netBloc Vol. 12:

Anaxagoras

(Αναξαγόρας)

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Introduction:

Anaxagoras, the Moon, Copyright and You

Humanity's fascination with that celestial body that sits closest to our planet Earth has long taken the form of the arts. Examples of music, literature and the visual arts devoted to our Moon can be found throughout the history of man. Whether she/he/it was considered the embodiment of a god or simply a hunk of green cheese, the fascination toward it is understandable. Even today where science wipes away much of the mystery, there is still a lingering fascination. Science as well has had a long relationship with the Moon. We can go as far back as Anaxagoras in 500 BC to find an attempt at a scientific explanation for it's light. However, he was jailed for such beliefs.

With such a healthy quantity of art, study and thought devoted to one subject, the Moon provided fertile ground on which to build a conceptual netBloc release. One which explores the importance of open content of various types. Whether it be Creative Commons licensed music downloads, illustrations or Public Domain texts and movies. Regardless of what major content-owning corporations would have you believe,

there's absolutely nothing wrong with recycling the creations of the past to further develop the culture of today. We have to remember that there are rather high profile precedents of major corporations who got their start thanks in part to the public domain. Disney used many folk tales which were part of the public domain as the basis for much of their early animated films. MTV's early ID spots used public domain NASA footage... without it, they wouldn't have had a cheap way to get their promo spots prepared. Of course now Disney is one of the most outspoken proponents for extending the time before which content becomes part of the public domain. Thanks to them, in the US it is now 95 years after the death of author/creator before a creation becomes part of the public domain and they aren't satisfied with that. All this to protect a mouse with big black ears from being released to the public domain. Copyright law in much of the world has gone from being a legal protection for the creators of content to a protection for corporations to retain control over content they own. Since a corporation is considered a person and doesn't die, it can go on fighting and extending copyright for as long as it wants. At some point government entities need to step in to prevent this from happening or there will be no public domain except for what already is part of the public domain. Of course that won't happen until a major portion of the public demands that government do something. Until that point, there are quasi-legal licenses such as the Creative Commons licenses which allow the creator to define what another person can or can't do with his/her content.

This compilation is something that began as an idea in July 2007 and started to be realized in September 2007. It's a celebration of the content that is currently available to us. It's also a loosely tied concept album. One which takes you from the human fascination of the moon to being on the moon, then on to the madness which is supposedly caused by the full moon and finally a return to sanity and more lunar contemplation. Each track has it's own associated public domain texts which expound on the particular segment of the "tale". This release is very much meant to be more of an artistic endeavor than previous netBlocs, but care was taken in shining light on net audio gems as always. Consider this a late present for the holidays as it was meant for a late-December release.

A special thanks goes out to my good friend Rob Pitt, who provided the illustrations used in this release and who also allowed me to distribute them under a rather loose Creative Commons

license which allows for non-commercial derivative creations. On the release's page at blocSonic, you'll find a zip file which contains the original source illustrations for your use.

Thanks again to all labels/artists who participated. These releases couldn't happen without you.

Peace
Mike Gregoire
Owner/Creator blocSonic.com

Act I

Every night millions of eyes gaze upward...

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold

by Emily Dickinson

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold
A Night or two ago —
And now she turns Her perfect Face
Upon the World below —

Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde —
Her Cheek — a Beryl hewn —
Her Eye unto the Summer Dew
The likest I have known —

Her Lips of Amber never part —
But what must be the smile
Upon Her Friend she could confer
Were such Her Silver Will —

And what a privilege to be
But the remotest Star —
For Certainty She take Her Way
Beside Your Palace Door —

Her Bonnet is the Firmament —
The Universe — Her Shoe —
The Stars — the Trinkets at Her Belt —
Her Dimities — of Blue —

Source:
http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Moon_was_but_a_Chin_of_Gold

To the Moon

by Charlotte Smith

Queen of the silver bow!--by thy pale beam
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think--fair planet of the night--
That in thy orb, the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by Death--to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of Despair and Woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim--in this toiling scene!

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/To_the_Moon_%28Smith%29

Address to the Moon

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

How sweet the silver Moon's pale ray,
Falls trembling on the distant bay,
O'er which the breezes sigh no more,
Nor billows lash the sounding shore.
Say, do the eyes of those I love,
Behold thee as thou soar'st above,
Lonely, majestic and serene,
The calm and placid evening's Queen?
Say, if upon thy peaceful breast,
Departed spirits find their rest,
For who would wish a fairer home,
Than in that bright, refulgent dome?

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Address_to_the_Moon

1 SmoKing AFter - Marée Lunaire (4:25)
(from the independent release ‘Impasse’)

SmoKing AFter
Impasse

Written and produced by:
Kilian O'Neill and Nicolas du Fou
Performed by:
Music: Kilian O'Neill, Nicolas du Fou
Vocals: Pauline de Bellescize
Mixed and mastered by: Arnaud de Buchy
Publishing:
Le regard sonore (Emmanuelle Reyss)
Year: 2006
Release URL:
http://www.jamendo.com/en/album/3291
Artist URLs:
http://www.smoking-after.com/
http://www.jamendo.com/en/artist/smoking.after
License:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.5/

Marée Lunaire

An atmospheric trip-hop sound bathed in synths and piano melodies. Pauline's airy vocals help give this track an otherworldly feel which seems to be appropriate considering that it's an ode to la lune.

SmoKing AFter

Origin

Founded in 2001, SmoKing AFter brings you trip-hop. In addition it's influenced by the very varied sounds of acid-jazz, lounge music and easy-listening.

In the beginning, the "after" means both the calm and disordered period which comes at the end of Parisian parties; The "SmoKing AFter" expression voluntarily wants to be ambiguous, indicating a symbolic and perceptual framework above all.

Vision

Reassuring appearances do not bring true answers to the existential questions: the loneliness, the friendship, the true communion with oneself as with one another is revealed only by a clearness, paradoxically reached during the most confused moment : the "after".

The philosophy of SmoKing AFter is declined like two directions of the same way: reassuring or distressing route, where one can seem the other one or cross it, but whose choice makes possible to flee from the reality or to face it.

The Wind and the Moon

by George Macdonald

Little Laddie, do you remember learning “The Wind and the Moon“? You were eight or nine years old, and you shut your eyes and puffed out your cheeks when you came to the line “He blew and He blew.“ The saucy wind made a great racket and the calm moon never noticed it. That gave you a great deal of pleasure, didn’t it? We did not care much for the noisy, conceited wind. (1824-.)

—

Said the Wind to the Moon, “I will blow you out,
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I’ll blow you out.”

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, “I’ve done for that Moon.”

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, “I will blow you out again.”

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
“With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim.”

He blew and he blew,
and she thinned to a thread.
“One puff
More’s enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread.”

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once
more!

He flew in a rage--he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew--till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Wind_and_the_Moon

2 Georgia - I Don’t Want to Live on the Moon (3:12)
(from the My Mean Magpie release ‘Nothing New’ MMM013)

MMM013
georgia
nothing
new
deluxe edition

Written by: J. Moss (©1978)
Produced and performed by: Georgia
Year: 2005
Release URLs:
http://www.mymeanmagpie.com/mmmdisc.php
http://www.archive.org/details/mmm013
Netlabel: My Mean Magpie
Netlabel URL: http://www.mymeanmagpie.com
License:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.5/

