EVERYTHING / EVERYTHING

a big band song cycle about science and information



LEO CHADBURN AKA SIMON BOOKISH

PRODUCTION SCORE (TRANSPOSED)

EVERYTHING / EVERYTHING (2008)

Words and music by Leo Chadburn

Vocalists and band (20 players):

- 2 alto recorders (doubling bass recorders)
- 4 saxophones soprano, alto, tenor, baritone (doubling 2nd alto)
- 2 horns in F
- 2 trumpets in Bb
- 2 trombones

percussion (maracas, glockenspiel, shakers)

drum kit

vocals (Leo Chadburn) vocals (Alice Grant)

synth (Moog Voyager) drum machines (Roland TR-808 and TR-909)

harp Farfisa organ piano

electric guitar bass guitar (doubling double bass)



Commissioned and released by Tomlab. Catalogue number: TOM121CD/LP.

LYRICS

I: THE FLOOD

[Leo sings / Alice sings]

Do not be afraid of the flood ...be aware We have built a promontory to save you ...gather there Every civilization knows it ...make a list Myriad mythologies ...on a disc

The tide sweeps up below you ...far below
A deluge of all known facts and figures ...ebb and flow
Come to wash away Babylon ...purify
Accretive information systems ...multiply

You'd be wrong to be afraid of the flood ...incorrect
The wave brings only enlightenment ...intellect
Humankind's last chance to ...edify
Join hands or drown ...standing by

...the flood ...the flood

If you can swim
Then you're safe from the flood
If you can think
Then you're free from superstition
Medea informs
Now you can sow the dragon's teeth

This is not the end ...or eschatology

II: DUMB TERMINAL

I'm moved It's more than a change of address: this town is sinking slowly I've moved and you've moved too (It's) neither tectonic plates, nor the pull of the moon It's cruel You must swim the sea Because you can't use the plane to come here to see me You'll need goose fat and goggles

Who built this dumb terminal?

We've moved Like a slide down smooth into a mess of our own making Is it true? We shouldn't second-guess

I've moved And you've moved through From being tiny, careless consumer To something serious...

- ...power up...
 ...men and women sinking slowly...
 ...adhere, now separate...
 ...men and women sinking slowly...
- III: PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A FOUNTAIN

A portrait of the artist as a fountain Riding off into the sunset alone Checks his ears, nose and eyes as he travels He's a cowboy, he's the cowboy now

A portrait of the artist as a fountain Wishes farewell to the clowns on the way And he says, "run from fear, fun from rear" That's what he'll say, that's what he'll say to them

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IV: CARBON

Spaceship Earth is buried under a thick, black dust Buckminster Fuller, let me shake you by the hand, I must Quick, sketch the scene in charcoal We're nearly done (done in) Grind out a diamond before the sun goes supernova

Young man, you amaze me: architect, visionary Young man, you amaze me: eat me, eat me, eat me Young man, you amaze me: show me your sweet DNA Crystalline debris: show me

Lake Michigan exhibits a meniscus of petrol Stare into the sun Blinded by the spectral Grasp hold the diamond Sketch in graphite pencils Print 10,000 copies Use Xerox, use stencils

Young man, you amaze me: engineer, poet Young man, you amaze me: clothe me, kill me Young man, you amaze me: show me your sweet DNA Observing this C60: show me

V: VICTORINOX

See the place on the map
A circle in black de-marking the place, which we will attack
Set fire to the sails, set forth on the sea
See the place on the map, Valhalla in black
The place where you live is under attack
Gather food, change the locks
Choose your tools... Victorinox

Better beware the groundswell Better beware the hard sell What did you hear? a death knell Step on up
Kiss farewell to probity, for enmity
Use sophistry or fallacy
Ban the mail
Suppress the press
If you can, ban telepathy
Senate House pretends to be the Ministry of Love
Throw rocks or breeze blocks
You're out-foxed... Victorinox

Try to ignore the ear pound
Try to ignore the drum sound
Try to ignore the pitch of the floor
Never mind what's next door
Use chemicals
Unleash wild animals
Use phosphorus
Wreck.. wreck the Hesperus
Monstrous animosity
Rhinoceros of animus
And all because hope's lost to us
Burn the box... Victorinox

VI: II TRIONFO DEL TEMPO... (RIDLEY ROAD)

Il Trionfo del tempo e del disinganno Ridley Road Damask, Ghanaian rainbow Ackee and plaintain still breathing, green Carpet of cabbage precipitates Stab your nemesis in broad daylight Crucifix of chicken Nipple-pink fish in fire and ice Muscular, carnal snails loitering illegally Beauty, pleasure, truth and time

Ridley Road

VII: SYNCHROTRON

Can you see Sirius?
Do you know her luminosity?
Can you read the stars?
(Though this is not astrology)
Do you know if you're alive or dead or asleep or awake?
Could you tell at all?

The only journey that I professed to know Was catalogues and indices Some queer, bookish Ulysses

Can you build the atom?
Particle by particle?
Can you hear the stars?
And the music of the spheres?
Can you feed the entire population?
Every boy, every girl?
Could you supply them all?

You thought you'd found the answer to everything Turns out you were wrong Assumed you weren't the idiot, but omniscient But you didn't build the synchrotron

Can you see?
Can you read?
Can you think?
Can you build?

How insignificant you are!

VIII: A CRACK IN LARSEN C

How are you going to look?
What you going to do when you're older?
Will you feel more special than anybody else?
Who are you going to love when the earth spins colder?

Will I regret the books I never read? Formalised Music? ...awake... When will I have plastic surgery? (you need it) Can you recall your greatest mistake to date?

What drugs will we be on and for how long? How many hours will we have wasted together? Will the future crash in in the next five minutes? And if it does, will we be burning or frozen?

Step into the sky, let me show you an orphan

All the oil drained away and there's a crack in Larsen C Ada Lovelace, unveil the computer (in 1853) Luna fell out of her orbit at her apogee And the Gulf Stream fades away, no apology

Step into the sky, let me show you an orphan

IX: THE ALSATIAN DOG

The Alsatian dog walks past Adam and Eve The Alsatian dog finds it hard to believe...

...that the lead is long and life's so long

The Alsatian dog has been dreaming of Mumbai He reckons he'd look swell all lit up on the silver screen A juggernaut crashes into the lexicon A juggernaut crashes into a bungalow too

And he says,

"You can't define me
Try as you might to pin me down
If I loose my tongue for some reason
I'll still be spoken all over town"

"I'm going to give you some offspring
That's what I'm going to do
But don't you dare think for one minute
That they'll look like me, or sound like you"

...and the lead is long and life's so long

What does he eat?
Dog food or oyster sauce?
Millefeuille off the kitchen floor?
Plastic or kerosene?
Toast, jam, margarine?
Rare breeds or poppy seeds?
A peace pipe found amongst the weeds?
No time for the Saxon beast
What does he eat?
The French meats:
Venison, beef, pork, venison
Beef, pork, venison, beef
Pork, venison, beef, pork
What does he use?
A knife, a fork and language

X: A NEW SENSE OF HUMOUR

Some people in this town where I live...

- ...are just psychopaths
- ...are just dull
- ...have got a photograph, with holes where the eyes were
- ...have got a plastic bag inside a plastic bag

I want to know
Which one am I?
It's not that I don't understand
It's just I can't decide
I need to know
Which one am I?
And should I turn on my TV set?

Some people in this town where I live...

- ...have got some multi-coloured stationery
- ...get hell-fire death-threats through the post more than most
- ...have got 4-wheel drive on the windmills of their mind
- ...just watch the cathode ray

I need a new sense of humour And someone who can pick me up Not drag me down

Some people can break your heart Some people can rot your skin

XI: COLOPHON

Bede in his scriptorium...
A ligature
A telescope
The bathyscaphe descends five miles down

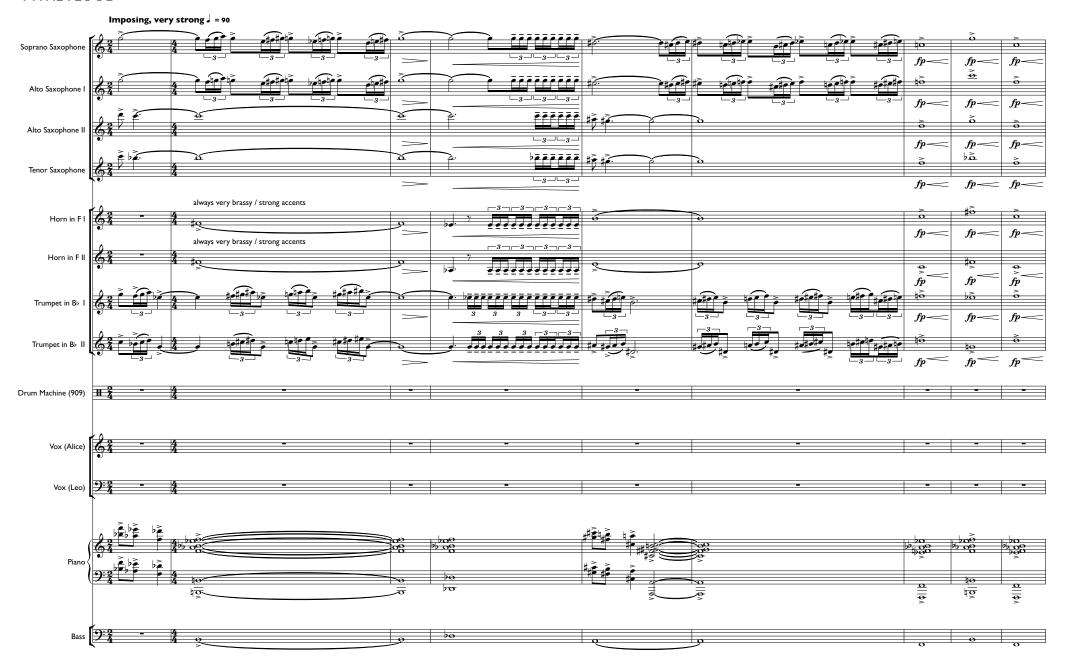
One tear from each of his eyes smears history
One page left to write he'll never witness
One page to write before the frozen dawn

If I die tomorrow
What difference the type I used?
What if these pages turn to dirt?
What are these words?
What are these words?

New books, as yet unwritten, let them say,
"All struggle now forgotten
Don't you see this window of time to program...amnesty"

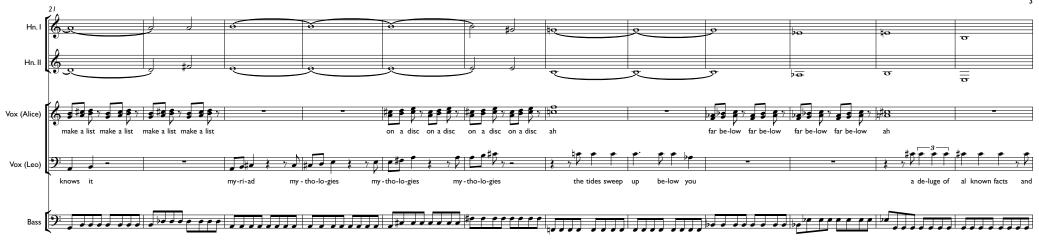
It's not too late to re-write history Not too late to save ourselves Not too late to pull this species Above, beyond, above, beyond and home

