



Copyright 2024: Monadic Properties

All art by Carrie Jenkins

Logo designed by Paul Prescott

The 21<sup>st</sup> Century Monads are:

Ben Bradley

Laura Callahan

Carrie Jenkins

Justin Klocksien

Kris McDaniel

Hille Paakkunainen

# The World Soul

1. The World Soul: Theme One
2. The Impossible
3. One Time
4. Write Alone
5. The Desire
6. I Don't Live in the Now
7. There's a Hole
8. Mary
9. Nothing
10. The World Soul: Theme Two
11. Your Noumena Are Ill
12. Red Yellow Green
13. The Ways
14. The Dreamer's Dream
15. Tough Enough
16. The Shore
17. If You Want to Find Me

All songs written by Kris McDaniel

All lyrics by Kris McDaniel except #11 by Kris McDaniel and Hille  
Paakkunainen

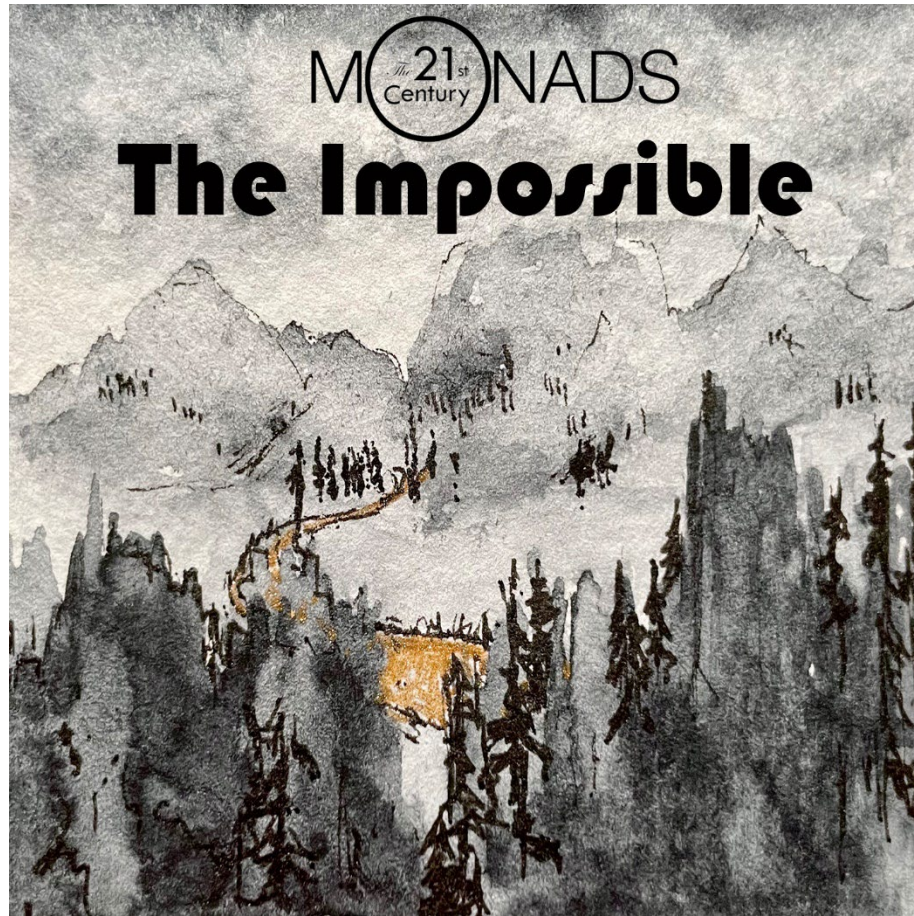
Mixed and Mastered by Kris McDaniel and Chris Heathwood

Kevin Klement is Manger of Monads (M.o.M.)

