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Dave Lennon will not be mentioned in these liner notes





**Das Über Tuber (or, The Mystery of Mr. P)** - Mr. Potato Head, master of disguise—he can turn into over fifty completely different guises. Is he a blonde or is his hair red? You never know with Mr. Potato Head. He's hot—he's out of control. Who's that repelling down the side of the evil villain's secret lair? Who's that over there with the countess sipping sherry with such understated flair? He's cookin' when he's behind the wheel of the Mr. Potato Headmobile. When he goes out for a ride (he changes into some other guy) everybody waits for him to arrive (we're all waiting). He's going straight ahead, then suddenly he turns into a drive! Mr. Potato Head, super secret spy, cowboy secret space detective super private eye. He puts on a disguise and then he could be any one of a dozen other potato-headed men. He's not really out of control. He's just a man. (He's not even really a man.) Okay, true, but he's doing the best that he can. All he wants is what anybody wants: just a simple life with his loving wife, but it's hard to give his family a home when he's always battling Hugo. Who's that hiding in enormous vases? Who's that kid with corn stuck in his braces? Who's all genders, creeds, and races? Hugo, Man of a Thousand Faces! Who's been schooled in all the social graces? Who's that parked in all the handicapped spaces? Who can draw anything as long as he craves? Hugo, Man of a Thousand Faces! He's the natural enemy of our heroic Mr. P. There can only be one master of disguise, so one will live, the other dies. It had to happen one day; They both knew this was the way. They'd trained for this their whole lives; They hugged their kids and kissed their wives. Hugo pulls out a knife. Mr. Potato Head narrows his eyes. He says, "I'm gonna cut you down to size—into french fries." Mr. Potato Head just grins and says, "Well, go ahead and try!" Hugo pulls out his Tater Grater. He says, "Prepare to meet your creator, Tater." Mr. Potato Head whips out his detonator. He says, "This is the last time you will try to rule to world, you evil guy. You know I'm not afraid to die," and then lets the Spud Missile fly. There's silence as the smoke clears: a pile of noses and ears. In a gigantic crater lies our beloved tater. It looks like this could be the end of our carbohydrate-laden friend. He stopped his mortal enemy, now he'll forever rest in peas. Mr. Potato Head opens up his eyes. Now he's the undisputed master of disguise. Is he alive or is he dead? It's hard to tell with Mr. Potato Head. All hail Mr. Potato Head!

**Super Powers** - I got bitten by a radioactive bug. I tried an experimental drug. I went out for a stroll on a gamma-testing range. I found an enchanted Uru cane. I made a serum that made me small. I modified the serum so it would make me tall. I got radioactive isotope in my eyes. A dying alien helped me accessorize. I gained the proportionate strength of a spider. Now I'm invincible. Now I can fly. I lost my sight and my other senses where heightened. I'm gonna put on my pajamas and go fight crime. Now I'm a superhero. I'm a superhero now. Now I'm a superhero. I got my super powers. My best friend and my girlfriend (and her brother) went into space. Who'd of thought we'd get bombarded by cosmic rays? It turns out I'm the last of a powerful alien race. My mother formed me from a lump of magic clay. I'm given super powers by a yellow sun. I studied under the Ancient One. I got an adamantium skeleton. Some grizzled old wizard taught me a magic acronym. Now I've got the wisdom of Solomon and the strength of Hercules. I haven't memorized what AZAM was, but I still fight evil in my red pajamas. I gotta get me a helicopter and you can get a jet plane. We'll take out their surveillance tower. We can make up code names. And when you get home at the end of your day I'll pack your parachute and put away your utility belt and gas grenades. You were never meant to see, I showed my secret identity—I suppose I could always hypnotize you if I wanted to, but I propose another thing: you can wear my decoder ring. We'll have matching hovercraft. We'll go undercover. After all we might just fall like stars from the sky. You know too but I know you, you won't be happy till you try. Superhero team-up: cowboy secret space detective true love. Supervillain two-in-one: the bad guys have taken over Washington. Don't be scared cause I'm prepared. There's an emergency, but I'm ready cause fortunately I'm a superhero too. I've got super powers just like you.

