

TO TOUCH THE STARS



>SONGS FOR SPACE

DR. ROBERT ZUBRIN

> Upon first hearing “The Marseillaise” sung in the streets of revolutionary Paris in 1792, a young Napoleon Bonaparte is said to have exclaimed to the song’s author, Rouget de Lisle, “Monsieur, your song is worth a hundred regiments!”

Throughout history, great causes have often found expression — and a significant part of their power — in music. From the paean to Athena sung by the outnumbered hoplites before charging the Persian army, to the hymns of the persecuted Pilgrims as they struggled to build a new life in a new world, to the songs of the abolitionists and western pioneers — music can strengthen courage and stir the heart, drawing diverse men and women together to accomplish the impossible. While words alone can move the mind, only music has the power to move the soul. Few, if any, great social movements have succeeded without it.

If we are to win the hearts and souls of humanity to the vision of a spacefaring

future, then the space exploration movement must develop its own songs. A few people have realized this, and so a subculture has emerged of space folk songs. But outside of performances at space and science fiction conventions, few people have heard this wonderful music.

When I was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Space Society in 1997, I decided to do something to remedy this problem. We held a contest called the Apollo Award for the best pro-space song, hoping to raise the genre of space ballads from obscurity and encourage the writing of new songs. The winners were announced and performed at the 1998 International Space Development Conference in Milwaukee.

So many wonderful songs were created for the contest that later, in my role as president of the Mars Society, I organized yet another songwriting contest. The Rouget de Lisle Award was awarded to a song that could serve

as an anthem for the new branch of human civilization we hoped to create on Mars. The song ultimately chosen, “The Pioneers of Mars” by Lloyd Landa and Karen Linsley, was performed at the Third International Mars Society Convention in Toronto in August 2000.

Shortly before the convention, however, the Mars Society faced its greatest trial. In July 2000, we attempted to construct our Flashline Mars Arctic Research Station on Canada’s Devon Island. Located at 75 degrees north latitude, Devon Island’s uninhabited, unvegetated, meteor-impacted polar desert is one of the most Mars-like environments on Earth. By establishing a Mars station there, we hoped to learn how humans can live on and explore the Red Planet. However, with no airfield available that could handle craft bigger than little Twin Otters, the components of the station had to be paraded by US Marine Corps C-130 Hercules aircraft.

There were seven parades in all. The payloads reached the ground safely for the first six, although most of them landed far from the actual construction site. The seventh drop

was a disaster. The payload separated from its parachute at 1000 feet and hit the ground at high velocity. The impact destroyed the station’s floors, the trailer needed to move the habitat parts over land to the construction site, and the crane needed to erect the station. With the loss of this gear, the construction crew who’d been paid to come north to build the station declared the project hopeless. They warned everyone of the extreme danger of trying to erect the station without the proper equipment, then fled the island.

All seemed lost. But the Mars Society members at the scene rallied with Inuit recruited from a neighboring island, and together we formed an *ad hoc* construction team. Using a rickety old scaffold and improvised Roman construction techniques, we worked 15-hour days through a lucky break in the weather and beat the odds to build the station. When we came south to Toronto at the end of that summer, we truly felt that we had been through fire.

Which brings me back to the subject of song. We had survived the summer of 2000 on Devon Island without loss of life. Unfortunately, the

team who wrote “The Pioneers of Mars” had not been so lucky. Ten days before the song’s public debut, Lloyd was taken by a heart attack, leaving Karen bereft not only of her musical partner, but of her life’s companion as well.

Nevertheless, Karen (who lives in Toronto) came down to the convention to perform, knowing it was what Lloyd would have wanted. Standing with tears in her eyes in front of a banquet hall filled with 500 people, Karen sang her heart out. The song told of the invincible capacity for hope within the human spirit — the hope that will allow pioneers in the future to make a new home for humanity on Mars. I have never been so moved.

“The Pioneers of Mars,” sung by Karen with Lloyd playing accompaniment, is included on this CD, along with the first, second, and third place winners from the Apollo Award contest

(“Now’s the Time to Touch a Star,” “Queen Isabella,” and “Big Blue Sky”). Among the many other songs you’ll find here, some — like “The Pioneers of Mars” — are heartfelt and spiritual. Others — like “Queen Isabella,” “If We Had No Moon,” “Dance on the Ceiling” and “Surprise!” — are light-hearted and funny. There is a place in the future for all of these. Space pioneers, like those on Earth before them, will certainly like to laugh.

It has been said that nothing great was ever accomplished without passion. The creation of a spacefaring civilization is certainly something great. It will require all our passion, and every means at our disposal to convey that passion to others.

It is my hope that this album will begin a tradition whereby our most powerful language — music — will help to rally the souls of the present to the cause of the future.

Sing, Muse. Sing for Mars. Sing for the heroes yet to be, for the history yet to be made, for the world yet to be born. Sing.

Ad Astra per Musicam,
➤ Dr. Robert Zubrin
President, Mars Society





> The fact that you're holding this CD proves you share the goals of the National Space Society — humanity expanding beyond Earth to build new communities in orbit, on the Moon, on Mars, and beyond.