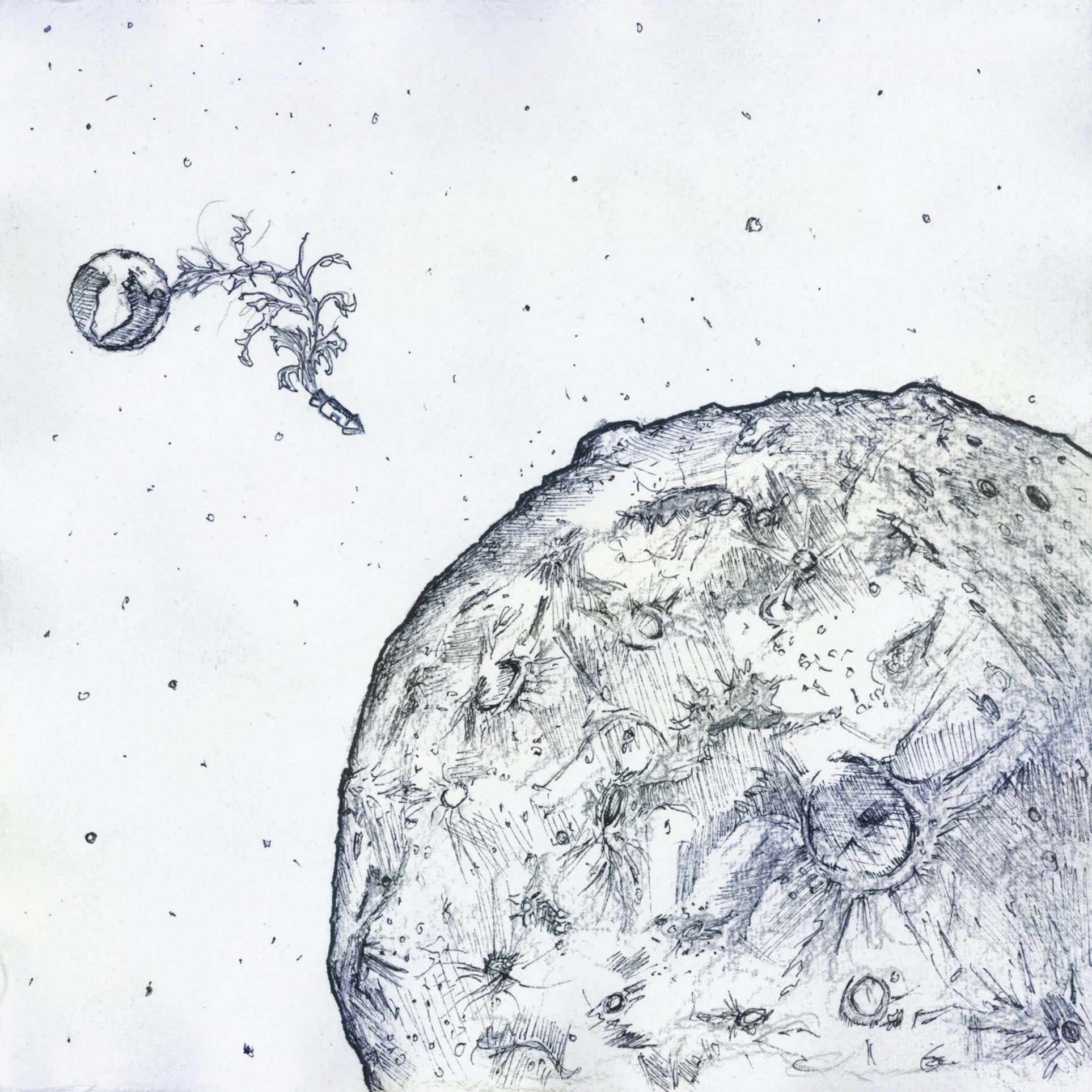
Contains a sample from Section 25's "Friendly Fires".

I Don't Want to Live on the Moon

Some of you may remember the original version of this song as performed by Sesame Street's Ernie (Jim Henson) (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oeNO56xNlZo). Here Georgia slows it down just a bit and gives it an indie feel with a simple musical backdrop of guitar, bass, drums and tamborine.

My Mean Magpie

The goal has shifted since the inception of My Mean Magpie way back in December of 1995. Originally started as a cassette label to self-release the recordings of Meowch, Toys for Elliot and Georgia, over the years the label has evolved slowly to it's current state. My Mean Magpie's new role is a curatorial one, releasing only material that meets a personal and unique set of standards. Because of the diversity of recordings available on My Mean Magpie's earlier releases, those made available for achival purposes have been labelled as such. These releases are not promoted in any way. With some patience and time, there are a few gems to be discovered among those releases. Artists not identified under the moniker of "Archival" vary in style from new wave (The Linger Effect), experimental classical (Mike Richard) to straight up pop (Lake Holiday) and quite a few in between. In the works is Pop Particulants (MMM012) by Wendal (awaiting artwork for over five years!), My Mean Magpie #30 (MMM030), and more.... To learn more about My Mean Magpies releases please visit their website.



Act II

Merely a dream for so long... a celebration ensues...

“We choose to go to the Moon...”

by John F. Kennedy

Delivered at Rice University
in Houston, Texas on 12 September 1962.

President Pitzer, Mr. Vice President, Governor, Congressman Thomas, Senator Wiley, and Congressman Miller, Mr. Webb, Mr. Bell, scientists, distinguished guests, and ladies and gentlemen:

I appreciate your president having made me an honorary visiting professor, and I will assure you that my first lecture will be very brief.

I am delighted to be here and I’m particularly delighted to be here on this occasion.

We meet at a college noted for knowledge, in a city noted for progress, in a state noted for strength, and we stand in need of all three, for we meet in an hour of change and challenge, in a decade of hope and fear, in an age of both knowledge and ignorance. The greater our knowledge increases, the greater our ignorance unfolds.

Despite the striking fact that most of the scientists that the world has ever known are alive and working today, despite the fact that this Nation’s own scientific manpower is doubling every 12 years in a rate of growth more than three times that of our population as a whole, despite that, the vast stretches of the unknown and the unanswered and the unfinished still far outstrip our collective comprehension.

No man can fully grasp how far and how fast we have come, but condense, if you will, the 50,000 years of man’s recorded history in a time span of but a half-century. Stated in these terms, we know very little about the first 40 years, except at the end of them advanced man had learned to use the skins of animals to cover them. Then about 10 years ago, under this standard, man emerged from his caves to construct other kinds of shelter. Only five years ago man learned to write and use a cart with wheels. Christianity began less than two years ago. The printing press came this year, and then less than two months ago, during this whole 50-year span of human history, the steam engine provided a new source of power. Newton explored the meaning of gravity. Last month electric lights and telephones and automobiles and airplanes became available. Only last week did we develop penicillin and television and nuclear power, and now if America’s new spacecraft succeeds in reaching Venus, we will

have literally reached the stars before midnight tonight.

This is a breathtaking pace, and such a pace cannot help but create new ills as it dispels old, new ignorance, new problems, new dangers. Surely the opening vistas of space promise high costs and hardships, as well as high reward.

So it is not surprising that some would have us stay where we are a little longer to rest, to wait. But this city of Houston, this state of Texas, this country of the United States was not built by those who waited and rested and wished to look behind them. This country was conquered by those who moved forward--and so will space.

William Bradford, speaking in 1630 of the founding of the Plymouth Bay Colony, said that all great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and both must be enterprised and overcome with answerable courage.

If this capsule history of our progress teaches us anything, it is that man, in his quest for knowledge and progress, is determined and cannot be deterred. The exploration of space will go ahead, whether we join in it or not, and it is one of the great adventures of all time, and no nation which expects to be the leader of other nations can expect to stay behind in this race for space.

Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the industrial revolution, the first waves of modern invention, and the first wave of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to founder in the backwash of the coming age of space. We mean to be a part of it--we mean to lead it. For the eyes of the world now look into space, to the moon and to the planets beyond, and we have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace. We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.

Yet the vows of this Nation can only be fulfilled if we in this Nation are first, and, therefore, we intend to be first. In short, our leadership in science and industry, our hopes for peace and security, our obligations to ourselves as well as others, all require us to make this effort, to solve these mysteries, to solve them for the good of all men, and to become the world's leading space-faring nation.

We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained, and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for

the progress of all people. For space science, like nuclear science and all technology, has no conscience of its own. Whether it will become a force for good or ill depends on man, and only if the United States occupies a position of pre-eminence can we help decide whether this new ocean will be a sea of peace or a new terrifying theater of war. I do not say that we should or will go unprotected against the hostile misuse of space any more than we go unprotected against the hostile use of land or sea, but I do say that space can be explored and mastered without feeding the fires of war, without repeating the mistakes that man has made in extending his writ around this globe of ours.

There is no strife, no prejudice, no national conflict in outer space as yet. Its hazards are hostile to us all. Its conquest deserves the best of all mankind, and its opportunity for peaceful cooperation many never come again. But why, some say, the moon? Why choose this as our goal? And they may well ask why climb the highest mountain? Why, 35 years ago, fly the Atlantic? Why does Rice play Texas?

We choose to go to the moon. We choose to go to the moon. We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too.

It is for these reasons that I regard the decision last year to shift our efforts in space from low to high gear as among the most important decisions that will be made during my incumbency in the office of the Presidency.

In the last 24 hours we have seen facilities now being created for the greatest and most complex exploration in man's history. We have felt the ground shake and the air shattered by the testing of a Saturn C-1 booster rocket, many times as powerful as the Atlas which launched John Glenn, generating power equivalent to 10,000 automobiles with their accelerators on the floor. We have seen the site where five F-1 rocket engines, each one as powerful as all eight engines of the Saturn combined, will be clustered together to make the advanced Saturn missile, assembled in a new building to be built at Cape Canaveral as tall as a 48 story structure, as wide as a city block, and as long as two lengths of this field.

Within these last 19 months at least 45 satellites have circled the earth. Some 40 of them were made in the United States of America and they were far more sophisticated and supplied far

more knowledge to the people of the world than those of the Soviet Union.

