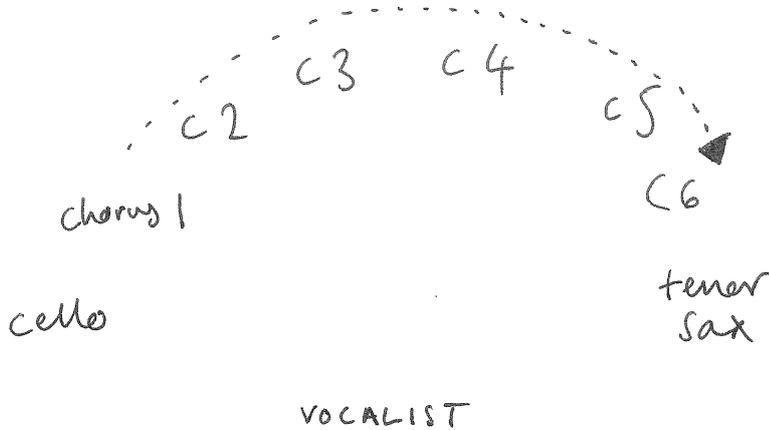


MAN SPANGLER

music by Edward Henderson
words by Lavinia Murray
for vocalist, tenor saxophone, cello and percussion
chorus

Layout:



General Score:

Sax and cello enter
in overtime after
full chorus has entered

Chorus:	COMBS	EMERY BOARDS	BLOWING BUBBLES	BURBLE WRAP	COMB SOLO
Sax:					
Cello:					
Vocalist:					

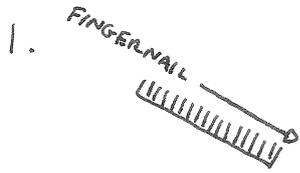
vocalist enter after
full ensemble has
entered

duration: 20 minutes

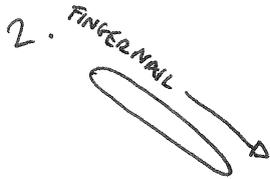
MANSPANGLED

chords

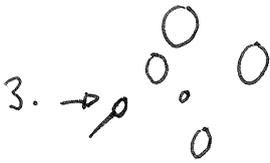
Actions:



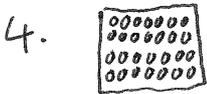
COMB - play teeth of comb very slowly



EMERY BOARD - scrape surface of board with fingernail flat against board. NOT like you would usually use.



BUBBLES - silently blow bubbles into the auditorium.



BUBBLE WRAP - slowly pop the bubbles

• when the person to your right starts a new action, wait for 30 seconds and copy them.

• All actions are continuous.

MAN SPANGLER

Cello

pppp

< p

[TACET]

7 minutes

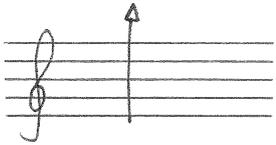
3 minutes

repeat action

. very slow, very quiet continuous glissando.

MANSPANGLED

tenor saxophone



on any high note play
the following:

TINGLING
DEXTEROUSLY
THICKLY
SHRILL
REVERENTLY
PLUCKED
JUDICIALLY
FRESH
BUOYANTLY
BURNT
TRANSCENDENT

[TACET]

1.5 minutes

3 minutes

- rhythm, dynamics, timbre etc. : FREE
- pitch bends, multiphonics and extended techniques encouraged
- different interpretations and pitches (incl. word order) may be used for each repetition.

repeat action

MANSPANGLED

VOCAL SCORE

(Man enters clutching a small tin, and a fly swat with which he gesticulates...)

he is a vegetarian breather/ only breathes the breath breathed-out by herbivores
or others of their ilk
he is particular

me, I'm a insect breath breather
snuffle snuffle
like it to have been sucked beneath a swarm of exoskeletons
extruded by the miracle of spiracles
that's my domain

there's a sub class of breathers whose respiration centres round criminals convicted of
heinous crimes
they do circular breaths like jazz players
rough it up their lips like blues harpists
nonces
I hope they fucking hyperventilate

they are not my people
mine is the clan of insect breath breathers

insect breath breathers tend to be mathematicians
or they tend to be me

the night is long and the list goes on
stay put
listen

politician breathers
politicians breathing each other's breath at P.M.'s question time
like submerging seals they shut their nostrils
with flaps of skin like nasal eyelids
then up they bob for air next P.M.'s question time
best avoided

and another thing
bloke said, what you got there then?

To which I replied... a selection of donated tongues. Preserved in such a manner as to
retain their moisture. Their suppleness. Tin of tongues you throw them through the air and
they create a recognisable sound. Chuck a handful in a gust, you get words coming at you
like paranoia's chorus. Drop them when you go skydiving you get a choir of angels
clogging up your parachute.

The night is long and the list is bleeding endless to be honest

Out of body experiences. Having one now. Only just got up. Bleeding alarm clock.
Out of body experience. Me and my dopplegangers
I don't need cloning, mate, I'm fucking everywhere

I'm the goblin that cares for the things no one thinks exists
you should read my mission statement

I'm a goblin. Modern goblin. Dispersed amongst yah. Lost sight of. We use linux. Very particular.
We use highlighters to light our way. We hold highlighters up on our sojourns down the tunnels of our ancestors.
A bus is a tunnel to us, I don't need a ticket-to-ride it's a tunnel. Sometimes I take my pickaxe and dig the tunnel deeper so the bus is longer next night when you board it and there's us goblins sat strategically holding up our highlighters, lids off brightening the interior

a bus is a tunnel
a bicycle is opencast mining

every night I come out to learn new skills, download new apps
it's like an illness with me

Shall I tell you what I did, me and my feminine side

we
I
wanted children so
we
I
adopted three toilet signs. The homunculus kind. First the baby changing room sign and its two older siblings, a brother and a sister
didn't want to split them up

I
we
take them out in a stylised stroller, a flat black triangle, apex to the floor
I
we
show them where those people came from who were always pushing past them for a pee and a poo

made my own people bred them from toilet signage

gave them animal stencils, just outlines passing over the landscape

arts and crafts crap world overshot with glue
I blame blunt scissors

Then we purchased bedtime storybooks.

