ALLEN RAVENSTINE
> RUE DU POISSON NOIR
M LINEA 3

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At night while you sleep I'm sawing up the planet, piece by piece stuffing it into my ample pockets, down there with the dirty Kleenex and the bread ties, down there with my Barlow and my fountain pen, down there with the camera and the telescope and the microscope and the nettle bar noon it all goes and soon I will be at the jumping off place and away we will go.
No Regrets.

Doff Downie Woot (3:29)
Open Season (5:00)
The Rain on Mars (5:45)
Music Box (3:40)
Brothers Grimm (2:38)
Rear Window (2:57)
Time & Tide (2:24)
Rue du Poisson Noir (6:37)
Interlude (1:03)
Wireless (4:42)
Bossa Nova (4:05)

Allen Ravenstine – Modular Synthesizer, Samplers, Voice, Aerophone
William Blakeney – Digital Synthesizer, Prepared Piano, Bass & Guitar
Victor Hugo Morales Avilán – Grand Piano
William Schrade – Saxophone
Bob Doidge – Trumpet
Donata Greco – Flute
Giacomo Liguori – Percussion
Issar Shulman – Double Bass
Windsor King – Vocalise

Many thanks to all of our friends and collaborators, but especially Robert Wheeler. Recorded in NYC, Toronto, Eastern Passage, Philadelphia, Quinta Nazareno, Barcelona, Rome. Assembled at Grant Avenue Studio with Amy King & Bob Doidge, Fall of 2019. Produced by Allen Ravenstine and William Blakeney. Cover Art: "Noir" by O. Nikolaitsch reproduced under license from Getty Images. "Orchestra Pit", Odessa by A. Lesik/Shutterstock.com. Design and Layout: Stephen Seto.

This is the fourth of a series of very limited-edition EP releases that make up "The Tyranny of Fiction". All titles by Allen Ravenstine, (BMI) – Copyright 2021

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It's the angular reflection that I'm here for, the tin brain that draws me, don't think that means you can know me. You cannot see through me. The men with the radio hats have tried, the alphabet men, the brain waves and the high fidelity. All have failed. I am not reflective, I am not a lens for your approval, a pocket for your disappointments, a spider web for your dreams. You will not cross this line drawn like the memory of a loved one, you shall not pass. This I know, this I have known since before you were heard and will know after you are silent, and you will go, you're working on it now - hammer and tongs through the night, thunder and lightning at it you go.

Belly aches and trip wires you've set for me I hop through, I am wider than you think taller than you know deeper than you can imagine I am the supernova the boiling sun the star upon which you wish the penny you drop in the well waiting for the splash it will not come there is no bottom to me so pass me by and do not drop a coin in the tin what do I care I'm not going anywhere I was here when dinosaurs lumbered through these streets and the buffalo roam and I will be here when the time comes and the bell tolls and the coin drops.

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