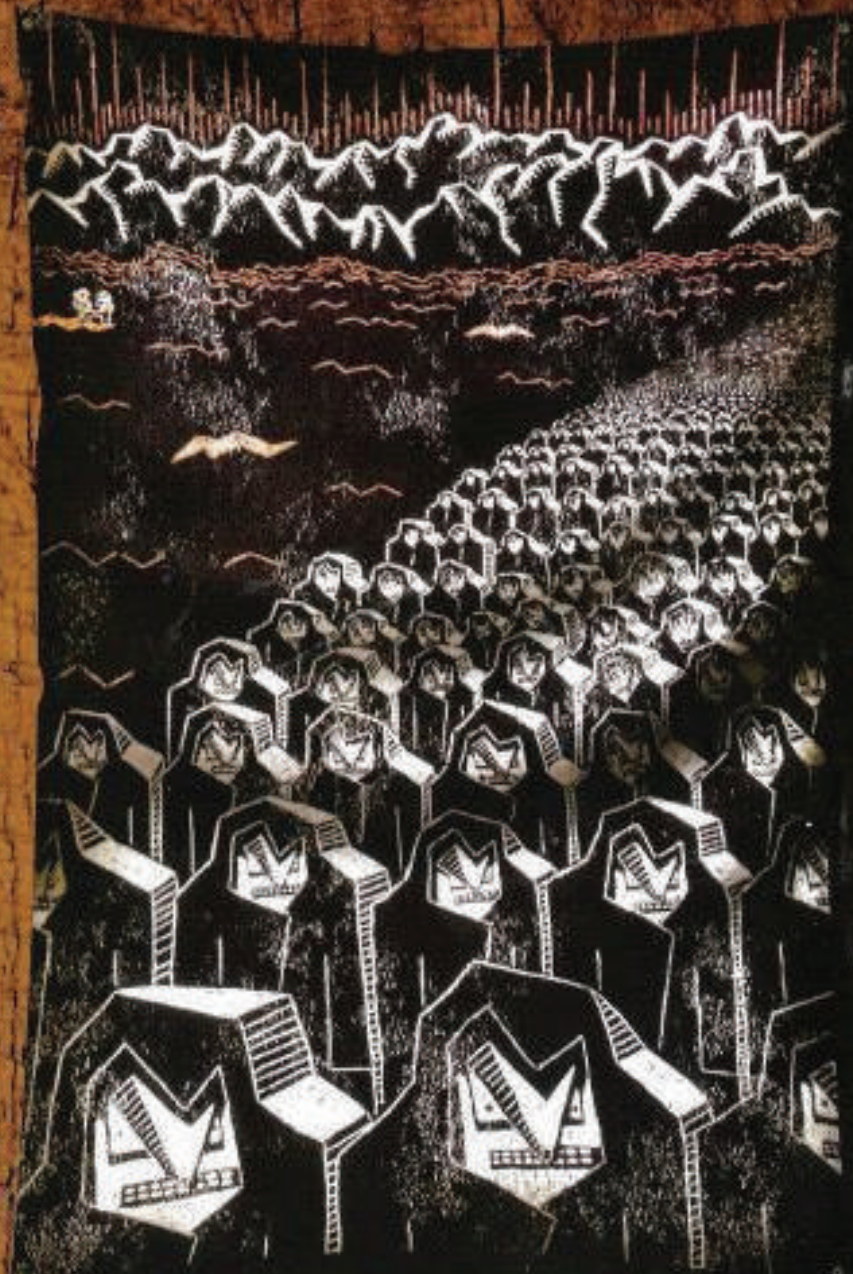
causing the shocked and depressed workers to gather and discuss their plight: underground homes rapidly filling with water. The Ultimate Disaster, Part One of Mark of the Mole, ends with the painful realization that the unending storm will soon turn their underground city into a lake. The Moles have no choice but to leave.