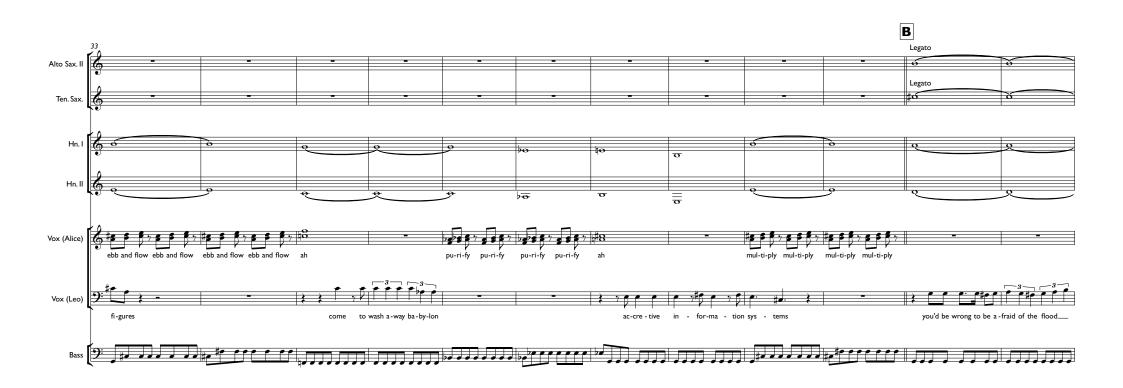
EVERYTHING / EVERYTHING I :THE FLOOD

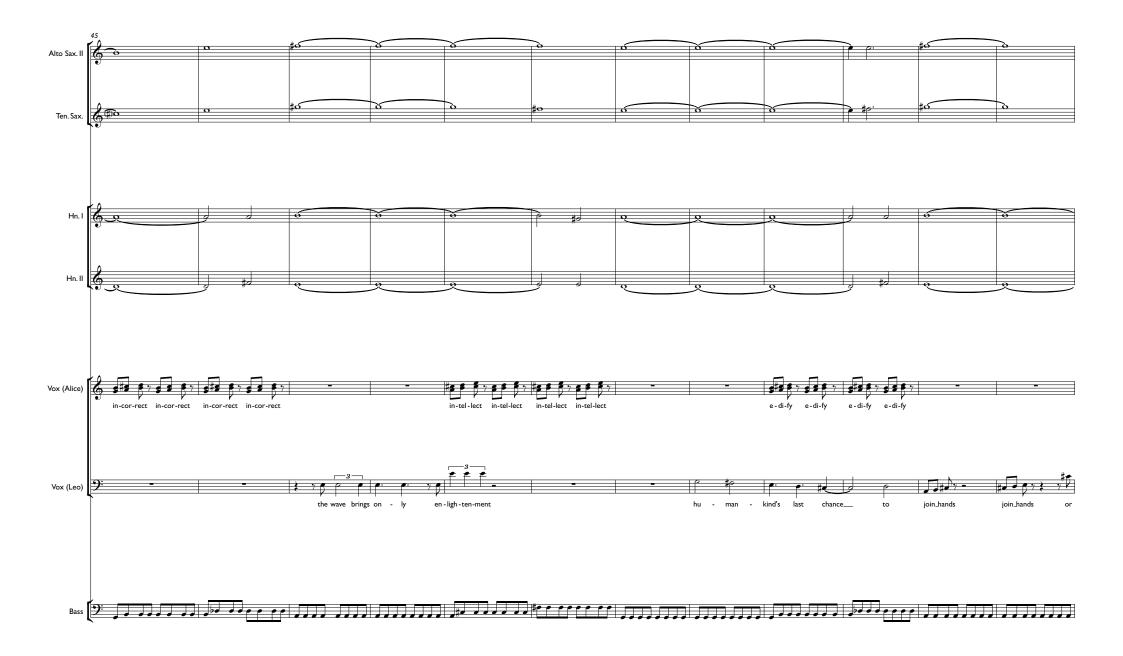






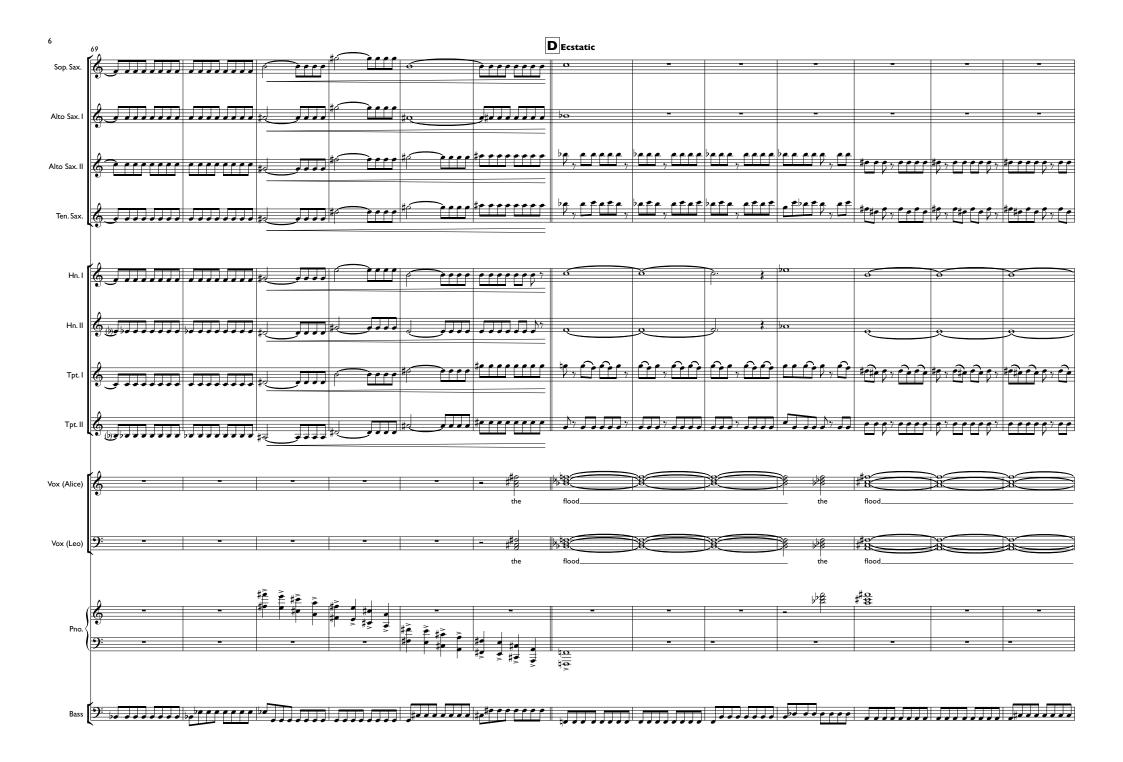


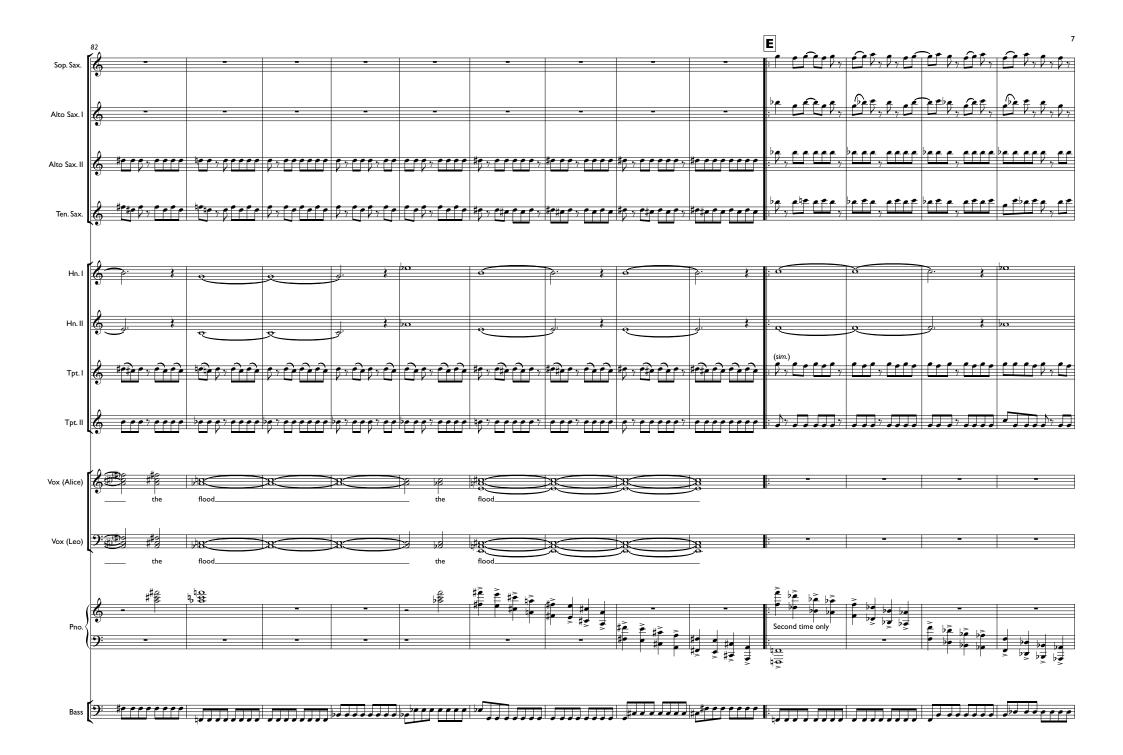


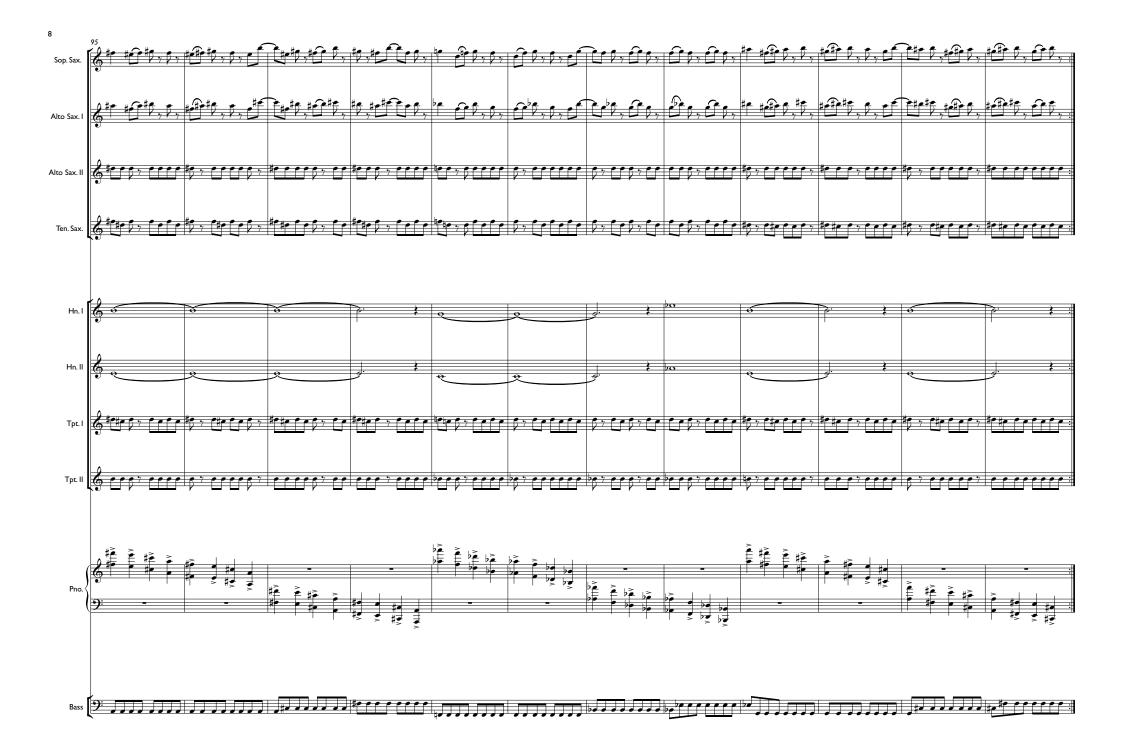


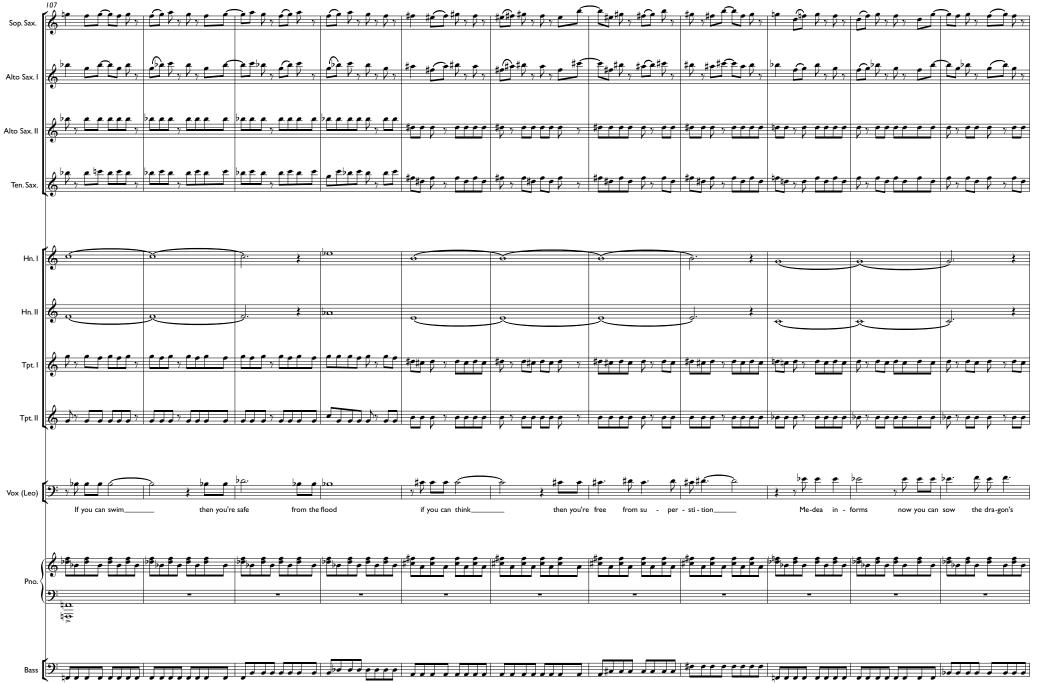




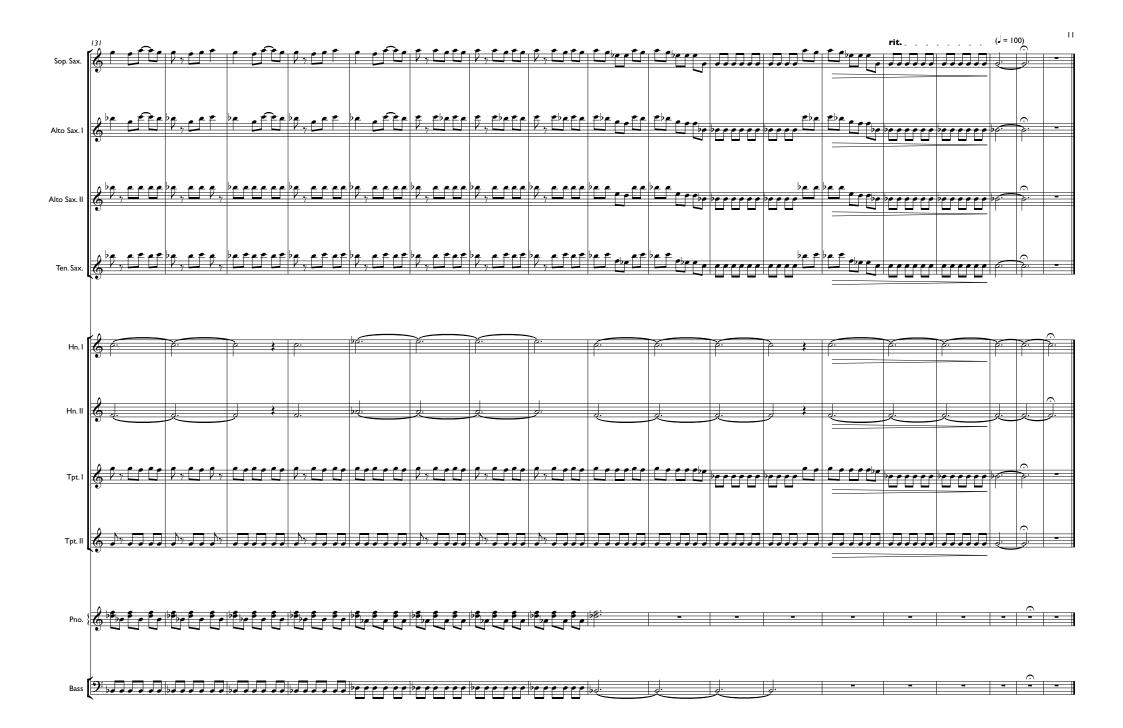








