

UR Song

(Multitrack Headphone Mix Uploaded on October 26, 2008)

To Listen or Download:

Left Click on Auyan Tepui's Angel Falls photo below
(scroll past the photo for song lyrics and more)



“Canopy Piloting Anyone?”

UR Song

(1975/2008)

Auyan Tepui
We climbed Devil's Mountain
Grey rainforest sky
Coloured ships sailing by
We leap into the mist:

“Fare forward, voyageurs, into this unnameable rhapsody of things as they are”

Heart-shaped tepui
We swam in Angel's Fountain
Halcyon descent

Diving fiercely toward our tent
We hear the wind cry:

“Fare forward, voyageurs, into this unnameable rhapsody of things as they are”

Something wicked this way came
And it preyed on our primal fear
Death by fire or from falling
We roared a rhyme for lilac time and terror fell away
Our homes have no range
We rise in mourning guise to change
(Love keeps on falling)
We will change
(Our love keeps on falling)
Life's grown strange
(Fly through the night)
So very strange
(We fly through the night)

Shake
Shake the foundation
Break this floor we all fall down
Shake
Shake the foundation
Upraise this floor
Come dance around

Shake
Shake the foundation
Break this floor we all fall down
Shake
Shake the foundation
Upraise this floor
Come dance around

[Well I miss that Merry-Go-Round Calliope and the House of Mystery
At Excelsior's Old Amusement Park where we Rollercoaster'd in the Dark
We rode the Cyclone, rode the Whip
We rode that Tilt-a-Whirl Ship
All Caught in the Shine of Show Biz Machinery
Like Fawns in a Funhouse Menagerie]

Now the trees are burnin'
The seas are churnin'
Our course is turnin' to the source
We're learnin'

So come on
Come on
Just for fun

To the headwaters or bust
To the headwaters or bust
To the headwaters or bust



“Just For Fun!”

“The artist...(is) the last champion of the individual mind and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state... society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him...art is not a form of propaganda; it is a form of truth...it does not belong to the sphere of polemics and ideology...artists are not engineers of the soul...the highest duty of the artist is to remain true to himself and let the chips fall where they may...in serving his vision of the truth, the artist best serves the nation.”

John F. Kennedy

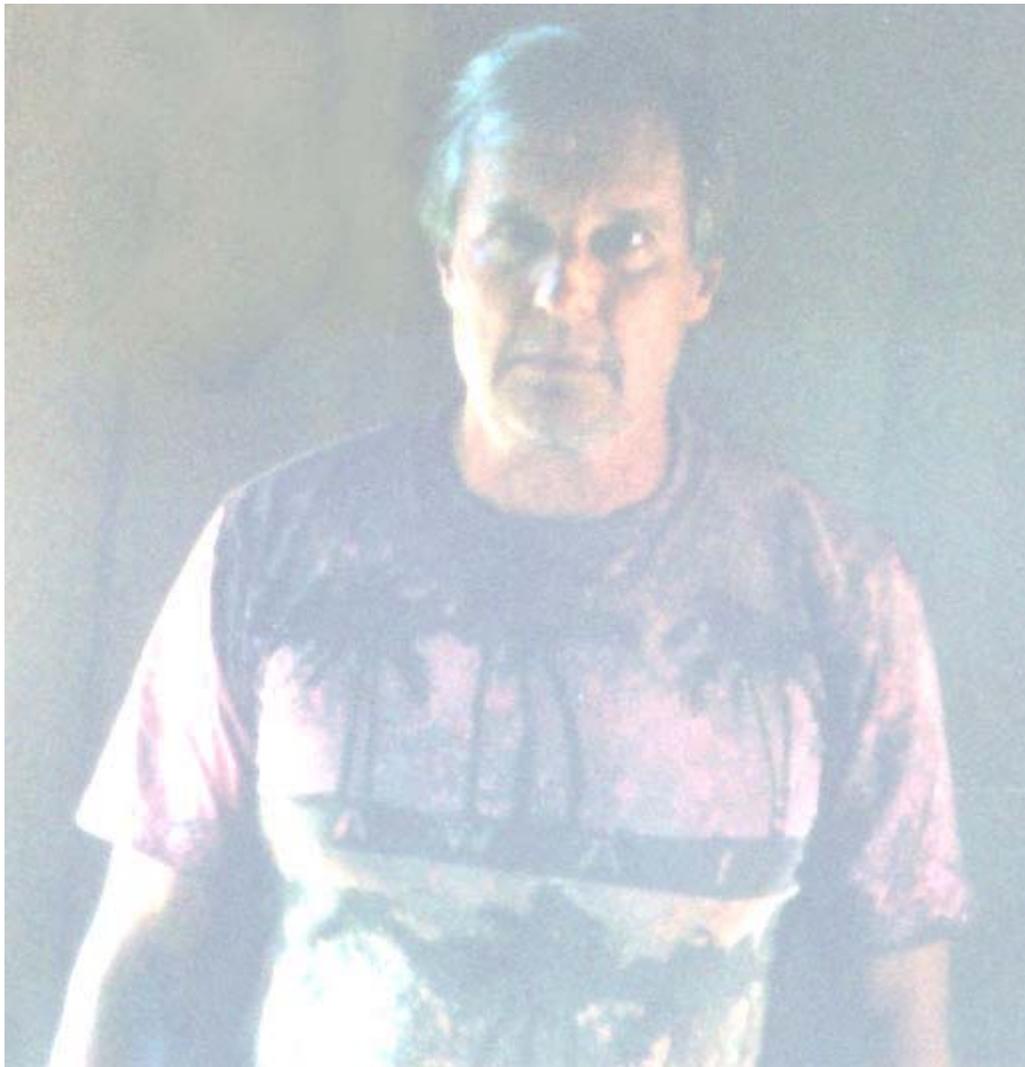
(Paraphrased from presidential remarks given in honor of the poet Robert Frost on “The Mission of Art” and “The Role of the Artist” at Amherst on October 26, 1963)



“First Day of Kindergarten in the Fall of 1956”

“Love, Strife and Death and that which is beyond Death; an atmosphere formed by the worship of Nature and the enchantment of Memory; a combination of dance and song like the sweep of a great singing bird; all working toward an ecstasy or a transcending of personality, a ‘standing outside’ of the prison of the material present, to be merged in some life that is the object of adoration or desire: these seem to be the subjects, and this the spirit and setting of that primitive dance-and-song which is the foundation of ancient classical poetry. The tradition, if there is a tradition, rises there.”

Gilbert Murray on “The Major Spirit Of Western Song”



**“Last Night At My Deer Camp (10/10/2008):
It’s Been An Honor Being Your Trail Guide”**

A Halloweerie Postscript For The More Paranoiacally Inclined

“The Wall Street group turned the stock market into a maelstrom where the values of all the land crumbled away almost to nothingness. And out of all the rack and ruin rose the form of the nascent Oligarchy, imperturbable, indifferent, and sure. Its serenity and certitude was terrifying. Not only did it use its own vast power, but it used all the power of the United States Treasury to carry out its plans.”

The Iron Heel
(Chapter X, ‘The Vortex’)

Jack London
1908

Après Nous, L'Deluge?
(fare forward all and stay tuned)