Space exploration and development stand at a crossroads. We must push forward if we want to seize a bright future for ourselves and our children, and we need your help.

Join us. A one-year membership to the National Space Society is only \$50 (students, and seniors 60 and over, \$35). Your membership includes a subscription to our award-winning magazine *Ad Astra*, among many other benefits. Most importantly, your support helps the Society have more influence on space policy decisions made in Washington and around the world.

Call us today at 202.429.1600 or visit our website at www.nss.org and join the National Space Society family. You are not alone. There are thousands who share your dream for the future, and our Society is where you will find them. Imagine yourself at our International Space Development Conference, meeting others who think and hope and dream just like you.

It is up to us to create the future we all dream about. Contact us today, so we can begin shaping the future together.

> Jay Wittner

Vice-President for Membership, National Space Society

INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION 06.03.99

COME, MY FRIENDS, 'TIS NOT TOO LATE TO SEEK A NEWER WORLD.

— ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, ULYSSES

> It is good that musicians have begun to write songs about the spacefaring future. But we need to make that vision a reality.

The time has come for humans to go to Mars. Despite all the difficulties, real or imagined, that could be named, the fact remains that we are far better prepared to send humans to Mars today

than we were to launch humans to the Moon when President Kennedy made that commitment in 1961. Yet we reached the Moon only eight years later. Given the mobilized political will, we could have the first teams of human explorers on the Red Planet within a decade.

Mars is the nearest planet with all the resources needed to support life, and therefore human settlement. By establishing the first human foothold on this world, we would be taking a decisive step towards transforming humanity into a spacefaring civilization.

If this comes to pass, it will be the greatest

achievement of our time. But history is not a spectator sport. Great things do not happen unless someone takes responsibility. That is the purpose of the Mars Society.

I urge you to join us. Membership is \$50/year, \$25 for students or seniors.

You can sign up on our website at www.marssociety.org, or by mailing a check to Mars Society, P.O. Box 273, Indian Hills, Colorado 80454. The money will go directly towards funding public outreach, political work, and key projects such as our Flashline Mars Arctic Research Station. As a Mars Society member, you will be able to participate as an active volunteer in implementing any or all of these campaigns.

The cause of the future needs those who will fight for it. Enlist yourself. Let's give them something to sing about.

> Dr. Robert Zubrin

President, Mars Society





> 1. WITNESSES' WALTZ

BY LESLIE FISH

Come along Harry and Mary and Joe;
Pack up some lunches, and everyone go.
Fill up the camper, drive down to White Sands —
And we'll pour the champagne
When the space shuttle lands!

**Twelve thousand, half million, million and more
Picnicking out on the warm water shore.
Nobody notes that we're always at hand
To watch all the spaceships that take off and land.**

It's the loveliest show on this Earth that you'll see;
It's living and real, not just tape on TV.
So come to Canaveral and bring lots of beer —
When the spaceship takes off, we'll all stand up and cheer.

Politicians ignore us, the media, too;
But if they don't notice, the ships always do.
See her landing so lightly, you'd swear that she cares
That she flies on two wings and a good million prayers.

So come let's go witness the takeoff today,
While the world's biggest beach party cheers her away.
We'll bang the drums proudly and blow on the conch.
Leave a sign on your door that just says, "Out to Launch!"

Kristoph Klover: Lead Vocals and 12-string Guitar
Karl Franzen: Backing Vocals and Melodeon
Shira Kammen: Fiddle

COLUMBIA STS-52 LAUNCH 10.22.92

Ernest Kinsolving: Backing Vocals

John Land: Bass

Curt Moore: Drums

Mark Ungar: Electric Guitar

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> 2. BIG BLUE SKY

BY STAN CLARDY

THIRD PLACE NSS
APOLLO AWARD WINNER

I used to run across the field,
Pretending I was flying,
A toy plane held tightly in my hand.

Flying high above the trees,
Powered by my childhood dreams,
Just a vapor trail across an empty sky.

**And when I looked up at the big blue sky
And saw the clouds as they go rolling by,
I knew that I would fly away someday.**

A summer's night in hot July —
I hardly could believe my eyes.
Apollo was flying into history.
And on the flickering TV screen,
Footprints on the dusty sea,
And glory standing on Tranquillity.

NASA CAUSEWAY, THE MORNING OF THE STS-26 LAUNCH 09.29.88



But life had other plans,
And this boy became a man,
And that dream seemed to drift away,
Like a storm on a summer's day.

But now I'm standing on the shore,
Listening to the rocket's roar,
Shining like a star up in the sky.
And though my eyes are filled with tears,
I can see beyond the years
To a child at play beneath that big blue sky.

And when I look up at the big blue sky
And feel the thunder go rolling by,
I know that I will fly away someday.

When I look up at the big blue sky,
I see the clouds as they go rolling by.
I know that I will fly away someday.
Someday...

