

Mp3 Aster - Some Things Seldom Heard Of



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Indie synth/pop with shoegazer sensibilities. 11 MP3 Songs POP: Synth Pop, ELECTRONIC: Synthpop

Show all album songs: Some Things Seldom Heard Of Songs Details: Aster: A Biography Of Epic Proportion Preface: An Assertion There are currents. Indisputable channels of energy that constantly ebb and flow. Like the entangled arms of an infinite host of octopi writhing and enmeshed together in some salty roman orgy. But the beasts have no heads and there is no common goal. Accidents happen. Sometimes the currents bring strangers together, sometimes they pry friends apart. Most of the time the riders simply find themselves staring up at foreign stars, oblivious as to what current it is that has them in its grasp. All a lost sailor can do is consult his compass and his nautical maps, his gods and his star charts. Every musician in Texas who suckles with eyes fixed upon the constellations at the sacred temple of the teet of the muse knows that in order to consult the serpentress and pay homage to their respective gods, a journey must be undertaken. And so, like many before them, they set out on their Hajj seeking enlightenment and the favor of the deities, all paths converging at their Mecca: Austin. It was this depraved pilgrimage full of trials and flagellations that served as the current that brought the two halves of Aster together, but under a different incarnation. Act 1: Gutenberg plays Cupid Some two thousand and one years after the death of a demi-god, T. Husmann found himself perusing the musicians wanted ad in a local paper. At that same time, Bryan Ellis was playing guitar in a local musical entourage by the name of Revel. That same band had set out on a search for a keyboard player some two thousand and thirty four years after a strange star had appeared and set fire to a desert somewhere across an easterly body of water. Through the magic of movable print and with the aid of horseless carriages, T. Husmann and Bryan Ellis met face to face at a Revel practice session in a shady, beat-down, cramped, rented space littered with cigarette butts and Peavey electronics. Subsequent practice sessions occurred, parts were

learned, shows were played. More practices occurred, band members were frequently late or absent. Parts that had been learned previously by certain members were forgotten or botched due to lack of practice. Shows were played. Brian and T. felt something was lacking. The other members had failed to properly commit either due to multiple engagements or misguided intentions. The sirens had jumped from the shore and were now seated in the vessel right between T. and Brian. They sat there neither rowing nor holding fast to the rudder, but only mindlessly singing their wretched songs. A minstrel with his heart hell-bent upon replacing the sun will only succeed in being memorialized as a bright streak of crimson impartially imprinted upon cotton walls in dark acrid spaces. Knowing this, and realizing that there were some in their midst who were so inclined, T. and Bryan set out to streamline things. So as not to have their humble ship dashed upon the rocks, T. and Bryan packed their ears with wax and pushed the other members of Revel into the cold waters to die or to swim. Lashing themselves to the vessel, they dropped sail, made fast the rudder, and shot past the treacherous coasts that had been flanking their voyage. Act 2: So Long, Brave Norseman As the seas calmed T. and Bryan took a final look back to see what they had escaped. The shoreline behind them was a disaster scene strewn with pillars of salt and the bodies of unfortunate sailors who failed to negotiate agreeable terms with Neptune. Carrying on, the two rogues spotted a safe inlet and pulled their ship up on the shore. Stepping on dry land they shook the sea salt from their backs and left it lying in piles upon the rocky beach. Together they erected an altar upon the center of their ship, heaping bitumen and kindling beneath the sacred tabletop. Setting the bow alight, they laid Revel's carcass upon the altar, covered his eyes with silver coins, and pushed him out to sea. Consulting their maps, the two decided to undertake a new crusade together beyond charted boundaries. With no maps of this foreign land, Bryan and T. Husmann combined their navigational instruments and set forth on an expedition of audial cartography. They gave their expedition the name Aster, an homage to the stars and the gods who controlled them. By day Bryan looked towards Helios, one end of his compass buried deep in the sands of pop sensibility, the other end anchored in his chest. Allowing the compass to act as a divining rod, Bryan pulled the six steely reins in the direction indicated. By night Husmann took over, attaching the bit to a wooden beast of burden with ivory teeth, all the while looking to Luna and sending for answers from Delphi. Luckily, neither man was a stranger to reigning in the wooden horse and thus, when one man tired the reins were passed to the other. Throughout the men's journey, T. Husmann made inquiry to Thor through the serpentress. Finally, unhinging her wicked toothy grin, she

screamed forth her answers in syllables of six. Offerings were necessitated, and so offerings were made. The two followers stoked the holy flames and piled carcasses in their way. Wafting the scent of the victims to the heavens they took to their knees, rent their garments, and pulled at their hair. Finding the offerings pleasing, Thor climbed down from the heavens sliding along the smoke filled umbilicus that the flames had given rise to. As a reward for their devoutness, the god left the men his mighty hammers for Husmann to wield in battle.

Act 3: Prothoolius Transcribes a Record

As the furlongs traveled increased, and battles were fought and won, the land that was once foreign to the two became intimately known to them. The song that emerged from the lashing of the six steely reigns had joined in harmony with the epic cries of the ivory-toothed beast. This harmony, compounded with the unstopping, pulsating beat of the two gifted hammers, gave birth to the soul of the expedition. Moved by these sounds, the two adventurers sought a way to bring them to the masses, but there was an obstacle: It was impossible to make the wooden beast, the steely ox, and Thor's hammers sound at once. For by necessity, one man had to be at the reigns of either beast in order to make it sing forth its song. Too much strength was needed to pull the bit and open the mouth of either animal for it to be possible to both reign in the beast and simultaneously wield Thor's hammers. Seeking a solution to their problem, the two men decided to bring in a scribe. After much searching and prayer to the gods, they found their man: Prothoolius. Prothoolius was a man widely known for his ability to transcribe any audible sound into a replicable transcribed form. Prothoolius demanded a heavy fee and various accessories and instruments were required for the practice of his art, but in time the two men, Aster, managed to pay his exorbitant fee and gather the tools he needed for his divination. All things assembled, Prothoolius sat and transcribed as Bryan and T. Husmann took turns pulling at the bit of the ivory-toothed equus. Several months of such activities ensued, and Prothoolius faithfully transcribed every note. After the desired songs of the beast had been transcribed by Prothoolius into his strange numerical language of ones and zeros, the two men locked him in a box and carried him with them on their expedition. Seeking audiences with the various peoples of the surrounding territories, they set up performances in numerous senates and stadiums. As the spectators watched and listened, Bryan pulled at the steely reigns of his beast and sang out bittersweet melodies while T. Husmann lit a fire under the box containing Prothoolius forcing him to echo forth the transcribed bellowing of the wooden equus. Husmann then joined in, grasping the pair of gifted hammers and bringing down thunder from the heavens. The combined sounds that poured out provided the listeners with an audial map of

Aster's journeys both together and alone, as well as an in depth exploration of both their souls while simultaneously delving into the collective subconscious that unites mankind. The people were well pleased with this spectacle, and so the two published a record of their songs, Some Things Seldom Heard Of, so that whomever so wished to hear them could do so whenever they desired. The recording being completed and put in the hands of the masses by means of Prothoolius' divination, the two endeavored to forge on and bring the sounds of their expedition in person to the four corners of the globe.

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