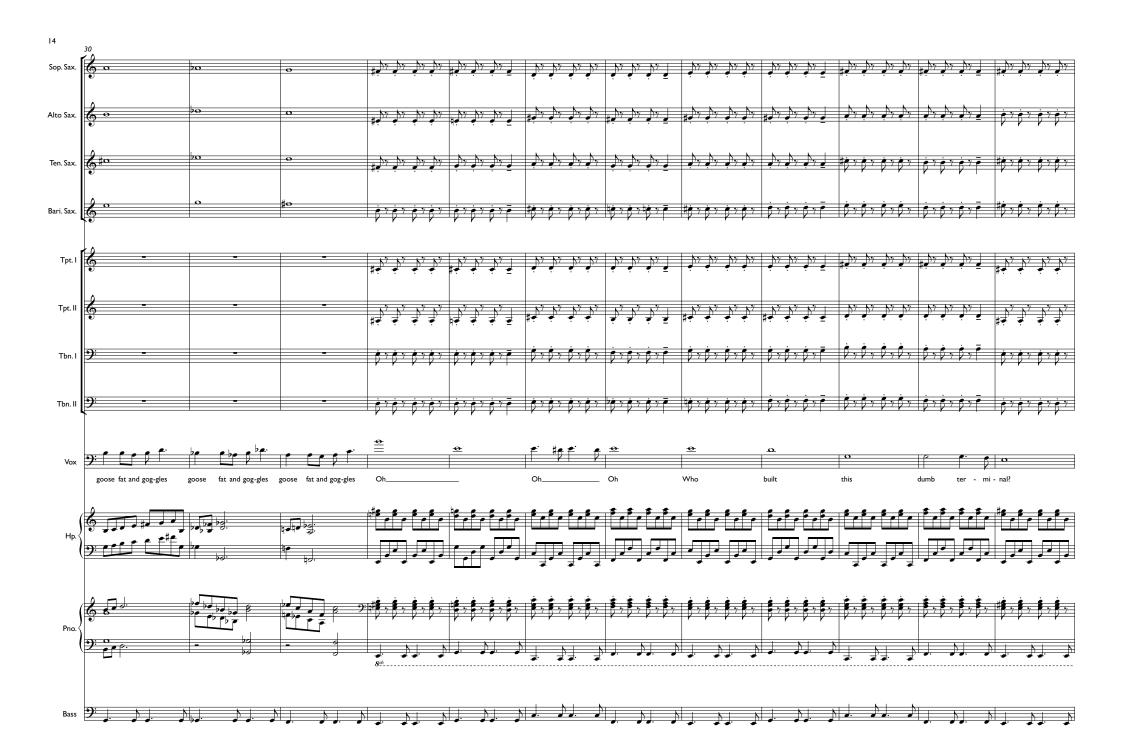


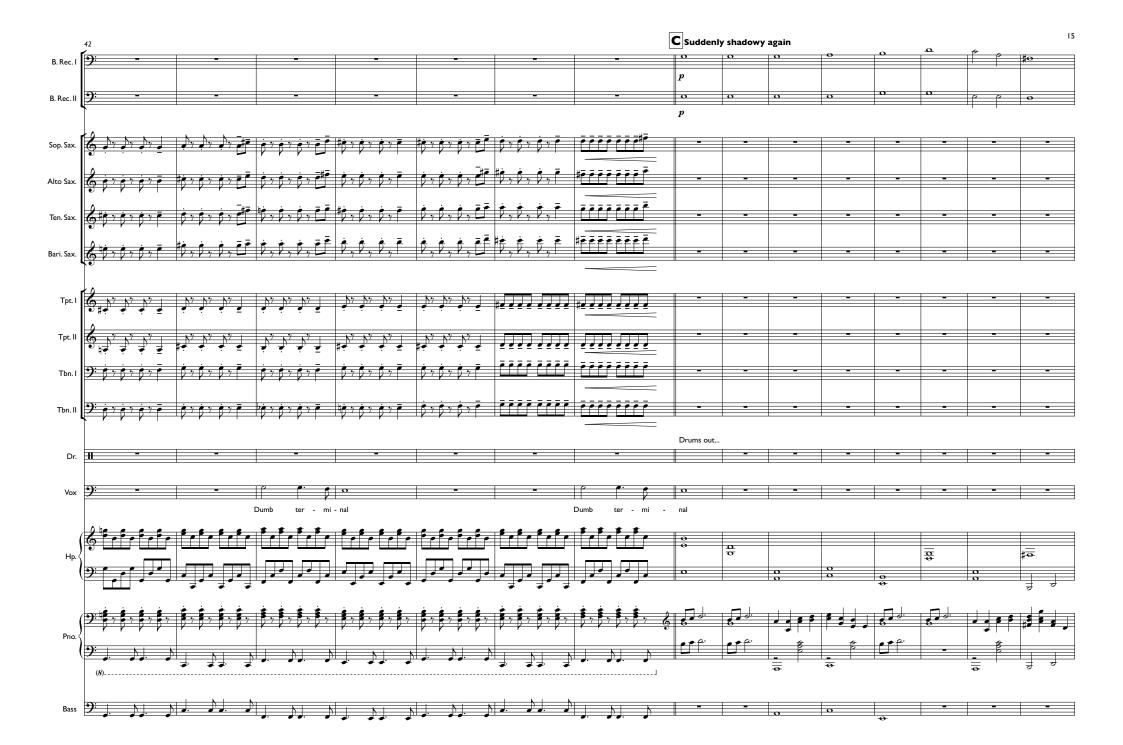


II: DUMB TERMINAL



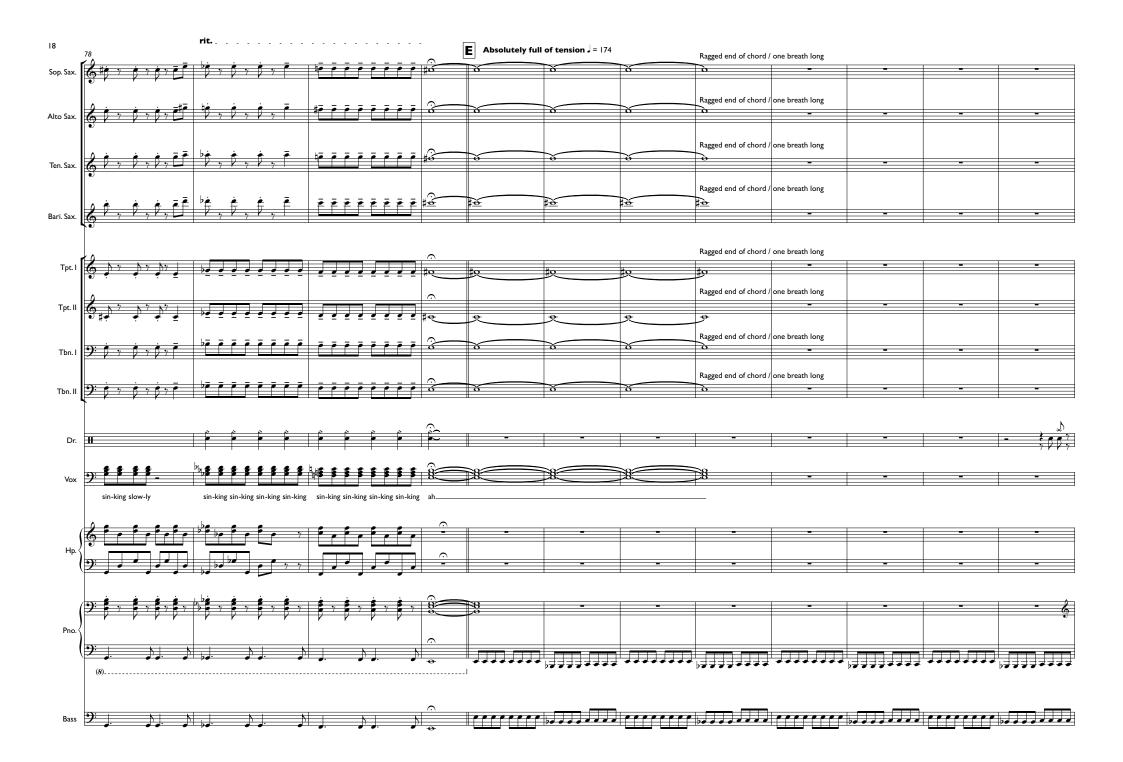








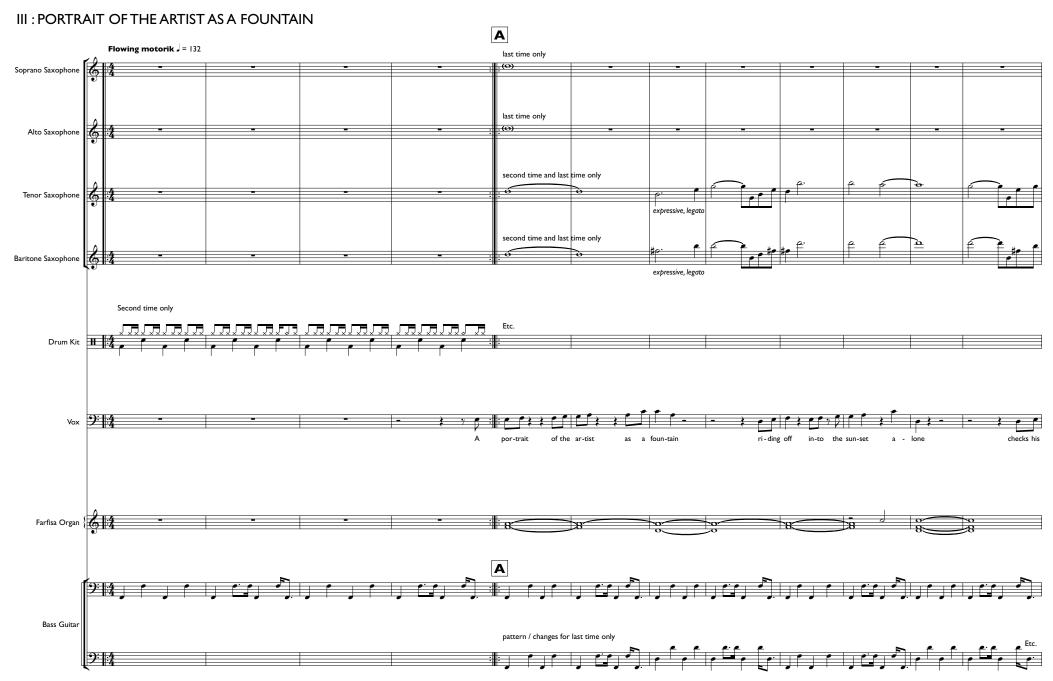
























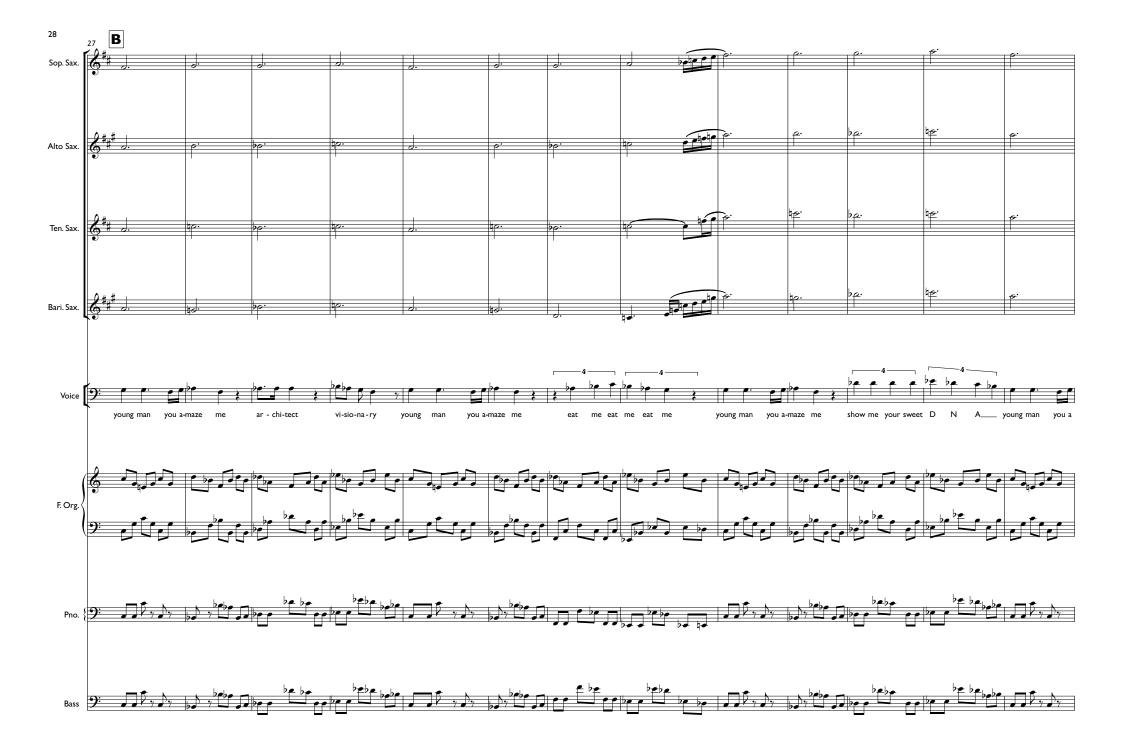
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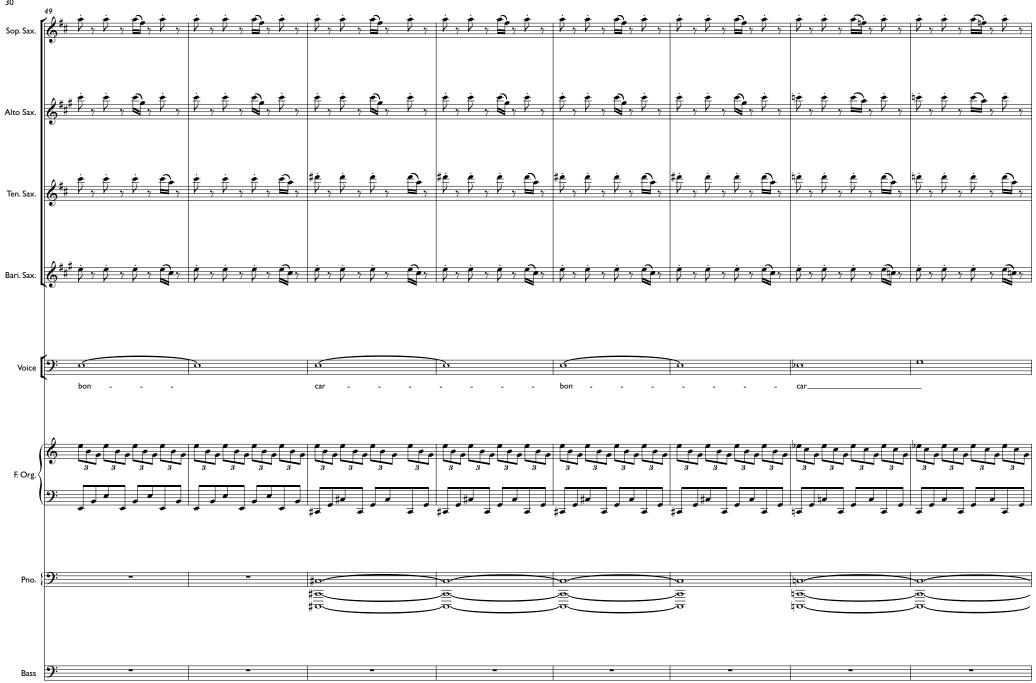
IV: CARBON