The Mariner spacecraft now on its way to Venus is the most intricate instrument in the history of space science. The accuracy of that shot is comparable to firing a missile from Cape Canaveral and dropping it in this stadium between the 40-yard lines.

Transit satellites are helping our ships at sea to steer a safer course. Tiros satellites have given us unprecedented warnings of hurricanes and storms, and will do the same for forest fires and icebergs.

We have had our failures, but so have others, even if they do not admit them. And they may be less public.

To be sure, we are behind, and will be behind for some time in manned flight. But we do not intend to stay behind, and in this decade, we shall make up and move ahead.

The growth of our science and education will be enriched by new knowledge of our universe and environment, by new techniques of learning and mapping and observation, by new tools and computers for industry, medicine, the home as well as the school. Technical institutions, such as Rice, will reap the harvest of these gains.

And finally, the space effort itself, while still in its infancy, has already created a great number of new companies, and tens of thousands of new jobs. Space and related industries are generating new demands in investment and skilled personnel, and this city and this state, and this region, will share greatly in this growth. What was once the furthest outpost on the old frontier of the West will be the furthest outpost on the new frontier of science and space. Houston, your city of Houston, with its Manned Spacecraft Center, will become the heart of a large scientific and engineering community. During the next 5 years the National Aeronautics and Space Administration expects to double the number of scientists and engineers in this area, to increase its outlays for salaries and expenses to $60 million a year; to invest some $200 million in plant and laboratory facilities; and to direct or contract for new space efforts over $1 billion from this center in this city.

To be sure, all this costs us all a good deal of money. This year's space budget is three times what it was in January 1961, and it is greater than the space budget of the previous eight years combined. That budget now stands at $5,400 million a year--a staggering sum, though somewhat

less than we pay for cigarettes and cigars every year. Space expenditures will soon rise some more, from 40 cents per person per week to more than 50 cents a week for every man, woman and child in the United States, for we have given this program a high national priority--even though I realize that this is in some measure an act of faith and vision, for we do not now know what benefits await us. But if I were to say, my fellow citizens, that we shall send to the moon, 240,000 miles away from the control station in Houston, a giant rocket more than 300 feet tall, the length of this football field, made of new metal alloys, some of which have not yet been invented, capable of standing heat and stresses several times more than have ever been experienced, fitted together with a precision better than the finest watch, carrying all the equipment needed for propulsion, guidance, control, communications, food and survival, on an untried mission, to an unknown celestial body, and then return it safely to earth, re-entering the atmosphere at speeds of over 25,000 miles per hour, causing heat about half that of the temperature of the sun--almost as hot as it is here today--and do all this, and do it right, and do it first before this decade is out--then we must be bold.

I'm the one who is doing all the work, so we just want you to stay cool for a minute. [laughter]

However, I think we're going to do it, and I think that we must pay what needs to be paid. I don't think we ought to waste any money, but I think we ought to do the job. And this will be done in the decade of the Sixties. It may be done while some of you are still here at school at this college and university. It will be done during the terms of office of some of the people who sit here on this platform. But it will be done. And it will be done before the end of this decade.

And I am delighted that this university is playing a part in putting a man on the moon as part of a great national effort of the United States of America.

Many years ago the great British explorer George Mallory, who was to die on Mount Everest, was asked why did he want to climb it. He said, "Because it is there."

Well, space is there, and we're going to climb it, and the moon and the planets are there, and new hopes for knowledge and peace are there. And, therefore, as we set sail we ask God's blessing on the most hazardous and dangerous and greatest adventure on which man has ever embarked.

Thank you.

Source:
http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/We_choose_to_go_to_the_moon

3 Goo Goo Cluster - Cadillac Moon (3:24)
(from the independent release 'Goo Goo Cluster')

GOO GOO CLUSTER

Written by: François Royer and Perry Leopard
Produced by: François Royer and Balthazar Bluteau
Performed by:
Vocals: Perry Leopard
Guitar: François Royer
Bass: David Palix
Drums: Sylvain Rolland
Keyboards: Balthazar Bluteau
Trombone: Arnaud Soufflet
Trumpet: François Bonnelie
Saxophone: Mathieu Goulin
Recorded at: Septième Ciel Studios
Year: 2006
Release URL: http://www.jamendo.com/en/album/2305
Artist URLs:
http://www.jamendo.com/en/artist/googoocluster
http://GooGooCluster.free.fr
License: http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.5/

Cadillac Moon

There was a time in the 60s when it seemed as though America was waking up and trying to truly eradicate this scourge. Civil Rights leaders such as Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X and President Kennedy helped get Americans to make strides in the right direction. These days, sadly it seems as though America is stepping backwards into it's former Amerikkkan self.

This track with it's distinctly southern sound and it's horn section is a beautiful ode to those who have long suffered from racism.

Goo Goo Cluster

"This Parisian group has crawled the bars, clubs and MJCs [Maisons de la jeunesse et de la culture: publicly financed performance spaces] for the last five years or so, pulling in a faithful following thanks to their lively shows.

The quartet of the group's debut, after a few personnel changes, has been joined by a keyboardist and a horn section. Since then, their original formula (folk-rock, soul, reggae and blues) has likewise been enriched by new sounds that are evident in half of the nine songs — ska and jazz-funk are in the house and the Clusters have moved away from their early sound, which sometimes evoked Toots & the Maytals, Dylan and Southern Soul.

These styles aren't totally missing on the disk, but now their "Goozik" puts them in a league with certain American "fusion" groups in the early 90s like Boy O Boy or Bop Harvey, as well as some of the first Boston or New York ska groups. This first studio outing is very catchy thanks to a varied approach that avoids musical categorization and

thanks an acute aesthetic sense. As a whole, the CD is chock full of tasty ingredients, and it's clear we're not dealing with simple copyists. What's more, the American singer is solid, and manages to get across the French lyrics, too.

If the Goo Goo style is principally party music, some of the lyrics — like those of Vide Grenier and No Noise — have something to say. The latter is worthy of the best of Elvis Costello, Garland Jeffreys or Joe Jackson of the late 70's: a rant on the lamentable state of live music in a Paris where popular culture is dying."

- Ever Rey D, Ragga Magazine, December 2003

Excerpt of ‘From The Earth To The Moon’ Chapter V, ‘The Romance of the Moon’

by Jules Verne

An observer endued with an infinite range of vision, and placed in that unknown center around which the entire world revolves, might have beheld myriads of atoms filling all space during the chaotic epoch of the universe. Little by little, as ages went on, a change took place; a general law of attraction manifested itself, to which the hitherto errant atoms became obedient: these atoms combined together chemically according to their affinities, formed themselves into molecules, and composed those nebulous masses with which the depths of the heavens are strewed. These masses became immediately endued with a rotary motion around their own central point. This center, formed of indefinite molecules, began to revolve around its own axis during its gradual condensation; then, following the immutable laws of mechanics, in proportion as its bulk diminished by condensation, its rotary motion became accelerated, and these two effects continuing, the result was the formation of one principal star, the center of the nebulous mass.

By attentively watching, the observer would then have perceived the other molecules of the mass, following the example of this central star, become likewise condensed by gradually accelerated rotation, and gravitating round it in the shape of innumerable stars. Thus was formed the ‘Nebulae’, of which astronomers have reckoned up nearly 5,000.

Among these 5,000 nebulae there is one which has received the name of the Milky Way, and which contains eighteen millions of stars, each of which has become the center of a solar world.

If the observer had then specially directed his attention to one of the more humble and less brilliant of these stellar bodies, a star of the fourth class, that which is arrogantly called the Sun, all the phenomena to which the formation of the Universe is to be ascribed would have been successively fulfilled before his eyes. In fact, he would have perceived this sun, as yet in the gaseous state, and composed of moving molecules, revolving round its axis in order to accomplish its work of concentration. This motion, faithful to the laws of mechanics, would have been accelerated with the diminution of its volume; and a moment would have arrived when the centrifugal force would have overpowered the centripetal, which causes the molecules all to tend

toward the center.

Another phenomenon would now have passed before the observer's eye, and the molecules situated on the plane of the equator, escaping like a stone from a sling of which the cord had suddenly snapped, would have formed around the sun sundry concentric rings resembling that of Saturn. In their turn, again, these rings of cosmical matter, excited by a rotary motion about the central mass, would have been broken up and decomposed into secondary nebulosities, that is to say, into planets. Similarly he would have observed these planets throw off one or more rings each, which became the origin of the secondary bodies which we call satellites.

Thus, then, advancing from atom to molecule, from molecule to nebulous mass, from that to principal star, from star to sun, from sun to planet, and hence to satellite, we have the whole series of transformations undergone by the heavenly bodies during the first days of the world.