Special thanks to Chris Lebron and Jason Raibley



Kris McDaniel: cello, clarinet  
Laura Callahan: fiddle



Kris McDaniel: vocals, bass recorder, bass clarinet, clarinet, Hulusi, slide pan flute, soprano recorder

Can you imagine  
What cannot be  
In any sense of that word?  
No, it's impossible

But what is the sense of "impossible"  
When you say that I can't imagine  
What's impossible?





Kris McDaniel: vocals, baby sitar, bass melodion, clarinet, drums, hand percussion, nova dood, stellar flutes, soprano recorder, soprano sax, ukelele, ukelele bass.

Carrie Jenkins: vocals

One Time

Almost within my grasp  
But it moved too fast  
Or did it even move at all?

One moment  
That seems to be held between  
Being and non-being  
And then it's gone

One time  
But I want to make it last  
At what rate will it pass?  
If it even moves at all

One moment  
That seems to be held between  
Being and non-being  
And then it's gone

And I want to be free  
I want to be free

One moment  
That seems to be held between  
Being and non-being  
And then it's gone



Kris McDaniel: vocals, alto recorder, baby sitar,  
bass guitar, bawu, drums, hand percussion,  
practice guzheng, soprano recorder, soprano sax,  
stellar flutes, tongue drum

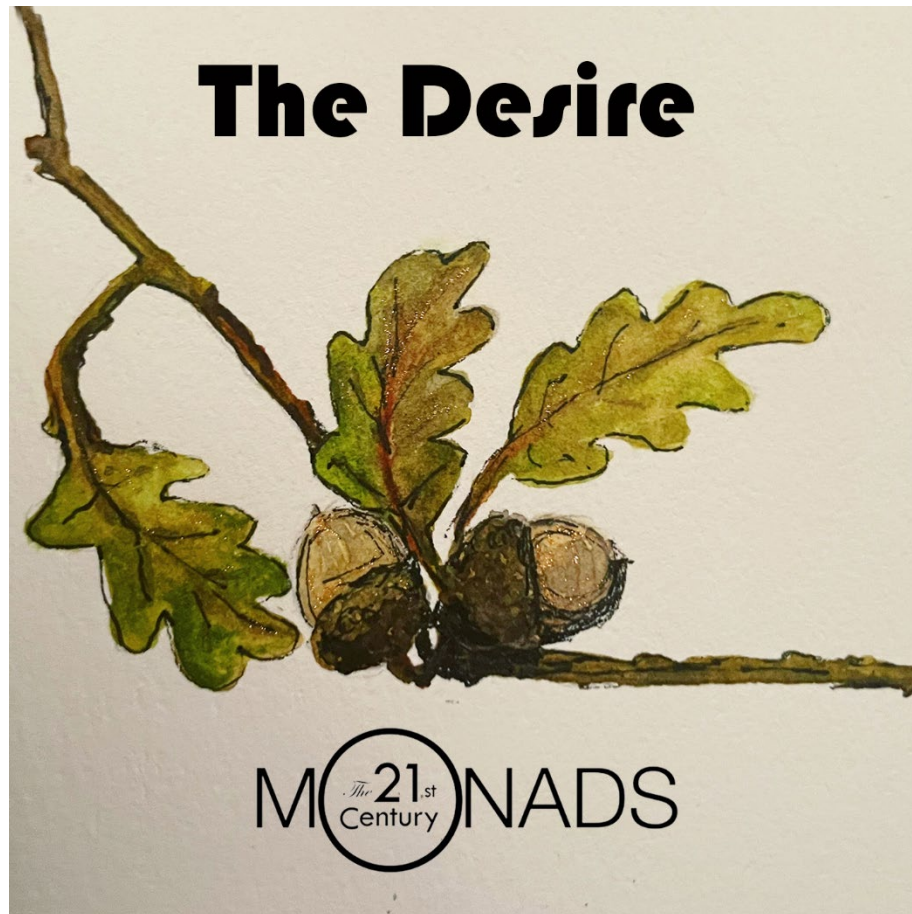
Laura Callahan: vocals



And when we write  
Why do we always write alone?  
And when we we write  
Why do we always write alone?