Stan Clardy: Lead Vocals

Kristoph Klover: Backing Vocals, Acoustic &
Lead Electric Guitars and Keyboards

John Land: Bass

Curt Moore: Drums

Cat Taylor: Electric Violin

Mark Ungar: Electric Guitar

Lead vocals recorded by Stan Clardy
at Flamingo Moon Studio (Statesville, NC)

© 1994 Stan Clardy



> 3. FIRE IN THE SKY

BY DR. JORDIN KARE

Prometheus, they say, brought God's fire down to man.
And we've caught it, tamed it, trained it since our history began.
Now we're going back to heaven just to look him in the eye,
And there's a thunder 'cross the land, and a fire in the sky.

Gagarin was the first, back in nineteen sixty-one,
When like Icarus, undaunted, he climbed to reach the Sun.
And he knew he might not make it, for it's never hard to die —
But he lifted off the pad, and rode a fire in the sky!


Yet a higher goal was calling, and we vowed to reach it soon.
And we gave ourselves a decade to put fire on the Moon.
And Apollo told the world, "We can do it if we try,"
And there was one small step — and a fire in the sky!

I dreamed last night of a little boy's first spaceflight.
Turned into me, watching a black and white TV.
There was a fire in the sky, I'll remember until I die.
A fire in the sky...a fire in the sky!

Then two decades from Gagarin, twenty years to the day,
Came a shuttle named Columbia to open up the way.
And they said she's just a truck — but she's a truck that's aiming high.
See her big jets burning, see her fire in the sky!

Yet the gods do not give lightly of the powers they have made,
And with Challenger and seven, once again the price is paid.
Though a nation watched her falling, yet a world could only cry
As they passed from us to glory, riding fire in the sky.

Now the rest is up to us, and there's a future to be won.



We must turn our faces outward, we will do what must be done.
For no cradle lasts forever, every bird must learn to fly.
And we're going to the stars — see our fire in the sky!
Yes, we're going to the stars — see our fire in the sky!

I'll remember until I die. A fire in the sky...a fire in the sky!

Kristoph Klover: Lead Vocals, Guitar and Organ

Shira Kammen: Fiddle

John Land: Bass

Curt Moore: Drums

Mark Ungar: Electric Guitar

Lyrics (verses) and melody © 1981, 1986 Jordin T. Kare
Bridge and reprise © 2004 William Kristoph Klover

> 4. NOW'S THE TIME TO TOUCH A STAR

BY MICHAEL PENKAVA

FIRST PLACE NSS APOLLO AWARD WINNER

Long ago, man looked up into the sky,
Wondering what, and questioning why.
In that distant past, a journey was born
That's taking us far, far from home.

We looked and we thought and we planned out our trip,
But fearing our reach exceeded our grip.
To the Moon and beyond went our starry-eyed gaze,
To places we never had known.

Now's the time for us to touch a star.

If we want to learn, we must travel far.

There is much to see, so we must still explore

To find out just what there are heavens for.

Our telescopes gave us the power to see
Places where someday we hoped to be.
Planets and stars came into our view.
We wondered how far we could go.

Our rockets were launched
And with them our dream
Of exploring the places we only had seen.
We all felt the wonder as we touched the Moon,
But still there was so much to know.

Now we find ourselves yearning for more,
Looking for places that we can explore.
If only we keep on searching the sky,
There is so much work to be done.

So look to the stars and the heavens above —
You'll discover things you've never dreamt of.
Keep on the watch, and never give up.
The journey has only begun.

Karl Franzen: Lead Vocals

Freyda Epstein: Violin

Kristoph Klover: Guitars

John Land: Bass

Beth Milne: French Horn

Curt Moore: Drums

Mark Ungar: Electric Sitar

Kris Yenney: Cello

St. Joseph's 2nd & 3rd Grade Choir: Chorus

(directed by **Dawn Reyden**)

© 2004 Michael Penkava

> 5. HOPE EYRIE

BY LESLIE FISH

Worlds grow old and suns grow cold
And death we never can doubt.
Time's cold wind, wailing down the past,
Reminds us that all flesh is grass
And history's lamps blow out.

**But the Eagle has landed;
tell your children when.
Time won't drive us down to dust again.**

Cycles turn while the far stars burn,
And people and planets age.
Life's crown passes to younger lands,
Time sweeps the dust of hope from her hands
And turns another page.

But we who feel the weight of the wheel
When winter falls over our world,
Can hope for tomorrow and raise our eyes
To a silver moon in the opened skies
And a single flag unfurled.

We know well what Life can tell:
If you will not perish, then grow!
And today our fragile flesh and steel
Have laid our hands on a vaster wheel,
With all of the stars to know

From all who tried out of history's tide,
A salute for the team that won.

And the old Earth smiles at her children's reach,
The wave that carried us up the beach
To reach for the shining sun.

Julia Ecklar: Lead Vocals

Margaret Davis: Backing Vocals and Flute

Kristoph Klover: Backing Vocals, Bass,
6-string & 12-string Guitars, and Percussion

Lead vocals recorded by Jim Kopaz at AAM Studios (Pittsburgh, PA)

© 1976 Random Factors

> 6. SURPRISE!

