

>> Summary Chronicles

Drumcorps - Grist [by Freak Show Factor - October 2006]



In decadent times, guitars and drums had allied under a common banner. That of the Resistance. For a long time now the machines had taken power and, without qualms, had recluded the instruments to the rank of slave, just good to feed the samplers. The guttural cries and other gorgorisms are no longer the work of humans because they were annihilated recently, during the last desperate revolts and doomed to failure. The recordings of human pain are a weapon whose machines use to frighten their rivals. I will tell you one of the bloodiest battles that both worlds have engaged in. The Battle of Grist The analogs had hidden their secret weapon until then. They manage

to slow down time. The first burst of breakcore patterns are stuck in the slowness of the beat, trapped by their own time-streching. The first division of brutal-death riffs takes the opportunity to infiltrate the heart of the effects generators. Hundreds of drum-machines are connected in parallel to try to speed up the tempo and restore it to a vital minimum of 140 bpm below which the digitals could not survive the power of a lead guitar attack. Under the impetus of the two opposing forces, time and space are caught, deformed, it cracks in places and one wonders if it is not the world itself that will collapse. The riff in chief of Grindcore hunters is digitized in full flight by a destroyer sampler that shatters the four corners of the stereo space. It's disgusting. Sensitive souls refrain. After this inestimable loss, the analogs retreat. In each side, the final assault is preparing. One gnaws his weapons, one curses, implores his gods (Slayer, Fantomas, The Dillinger Escape Plan on one side, Enduser, Bong-Ra, Aphex Twin on the other), and one gauges the other side of the audiophile world for which everyone is fighting. These two worlds, which hate each other so much, will have no pity and will rather torture than annihilate without pleasure. The digital multi-effects prepare the ground. Reverbs and delays crawl towards tragic theater like a thick fog. The carnage may begin ... But the battle of Grist was just a lure. A diversion operation for the infiltration of an elite unit on which the last hopes rest. This Division is the Drumcorps.

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