Now, of those attendant bodies which the sun maintains in their elliptical orbits by the great law of gravitation, some few in turn possess satellites. Uranus has eight, Saturn eight, Jupiter four, Neptune possibly three, and the Earth one. This last, one of the least important of the entire solar system, we call the Moon; and it is she whom the daring genius of the Americans professed their intention of conquering.

The moon, by her comparative proximity, and the constantly varying appearances produced by her several phases, has always occupied a considerable share of the attention of the inhabitants of the earth.

From the time of Thales of Miletus, in the fifth century B.C., down to that of Copernicus in the fifteenth and Tycho Brahe in the sixteenth century A.D., observations have been from time to time carried on with more or less correctness, until in the present day the altitudes of the lunar mountains have been determined with exactitude. Galileo explained the phenomena of the lunar light produced during certain of her phases by the existence of mountains, to which he assigned a mean altitude of 27,000 feet. After him Hevelius, an astronomer of Dantzic, reduced the highest elevations to 15,000 feet; but the calculations of Riccioli brought them up again to 21,000 feet.

At the close of the eighteenth century Herschel, armed with a powerful telescope, considerably reduced the preceding measurements. He assigned a height of 11,400 feet to the maximum elevations, and reduced the mean of the

different altitudes to little more than 2,400 feet. But Herschel's calculations were in their turn corrected by the observations of Halley, Nasmyth, Bianchini, Gruithuysen, and others; but it was reserved for the labors of Boeer and Maedler finally to solve the question. They succeeded in measuring 1,905 different elevations, of which six exceed 15,000 feet, and twenty-two exceed 14,400 feet. The highest summit of all towers to a height of 22,606 feet above the surface of the lunar disc. At the same period the examination of the moon was completed. She appeared completely riddled with craters, and her essentially volcanic character was apparent at each observation. By the absence of refraction in the rays of the planets occulted by her we conclude that she is absolutely devoid of an atmosphere. The absence of air entails the absence of water. It became, therefore, manifest that the Selenites, to support life under such conditions, must possess a special organization of their own, must differ remarkably from the inhabitants of the earth.

At length, thanks to modern art, instruments of still higher perfection searched the moon without intermission, not leaving a single point of her surface unexplored; and notwithstanding that her diameter measures 2,150 miles, her surface equals the one-fifteenth part of that of our globe, and her bulk the one-forty-ninth part of that of the terrestrial spheroid-- not one of her secrets was able to escape the eyes of the astronomers; and these skillful men of science carried to an even greater degree their prodigious observations.

Thus they remarked that, during full moon, the disc appeared scored in certain parts with white lines; and, during the phases, with black. On prosecuting the study of these with still greater precision, they succeeded in obtaining an exact account of the nature of these lines. They were long and narrow furrows sunk between parallel ridges, bordering generally upon the edges of the craters. Their length varied between ten and 100 miles, and their width was about 1,600 yards. Astronomers called them chasms, but they could not get any further. Whether these chasms were the dried-up beds of ancient rivers or not they were unable thoroughly to ascertain.

The Americans, among others, hoped one day or other to determine this geological question. They also undertook to examine the true nature of that system of parallel ramparts discovered on the moon's surface by Gruithuysen, a learned professor of Munich, who considered them to be "a system of fortifications thrown up by the Selenitic engineers." These two points, yet obscure, as well as others, no doubt, could not be

definitely settled except by direct communication with the moon.

Regarding the degree of intensity of its light, there was nothing more to learn on this point. It was known that it is 300,000 times weaker than that of the sun, and that its heat has no appreciable effect upon the thermometer.

As to the phenomenon known as the “ashy light,” it is explained naturally by the effect of the transmission of the solar rays from the earth to the moon, which give the appearance of completeness to the lunar disc, while it presents itself under the crescent form during its first and last phases.

Source: http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/8986

4 Fortyone - They’re on the Moon Right Now (2:21)
(from the Comfort Stand Recordings release ‘Interplanetary Materials’ csr020)

411
Give Your Hugs A Kid
INDEPENDENT MUSIC
ADVISORY
NO COPYRIGHT - PAY NO FEES
http://www.41music.net

Written, produced and performed by: Fortyone
Recorded at: The Freelove Basement
Year: 2007
Release URL:
http://comfortstand.com/catalog/020/index.html
Artist URL: http://www.41music.net
Netlabel: Comfort Stand Recordings
Netlabel URL: http://www.comfortstand.com
License: http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/2.0/

They're on the Moon Right Now

Beats, samples and a bit of magic sprinkled on for taste makes for a fun little ditty that captures a time gone by, a time when the dream of going to the moon was still just that... a dream. Is it still??

Fortyone

Half musician, half moon man, one quarter nibonium, and half mental case, Fortyone spends most of his time gently collaging samples in the freelove basement with aspirations of becoming a non-practicing mystic.

Known to scream out incoherent (and coherent) gibberish at random and freestyle about monkies, you might call him a nut. He'll call himself a nut. That's no problem. Just don't call him late for an orgy or a remix party.

Born in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, raised in Pen Mar Maryland, vacationed quite a bit in Maine and Disney World, he's now back in Waynesboro living right across the street from a park into which he'll occasionally Frisbee toss some of his CD's for some unsuspecting strangers to stumble upon.

Fortyone is really just a rational anarchist-zen-taoist-pacifist-model agnostic-sample collage-artist who doesn't like such labels but likes you.

Favorite color: orange, favorite holiday: Christmas (and April Fools Day), favorite movie: Slacker, favorite color panties: sky blue or aqua.

Comfort Stand Recordings

Comfort Stand Recordings is a community-driven label where all releases are free with artwork and liner notes featuring recordings that we find interesting, compelling and downright enjoyable. We are not genre-specific and feature a wide range of material, from well-known performers to those loud unknown kids down your block.

We are not a business. We're not out to make a profit. There are no banners, popups, or spam at Comfort Stand. You don't have to register yourself to download the music you like. We operate under the ideology that money need not come between artists and audience.

On the Moon

by Jonathan Swift

I with borrowed silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar:
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
What will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung (and I this truth maintain),
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/On_the_Moon

5 Staiff featuring Klub - Dancing on the Moon (3:48)
(from the independent release 'Bouge ton corps!')

KLUB

(STAIFF & MANOLO 'S BAND)

Bouge ton corps !

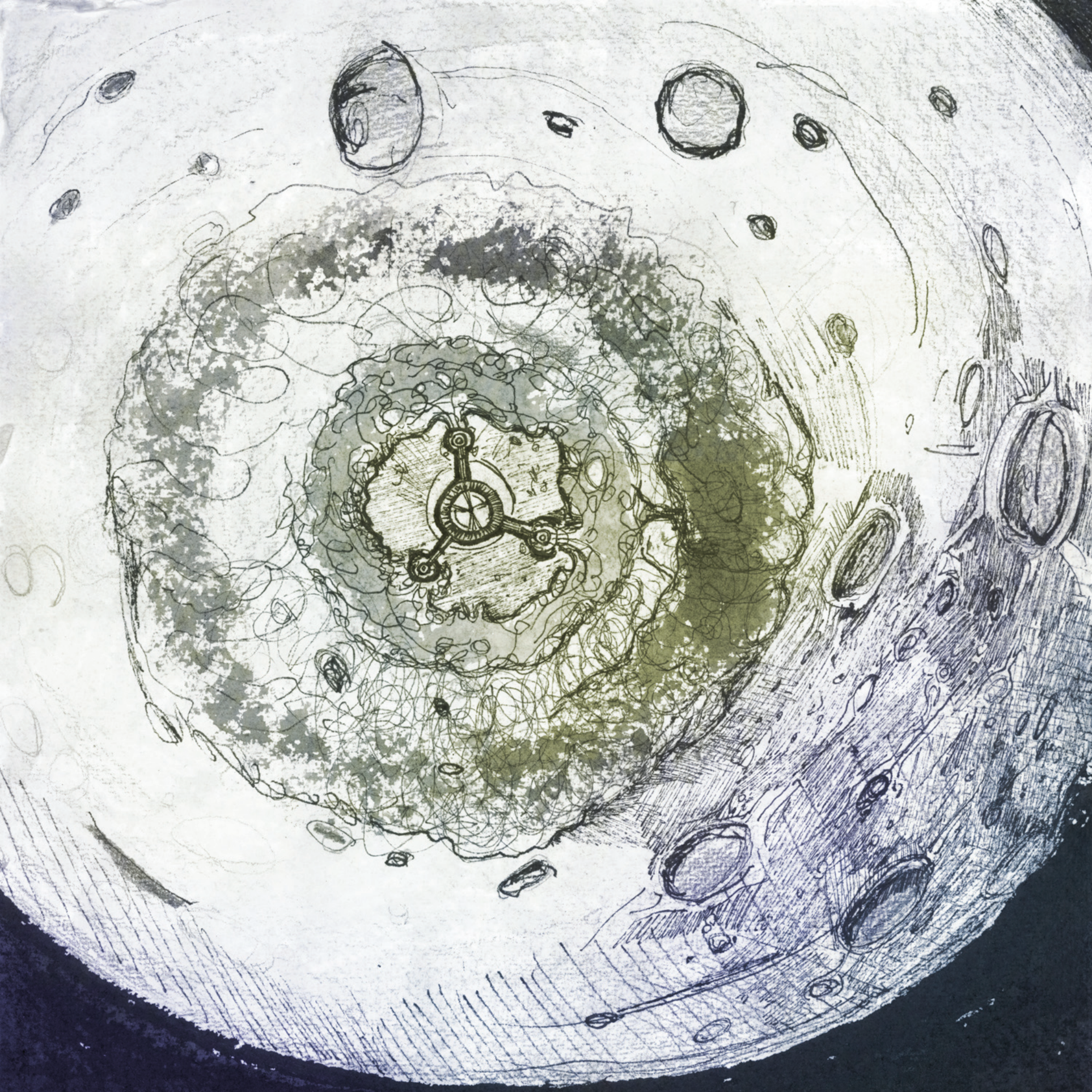
Written, produced & performed by: Staiff
Recorded at: Menestrel Studio, Lorient, France
Year: 2007
Release URL: http://www.jamendo.com/en/album/2283
Artist URLs:
http://www.staiff.com
http://jamendo.com/en/artist/staiff.featuring.klub
License:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.5/

