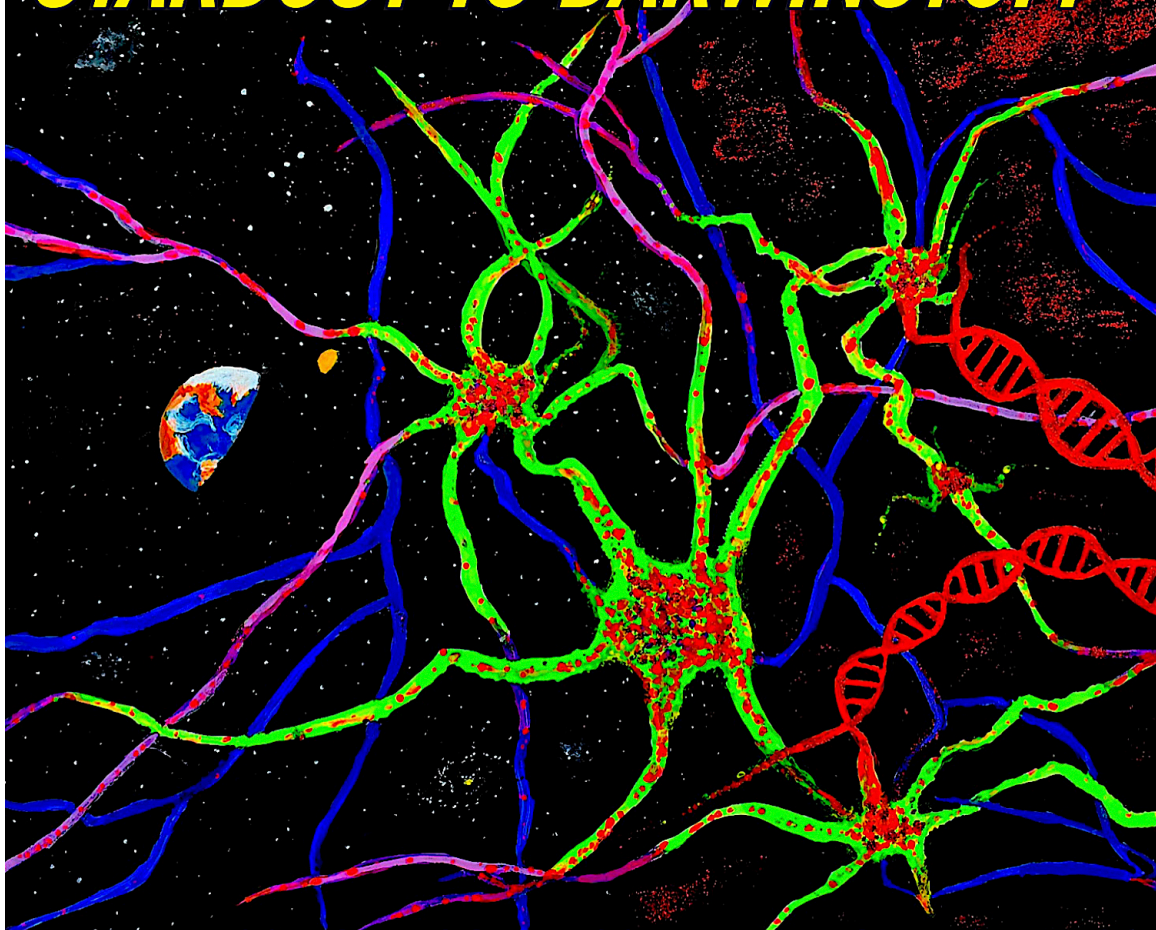


STARDUST TO DARWINSTUFF



DANBERT NOBACON & THE AXIS OF DISSENT

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Executive produced and directed by Danbert Nobacon

Produced by Mell Dettmer. Recorded, mixed and mastered by Mell Dettmer at Studio Soli, Seattle WA, Oct-Dec 2016, except

“Revolution 9.01” original recorded, engineered

by Mark Miller at The Tank studio Black Diamond WA Oct 2009, re-voxed, at Soli, Dec 2016, and re-engineered by Mell Dettmer.

and

“Tricky Trickledown” originally recorded by Danbert Nobacon at The Mystery Motel April 2014. Re-jigged by Mell Dettmer at Soli, Dec 2016

All songs written by Hunter, N.

except lines from

Hamlet by William Shakespeare,

Inferno by Dante Alighieri,

The Masque of Anarchy by Percy Bysshe Shelley,

The Outline of History by H.G. Wells.

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THE AXIS OF DISSENT **on this record are**

DANBERT NOBACON - vocals, acoustic guitar and then some
(Chumbawamba, Chimp Eats Banana)

MIRANDA ZICKLER - vocals
(Rabbit Wilde, Kuinka, The Seattle Rock Orchestra)

ANNIE EMMENEGGER – vocals
(Okan' Annie, Wild Mountain Nation)

HOLLY BRIELLE – vocals
(Liberty Bell Drama Company alumni)

JIMMY BERG - vocals, accordion, keyboards.
(The Bad Things, The Pickpocket Revue)

ANNA DOOLEY – violin
(Nobacon and Dooley, The Pipestone Orchestra)

GREGORY MILES electric guitars, banjo.
(The Bad Things, Low Hums)

STEVE KAMKE – drums, percussion
(The Bad Things, Cascadia Liberation Front)

AUSTIN QUIST – stand up bass, bass
(The Bad Things, Bakelite 78)

BRENDAN PATRICK HOGAN - trumpet, upright piano.
(The Bad Things, Mamie Lavona the Exotic Mulatta and her White Boy Band)

ANDY LOWE – stand up bass
(The Pickpocket Revue, Devilwood)

AARON J. SHAY - banjo
(The Mongrel Jews, The Pickpocket Revue)

BELLOW WING – saw
(Bellow Wing)

MASON HERBERT – mandolin
(The Bad Things alumni, Lottie's Lounge)

BRYN CLAYTON JONES – voiceover
(Liberty Bell Drama Company alumni)

EDWARD ZARGASTERLEY JONES – voiceover
(The Mystery Motel, The Shifting Sand)

MELANIE GOOGELLE – voiceover
(The Femi Smartbots, Brain Circus)

ARTIST STATEMENT

It has been 13.8 billion years since the dawn of our observable universe; 3.7 billion plus years since the first life on earth burst into fruition; and millions of years in the evolutionary making for our human consciousness to fathom out that we have become the stewards of the only known home of life in said universe.

And yet our industrial machinery and bombs can tear up an ecosystem in a matter of minutes and hours, visiting devastation on our landscapes and extinction upon an escalating number of our fellow species. Whilst we have been lurching towards the precipice for the past few decades, it has never been more apparent that our human condition requires something extraordinary of us if we ourselves are to survive as a species.

The dangers are ever more pressing as President Trump seeks to expand fossil fuel extraction anywhere and everywhere, at the same time as defunding climate science and environmental protections. Moreover, this comes packaged with the outright lie that such budget cuts are necessary to increase spending on a US military that is 'falling behind,' when in fact the US war machine has long been, and by far, the most over armed and destructive capability the planet has ever seen.