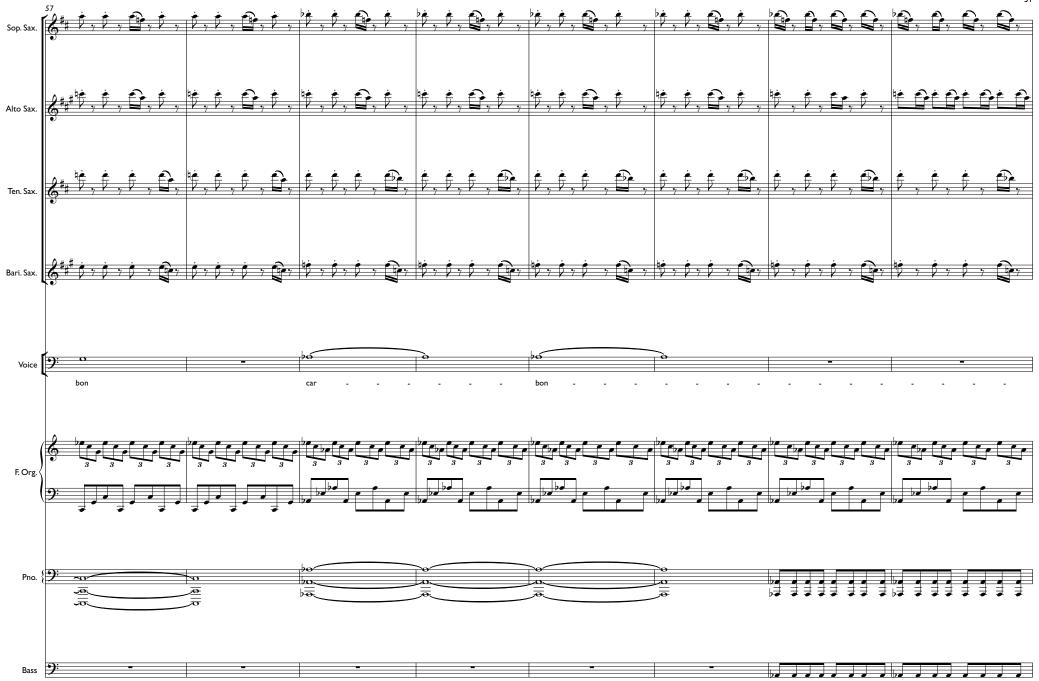




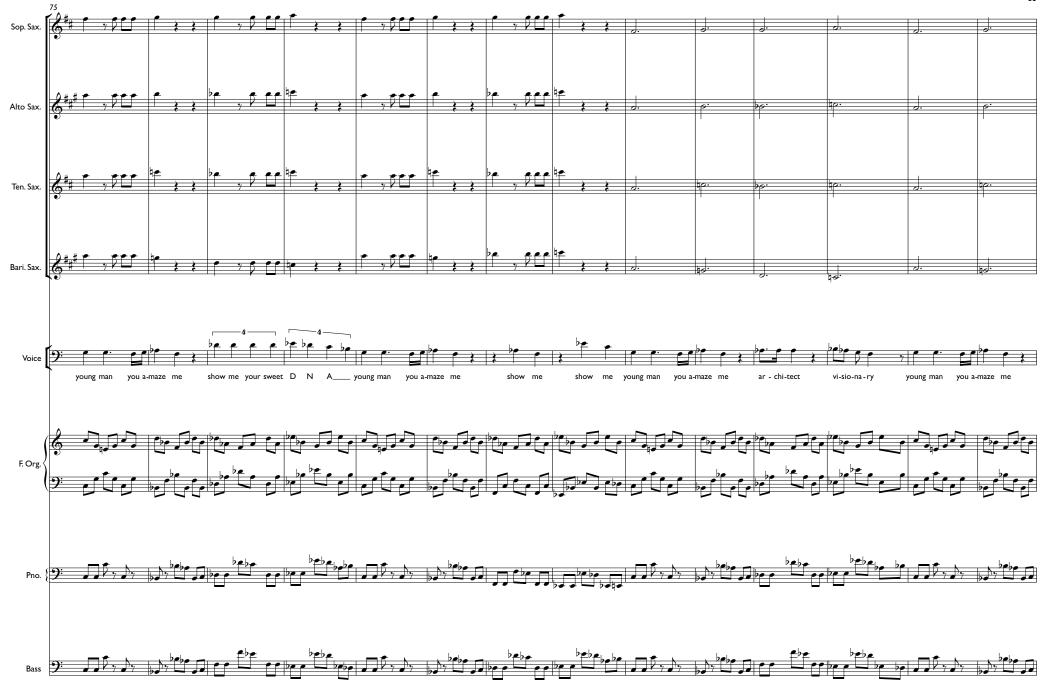






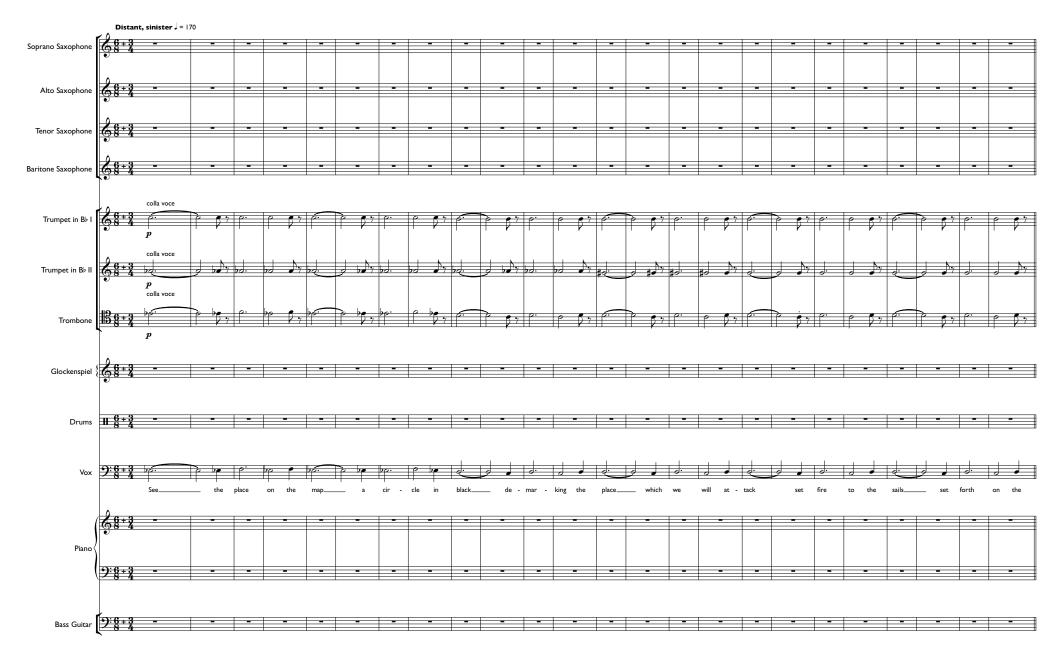


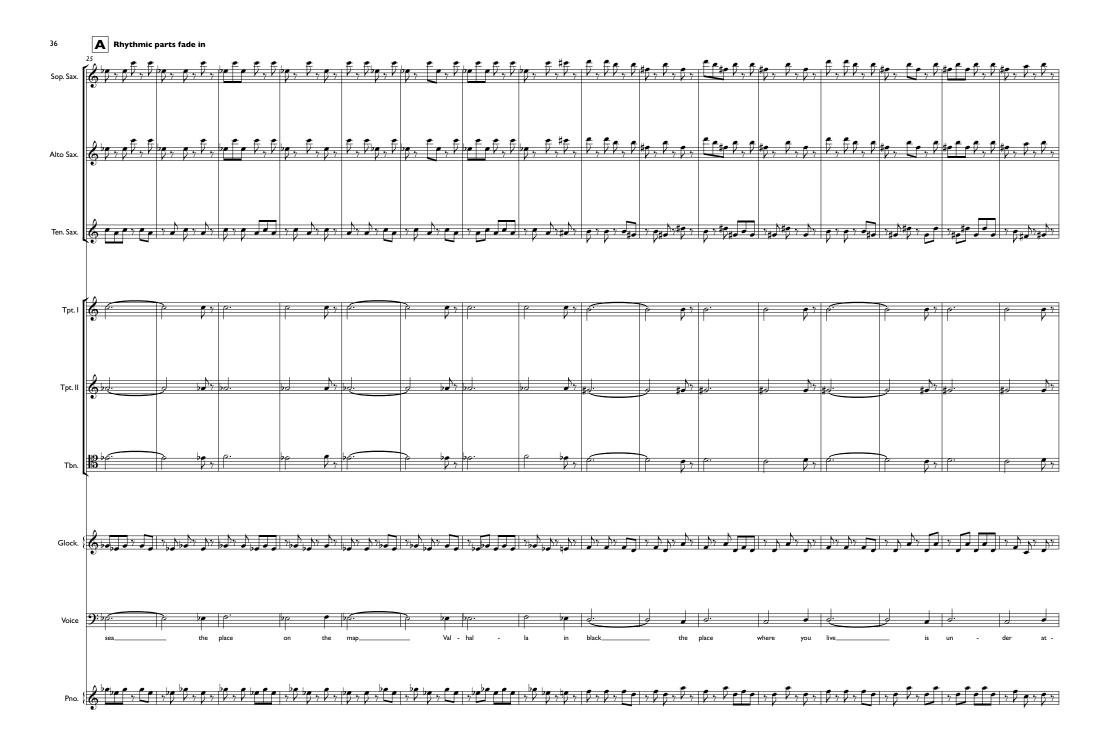






V:VICTORINOX

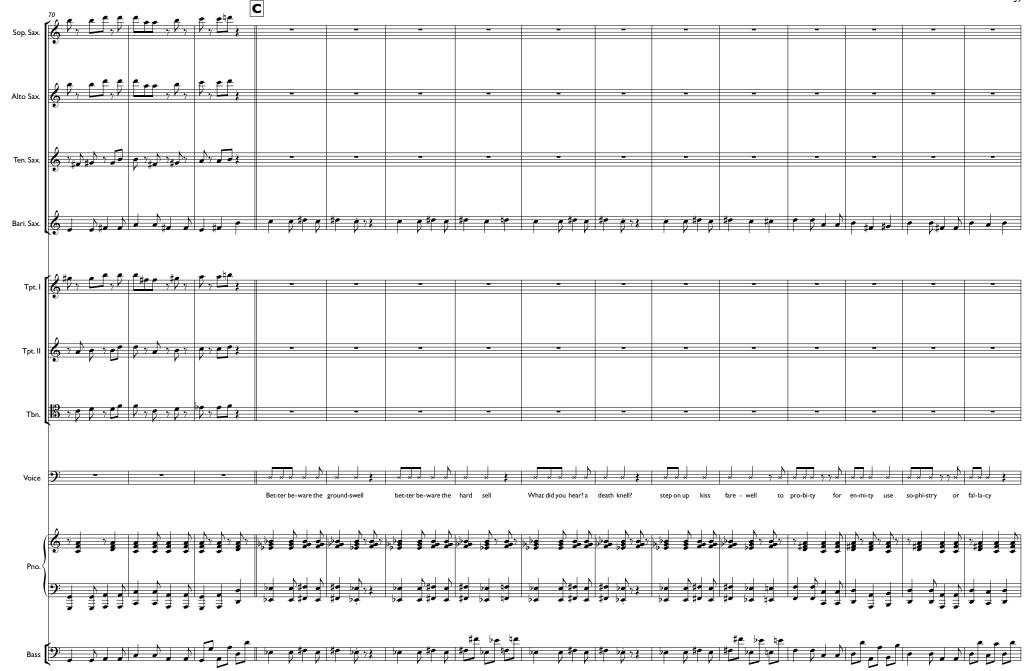




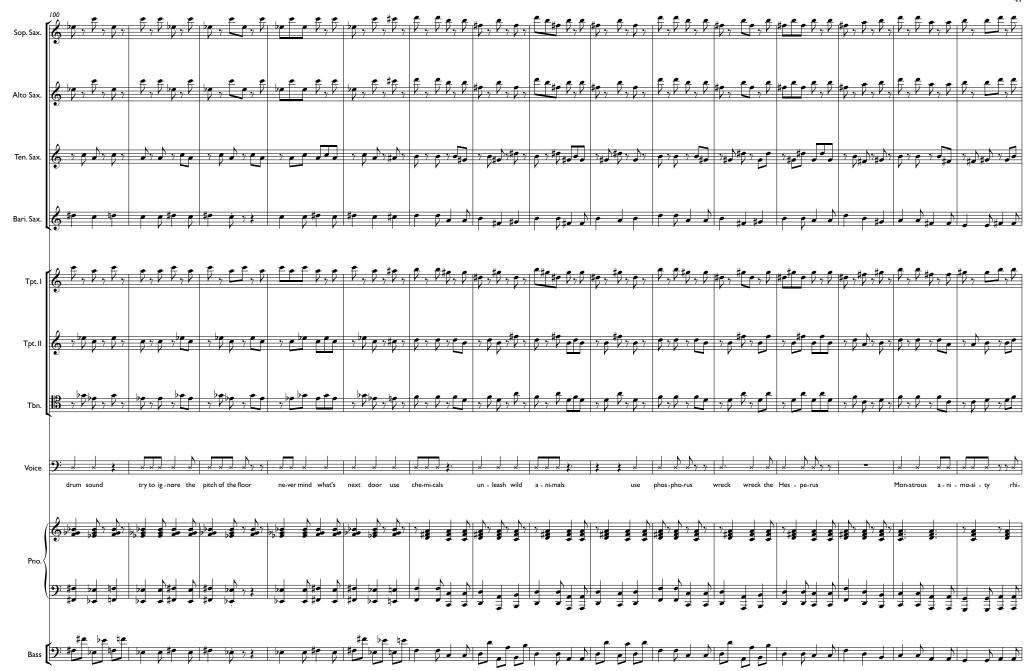