**Cowboy Secret Space Detective** - I wanna go where no man's ever gone before and I want to wield my evil father's laser sword. One little step for me gets bigger when there's no gravity, and I'm gonna fly high in the sky, faster than the speed of thought. I wanna be an astronaut! I wanna be the fastest draw in the Wild Wild West, in boots and spurs and a ten-gallon hat I'll be well-dressed. I'll catch the bandits and throw them in jail. I'll win a shoot-out at the OK Corral. Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie. Don't fence me in, Roy. I wanna be a cowboy! People always ask me, "When are you gonna grow up? And when you do what will you be?" That's when I always tell them that if I'm gonna grow up, I'll do it on my own sweet time and what I become is still up to me." In the sandbox and on the jungle gym, Barbie dolls and Tonka trucks were made for her and him. I don't know, but you just ask my mom cause she says I can be whatever I want to be, and you just ask your dad if you can come over and play with me. I wanna say, "Land ho!" "Argh!" "Avast!" and "Batten down the hatches!" and I wanna have a pegleg, a hook for an arm and two eyepatches. I'll run you through then make you walk the plank or I'll tie you to a two-ton anchor. I'll be a pirate, I'll show no fear. I want to be a buccaneer! I wanna be a photojournalist college kid and I want to

get bitten by a radioactive arachnid. One lesson that'll be learned by me is that with great power comes great responsibility. I'll have an uncanny spider sense and web-shooters on my hands. I want to be Spiderman!

**This Song** - This song's not overstrong, but this song's not overlong. This song won't overwow, but this song is over now.

**Tommy** - I was talking to my friend Tommy, he's almost 6.3 years old. I said, "Is it just me, or has Power Rangers gone to shit this season?" and he shook his head and said, "I know." I said, "That Turbo movie was stupid," and Tommy said, "I didn't even go." And he said, "I can't keep track of the Zords." And he said, "I hardly even watch it anymore." I said, "I think they lost when they all switched colors just for the hell of it," and Tommy said, "That 'White Ranger's long-lost brother' theme didn't seem relevant." I said, "It's just like Darkman—it started out fine but it sucked by the time they made Darkman III: Die Darkman Die. Everything good turns to crap eventually," and that's when Tommy said, "Isn't that just the way it is?" And Tommy said, "What happened to my friend Barney? Yesterday he was a king, now he's a dinosaur. And Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles just doesn't hold my interest anymore." I said, "Team Knight Rider was a letdown too." He said, "It's true, but not as disappointing as Secret Wars II." I said, "It's just the same as G.I. Joe. I recall he was one foot tall. He'd of stepped on Cobra Commander and drop-kicked Destro." He said, "It's just like the New Kids—I thought they were cool but I felt like a fool when I found out Donnie Wahlberg was in graduate school." I said, "Or consider Duran Duran since they got that other fella: they went from Seven and the Ragged Tiger to Electric Barbarella. Tommy said, "Can you explain why nothing ever stays the same? Adam, can you help me, man? Can you help me understand? Who, what, where, when, how, and why? Is there a God? And who am I? And do you think they'll really remake the original Planet of the Apes?" I said, "don't ask me, I'm only 28." And it's just like Tommy said, "Isn't that just the way it is." That's just the way it goes. That's just the way the cookie crumbles. That's just the way the old ball bounces. Shit happens. Isn't it a shame? Isn't it a crying shame? It's a crying shame. Crap! Crap crap! Crap, crap. It turns to crap. It turns to crap and it won't turn back. Crap, crap. It turns to crap. C'mon everybody c'mon and do the crap clap. Crap. Crap. It turns to crap. It turns to crap and it won't turn back. Like Spinal Tap and white boy rap and every singing family since the von Trapps. Crap: The Gap, the Mercator map the movie Zapped! and the game Mousetrap. The clap? Crap! The guy from Tap! Fiesta wraps and Rob Liefeld's Cap. Everything good turns to crap. It turns to crap and I don't mean maybe, just like Galactica 1980. It turns to crap. Crap!

**My Brother's Trapper Keeper** - I got a call from a dear old friend--the kind of friend you can depend on till the end. The kind of friend who'll say, "Can you lend me a dollar or two or three or four? In fact, can you lend me just a little bit more? Oh, and I borrowed your car—I didn't go far: I left your car keys in the yard. You're out of gas, I was driving real fast--how am I supposed to know whose yard? I remember there was grass... Oh, if anybody asks, I've been here for the last three days and nights. Just say I never left your side--better dim the lights and hide, and besides, I told them I was you. And it's true there's a few things I'd like you to do: My friend Big Lou who arrives tonight from Peru is just passing through. Lou, and five or six guys from his crew will be staying for a day or two. I'm praying that you'll make it through--if I were you I'd buy lots of wine. And oh yeah, there's just one thing more: One-Eyed Vinnie's back is sore--he kind of took a slug in the spine. So I hope you don't mind taking the floor for an indeterminate length of time." But after all he's my dear old friend and you know he can depend on me. And when we die I won't stop to wonder why--just there I'll lie high on lame excuses and empty promises. And I can't justify it--I can't just close my eyes and deny it. I'd tell you the story if I were able, but this isn't some kind of Aesop's Fable. It's more like the story of Cain and Abel--it just took a while to figure out which one I was.

