

PRODUCER'S NOTE

I was a young composer mired in jingles and local TV production music in Pittsburgh when Justin Brown approached me about arranging and producing Julia's album. I jumped at the chance to take on the vast range of styles, colors, moods and potentials of Julia's evocative songs, and the project was an opportunity to experiment with a whole spectrum of textures and approaches. Countless hours were spent creating this album, nearly all of them with wonderful engineer and good friend Henry Yoder, without whose patience and goodwill we'd have never survived the process. The opportunity to bring in so many talented musicians was another thrill (and when, fifteen years later, Julia and I reunited to record "Roxanne," it gave us both a warm feeling to bring in guitarist John Maione from the original album). After hundreds of hours scattered over nearly two months, *Divine Intervention* emerged, and we were all very proud of the result.

When, more than a decade later, Eli approached me about a CD release, he had already put in a Herculean effort to locate not one but two digital masters which had originally existed for this album. Digital mastering

was by no means the norm for regional recordings back in 1986, but Air Craft had recently adopted the Sony 1/4" two-track open-reel digital format when Julia's project arose.

We mixed directly to digital, and made a safety master (in the Sony PCM Beta format) for cassette duplication purposes. But despite all of Eli's efforts, neither of these masters could be located. So, ironically, the CD you hold now was remastered by myself and Dave Bjornson from a 15 ips analog two-track dub I had taken home with me from the studio back in 1986. It had been in my basement since then, and when I found the tape, it was covered in mold and was unfortunately on a brand and grade of analog tape notorious for deterioration and oxide-shedding over time. It's only through Eli's determination to "rescue" this music that my old analog dub was playable at all, thanks to the work of VidiPax, a media restoration company in New York.

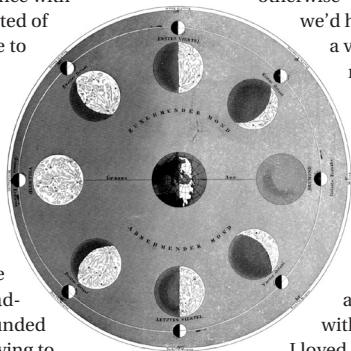
So no vestige of the original digital mastering remains in this release, and the limitations of 15 ips tape are clearly discernable. Yet the music and the enthusiasm we all felt when recording the album still remain, and perhaps that's what is most important.

— Michael Moricz, September 30, 2002

JULIA ECKLAR ON *DIVINE INTERVENTION*

When I first walked into the studio at Air Craft Records that summer of 1986, it was like walking into a whole new world. I'd recorded before, but only in the cobbled-together home studios that were all I had to offer in those days. My experience with "studio" recording consisted of things like only being able to record after dark because the next door neighbor was using power tools all day (and we had no real soundproofing); only being able to record before dark because nighttime brought the ghostly voice of an Arab-language radio station over our headphones, reading what sounded like erotic love poetry; having to record a thirteen minute song perfectly the very first time, because everything was laid straight to track, with no chance of "punching in" or otherwise fixing a performance except by re-recording it again from the beginning; recording lead vocals, backup vocals, and accompaniment all at the same time with the same limitations on fix-

ing any misplayed notes or mis-sung words; backing slowly and quietly away from the mic during the climactic crescendo on one song because if I increased the volume without increasing my distance from the microphone I would blow out the mic or otherwise "burn" the recording and we'd have to start over again. I had a vague sense that "real" studio musicians didn't have these same limitations, but it had never occurred to me that, as a filker, I'd ever be able to record in a more professional venue. All the same, I loved the recording process. I loved being able to do more with a song than just to back it up with my own guitar playing, and I loved what some of the talented musicians I'd worked with could do with harmonies and back-up. And I loved the feeling of connectedness that came with working well with a bunch of other musicians. I loved it when the song clicked, and everybody knew what everybody else was adding in a way that couldn't be easily explained in words. (In fact, legendary



guitarist Leslie Fish and I were once accused of pulling our producer's leg when we both swore we understood where to come in on a song just by feel.)

Then, early in that fateful summer, Ann Cecil mentioned that the father of a friend of Ann's friend's daughter owned a recording studio. "You don't go out to California to record anymore," she said, "but maybe you can record something here."

So I walked into Air Craft excited by the possibility of recording again but also nervous. I had played around at recording in spare bedrooms and basements, but I wasn't a "real" musician. I wrote songs inspired by science fiction movies and books (among other things); I had classical training, but I couldn't "jam," and the producer at the last recording label for which I'd worked had complained frequently about my voice being too loud, too big, too "rangey" — in general just too difficult to record. What if the "real" musicians at Air Craft laughed at the prospect of renting me studio time to make one of these goofy sci-fi albums?