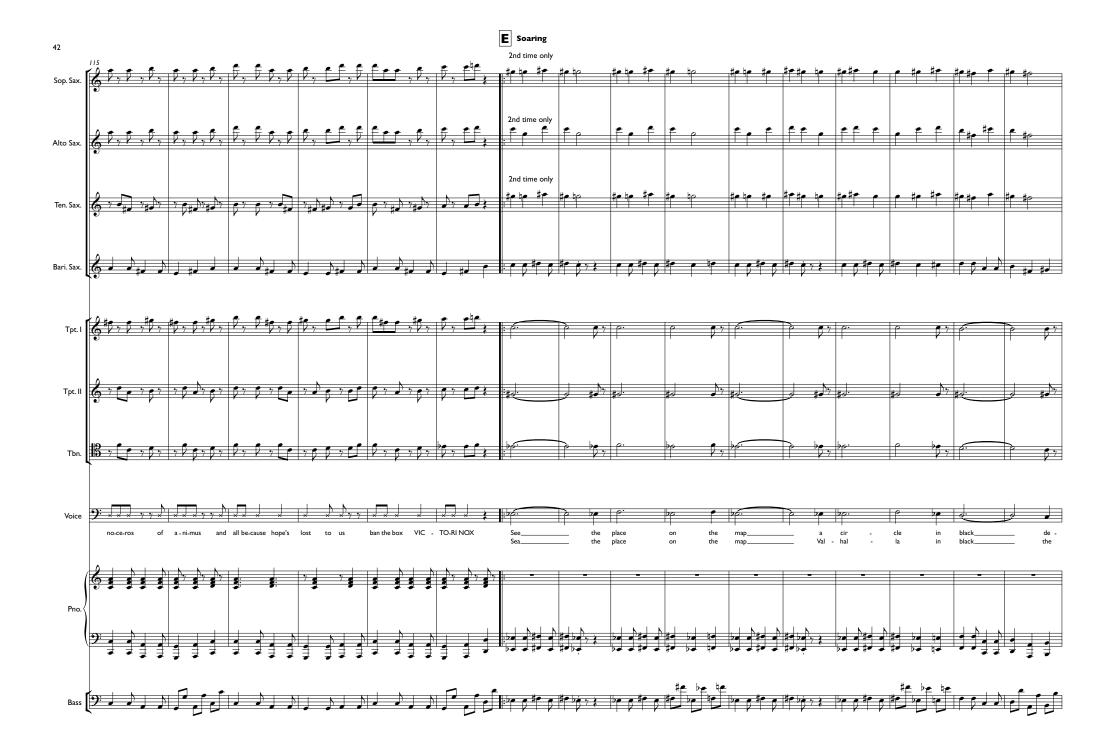




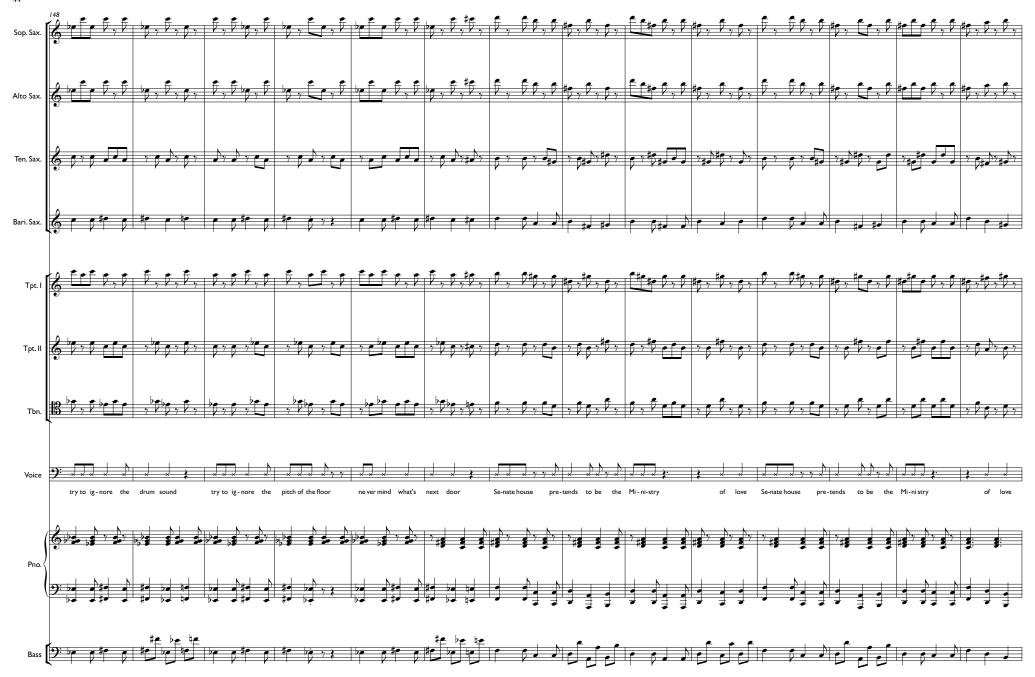
















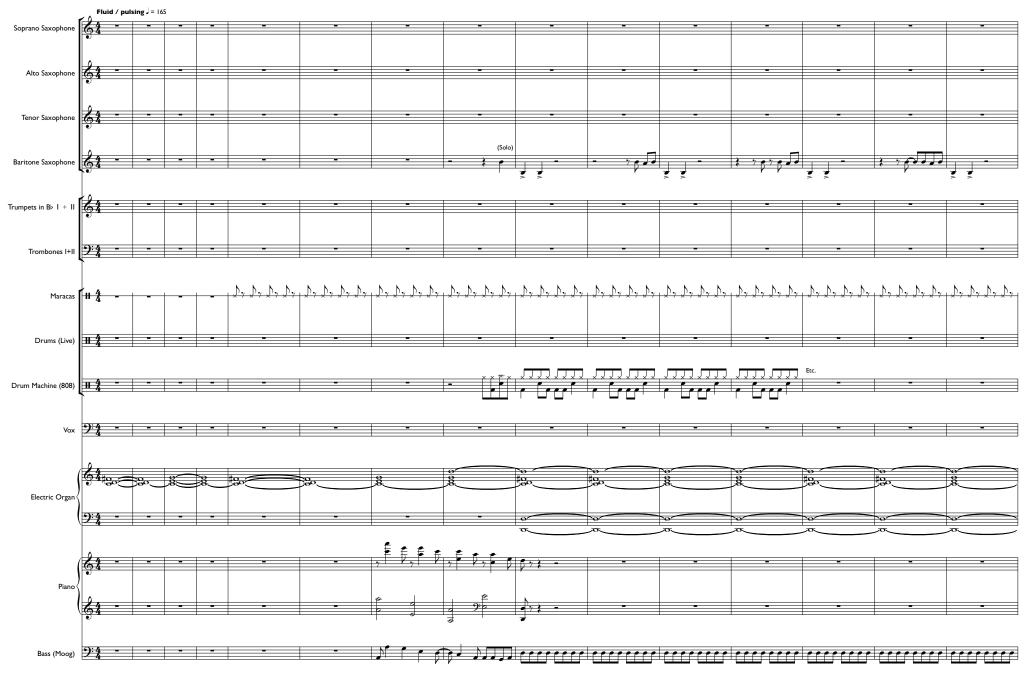


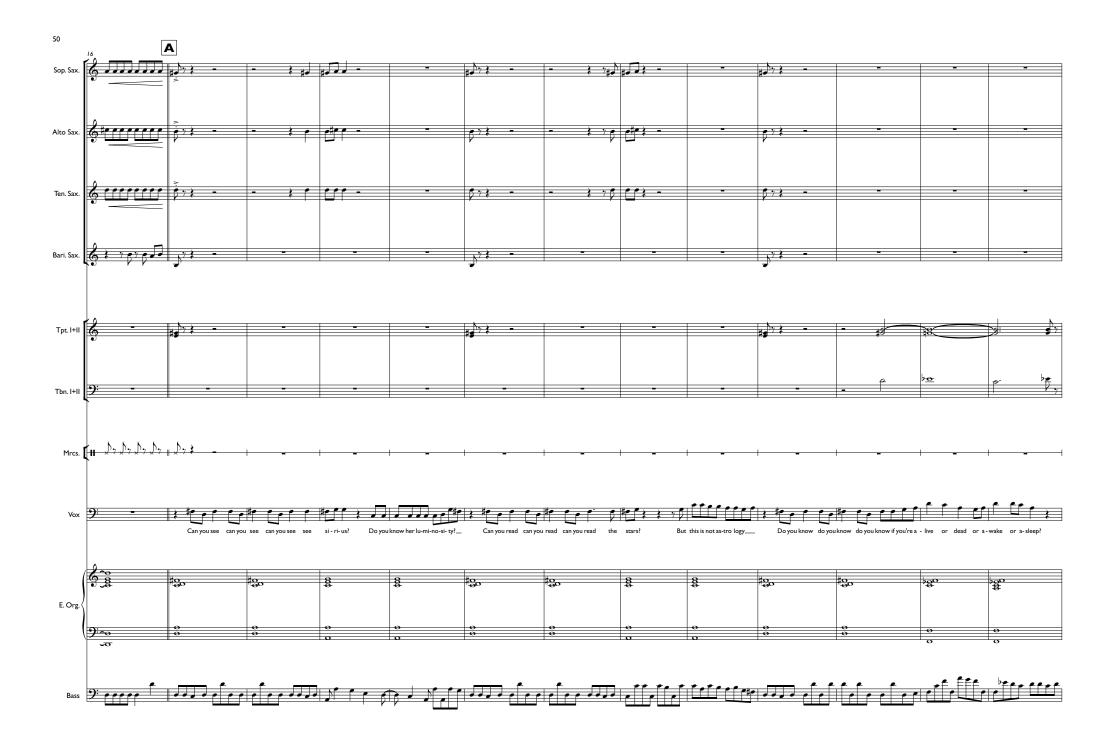


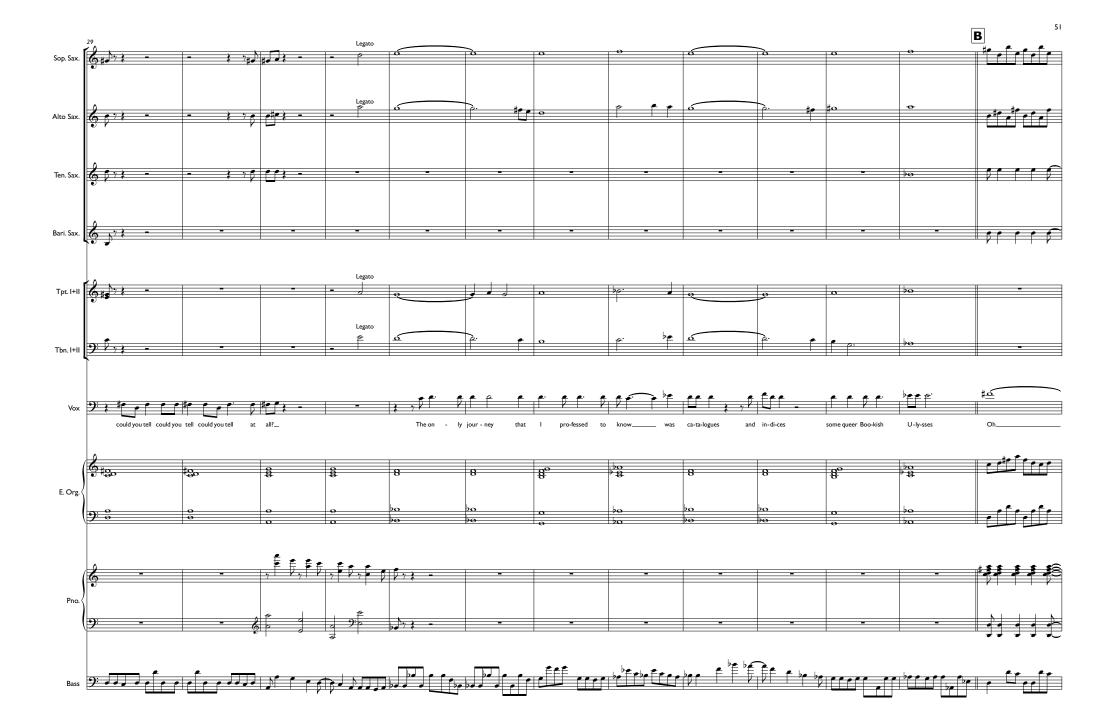
VI: ILTRIONFO DEL TEMPO (RIDLEY ROAD)