BY LESLIE FISH

Remember the fifties, those fat complacent days
When the future seemed a century away?
Then up went Sputnik, gave the world a butt-kick,
And made it clear tomorrow starts today.

Beep beep beep beep...Hello there!
Sputnik sails giggling through the skies.
Red flags, red faces, jump into the race
As the space age begins with a surprise.

You generals once thought Von Braun a waste of cash,
And Goddard needed treatment really bad.
Then that global shot put gave you the hotfoot
And — beep beep — you're blasted off the pad.

Done for a threat, propaganda or prestige —
The point is, the thing was in the sky.
It made the generals frown and put their money down,

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SPUTNIK LAUNCHER



And meet that bet or know the reason why.

That's how it started, all those years ago,
The push that got us climbing into space.
Cynic beginnings, greed for big winnings.
But look at all we've gotten from that race!

Sputnik wore out, and spiraled back to Earth;
On re-entry it burned up very soon.
Hail and goodbye to that goose in the sky —
And in twelve more years a man
walked on the Moon!

Gunnar Madsen: Lead Vocals

Mitchell Burnside Clapp: Russian Yells

Karl Franzen: Guitar

Shira Kammen: Fiddle

Kristoph Klover: Bass

Nada Lewis: Accordion

Clark Welsh: Balalaika

Includes the Russian instrumental "Korobushka"

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> 7. THE PIONEERS OF MARS

BY LLOYD LANDA

AND KAREN LINSLEY

FIRST PLACE MARS SOCIETY
ROUGET DE LISLE WINNER

We are the new explorers —
A sacred trust we keep

From forefathers before us
Who braved the briny deep.
Our mission aims us skyward
To the cold hard light of stars.
We leave Terra behind us
To be the pioneers of Mars.

In every generation,
There grows a special breed
Who seeks out new horizons
To fulfill an ancient need
To climb atop the highest hill,
To see what lies afar.
We follow in their footsteps.
The pioneers of Mars.

We stand on harsh, red, rocky soil
In a silence so profound,
Envisioning what we'll create
Upon this virgin ground.
The human race has staked its claim;
The future will be ours.
We'll build a new tomorrow:
We're the pioneers of Mars.
We'll build a new tomorrow.
We're the pioneers of Mars.

Karen Linsley: Lead Vocals

Lloyd Landa: Keyboard

Kris Yenney: Strings

Lead vocals and keyboard recorded by Greg O'Shea
at Umbrella Sound (Toronto, ON)

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>8. IF WE HAD NO MOON

BY CHRISTINE LAVIN

Have you ever wondered
What life would be like
If we had no Moon?

When you're on your way home,
Look up at the sky tonight and think,
"What if we had no Moon...?"

Four and a half billion years ago
(That was way before your birth)
A watery planet spun through the cosmos.
We have come to call it Earth.

A smaller planet, Orpheus,
And our Earth collide,
Blowing half of that water out into space
When it whacks us in the side.

Centrifugal force propels Orpheus;
Gravity grabs it back and then
The luckiest of circumstances,
Orpheus smacks us once again.

And a big chunk of that collision
Then becomes our Moon.
It was 14,000 miles above
The Earth, but soon

Tidal forces cause the Moon
To slowly pull away

To where it's 234,000 miles
From us today.

And just in case you're wondering,
234,000 miles is 376,587 kilometers.
(Someday you may need that for a science quiz).

But back then, the Moon was fifteen times
The size we know it now to be.
It had 4,000 times the greater pull
On the land mass and the sea.

So day slowly lengthens from a brief
Four hours to twenty-four.
Brand new life forms keep evolving
On the ocean floor.

And millions and millions and millions
of years go by.
Nothing stays the same.
The Moon gets all the credit;
The Moon gets all the blame.

The Moon's gravity pull keeps the Earth's tilt
At a constant twenty-three degrees,
Keeps our seasons stable
(We don't fry or freeze).

But if you take away the Moon,
The Earth wobbles like a top
From zero to ninety, to zero to ninety degrees
And that wobbling, it would never stop.

Snow would fall in Egypt.

Polar ice caps boil.
Islands disappear forever,
Along with fertile soil.

And I don't mean to scare you,
But the Moon is still pulling away.
(Remember I said it started at 14,000 miles
And it's 234,000 miles away from us today?)

When the Apollo mission went to the Moon,
They left reflectors there.
They zapped them with laser beams
That zip right back to us through the air.

So we know the Moon is moving away
At the rate of an inch and a half a year
Someday — I'm not saying it'll be soon —
But it just won't be the same down here.

And there is talk of damming up the oceans
To slow the Moon's retreat.
Or hijacking one of Jupiter's moons
(That would make one mean feat).

Europa is the moon of Jupiter they think
Could save our civilization.
But who of us is brave enough to lead
Such a risky invasion?

Imagine if you will,
There was never a moon in our sky.
None of us would be here —
Not you...not I.