I walked in with a couple of my tapes, and spoke with one of the owners, Justin Brown, about what I wanted to do. Justin greeted me cheerfully, and led me back to the area where the actual recording went on — not just a tiny room lined with bookshelves, but multi-

ple rooms of different sizes, different shapes, different floor types. Moveable walls stood at random angles next to walls covered floor-to-ceiling with what looked like brown foam egg crates. Headphones hung from mic stands and chairs, and Oriental rugs dotted the hardwood floors. I'd learn later that the rugs were to soften the effect of sound waves bouncing off the hard, bright surface of the floor, but at the time I had no idea that the microphones used to record music were so sensitive (as opposed to simply fragile and easy to overload).

Justin and I finally took seats in the room with the huge 24-track mixing board and meter-tall speakers, and he plugged my cassette into a stereo bank. I tried not to apologize before the music started playing. I'd always been secretly embarrassed by how I sounded on tape. I would record in the studio, come away from the performance happy and glowing and thrilled with how things went, only to receive my copy of the finished product months later and wince at the sound of my own voice. Songs recorded in the higher end of my register sounded screechy and wobbling; songs in my mid register often sounded just slightly flat to me, as though I wasn't quite keeping on key. Add to this the fact that I also often received phone calls weeks after recording to tell me that tracks were being

dumped or redone or "salvaged as much as possible" through the addition of several other voices because it was decided my vocals weren't very good after all, and the evidence had convinced me that whatever love people felt for my performances was based on the chemistry generated in live appearances, and not on the albums I'd recorded.

The tape began, and there it was — my voice sounding slightly muzzy and flat, not matching the guitar in the background, dirging along in a key that sounded like I should have been singing a good two steps higher. And all at a room-filling volume, from speakers more than half my height. I wanted to sink under my chair. Justin listened for a while, his face thoughtful, then began twiddling with controls on the big panel. Things I didn't understand started to change in the sound pouring out of the speakers. The guitar became less tinny, my voice brightened, came forward somehow in the mix, and — miraculously — I suddenly sounded full, rich and on key.

"Wow!" I exclaimed, too pleased with the result to make any attempt to seem professional and cool. "What did you *do*?"

He lifted his eyebrows in surprise. "Just cleaned it up a little. They had you way over-compressed."

I had no idea what he was talking about,

but it made me realize with heart-soaring clarity that recording could be something much more than I'd so far experienced.

Talk turned to studio time, arrangements, suggestions for people to work with me as producer and engineer (since I certainly had no idea how to use the equipment myself). It quickly became apparent that the cost of recording on such a wonderful level was not only more than filk studios had so far been able to manage, it was much more than I (a woefully underemployed college student) could possibly afford.

But Ann Cecil came to the rescue again, suggesting that I solicit "investors" to put up the money to rent the studio time and hire the people necessary to record the album. And she offered herself as the first investor.

Thus the adventure began. We recorded and mixed in the middle of the night because the studio would give us that time at a drastically reduced rate (since no one else wanted to use it). We used music students, studio regulars, and even the occasional spouse of an employee (we needed a lot of different voices for the choir on "Hand of God"). I rediscovered the joys of working with other talented musicians, and learned the brand new joy of working with a talented arranger. Suddenly, I could do things with my music that I'd never even considered before — some-

thing more than just guitar and voice with the occasional bodhran or bells thrown in whenever handy. It truly seemed as if some higher power had stepped forward to make this wonderful experiment possible.

There are always lots of people involved in the production of a project like this, and each of them gives the final result part of its unique color. But this album couldn't have existed to begin with if not for the faith and generosity of some very special people, who continue to be supportive even through this new release. Deep thanks to the original *Divine Intervention* investors, Nancy Burridge, Ann Cecil, Cheryl Crawford, David Jordan, David & Diana Stein, and Andrew Strassmann. If you enjoy this album, and you ever run into these people at conventions, make sure you tell them how much you appreciate their contribution to the art of filk.


Thanks, too, to Justin Brown for welcoming me at Air Craft Records, and for being willing to set me loose with the right people. One of those people was engineer Henry Yoder, who put in more midnight hours with more patience and good cheer than any performer has a right to expect. A great sound engineer is another of those invaluable lynchpins, without whom the whole endeavor couldn't exist. Thanks, Henry, for being so generous with your time and expertise.

When *Divine Intervention* was first released in 1986, it was as a cassette tape with the usual built-in limited lifespan. Fifteen years later, plans to re-release the album as a CD were set in motion by a single person with the foresight and persistence to line up the ducks who'd wandered away more than a decade before. Working with his own time and money, Eli Goldberg tracked down long-misplaced master tapes, oversaw their restoration and repair, sought out the original investors, producers, and performers, and even encouraged my re-teaming with Michael Moricz for the bonus track, "Roxanne," that you'll find on this CD. Eli's contribution to the *Divine Intervention* CD rivals the contributions made by the original *DI* investors, making him just as much a *DI* godparent. I'm grateful to him for making this re-release possible.