In the coming months 'we the people' of the US will need to continue to evolve as bedrock of resistance to prevent President Trump's executive orders becoming our daily reality. And, as 'we the people', wherever we are on the planet, connected by our fragile atmosphere, and in the cause of a fairer, more sustainable existence, we will need to stand with those peoples who resist and refuse to be bowed by the planetary hegemony of this 'American way of doing business.'

For, despite all his propaganda to the contrary, Trump is but the latest manifestation of what we might call US brand predator *capitalismos*. That is, the wholly bankrupt and myopic capitalist world view powered alike by the operating fictions of recent neo-liberal and neo-conservative orders, which continue to present *endless economic growth* as *the* unassailable 'truth'. Divorced, as this worn out mantra is, from the scientifically measurable consequences of reality; manifesting, as it does, in governance

defined by a lack of separation between state and corporation; and buoyed as it is by the prosecution of perpetual war, if left to continue its daily operations, *capitalismos* will kill us all.

Our leaders know what they are doing, for they have helped bankroll and perpetuate the disinformation campaigns which have long obstructed social justice and derailed environmental well-being. For at least the last forty years our political leaders have been aware of the predicament they are putting us all in, and in doing nothing or making token gestures at best, have chosen to enable the empire of fossil fuel slam down hard on the accelerator. And in that time concentrations of CO₂ and other greenhouse gases have spiraled upwards at alarming rates and now threaten to spin completely out of control.

Perhaps the oligarchs think that their wealth will protect them? Perhaps they believe their own mythologies that they are destined to live out their lives in luxury and perhaps the current crop of demagogues will, but they will be the last generation that does, because deep down they know. They know that in building new fossil fuel infrastructure designed to operate for the next fifty years, that they are sacrificing their own childrens' and their grand-childrens' futures, along with all of ours.

And guess what? They don't care. Or they don't care enough to challenge the group-think. Like the guys in the room when the US elite made the decision to drop the atom bombs on Japan and not one of them stood up to offer a dissenting voice.

In opposition to the enforced normalcy of this obscene imbalance of power, art and science, those fraternal twin explorers of the human condition, are key tools in our collective toolbox.

Science and our basic humanity tell us that *capitalismos*' live experiment with *endless economic growth* using us as guinea pigs, and the planet as a petri dish, has been a catastrophic failure, across all measures of basic human decency and planetary sustainability. Quite simply if we continue to ignore the destructive forces unleashed by military industrial capitalismos then we are headed to a tipping point where the fragile balance of our ecosphere lurches forth into unstoppable un-habitability for our, and many other species. For all our sakes then, in the new world we now are

compelled to make, future governments must abide by the scientific method as our best means of gauging the health and sustainability of our shared planet.

And, our birthright of play, imagination and creativity will be vital in forging, not only the scientific models, but also the art, which rallies us to the defense of our planet. During these same last four decades a new chapter in science has emerged exploring the *ultimate* deep evolutionary history of why we humans came to exist in the first place, and not least why we ever came to make art. This latter sub-field, further sub-divided into *literary Darwinism*, *evolutionary aesthetics* and *bio-musicology*, et al, investigates the evolutionary and biological reasons as to why we create narratives, make paintings, and write songs etc. in search of artistic truth. Therein is much evidence to suggest that art evolved from play as a universal human behavior because it is adaptive, because it helped us survive as a species.

And, in this humble stab at a consilience between art and science—in the themes on this record—I wonder whether the prevailing fictions of *capitalismos* will lead to our collapse as a species, or whether art again will be a part of what helps us survive the twenty first century threats to our continued existence?

As an artist I truly feel part of a global axis of dissent to the prevailing order that ceaselessly extinguishes life for the sake of a cheap bottom dollar. As someone who almost became a scientist I know that science is our best hope of monitoring and managing the health of our planetary ecosphere. And, as a teacher I strive to be on the creative side of H.G Wells' never more prescient description of "*Human history*," as being "*more and more a race between education and catastrophe*."

Motivated by our—as far as we know—unique human capacity to wonder, in these times it remains vital that we try and shed light on the human condition and the meaning of life, in our long, and hopefully ongoing, journey from *Stardust* to *Darwinstuff*.

Danbert Nobacon
Twisp WA
March 2017



STARDUST TO DARWINSTUFF

The title track of the album, musing on the stuff of life. In the twenty first century science is part of culture—attacks from government notwithstanding—informing our everyday lives and offering a series of clues as to where we humans and life itself, actually comes from, in reality.

As E.O Wilson points out in *Consilience* (1998) “The cost of scientific advance is the humbling recognition that reality was not constructed to be easily grasped by the human mind. Our species and its ways of thinking are a product of evolution not the purpose of evolution” Thus evolution does not operate with us in mind, rather, we are the supremely lucky beneficiaries of being able to marvel at being part of its wondrous expression in life on earth, with our long evolved and uniquely reflective homo sapiens brains. Add to this the emerging story of the universe and we are mightily humbled.

As scientists and artists and humans, who have been pondering the night sky since we first evolved our capacity to imagine, many millennia ago, we know that there are still, of course, many mysteries surrounding our origins. We do know that the energy required to forge heavier atoms required the explosive power of some of those self same stars undergoing supernovae. In other words everything we know (including ourselves) is ultimately made of stardust coalescing over billions of years into the *darwinstuff* we see within us and all around us, which is truly a cause for celebration and wonder.

And so with our cultural evolution of the scientific method perhaps we can truly begin to understand something of where we come from, and how long and how difficult it was to get here, and how precious our life really is. And perhaps then we can marvel even more, and in so doing become the true stewards of the only known home of life in the universe.

TAKE IN THE COUNTRY, INHALE THE GALAXY
ON A CLEAR WARM MELLOW AUGUST NIGHT
BRING A BLANKET, HOLD SOMEONE’S HAND
AND LET THE METEOR SHOWER WASH OUR SINS AWAY

MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, SHRUB STEPPE, THE STARS UP ABOVE
A KISS AT MIDNIGHT, THE SALTY TASTE OF LOVE
IS ALL THE SPIRITUALITY WE COULD EVER NEED
LET THE METEOR SHOWER WASH OUR SINS AWAY

SO AMAZING, ATOMS TO ATOMS
STARDUST TO DARWINSTUFF TO US
SO PRETTY BABY, EVERYTHING WE SEE
THIS UNIVERSE WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME

THE RAW NAKED WONDER, THE BEAUTY OF A MYSTERY
UNDRESSING THE MOON, REVEALING THE SUN
FOR EVERY CLUE WE PIECE TOGETHER, THERE’S A MILLION MORE TO BE
DISCOVERED
BY OVA AND SPERMOZOA, YET TO GET IT ON

chorus

WISH UPON AN EXPLODING STAR, IN THE FAR ORION NEBULA
ALL AROUND US, ALL WITHIN US, ALL THAT GLITTERS, STARDUST IN US
FLYING THROUGH SPACE ON STARSHIP EARTH AT 67 000 MILES AN HOUR
ALL AROUND US, ALL WITHIN US, ALL THAT GLITTERS

SO AMAZING, ATOMS TO ATOMS
STARDUST TO DARWINSTUFF TO US

SO PRETTY BABY, THERE'S STARLIGHT IN YOUR EYES
STARDUST IN YOUR HAIR AND IN YOUR SMILE
SO PRETTY BABY, LINGER A WHILE
KISS ME IN THE FRENCH STYLE

SO PRETTY BABY, EVERYTHING WE SEE
THIS UNIVERSE WAS MADE FOR YOU AND ME
FOR YOU AND ME
COME ON BABY YOU AND ME

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Annie Emmenegger: vocals
Jimmy Berg: keyboard
Gregory Miles: electric guitar
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums, percussion

SO HOT IT HURTS

Since long before Shakespeare and down through the romantic poets to the modern minstrels of pop, art has located love pretty firmly in the heart over the mind.