The highest form of life would be
Slippery cephalopods.
Giant squid and octopi
Would rule the Earth like gods.

Think about that next time you order
Calamari for a meal.
What do those creatures think of us,
How must they feel?

When they look up from the ocean floor
And see the shimmering moonlight,
Are they softly cursing Orpheus
For robbing them of their true birthright?

And so far we just can't seem to find
Any other planets like our own.
The latest theory states,
Indeed, we might just be alone,

The Garbo of the universe,
A solitary dot of blue.
If the Moon is not responsible,
Then who?

When you're on your way home,
Look up at the sky tonight and think,
"What if we had no Moon...?"
"What if we had no..."

Christine Lavin: Lead Vocals and
Acoustic Guitar
Jay Bellrose: Drums

Hearn Gadbois: Percussion

Steve Rosenthal: Bell, Shaker and Timpani

Jimi Zhivago: Electric Bass, Electric &

Slide Guitars, Keyboards, Explosions,
Laser Beams, Wind and Wobbly Whirl

Produced by Steve Rosenthal

Engineered by Tommy Camuso

Recorded at The Magic Shop
and the Camuso Studio (New York City, NY)

Mixed at the Camuso Studio
Mastered at The Master Cutting Room
by Phillip Klum (New York City, NY)

Inspired by the documentary film "If We Had
No Moon" by Martin Ives, and the book "Rare Earth:
Why Complex Life Is Uncommon in the Universe"
by Peter D. Ward and Donald Brownlee.

Visit Christine Lavin's website at
christinelavin.com; for solo concert booking call
Poetry In Motion, Inc. at 888.860.2780.

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Published by Christine Lavin Music (ASCAP)

>9. I WANT TO GO TO MARS BY THE BIRDWATCHERS

The bill collector called again
And heaven help me,
But I want to go to Mars.

I never can find my old friends —
Where are you?
And I want to go to Mars.

And so you're all but sure I'm crazy,
But you'd come with me,
And I want to go to Mars.

I'll never move like Jackie Chan,
Not in one G,
And I want to go to Mars.

We're so wrapped up in our history,
What we do we will do wrong.
Afraid of everything,
So we always go in conquering.
But I can see you standing peacefully,
Confidently, on a red new world.
I see you on a red new world.

The Birdwatchers are:

Sam Burbank: Lead Vocals and Guitars

Joshua Burbank: Vocals, Accordion and Drums

Andy Moraga: Vocals, Bass, Belt Grinder,
Hammer, Ratchet and Saw

Engineered by Sam and Joshua Burbank
Recorded at Submarine Studios (San Francisco, CA)
© 2000 The Birdwatchers

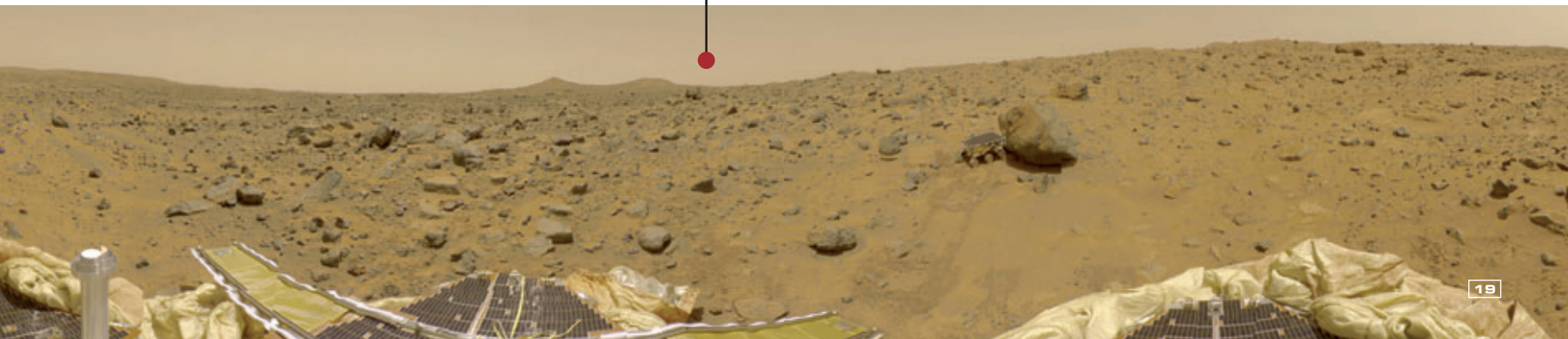
>10. STAR FIRE BY CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN

Three men sit tensely waiting for the dawn;
The brilliant burst of fire that will carry them on.
The anticipation grows
For the crew that waits below
In the endless, breathless hours
Before the dawn.

Star Fire...Star Fire!
Bear my soul to touch the universe beyond.

Ten thousand hands to build the shining shell.

THE MARTIAN LANDSCAPE 07.18.97



It took a dozen years and love to build it well.
Everyone who touched its birth,
Though they be bound on Earth,
Will be with the astronauts that in her dwell.

Star Fire...Star Fire!
It's singing in my blood; I know it well.