I'll show it to another  
A sister or a brother  
But in my home  
I always write alone

One day  
Some glorious day  
Will bring the two of us together  
And then the two of us together



Kris McDaniel: vocals, baglama, baby sitar, bass guitar, cornet, drums, hand percussion, mellophone, nova dood, stellar flutes, nova dude, clarinet, hand percussion, soprano recorder

I wanted to be someone new  
Someone more respectable  
But there was a principle  
That said, “no”

Well, it makes my heart hurt  
Because there's so many worlds  
Where you and I are more alike  
But none where we're identified

I wanted to be you  
But the desire's unsatisfiable  
But I'm tied too tightly to my past

I wanted to be you  
To have a bond so unbreakable  
But I'm tied too tightly to who I am



Kris McDaniel: vocals, bass guitar, boomwhacker  
xylophone, drums, gopichand (soprano), hand  
percussion, soprano saxophone, trumpet

Laura Callahan: vocals, fiddle

Ben Bradley: cello

Caught once again looking at old photographs of you  
They say that time passes  
Yes, they certainly do  
But it's hard when you are like me  
to justify how you feel  
About what was and what will be  
Since all times are equally real

The future is just a place  
Separated from here  
The past was not erased  
On that, history is clear  
And though I live like this  
You wonder how  
You can't imagine what it's like  
To not live in the now

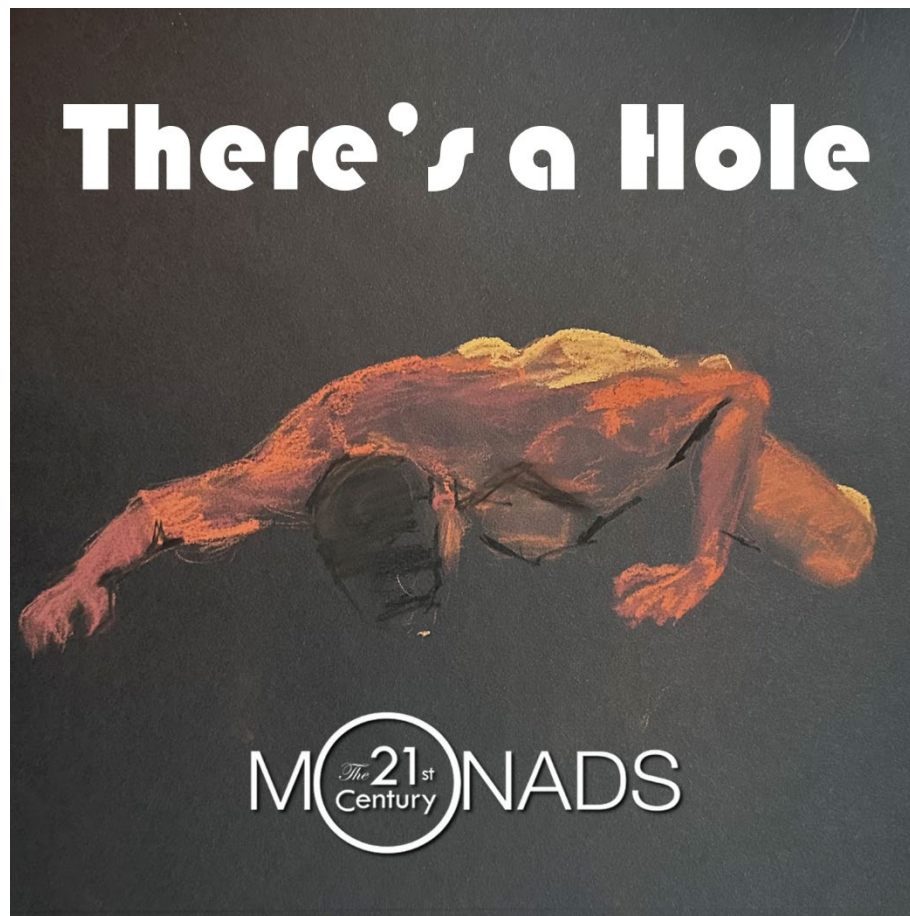
Spending my days in anticipation  
Of tomorrow's nostalgic contemplation  
These moments in my memories  
So vivid and pure  
What they present is perfectly real  
Of this I am sure

