

This is

DAVTHVS

or

DAVTHVS TWO: DA ÄTH

A traverse into
rooms unhealthy

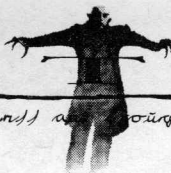


Min förest är en röd slagg
där blåsten flyttar skinka.
Stallare odanmärkt förner de nog:
men det villar mig ut lika!
Jag sitter och talar under torra träd
och lyssnar till de heta skrike.
Jag ligger svart still under samma träd
och ruttar blod fjögelliken.

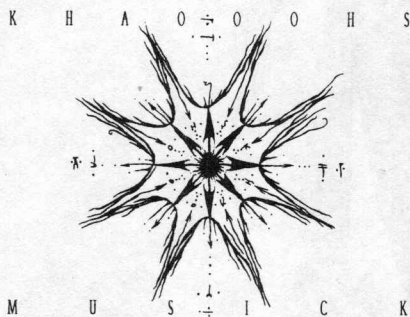
För Lagerbäst 196

DAVTHVS

of morning/ sunset/ and/ thought/ of no reason



The birds the birds the dead birds are all stolen.
Gone. Dead. All of them. But I have their feet.
I have their feet. I have their feet, I have their feet,
I have their feet... I have the feet of the birds. Into
these bird feet I put all my trust.



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7 American dollars or 40:- Swedish crowns

PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL

No responsibility whatsoever taken for unashed items. I may
eat it for dinner or I may donate it to the dustbin. Occasionally
I may review it but this is not granted: if this makes me a thief
then so be it.

RECOGNISED

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M. Stock, M. Tena, R. Terrell, J. Thurborg [...], J. Wagner,
J. Wallin, W. Weaver, R. Wermén, S. Whalen, M. Åkerfeldt.

Ignorance, error, cupidity and sin
Pokeh our souls and exercise our flesh;
Habitually we cultivate remorse
As beggars entertain and nurse their lice.

Our sins are stubborn. Towards when contrite
We overpay confession with our pains,
And when we're back again in human mire
Bile tears, we think, will wash away our stains.

Thrice-potent Satan in our cursed bed
Pulls us to sleep, our spirit overtired,
Until the precious metal of our will
Is vaporized - that cunning alchemist!

Who but the Devil pulls our walking-strings!
Abominations lure us to their side;
Each day we take another step to hell,
Descending through the stench, unhorried.

Like an exhausted rake who mouths and chews
The martyred breast of an old withered whore
We steal, in paking, whatever joys we can,
Squeezing the driest orange all the more.

Packed in our brains incestuous as worms
Our demons celebrate in drunken gaugs,
And when we breathe, that hollow rasp is Death
Sliding invisibly down into our lungs.

If the dull canvas of our wretched life
Is unembellished with such pretty ware
As knives or poison, pyromania, rape,
It is because our soul's too weak to dare!

But in this den of jackals, monkeys, curs,
Scorpions, buzzards, snakes... this paradise
Of filthy beasts that screech, howl, grovel, grunt -
In this menagerie of mankind's vice

There's one supremely hideous and impure!
Soft-spoken, not the type to cause a scene,
He'd willingly make rubble of the earth
And swallow up creation in a havon.

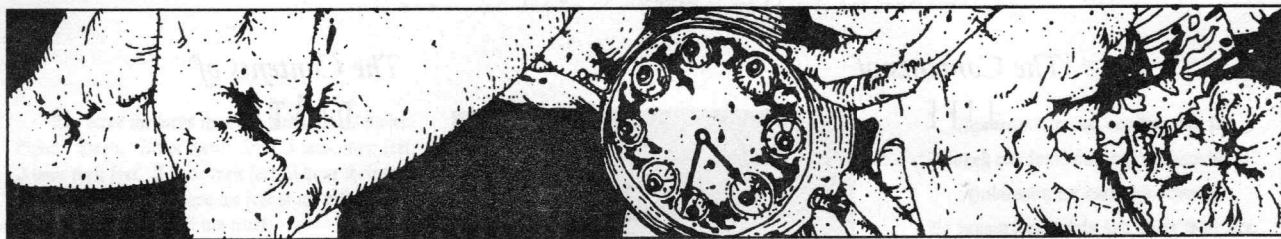
I mean Gnnit! who in his hoofah-dreams
Produces hangmen and real tears together.
How well you know this fastidious monster, reader,
- Hypocrite reader, you! - my double! my brother!