My greatest thanks, though, is reserved for Michael Moricz, the man so inadequately listed on the original liner notes as "Producer." While Michael and Henry both held my hand through the learning curve involved in working at a real studio, it was Michael's creativity and vision that made this album so much more than anything I'd previously done. Michael provided the arrangements for each song, working only with my original guitar-and-voice demos, my vague descriptions

about what I'd like to finally hear, and my notes regarding the initial inspiration for each piece. The beauty he heard in my awkward strumming was (and still is) shocking to me; I think I realized for the first time that I had actually created music when I listened to other musicians playing what Michael heard in my songs. A wonderful composer in his own right, Michael shared his interpretations with me without ever sacrificing what I wanted for a piece, and his brilliance challenged me to try and hear more within my own works. Fun to work with, quick both verbally and musically, and just enough of a science fiction fan to appreciate that the subject matters I wrote about really do matter — he's the perfect producer, the perfect arranger, the

DIVINE INTERVENTION IS BACK, AND IT'S A CD

t one time I kept the cassette in my car, cycling, played over and over. The music still runs through my head at odd moments, and some of it I can sing: "Ladyhawke," "Terminus Est," "Crane Dance."

This is real music. I shouldn't have to say that to anyone. But science fiction and fantasy fans are used to music whose value depends

perfect accompanist. Recording a bonus track for this album without Michael's input was unthinkable, and it was absolutely wonderful to work with him again after all these years. More than anyone else, I have to thank Michael for gifting *Divine Intervention* with the sound and spirit that sets it apart from any filk album ever produced, before or since.

Finally, thanks to you, the listener. You've guarded your *Divine Intervention* cassettes for fifteen years, talked wistfully of a CD, and apparently pestered Eli enough at conventions to start him on this quest. Your faithfulness is just as much a part of this CD's existence as everything I've mentioned before. Thank you, and enjoy.

— Julia Ecklar, January 28, 2002

on information content — on the story that's being told — and not on technique.

Julia Ecklar and her team are masters of their techniques, as good as any in the popular music world, but the songs tell powerful stories.

These songs echo in your mind, calling up serendipitous realities.

— Larry Niven, October 12, 2002

1. OVERTURE

Michael Moricz

© 1986 Michael Moricz



2. LADYHAWKE!

Julia Ecklar

Being asked to pick a favorite track off an album is kind of like being asked to pick your favorite child — you might actually *have* a favorite, but you feel guilty admitting it. Still, when backed into a corner, I have to admit that “Ladyhawke!” and the accompanying “Overture” (I think of them as a single piece) are among my three favorite cuts on *Divine Intervention*.

I have very little control over what I choose to write music about. I never know what books or movies will inspire me, and I’m sometimes disappointed that I never come up with a song about something I really love (Why *haven’t* I written anything for *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*?). But I knew walking out of the theater that the movie *Ladyhawke* had woken up something in me. A few days later, I was just playing through the strong, strumming opening chords I could hear in my head when my roommate leaned through the door

of my bedroom and said, “You’re writing a song for *Ladyhawke*, aren’t you?”

“How did you know?” I asked, startled.

She shrugged. “It just sounded like *Ladyhawke*.”

I still consider that one of the nicest compliments anyone ever paid one of my songs. I think Michael’s heroic orchestral arrangement and soaring “Overture” make it sound even more like the *Ladyhawke* which was its inspiration.

My jesses are fear and my hood my own lies,
My wings pinned to ground by my thieving.
Each evening I swear that tomorrow I’ll fly,
But each dawn breaks not believing.

I’m a mouse among men, with no goals, no dreams,
No reckon of right or of wrong.
But a magical maiden, more real than she seems,
Fills my soul with the glory of song.

Ladyhawke! Ladyhawke! Fly bravely on,
Wings spread at each morning’s light.
Ladyhawke! Ladyhawke! From dusk to dawn,
Teach me the magic of flight.

I feel strange lending help when I don’t even know
Where she’s headed or where she has been.
But my heart answers, “Yes!” before my head says,
“No,”
And, too soon, I am drawn in.

But it’s not just her beauty, for beauty I’ve seen
 (“Though she outshines what beauty I know).
It’s the faith she can place in the truth of a dream,
The good she believes I can show.

I know I will always be weighted to ground,
 “Though the path of the birds I admire,
 But she makes me believe in the promise I’ve found
 Chasing flight’s dream ever higher.

For “unheard of” means only it’s undreamed of yet;
 “Impossible” means not yet done.
 The magic I’ve seen here I’ll never forget,
 The miracles love has begun.

© 1986 Julia Ecklar

3. CRIMSON & CRYSTAL

Cynthia McQuillin

“Crimson & Crystal” is one of the few songs on *Divine Intervention* which I didn’t write, but which I liked enough to record. I can’t speak to what inspiration was at work for Cynthia McQuillin when she wrote this song, but I found my connection to it after seeing a poignantly done suicide scene in a non-science fiction film. I was shocked and moved by the scene, and strongly driven to play this song all alone by myself. It was then that I “discovered” my performance of it, and the arrangement that survives, virtually unchanged, on this recording.

Crimson and Crystal deck Her shadowed halls,
 And in incense and teardrops, Her voice gently calls.
 But in that silent kingdom, the sun never shines,
 For She’s locked it away in the fortress of Time.