The future is just a place  
Separated from here

The past was not erased  
On that, history is clear  
And though I live like this  
You wonder how  
You can't imagine what it's like  
To not live in the now

You can't imagine what it's like  
You can't imagine what it's like  
You can't imagine what it's like  
To not live in the now





Kris McDaniel: vocals, baby sitar, bass guitar, bass  
melodion, phin, soprano saxophone, stellar flutes, 3-  
string uke

Laura Callahan: vocals

Everywhere I step, there's a hole  
Everywhere I step, there's a hole  
I didn't think it would really matter  
Until my bones began to shatter

There's a hole  
There's a hole  
There's a hole

Every sentence that I speak  
Has a hole  
And every thought I think  
Has a hole  
I tried to prove that holes weren't real  
But I couldn't seal the deal

Everywhere you're not there  
There's a hole  
Everywhere you're not there  
There's a hole  
The size of an expanding wheel  
Is the size of the hole I feel

There's a hole  
There's a hole  
There's a hole



Kris McDaniel: vocals, baby sitar, bass guitar, clarinet, cornet, drums, Godin multioud, hand percussion, nova jhorn, keyboards, phin, psaltery, stellar flutes, trombone, stellar flutes, phin, soprano recorder

Carrie Jenkins: vocals

If you want to see  
Something redly  
Come with me  
Yeah, come on out  
If you want to see  
Set yourself free  
Sweet sweet Mary  
And you'll find out  
What it's like to feel  
What you only read about in your books  
What it's like to feel  
Sweet sweet Mary come take a look

The colors are overwhelming  
You still see them when you close your eyes  
It's almost terrifying  
Do you wish that you stayed inside?

The colors are overwhelming  
You still see them when your eyes are closed  
But there can be no misunderstanding  
About what Mary now knows



Kris McDaniel: vocals, bass guitar, box tanpura,  
nova dood, percussion sitar

Laura Callahan: vocals

Nothing  
Comes  
From nothing  
But nothing





Kris McDaniel: bass clarinet, clarinet, nova dude,  
soprano saxophone



Kris: vocals, banjitar (bowed), bass guitar, bouzouki, clarinet, drums, Godin Multi-Oud, Guitar (electric), hand percussion, Ran (electric), stellar flutes, Ukulele (8 string),

Ben Bradley: vocals

Laura Callahan: fiddle, vocals

Your noumena are not alright  
Causation's been irregular  
When things are out of sight  
Nature is not uniform, day no longer follows night  
So naturally you wonder, what can set things right?

Monads  
With no windows  
No windows  
Monads  
With no windows  
No windows

Your noumena are not alright  
Everywhere you look, evil has been radicalized  
And your transcendental choice  
Was not spontaneous  
So naturally you wonder, what can save us?

