

Experience attending
a reggae party or
concert



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

As soon as I walk into the club, I start feeling the warm, overpowering vibe of reggae, with its roots in African, Caribbean and African music. The people around me are blending into one colorful unity with the interior of the club, which is oozing a sort of a 60's hippie joyfulness and ecstasy. People are moving in the rhythm of the music, a perfect blend of drums, providing a solid backbeat, guitar, being played with short, quick accents, and occasional horns and keyboards. The whole atmosphere is that of enjoyment and general happiness, and the vibrant rainbow colored walls, the bar, chairs and drinks flaming in glasses only emphasize it. Even the people's clothes mirror their current state of mind: psychedelic t-shirts of all colors twisting and turning, as if someone spilt buckets of color on them and then let them go outside. I walk slowly among the crowd, pushing my way through to the bar, and even though the place is crowded, no one seems to mind you pushing them to pass by. They are smiling, nodding in acceptance and good mood, completely letting themselves go, losing themselves in the hypnotic power of music. The rhythm is so intense that it takes hold of you and it doesn't let go. The people resemble one huge tidal wave of color, of nations, black, white, red, yellow, it doesn't matter. This is where the whole world is united through music, they are one and I am a part of this divine unity of color. I reach the bar and ask for a drink. The bartender is a young guy, with hands of an octopus, moving so quickly that you can barely see them. With the glass in my hand, I turn to the crowd and just watch them, responding to the voice of the DJ, who created a magical relationship between himself and this human tidal wave which is hypnotized by the power of love, unity and human brotherhood that this music conveys. I close my eyes and let myself go...