

The myth of eastside

Theatrical voice:

(Bat Calls)

As the sun goes down millions of dark, huge winged creatures dominate the skies.

00:05

(Bat noises)

00:12

(Maniacal laughter)

00:14

Loren:

How would you describe monster?

00:24

Guest1:

(Punk music)

00:32

Guest2:

The word might be unpredictable

00:34

Guest3:

Quite joyful

00:35

Guest4:

Mental

00:36

Chamomile:

She's amazing and totally wacky and seems so chaotic but she's so organised.

00:37

Gavin:

(Punk music)

00:41

She's an artist who wants to go with the energy flow. She wants to find it, she wants to be in it. She's aware of what inspires her which I think is really important in an artist

Robert:

She sent me an email saying she was a glow worm

00:52

Loren:

Was that like one line I am a glow worm

00:55

Robert:

No it was like I'm a glow worm that sustains everyone's energy

00:57

Chamomile:


She talks about energy a lot her performances, they all have that energy and she picks up on it and wants to sustain it like you said. She's just so good at coordinating groups and bringing all these different people together to make something.

1:00

Melody:

And when we played for the first time the first

1:07



thing she said is I love your energy
(Band plays)

Melody:

We are Chlamydia the band.

1:24

Robert:

(Laughs)

1:28

All:

What was the tag line?
We're a bootleg band on a budget
The style of music is art punk

1:29

Chamomile:

We're pioneering it.

1:32

Melody:

What's yours?

1:33

Chamomile:

Stylist

1:34

Robert:

Just the stylist (laughs)

1:36

Chamomile:

I'm Melody and I am the singer one of them no
this is terrible I'll start again.

1:38

Melody:

1:39

Chamomile:

You're the singer...

1:44

Melody:

Ok I'll start again I'm melody and I'm the lead
singer who plays the vkeyboard to
I'm Chamomile and I play the bass
I'm Jack Le strange and I play the drums
I'm Robert and I'm the stylist I write songs I
carry stuff
(Laughter)

1:45

Chamomile:

I'm just here for a good time really
What are audiences going to expect when they
arrive?

1:48

Jack:

I have no idea, what's going to happen to us?

1:50

Robert:

(Bat noises)

1:53

Robert:

Welcome we have Monster Chetwynd here
with us today.
You are giving permission

1:57

Loren:

To be consumed to hell

1:58

Guest2:

To be consumed to hell

2:02

Gavin:

To be consumed to hell

2:05

Sahjan:

To be consumed to hell

2:10



Narrator:

(Cackling laughter)

(Bat squeaks)

It is said that evil spirits must leave earth the way they entered, as if hell follows a set of laws just like any fearful civil society. They enter through openings left exposed, vulnerable by mortal desires. Satan's messengers scuttle out of the fiery inferno through a narrow portal wreathed by flame and teeth.

(Crackling flames)

It was time, temptation could no longer be contained. Hundreds, thousands met the call and were left with a choice. This fateful night all of humanity's suffering was condensed in one room. Would these people here tonight yield blind obedience to enter perdition?

We've played before in an art crowd and they're very silent...

They're very subdued characters.

Yeah, no like mmm, we're here to perform to entertain you, we're not actually like some sort of conceptual piece.

Resisting through this sound of metal, they interrupted this dance of infernal spirits.

(band plays)

What are you guys expecting this evening?

I've seen Monster Chetwynd's work before, I can expect the unexpected.

Cause it's so vibrant and it's life affirming and it kind of almost vibrates.

Violence. Noise. Blood, sweat and tears.

Like battle cries of revolution, music charged mankind's warriors.

2:12

2:18

2:38

2:46

3:04

3:06

3:07

3:14

3:23

3:25

3:30

3:34

3:38



Narrator:

Melody:

Loren:

Melody:

Narrator:

Loren:


Guest5:

Guest2:

Sahjan:

Narrator:





Jack Le
Strange:

Loren:

Melody:

Narrator:

It's music, it's music with a bit more blood in it than everything else.

Literal blood? Are we gonna see blood tonight?

You never know.

They were not to be deprived of freedom, humanity's suffering turned into humanity's pride as the jostling crowd became the conduit for ascendency. Throughout the fray, most escaped Hellmouth's jaws, full hardy vices intact, few others were not so easily forgiven. Selling their souls to Mephistopheles¹, they're engulfed into the depths of Hellmouth.

It's green, it has goblins all over it and teeth, it's a fungus looking thing.

It's a gateway to hell, that sort of quite grim, snarly, very metal.

Battle cries faded as the guilty were sacrificed and survivors stupefied by their apparent victory, staggered out of Eastside, sweltering, thirsty for the cool night air.


(Eery atmos)

Events this May night will disappear into the archives of history, only to be unearthed when next Hellmouth rears its ugly head to ensnare the unrepentant.

Thank you very much.
Thank you, Thank you, fuck off.


(Laughs)

(Door creaks closed on Eastside)




Sahjan:

Guest6:

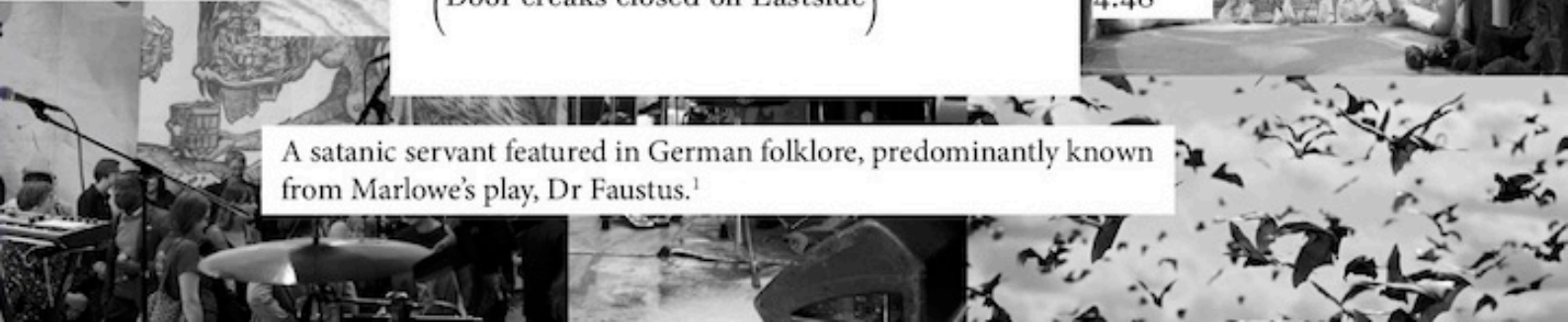


Narrator:



Gavin:

Monster:



¹A satanic servant featured in German folklore, predominantly known from Marlowe's play, Dr Faustus.



3:43

3:46

3:48

3:49



4:12



4:16

4:20



4:34

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4:44



4:48