Her eyes, they are hollow like deep, empty pools,
 And Her touch is like ice that makes mortal
 blood cool.
 Her existence is longing; She’s waiting for me.
 My sweet Lady Death will soon set me free.

For in mansions of shadow She wanders each night.
 But She’s ever alone outside Time’s patterned flight.
 As She lays down beside each new lover She takes,
 She whispers their names and they never awake.

Crimson and Crystal deck Her shadowed halls,
 And the time soon is coming when we’ll all be called
 To lie down in the silence of Her crystal sleep,
 Where She’ll watch us and guard us
 In Her crimson keep.

© 1979 Cynthia McQuillin

4. BURNISH ME BRIGHT

Julia Ecklar

This is an example of the strange ways in which my inspiration works. I wrote this song after reading two wonderful children’s books by author Julia Cunningham, *Burnish Me Bright* and *Far in the Day*, which tell the story of a mute (but

not deaf) boy in France who learns to be a mime and goes out into the world to work little miracles with his art. They are dark, honest, moving books, with sensitive illustrations that beautifully capture the delicate nature of both mime and troubled childhood. In this song, I wanted to recreate the feelings of isolation and hope that motivate us all, and to try and give literal voice to the expressiveness of the lead character's mimes.

A box made of glass keeps the real world at bay;
I feel the glass press in each word I can't say.
Like butterflies' wings,
Crushed between the glass panes,
A mute can't for mercy beg, or cry to ease the pain.
The glass passes sound only in, never out —
I hear what they say of me,
I know the things they shout.

This magical glass, no one but I sees.
A wizard might break this spell,
His magic set me free.

What magic is left in a world grown so old?
All magic died long ago, so we are often told.
My wizard would know where the magic now hides —
It passed into silence, where he keeps it yet alive.
Like magic, his hands teach my silence to sing,
And magically silence lets the butterfly take wing.

And I am a hawk! A great, noble tree!

The silence is everything,
The wizard is the key.

I learn how to speak with my body and eyes.
I pantomime miracles in the magic silence buys.
I'm no longer tied to a world bound in sound —
I silently soar away from the bitter, broken ground.
As I knew he must, the wizard hands to me
his throne.

He mimes now to Heaven's halls;
I mime to trees, alone.

Burnish me bright, before the night comes,
And look down from Heaven's height
To bless the mimes I've done.

Burnish me bright, before the night falls.
I shine brighter than the stars.
The silence makes me all.

© 1986 Julia Ecklar

5. APOCALYPSE

Michael Moricz

© 1986 Michael Moricz

6. SURVIVOR'S SONG

Julia Ecklar

While at heart a simple post-Apocalypse song, "Survivor's Song" was specifically inspired not even by the 1983 movie *The Day After*, but by the frank

and ringing caption at the very end of the film: "The catastrophic events you have witnessed are, in all likelihood, less severe than the destruction that would actually occur in the event of a full nuclear strike."

If you listen carefully to the thunderstorm in the prologue, you can hear the explosions as the bombs fall.

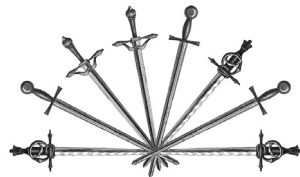
Tell me about hope.
Tell me of nobility,
Of dignity, humanity.
Tell me that the crowds I see
Are gathered out of loyalty,
Of how the tears in dying eyes
Will see where our brief future lies.
Yes, tell me how...

Tell me how we've won.
Tell me we're at least alive,
We get to live before we die.
Tell me what we're waiting for,
What lies beyond those bolted doors.
Tell me that the world I'll see
Is not all that it used to be.
Yes, tell me how...

Tell me about hope.
Tell me that the souls I see
Who scream in silent agony
Are not our only legacy,
That time will help those left to see
We've grown beyond our frailty,

That falling ash and tainted land
Are not all that is left of Man,
That trust can be alive again,
There'll be men left to try again.
Tell me that humanity
Won't repeat such insanity.
Tell me in a year or more
There'll be something worth living for.
There'll be nothing worth living for,
So tell me how to go on.

© 1986 Julia Ecklar



7. TERMINUS EST

Julia Ecklar

If you don't know what the title means, brush up on your Latin or go out and read Gene Wolfe's excellent *The Book of the New Sun* series (consisting of the individual books *The Shadow of the Torturer*, *The Claw of the Conciliator*, *The Sword of the Lictor*, and *The Citadel of the Autarch* — you can hear most of the titles hiding in the lyrics). As a bonus, you'll also learn the meaning of words like "fuligin," "lictor," and "autarch."

I read *The Shadow of the Torturer*, and was completely blown away by Wolfe's world and language. Stuck in Pittsburgh rush hour traffic on the way to work, the entire first verse just popped fully-formed into my head, guitar part and all. I wrote it down, and played it for my friend Ann Cecil (who also loved the books), telling her, "I'm going to wait until I read the other books in the series before finishing it, so that I'll really understand what it's all about."