We can know the promise of the stars,
Seeking 'till we find that heritage is ours.
And with hearts both true and bold,
We will face what we behold
When we seek to find our answer in the stars.

Star Fire...Star Fire!
The promise of the universe is ours.

Julia Ecklar: Lead Vocals
Karl Franzen: Guitar
John Land: Bass
Curt Moore: Drums
Mark Ungar: Electric and Synth Guitars

Lead vocals recorded by Jim Kopaz
at AAM Studios (Pittsburgh, PA)

© 1983 Cynthia McQuillin

> 11. OTHERS STANDING BY

BY KRISTOPH KLOVER

Are we all alone, or are there others standing by.
Waiting to see what we will do,
How hard we'll try?

It costs a lot to live, even more to fly.
Kindly send a prayer my way
While I shoot up in the sky.

"Why would you go there?" they say.
"There's nothing up there anyway.
We could use the money here.
Don't you know that life's too dear?"
Dreamers never ask why.
Spend their money in the sky.

We'll send the best from Earth,
To find out what it's worth.
We'll send the best from Earth,
To find out what it's worth.

Late at night when I'm feeling blue,
I know the dream can't come true.
Everything's too far away —
Generations far, they say.
But like things that can't be done
Beyond the pull of our sun,
To some far star we'll steer,
Though it takes a thousand years.

And the sky's no limit anymore.
We've broken through heaven's door.
Don't you want to see where we could be?

Ain't it funny how people dream?
Make up worlds they've never seen,
Beings wonderful and rare
In this cosmos that we share.

Sometimes dreams come true.
Satellites beyond the blue,
Welcoming the human race
When we go and live in space.

Kristoph Klover: Lead Vocals, 6-string & Slide Guitars and Organ
John Land: Bass
Curt Moore: Drums
Mark Ungar: Electric Guitar

© 2004 William Kristoph Klover

> 12. THE CHALLENGE

BY KAREN LINSLEY AND LLOYD LANDA

They smiled and waved as they passed the camera,
About to ride a dream as a jaded world looked on.
We'd seen it all before — space had lost its glamour, then,
In a blast of smoke, their lives were gone.

They tried to meet the challenge of reaching for the stars,
To touch their light so clear but yet so far.
They tried to leave the cradle — to view the great unknown,
To proudly stride the cosmos on their own.

It struck a blow to our complacent nature.
Some said this vain attempt would surely be our last.
We'd finally come to comprehend the danger
Of striving for new worlds beyond our grasp.

But we won't let fear diminish the sacrifice they made.
We'll carry on their dreams in memory of their names.
Because we can meet the challenge of reaching for the stars





To touch their light, so clear but yet so far.
It's time to leave the cradle, to view the great unknown,
To proudly stride the cosmos on our own.

Karen Linsley: Lead Vocals

John Land: Bass

Lloyd Landa: Keyboard

Curt Moore: Drums

Mark Ungar: Electric Guitar

Kris Yenney: Cello

Lead vocals and keyboard recorded by Adam Faux
at Umbrella Sound (Toronto, ON)

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>13. DOG ON THE MOON

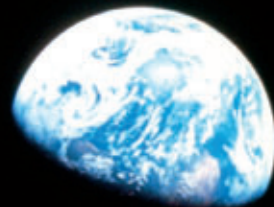
BY GARRY NOVIKOFF

I went down to the park just to fill up the day.
I saw folks playing Frisbee and catching some rays.
And I felt a bit down when it got to the day's end,
Wishing that there could be more to my weekend,
When out of the blue came a dog with his master.
A perfect little terrier, white alabaster
With a glint in his eye and a confidence in his gait.
Even when lifting his right leg to urinate,
He seemed to say he was somehow superior.
And me, I was thinking, "This dog seems familiar."
I stared at the hound, and then that's when it came to me,
Bringing back memories of this doggy's fame to me.
This dog was not any regular Rover.
This was the dog they made all the fuss over.
Who would have thought I'd cross

Paths on this Sunday in June
With the first dog to walk on the Moon?

You see, this dog somehow got this attention
(Even his master got less of a mention)
When they opened up space travel for the civilians.
His master, a playboy, had spent several millions
To go the Moon and, to make it all merrier,
He had decided that he'd take his terrier.
The talk shows and newspapers ate up the story.
You'd see this white pup on the tube in his glory.
The dog's popularity would never falter —
He even got interviewed by Barbara Walters.
They covered the training and all preparations,
And it seemed like we all held our breath as a nation
The day of the liftoff for this little pet.
And later, the image we'll never forget —
That first step for canines in his little doggy space suit
For the first dog to walk on the Moon.

And when I was young, I had my dreams of greatness,
Of flying in rockets in space, being weightless.
I dreamed I could be like some star of space travel,
But many years later my dreams would unravel.
I guess I just wasn't a good enough student.
I made some life choices that weren't so prudent.
I work on the phones now in customer service,
Telling my callers, "Hi, Bob at your service."
I'm fielding complaints at this 800 number.
What I do for money just couldn't be dumber.
My company makes things like hair dye for men.



