

"Old Pripps Brewery: Einstürzende Neubauten, DNA"

Why would you go to an old derelict building on a Friday night to be part of a concert titled "A descent into hell", when you can sit at home and watch "Dallas" and "Glädjehuset" on TV and have a good time? Yes, the answer is not obvious. But I know in any case that I would not have wanted to miss yesterday's experience in the Old Pripps Brewery for anything else. Actually, you can't call it either a concert or a happening or a performance. What it's called isn't that important either.

The evening began as a kind of mockery of a cocktail party: In a large deserted room with a bare concrete floor and scrawled walls, a few hundred young people wandered around, chatting, looking around. In the middle of the floor a lone bassist, who was responsible for the "background music". Along a wall a lot of scrap and tools, some floodlights, a PA system.

Impact drill

No one seemed to know what was going to happen. But eventually the sound of a drill became increasingly clear from the speakers. However, the drill was not there, but in a small room next door. And the drill was on its way out of the room through the wall. That's how the opening act, the Gothenburg group DNA, made its entrance. While more and more crowded in front of the wall, the bricks began to collapse. The hole in the wall got bigger and bigger, a white lamp inside illuminated the mortar dust and the fascinated faces of the audience. Out of the hole came three dusty guys. One and another probably thought they would continue to demolish the whole house, but instead a new process started. It included both "regular" music in the form of drums and, I think, bicycle horns and an attack by means of a blowtorch against stone bumbling.

Blowtorch

The audience, both amused and horrified, saw how the stone, under the blowtorch's attacks slowly shattered into thousands of small pieces, which burst high into the air with a crackling sound. Then it was time for the main attraction: the German Einstürzende Neubauten. Although they mainly used other than "normal" instruments, there is no doubt that what they do must be labeled as music. At the bottom is a terribly heavy and raw rhythm, which is worked out by bassist Marc Chung and by at least one other person who hits metal objects, plastic cans or whatever. The singer Blixa Bargeld, thin, black-clad and deathly pale beautiful, places his voice somewhere in the middle of the organized noise and looks as if he is drawing out every scream and note with agony. He is responsible for the naked human in this "inferno music". It was quite a mixed crowd that came here this evening and the reactions were just as mixed. But that the five Germans made some sort of impression on each of them, there is no doubt.

Blasted by fire

After all, it was probably a positive impression. Because when the group ended their performance by throwing flaming Molotov cocktails into the crowd, you could have imagined that it would result in anger and rage. But instead, most people looked amused and rushed back to the stage as fast as they could. Many analyzes could be done and many messages could be interpreted into what Einstürzende Neubauten does. But I will content myself with stating that I didn't leave the place devastated and numb, but in a very good mood. MARIA HOLMIN