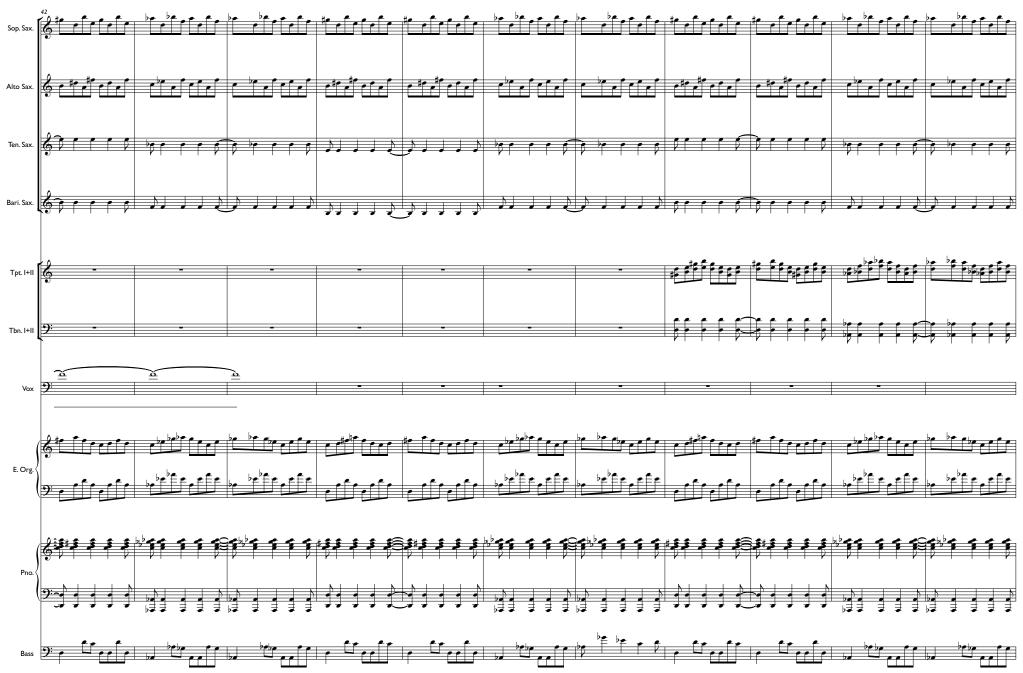


VII: SYNCHROTRON





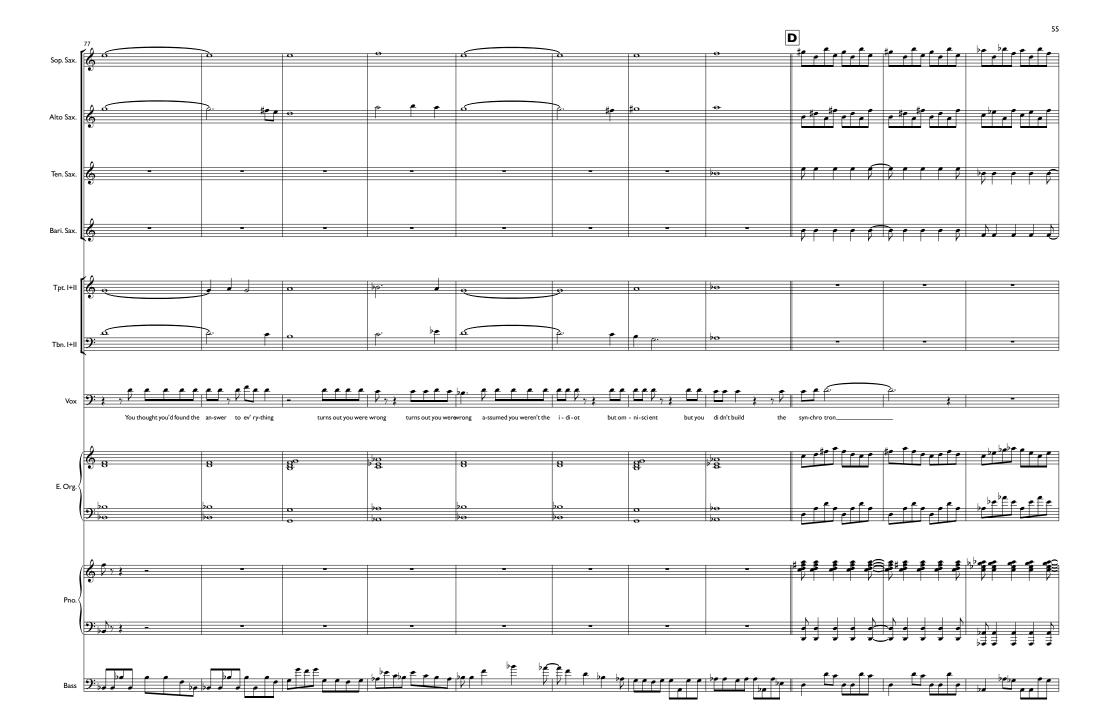




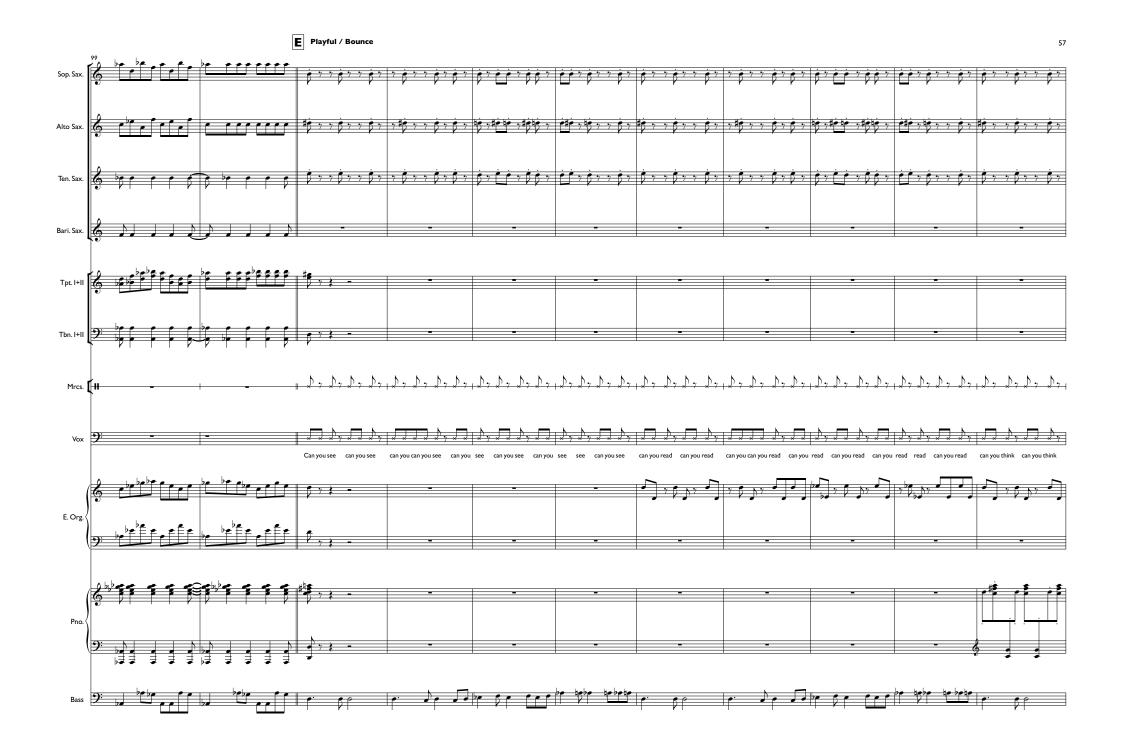


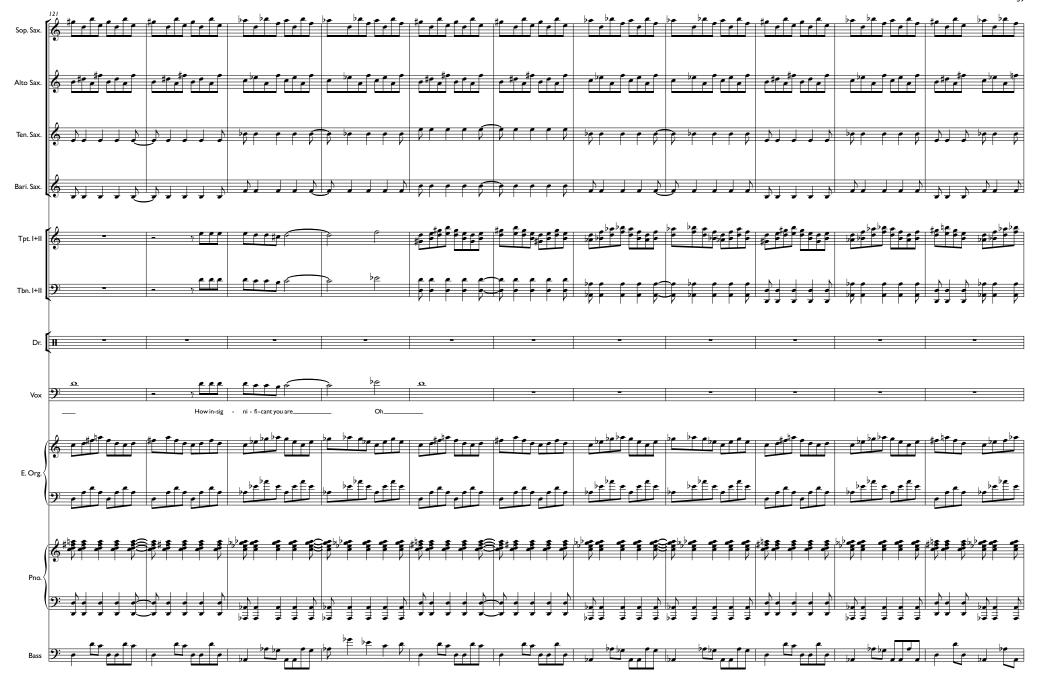


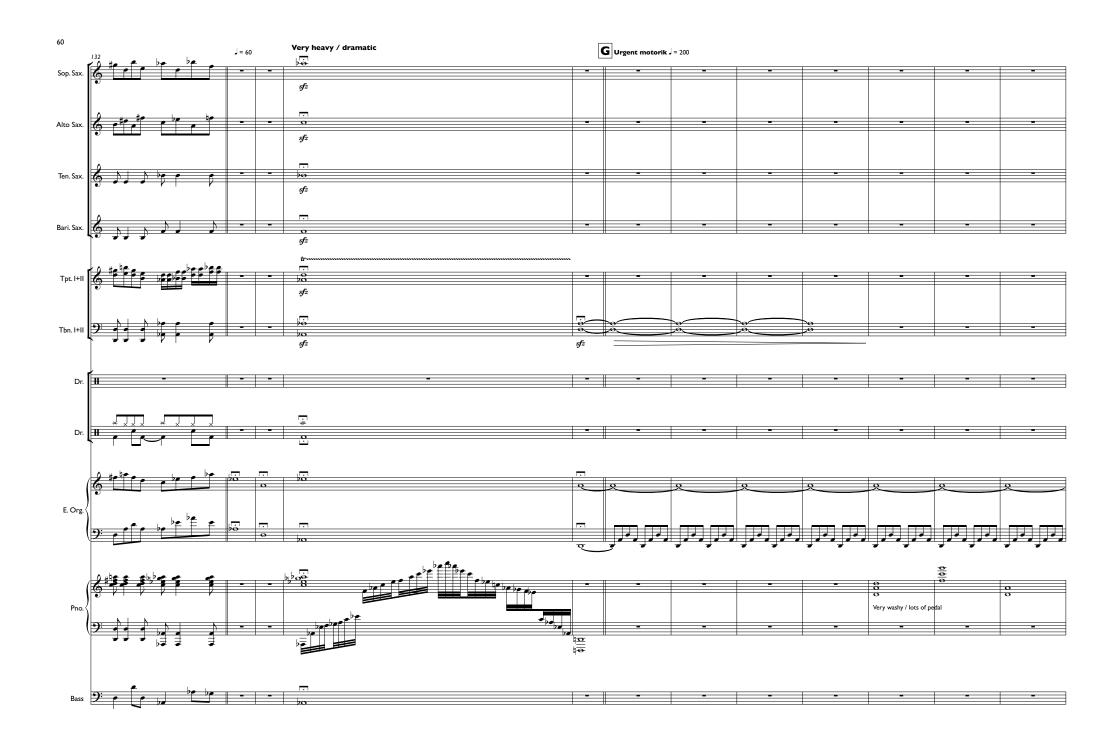


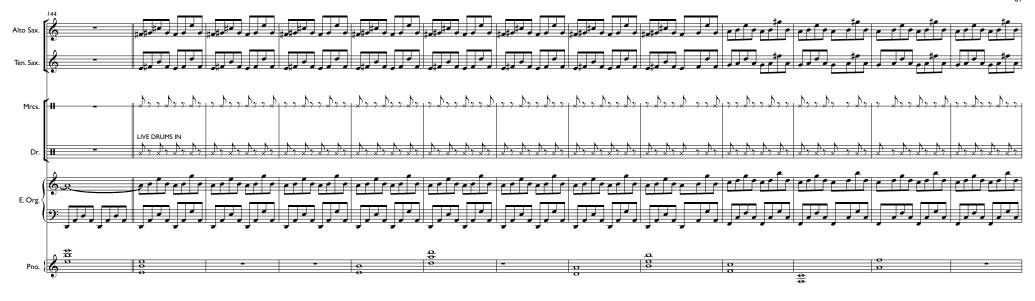