"Oh," she said, a little dismally, "I don't think you want to do that."

Five years after reading the last novel, I finally finished the song.

It has perhaps my favorite guitar accompaniment of anything I've written (played on electric guitar here), and something about the word games I was able to construct in the lyrics still makes me very pleased with how the piece finally came out (five years of assimilation notwithstanding).

Michael Moricz quote of the day:
"Have you ever thought about doing this heavy metal?"

The shadow hovers o'er us, old and long,
Its power fuligin and vast.
Tradition slithers 'round us;
Like serpent's coils it's bound us —
Bound us to the shadow of the torturer's mask.
An ancient place the one I have and hold,

An ancient lesson I do learn.
Our job to slay the people,
Our fate to do the evil.
"Pity the poor prisoners, may the torturers burn!"

We must not sway beneath our heinous work;
Compassion is the greatest crime.
I take one life in kindness,
They damn me for my blindness
And I'll bear that stigma 'til the end of my time.
Her memories haunt me when I'm most alone;
No longer can I see the right.
Unwilling penance claws me,
Conciliation draws me
Into my grim future, into Urth's blackest night.

The sword of this sad licitor
Of uncounted deaths can tell.
Her blade marks the division
Between living death and Hell.

So as I journey toward a hated post,
Despair is in her finest hour.
Upon God's path must I tread,
My fate to make and raise dead,
Wielding like a sword an old and Urth-saving power.
If I but knew the use of what I've learned
Some hope might override my strife.
Can death be so appalling?
Humanity is calling
Me to be their Savior at the risk of my life,

While I must sew the Death
From which a new sun must rise.

© 1986 Julia Ecklar

8. FALLEN ANGEL

Julia Ecklar

Anyone who knows me knows that I am an Original Series *Star Trek* fan the same way some people are Catholic and others are Greek. I have probably written more music inspired by some aspect of *Star Trek* than any other source during my career, and I'm confident that filkers will continue to mine that rich source for years to come.

I still believe that the decision to destroy the original *Enterprise* in *Star Trek III* was wrong, both from the point of view of a fan and as a writer. When I first saw the film, I was bouncing up and down in my seat in agitation, rattling off to my friends all the various options still available to the characters before destruction of the ship became inevitable — and if I can think of them on the fly like that, certainly my hero Kirk could.

But what was done, was done, and I went home from the movie angry and devastated. I walked through the front door, went straight up to my room, and composed this song on the spot. From the beginning, I heard it in the same sort of orchestral setting that for me is part-and-parcel with good *Star Trek*. For that reason, it was only ever performed once in front of an audience, because I couldn't find a guitar

accompaniment that I felt sounded good with it. So, unlike most of the other songs on this album, "Fallen Angel" is heard here the way it has always existed. Perhaps because of this, "Fallen Angel" is the second of my three favorite tracks on this album.

Michael Moricz quote of the day:
"French horns! It's *Star Trek*, so there must be french horns!"

My God, what have I done?
Is this what I had to do?
I paid to save six lives.
Was it worth the price of you?
I would take your spirit in me
To make you live again,
But your fire dies across the sky.
My God, is this the end?

My steel and star-dry lady,
My soul's death is at your hands.
As your own death was at mine, love,
'Though even I can't understand
Why we gods can't live forever.
Why should legends have to die?
As you wait to sleep in glory,
My heart still seeks the sky.

There are stars before my eyes,
But they pale to your dying.
You swore we'd outlive Time.
Oh, my love, were you, too, lying?
What's my life without your singing

When I'm not but flesh and bone?
Where have I damned my lover's soul
To wander all alone?

But this death I can't deny
As you fade to distant ember.
My need to steal from death
Cost you, love. But I'll remember.
And I long to burn there with you,
To never live again.
Forever we would light the sky.
My God, is this the end?

© 1984 Julia Ecklar

9. TEMPER OF REVENGE

Julia Ecklar

Although I wouldn't make my first professional fiction sale until 1989, I had been writing novels and short stories since long before I'd ever first considered writing songs. "Temper of Revenge" is one of three songs on *Divine Intervention* based on my own writings, and all three are based on characters and/or stories which never did see their way into print. Apparently, they were more successful inspirations for songs than they were subjects of fiction. (Further proven by Michael and Henry, who, after a long night of mixing, discovered that you could sing most of the refrain from "Temper of Revenge" to the theme song from *Mr. Ed*.

"Find me a horse, a real big horse, for a horse is a horse, of course, of course.")

"Temper" is based on a novelette (and later novel) by the same name. The horse in the song really was created out of the fires of the rising sun (and not cloned, as one clueless editor suggested in her rejection letter), and graced the cover of the original cassette.

We were sworn to protect a timeless land,
Our steel pledged to greater goals,
Meant to serve what our Lords deemed as good,
Part of a greater whole.

We swore Lords a pledge with breath and tongue —
A pledge I now break with my heart.
Those beliefs impede what I'm called now to do,
My allegiances sunder apart.