Monads  
With no windows  
No windows  
Monads  
With no windows  
No windows

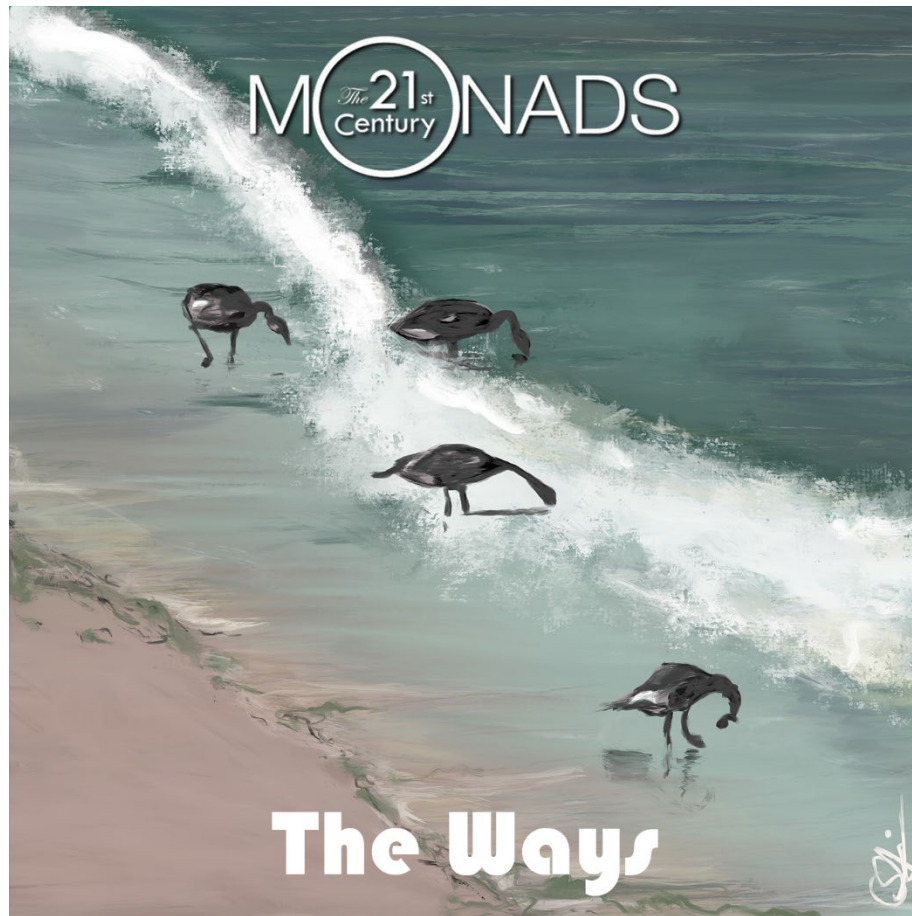


Kris McDaniel: vocals, classical guitar, stellar flutes

Red, yellow, green  
All the colors we have seen  
Are they really out there?  
Or only in our head?

Green, yellow, red  
When everyone is dead  
Would it make it worse  
If they disappear with us?

When the last living soul  
Goes into that good night  
Does the universe  
simply turn out the light?



Kris McDaniel: vocals, bass melodion, bass xylophone, clarinet, nova dood, soprano recorder, stellar flutes

Laura Callahan: vocals



This is the way of negation  
Where you tell me what it is not  
This is a source of frustration  
For no insight into its nature is caught

This is the way of example  
Where you try to display what you mean  
By drawing attention to a sample  
And hoping that your meaning is seen

This is the way of conflation  
Where you tell me something else means the same  
Almost a kind of translation  
The same objects by another name

This is the way of abstraction  
Do you focus on a part of the thing?  
Or is it a kind of intellectual contraction  
Where a thing is incompletely conceived?

These are the ways with which  
you've tried to tell me what your meaning is  
And I can't follow you  
But I'm not sure these terms still are needed



Kris McDaniel: vocals, bass clarinet, bass guitar, bass recorder, bass melodion, box tanpura, clarinet, drums, guzheng, hand percussion, nova dood, ukelele

Laura Callahan: vocals

Some say there are things that do not exist  
Creatures of myth and fiction  
Could I be a character in your dream?  
Does existence exclude imperfection?

The dreamer dreams a dream  
The dreamer dreams a dream  
And I just lie within it

And what happens to me  
When she awakens?  
Can I outlive  
The source of my creation?

