

# INTO THE MYSTIC

We were born before the wind  
Also, younger than the sun  
'Ere the bonnie boat was won  
As we sailed into the mystic

Hark now, hear the sailors cry  
Smell the sea and feel the sky  
Let your soul and spirit fly  
Into the mystic

Yeah, when that fog horn blows  
I will be coming home  
Yeah, when that fog horn blows  
I wanna hear it  
I don't have to fear it

And I wanna rock your gypsy soul  
Just like way back in the days of old  
Then magnificently we will float  
Into the mystic

When that fog horn blows  
You know I will be coming home  
Yeah, when that fog horn whistle blows  
I gotta hear it  
I don't have to fear it

And I wanna rock your gypsy soul  
Just like way back in the days of old  
And together we will float  
Into the mystic

Come on, girl

Too late to stop now

# Into the Mystic

Three years ago, I started working on a series about the links between songs and images. "Into the Mystic" was the first song that I tackled. After a week of struggling with the series and getting nowhere, I abandoned the idea, and have only returned to it just now. Perhaps it just needed time before I was able to put into images what it was that I was hearing---and feeling.

Literally, Van Morrison's song "Into the Mystic" is about a sailor at sea who is thinking about returning to his lover, who is back on land. Normally a foghorn signals danger, but in this case it means that he is close to home and to his true love.

I interpret this song as a kind of spiritual ballad. To me, "Into the Mystic" means that our favorite memories inevitably fade with time, but they never disappear. These memories reside deep in the recesses of our mind in some sort of a fog-shrouded room where they wander recklessly like a mystical, gypsy soul. For this series, I open the door to my own fog-shrouded room to reveal several of my favorite, faded memories.

























































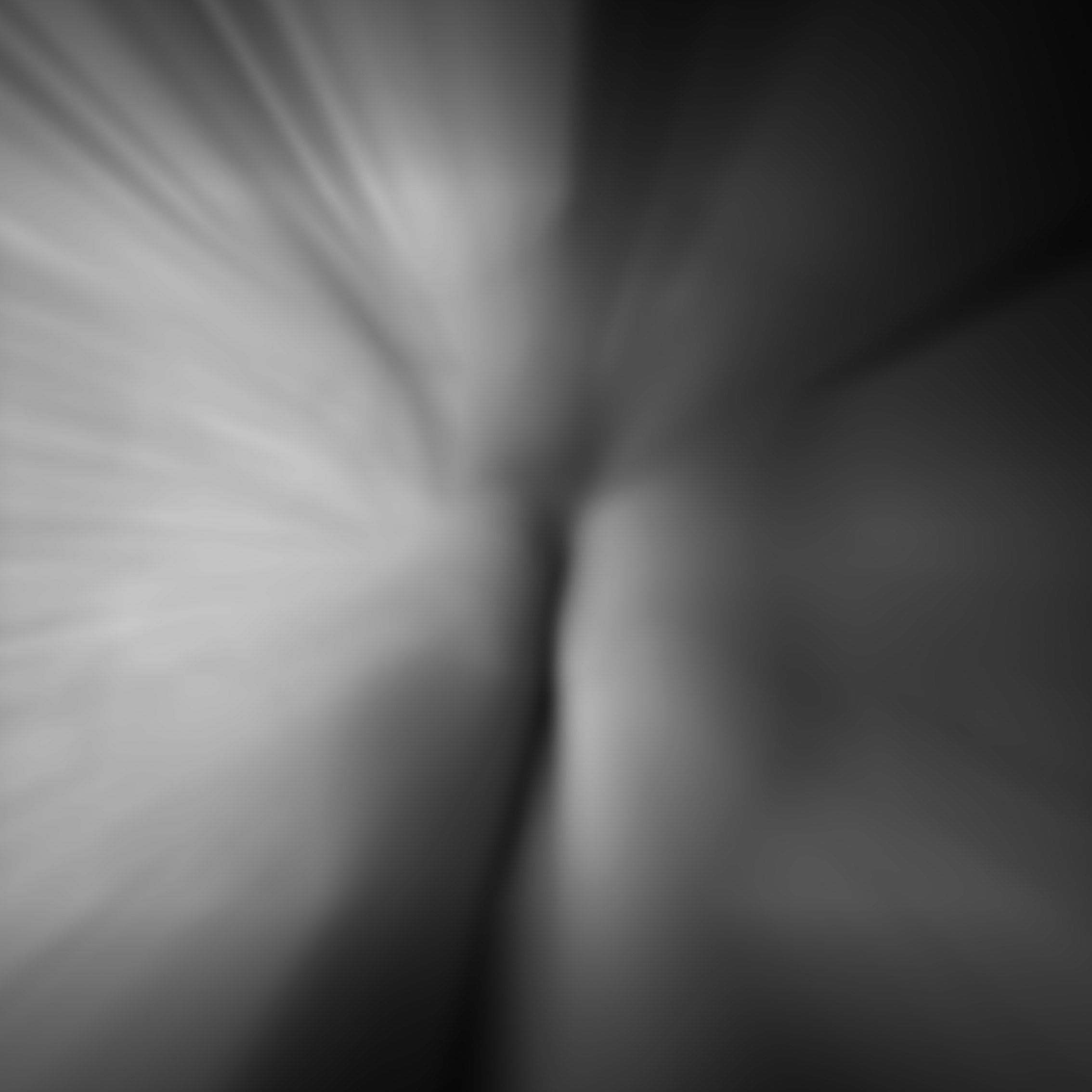


























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