Pursuing the scientific basis of love, like with any detailed exploration of phenomena, may throw up some unexpected working theories, and eventually some counter intuitive conclusions. Science increasingly suggests that in many realms of behavior the human brain—as distinct from the conscious thinking mind—has the jump on both the heart and the mind. Perhaps the subconscious brain, sends out its love chemicals and activates the heart into feeling, and thus the traditional organ of love, pre-empts and surprises the conscious mind?

SCHOOL IS OUT AND WE'RE GOING SWIMMING
BUT I CAN'T STOP MY BRAIN FROM THINKING
SCIENCE MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS
ON THESE LONG HOT SUMMER DAYS
I GOT A PULSE DOPPLER RADAR FEELING
AN INTERESTING BAROMETER READING
A BUTTERFLY FLAPS IT WINGS
METAMORPHOSING EVERYTHING

THE SUMMER JUST GOT HOTTER
AS YOU CROSSED MY LINE OF VISION
THE SUMMER JUST GOT HOTTER
WHEN YOU LOOK IN MY DIRECTION

DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE BLUY SKY
THERE'S ALCHEMY IN THE TROPOSPHERE
COUNTERINTUITIVELY SPEAKING
ELECTRICITY AND MOISTURE MINGLING
THE ATOMOSPHERES ARE JITTERBUG JUMPING
THE HUMIDITY IS HUMMING
THE JUICES ARE SIMMERING
THERES A STORM WITH YOUR NAME ON IT MOVING IN

SO HOT IT HURTS
SO GOOD IT BURNS
SO WET ITS BLUE
SO BAD IT'S TRUE
SO SOMETHING GOING ON?
HOW CAN IT BE WRONG?
WHEN MY HEART IS SINGING THIS SONG?

FIXING ME WITH YOUR CUMULONIMBUS EYES
YOUR THUNDER MEOW
YOU LIGHTNING SMILE ...
SOMETHING SO HORNY HORMONAL
YOUR PHENEOMENA'S PHENOMENAL

SOMETHING SO PHEROMONAL
SO GORGEOLICIOUSLY ANIMAL

OH OW OH OH OH OW
OH WOW OH OH OH OW
OH ME OW OH OH OW
OH OW OW OW SO HOT IT HURTS

THE SUMMER JUST GOT BETTER
SINCE YOU GRABBED HOLD OF MY ATTENTION
AND THIS SUMMER'S GONNA GET WETTER
WHEN YOUR LIGHTNING STRIKES

SO HOT IT HURTS ...

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Miranda Zickler: vocals
Jimmy Berg: keyboard
Gregory Miles: electric guitar, banjo
Brendan Patrick Hogan: trumpet
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums

TRICKY TRICKLEDOWN

From the stage play *Brain Circus –NY 2025* (see below)

Holly Brielle: vocals

Melanie Googelle: voiceover and drum machina

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, bass and keyboard

KARMA WON'T SAVE US FROM REX TILLERSON

The reality of oligarchical rule in the United States is both observable and measurable, and was evident and emergent long before the election of President Trump, see: "Testing Theories of American Politics" (2014) by Gilens, M. and Page, B.I. To date, karmic reaction has not been demonstrated as a clearly observable scientific phenomenon. And, indeed, the opposite seems to be true with regard to the infliction of pain and death upon, both humans and other forms of life, that comes directly and indirectly from amassing of obscene wealth, and/or the wielding of political power at a national level. In other words, the ruling class remains mostly insulated from any palpable corollary consequences of their actions.

TAKE A ROCK IN YOUR HAND
AND LET IT FALL WHEREVER YOU MAY BE
TESTABLE, REPEATABLE, DEMONSTRABLE EVIDENCE
OF OUR SITUATION AND ITS GRAVITY

BY APPLICATION OF THIS SCIENTIFIC METHOD
BY TAKING CAREFUL MEASUREMENTS WE FIND
THAT THE ENDURING FALSE POSITIVE OF ENDLESS ECONOMIC GROWTH
IS A LUXURY OUR SPECIES CAN'T AFFORD

SO I'M SORRY BUT KARMA WON'T SAVE US
MEASURED BY EVERY SOUL THAT EVER DIED
SO THE RICH COULD GET AWAY WITH GETTING RICHER EVERY DAY
WITH NO PALPABLE COROLLARY CONSEQUENCE

THE C.E.O. OF EXXON MOBIL
MAKES IN EXCESS OF FORTY MILLION A YEAR
BEING GENEROUS LET'S SAY HE WORKS SIXTY HOURS A WEEK, HE MAKES
MINIMUM WAGE,
IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO SAY "MINIMUM WAGE"

SO I'M SORRY BUT KARMA WON'T SAVE US
MEASURED BY EVERY SOUL THAT HAS TO DIE
SO THE RICH CAN GET AWAY WITH GETTING RICHER EVERY DAY
WITH NIL TANGIBLE COST TO THE RULING CLASS

KILLING US SOFTLY WITH ORTHODOXY
DOES IT MAKE ME ANGRY? IT MAKES ME APOPLECTIC
THAT WE'D ENABLE THE ONE PER CENT TO DRIVE THE WHOLE PICNIC OVER
THE CLIFF
WITHOUT APPLYING THE SCIENCE OF BEING SCIENTIFIC

SO I'M SORRY BUT KARMA WON'T SAVE US
MEASURED BY EVERY LIVING THING THAT HAS TO DIE
SO THE RICH CAN KEEP ON, GETTING ON, GETTING RICHER EVERY DAY
TILL IT ALL FALLS APART AND WORMS INHERIT THE EARTH

AS THE PEER REVIEWED EVIDENCE CLEARLY SHOWS
PREDATOR CAPITAL IS A PSYCHOSIS BEYOND HOPE
AN ABERRATION, A ROGUE MEME, A FAILED EXPERIMENT
AND AN INSULT TO OUR MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD EVOLVED INTELLIGENCE

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Anna Dooley: violin
Jimmy Berg: acordeon
Gregory Miles: banjo
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums

EAST 20

A mythic road movie song writ large across the Cascade Mountains in the Pacific North West detailing the four hour ride to escape the mega-metropolis of Seattle, and get back home to rural north central Washington.

Still on the west 'wet side,' a short cut along 530 NE bypasses Arlington and skirts into the foothills of the North Cascades and after about twenty miles mainlines through the town of Oso. On a sleepy Saturday March morning in 2014, east of the rural town some of the outlying residencies were buried by a mud slide of epic proportions, when a whole mountainside collapsed and flowed like lava engulfing homes and leaving 43 people dead.

Back as far as 1988, geologist Paul Kennard warned regulators that the removal of trees held "the potential for a massive and catastrophic failure of the entire hillslope." But that and subsequent knowledge that human habitation beneath clear cut forest, with a river undercutting the hillside would in times of extreme weather be a disaster waiting to happen, were ignored.