The dreamer dreams a dream  
The dreamer dreams a dream  
And I just lie within it



Kris McDaniel: vocals, acoustic guitar, baby sitar, bass guitar, clarinet, drums, nova dude, soprano saxophone

Laura Callahan: vocals

It's tough enough  
to hold the whole world in your gaze  
And view it as though from above  
When it's filled with those you love  
And it's tough enough  
But still you want to understand  
And so you try and try  
Though all you love will one day die

And friends  
There are truths  
Of which you cannot be aware  
Until you've begun to care  
And been open to despair

So friends, enter this world  
The only one  
You are in  
Please, friends, let this world  
Get underneath your skin

Because it's tough enough  
to hold the whole world in your gaze  
And view it as though from above  
When it's filled with those you love  
And it's tough enough  
But still you want to understand

And so you'll try and try  
Though all you love will one day die

And friends  
This world is strange  
Stranger than we thought anyways  
It can occupy all your gaze  
Until nothing else can fill that place



Kris McDaniel: vocals, banjitar, bass ukulele, bass  
melodion, bawu, clarinet, hulusi, bawu, clarinet,  
hulusi, nova jhorn, soprano recorder, stellar flutes,  
three-string ukulele

Laura Callahan: vocals



One day, the sun will shine no more  
And on that day, will we know what we're here for?  
Or will we never know?

When you lay down your head  
Will you sleep forever more?  
Or will you gaze instead  
At the loved ones who came before?  
What lies beyond that shore?



Kris McDaniel: vocals, bass guitar, drums, electric guitar, nova dood, keyboards, stellar flutes

Laura Callahan: fiddle, vocals

Ben Bradley: cello

Some people want to watch the world  
Spin in the palm of their hand  
That desire  
I barely understand

Some people do it for the money  
The only thing that makes them smile  
But I just want  
To sit and think for a while

If you want to find me, you know where to look  
I'll be down by the water reading my book  
And in the evening  
Look for the pale LCD light  
I'll be swearing at my computer  
Searching for words to write

If you want to find me, you know where to look  
I'll be down by the water reading my book  
And in the evening  
Look for the pale LCD light  
I'll be swearing at my computer  
Searching for words to write  
Probably be staring at that computer  
All through the night  
Probably be swearing at that computer  
All through the night

## Explanatory Postscript

The World Soul is the seventh 21<sup>st</sup> Century Monads album, but it differs from its predecessors in three notable ways. First, it is almost entirely free of synthesizers or other electronica; on two songs (Mary, If You Want to Find Me), there are keyboard tracks, primarily because I do not own an acoustic piano. Second, the instrumentation is kind of unusual—there are the standard electric bass guitar and occasional electric guitar, but it also features nonstandard instruments, and the song arrangements also reflect this. Third, it isn't very funny.

These three differences probably have a common cause. I began working on this album late in the summer of 2020, at the height of the pandemic, roughly around the same time as I began writing and recording for our sixth album, Perceptions and Appetitions. Although in some ways, it was the height of the corona pandemic, I deliberately avoided any reference to it in the lyrics in Perceptions and Appetitions. Many of us were scared, depressed, worried about loved ones, and socially isolated. Working on Perceptions and Appetitions was my way of trying to escape from these feelings rather than a way of working through them. But you can't really escape your feelings; they have a way of channeling themselves somewhere else when you try to stop them from flowing. And so at one point, I said to myself, "f\$@k it, I'm getting an oud."

The World Soul also doesn't mention the pandemic, but the feelings it engendered are in the background, partially hiding under layers of instrumentation.

I wrote more songs than could be included here, and accordingly there will be a companion album—The Monad in the Moon—that will probably be released sometime in 2025.

At the same time, I am working on two other albums: The Wheel, which will be an electronica album, and The Phenomena Are Alright, which will be rock and roll album. So, don't worry; we will be at least a little funnier again.

In the meantime, I hope you enjoy The World Soul. Thank you for listening to it.