

Liner note for the vinyl edition  
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## **The Complexity of Distance**

James Romig, composer  
Mike Scheidt, electric guitar

### **Liner Note by Dylan Desmond**

An acute revelation arises when a single electric guitar pushes the threshold of an amplifier's capability. At first, the pulsing waves are pleasurable, decadent. Overtones and squealing feedback illuminate a vast, complex world that spreads in every direction as it reveals dimension and possibility. As one listens, the implications of volume and distance begin to take hold. The monumental expanse seems singular and comforting — an all-enveloping blanket that reassures with warmth, ascension, and weightlessness. Here is nostalgia; victories through strife. Here is the promise of possibilities, of futures. Here is stillness; the unfathomable beauty of a single moment.

But something changes with time. Something changes with space.

What else is out here?

Eventually, nostalgia and beauty give way to discomfort. Something unveils. Is it time? Is it space? The expanse hints at a world beyond one's consciousness, beyond one's perception and reality. What is out here in this void other than the continuity of the void itself? What first gave warmth soon melts to nothingness, stripped bare and defenseless. As the sonic universe expands, a limitless menace reveals itself. Here is nakedness. Here is vulnerability. The mind brushes against an acknowledgment of its insignificance — its microscopic place in the unfathomable, ever-reaching, macrocosmic universe. The path hints at forever, past the possibility of impossibilities and to the impossibility of possibilities. What horror, what nightmares emerge beyond this veil, this bare terrain? Can a mind comprehend the complexity of this perceived space? Can it withstand its own limited perception of limitlessness and not devour itself in stark fear? The curtain has been pulled back, revealing the inevitable tragedy on every stage. Here is the sound of relentless expansion. Here is the sound of ungraspable doom. Here is the sound of the universe pulsing around us, dare we assume it to be living.

Hold on to something.

But there is nothing to hold.