SILENT HOWL – MUSICAL TRANSCRIPT

Electrical hum.

Deep and low vibration.

The hum shakes, like a point of light traceing tight circles in darkness.

A distant clashing, repeated bursts of noise.

Little knots of energy flutter and creep between the mechanical march of the bursts.

Cold strings glide softly across each other, high and long.

0:50

A swarm of tiny needles ricochet around your head.

The strings have discovered a pulse, beginning their dance together, then spiralling off into a mutual interplay.

An ecosystem made of electricity collects in the free spaces between cyclical events.

Taunt strings pass each other like celestial bodies, serene and weightless.

Virtual animals creak and converse between the strings.

The metallic needles twinkle with cold light, reflecting off each other and spinning into the kaleidoscope background.

Digital distortions ripple across the expansive of the kaleidoscope.

Oscillation.

4:00

A distant siren heralds a ramp in intensity, winding tight before releasing the built energy into an open celestial space.

The pulse slows and the kaleidoscope is clear of noise and debris.

The strings flow loosely now, abstract unburdened by tension.

5:40

The low hum subsides and a new pulse appears, driving low and heavy beneath another siren call.

A metallic groove joins the new pulse, harsh and close.

Strings solidify into a dissonant but unified voice, repeating a steady and spacious mantra. The mantra reflects in upon itself, a one-sided conversation.

6:30

A deep oscillation emerges from the low pulse, following each strike with it’s guttural rumble.

Shadows of needles and strings shift beneath the mantra.

The pulsing continues, slow and methodical, dancing between bursts of activity and stretches of empty space.

The dark rumble guides and shapes the ebb and flow of activity, constructing new patterns in time.

A digital and hollow wind brushes past.

8:00

More strings join the sparse arrangement, striking harshly and then descending into blackness.

The strings waver along with the deep oscillation, dancing between one and the other, calling and repeating.

Space clears as the wobbling rumble grows and fills in the emptiness.

8:40

The mantra halts, leaving only the guttural rumble and metallic groove in empty space.

A hollow breath lingers in the new space.

A distant string calls away the rumble too, and for a moment all is still.

Then everything bursts back into place, sweeping from the outer darkness into view.

9:15

With another hollow breath, the arrangement disperses again. A chorus of a million electric birds flock and flutter in an enormous, crowded formation.

The deep oscillation becomes deconstructed and resonant, staggering and moving in space.

Single moments of the string mantra hide in the darkness behind the fluttering masses.

The pulse lurches and staggers, eventually joined again by the metallic groove.

A siren heralds the dispersing of the crowd and the arrival of a new and more colourful oscillation.

These are two voices in parallel circle each other widely, dancing between fragments of metal and shadows of invisible birds

11:10

Soon even these dancing voices recede into darkness, leaving only the core pulse and striking strings.

A stray cloud of birds ripples across the bed of pulses.

The pulse thumps chaotically, eventually finding itself in steady pairs like some great beating heart.

Another siren call descends into a valley and lingers for a moment before disappearing into the empty spaces between the pulse.

11:45

With each pulse, frantic points of static bounce and crackle sharply, like arcs of electricity between charged metal.

At first they are random, incoherent, and varied, but quickly a pattern takes shape between the steady heartbeat.

They are odd and disjointed, all guttural gulps chittering electric insects. They clatter and climb over each other in masses, always shifting and writhing.

14:15

For a moment, the heartbeat freezes and only its shadow remains in the crawling mass of energy.

When the heart returns, a deep and ancient vibration joins it, listless and heavy. It fills and shakes the space retreating, only to swell again.

The clambering electric masses scatter, as though seeking shelter from the vibration.

The siren returns and the final electric pops organize themselves into a relaxed groove.

As the siren fades, the deep vibration rises to a brilliant fullness, still heavy but now revealed and bright.

It glides as though it were a strong wind across expansive plains, soft one moment and strikingly sharp the next. It’s power waxes and wanes, rising and falling as if it were many beings breathing together.

17:00

Some spiralling creature swirls up into the sky, high above the flowing winds, exploding and splashing into the ether.

Birds return, now flying solo in long arcs along currents of air, weaving between pops and bolts of electricity.

18:00

A deep rotating vibration writhes beneath the vast plains, tracing the path of the currents of air in a long and winding dance.

They are entangled, separate and distinct entities moving and flowing in unison, tracing slow arcs across the expansive landscape together.

Full and bright.

20:00

The deep rotation dives away and disappears from view. The ever shifting folds of wind begin to twist together into distinct points. The illusion is broken. What was once folding and flowing currents are simply distortions in a grand network of interconnected nodes. The deep and oscillating rumble traces the network as a dense ecosystem squirms between the tunnelling pathways. An infinite expanse of rippling neurons, sparkling with the transfer of energy, an abstraction of information. Many discrete points, each individual yet all joined together in a magnificent web. The network submerged in a pool of light, dissolves into unity. The many are one, and with a final breath they are at peace with themselves.