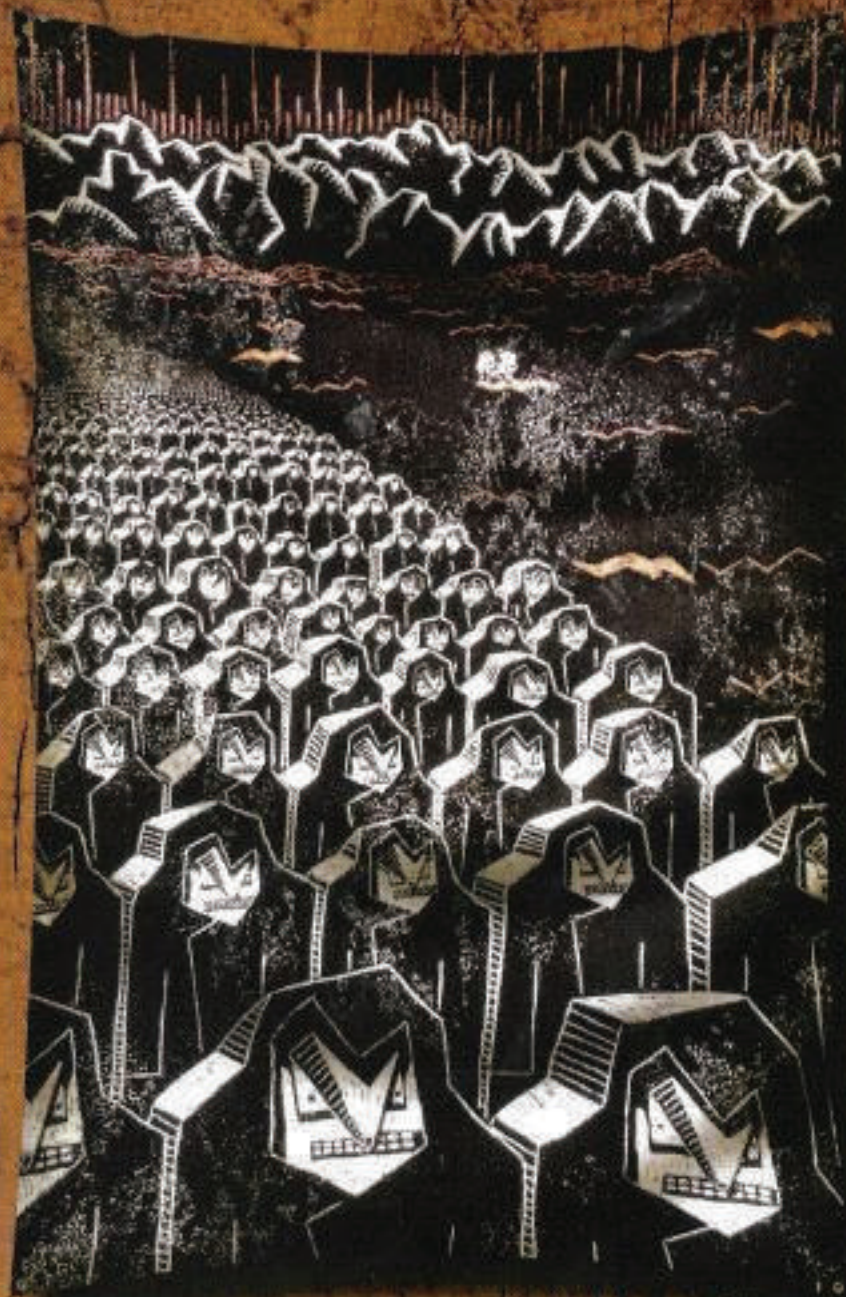




Inspired by an oblique vision of "the sea," Migration, the following section, begins with the entire Mole population steadfastly marching along an epic and unknown journey, hoping it will lead to a new land. On the way an old man, referred to as "The Observer," appears bearing a sense of both foreboding and foreshadowing, as if he's

pointing the way toward future developments in the unfinished trilogy. And while his symbolic statements ("I have seen the soul of an unborn lamb, it can burn a hole in a guilty man...") do vaguely take aim at the inevitable conflict, his comments appear to have more weight than his appearance warrants. But if *The Residents* had more in mind for the *Tired Old*