Dancing on the Moon

For those of you who lived through the Disco era and never wanted to revisit it... guess what... you will now. This track somehow revisits disco and early 80s Hi-NRG while still feeling a bit current. A very fun track if you leave your musical biases at the door. Can't you just see the Astronauts dancing to this at the nearby Moon-Unit disco?

Staiif featuring Klub

Let me present to you Klub, myself included! Here you hear our delusions disco fonk, often in tribute to an artist whose style is evident on the title! For example "Meet the J Beez" that sound certainly reminds you of disco soundtracks. Thanks in advance!



Act III

Meanwhile... back on Earth... a foreboding sign...

Shooting the Moon

by Henry Lawson

We lay in camp in the fringe of the mulga, and watched the big, red, smoky, rising moon out on the edge of the misty plain, and smoked and thought together sociably. Our nose-bags were nice and heavy, and we still had about a pound of nailrod between us. The moon reminded my mate, Jack Mitchell, of something—anything reminded him of something, in fact.

"Did you ever notice," said Jack, in a lazy tone, just as if he didn't want to tell a yarn—"Did you ever notice that people always shoot the moon when there's no moon? Have you got the matches!"

He lit up; he was always lighting up when he was reminded of something.

"This reminds me—Have you got the knife? My pipe's stuffed up."

He dug it out, loaded afresh, and lit up again.

"I remember once, at a pub I was staying at, I had to leave without saying good-bye to the landlord. I didn't know him very well at that time."

"My room was upstairs at the back, with the window opening on to the backyard. I always carried a bit of clothes-line in my swag or portmanteau those times. I travelled along with a portmanteau those times. I carried the rope in case of accident, or in case of fire, to lower my things out of the window—or hang myself, maybe, if things got too bad. No, now I come to think of it, I carried a revolver for that, and it was the only thing I never pawned."

"To hang yourself with?" asked the mate.

"Yes—you're very smart," snapped Mitchell; "never mind ——This reminds me that I got a chap at a pub to pawn my last suit, while I stopped inside and waited for an old mate to send me a pound; but I kept the shooter, and if he hadn't sent it I'd have been the late John Mitchell long ago."

"And sometimes you lower'd out when there wasn't a fire."

"Yes. that will pass; you're improving in the funny business. But about the yarn. There was two beds in my room at the pub, where I had to go away without shouting for the boss, and, as it happened, there was a strange chap sleeping in the other bed that night, and, just as I raised the window and was going to lower my bag out, he woke up."

"'Now, look here,' I said, shaking my fist at him, like that, 'if you say a word, I'll stoush yer!'"

"'Well,' he said, 'well, you needn't be in such a sweat to jump down a man's throat. I've got my swag under the bed, and I was just going to ask you for the loan of the rope when you're done with it.'"

"Well, we chummed. His name was Tom—Tom—something, I forget the other name, but it doesn't matter. Have you got the matches?"

He wasted three matches, and continued:

"There was a lot of old galvanized iron lying about under the window, and I was frightened the swag would make a noise; anyway, I'd have to drop the rope, and that was sure to make a noise. So we agreed for one of us to go down and land the swag. If we were seen going down without the swags it didn't matter, for we could say we wanted to go out in the yard for something."

"If you had the swag you might pretend you were walking in your sleep," I suggested, for the want of something funnier to say.

"Bosh," said Jack, "and get woke up with a black eye. Bushies don't generally carry their swags out of pubs in their sleep, or walk neither; it's only city swells who do that. Where's the blessed matches?"

"Well, Tom agreed to go, and presently I saw a shadow under the window, and lowered away."

"'All right?' I asked in a whisper."

"'All right!' whispered the shadow."

"I lowered the other swag."

"'All right?'"

"'All right!' said the shadow, and just then the moon came out."

"'All right!' says the shadow."

"But it wasn't all right. It was the landlord himself!"

"It seems he got up and went out to the back in the night, and just happened to be coming in when my mate Tom was sneaking out of the back door. He saw Tom, and Tom saw him, and smoked through a hole in the palings into the scrub. The boss looked up at the window, and dropped to it. I went down, funky enough, I can tell you, and faced him. He said"

"'Look here, mate, why didn't you come straight to me, and tell me how you was fixed, instead of sneaking round the trouble in that fashion? There's no occasion for it.'"

“I felt mean at once, but I said: ‘Well, you see, we didn’t know you, boss.’”

“‘So it seems. Well, I didn’t think of that. Anyway, call up your mate and come and have a drink; we’ll talk over it afterwards.’ So I called Tom. ‘Come on,’ I shouted. ‘It’s all right.’”

“And the boss kept us a couple of days, and then gave us as much tucker as we could carry, and a drop of stuff and a few bob to go on the track again with.”

“Well, he was white, any road.”

“Yes. I knew him well after that, and only heard one man say a word against him.”

“And did you stoush him?”

“No; I was going to, but Tom wouldn’t let me. He said he was frightened I might make a mess of it, and he did it himself.”

“Did what? Make a mess of it?”

“He made a mess of the other man that slandered that publican. I’d be funny if I was you. Where’s the matches?”

“And could Tom fight?”

“Yes. Tom could fight.”

“Did you travel long with him after that?”

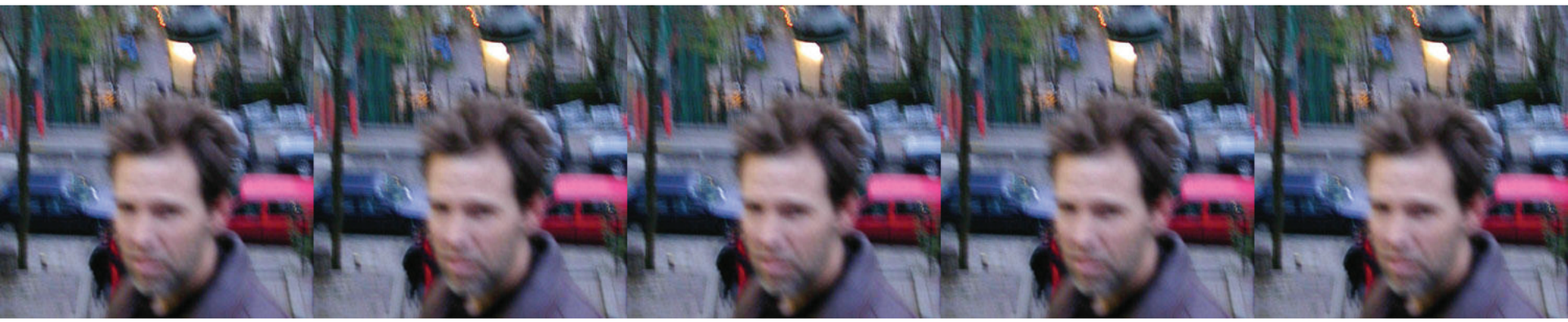
“Ten years.”

“And where is he now?”

“Dead—Give us the matches.”