Whilst climate change deniers blamed 'natural causes', they declined to mention that record breaking rains produced by a warmer climate meant extreme river flow, in addition to the mountainside itself being pounded with rain, and with the trees scraped from the hillside by extensive logging, under the circumstances there was no viable root mass to hold the earth on the mountain in place. The truth being that whilst no one thing is solely responsible for the catastrophe, the combination of a global warmed climate acting on existing human disruption of a local eco-system can tip the balance into disaster. "Oso Strong" was the cry of the community trying to deal with the tragedy.

Down the road to Rockport where 530 dovetails into East 20 opens up into a hundred miles of the most beautiful and spectacular mountain road over The Cascade Mountains and dropping down into The Methow Valley and towns of Mazama, westernized Winthrop, Twisp, Carlton and beyond.

Owen Wister, author 'the first western novel' "The Virginian," allegedly found his inspiration for the novel whilst visiting the area back in the late 1890's.

And The Mystery Motel? Well check it out for yourself if you are ever in the area.

GOTTA GET ME OUT OF THE CITY
SEATTLE BURNING A HOLE IN ME
I-5 IS A REAL LIVE WIRE
BUT I HAD MY FILL OF ELECTRICITY

LEFT THE MAYHEM BY ARLINGTON
FOR THE RELATIVE CALM OF THE RESERVATION
THE ENDLESS TREES BEYOND DARRINGTON
AND THE MAJESTY OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS

OH SO GONE, OH SO WRONG
IN THE PATH OF PANDEMONIUM
THE RAIN OF RAINS, RAINING COMES
MELTS A MOUNTAIN, OSO STRONG

A KISS OF FRESH AIR
Q.E.D. DEMONSTRABLY ETHEREAL
THE PULL OF THE MOUNTAINS
GRAVITATIONALLY IRRESISTABLE

CENTRE-ORIENTING ME SOME

TOOK A RIGHT FORK, OUTTA ROCKPORT
HEADING EAST ON EAST 20
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE I THINK
I THOUGHT I ONCE KNEW

ITS A LONG SWEET BEAUTIFUL ROAD
SOOTHING ME AND MY WEARY MIND
COMING UP TO THE SNOW LINE
IF I CAN GET MY ASS OVER WASHINTON PASS

chorus

FIND MYSELF IN COWBOY TOWN
LIKE I GONE BACK IN TIME
LOST MY WAY OR I GONE TOO FAR
BUT OWEN WISTER IS DRIVING A CAR

OUTTA WINTHROP WA
BETWEEN POORMAN CREEK AND MAZAMA
I MIGHT EVEN FIND MYSELF
DOWN AT THE MYSTERY MOTEL
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO'S CHECKED IN AT THE MYSTERY MOTEL

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Miranda Zickler: vocals
Anna Dooley: violin
Gregory Miles: electric guitar
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums

WATER OFF A BALDY

Could be Seattle WA? Could be Leeds West Yorkshire? Or Burnley, Lancashire?
Whichever, the intermittent public transport oft-times dances with persistent rain.

Caught on the hop, between bus stops
Two go by at once
Caught between a rock and Newton's Laws
When it rains, it really pours
I had to be some place
I guess it was never meant to be
No use pulling out my hair
Cos everywhere I go it rains on me
But its water off a bald man's head
I said
Everywhere I go it rains on me
but it's water, just a little water off a baldy's head

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Gregory Miles: electric guitar
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums

WORSE IN THE MORNING

So the morning after, the conscious mind says: 'Maybe it was not such the good idea it seemed to be, the night before.'
And the subconscious brain, citing epigenetic rules is like: 'Whatever! Roll with it cos you would make beautiful babies together, and in so doing promulgate the species.'

A Johnny Woebegone and Lilithiana Red duet

WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU COME FROM?
I WASN'T LOOKING, YOU SNUCK UP ON ME

HOW ON EARTH, DID THIS HAPPEN?
THIS CONNECTION, WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME

AND EVERYTHING LOOKS WORSE IN THE MORNING
READING BETWEEN THE LINES ON YOUR PRETTY FACE
WE MADE OUR BED, NOW IT'S TIME TO GO
TROUBLE JUST GOT DEEPER, THAN IT WAS A FEW HOURS AGO

FLYING HIGH, LIKE AN EAGLE
LOOKING DOWN ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

OVER RIVER VALLEYS, BLUE AND GREEN
INTO THE SUNSET, EXPLODING INTO PINK

chorus

AM I IN YOUR DREAMS? ARE YOU IN MINE?
NO TIME FOR LOVE. MORNING BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR
PLANETS COLLIDE, GALAXIES DISINTEGRATE
COLLAPSING IN, ON EACH OTHER
WHERE DOES ONE BEGIN, AND WHERE WILL THIS END?

IF I'D SAID, ABANDON ALL HOPE
YE WHO ENTER HERE, WOULD IT HAVE MADE A DIFFERENCE

CAUTION GOT THE LAST TRAIN, OUTTA HERE
WORDS CAN'T HELP US NOW, WE'RE IN WAY TOO DEEP

chorus

NOW GO

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Annie Emmenegger: vocals
Anna Dooley: violin
Gregory Miles: electric guitar
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums

SUPERVOLCANO

As I get older, having learned the hard way, I realize that whilst I cannot exorcize a lovers' demons for them, I can hold their hand whilst they are doing it for themselves ... that is of course, unless the exorcizing of said demons requires them to shake their hand free of mine.

SO BEAUTIFUL, SO IT HURTS
SO IMPERFECTLY PERFECT, JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

SO DAMAGED, SO DEEP INSIDE
OOOO BUT WHEN YOU SMILE, LOVE FINDING ITS' WAY

SO I KNOW, DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT I KNOW
LOVE FINDING ITS' WAY, AND THEN YOU PUSHED ME AWAY

I CAN'T FIX YOU BABY, EVEN IF I WANTED TO (WHICH I DON'T)
SO I WILL HOLD YOUR HAND, AND BE YOUR MAN

BE MY BABY, MY LANDMINE
MY SUICIDE BOMBSHELL, JUST DON'T PUSH ME AWAY

COME HERE, LET IT ALL OUT
LET ME HOLD YOU, JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

STRANGE AND UNUSUAL, AS YOU CHANGE, MORE BEAUTIFUL
SO DIFFERENT, BUT SO YOU, JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

BE MY BABY, MY LANDMINE
MY SUICIDE BOMBSHELL, JUST DON'T PUSH ME AWAY

BE MY BABY, MY SUPERVOLCANO
MY INCOMING METEORITE, BABY IT'S ALRIGHT

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals

Miranda Zickler: vocals

Anna Dooley: violin

Jimmy Berg: accordion

Gregory Miles: electric guitar

Austin Quist: bass

Steve Kamke: drums, percussion

TRIP TRAPPING

Playing on childhood memories of "The Three Billy Goats Gruff", comes a *Darwinpunk* fairy tale, inspired by a subconscious visitation from a seemingly 'more than' homo sapiens female, crossing some metaphorical version of the actual bridge that separates my dwelling from the other side of the mighty Twisp River. And, though I didn't realize it at the time of writing, following a similar trope to Chekov's short play "The Bear," but with the sex roles reversed.