*Man, it will have to be left
to the listener's
imagination. The enigmatic
geezer is left behind as
the Moles continue their
journey, singing a new
song of hope for the
future.*

Meanwhile, out on
The Coast word reaches
the Chubs of the impending
arrival of hundreds of
thousands of refugees.
Superficial, but not stupid,
the colorful occupants of
Chubville are not without
concern, although the
thought of thousands of
penniless migrants eager
to perform the most menial
of tasks quickly eases
their anxiety. But the





unfortunate reality of
overwhelming numbers
eventually takes control,
and the new arrivals soon
outnumber their hosts,
bringing an uncomfortable
feeling of apprehension
and fear.

To further complicate the plot, an idealistic scientist decides to save the Mohelmot from the degradation of servility by inventing a machine capable of menial labor. Unaware of the importance placed on work ethic within the Mohelmot culture, the result of this well-intentioned effort is actually a reduction of





the Moles' value, both within their new society and in their own eyes. The situation is further acerbated when a hawkish group of Chubs realizes that the New Machine is equally efficient when pointed in the direction of war.

The result is that the Chubs not only grow increasingly fearful of the idle Moles, but begin to feel that their new war machine has given them the power to drive the Mohelmot back into the desert. Unknown to this small warlike segment of Chub society, The Moles, using previously unknown powers, are reluctantly capable of





defending themselves.
The inevitable war
ensues, and like all good
cliffhangers, the story is
left dangling, awaiting
additional installments
that never arrived.

MARK OF THE MOLE

LYRICS

VOICES OF THE AIR

*People must be left alone
Unless they have a happy home*

"...to partly cloudy. The central part of the country, especially the pit area, currently has clear skies but that condition could soon change due to an unusual influx of unseasonably cool winds sweeping down into the infamous pit heat. Meanwhile here on the west coast, the weather has continued much as it has been for the last week."

*When it was back when
We would not pretend
We were only friends*

"We interrupt our regular program for this special announcement... our telometer is reporting that a large storm has developed

in the vicinity of the pit area. Any travelers who might be headed toward that distant region are encouraged to delay further plans until this storm has passed."

WON'T YOU KEEP US WORKING?

*God of the nightfall, god of the shade,
God of the deep, it's you who's made
All of the evening, all of the night,
All of the motion without light*

*God of the darkness, God of the soul,
God of the deep dark friendly hole;
God of the unseen, cloudy and dim
God of the hiding hear this hymn:*

*Won't you keep us working - working,
working, working;
Won't you keep us working - working
down below*

BACK TO NORMALITY

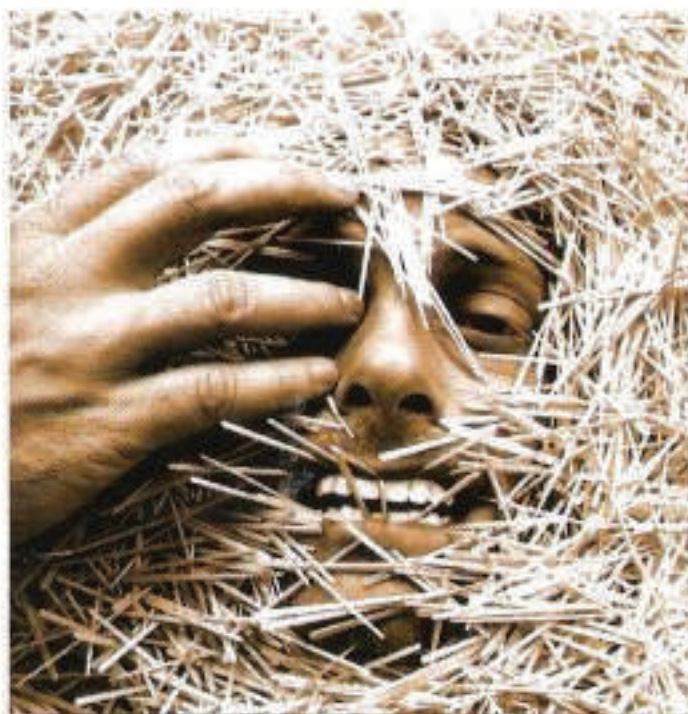
*Harmony cannot be denied; once again we
are satisfied;
Calm and quiet have been restored; so it is*