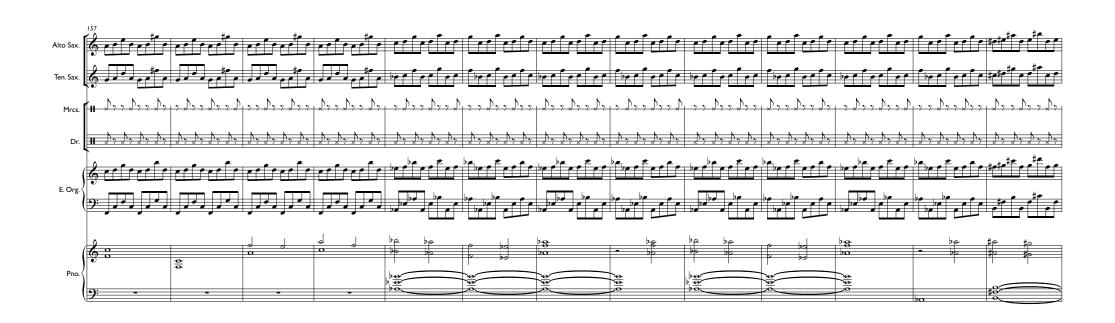


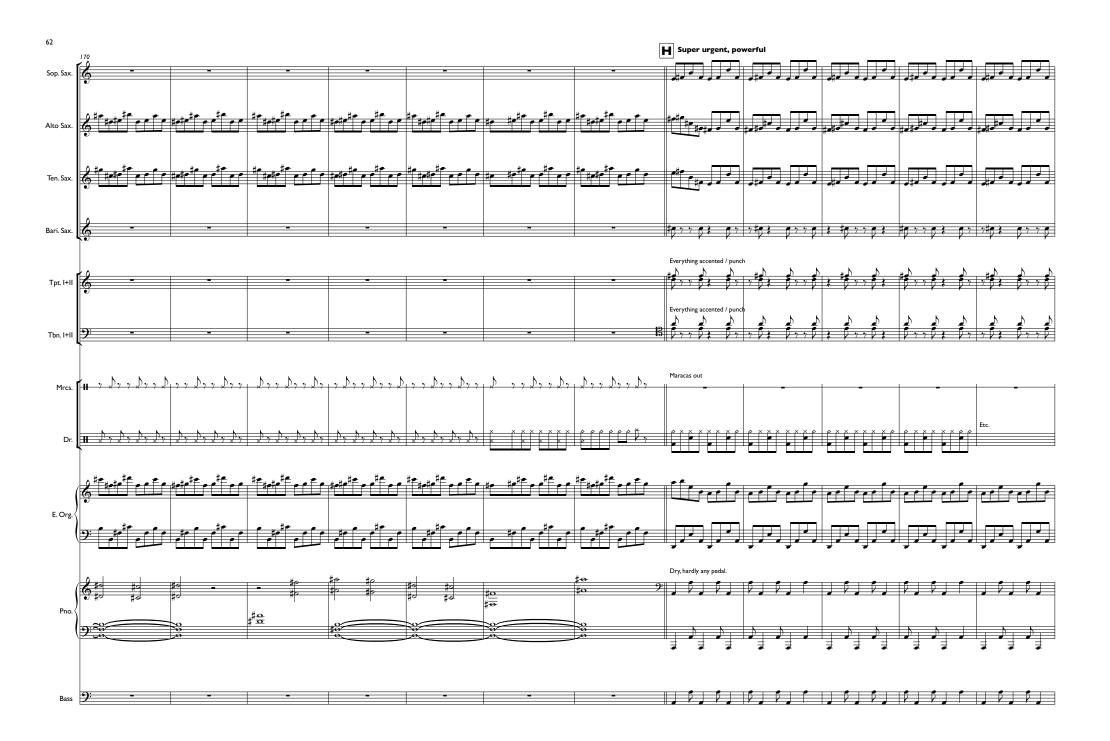


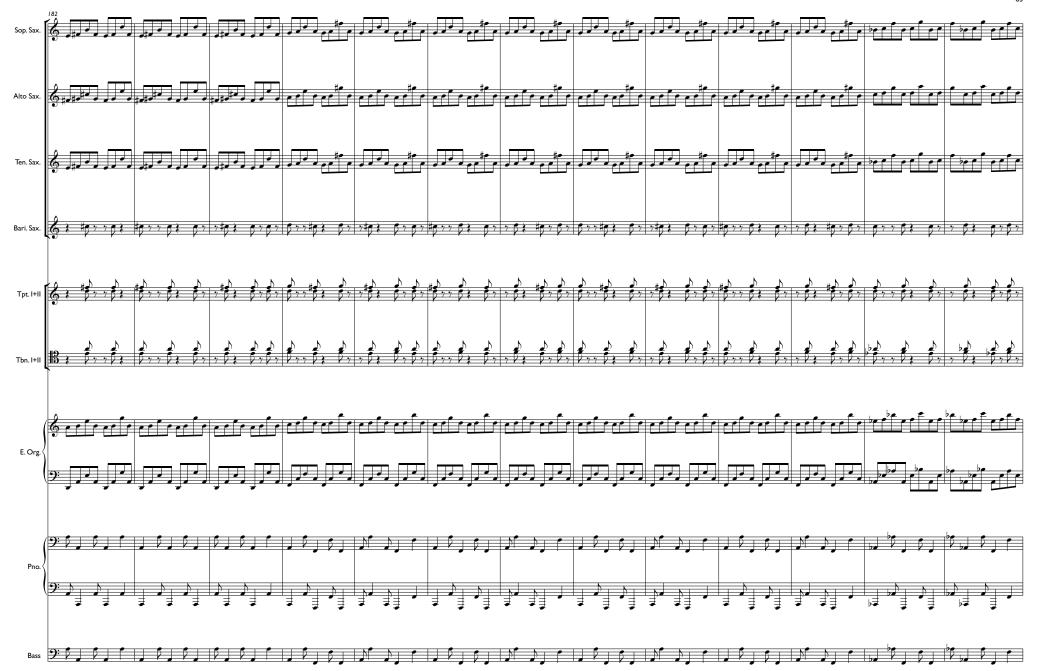




















VIII: A CRACK IN LARSEN C





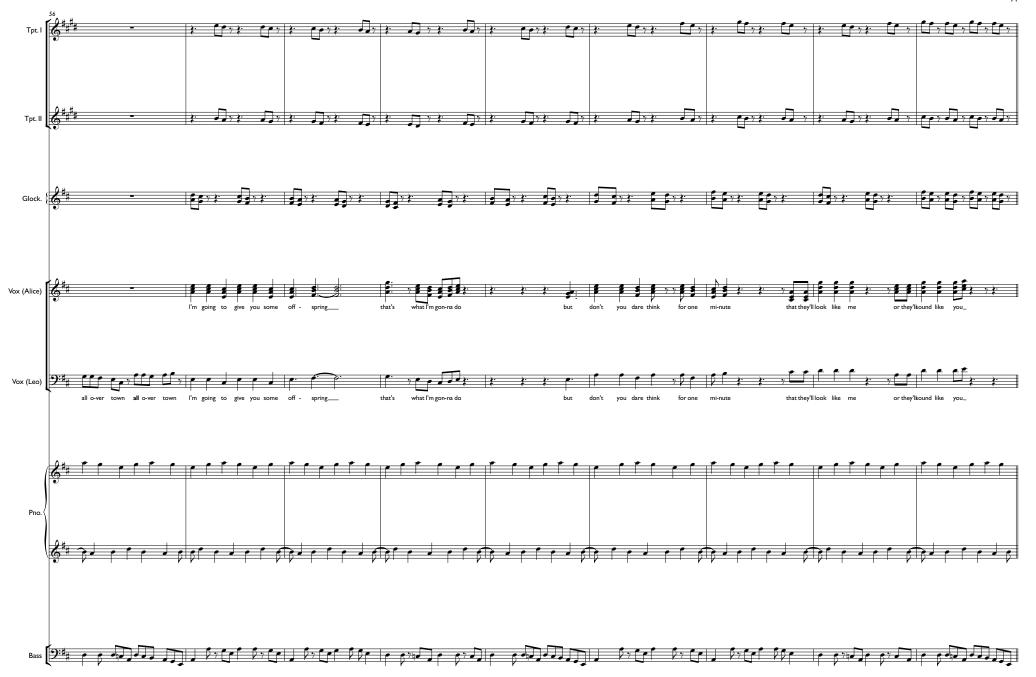