My soul was torn from me this day;
Half of me lies interred in his grave.
That shattered life I can never retrieve,
No well-meaning wizard can save.

So find me a horse, as red as the sun;
Find me a blade that will make their blood run.
I will ride out at dawn, while the sun's in the sky,
So the buzzards can see where the bodies will lie.
Bring me my lance, bring my shield.
Strong as my sword is the vengeance I wield.
To seek vengeance is wrong,
Claim my masterful Lords,

But vengeance has tempered my sword,
Vengeance has tempered my sword.

My companion was made to be half of me,
We were sealed in both body and soul.
What is life to one Human alone?
How can one, Unpartnered, be whole?

He was slaughtered at night — not a warrior's death.
All goodness seemed useless and vile.
Good let my fragile world be destroyed.
My oaths by such lies were defiled!

Forgive me, my Lords, for what I do.
Know that this sinner is suffering, too.
But your virtues pure don't allow what I plan,
And, by God, I'll pay killers their due!

© 1983 Julia Ecklar



10. CRANE DANCE

Julia Ecklar

Many times, inspiration goes far beyond the actual seed that gave it birth. I began this song as a reaction to the movie *The Karate Kid*, but it quickly turned into something more. The imagery of strength and balance that I'd taken from the movie's martial arts theme moved easily into the greater theme of strength and balance in

the living of one's own life; I can't count the number of people who have contacted me through the years to say they took comfort from this song while going through difficult times of their own.

Michael's brilliance and flexibility as an arranger are no more apparent than here. When I walked into the studio that night, he said, "I want to do it *ad lib* — you sing, I'll play, and we'll just let it go where it goes." So there was never an arrangement written down for this song, just Michael on the piano and me alone in the vocal booth, listening to the music and feeling our own ways. Kind of like life.

"In all things, there must be balance."
So my teacher says to me.
"Living life's the point of things,
But balance is the key.
There is power in the balance
That allows a crane to stand.
My son, you must learn balance
To assist your empty hands.

"For balance guides the butterflies,
And lets the seasons turn.
The greatness inside any man
Is the balance that he learns."

In my life there's been no balance —
I was taught to lose or cheat.
How am I to balance

With no ground beneath my feet?
How will learning to be hurt and hate
Help me to have a chance?
While a crane may stand by balance,
You will never see one dance.

For balance is a fairy tale
I never will achieve.
The naive may find balance,
But the bitter can't believe.

Still I try to catch my balance
Where the sand hills meet the sea.
Do I need another's faith,
Or my own faith in me?
With my head above the water
I can sometimes see the land.
Could it be I must see balance
Before I can understand

That balance is as balance does,
Between the left and right?
Balance means you understand
The crane when it's in flight.

Almost lost, can I find balance
In the guise of what I fear?
Could it be a test of fire
Must make the balance clear?
This fire only balances
The cold I've known so long.
From this balancing, I will emerge
A single human strong.

For balance tempers light and dark,



And guides these empty hands.
Like the crane, whose one leg bears his all,
With balance, I can stand.

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11. ONE MAN MAGICAL SHOW

Julia Ecklar

I don't even remember what moved me to write this song, since I don't drink and can't use that as an excuse. It's just a jaunty celebration of another of the characters from my own unpublished fiction — a circus stage magician with a very healthy sense of self worth. Henry and Michael supplied the voices of the barkers (I supplied the names of the various strange circus attractions which had appeared in my stories). If you listen very carefully, you can hear the merry-go-round in the distance tinkling out "The Hand of God" (my favorite in-joke on this album).

Ladies and gents at the front of the tent,
You will note there is naught up my sleeve.
My wizardry bold will end what doubts you hold;
I will make the worst cynic believe.
From illusionry grand to the flame on my hand,
I'm a miracle from head to toe.
I'm a prestidigitational, arcanelly sensational
One man magical show.

Now, our first trick's not hard —
Take your pick, any card!
For the next I'll need one volunteer.
Saw through bricks with a comb —
Kids, don't try this at home!
I can make silver coins disappear.
I may be a tad proud, but I'll say right out loud,
So that all of the world may well know,
I'm a simply unsurpassable, utterly irascible
One man magical show.

From birth, I've been blessed
With uncommon finesse
And charisma just short of divine.
As if that weren't enough, I am quite up to snuff
In all civilized arts from good beds to good wines.

Any fool can plain see I'm the best best can be,
But for those who might be a bit slow —
I'm a simply unsurpassable, utterly irascible,
Prestidigitational, arcanelly sensational
One man magical show.

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12. SILVER

Julia Ecklar

This is one of the few songs I ever wrote "on commission." The first folk recording company I worked for was putting together an anthology album with the vague theme of science fictional heroes and fools. We already had a

song for the album entitled "Space Hero," so I wanted to write a song that did something a little unexpected with the "fools" part of the theme. And what could be more foolish than young love?

The subject of the song — and the use of the steel-stringed guitar — was inspired by Tanith Lee's touching novel *The Silver Metal Lover*.

