

But what, what is up?

Our last album together saw us hanging out with Mr. Gramophone and catching some "Boomer Vibes." Where that record was a kaleidoscopic tour of psychedelic nostalgia, this one goes deeper... and darker.

We find ourselves on a journey with The Faceless Protagonist as they wander the depths, meeting several friends from the Mollusca phylum along the way.

Our story begins with a leap of faith, or despair... maybe both.

Taking shelter from seagulls, we take the pelagic plunge with The Faceless Protagonist and find ourselves in the abyssal depths. Along the black, long dark of the ocean floor, we meet some slimy, squirmy comrades. Like us, they writhe and struggle. And yet, they seem content with their lowly positions. Together we taste Marine Snow and behold the plentiful bounty of a Whale Fall. We even get to meet a group of Octopodes guarding their brood.

But, we're searching for something, malcontent with our conditions and we swim upwards towards the light. To our horror, there are predators up here. Beautiful sea angels mercilessly prey on the sea butterflies as they float in the water, and the waters of the photic zone turn blood red.

We make our way back to benthic and continue our crawl there. This time we are greeting by curious creatures munching on the detritus and performing bizarre rituals. This whole journey has been a bizarre ritual, with repeated mantras and chants. "We deliver unto you a bloated sacrifice," "Watch me float on the water," "Let's do this thing under the sea." We even quote some Moby Dick down here, albeit imperfectly.

After passing some hinge-shelled filter feeders and coveting their rainbow lips as we crawl upwards thru the neritic zone, we finally break water and climb out onto the shore. Despite the protection provided by our chiton allies, we are pecked at by seagulls and we eventually find ourselves alone.

Up here, despite all of our struggle and adventure, the only thing we find is a Beached Whale; a bloated sacrifice covered in flies. And on these sandy shores, we gaze up at the sun and ask "But what, what is up? Up from the floor?"

The irony is that when we only dream about what is above, we cannot see just how far we have crawled.

William Sanford

Deep Mollusca

-Cover art by Emilija Mitchell
The Blood Red Waters of the Photic Zone feature Buggly and Fr-a-g-i-l-e
A Beached Whale shows up at the end for some reason

Single choices- Abyssal Solenogastres, Back to Benthic, The Terrifyingly Beautiful Lives of Sea Angels



Inspirations for Deep Mollusca

Shpongles, Tyler the Creator, SOPHIE, Oneohtrix Point Never, Fever Ray, Electric Light Orchestra, Boards of Canada, Daft Punk, Nala Sinephro, Rustie, Deep House (in general), My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Skinny Puppy, (other early Industrial), EVNautilus, Natural World Facts, The Biologic Podcast, Ologies with Alie Ward, Biology and Evolution of the Mollusca Volumes One and Two, Søren Kierkegaard, Albert Camus, Franz Kafka, Ernest Hemingway, Hans Christian Andersen, and Herman Melville.

Also brought to you by-

Apixaban and Bupropion

-Also, no artist photos this time around. Kinda going thru a transitionary period getting on a diet, exercising, and all that other crap I should've been doing years ago. Just assume that the little mannequin is me for now. Maybe next album.



What others are saying about William

With its lush voice sample frequencies and futuristic synth feeling, "Space Race" is fitting to its namesake. Caressing vocal fragments and spacey synth effervescence intermingle for gorgeous results, providing the ideal accompaniment to watching our planet slowly rotate with a comfortable predictability. - [Obscure Sound](#)

The laser sounds created under the guidance of William Sanford have an irrepressible power and extended images. Phantasmagoric Mr. Gramophone is somewhere nearby and his nimble hands put track after track that have something unusual and extraordinary. - [Indie Dock Music Blog](#)

It's amazing how *Boomer Vibes "Sessions"* can have such an organic and at the same time synthetic sound. - [Lost in the Manor](#)



The "concept" as it were, lies within the titles of songs and the auditory sensibilities embedded within each composition. Movement after movement of each composition, Sanford tells a story, albeit a Magical Mystery Tour-ish type of story, throughout the album. I liken it to when I'd listen to "Peter and the Wolf" in school. No lyrics or words ever literally stated, "Peter is a little boy" and "here comes the wolf!" Rather, you would pick up on those subtle implications by way of movements in the composition and instruments. - [Audio Mirage Studios](#)

William has also landed on a number of independent playlists and has even made it onto Pandora's official Instrumental Playlist with the song "Let's Create Some Memories"