

The Wytches: Band Review

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Thursday night at The Dome, and to an unmoving crowd, Childhoodtoys had my friend and me pop-and-locking. Well-blended vocals, good energy, but songs quickly sounding familiar, the second opener, Congratulationstheband, was needed. The lead's impeccable presence, their band-dynamic at the set climax made the crowd buzz— even ones who caught the tail-end, rushing from the smoking area.

The Wytches whipping *Talking Machine* straight out of their arsenal felt only right after notorious bangers, e.g., *Wire Frame Mattress*, had the packed venue delirious, which is why *Nothing To See* proved to be a lull after the dizzying headbanging of *Gravedweller*. With *White Cliffs* towards the end, it was also difficult not to hear *Yellow* by Coldplay in the chord progressions. But you can't be too mad about some emotion in the set— especially with Bhav Thaker on drums, who, on his first tour, never let it drop below a certain decibel of noise — keeping fans, both old and new, satiated and hyper.

Wide at Midnight, from their debut album, understandably began the Mosh Pit of the night. The song devolved into something feral — with Kristian Bell's crackly voice now wailing, noisier guitars with delicious, errant notes and the drums picking up —all adding to brain-scratching noise you need to start bumping into each other to really feel (said the mere observer). *Fragile Male* really showed their talent with an earworm riff and enough extra snares to deliver a delicious performance, but most surprisingly, *Is The World Too Old* brought *bite* back. The guitars made the best of the pedals — personally, the most exciting part of surf-rock — making the energy not drum-dependent but psychedelic-ly concentrated.

The beauty of gigs is feeling a euphoria to genres you otherwise wouldn't. I was surprised by how each song added something new to the energy (except for *Dead of Night*, which they could have cut). Whether it was the tense, borderline terrifying pedals of *C-Side* or even the evolving, three-act sound of *Holy Tightrope*, their sound was distinctive but cyclically ever-changing. They kept moving, but never entirely out of the Garage.