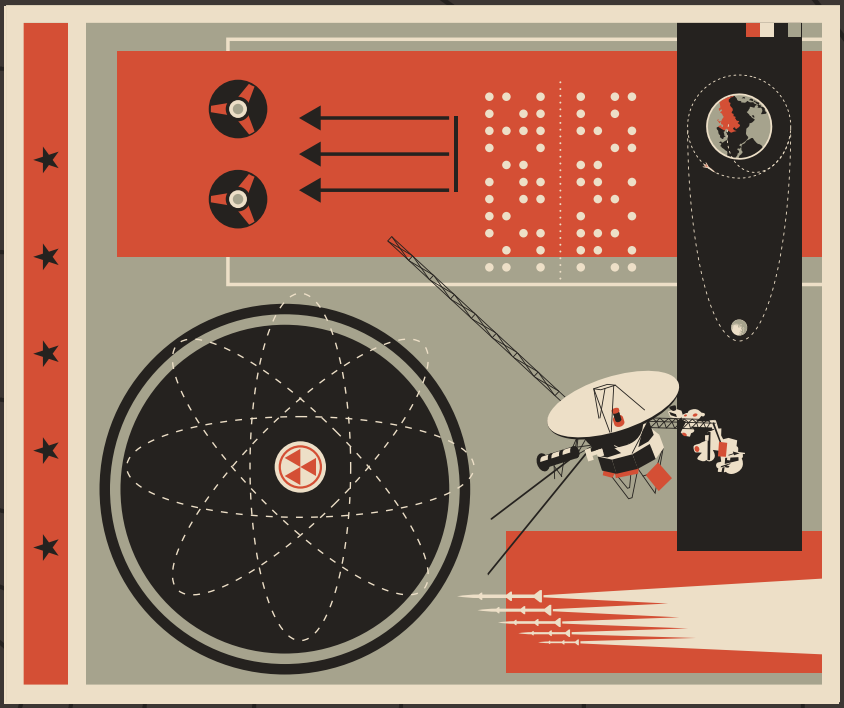
ELECTRON MUSIC

ALLEN RAVENSTINE



About the time the first discoveries on Mars were made, people on Earth began to dream of Martians. Via the social media of the day, they learned of each other, and within a few months their numbers grew into the hundreds scattered across the globe. The dream they shared was one in which the Martians were coming to Earth. They formed a group called The Welcoming Committee and by the time the last mission left Mars they numbered in the thousands.

The primary base for the Mars missions was Star City in Chinese Siberia. When the last mission from Mars set down there, several thousand members of The Welcoming Committee were on hand to greet it. They hoisted banners that read Welcome to Earth, and We Love Martians.

The rocket landed and the engines shut down. The metal began ticking down in the cool dawn. The ground crew moved in. The van that was to take the crew for their physicals and their debriefing pulled up and the doors were opened to welcome the spacemen.

The ground crew waited, and the crowd waited but, the hatch on the rocket did not open. Folks began to shift on their feet and look at each other. Folks shrugged and there was some nervous laughter. The banners fluttered in the breeze that rose with the sun. The morning warmed. The ground crew looked at the Chief and the Chief turned and walked away talking into his radio. There were no radio calls from the crew. Time dragged on and then the Chief got a call and he signaled for the ground crew to blow the hatch. A horn sounded and then they blew the bolts and entered the rocket.

They found nothing, no sign of the crew. In the Juryrig where no one was supposed to be they found writing scratched into the skin of the ship. Late in the afternoon after some number of men in contamination suits had come and boarded and looked and driven away, the section of skin was cut away and cloaked and carted off in a van with no windows. When dusk came the field was empty. The people were gone and the banners lay rippling on the ground and bits of paper blew around and the rocket sat empty with the blown hatch on the ground and a breeze whipped the grass.

The scuttling of pests disturbed the firmament of an orb in the monstrous dream of the Necula. Down in his hole, he awoke, exhaled a dusty breath and licked his foul teeth. Far above him a bony dawn was breaking. His yellow eyes consumed it and the birds scattered from the trees.

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WSM-05

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1. FAR GO [3:38] *
2. FIREFLY [4:32]
3. GOING UPRIVER [3:39]
4. 110 IN THE UNDERPASS [3:49] **
5. 5@28 [9:44] +

THE WIND SHIFTS ABOVE
TREES THAT SHAPE MY REVERIE
BEARING ME AWAY
FORGETTING ALL THAT
WE GAIN FROM THE WILLOW BEAN
AND THE LICORICE

ALLEN RAVENSTINE Synthesizers, Samplers & Theremin
WILLIAM BLAKENEY Digital Synthesizer, GRM Tools & Mellotron
CAROLINA EYCK Theremin & Electronics+
CAMILLE DE CAVALHO Ondes Martenot**
NILAN PERERA Prepared Guitar*

Many thanks to Robert Wheeler, all of our friends and collaborators, Waveshaper Media.

Recorded in NYC, Canada, France and Germany - Assembled at Grant Avenue Studio, Hamilton Ontario with Bob Doidge and Amy King in 2019. Produced by Allen Ravenstine and William Blakeney. Layout and Design by Stephen Seto.

This is the first of a series of very limited- edition EP releases that make up "The Tyranny of Fiction" collection.

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