ALLEN RAVENSTINE

//nautilus

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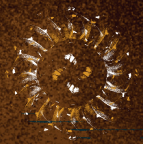

I was here when dinosaurs
walked these streets
and the buffalo roamed
and I will be here
when the time comes
and the bell tolls
and the coin drops.
Time and tide, time and tide
a red tide - a deep red tide
tall as a mountain
wide as a sea
time and tide
will not rid you of me.

1. Fog (Devil's Island Mix) // 5:08
2. A Day At The Beach // 6:00
3. Meadowlark // 3:46
4. Heteromorph // 1:12
5. Nautilus // 3:48
6. Java Head // 3:05
7. Prelude // 1:35*
8. Tuxedo Moonlight // 3:53**
9. Moonlight Marimba // 1:42
10. Red Skies At Night // 3:32

Allen Ravenstine // Modular Synthesizer, Samplers, Aerophone, Piano

William Blakeney // Digital Synthesizer, Mellotron, Bass & Guitar, Piano

Victor Hugo Morales Avilán // Grand Piano *

Bob Doidge // Trumpet

Frank Greco // Trumpet

Donata Greco // Flute

Giacomo Liguori // Percussion

Leonardo Cincinelli // Piano **

Issar Shulman // Double Bass

Many thanks to all of our friends and collaborators, but especially Robert Wheeler. Recorded in NYC, Eastern Passage, Quinta Nazareno, Barcelona, Rome. Assembled at Grant Avenue Studio with Amy King & Bob Doidge, Spring 2020. Produced by Allen Ravenstine and William Blakeney. Design and Layout by Stephen Seto.

This is the third in a series of very limited-edition EP releases that make up "The Tyranny of Fiction". All titles by Allen Ravenstine, (BMI) – Copyright 2021. Cover image by Reinhard Dirscherl and CD image by Andrea & Antonella Ferrari, reproduced under license courtesy of Blue Planet Archives

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I read this morning about the moment a woman learned that all of the lights would not be green for her and that reminded me of the night I was killed in a car crash.

Bill and I were tooling along in his Austin Healey on a warm summer night. We had the top down and the night air was rich and damp. You could smell the trees and the grass. The road we were on joined a freeway ramp and another road joined ours at a right angle where a hill swept the ramp up to the highway. As we approached the adjoining road Bill stopped for no reason and I was about to ask why when a car shot in front of us straight into the side of the hill. I could see the red ember of the cigarette the driver had been smoking flying around inside the car.

We pulled over and got out. Walking toward the wreck Bill called out, "All right? Are you all right?" The engine was still running and a hand waved from the driver's window. A very drunk man said, "Fine, fine, I'm fine. Nothing to see here. Have a good day." Bill and I looked at each other. I shrugged and we went back to the car.

We joined the highway and motored toward the city. We didn't see any other cars on the road which was odd for a Saturday night and when we got into town every light turned green as we approached it. That experience was so satisfying that we never went to the Harbor Inn, the hole we had intended to water in. We just drove, wanting to know when the spell would end. It never did.

In the morning when I woke, no one knew me. That's a funny way of putting it I know, but I mean it to say that I had become invisible. No one knew me. When I entered a room no one looked up, when I spoke no one turned to hear. Raising my voice and stomping my feet had no effect. In fact when I stomped my foot even I could not hear it.

It was really the foot thing that got me. I went into the kitchen and pulled down the pots and pans. That caused interest and folks came running. Still, as I stood there arms folded grinning; Look at me! No one did.

You might think the temptation to go around pulling pranks would be strong; it was not. Very quickly I began to lose interest in the living. In fact, I began to wonder what I had ever seen in them, or in living for that matter. Honestly, I had forgotten all about you until I read the line about the woman's disappointment. Just a recollection that popped up. You know, that day in school you'd like to forget that pops into your head at the oddest moment. Don't even really know why I bothered to write it down. Just thought you might like to know, I guess.

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