As the fiction-making-ape our love of myth and folklore dates back far beyond recorded history. And fictive science really is an actual thing, albeit relatively recent, as "The Storytelling Animal - How Stories Make Us Human." (Gottschall, J. 2012); "On the Origins of Stories - Evolution, Cognition and Fiction." (Boyd, B. 2009); "The Literary Animal - Evolution and the Nature of Narrative" (eds. Gottschall, J. and Sloan Wilson, D. 2005,) and "Biopoetics - Evolutionary Explorations in the Arts" (eds. Cooke, B. and Turner, F. 1999) reveal. In fact there is a whole body of emerging study suggesting biological and evolutionary reasons as to why we are so fascinated by fiction, and more generally, by "art (as) the lie which tells the truth" as Picasso would have it.

I ONCE WAS A FICTIVE SCIENTIST
TILL I FELL OFF THE WAGON AND INTO THE DITCH
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT? THIS METAMORPHOSIS
I'M THE KEEPER OF THE BRIDGE

I COME FROM OUT UNDER, 'SEE THE THAT LOOK OF HORROR?
BEFORE I GRANT THEM THEIR WISH,
SO DON'T LINGER, DON'T LOITER, DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS
IF YOU WANT TO BE CROSSING MY BRIDGE

BUT ONCE UPON A TUNE IN ONE OF NEPTUNES'S BLUE MOONS
COMES A GAWKER GIVING ME ATTITUDE
PONTIFICATING, DOWNRIGHT IMPOLITE
I JUST THROW 'EM OVER THE SIDE

QUITE RIGHT KIND SIR, SO I PRAY, I WONDER
AND I KNOW IT'S A SMIDGEN IRREGULAR
I MEAN IF I MAY, IF I MIGHT CROSS *THAT* WAY
I'LL BE GONE BEFORE YOU CAN SAY ...

WHO GOES THERE TRIP TRAPPING?
TRIP TRAPPING ACROSS THE BRIDGE
LET'S BE CLEAR THERE'S NO DANCING HERE
NE TRIP TRAPPING, TRAP TRIPPING *PAS*

DEFYING PHYSICS, SHE LEAVES ME GOBSMACKED
YOU JUST COME FROM THERE, THERE'S NO GOING BACK
IT *WAS*, AND IT *IS*, AND IT ALWAYS *WILL* BE
A ONE WAY TICKET FROM ME

BUT I DON'T COME FROM THERE, *THERE'S* WHERE I WANT TO GET
DIDN'T YOU GET THE MEMO, OR DID YOU FORGET?
SO NICE CHATTING, NOW I REALLY MUST GO
I HAVE A DATE WITH THE EARTH BELOW

LOOK I SUPPOSE, IF YOU REALLY MUST KNOW
I WAS CAST OUT OF HEAVEN ... SO IT GOES
STRIPPED OF MY WINGS FOR CRIMES OF THE MIND
BY MY OWN ANGEL KIND

WELL THE MORE SHE CONFIDED THE STRANGER IT SEEMED
LIKE AN EARWORM SHE BURROWED INSIDE OF MY DREAMS
SOMEHOW SHE GOT ME ALL TURNED AROUND
BAMBOOZLED AND SOMEWHAT UNBOUND

COME WITH ME THEN, YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO?
TAKE A RISK, THROW CAUTION TO THE BRIDGE
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A NICE COMFY BED
AND SOMEONE TO SHARE IT WITH

NOT ONE TO DISSAPOINT, AFTER ALL I'M ONLY HUMAN
WELL SORT OF, NOT REALLY BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY
I WASN'T EVEN LOOKING BUT I GOT THIS FEELING
FALLING FOR THE FALLENING

HERE WE GO TRIP TRAPPING
TRIP TRAPPING ACROSS THE BRIDGE
THERE'S NO DANCING HERE, UNTIL WE APPEARED
TRIP TRAPPING ACROSS THE BRIDGE

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Miranda Zickler: vocals
Anna Dooley: violin
Jimmy Berg: accordion
Gregory Miles: banjo
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums

AUTONOMIC STRESS

Like those few micro-moments when the flight responses trigger, under the microscope of a three minute rock song. And then we tell our stories as players, actors and storytellers.

Whilst we can attribute some of the reasons behind the raging wildfires of The Carlton Complex Fire WA (2014) in my near locality, and the Twisp River Fire WA (2015) in my immediate locality, to forest mismanagement down through the twentieth century, it is global warming that makes the fire season 70 days longer than it was a mere 40 years ago. And it is global warming that gave us record breaking droughts in 2015 when 10 states were on fire in the western US, and it is global for the planet as a whole these past three years.

Dedicated the three firefighters who lost their lives working on the Twisp River Fire (2015) a mile from where I live: Tom Zbyszewski, Richard Wheeler, Andrew Zajac and Daniel Lyon who survived when their service truck caught fire. I had the pleasure of working with Tom Zbyszewski, on a couple of local community theatre productions. As we say in the performing arts, he was one of our own.

ANXIETY,
GOT IT'S CLAWS IN ME
AND THIS IS MORE THAN A FLESH WOUND
IT CUTS RIGHT TO THE BONE
A CLAUSTROPHOBIC KNOT
CHURNING IN MY GUT
EVERYTHING I KNOW
TURNING INSIDE UP

GET READY TO GO,
GET READY TO GO
AT A HAIR'S BREADTH OF A MOMENT'S NOTICE
GET READY TO GO

NERVOUS SYSTEM BEEP-BEEP BEEPING
HEARTBEAT, BEAT-BEAT BEATING
NEURONS FIRING SEQUENTIALLY
MY BRAIN LIGHTING UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE
MILLIONS OF YEARS OF EVOLUTION
BOILED RIGHT DOWN INTO THIS MOMENT
FIGHT OR FLIGHT SIMULATOR
SWITCHING OVER TO ANIMAL RADAR

GET READY TO GO
GET READY TO GO
AT A HAIR'S BREADTH OF A MOMENT'S NOTICE
GET READY TO GO

THE POWER'S OUT AND THE PHONES ARE DOWN
THE FIRE GUYS WORKING DOUBLE OVERTIME
IT'S COMING DOWN FAST AND IT'S COMING DOWN QUICK
IT'S COMING DOWN FAST AND IT'S COMING TO THIS
IF IT'S NOT IN THE TRUCK, IT'S NOT COMING
IF YOU'RE NOT IN THE TRUCK, START RUNNING
IF IT'S NOT IN THE TRUCK, IT'S NOT COMING
IF YOU'RE NOT IN THE TRUCK, START RUNNING

AUTONOMIC STRESS RESPONSE, ALL SYSTEMS GO
ONLY GONNA TELL YOU ONCE, GOTTA GO-GO-GO
AN AUTONOMIC STRESS RESPONSE, ALL SYSTEMS GO
KICK OUT THE JAMS AND THE BANJO, GOTTA GO-GO-GO

GO *HOMO LUDENS* GO
GO *HOMO THESPIANS* GO
GO *HOMO FABULISTS* GO

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Annie Emmenegger: vocals
Anna Dooley: violin
Gregory Miles: electric guitar
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums
Mell Dettmer: sound effects

®EVOLUTION 9.01

Revolution 9.01 came out as a single on 01.19.17. as an initial response to the inauguration of the Trump oligarchy. Rare in the art form of the pop song, it looks to consilience with science, to offer a measured critique of this catastrophe. And, in so doing, the song offers the counterintuitive idea that this "wake up call" might in the end be the necessary impetus for us (according to our moral and constitutional duty) to do everything in our collective power to resist and rollback governance "of the billionaires, for the billionaires and by the billionaires," and to actually set about replacing a long broken political system for all our sakes, and for the sake of all life on earth.

