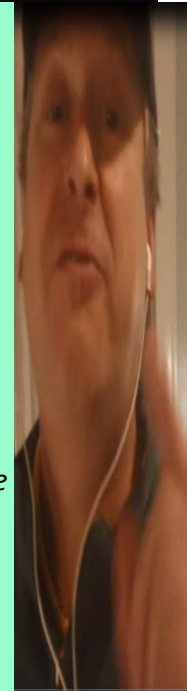


I Partyed (almost) Every Night I Was on the Planet



Tir na nOg is Gaelic for “land of the young,” a euphemism for the Celtic otherworld of spirits (see track 9). In the tale for which the place is best known, a man (Oisín) falls in love with a woman (Niamh) from the otherworld. She takes him to Tir na nOg on a magical horse. But he gets homesick and she allows him to return to earth on the magic horse, warning him not to touch the ground. He finds that 300 years have passed in Ireland, then falls off the horse, and quickly dies of old age.



“The denial of our role within nature is not only irrational but also inherently self-destructive. Technology has provided us with the idle time required to develop culturally and although we’ve hastened human evolution culturally rather than biologically, we are by no means unnatural. As long as we continue to become sick, die and decompose and we are bound to eat, drink and reproduce we have not segregated ourselves from nature. These processes by their very definitions require us to interact within the same natural constraints as any other organism. . . . If we are not part of nature, then why must we eventually succumb to the limitations it presents us?” – anonymous blog post quoted in Martin Melosi’s “Are Humans Part of Nature”