**Theme From 'Super Skrull'** - On the Skrull home world in a secret laboratory they modified a chromosome and so begins the story of a Skrull whose nearly impossible chore is to battle and defeat the Fantastic Four. He's Super Skrull--incredible! He's as geechy as Nietzsche and that's no bull. Though to us he seems preposterous, it's really not for us to just pass a rash judgement on the Super Skrull, cause his left arm can stretch like it's made out of plastic: it's as elastic as Mr. Fantastic. His right arm's got orange rocks for skin: from the shoulder down he's as strong as big Ben Grimm. He can turn one leg invisible, which really isn't all that practical. Unless you're extremely gullible you won't be fooled by Super Skrull. His other leg is flammable (the same thing as inflammable): he crossed his legs and then he learned the invisible leg could still get burned. Though his appearance is comical and raises many questions anatomical, his features aren't as malleable as the features of his fellow Skrull. From his hat down to his shoes he wears unstable molecules. He's endorsing RC Cola and cruising chicks with Annim Zola. He's not even possible, but what the hell, he's Super Skrull! He can't tie his shoes without an oven mitt,

and he has a hard time finding shirts that fit. Plainly implausible, technically impossible. Socks? He's got a closet full. His favorite band is Jethro Tull. He's not just any ordinary Skrull, he's Super Skrull!

**Stop Talking About Comic Books Or I'll Kill You** - Stop talking about comic books or I'll kill you. I don't care if the Hulk could defeat the Man of Steel. I'm gonna rearrange your face if you continue to debate whether Logan's claws could pierce Steve Roger's shield. I just couldn't care less if they bring back Kraven, and I don't care if Spiderman's a clone. Stop spending all our cash on back issues of the Flash, or I swear to God you're gonna spend your twilight years alone. Okay, you can call them graphic novels, but they're still just plain old comic books to me, and I don't see why you must always ceaselessly discuss the post-Zero Hour continuity. For the last time I won't read those Kirby Xmen. You know that I prefer the work he did for DC. And if you don't want to die you'll lose that Overstreet Price Guide, Comic Buyer's Guide, and Wizard Magazine, but please get the new Invisibles for me.

**Guggenheim Love** - Nothing you have to say could possibly change my mind. I'm calling your bluff, I'm drawing the line, but if you ask me nice you know I'll probably stay and listen to tell me why I should sit here while you say, "blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah blah," for half an hour. I've heard this all before, so I won't listen anymore. I'm getting tired of all these games. You care much less for me than you care about this gallery, at least you don't forget their names. Damn it all, Marc Chagall, we must rely on protocol. I don't know what I was thinking of. Oh man, Paul Gaugin, I try but I can't understand what made me fall in Guggenheim love. You can't go to the Guggenheim without me by your side. You're looking at art, I'm along for the ride. You point at every wall and whisper in my ear, "God, that guy is so overrated," but all I ever hear is, "blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah blah," for half an hour. Stop talking about composition or I swear you're gonna need a physician. You and I are never gonna last. I want to smash your face everytime you mention negative space--Talk about contrast! Hey hey, Claude Monet, I just don't know quiet what to say. I don't know what I was thinking of. Good grief, Georgia O'keefe, I come to you beyond belief. What made me fall in Guggenheim love? You hailed a cab and left and I took the subway home. I got some peace and quiet, now I'm finally alone. But it's like some strange disease that takes away my choice: I gotta call you on the telephone so I can hear your voice while you say, "blah blah blah. . ."