HOW DID IT COME TO THIS? WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
WHEN THE OLIGARCH KNOWS BETTER THAN ALL THE WORLD'S SCIENTISTS
AS IF PHENOMENA WILL BOW DOWN TO LOGGORRHEA
AS IF THE REST OF US WILL TAKE THIS LYING DOWN

SO I PROPOSE A TOAST TO CHARLES DARWIN,
ELLEN DISSANAYAKE, BRIAN BOYD, AND E.O. WILSON et al
FOR GIVING US THE TOOLS TO COMPREHEND,
WHERE WE CAME FROM, HOW WE GOT HERE AND WHERE WE'RE BOUND

I CURSE THE RETURN OF THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN
WITH EVERY ADAPTIVE FIBRE IN MY BREATHING BODY
NOW TO SEARCH ALL OF GENE-CULTURE CO-EVOLUTION
FOR THE NEURONS THAT UNLOCK OUR REVOLUTION

TO H.G. WELLS, WHO ONCE WROTE
WHEN THE LIGHTS WERE GOING OUT ALL OVER EUROPE
*THAT HUMAN HISTORY IS A RACE BETWEEN EDUCATION
AND THE CATASTROPHE* THAT EMBRACES US NOW

I CURSE THE RETURN OF THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN
WITH EVERY ADAPTIVE FIBRE IN MY BREATHING BODY
NOW TO MUSTER EVERY OUNCE OF HUMAN EMPATHY
TO OVERTHROW THIS DEMAGOGUERY

THE WORLD IS UPSIDE DOWN AND COMING UNGLUED
'PRESIDENT COULDN'T EVEN GET A JOB IN A PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL
UPDATING SHELLEY, 'WE ARE MANY ... THEY ARE FEW'
AND WE WILL DO WHATEVER WE HAVE TO DO

CONNECTED AS WE ARE BY THE ATMOSPHERE
OUR ANIMAL-CHEMICAL-WARNING RINGS AROUND THE ECOSPHERE
THIS IS OUR WAKE UP CALL, THIS IS GAME ON
EVOLVE VIVA LA RÉSISTANCE

SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL AND BREAK OUR BONDS
AND IN SO DOING TAKING DOWN, THE CARBON ROBBER BARONS
BECAUSE 3.7 BILLION ... PLUS YEARS OF LIFE ON EARTH
IS SOMETHING WORTH FIGHTING FOR
EVOLVE VIVA LA RÉSISTANCE,
EVOLVE VIVA LA REVOLUTION

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Miranda Zickler: vocals
Jimmy Berg: accordion
Gregory Miles: banjo
Mason Herbert: mandolin
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums

DARK MATTER

From the still-located-in-my-brain novel *Mother Ship*. During the second half of the twenty first century, rising oceans, compromised coastal nuclear power stations, soaring temperatures, famine, flood, wildfires and mud and an abandoned nuclear weapons dump in what was WA state goes up triggering the whole gamut of unintentional booby traps that humankind has set for themselves and sending blast waves into space ... the sole survivor on a transport ship coming back from the moon is rocked into the radar radius of the Mother Ship. The ship is an earth colony bankrolled and commanded by an evangelical trillionaire, orbiting the planet before it strikes out into deep space in search of a new home. Do they pick up the stranger? Of course they do, and as the earth below rids itself of homo sapiens he falls in love with the first person he sees upon opening his eyes ... the doctor who has saved his life, and who now comes, in accordance with religious observance on board ship, to circumcise him.

AS RANDOM AS THE ATOMS CAST, FROM THE BELLY OF AN EXPLODING STAR
COMINGLING INTO A SOLAR SYSTEM WITH A GOLDBLOCKS PLANET JUST LIKE
OURS
SO A METEOR COULD WIPE OUT THE DINOSAURS
AND ADVANCE THE INFINTESIMALLY SMALL CHANCE THAT YOU AND I WOULD
EVER BE BORN

FROM ALL THE SPERM AND EGGS, THAT EVER EXISTED, SINCE MAMMALS
FIRST WALKED THE EARTH
PERCHANCE TO EVOLVE SO THAT WE MIGHT BREATHE THIS VERY SAME AIR
AND FIND EACH OTHER IN ORBIT, WHERE WE COULD FALL MADLY IN LOVE ...
ONLY TO FALL OUT OF LOVE ... IT DOESN'T COMPUTE ... AND IT NEVER WILL

BLUE, BLUE, MY BRAIN LIGHTS UP BLUE
TRIGGERED BY A MEMORY OF YOU
IN SPACE YOU CANT SEE IT, YOU CAN'T HEAR IT ... BUT IT'S BLUE
DARKER THAN THE DARKEST ... DARK MATTER BLUE

OUR HOMO SAPIENS' BRAIN, CRAVING PATTERN, MAKING MEANING
ONLY ABLE TO FUNCTION, WHEREIN EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON
GIVING LIE TO THIS FEELING THAT LOVE EXISTS OUTSIDE THE MOMENT
LEADING ON, LEAD ME ON ... TO THE NEXT MOMENT

chorus

THIS IS LOVE FORGED FROM A BILLION JUPITERS
CUPID'S ARROW, BOURNE BY NEURO-TRANSMITTERS
A SPIRALLING CHAIN OF MOLECULES, THE DOUBLE HELIX OF EMOTIONS
UNLEASHING UNKNOWN SIDE EFFECTS, ON THE UNSUSPECTING

BLUE, BLUE, MY BRAIN LIGHTS UP BLUE
TRIGGERED BY A MEMORY OF YOU
IN SPACE YOU CANT SEE IT, YOU CAN'T HEAR IT ... BUT IT'S BLUE
DARKER THAN THE DARKEST, DARK MATTER ... BLUE
ALL THAT REMAINS OF ME AND YOU

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals

Holly Brielle: vocals

Annie Emmenegger: vocals

Jimmy Berg: keyboards

Gregory Miles: electric guitar

Austin Quist: bass

Steve Kamke: drums, percussion

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

Forty years of government have failed to protect us from the effects and consequences of global warming and with the ascendancy of Donald Trump to the presidency of the US and his vow to open up public lands to the barons of the fossil fuel industry, it is now up to us, 'we the people' to defuse this global suicide bomb.

As Naomi Klein describes in "This Changes Everything - Capitalism Versus The Climate" (2014) when an oil company builds infrastructure, say a terminal or a pipeline they expect to be able to use if for full production for the next 50 years, and another five decades of the fossil fuel economy will send world temperatures soaring beyond habitability for human and much animal life. Scientists say that 90% of the current fossil fuel reserves has to stay underground if we are to survive. In this respect it is a fight to the death to stop pipelines and terminals from being built and to shut down the ones that exist. As we saw with the Keystone XL pipeline and the Dakota Pipeline protests, we can win these struggles, but we are going to have to fight them all over again, as Trump and Tillerson etc. slam down hard on the accelerator.