*as it was before.
Isn't it?
Isn't it?
Isn't it?*

WHY ARE WE CRYING?

*Shrinking from the touch of darkness,
moaning in the night
Sobbing into melancholy, weeping into
fright
Graciousness is now forgotten and into its
place
Whispering insinuation finds a fond
embrace*

*Crying
Why are we
Crying
Everyone's
Crying
Why are we
Crying
We must stop
Crying
We must stop*



IT NEVER STOPS

*It never stops; It never stops
It never stops; It never stops
Leave, we must leave
We must leave, we must leave
We must leave, we must leave*

*There is no home where we reside
If there is nothing down deep inside*

*Except a serpent sitting beside
a promise of nothing except suicide*

*I have been told, deep in my dreams
That there is hope, and that it seems
All that we seek was seen by the sea
Yes, safety and comfort do dwell by the
sea*

MARCH TO THE SEA

*We are rising as the sun retreats into the
trees
We're thinking of our destination as we
start to leave
We're marching to the sea, marching to
the sea*

*Smiling from the gentle touches of the
evening breezes
No one is unhappy now and no one is
fatigued
We're marching to the sea, marching to
the sea*

THE OBSERVER

*I'm a tired old man in a tired old land
Watching shadows moving across the sand
Now they move at night and I understand
They cannot see more than they can stand*

*I have been deceived, I have murdered and
I have seen the soul of an unborn lamb
It can burn a hole in a guilty man
But it cannot stand in a distant land*



HOLE-WORKERS' NEW HYMN

We have left our lives,
We have left our land
We have left behind all we understand
Now we must cry out, yes we must demand

Let my children live in a land that's low
Where the holes are deeper than light can go
Let them have not pride but instead a soul
That can see the shame of the hands that glow

RUMORS

I heard a rumor from the east
That Pit Moles' battles with the beast
Have left them mindless and sick
The west is where, their fingers say
Are new-found sites that give them
something to cling to
The rumors have them coming here
Believing life is not so harsh

Life not so harsh? Indeed!
A hundred thousand refugees?
The Pit Moles are coming, I heard just today

Our problems with labor have just been
done away with
The Pit Moles will work hard and we'll
barely pay
So eager to get work,
they'll do things just the way we want
The Pit Moles are thrifty,
their gods reassure
that poverty's blissful, they like being
destitute

DEPLOYMENT/SATURATION

Need work?
Need work?
Sign here. Sign here.

Sorry! That's all we need now
Sorry! That's all we need.
No... No... No more work now.
The rest of you please leave

IDEA

Today I have declared myself to be a
subject of the
Will of the People

Too long have my studies and research been
For my own pleasures and distractions
Civilization needs the minds of its people
My first project will be the freeing of our
underground workers
There is no reason why technology cannot
be called on
To meet this challenge

A machine. A great machine. I see it now.
Creatures!
Seek your dignity! Scrap metal and I shall
fight
And you shall be the winner!

UGLY RUMORS

They lie about all through the day
Thinking that they should be paid
For all 'em knowing how to breed
Producing more for us to have to pay
For their food, too
They'll steal our daughters for their brides
Expecting more than life provides
A huge ungrateful straw stampede...