**Tandem Bike** - She came into my room at two o'clock in the afternoon and she said that she had a desperate need to talk about our relationship and wasn't it time that we called it quits but she cried when I said that I kind of agreed. I didn't know what to say--I began to wish I was dead. Crazy me, crazy me, I thought that she meant what she said. She said she wanted to hear me say that I'd always want to be near her. I asked, "Well, why isn't that what you said?" She turned and cried some more and when she left she slammed the door, then I sighed with relief and sat down on my bed. My jaw nearly hit the floor--I couldn't believe my eyes, twenty minutes later when I opened the door and she was standing right outside. I said, "Hey, what the hell are you still doing here," and she said, "Well, I thought you were gonna come after me." I rolled my eyes and told her, "You should really be acting older. You're thirty years old and I'm just twenty-three." Then she rode away on a bicycle built for two all alone. To make her leave was beyond my power so we hugged for half an hour and I know for sure because I checked my Cowboy Secret Space Detective Superhero Radioactive Message Decoder watch behind her neck. Two hours later she finally left, and this time she was really gone. I sat down immediately and began to write this song. I was out of New Year's Eve and as I was getting ready to leave I saw her approach from across the bar, so I pretended I was plastered. She found out and she called me a bastard, but she followed me home anyway in her car. We argued right outside my door--it was unbelievably cold. My toes were getting kind of numb, so I told her that I had to go. Now I live in fear, everytime I see her coming near I try to hide but I can't get away. I'm sick of lies and compromises, averting eyes and wearing disguises. She stalks me twenty-four hours a day.

**54 Miles** - I'd love you more if you lived 54 miles away. It's not that I hate you, I just got nothing left to say. I must confess I like you less with each passing day. I couldn't ask you to leave but I'd prefer it if you wouldn't stay. I tried, you lied, denied what you thought I didn't know. You're ambivalent, I'm indifferent, I don't care if you want to go.

**Cool** - I'm gonna grow a mustache. I'm gonna grow a beard. I'll get some John Lennon glasses, and then I'm gonna act weird. I'll get fire pants and sandals and drive an old beat-up car. I'm gonna own a used book shop and smoke a nasty cigar. (You can't!) I can. (No

you can't!) Yes I can. (You won't!) I will. (No you won't!) Yes I will. Yes I will, and you can't stop me. I'm gonna be cool. I'm gonna listen to Mozart. I'm gonna listen to Brahms. I'm gonna rent a stretch limo and go to thirty-nine proms. I'm gonna sit in my bathrobe and read Swamp Thing all day. I'm gonna piss off my parents and tell my girlfriend I'm gay. It doesn't matter what they say; doesn't matter what they do. We'll do what we want to do anyway; we'll do what we want to. Yeah, we can all be cool even though we're not the same. We will not be ashamed of anything we want to be and anything we want to do and anyone we want to be: that's cool! I'm gonna bench-press Rhode Island and have a thirty-inch neck. I'm gonna jump through a donut just like they did in Star Trek. I'm gonna go skinny-dipping but I won't worry about Jaws; I'll have a neat healing factor and adamantium claws. I'm gonna burn my house down and marry Molly Yard. I'm gonna find Michael Jackson and slap him really hard. I'm gonna read all that Shakespeare that they assigned me in school, and then I'll win at Othello. I'm gonna be cool. We're gonna be cool.

**My Secret Origin** - There was a boy who knew he could be anything that he wanted to. Everybody told him he had a singular special destiny. Everybody said he'd go far--everybody said he'd be a star. They said he could be anything he wanted to be--then he turned into me. Now it seems increasingly unlikely that I'm gonna grow up to be Luke Skywalker--not gonna be Indiana Jones. And after all this time it's probably not gonna turn out that I'm the super-powered heir to a world that isn't there anymore. But somebody told me I was special. Somebody told me that I could be anything I wanted to be. How could they have known the dreams I had were not the dreams they had for me? They said I could be what I wanted--they had no idea what I wanted. And I don't mean to seem ungrateful for all their encouragement and praise. I just meant to say that I don't intend to stay and spend another wasted year, cause at the end I bet I'd still be sitting here wasting time and waiting. I'm waiting for my Lady of the Lake to come and crown me king. I'm waiting for my rocket to land so I can get my power ring. I'm waiting for my radioactive meteorite to fall. I'm waiting but I ain't got no meteorite at all. I'm waiting for my story to begin. I'm waiting for my/ I'm not done. Don't count me out of it--my story isn't over yet. I'm not the son of some Roman god but anyway I think I'm gonna be okay. And looking back I find it seems I've always had unlikely dreams but I can't let that stop me now, it's time to grow up anyhow. And I may not be Hercules but here's my new philosophy:

**Rishathra (or, Prime Directive, Shmime Directive)\*** - We were doing Mok I in the Ooklamobile and Rand was at the wheel with gear and clothes (and Adam) crammed against the windshield. We were gonna filk until the break of dawn (we were going to the con). Luis Tomas Garcia had his Sandman T-shirt on. Rand was driving, I was playing my guitar (and I was in the car) and then we stopped and that's when Rand said, "I don't know where we are." I was trying to get the map unfolded when I heard a sound. I looked around, and then I noticed that the car was lifted off the ground. What was going on? How were we floating through the air? Maybe it has to do with that flying saucer over there. Hold on--this might not be as bad as it seems. What do you mean? We'll miss the con? What are you on? We're in a tractor beam! Luis looked down and marvelled at the endless rows of corn--"That's a lot of corn!"--and Rand beeped out the rhythm to the theme of Close Encounters on the horn. Adam was trying to teach his fingers what to do--"Na noo! Na noo!"--as we docked aboard what appeared to be an interstellar zoo. I turned the car off and we timidly disembarked--We're double parked!--gaping bewilderedly around this cosmic Noah's Ark. And that's when Adam walked away without a glance--I peed my pants!--I couldn't help it I was in some kind of weird hypnotic trance. I woke up in a room with candles lit and muzak on. I was lying on a bed with nothing but my tube socks on. I saw a shapely silhouette in the door. She was a ten! An alien! I was stiffer than Al Gore. We didn't have a common culture or a common tongue. We didn't have a thing in common as I have already sung. We didn't have an ounce of mutual respect, but we had sex! And then a hooded stranger took me by the hand--Don't leave me, Rand!--but Rand just followed knowing that Luis would understand. She asked me if I wanted latté or darjeering tea --I'm thirsty!--Rand quickly saw they had compatible personalities. We had the same opinions; we shared the same philosophy. We had the same snoopy lunchbox; we watched the same shows on TV. We both liked movies with cheap special effects, but we did not have sex. With Rand and Adam gone Luis was all alone--"E.T. phone home!"--He was in the dark and all he could hear was Adam moan. Things were looking grim for the drummer of Oookla the Mok--"Help me, Spock!"--Next thing he knew Luis was on all fours stripped to his jock. I was more scared than I had ever been in all my life. I didn't want to spend the next forty years as E.T.'s wife. Well, maybe this isn't quite as bad as it seems--Yeah, at least yours was a female! And they had sex! It ended just as quickly as it had begun--You mean you're done!--It was more confusing than the ending of 2001. I had a good time, and I made a friend; it was a bad joke, but I got it in the end.

\*The events in Rishathra take place before Doug joined Oookla the Mok. -- Smilin' Tim



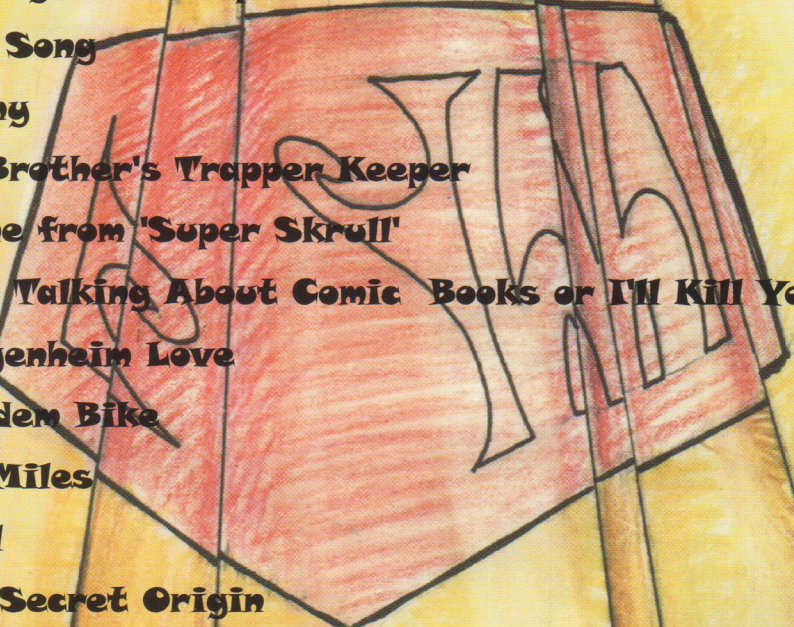
Can you keep a secret?

LOOK  
LA  
THE  
MOK



The Secret is Out

This CD will self-destruct in 25 years.

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