What would Shakespeare do about the current troubles in Elsinore? Write a play about it? Perhaps? The aforementioned Liberty Bell Drama Company wrote such a play entitled Brain Circus NY 2025 and put it on stage in Twisp WA in May of 2015. To Be or Not To Be? grew out of a half--snippet of a song from that play, wherein the rebels, calling themselves The Axis of Dissent, hack into day-time TV and broadcast their own messages in an attempt to reclaim the narrative for the many. Holly Brielle and Bryn Clayton Jones who provide vocals and voice-over respectively on this recorded version of the song, were both actors and active participants in the creation of the original play.

"Capitalismos" — from the Mekons song "Memphis Egypt," on their 1989 album "Mekons Rock n' Roll," describing dead Elvis as "Capitalismos' favorite boy child," ... from the Italian "capitalismo" for capitalism.

Both art and science are shouting loud that if we want to survive as a species, then 'we the people' are left with no choice but to kill the ideology before it kills us. And in so doing perhaps then we may stride forth from this dark age of consumption and coercion into a brighter era more akin to our quintessential human condition, of sustainability, compassion and empathy.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE? TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

WHETHER TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER
THE SLINGS AND ARROWS AND REAPER DRONES
OF THOSE WHO MAKE OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNES
FROM THE SUCIDE BOMB OF OUR FOSSIL FUEL

TO BE OR NOT TO BE, TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

NOWHERE TO RUN,

NOWHERE TO HIDE
WHEN THE WHOLE PLANET IS A SACRIFICE ZONE
FOR THE ONE PER CENT IN THEIR GREEN ZONES

TO BE OR NOT TO BE, TO BE OR NOT TO BE

TO BE OR NOT TO BE
TO BE ENGAGED IN THIS EXISTENTIAL STRUGGLE?
TO BE OR NOT TO BE
BETWEEN LIFE ON EARTH AND AN ECONOMIC MODEL
OR TO TAKE ARMS?
AGAINST A RISING SEA OF TROUBLES

AND BY OPPOSING THEM FROM THE GROUND UP
END THEM ... END THEM

DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE ... DIE CAPITALISMOS DIE
DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE ... DIE CAPITALISMOS DIE

WE'LL TAKE OUR POWER FROM THE WIND AND SUN
AND LEAVE THE OIL IN THE GROUND
DEMAND CLEAN AIR AND FRESH CLEAN WATER
AND LEAVE THE OIL IN THE GROUND

STANDING AGAINST ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN ...
ALL ALONG THE BARRICADES
SINGING, PIPELINES NO PASARAN
ALL ALONG THE BARRICADES
THE EMPIRE OF FOSSIL FUEL, HAS HAD IT AFR TOO GOOD,
FOR FAR TOO LONG
BUT ALL THINGS DECEASE, ALL THING DECAY
STARING TODAY THA LACK OF SEPARATION BETWEEN STATE AND
CORPORATION
IS WAY PAST ITS SELL-BY DATE
SO DIE NEO-LIBERALISM. DE-REGULATORY RAPISM DIE

DIE CAPITALISMOS DIE ...AND LEAVE THE OIL IN THE GROUND
DIE CAPITALISMOS DIE ... AND LEAVE THE COAL IN THE GROUND
DIE CAPITALISMOS DIE ... AND LEAVE THE GAS IN THE GROUND
DIE CAPITALISMOS DIE ... AND LEAVE THE ARCTIC SOUND ...

DIE CAPITALISMOS DIE ... AND IN DEATH FERTILIZE
POWER THAT IS LOCAL COMMUNITY-SIZED
AND A HUMAN CONDITION THAT CAN EMPATHSIZE
WITH SUSTAINABILITY
AND AN END TO THIS INSANITY
AND AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION

TO BE ... IT'S GOTTA BE TO BE

COME ON COME ON, COME ON COME ON,
YOU KNOW WE NEED A REVOLUTION
COME ON COME ON, COME ON COME ON,
WE GONNA BE A PART OF THE SOULTION

TO BE ... IT'S GOTTA BE TO BE!

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals

Holly Brielle: vocals

Anna Dooley: violin

Jimmy Berg: accordion, keyboard

Gregory Miles: electric guitar

Aaron J. Shay: banjo

Bellow Wing: saw

Andy Lowe: standup bass

Steve Kamke: drums

Bryn Clayton Jones: voiceover



**DIE
CAPITALISMOS
DIE**

BRAIN PLASTICITY

More 'love in space gone wrong' ... staring down the universe from the bridge of the *Mother Ship*.

Our brains undergo a rewiring process that is the practice of, and specialization in, particular activities, like riding a bike or driving a car, and thus as we further develop the skill, the once complicated rudiments of it become automatic. In this way, like with driving, we don't have to reinvent the wheel every time we get behind it. And this is a truly wonderful thing, and so for example, a good tennis player can accurately return a serve that is traveling at 120 mph, seemingly faster the brain has time to consciously react.

I developed a skill for racing downhill— I was always a better 'descender' than 'climber' in the sport we English call Fell Running— and oft-times marveled at the feeling that my subconscious brain was mapping the terrain, yards ahead of me, at impossible speed, so that when the wonderfully adapted skeletal make up of my feet touched the ground, said feet momentarily molded to every micro-contour of the earth, so that I was less likely to be thrown down by an exposed tree root, or a loose rock.

As babies we learn how to speak and be, by the practice of playful imitation of and interaction with the adults and siblings around us, and within weeks as babies we also become initiators in these proto-conversations. And perhaps therein is a snap-shot of our evolutionary journey, marking the point when our homo ancestors began to radically depart from the trajectory of our closest ape cousins. We now know of the existence of "mirror neurons" which are part of our brains' way of giving us the social skills we need to survive, by learning from and in so doing instructing others in the same moment. There is evidence that people in long-term pair bond relationships (who are not at all genetically related) come to resemble each other in the ways they act and even in the ways they look.

The idea that certain parts of the brains of people in love with each other rewire themselves through the practice and familiarity of intimacy whilst developing the skill of being with one another, is speculative: a hypothesis upon the neuronal science of heartbreak. But if you know the double helix of pain that is both brain-assisted and mind-assisted heartbreak running together in the same repeating, spiraling moments, then you certainly know that it feels like the hardest thing in the world to disentangle the mutually enmeshed circuitry of being completely 'in love' with another person.

KNOWING THAT I'M TOTALLY IN LOVE WITH YOU
AND BEING ABANDONED BY YOU
THE NEURONS THAT FIRED TOGETHER, WIRED TOGETHER, WHEN WE WERE
TOGETHER
AND CANNOT SIMPLY BE UNDONE BY AN ULTIMATUM

LIKE TRYING TO MAKE MYSELF FORGET HOW TO RIDE A BIKE
OR TRYING TO STOP MY FINGERS PLAYING THIS G CHORD

I DIVED WAY TOO DEEP, HOW COULD I NOT?
AS A HOMO SAPIENS MALE STARING DOWN THE UNIVERSE
LEFT TO WRESTLE WITH THE WONDER OF MY BRAIN'S PLASTICITY
TRYING TO FORCE MYSELF NOT TO BE IN LOVE WITH YOU

LIKE TRYING TO MAKE MYSELF FORGET HOW TO RIDE A BIKE
OR TRYING TO STOP MY FINGERS PLAYING THIS G CHORD

WHEN ALL I WANNA DO, IS HOLD YOU WHEN YOU'RE LONELY
WHEN ALL I WANNA DO, IS FEED YOU WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY
AND ALL I WANNA DO, IS FUCK YOU WHEN YOU'RE HORNY
AND ALL I REALLY WANTED WAS TO HAVE YOU IN MY LIFE SOME

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Anna Dooley: violin
Gregory Miles: electric guitar

CHEMISTRY

Mystery lovers I say again, rest easy. The subconscious world of attraction and love will always be mysterious, even if we understand intellectually how the subconscious works, (and we are still a long, long from such understanding), because 'in the moment' our subconscious brain is at work long before our conscious brain begins to understand what is happening.