Aliens and underpants. Very popular very educational. We like to prepare kids for the real world, right. Aliens and underpants for kids -- ready for the grown-up world of aliens and anal probes. Gentle introduction. Indicates the aliens' zone of interest.

at least aliens aren't paedophiles

let me say

Leu Yeuh is the Inuit word for cultures that have three words or less for snow

and are you a pill popper

pills are called after nipples which they closely resemble

pill popper

Advent. Yeah. Every year we celebrate a stranger tapping on this woman's window and mouthing through the glass... 'you've just been inseminated.'

She goes, 'I'm on the pill -- try number 27.'

bleeding cheek of it

pill popper

lest we forget

it's better to adopt

followed a bloke off the bus

we was carrying our highlighters so he was well lit

he was being surreptitious to the best of his ability

he had no ability

we goblins followed him

highlighters aloft

we liked his style

whole clan of us keeping up the rear

eyes on the man

and he stops by a prison

and he lays his hands against the brick and leans right in

and he turns into a conservatory

he turns into a conservatory

turns out that's what he does

he turns into a conservatory and attaches himself

to inappropriate buildings

he's a serial conservatory attached to

buildings that should never have a conservatory

crypts and abattoirs and police stations and barracks

so we smashed his windows

every one

buckled his struts
that'll learn him

next thing I know
I'm on a bus letting out bubbles

o o

at night the fresh water stream near my childhood home
jams like a zipper

I bet yours does too

Tell you what, my belly button is enormous
my belly button is so big my doctor's diagnosed me as acoustic

sometimes I fold-up my toilet-signage children till they're very small
crumple 'em up tiny
and I stuff them in my giant navel
bed 'em down in the ample fluff I always find there
and let the thud-thud-thud of my biological processes lull them to sleep

actually, they hibernate there for six months at a time
which saves a bomb on babysitters

what you need is a good

HA HA

what you need is a good

BOOHOOBOOHOOBOOHOOBOOHOO

what you need is a good

URGH

I'm the goblin that cares for the things no one thinks exists
like mass graves

So, glass slippers and a glass ceiling
glass slippers and a glass ceiling
I'd call that double-glazing
wouldn't you?

And if I was the Snow Queen

I'd make making snowmen
Fucking illegal
it's a blatant misuse of resources

story time
her grey hair, still wet from the shower, was combed out across the table like a thready
plate
and loaded with caviar
she was a palmist and played the piano with her hands turned
knuckle down
it was less expressive than the conventional way
but you'd always know what she'd be doing five minutes hence

a man went into the Garden of Paradise
and broke wind
you've been eating something you shouldn't have said god
have an apple it's good for the digestion said god
picking a particularly rosy one from the top branch and chucking it over
I call that a result said the man
nice trousers said god
could set a trend

and god had a recording angel called hashtag
born of shebag and heshag
but I digress

so I'm a goblin in the bread queue
at mass
and I'm wondering
how many calories in the transubstantiated body of god?
weight watchers knew fuck-all when I rang 'em
so I worked it out for myself
okay
here's how you calculate it
what was his BMI at death?
how big's the portion you're being offered?
remember it's dry weight and adjust the calculation accordingly
eat it whilst it's still bread if it exceeds your calorific quota
just skip it from the plate before the bell rings

sing
bread of heaven
list the ingredients
corpus christi

self-rising mystery
loaf
i like mine ready sliced
thick and perfect for toast
yeah

speaking of which
speaking of which
speaking of toasting
yeah

where did most of the population of Hiroshima and Nagasaki go in August 1945?

nuclear explosions
we goblins are adept at dodging between the blast and the gamma rays
like midges flitting between raindrops
like ants wending between the wide-spaced radio-waves in microwave ovens

Hiroshima and Nagasaki

understand the nonlinear nature of shockwaves
when the blast wave from an air burst reaches the ground
it is reflected

below a certain reflection angle
the reflected wave and the direct wave merge and form a reinforced horizontal wave
called the Mach stem
oh you've gotta watch out for the Mach stem
but let me introduce you to the honshu wolf
which is more than a match for the Mach stem

the honshu wolf
the honshu wolf
as Japanese as the rising sun

August 1945
static overpressure and the Mach stem
met the wolf's jaws
which, when locked, exert a greater pressure than the Mach stem
in all its fucking, swaggering, sweltering, sidelong radiating glory

the honshu wolf is hidden from view by its environment
Nature hides it
there it is on the mountain
where
there
there it is by the stream
where

there
where
there
there it is on the streets of Hiroshima
where
there
where
there
there it is on the streets of Nagasaki
where
there where
where where
where

and honshu wolves held Hiroshima and Nagasaki between their jaws
held them
held them
held them
holds them still
the populace of both cities carrying on as best they can
inside wolves' mouths
their glasses of saki half full but that half is floating at the top

open the honshu wolves jaws and they're mottled like a dog's
unlike dogs
these mottles are manspangles
the flare of the star and its sooty shit
the manspangled
and his sooty shit
the womanspangled
and her sooty shit
the childspangled
and its sooty shit

and the honshu wolves are waiting to
to un-annihilate the next
until humankind's ablaze between a wolf's teeth
held like spangled meat

here are the honshu wolves now
where
there
among you now

bomb breathers
breathing the breath of bombs
mouths full of humanspangles

stars
soot

shit