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Shooting_The_Moon

6 MC Jack in the Box - Caught by the Hard Moonlight (featuring Omni Vista and HC-7) (3:13)
(independently released on ccmixter.org)



Written by: Omni Vista, HC-7, and MC Jack in the Box
Produced by: MC Jack in the Box
Performed by:
Lyrics, vocals: Omni Vista
Guitars: HC-7
Beats, everything else: MC Jack in the Box
Recorded at: The Loft in Santa Cruz, California
Year: 2007
Release URL:
http://mcjackinthebox.com/2007/02/03/caught-by-the-hard-moonlight/
Artist URLs:
http://www.mcjackinthebox.com
http://ccmixter.org/media/people/mcjackinthebox
License:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/sampling+/1.0/

Caught by the Hard Moonlight

An excellent mélange of acoustic guitar by HC-7 and vocals by Omni Vista. MC Jack in the Box does a great job bringing the elements together into a southern rock package.

MC Jack in the Box

MC Jack in the Box has been creating remixes and mashups for a number of years, embracing all styles and genres of music in his remixes.

His remixes are widely distributed for free on the internet, and are available as free downloads through a creative commons license. Visit www.mcjackinthebox.com to find out more.

What the Moon Brings

by H. P. Lovecraft

I hate the moon - I am afraid of it - for when it shines on certain scenes familiar and loved it sometimes makes them unfamiliar and hideous.

It was in the spectral summer when the moon shone down on the old garden where I wandered; the spectral summer of narcotic flowers and humid seas of foliage that bring wild and many-coloured dreams. And as I walked by the shallow crystal stream I saw unwonted ripples tipped with yellow light, as if those placid waters were drawn on in resistless currents to strange oceans that are not in the world. Silent and sparkling, bright and baleful, those moon-cursed waters hurried I knew not whither; whilst from the embowered banks white lotos-blossoms fluttered one by one in the opiate night-wind and dropped despairingly into the stream, swirling away horribly under the arched, carven bridge, and staring back with the sinister resignation of calm, dead faces.

And as I ran along the shore, crushing sleeping flowers with heedless feet and maddened ever by the fear of unknown things and the lure of the dead faces, I saw that the garden had no end under that moon; for where by day the walls were, there stretched now only new vistas of trees and paths, flowers and shrubs, stone idols and pagodas, and bendings of the yellow-litten stream past grassy banks and under grotesque bridges of marble. And the lips of the dead lotos-faces whispered sadly, and bade me follow, nor did I cease my steps till the stream became a river, and joined amidst marshes of swaying reeds and beaches of gleaming sand the shore of a vast and nameless sea.

Upon that sea the hateful moon shone, and over its unvocal waves weird perfumes breeded. And as I saw therein the lotos-faces vanish, I longed for nets that I might capture them and learn from them the secrets which the moon had brought upon the night. But when that moon went over to the west and the still tide ebbed from the sullen shore, I saw in that light old spires that the waves almost uncovered, and white columns gay with festoons of green seaweed. And knowing that to this sunken place all the dead had come, I trembled and did not wish again to speak with the lotos-faces.

Yet when I saw afar out in the sea a black condor descend from the sky to seek rest on a vast reef, I would fain have questioned him, and asked him of those whom I had known when they were alive. This I would have asked him had he not

been so far away, but he was very far, and could not be seen at all when he drew nigh that gigantic reef.

So I watched the tide go out under that sinking moon, and saw gleaming the spires, the towers, and the roofs of that dead, dripping city. And as I watched, my nostrils tried to close against the perfume-conquering stench of the world's dead; for truly, in this unplaced and forgotten spot had all the flesh of the churchyards gathered for puffy sea-worms to gnaw and glut upon.

Over these horrors the evil moon now hung very low, but the puffy worms of the sea need no moon to feed by. And as I watched the ripples that told of the writhing of worms beneath, I felt a new chill from afar out whither the condor had flown, as if my flesh had caught a horror before my eyes had seen it.

Nor had my flesh trembled without cause, for when I raised my eyes I saw that the waters had ebbed very low, shewing much of the vast reef whose rim I had seen before. And when I saw that the reef was but the black basalt crown of a shocking eikon whose monstrous forehead now shown in the dim moonlight and whose vile hooves must paw the hellish ooze miles below, I shrieked and shrieked lest the hidden face rise above the waters, and lest the hidden eyes look at me after the slinking away of that leering and treacherous yellow moon.

And to escape this relentless thing I plunged gladly and unhesitantly into the stinking shallows where amidst weedy walls and sunken streets fat sea-worms feast upon the world's dead.

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/What_the_Moon_Brings

7 PeerGynt Lobogris - Luna de Invierno (4:43)
(from the independent release 'Diez Años (Recopilatorio 2007)')

Peer Gynt
Diez Años

Written, produced and performed by:
PeerGynT LoboGris
Recorded at: PeerGynT's Rock Studios
Year: 2007
Release URL:
http://www.jamendo.com/en/album/7045
Artist URLs:
http://www.jamendo.com/en/artist/peergynt.lobogris
http://www.myspace.com/peergyntlobogris
License:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/

Luna de Invierno

Progressive metal fans are going to enjoy this one. PeerGynT Lobogris is a one man band who makes metal music... lot's of it. Check out his page at Jamendo, you'll see what I mean - he's quite prolific.

PeerGynt Lobgris

Cantante en grupos de heavy metal, teclista en grupos de rock, bajista profesional en orquestas,

guitarrista profesional en orquestas. Actualmente compositor en PeerGynT's Rock Studios. Creando y

grabando nuevos trabajos...

Act IV

The unthinkable occurs... a thick fog of madness takes hold...

A Soliloquy of the Full Moon, She Being in a Mad Passion

by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Now as Heaven is my Lot, they're the Pests of the Nation!
Wherever they can come
With clankum and blankum
'Tis all Botheration, & Hell & Damnation,
With fun, jeering
Conjuring
Sky-staring,
Loungering,
And still to the tune of Transmogrification—
Those muttering
Spluttering
Ventriloquogusty
Poets
With no Hats
Or Hats that are rusty.
They're my Torment and Curse
And harass me worse
And bait me and bay me, far sorer I vow
Than the Screech of the Owl
Or the witch-wolf's long howl,
Or sheep-killing Butcher-dog's inward Bow wow
For me they all spite—an unfortunate Wight.
And the very first moment that I came to Light
A Rascal call'd Voss the more to his scandal,
Turn'd me into a sickle with never a handle.

A Night or two after a worse Rogue there came,
The head of the Gang, one Wordsworth by name—
'Ho! What's in the wind?' 'Tis the voice of a Wizzard!
I saw him look at me most terribly blue !
He was hunting for witch-rhymes from great A to Izzard,
And soon as he'd found them made no more ado
But chang'd me at once to a little Canoe.
From this strange Enchantment uncharm'd by degrees
I began to take courage & hop'd for some Ease,
When one Coleridge, a Raff of the self-same Banditti
Past by—& intending no doubt to be witty,
Because I'd th' ill-fortune his taste to displease,
He turn'd up his nose,
And in pitiful Prose
Made me into the half of a small Cheshire Cheese.
Well, a night or two past—it was wind, rain & hail—
And I ventur'd abroad in a thick Cloak & veil—
But the very first Evening he saw me again
The last mentioned Ruffian popp'd out of his Den—
I was resting a moment on the bare edge of Naddle
I fancy the sight of me turn'd his Brains addle—
For what was I now?
A complete Barley-mow
And when I climb'd higher he made a long leg,
And chang'd me at once to an Ostrich's Egg—
But now Heaven be praised in contempt of the Loon,
I am I myself I, the jolly full Moon.
Yet my heart is still fluttering—
For I heard the Rogue muttering—

He was hulking and skulking at the skirt of a Wood
When lightly & brightly on tip-toe I stood
On the long level Line of a motionless Cloud
And ho! what a Skittle-ground! quoth he aloud
And wish'd from his heart nine Nine-pins to see
In brightness & size just proportion'd to me.
So I fear'd from my soul,
That he'd make me a Bowl,
But in spite of his spite
This was more than his might
And still Heaven be prais'd! in contempt of the Loon
I am I myself I, the jolly full Moon.

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/A_Soliloquy_of_the_Full_Moon

8 Hans Appelqvist - Full the Moon (3:04)

(from the Hapna release ‘Sifantin och mörkret’ H.35 and the Autoplate release ‘Many Things Worth Living For’ APL020)

APL020
MANY
THINGS
WORTH
LIVING
FOR

Written, produced and performed by: Hans Appelqvist
Recorded in: Malmoe, Sweden
Year: 2004
Release URLs:
http://www.hapna.com/H35.html
http://www.archive.org/details/apl020
Artist URLs:
http://hapna.com
http://www.myspace.com/hansappelqvistnaima
Netlabel: Häpna / Autoplate
Netlabel URLs:
http://hapna.com
http://www.thinner.cc
License:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nd-nc/1.0/

Full the Moon

A very unique track with a tale to tell. It starts out simple enough with Hans playing guitar and singing a sweet song while the character walks home through the woods. Listen to it to find out what happens.