"TO THE READER"
BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE 1855
TRANSLATED BY STANLEY KUNITZ

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The Contents of DAÄTH

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Mourning, Priest of Koohoo, speak to us and bless us.

— I will not bless you. You are on your own. When the time has come you'll fall asleep. The ticking clock leads away your mind. Dimension IV is your final destination. As you cease to exist, I promise, you will scream.

Asaah, the princess of light and daughter of Amaraah (may his name forever fall away) managed to steal the mind of D. DiSyrach and we regret this loss: his memory hangs upon our grey walls.

Did not already the visuals of "...Dawn" predict this? Asaah has taken the shape of Lilith, one of the bodies of the daughter of Raagoonshinnaah, and in this guise she managed to take over Dan, who is seen small and bent beneath her. Having captured Dan, she is already about to rob another man's mind, although him not being as great as Dan DiSyrach, or as high a Priest.

It was destined to be?

— Who am I to say. I don't believe in this kind of destiny. But if you do, this might be true in your reality.

But the remaining three of you have now gathered strength in the knowledge that Raagoonshinnaah never died but only slept, and would rise again. Are you approaching your past glory?

— We can never create a new Dawn of Dreams or Dream II, and we will always continue to change our style. Still you will always hear that it is Pan.Thy.Monium.

In these four latest prayers of yours captured one year ago I feel a rage that although never having been absent now has grown and yes, leads. Was D.D.S. him who brought up the moments of contemplative, quiet transcendence — or do you rage like the once defeated but again resurrected warrior rages: to show his regained strength? To with time, control himself more.

— Yes, our music is now faster and more aggressive than ever. Maybe that is because D.D.S.'s departure, I don't know. We like it when it rages.

You wish to fill up Dan's place by finding a new conjurer of the four-spirited instrument — but would you be able to manage the Cult without the box of many voices that he also mastered?

— I can't answer this question. We will never release anything if we're not satisfied, that's all I can say.

Is Amaraah pure light? He cannot be, then we would not hate him as the father of all lies and hypocrisy. If the light of Amaraah (may his name forever fall away) is not pure, how can the Darkness of Raagoonshinnaah, our Master, be pure Darkness? For if Amaraah is not light, he is dark, and if he is dark, Raagoonshinnaah must be the God of Light.

Do we, the disciples and the Priests, worship the God of Everything Empty and Light? Or is the togetherness of Amaraah as false as his light? That would fill up the Emptiness of Raagoonshinnaah and ridicule our belief.

Or is Raagoonshinnaah and the land of Beheeb

Raagoonshinnaah was defeated, he was filled with joy and togetherness and he died. But after one or seven lifetimes below the surface of the Sea of Naaak, he rose! Raagoonshinnaah was again empty, and the God of Nothingness returned to lead his consecration.



Beyond All Conception? Did I make myself a heresy with my doubt in His Darkness?

— The light can never be pure in the same way as darkness. The purest darkness is unexisting in emptiness of utter nothingness. Is Amaraah good in an evil way, or evil in a good way? You can never be sure.

To return back in time: on "Khaooohs" you had grown tired and wrong powers almost took control — you fought them well but they left their mark on the silver circle. We agree about this, although I, a disciple not yet filled by the Ultimate Emptiness and only half-empty, still can enjoy it.

But do you, Mourning, have confidence in your collective Nothingness and consequently the Nothingness of the prayers of Pan.Thy.Monium not to fall into the same trap again?

