

Mick Harris continues with part two of his 'Drones, Tones, Drifts and Feedbacks' work. This is another epic pair of tracks of density and space, imagined dark landscapes and distant signals. It sits comfortably within his oeuvre and proves that as an artist he should be considered amongst those few who bravely journey through sonic terrains that are strange and sometimes troubling, but are familiar enough for us to feel somewhat at home, almost like a dream or uncanny *deja vu*.

*Cabin - an impression of 'Drones, Tones, Drifts and Feedbacks' part two.*

C.

00:00:

We open our eyes to somewhere familiar, but altered. The air is heavy, a distant tone rings and we are given the signal to move.

Out the small door and we trudge slowly through the wet tar. Don't look back.

02:24:

The light changes.

03:23:

A clearing, slightly easier to walk.

04:45:

We look up, the light flickers through a dense canopy, we don't know what it is.

There is a hint of someone good living in the dark, but we can barely see them.

08:15:

It's harder to breathe than it should be.

09:12:

Is it time to go home?

We don't know which direction to go.

We just barely move forward.

11:30:

And then a memory returns, telling us we are on the right path, whatever that means.

Keep going.

14:20:

Another clearing, this is not where we want to be?

Don't stand too close. We put on our disguises and we start to feel sick.

Hold your breath for as long as we can. My eyes close again.

18:45:

I awake to find myself alone, but I feel safer.

I slowly continue forward.

21:01:

The edge seems to be in sight, but I'm no closer.

25:45:

I have already slept, but I must rest.

Things bite me in my slumber.

Injected, I ascend.

D.

00:00:

The large door opens to reveal a dark empty space. Shafts of dull yellow light are visible in the dust. I walk in.

There are little circles of light on the stone floor. It looks like something was on display in those spots, illuminated, but long gone.

It is comfortably warm.

03:40:

I turn around slowly and see someone familiar. It is my companion, she is levitating above me. How did they get here? Is this what I looked like as I rose?

06:00:

She slowly lowers and opens her eyes.

She doesn't see me at first, she doesn't see anything. She begins to panic. A silent scream.

The pupils clear, she sees me. We stare into each other's eyes, barely blinking.

I see her journey, she sees mine.

10:50:

We walk together back out the door. Outside we find we haven't travelled far.

13:20:

So where are we going? We can't stay here. Too many threats, too much danger.

Outside in the nighttime fields. I can no longer see her face.

16:00:

I think I see something, a tiny light on a distant hill. It makes sense to move towards that, doesn't it?

There are no stars, so the light on the hill stands out.

Trudge.

21:35:

It's a cabin, with light shining through a single window.

We open the small door to find a single room with nothing but a spot lit bed.

24:05:

We both recline on the bed, our heads heavy.

25:05:

The spot light slowly fades.

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