

ARKADE MUSIC

VALENT THORR

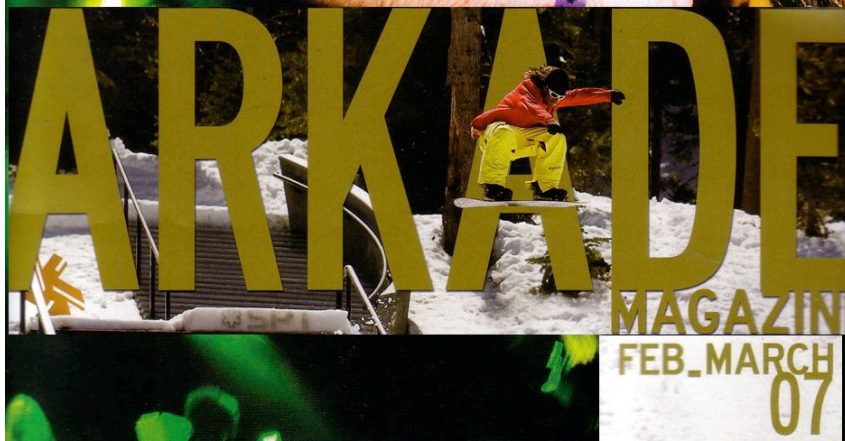


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"THORR ON THE FLOOR"

BY BRENDAN O'DONNELL

There's a thick skin, an invisible membrane, that lays between every live band and every audience. We carbon based humans have always ignored it; pretended it wasn't there. We just pay our few bucks to get in the show, and safely peer through the translucent hymen that separates the rock musician from the rock fan, like so many bars in a zoo.

But, my friends, I type these words after witnessing a Valient Thorr show. I type like a lone soldier who has desperately crawled through mud, crawled under explosions, over corpses of tired old bands, to desperately send out this S.O.S. People, that membrane is torn down, that invisible skin has been violently ruptured, and from the belly of that stage, Valient Thorr came gnawing and ripping through like only a true alien can.

This band, that preaches of their crashed U.F.O stolen by Walt Disney, who honed their chops in Burlatia (located in the three rivers inside Venus) redefine the terms of what a live band is. To truly comprehend their ferocious live performances with the feeble, terrestrial faculties a mere human brain possesses would leave a body twisted, knotted in shock, unable to type but with a single finger. Just ask Stephen Hawking.

To hear Valient Himself scream is to hear the roar of an ever expanding universe. To hear Eidan Thorr's Guitar solos come howling into the songs

like fiery comets, twisting and burning, is to have them smash into your moon-like face and leave craters. Leaving the show I believed $E=MC^2$, but now I know! now I've seen, and I'm here to tell you... $E=MC5$.

William S. Burroughs said language is a virus from outer space. Then what is the music of Valient Thorr? How do we take these jams kicked out from beneath a Venusian crust, these melodies birthed in a throat of bubbling plasma from behind a thick, red, Viking beard. What of Lucian Thorr's hammering rhythms set to the coital poundings of gods? Are they the antidote? No my friends. It is not the antidote at all. It is the mutation of that very virus. A virus that has twisted the DNA of Rock and Roll back into a living form that once you see you will never forget, never wish to be cured of.

And what lies on the other side of that safety barrier that was torn down this night...Time Streams! People, there are time streams, and it takes Valient Thorr's magnanimous drums, and head thumping bass lines for our mortal eyes to realize they are at our fingertips. Do you know what this means? Time streams are tangled, overlapping, knotted and as numerous as the hairs in their madman beards. This means that somewhere out there, in a cosmic café, the alien from ET is strumming his emo folk songs. In the audience sits Isaac Newton who is leaning over to Einstein saying, "Screw this mouth breathing poser...let's check out Valient Thorr."