Foolish little girl,
To love a singer boy like me.
Within my eyes, what do you see?
If you told me love,
I'd know it wasn't true.
It's just another dream,
It's never what it seems
To foolish girls like you.

Listen to my songs,
And not the things my eyes might say.
My silver tunes will lead the way.
I'll be all that you need,
And keep you safe from harm.
So come, let's run away —
You'll find a better day
Within my patient arms.

Strings of silvered steel
That flutter like my silver heart.
"Though flesh and steel must one day part,
I'll never leave you cold,

I promise that is true.
You'll need me for some time.
How could I leave behind
A foolish girl like you?

Although of silvered steel,
I know I'll always feel,
My foolish girl, for you.

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13. THE HAND OF GOD

Julia Ecklar

This is a song (my third favorite on *Divine Intervention*) with a checkered history. The tune and refrain came to me very powerfully, but I wasn't as clear about what shape the lyrics should take. Unlike most of my songs, I found myself rewriting the lyrics extensively on "The Hand of God," over and over again, from vague imagery to extremely specific ballad to I don't even know what. And it just wasn't working. I could feel a great deal of power hiding in there somewhere, but I wasn't sure how to pull it out.

I finally realized that the reason I couldn't figure what the song was about was because I didn't know what the story it grew out of was about, either. This was another of my original pieces, and I had changed the title, changed the setting, changed the theme, changed the

plot-line so many times in trying to "make it work" that I was left in pretty much the same situation as with the song — power roiling around untapped while I had only a messy lump of manuscript to show for it.

So I decided to reverse the process. Instead of letting the story guide the song, I would let the song guide the story. I let the "story" of the song tell itself the way it wanted to, without worrying about anything I'd thought before in relation to the story. In the same way that I sometimes wrote a song about something bigger and better than the inspiration suggested, I would let the song show me what the story ought to be.

I got 99% of the lyrics down in this way. There was still one line in the last verse that I couldn't quite nail — I sang different words each time, trying to find the image that fit best. When I sang the song in public for the first time, I still didn't know which lyric I was going to use. To my amazement, the line "while faith rots us like salt rots the land" (a line I had never even *thought* before) simply fell out of my mouth while I was singing. It was almost eerie, but it was the way this song has always worked.

Later that night, a friend told me that she had heard several people on an elevator talking about the song. It seems they had left the filksing in a fury, offended by the subject mat-

ter of the song, angry that I would so vocally attack Christianity at a science fiction convention where openness and acceptance were supposed to be the rule. I was shocked. I hadn't been thinking about Christianity when I wrote the song — hadn't been thinking about any existing religion, in fact, only about the obviously ill-conceived and alien traditions of the world I'd created in my fiction. "The Hand of God" wasn't intended as any sort of veiled criticism of any particular religion, but rather one character's specific reaction to a particular set of people and events.

"The Hand of God" was also the only song where the volume of my voice became an issue again, however briefly. There's a wild crescendo in the last refrain that's also coupled with my going up a third in pitch. I told Henry the sound engineer, "We might need to be careful here — I get really loud."

Henry assured me blithely, "That's okay. We'll be fine."

Michael pitched it, "It gets *really* loud, Henry," and Henry said again, "Don't worry about it, it's okay. Just let 'er rip."

So I let 'er rip. And when I hit the crescendo in the vocal booth, two rooms away, I could just make out Henry throwing himself over the mixing board the way soldiers throw themselves over live grenades. Needless to say, we had to redo that section.

You stood simply regal, all shadow and ire,
More distance between us than that of the fire.
For difference is wrong and I'm different from you,
And you'll crush what you can't understand.

You've taught me that sheltered we're destined to stay;
You claim that it's right we should cower this way.
For Man must never question what Nature has planned.
You said it was all by God's Hand.

And we're all in the hands now of God —
From here on, mere mortals have failed.
No matter the cost or the cause,
The strength of the Lord must prevail.
He shows us the wrong and the right,
Forbids us to speak and forbids us to fight,
Protects us from Dangers
Aprol through the night,
For we're all in the hands now of God,
Now of God.
We're all in the hands now of God.

We're just two-legged rabbits, hid safe underground,
Afraid to admit that we've long since been found.
If we ignore death, it just might go away
And leave us back where we began.

Just deny any questions outside a small range;
Feel safe all our lives, for our lives cannot change;
We'll be told if it matters that we understand,
And be led to the end by God's Hand.

So behold here the triumph God's wisdom has won —

Behold here the damage that can't be undone!
Stagnation is good, and we're good to the core
While faith rots us like salt rots the land.


If your God helps the helpless, may He help you all well.
I am bound for the Outside to find my own hell.
If defiance means death, I would die before stand
Like a sheep to be thrown to God's Hand.

But we're all in the hands now of God —
From here on mere mortals have failed.
No matter the cost or the cause,
The strength of the Lord must prevail.
He shows us the wrong and the right,
Forbids us to speak and forbids us to fight.
But I'll no longer run from the sounds in the night.
Leave it all in the hands now of God, now of God.
We're all in the hands now of God.