— Khaooohs was not a worthy follow-up to Dawn of Dreams. Despite that I still like some parts on Khaooohs, but we will not fall into the same trap again. Maybe another trap?

You did mention the vision of yours to share your Nothingness with mortals — in person. But no matter how much a mass of this kind intrigues me... I am not convinced it would work.

Are you serious about it? Are Derelict and Winter as much into the vision? May Raagoonshinnaah walk the earth, but should he do it in this fashion or at this time?

— We have no nearby plans to do that. We have talked about it since we started the band back in 1990, but never realized it. Will we ever play live? If you live, you'll find out. If you die, you won't.

My very own disynah, although not being of interest as I am only a disciple and only half-empty, would be to see your future silver circles in no greater amounts than hundred times five... it may sound mad.

But still, seeing that you actually are not sure about releasing anything at all anymore, creating and singing your songs and prayers only for yourselves: I feel it would be a good solution.

The Cult must remain small.

— The Cult is not small. If you think P.T.M. is the only way to Raagoonshinnaah, then you're wrong. Anybody might be a follower.

!!! !!!

—

Something I or my other selves never have understood is the Celtic related pentacle symbol upon the "Dawn of Dreams" silver circle. Is not the wisdom of Beheeb otherworldly? The Celts had wisdom but the Castle of Koohoo stands not upon earthen ground or wisdom.

— Who says it has anything to do with Beheeb or the Castle of Koohoo? Many symbols have been used in different ages and different cultures, and they have not always had the same meaning to different people.

Who was Maab, the Lost Prince of the Unholy Bloom, defeated in "Khaooohs & Kon-Zus-Ton"? Did he also fall into a mere slumber when Amaraah thought him dead?

— Look deep into your mindcave and see for yourself. To me, all that is left of him is his memory that haunts the lost dimension of Beheeb. But I could be wrong. As long as this dimension stays closed, we can not know for sure.

Mourning, conjurer of the six spirits and a creator of Emptiness, you also know how to walk the skies and sail the clouds. Does this leave a trace in your Musick?

— There are a lot of traces in our music. But where do they lead?

For Emptiness in Beheeb and within us: fare thee well, Mourning. Please leave us now.



About two years ago, I happened to hear a rehearsal by Night Conquers Day, the song being "What Was And Never Shall Be Again". An epic, dramatic piece of individualistic black metal. It was merely a rehearsal, and rehearsals can seldom sound more than "promising" if even that. Well, this piece was promising to say the least. Now Night Conquers Day has matured enough to outgrow some early rehearsal tapes. Officially still a new band by all means but as the music implies, and this interview confirms, they didn't buy their first toy guitars or tin drums on Wednesday last week.

By the turn of the year from '96 into '97 it was time to hear some more Night Conquers Day, this time in the shape of half an hour of advance material from their upcoming full length album. Full length indeed, we are talking about 74 minutes.

This material definitely deserves more discussion. Thus, time to put the letters aside and instead hand over a bagful of questions at the man in charge.

Hello Mike, are you still in possession of your own thoughts or have they been replaced by somebody else's?

I believe that I am still in control of them. Although I would not be surprised if the restless spirit of Friedrich Nietzsche were to invade my mind, rendering me completely insane, bound for a mental institution to spend the rest of my years.

Perhaps it would be a pleasant vacation from the wretched reality of being a part of our societal modern life, with all its money worship and neuroses.