I hear the same questions again and again.
Things like, "Is it okay to use this on my eyebrows?"
When it says on the box
 'NOT FOR USE ON YOUR EYEBROWS.'
And it sure doesn't seem I'll do anything great all that soon,
Like this dog who has been to the Moon.

And God, I don't know if you're somewhere out there.
But if you are listening, it's truly unfair.
I look at this dog and I see he has knowledge
Like nothing I learned in community college.
This dog has seen worlds that I never will access,
And he won't have to struggle with failure or taxes.
This is a dog that has so much I lack,
This is a dog who has been there and back.
And God, I don't know if there's reincarnation,
But if you can help me in this situation,
There's just one thing that I hope you can do for me.
Maybe next time you can really come through for me.
In my next life — 'cause I know this one's shot —
In my next life, make me something I'm not.
What I'm asking to be, as I pray to you under these stars,
Is the first dog to touch down on Mars.

Garry Novikoff: Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar

Joseph Bishkoff: Cello

Dale Cinski: Additional Acoustic and Electric Guitars

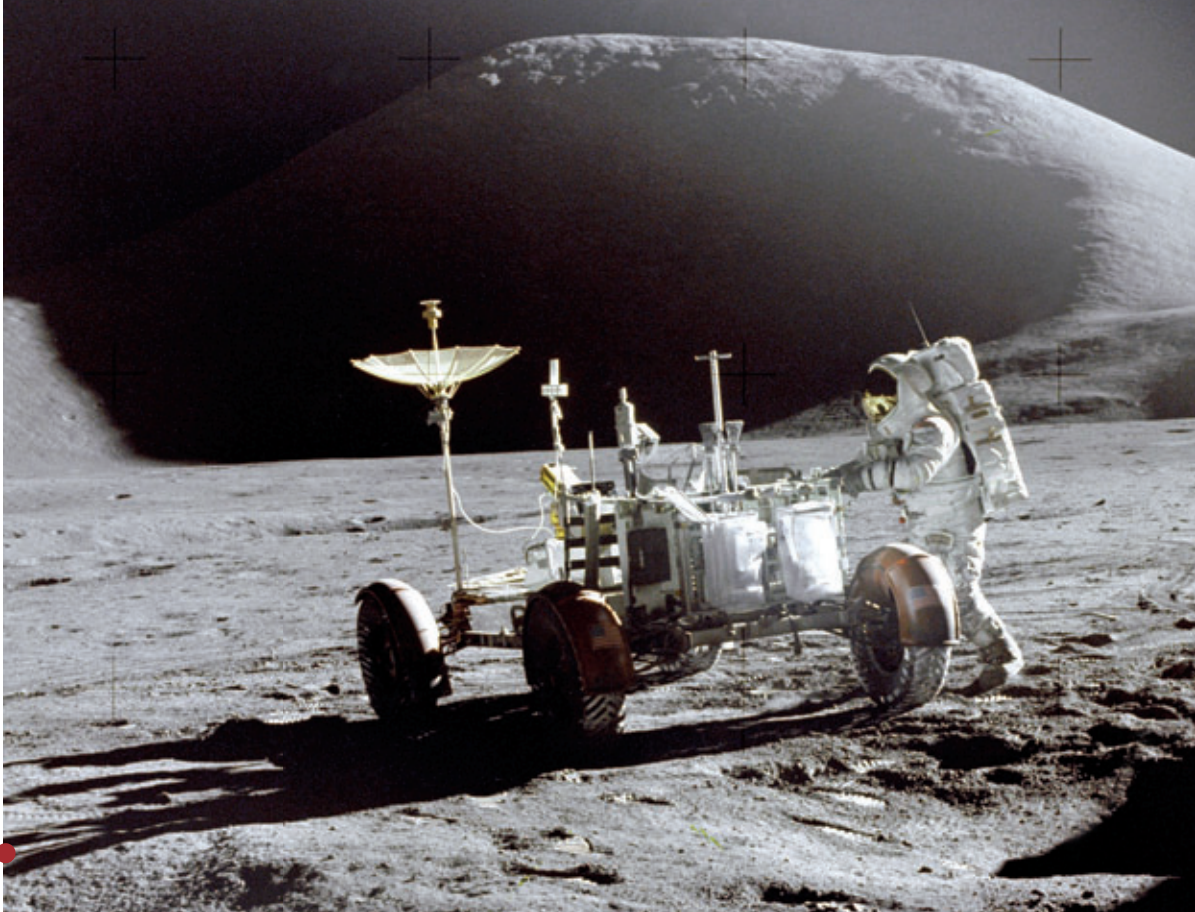
Michael Moricz: Keyboards

Produced and Arranged by Michael Moricz

Engineered by Jim Kopaz, MP Kuo and Michael Moricz

Recorded and Mixed at AAM Studios (Pittsburgh, PA), New Perspective
Studios (Pittsburgh, PA) and Uptime Studios (New York City, NY)

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>14. QUEEN ISABELLA

BY LESLIE FISH
SECOND PLACE NSS
APOLLO AWARD WINNER

Here's to old Queen Isabella of Spain,
Who was more than a little deranged.
A bigot, fanatic and greedy for souls —
To baptize the world was the first of her goals.
But she bet on a dreamer,
That's how the wheel rolls,
And afterward all the world changed.