FAILURE/RECONSTRUCTION

Failure...oh, my beautiful machine, my poor,
poor beautiful machine. What have I done
wrong? Where have I failed you? But give
up? Never! Not as long as there are souls
imprisoned in the dark life. Not as long as
a whisper of life clings to my body. There
will be freedom in the holes! All will hail
the new machine! Yes! Yes! I think I've got
it now. There, the spark leaps to life. The
golden age quivers on the brink of creation.
Live, my machine! Live my savior! You have
my breath... you have my dream, my dream

DRIVING THE MOLES AWAY

We don't want your arm, we don't want
your hand
All we really want is for you to leave our land
We don't want your foot, we don't want
your toe
All we really want is for you to pack and go
We don't want your neck, we don't want
your back
All we really want is for you to hit the tracks
We don't want your nose, we don't want

*your lip
All really want is for you to take a trip
We don't want your skin, we don't want
your hair
All we really want is for you to become rare
We don't want your tongue, we don't want
your ear
All we really want is for you to disappear
We don't want your ankle, we don't want
your knee
All we really want is for you to quickly leave
We don't want your palm, we don't want
your wrist
All we really want is for you to soon be
missed
We don't want your brow, we don't want
your eye
All we really want is for you to puke and die!*

DON'T TREAD ON ME!

*Hatred has hunger and hatred has eyes
Hatred has purpose and hatred has size
Hatred has honor but hatred hates lies!*

Assailants of mercy with hate in your eyes

*Do not disturb us you might be surprised
We are not weaklings to tremble and die*

*Hatred has dignity, hatred is clear
Hatred has courage and hatred is dear
Hatred has virtue and hatred is here!*

*Odious enemy do not come near
There is no pity nor tenderness here
There is no mercy just villainous fear!*



INTERMISSION

LYRICS

SHORTY'S LAMENT

Once there was a Willie and he could see
that there was a Shorty and he was me
He could see that
Shorty wouldn't always
be short so he said,
Protect yourself, Shorty,
protect yourself

Once the fever finds your soul
Something else will take control
Something dark and from a bowl
Something says to me
But it can be indiscreet
And you tend to overeat
For the taste is soft and sweet
Something says to me



EXPECTATION!
EXPLANATION!
EXPLOITATION!
COMPLICATION!
CONSUMMATION!
CONCENTRATION!
CONJUGATION!
INSULATION!
STIMULATION!
RUINATION!
ACCUSATION!
NAVIGATION!

WOULD WE BE ALIVE?

*If we could see clearly what we were
beside*

If there was no desperation

Would we be alive?

If there were no windows

that we sit inside

If there was no ugly feelings

Would we be alive?

Help us!

Help us!

Help us!

Please!

*Won't you make me helpless so that I can be
longing for the sight of something that I
cannot see*

I'll be a boat that's on the ocean

Floating on the sea

Floating in the drifting wind

I wish that I could be

Floating in a liquid

nice and thick and warm

Floating where there is no pleasure

and there is no harm

Life would be so pleasant

if we all could be

Helpless hopeless creatures

just marching to the sea

MARK OF THE MOLE

1. Voices of the Air

2. The Ultimate Disaster

Won't you keep us working?

First warning

Back to normality?

The sky falls!

Why are we crying?

The tunnels are filling

It never stops

3. Migration

March to the sea

The Observer

Hole-workers' new hymn

4. Another Land

Rumors

Arrival

Deployment

Saturation

5. The New Machine

Idea

Construction

Ugly Rumors

Failure/Reconstruction

Success

6. Final Confrontation

Driving the Moles away

Don't tread on me

The short war

Resolution?

The Residents with guests: Penn Jillette,
Nessie Lessons

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1. *Lights Out (Prelude)*
2. *Shorty's Lament (Intermission)*
3. *The Moles are Coming (intermission)*
4. *Would We be Alive (Intermission)*
5. *The New Hymn (Recessional)*

*The Residents with guests:
Annie Stocking, Jeanette Sartain, and
Joan Cashel*

*Backing vocals arranged by J. Raoul Brody
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