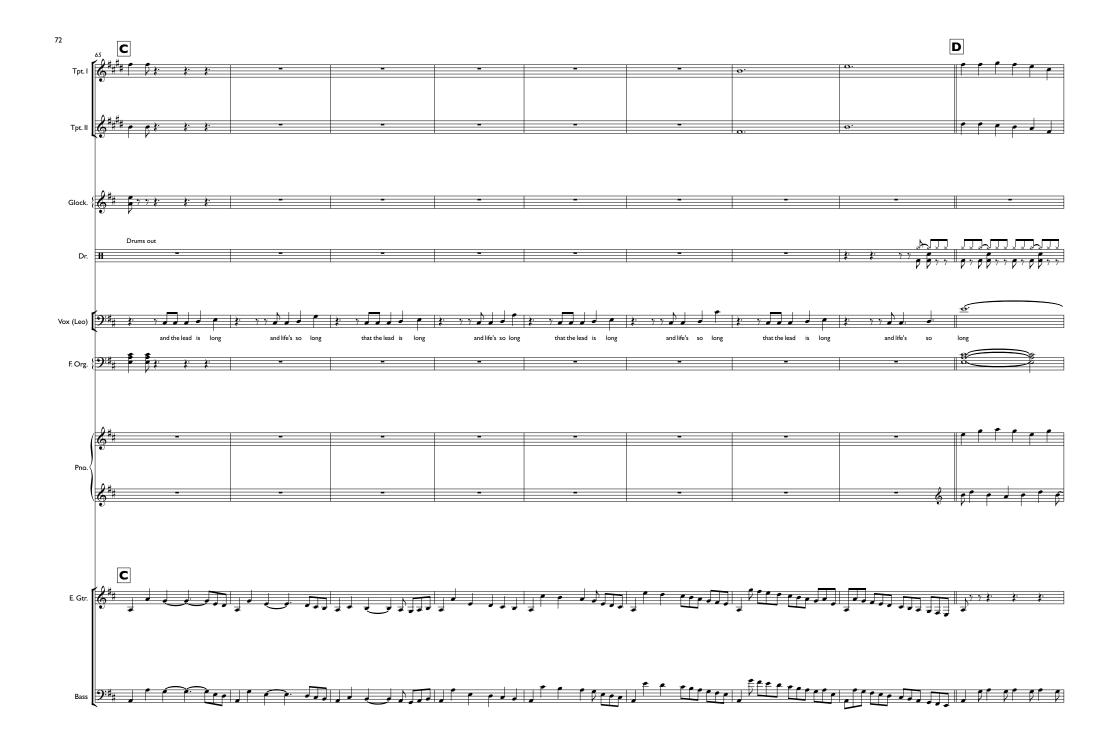


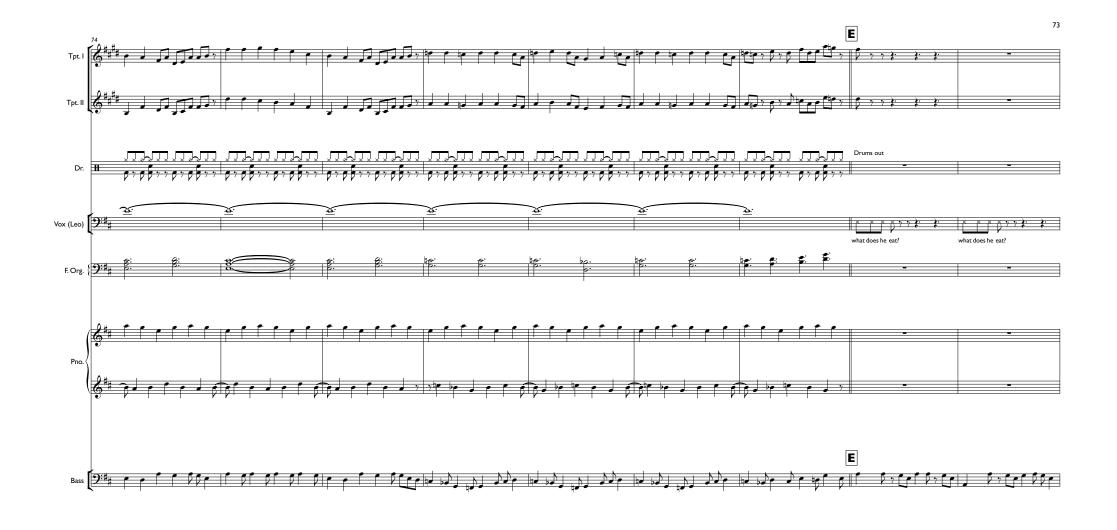






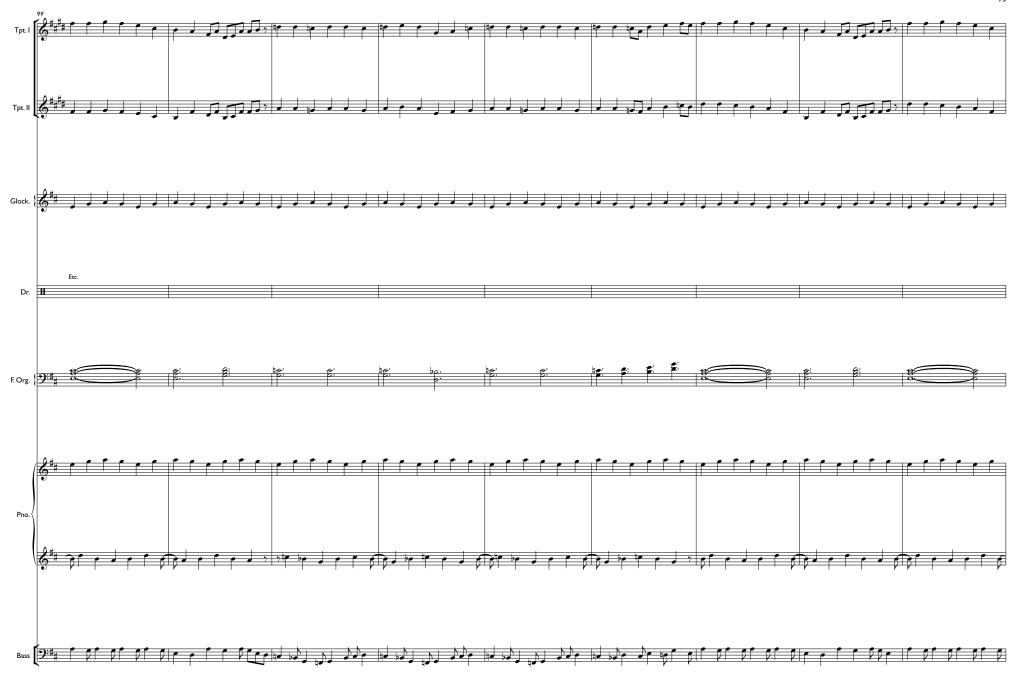


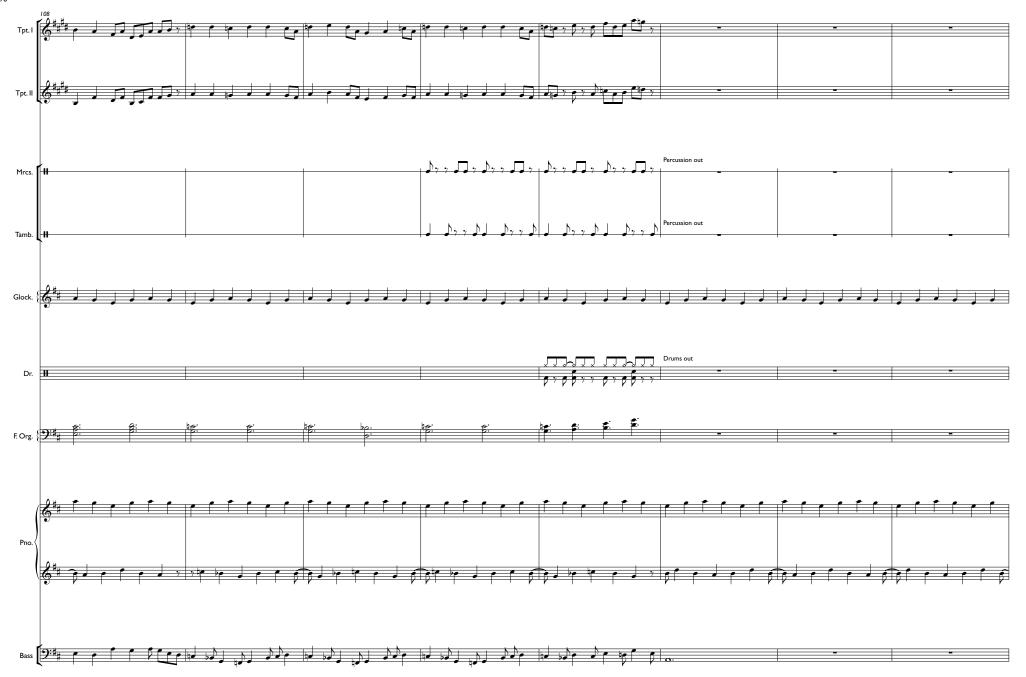


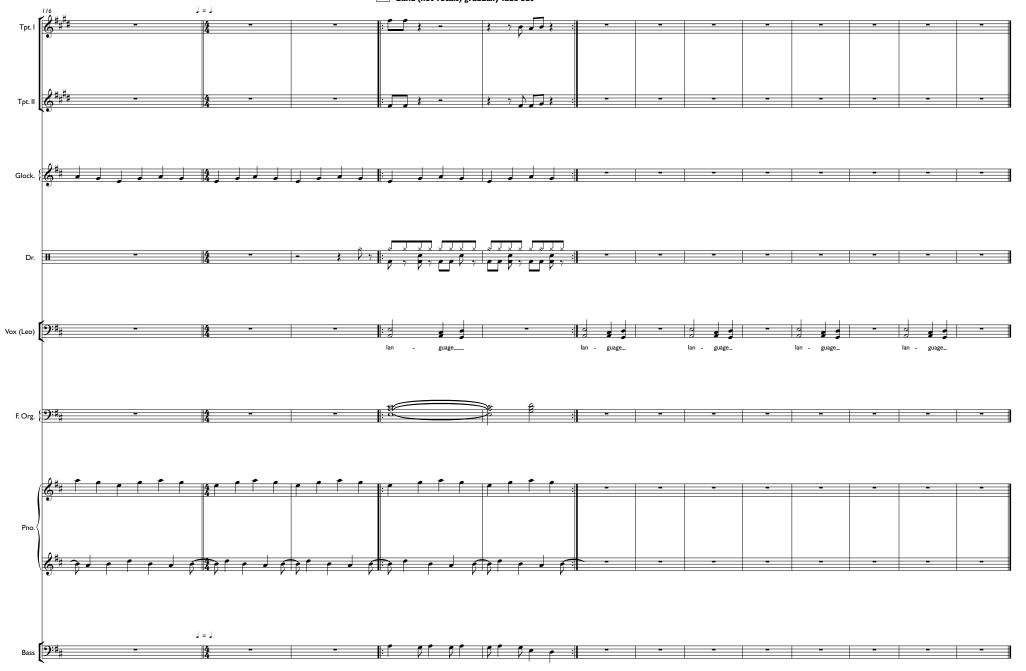












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