

All songs composed & performed by The Invisible Rays.
Doug DeMay performed helmet on 'At Ocean's Depth'.

Produced by The Invisible Rays.
Engineered and mixed by Rafi Sofer at Q Division Studios.
Additional engineering by Brendan Haley.

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Drum photo by The Invisible Rays.
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Album Design by The Invisible Rays.

Special Thanks to Jon Lupfer, Ed Valauskas,
Jay Walsh and Joe Tooley.



000102 THE INVISIBLE RAYS Salute The American Popular Song

1. Dynamation 3:04
2. Combinations 4:55
3. Surfesque 3:45
4. Radioactive Fallout
(or Radioactive Contamination) 2:43
5. Chamber Of Dreams 3:01
6. DK Ray 2:24
7. Interference 0:52
8. Pompeii 3:55
- The Submarine
9. i. I Seek No Glory 2:47
10. ii. At Ocean's Depth 3:04
11. iii. Safely Sail The Seas 4:28



The Invisible Rays are and have always been a company of musicians dedicated to communicating complex and antediluvian emotions from cinematic, rhapsodic, and rhythmic music without the crutch of a singer.

No language - just the intervals, spaces and rhythms invented by:

Ned Armsby - drums and samples
Brendan Haley - keyboards
Eric Krauter - bass
Rafi Sofer - guitar

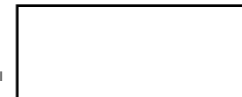
With the wash of commercial e-music or i-music to listen to on your "i-pod" or "m-p3" player, we-the-people can become o-verwhelmed, j-ded and poorer for the purchase beyond the prices we pay in legal tender. These young people deal in a currency still called music and with an artistic exchange rate that would bring blush to your Euro.

But don't let the record burn a hole in your pocket; pull it out, slip it in whatever it will play on, and let it happen - let it happen again and again...

More information and videos are available at theinvisiblerays.com.
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This Salute (to) the American Popular Song, though adroit as a teenage ballerina on tiptoes, echoes down the halls of your listening mind with the footfalls of a linebacker. It beckons hither the listener with far-out fanfares and tuneful flights of fantasy. The rapture in which a single listening can leave its sonic paramour has been artfully described by Angelo Repullo of the Chicago News-Times Sentinel as "simply the finest example of instrumental meta-rock ever recorded." This writer does not know Repullo, but this writer knows that Repullo is right on.

These songs are young. Their collective heart nibbles and caresses near-perfection by the ear-full. We yearn for and need to feel the feelings in this expression of chanson de l'homme ("human song"), or as Richard Wagner once termed it in broken German after an accident: "das ist gute musik die von nizza suchen jungen jungen." This song is expressed in the multifarious bass runs of Eric Krauter; Ned Armsby's exceptional wafts of percussion made all the more fragrant with his quilt of culturally iconic samples; the cascading keyboard cadences of Brendan Haley where his Swedish roots ferret through the topsoil of your anticipation; and finally, as if you could endure more caresses of your tympanic membrane, Rafi Sofer's strands of guitar line weave a ceremonial head scarf of excellence.

I'm wearing the scarf and nothing but, when Dynamation emerges from my player finding Eric Krauter looking for a fifth in the feedback as his Fender P effortlessly transitions from mezzo forte to sforzando without so much as a paradiddle of protest from Armsby on drums. There is, out of this crushing onslaught of musical realism, the hopeful

"la, la" chorus of the St. Newton's Boys Choir and Cabaret who remind us what is important (la, la, lovely). The track's stark contrasts between order and chaos in a musical embodiment of Rothko's works led Sofer to exclaim: "How times change!" Change, indeed.

Speaking of contrast: Combinations. Voices from "Teenagers from Outer Space" coupled with combinations of keyboards, musical genres, and studio guises. Wurlitzer, Mellotron, and Minimoog Voyager are delivered by the hands of Haley while Sofer, with a hand on the controls, a hand on a few acoustics, and a hand free to answer calls from management delivers the remainder of compositional body. That body or "disembody," Armsby reports, may sound a bit strange as drums and other sounds were recorded through "mics set up at the end of a variety of different length-ed and width-ed tubes." I'm at the end of one of those tubes waiting, watching and hungry to be born...

I don't have to wait long. Surfesque. Hammond C2, "kettle" drums and heavy metal snare. Grab the forceps and pull. If we had to be reminded why Peter Graves is considered the greatest actor of the 20th Century, a sampled reminder in this oceanic pastiche from his "Killers from Space" will drive the point home. Brilliant, and yet...

Radioactive Fallout... is perhaps the greatest song ever recorded at 112 beats per minute no matter what speed you play it back. Lean and efficient...

Armsby, who must have exhausted all means of invention after his forays in Surfesque and Radioactive Fallout... does nothing to prepare the

audience for what happens during the haunting and aptly titled: Chamber of Dreams. "The floating section is kind of an homage to Mission of Burma," Armsby recently commented. "Homage?" If it were possible, I would carve the score to this Meisterwerk into Burma's headstone using my manhood as a chisel.

DK Ray. A Tribute to the Dead Kennedys. Farfisa giocoso e assolutamente brillante!

Interference. Krauter and Armsby reminisced: "This is a weird 'sound piece' built of a rhythmic noise that one of our cell phones made through something as it searched for a signal." I make this sound when I'm looking for a mate. Interference is a perfect example of instrumental recitative and is named after the famous film of the same name.

As I climbed from the crushing rubble of the neo-stile rappresentativo of Pompeii, I found myself, wrapped in a scarf (still), content, and born again. "This piece came directly out of Eric's bass... with multiple insane bass effects, such as the legendary 'symphonic' setting on the Yamaha SPX 90," supposed Sofer. Mellotron, Wurlitzer and Roland SH-1000 occupy the middle ground of this vulkan der wirtschaftlichkeit (volcano of sound) where the sways and pulses of the bottom lead the dance. I think we've all been there.

But all that has happened between listener and performer thus far is mundane compared to

the sub-oceanic strains of The Submarine's sonar probes. These are probes that map the wrinkles in time from the first supertonic seventh to the final cadence. I find myself chilled (and I'm guessing you will react in a similar shiver) and probed by the swirling castrato heights achieved by the musical tools in the hands and fists of these masters. It's heavenly hullabaloo. What tools, you ask? Clavinets, Optigans, Minimoogs, cymbals through Leslie speakers, EBows, men's choir, and trumpets all complement the common foot-soldiers of rock (bass, drums and guitar). This is a suite, and not unlike Ferde Grofe's Grand Canyon, the constituent sections tell a story of conquest, bold exploration, and love.

I, too, tell a story of love - a story that you will know all too well when you listen to: Salute the American Popular Song.

Let's listen again...

Dr. Brian Stevens
Pro Tem Dean of Music,
Northeastern Florida College of Art, Song and Dance

