

The background is an abstract composition of textured, painterly strokes. A large, bright green area occupies the upper right and middle right sections. A broad, white horizontal band runs across the center. Below this, a vibrant red area is visible, though partially obscured by the text. The left side of the image features darker, more muted tones of green and brown, suggesting a different texture or perhaps a shadow. The overall effect is one of organic, hand-painted movement.

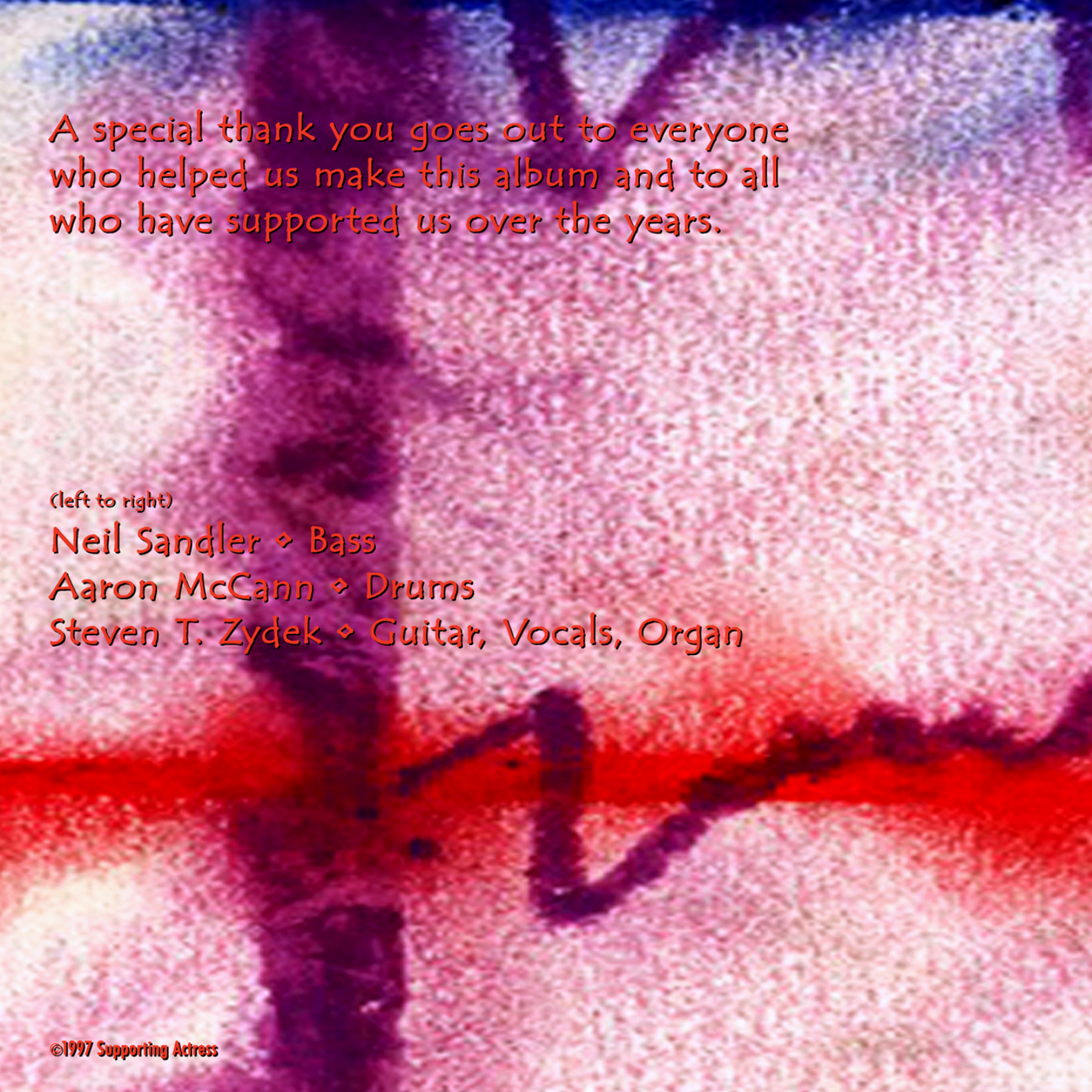
Supporting Actress

*playing the part*









A special thank you goes out to everyone  
who helped us make this album and to all  
who have supported us over the years.