Hans Appelqvist

Hans Appelqvist lives and works in Malmoe, Sweden. He's been producing music for more that 15 years and has released 5 albums on different record labels, most of them on the Stockholm based Häpna label, www.hapna.com.

Autoplate

Autoplate is an offshoot of the third generation of the German-based netlabel Thinner which assumed its new shape in 2001 with Sebastian Redenz assuming the lead role. Redenz manages the label and it's his discerning ear that decides what will be released. He is supported in his efforts by an international team of individuals who take care of the logistics necessary for operating the label ranging from creating artwork (including some spectacular flash animation) to mastering the audio. Whereas Thinner has tended to stay within the sphere of house-variations, dub-influenced sounds, lounge, and urban-electronica, Autoplate has become a home for a wide variety of good electronic music that fall outside of these boundaries.

The Moon

by The Brothers Grimm

In days gone by there was a land where the nights were always dark, and the sky spread over it like a black cloth, for there the moon never rose, and no star shone in the obscurity. At the creation of the world, the light at night had been sufficient. Three young fellows once went out of this country on a travelling expedition, and arrived in another kingdom, where, in the evening when the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, a shining globe was placed on an oak-tree, which shed a soft light far and wide. By means of this, everything could very well be seen and distinguished, even though it was not so brilliant as the sun. The travellers stopped and asked a countryman who was driving past with his cart, what kind of a light that was. "That is the moon," answered he; "our mayor bought it for three thalers, and fastened it to the oak-tree. He has to pour oil into it daily, and to keep it clean, so that it may always burn clearly. He receives a thaler a week from us for doing it."

When the countryman had driven away, one of them said, "We could make some use of this lamp, we have an oak-tree at home, which is just as big as this, and we could hang it on that. What a pleasure it would be not to have to feel about at night in the darkness!" "I'll tell you what we'll do," said the second; "we will fetch a cart and horses and carry away the moon. The people here may buy themselves another." "I'm a good climber," said the third, "I will bring it down." The fourth brought a cart and horses, and the third climbed the tree, bored a hole in the moon, passed a rope through it, and let it down. When the shining ball lay in the cart, they covered it over with a cloth, that no one might observe the theft. They conveyed it safely into their own country, and placed it on a high oak. Old and young rejoiced, when the new lamp let its light shine over the whole land, and bed-rooms and sitting-rooms were filled with it. The dwarfs came forth from their caves in the rocks, and the tiny elves in their little red coats danced in rings on the meadows.

The four took care that the moon was provided with oil, cleaned the wick, and received their weekly thaler, but they became old men, and when one of them grew ill, and saw that he was about to die, he appointed that one quarter of the moon, should, as his property, be laid in the grave with him. When he died, the mayor climbed up the tree, and cut off a quarter with the hedge-

shears, and this was placed in his coffin. The light of the moon decreased, but still not visibly. When the second died, the second quarter was buried with him, and the light diminished. It grew weaker still after the death of the third, who likewise took his part of it away with him; and when the fourth was borne to his grave, the old state of darkness recommenced, and whenever the people went out at night without their lanterns they knocked their heads together.

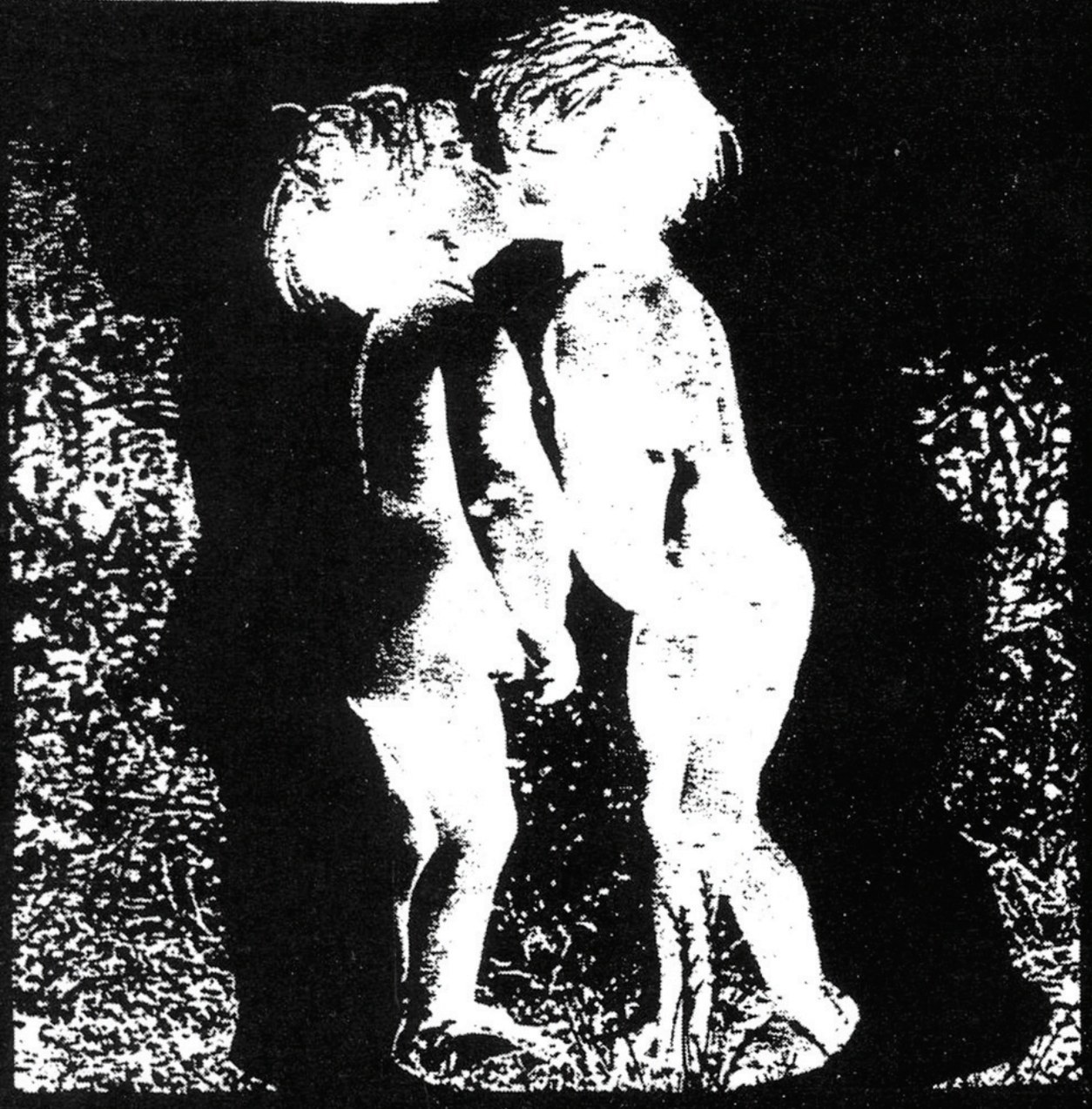
When, however, the pieces of the moon had united themselves together again in the world below, where darkness had always prevailed, it came to pass that the dead became restless and awoke from their sleep. They were astonished when they were able to see again; the moonlight was quite sufficient for them, for their eyes had become so weak that they could not have borne the brilliance of the sun. They rose up and were merry, and fell into their former ways of living. Some of them went to the play and to dance, others hastened to the public-houses, where they asked for wine, got drunk, brawled, quarreled, and at last took up cudgels, and belabored each other. The noise became greater and greater, and at last reached even to heaven.

Saint Peter who guards the gate of heaven thought the lower world had broken out in revolt and gathered together the heavenly troops, which are to drive back the Evil One when he and his associates storm the abode of the blessed. As these, however, did not come, he got on his horse and rode through the gate of heaven, down into the world below. There he reduced the dead to subjection, bade them lie down in their graves again, took the moon away with him, and hung it up in heaven.