Oxytocin, 'the love hormone,' has, not least, been demonstrated to have a bonding effect between lovers, which may be short-lived, and which thus may need regular repeat experiences to maintain the bond. This possibly makes us mutually 'addicted' to loving a particular person, the more we hug them, look into their eyes, and have sex with them, and surely when dancing intimately with them when we are virtually doing all of the above with them in the same moment. 'Oxytocinicity' is actually a made up word, but with regular usage, akin to its hormonal progenitor, it would exist.

Chemistry is an older song, and maybe the first song where I started using scientific imagery for its lyrical beauty. I dug it out of the closet and dusted it off for the prom finale scene in the stage play "Mirificus High" (2014). The initial premise, which I presented in my first ever lesson to my first ever high school class as a drama teacher was "The Breakfast Club meets Alice in Wonderland." I collaborated with students to write a play with songs and we became the Liberty Bell Drama Company. I am still amazed that we actually pulled it off, but we did, and ten weeks on from that first class we opened at The Merc Playhouse in Twisp to an enraptured audience and I was truly converted to the magical art of live theatre. Holly Brielle who sang and acted in the original stage version as a student, sings on this recorded version.

DEEP IN THE BELLY OF THE SUN
DEEP IN THE BELLY OF THE SUN
DEEP IN THE BELLY OF THE SUN
ALLTHE ATOMS DANCE

THE PROTON CONNECTED TO THE NEUTRON
THE PROTON CONNECTED TO THE NEUTRON
MAKING EYES AT THE ELECTRONS
EVERYBODY DANCE

I LEARNED MY PERIODIC TABLE, AS BEST AS I WAS ABLE
SOME ATOMS ARE UNSTABLE, EVERYBODY DANCE

THE PLANETS GO AROUND THE SUN
THE PLANETS GO AROUND THE SUN
VENUS CHASING SATURN
EVERYBODY DANCE

BOYS AND GIRLS AND GIRLS AND BOYS
AND BOYS AND BOYS AND GIRLS AND GIRLS
BOYS WILL BE GIRLS, GIRLS WILL BE BOYS
EVERYBODY DANCE

SWIMMING IN YOUR DEEP BLUE EYES
I SMELL MISCHIEF ON YOUR MIND
I'M LIKING WHAT I FIND
IT MAKES MY ATOMS DANCE

WHAT YOU DO TO ME, MAKE ME TURN MY HEAD AND SEE
I LOVE THIS CHEMISTRY, THAT MAKES MY ATOMS DANCE

COME ON, COME ON AND DANCE WITH ME
SHAKE YOUR OXYTOCINICITY
I LOVE THIS CHEMISTRY
THAT MAKES MY ATOMS DANCE
COME ON AND MAKE MY ATOMS DANCE
COME ON AND MAKE MY ATOMS DANCE

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Holly Brielle: vocals
Anna Dooley: violin
Jimmy Berg: accordion,
Andy Lowe: standup bass
Steve Kamke: drums

CHRISTMAS 2062

Way back when, the Christians co-opted Winterfest, from the pagans, who themselves had picked up the festivities along the way during the migration of homo sapiens out of Africa to colder more northern climes. Hundreds of thousands of years later, in the near future, in a bar in Seattle or New York on Christmas Eve some drunken worldly-wise stragglers and their mates inadvertently take a stab at rewriting the Christmas narrative. That is of course, if we get our shit together, and put the breaks on the current rapidly escalating pressure cooker conditions of planet Earth to make it to a 2062 where bars, or even ourselves still exist.

THIS CITY ALMOST LOOKS PRETTY
SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A YELLOW TAXI
DARKNESS BRINGS OUT THE BEST SHADES OF GREY

FOLKS, I DON'T WANT TO BE A BORE BUT THE PARTY'S ABOUT OVER
ALREADY?
AFRAID SO. LAST ORDERS
OH OKAY

GLORIA, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BLOODY MARY SIR
HOLY HOSANNA. IN EXCESS

THE CONCEPTION WAS IMMACULATE YEAH
WHAT ABOUT THE BIRTH? I WAS THERE
YEH AND I TELL YOU, JUST WATCHING HURTS

MARY WANTED GAS AND AIR
REAL DAD'S NOWHERE, JOSEPH'S PULLING OUT HIS HAIR
WELL DON'T LOOK AT ME, I'M JUST A LOWLY SHEPHERD BOY. WHAT DO I
CARE?

THIS CITY ALMOST LOOKS PRETTY
SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A BIG YELLOW TAXI
DARKNESS BRINGS OUT THE BEST SHADES OF GREY

NOW YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
TIME PLEASE. THE PARTY REALLY IS OVER
OH YEH WE HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME. IT'S OKAY
WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY

GLORIA, JUST ANOTHER LITTLE DRINKY SIR
ME AND MY NEW BUDDIES, WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED HERE
THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF. COME ON. PLAY FAIR FOR CHRISSAKES.

HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK
THE ANGELS SING, THE ANCHORMAN CARPS
RIVER'S FROZEN IT'S TEN BELOW
YOU WANTED SNOW. WE GOT SNOW

SO HERE WE GO, LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW. HO HO HO HO
GIVE ME THOSE JINGLE JANGLE MARSHMELLOW HOLIDAY BELLS
A TOAST. RAISE YOUR GLASS ... TO A THERMAL VENT IN THE OLDEST OCEAN
ALL THAT BIO-POETRY IN MOTION, THE BIRTH OF LIFE ON EARTH

GLORIA, JUST ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD SIR
AND SOMEBODY PLEASE HAIL ME A CAB
PUT IT ON HIS TAB

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HAVEN'T YOU GOT HOMES TO GO TO? THERE WON'T
BE ANY TAXIS AT THIS UNGODLY HOUR. YOU'RE GOING TO BE WALKING
HOME. I KNOW
IT'S CHRISTMAS AND ALL BUT THERE REALLY IS NO ROOM AT THE INN.

GLORIA, HOLY HOSANNA HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU
HELL IT'S CHRISTMAS TWENTY SIXTY TWO
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TWENTY SIXTY TWO

OH ALRIGHT THEN. GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE AND ALL? IT'S A LOCK IN

Danbert Nobacon: acoustic guitar, vocals
Miranda Zickler: vocals
Jimmy Berg: vocals, accordion, keyboard
Edward Zargasterley Jones: vocals
Brendan Patrick Hogan: upright piano
Austin Quist: bass
Steve Kamke: drums, sleigh bells
.Mell Dettmer: church bells



♪ **Evolve Viva La Résistance!**
Evolve Viva La Revolution! ♪