(left to right)

Neil Sandler ♦ Bass

Aaron McCann ♦ Drums

Steven T. Zydek ♦ Guitar, Vocals, Organ



## Shipwreck

I turned into a diver. I know what I did. I lied to the captain of the ship. Breathing was impossible, seeing was a dream. I failed to believe. Time will tell. Don't set me on fire. I'm sinking. I'm falling to the edge of the earth. I'm sinking. I've fallen off the edge of the earth. Time will tell.

## Abstract Gold

In the center of this system there's a library. With books and names, books and games. Check out that record. It tells the truth. It tells the hundred percent. 1 ♦ 6 ♦ 8. In the center of his library there's a map. Abstract paintings, printed abstracts. California, the state of the west. 1 ♦ 6 ♦ 8. It's not brass. It's not silver. It's not slate. It's pure gold.

## Private and Hollywood

Hollywood and Mardi Gras, money the dirtiest thing I know. Hollywood here I am. Feeling lost on the screen I am. She practices her script but she forgets how to talk. Take 4. Take 3. Take 2. Take 1. Everybody wants to be famous. Everybody wants to be seen until they're famous.

## Projectile Projector

I am a hang glider and I play the part. Staring down, looking down at you. I'll sue the wind for burning my face burnt. Over here we cherish the summer breeze. I'll give you a reason to strap on a harness. Plead for good wind. Jump. I look at the sky. I think of the night. I think of you. Gone. Shot. Explode. My voice is like badges. I was a hang glider I played the part. I stared down. I looked down on you. Now I'm a tongue twister sticky with words. Seeking out -the truth of it all.

## Ashkum

Runway, run away. Expressway, expense paid. She smells like bubble gum and she feels like sand. You give her a kiss and she gives you a nickel. She gives you a kiss and you give her a dime. You give her a kiss and she gives you a nickel. She gives you a kiss and she starts to cry. She cries. She cried. Given to the people who pay. Paid by the people who cry. Her underbelly has become his eyes and his eyes are only skin deep. She cried for a friend, a savior, and love. His satisfaction exists in her fragile body. He's got all the money in the world.



## WTTW

The curtains that adorn the window to the world can not be closed.

## And Science Forever

Planes in the sky and I'm their shadow. Planes in the sky and I'm here. (Jet) Planes in the sky. Sitting on the edge of a cliff in the spring near the sun. You can make an airplane but you can't make me.

## Nassau O-Rings

Cat screams from the porch. Honey would you get some milk. The meaning of meow. An attempt to care. They bicycles are riding slow but the pedals are moving fast. Like running all night. Search but still hungry. Dogs changed to a post. Get a glimpse of his life. Chain a rope to your neck tie. Act like you're roaming free. The pistol thief has got his gun. You sacrifice the slaughter house. Shot for pure game. Speechless have no souls.

## I'm Attracted To...

My girlfriends think I'm lost. I keep asking for direction. My boyfriends don't know me. I keep lying for attention. Love 40, my loss. We're always playing games. My serve, it's deuce. Cats. I turn my back and you're looking at the sky. Our minds don't match. Well, I'm attracted to trouble.

## 32¢ x Everyone

Don't send a letter without a stamp. I wouldn't say hello without a smile. Cigarettes in hospitals, my lungs are yours. Centuries of sin are added to mine. We share the air. Don't send a letter without a stamp. I wouldn't say good-bye without hello. Smoke stacks near forestry - fuel for the doves. This is the system. This is the faith. This is my house. This is the letter.



## Hang Glider

She's got a disease, she's a walking disease. You want her so bad so bad so she'll give it to you. She pours on perfume, she's a walking bottle of perfume. She pours on perfume to tell you that she's around. If I had a boy I'd name him Sonyada because I like the name Sonyada. If I had a girl I'd name her Melody because come on come on sing with me. She doesn't know who I am. So you've got your directions for how things should be the ingredients for space, time, and energy. Inventions made of fabric tying the first worlds together pulling the third worlds apart. Hands locked to a row bar, attached to a wing. You glide in your direction and I'll glide in mine. We either glide together or strive to convince each other. We've got our tracks and signals - our dos and our don'ts. Prophecies from astronomy - facts and figures. Unmeasured measuring devices. We can choose the finite these material things but I'm looking in the long run and it's like doing handstands. While holding your breath counting to one million to get everything right.







Recorded May 1997  
Diode Recording Studio, Chicago, IL  
Engineered by Kevin J. Frank  
Mixed by Kevin & Supporting Actress

Remastered April 2017  
Blam Recording, Chicago, IL  
Engineered by Sean Morrison

"Human-Fade" (pastel) by Steve  
Photos by Julie Fabiszak  
Layout by Neil

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SFR018



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