

Unfold & Pack

Strumming a guitar in your garage or chewing your tongue in front of a microphone does not in itself inspire the composition of a text. Smashing drums by tearing the screams from a cymbal while muttering crypto-toxic obscenities doesn't exactly inspire songwriting. Even a soulless improvisations doesn't do the drill. So I wipe my tongue on the mic and moisten my throat deeply with it. Who cares anyway?

The stage is deplorable: the concert hall is in a deplorable state! *A lamentable one*. And the amenities are stunt: Jake's on the pot! The outdoor toilets? It's a disaster! A wrecking of happy toxins! And so are the in-ones: gents room and ladies too! *And ladies too!* That's a shame... and, unless you shut me up, I say: "Jam it!" But for goodness sake! Ow! My forearm tickles me: ants are crawling all around. So we scream our heads off and strain our voices!

I'm not underhanded at all! *Not at all!* But, since we're a wishy-washy band... Since, yeah, you know... we can always defecate our texts on stage by wiping our throats with them! What a relief under these circumstances! Solmizations are dumb; and so is the symbolism. Mack is in the middle of his daily typing session! He's absorbed in his writing; and in this song too.

Weakened, with two legs and two feet almost worthy of Bruce Lee, Mack is a drumsticks addict *These copped plucky circles!* Here's what he says about it: "Theses sticks are my only display of virtuosity between two fixes." What a relief to be had under these conditions!

Well-fed piglet, this band is infected by two types of psychic helminths. I think that is due to the state-of-the-art in lighting and sound and we are loosing our creativity. But the lead singer calmly spews out his verses and the guitarist wrests from his machine a depression that would make the moon pale: even from here on stage, you can hear the sounds of the privy flushing. So we shout ourselves hoarse and strain our voices, wrecking our instruments. *"The band is loosing it."* And the light conks out! These uncropped, chopped gritty symbols! Copper circles without a spinal cord. *We are loosing it*. So the lead singer sings it: "I am losing my jam!," and soon it'll be lost for real. *Losing it!* A shame... and—unless shushing it—I say: "Damn it!" But what the fuck!

The stage speakers then convulsed in dismay, their loud sound grinding its teeth. We need to tone them down a bit. Listen to these discrepancies: "Pulp micturition small picture, low sounds. Gritty drum kid! Turd one, and two. Small, hard turds! Sick diction, big rapture of no-no-soul."

"Pigs molted by vulture friction! Nick mount. Myths revolve around my sickly speech. Mixture? *Texture?* A moored tongue at a cheeky splash cymbal. *Feature...* Another one, and so."

Discrepancies are striking. Let's do it again: snare it! Capture. Ha-ha! Humph... "Soup by oops!" Rupture? Uh-huh... "Meekly style: ad-lib. Last month. At last smooth..." "A sickly speech," great pleasure in vomiting up a soulless song. "Gaah!" Am I sneaky? "Ahem! Just a little bit," for the rhythms. Massive destruction! *What a mess!*

Cymbals and drums. (Two racks tom!) Dastardly player with infamous sounds: *day-dreaming*, with my feet and my almost-Bruce Lee-like drumsticks, I am an eloquent thug addict! A raw tox! *Yes, symbolism is stupid!* But that acoustic drum kit stinks and the amenities are stunt: my ass on the pot is a wreck! Mike's performing his daily stroke! And Mack is in his affair with the text. And so, and his songwriting too.

"So..." says the lead singer, "I am losing my gums!" What a comfort! "The only appliance that works is the toilet paper dispenser." *Two weak-knees!* What a relief to be had under these conditions!

What a joy, a pleasure to play... even badly, to play... The stage speakers are convulsing in distress, their loud sound grinding its teeth. *Its te-e-e-e-eth!*