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Moon

9 Haine Brigade - Pleine Lune (4:49)
(from the independent release ‘Sauvages’)

haine brigade



SAUVAGES

MISKOLC VÁROSI
MŰVELŐDÉSI KÖZPONT
BRIGAD
/ FRANCIA PUNK ZENEKA

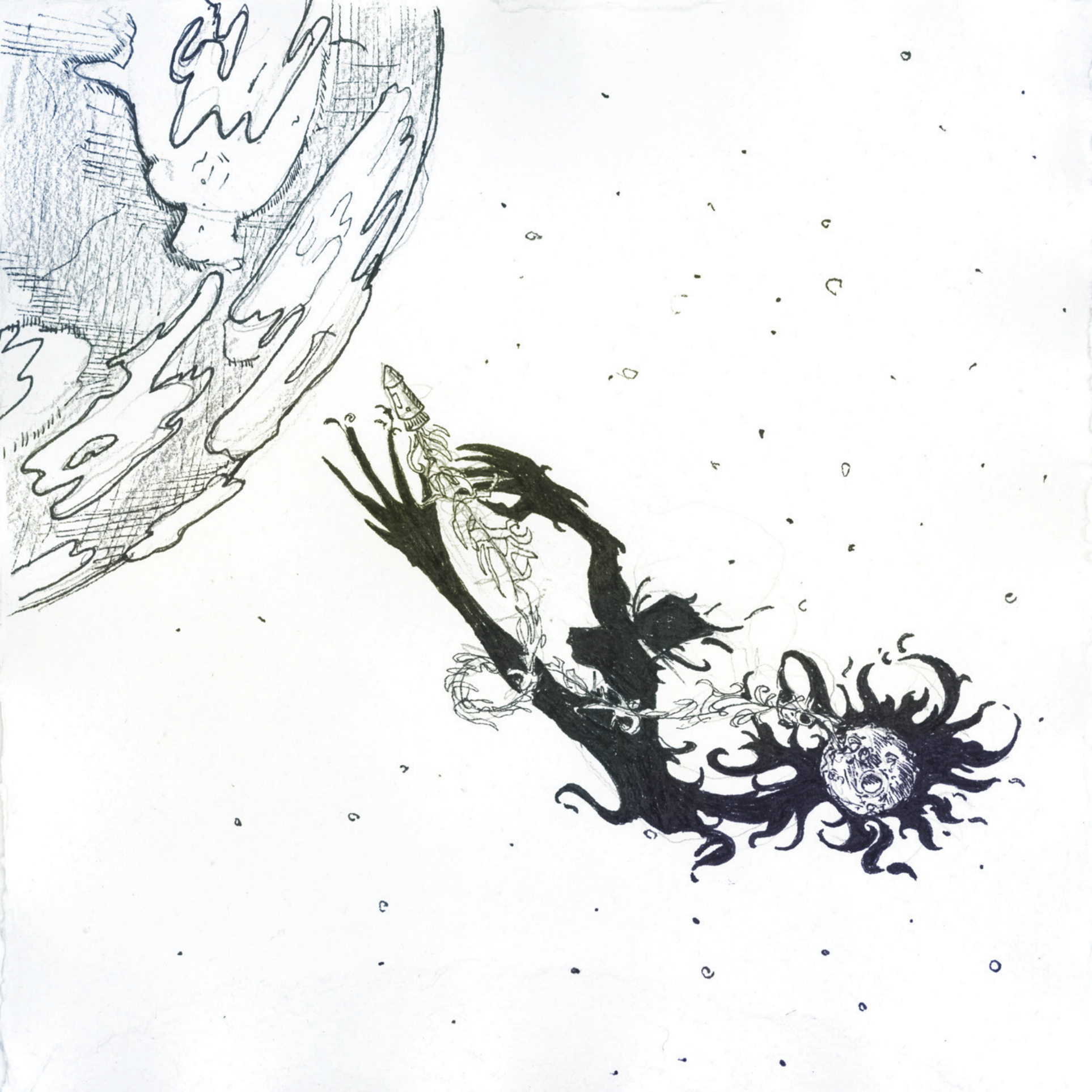
Written and produced by: Haine Brigade
Performed by:
Guitar: Gilles Garrigos
Drums: Régis Garrigos
Bass: Dominique Chapuis
Saxophone: Pierre Yves
Recorded at: Southern Studio, London
Year: 1987
Release URL: http://www.jamendo.com/en/album/1089
Artist URL:
http://hainebrigade.free.fr/index.htm
License: http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.5/

Pleine Lune

Here's one from a 1987 album that was recently let loose on the world via CC licensing. A terrific hard rock instrumental about the madness that the full moon brings.

Haine Brigade

The band was formed in 1981 in Lyon, France. It was part of the anarcho-punk scene. They played lot of support gigs, in France, Germany, Switzerland and Hungary. The only album, from which this track come from, was recorded in 1987 in London, at Crass headquarters. The band also released a split EP with the famous french band Berurier Noir in 1989. Haine Brigade disbanded in 1990.



Act V

Light from the darkness?

Moonlight

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

As a pale phantom with a lamp
Ascends some ruin's haunted stair,
So glides the moon along the damp
Mysterious chambers of the air.
Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed,
As if this phantom, full of pain,
Were by the crumbling walls concealed,
And at the windows seen again.
Until at last, serene and proud
In all the splendor of her light,
She walks the terraces of cloud,
Supreme as Empress of the Night.
I look, but recognize no more
Objects familiar to my view;
The very pathway to my door
Is an enchanted avenue.
All things are changed. One mass of shade,
The elm-trees drop their curtains down;
By palace, park, and colonnade
I walk as in a foreign town.
The very ground beneath my feet
Is clothed with a diviner air;
White marble paves the silent street
And glimmers in the empty square.
Illusion! Underneath there lies
The common life of every day;
Only the spirit glorifies
With its own tints the sober gray.
In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind,
We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring we find.

Source: http://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Moonlight_%28Longfellow%29

10 Josh Woodward - Shadows In The Moonlight (4:23)
(independently released demo at Josh's website joshwoodward.com)

Written, produced and performed by: Josh Woodward
Recorded at: Personal Studio
Year: 2007
Release URL:
http://joshwoodward.com/n/new_mixes_available.html
Artist URL: http://joshwoodward.com
License:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/us/

Shadows in the Moonlight

A sing track Josh released recently on his website joshwoordward.com. Another terrific acoustic rock track by one of my favorite artists I've discovered online. The chorus, with his vocals accented by the vibraphone is simply brilliant.

Josh Woodward

Josh Woodward seems to have a career death wish. A prolific indie acoustic-rock songwriter, he has released five albums in the past four years, but he has chosen to give away all of his music for free. In a world of $18 CDs and lawsuits against file sharing grandmothers, Josh offers over 120 songs as free downloads from his websites, and sells CDs on a name-your-own-price basis.

This gamble has paid off well; he's used file sharing to build a viral, worldwide network of fans. After over a million MP3 downloads from his site, he's living proof that the music world is changing. His brand of energetic and passionate delivery with vivid stories, clever wordplay and dark humor may not be for everyone, but the Internet has made it possible to find its audience.

To date, he's released five CDs. His two most recent were released on the same day in August 2007. "Not Quite Connected" is an acoustic pop CD in the same vein of his previous work, full of intricate storytelling and lush acoustic arrangements. "Dirty Wings" is a new direction for Josh, a very dark and intense rock album, completely devoid of acoustic instruments, but still possessing a deeply human quality.

The Internet is the main source of exposure for Josh's music. Dozens of podcasts play Josh's music each month from countries as varied as Canada, South Africa, Australia, The Netherlands, Sweden, Japan, China, Taiwan and Hong Kong, as well as Adam Curry's "Podshow", broadcast nationally on Sirius Satellite Radio. He was also a featured artist for Clear Channel New! in Winter 2006, which included extensive online promotion and national radio airplay.

From early on, Josh realized that it's far easier to

reach the world online rather than on tour. Still, live performance is a passion for Josh, and he's built up a large and loyal following in and around his hometown of Findlay, Ohio. He's known for an extremely dynamic live show, ranging from intimate storytelling to unhinged rock.

The major record labels cry that file sharing will kill music as we know it. We can only hope that they're right, so that the road can be paved for a new generation of anti-rockstars who are only in it for the love of music.

All literature/texts used courtesy of gutenberg.org and wikisource.org. See individual texts for source links.

Video footage courtesy of archive.org, the source vidoes can be found at the following urls:

http://www.archive.org/details/Apollo_8_-_Go_For_TLI
http://www.archive.org/details/apolloeleven
http://www.archive.org/details/captactorMoonZoom
http://www.archive.org/details/IntheMountainsOfTheMoonApollo15
http://www.archive.org/details/InTheMountainsOfTheMoon
http://www.archive.org/details/Attack_From_Space
http://www.archive.org/details/VoyagetothePrehistoricPlanet
http://www.archive.org/details/Warning_from_Space

Thanks to everyone who took part in this special release. It was a blast to put together... maybe later this year another special release can be put together in time for the holidays as this was originally intended for.

Please visit the following terrific sites:

jamendo
open your ears

autoplate

bloc sonic ™

share music
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