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14. LULLABY FOR A WEARY WORLD

TJ Burnside Clapp

ne of the prettiest songs I've ever
heard, and a good tonic to the dark-
ness and violence of many of the
other songs on the album. I just thought it
was a beautiful note on which to end the
original album, and a sentiment we should
cherish even more now than then.

I wonder how my world can live
With all the hate she harbors.
(Sleep, my weary world.)
And I'm scared of all how long it may last,
And just how soon it all may end,
And I wish the power to stop it all
Could rest within my hands.

I've seen her people dying for
Such bold and bloody causes.
(Sleep, my weary world.)
And the bodies of the innocent
Just wash up on the lengthening shore
While the rising tide of history
Just ebbs and flows again.

Oh, make me a cradle to rock my weary world.
Make me a gentle voice,
To soothe her when she weeps.
Make my arms strong enough
To hold her when she wakes,
And make me a lullaby so sweet and fine
That I can sing my weary world to sleep.

I wish that I could soothe away
Her jagged shards of hatred.
(Sleep, my weary world.)
And, 'though my hands may bleed and burn,
I'll hold my broken world to me
Until her ugly scars are healed,
And peace may reign at last.

If her fighting will not stop,
Then I'll hold her that much closer
And sing my lullaby above the noise and pain of war.

And if her bleeding I can't staunch,
I'll bleed along beside her.
But I will not let her go,
No, I'll never let her go.

When the stars have all burned out,
I'll sing to her in darkness.
(Sleep, my weary world.)
And I pray a tender God may find me,
Huddled in the dark and cold,
And grant the weary world I shelter
One more chance to live.

May God grant my precious world
Another chance to live.

© 1985 TJ Burnside Clapp

15. TEMPER OF REVENGE — INSTRUMENTAL

Julia Ecklar

Previously unreleased

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16. LULLABY FOR A WEARY WORLD — EDITED INSTRUMENTAL

TJ Burnside Clapp

Previously unreleased


© 1985 TJ Burnside Clapp



17. ROXANNE

Julia Ecklar

Previously unreleased

s far as I know, this is the only filk-
song inspired by *Cyrano de Bergerac*.
I have always loved this song, so it
was the first one I thought of when Eli sug-
gested I re-team with Michael to produce a
bonus track for this CD. I could practically
hear what Michael would do with the
arrangement, and I was excited about how
beautiful I knew the song could be.

Even though I'd only talked with Michael
a couple of times over the last fifteen years,
when we got together it was like no time had
passed at all. Air Craft Records had long since
passed away, so this time we recorded at an-
other wonderful Pittsburgh studio, AAM.

Recording at AAM was almost as different
from my last experience as Air Craft had
been from what I'd known before then. The
recording rooms looked pretty much the
same, but now it was digital equipment that
lined the engineering booth's walls, and
computers which sat alongside the mixing
board. I was sent home with a freshly burned
CD of the tracks we'd cut, instead of a labori-
ously cobbled cassette tape.

In addition to his own talents, Michael was
able to bring back John Maione, whose fabu-

lous guitar work is heard throughout the original *Divine Intervention* recordings. The three of us got together with an oboist, a pizza, and lots of caffeine, and talked about everything from Broadway to *Star Trek* to Tori Amos between working collectively and individually on our tracks for the song. It was just like 1986, only better, and I wished we had a whole album to work on instead of just the one song. I was really sorry when the evening was over.

The sparrows' wings beat out your name.
My heart beats out the very same,
Roxanne.
Two sounds etched bright upon my soul,
Roxanne.
I fear the words that can't express
The limits of your loveliness,

Recorded and Mastered July-August 1986 at
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Executive Producers: **Nancy Burridge,**
Ann Cecil, Cheryl Crawford, David Jordan,
Andrew Strassman, and David & Diana Stein

The limitless amazement that is you.

Nighttime is a friend to me —
It hides my face and helps me see,
Roxanne,
What elegance dares bear the name
Roxanne.
I'm drunken by the sight of you,
The heights my love has swept me to.
I'd drown in you and die a happy man.

This moment is my very life,
Your name a sweet and killing knife,
Roxanne.

I know you almost love me, too,
Roxanne.
So think that you're with me tonight,
And let me dream of all that might
Have just been mine if I had dared,
Roxanne.

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Assistant Producer and Engineer:

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Production Coordinator: **R. Justin Brown**
Project Coordinator: **Jon T. Arnold**

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Rick Daller: Trumpet
Warren Davidson: Violin
Julia Ecklar: Acoustic Guitar
Kathleen Faust: Piccolo
Thomas Godfrey: Flute
Janice Hawes: Horn
James Hois: Oboe
John Maione: Acoustic Guitar
Rick Malkin: Percussion
Bruce Marshall: Electric Guitars
Michael Moricz: Keyboards & Percussion
Lori Naugle: Bassoon
Russ Peterson: Tuba
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Jonathan Stubbs: Trombone & Electric Bass

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