

An Experimental Evening

I could hear each instrument's role in their wall of sound but the cute, tan guitar played with a bow by someone lovely. They were the closest of the group, each kneeling-sitting on the floor, hunched before their respective apparati - instruments. The oldest, grey bearded and spectacled calmly played violin from a metal chair with black cushions. His instrument was the most distinct, with song lighter, smoother tones than the synth's machinic percussion.

They too flowed like an electric generator found rhythm. They intensified tidally as aural stimulation, and right now something sings almost human. It is like a house show on mars, if some industrial leviathan had shaped it such players found inspiration over a bismuth sprawl. At another time, they came to a near shriek, like in the night of their bizarre, entrancing landscape. It represents danger to young extraterrestrials who venture out to look at the stars. As the ensemble calms down, the softer instruments are left, settling to the lilt of faint guitar at midnight.

The next group screeches like the tormented cartridge of a Nintendo Entertainment System, at least their feedback apparatus did during their sound test.

Their first song is "cloud scuffle" and involved a bassist introducing the song with constant arpeggios & other forms I am not familiar with technically. The drummer was also the vocalist: he sounded like an old rock'n'roll singer twisted to parody. The group is called nothing and they began their next song with the bass prowling forward to the twisted cries of a man & square waves like horn blasts illustrated scenes stomped by. The drum punctuates. The bass, and the man, red hat lying impotent on his mixing board, beside his beer can, distorted shouts into his liplocked microphone. He has transcended the cap. The bass and drum march together while more electric distortions - now MRI sounds, whirring discs or sonic water as the bass descends arpeggios while The Uncapped One's voice approaches humanity. The alien language ranting from the mixer is in the upper range: now it sounds like science fictional sound effects. Returns to bars, not too high but still piercing. The bass has gotten more complex with another pattern I can't name that's like quickly going down stairs. I'm gone.

A long mixer hum brings us to what can only be another song, unannounced but the bass is constant percussion while exotic charges convert to screeching reed back as the mixer man, now capped, wields the mic before the speakers. It is ___loud___, I've been holding ear plugs the whole time but only fiddling with them and now consider wearing them.

Now the mixer man is playing a recorder(?) while the drummer chants into a mic and the bassist keeps a steady tune. He is quite skilled, his presence unique.

For their thank-you of that song, an electronic combustion from the mixer-man.

A man with an acoustic guitar and colorful ropes covering his face, hunched, like a weeping willow again over his instrument, at times gawking his head outwards to adjust settings on his amplifier, crackling the sound as he strums waves with his thumb and forefinger. I realize he wears cloth over his face while the music turns acoustic, and my phone dies before I can finish recording 5 minutes of material & share with online cameraderie.

An eerie shriek dropped & reverberated as his frequency matched the acoustics of the room, escaping the sound cavity and resonating with our bones. I'm not sure if those are the right words but that's what it sounded like.

There's something between a freight train and a helicopter in the background. Actually, a train would be apt: rapidly whistles shift their tone, repeating and slithering shouts that must be a cyborg. The repetition of indeterminate phrases adds something not yet encountered tonight.

For a moment, the wall of aural destruction ceases, the composer shouts humanly, excited as if for the circumstance & his power over it. Illusory. He is under its spell, its gateway into our world.