**Queen Isabella, where are you today?
The new Chris Columbus is wasting away.
The same game is waiting, but no one will play.
Queen Isabel, where are you now?**

And when the King learned that
She'd pawned all her gems,
There were many fine curses he hurled.
“Just think of the armies that we'd have to rent,
Preserving our borders from France's intent.
We could've bought Belgium
For what you'd just spent
And threw over the edge of the world!”

Now above the horizon at night we can see
New worlds hanging just out of reach.
And the new kings and ministers
Tell the same tales.
They've higher priorities: building new jails,

New drug-war command posts
And insurance sales.
That's why we're still here on the beach!

Kristoph Klover: Lead Vocals and
12-string Guitar
Karl Franzen: Backing Vocals
Shira Kammen: Fiddle
Ernest Kinsolving: Backing Vocals
John Land: Bass
Curt Moore: Drums
Mark Ungar: Electric Guitar

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>15. LEGENDS BY BILL ROPER

Once upon a time,
You could hear the Saturn's roar
As it rose upon its fiery tail to space.
And once upon a time, the men that we sent out
Landed in a strange and alien place.

**And as I watched them walk upon the Moon,
I remembered Icarus,
Who flew too close to the Sun.**

Once upon a time, they tore the gantries down
And the rockets flew no longer to the Moon.
And once upon a time,
We swore that we'd return,
But it doesn't look like we'll be back there soon.

**And as the Moon shines down
On the shattered launching ground,
I remember Apollo,
Who flew the chariot of the Sun.**

**And I wonder of the legends they will tell
A thousand years from now.**

Julia Ecklar: Lead Vocals
Freyda Epstein: Violin
Karl Franzen: 12-string Guitar
Kris Yenney: Cello

Lead vocals recorded by Jim Kopaz
at AAM Studios (Pittsburgh, PA)

© 1980 Bill Roper

>16. DANCE ON THE CEILING BY LESLIE FISH

**I want to dance on the ceiling,
I want to dance on the ceiling,
I want to dance on the ceiling,
I want to dance on the ceiling with you.**

Kick off your shoes and dance in the sky,
Stand back and watch the full Earth rise.
Dance like a flame in free-fall.
We won't weigh nothing at all.

It's getting crowded here — the air's getting bad,
Noisy politics are making me mad.

I want some distance, want to see the sky —
Come on, baby, let's fly.

**We could fly all night and never come down,
Leap tall buildings in a single bound.
Dance in space like I know we could do —
I want to dance on the ceiling with you.**

If I could take the very next flight
To a big space station floating high in the night,
Turn off the gravity and let us through,
I want to dance on the ceiling with you.

Stars all around us and in your eyes.
There's something there
That you can't disguise.
We could swear love never dies.
Let me fly my rocket right into your skies.

Gunnar Madsen: Lead Vocals
Kristoph Klover: Backing Vocals and Organ
John Land: Bass
Curt Moore: Drums
Kristen Strom: Saxophone
Mark Ungar: Electric Guitar and
Rockabilly Vocals

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> A F T E R W O R D

> Do you want to dance on the ceiling? Go to Mars? You are not alone. There are tens of thousands of people, from the girl next door to members of Congress, who share the dream of living and working in space.

How do you find these kindred spirits — people who will not think you are crazy for humming “the Eagle has landed”? The National Space Society and Mars Society annual conferences are two of the best places to meet other space enthusiasts and start some lasting friendships. Look for some of us playing guitars and singing amateur (but heartfelt) versions of space songs in the evenings.


If you don't want to be like the hair dye salesman in “Dog on the Moon,” then please help us to convince the Queen Isabella's of today to support government and private efforts to explore and develop space. There are many opportunities to participate in educational, social, and political projects,

from simple letter-writing to organizing conferences. The payoff for these efforts will be nothing short of the “legends they will tell a thousand years from now.”

You can also have a lot of fun enjoying the “world's biggest beach party” while showing your support of space by heading to Florida for a launch. You can't walk away from the “Fire in the Sky” without being moved! You may even decide to write a song.

Apollo inspired me to pursue a degree in physics and become one of the first ten women in Mission Control. Who can guess the impact space will have on tomorrow's children? Will they build a new civilization? Break the light-speed barrier? Together let's give them a chance to surprise us!

Ad Astra,
> Marianne Dyson
Director, National Space Society
Children's Author



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ZARYA LAUNCHES FROM KAZAKHSTAN 11.20.98

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DEDICATION

This album is dedicated to **Dr. Ralph Nash** and Adventure in Science for fostering a love of science among thousands of Washington, DC-area schoolchildren; and to the memory of **Lloyd Landa**, who believed in the power of music to inspire humanity to its greatest potential — even to reaching for the stars.

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