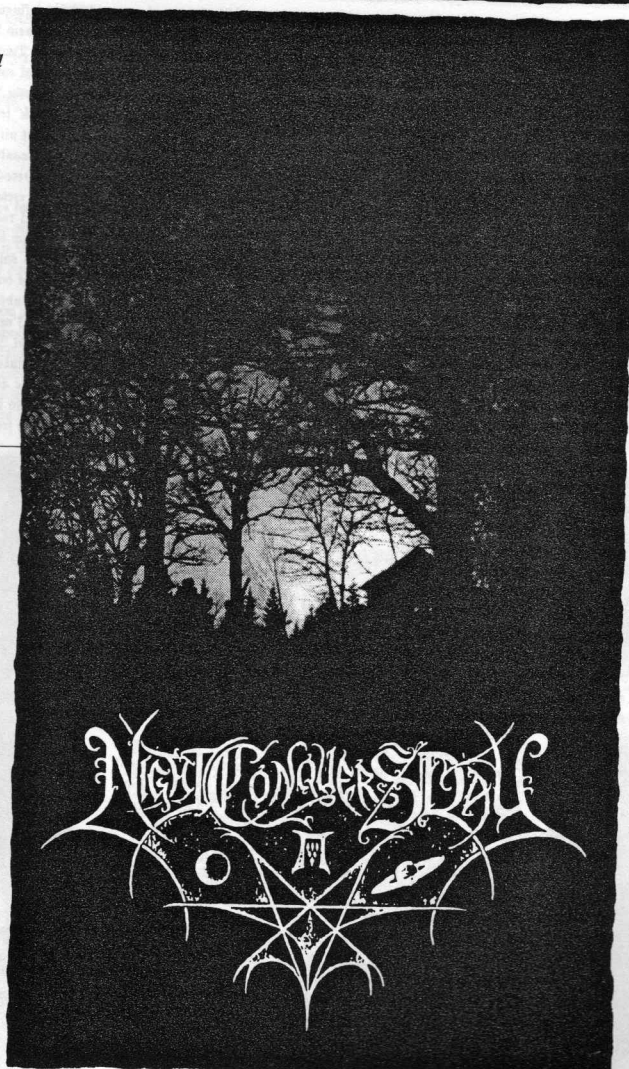
Well yes. As long as you'd have access to a studio, then I won't deny that vacation from you. How have the recording sessions with the Night Conquers Day material been? Can you tell us a little about the studio and if you had any particular problems or the like?

Problems is a huge understatement. I have yet to read or heard about any recording experience like ours! We started recording in May 1996. I own my own 8-track studio, which I brought to my bassplayer's house. We set it up in his basement. I rented some microphones and brought some. We mic'ed up the whole drum set and one guitar. Greg had been playing with us since we were in Buried Beneath, so he played the scratch guitar track so I could record the drums. We finished the drums in a week, although it took two attempts. The next step was to record the two guitar tracks, mine and Greg's, and the bass. Also, on two songs Tim (bass) was going to play rhythm guitar instead of Greg, since Tim wrote these two songs and he could play them best. In June I recorded my rhythm tracks but Greg kept missing practice. He did not show up for a month or two. We were getting pretty pissed off. He did finally show up, and recorded a rhythm track on one song, the one he wrote. By this time, I had to move. I moved in with my girlfriend, and now we were moving into our new house at the end of August. So everything was postponed since I had to spend a few weeks packing everything we owned into boxes. Moving is the most hellish experience!

I do know what you mean.

I also had to do a lot of painting and work on the house we were moving into. By mid-September, I was settled into the new house. Now I decided to move the recording equipment into my house. So we moved out, my recording studio. Then we waited for Greg to show up and finish his guitar tracks. We waited, and waited, and waited. By Halloween '96 we gave up on Greg.

I recorded the rest of the guitars in November. I'd already done most of the vocals and keyboards. By December we were almost done, except for a few little vocal parts and the keyboard pieces or new keyboardist had written. We were finally done in January! Oh, I forgot to mention the delay in November when water flooded my basement! No equipment was damaged but the basement carpeting got soaked and it was a HUGE clean-up that last two weeks. In February we took our rough mixes to a pro-studio called Watchmen Studio, and we mixed it onto DAT with Doug White. He helped improve our drum sound. My 8-track recording studio allows me the freedom to record when I want to but final mixes need to be done in a pro-studio. My own studio is called Mortuary Temple Studio. Our final recording is 74 minutes long and was surely worth the effort.



My future solo project recordings will also be done in my own studio.

Have you found a label yet that would be interested in releasing this material as your debut album? You don't find it hazardous to record an entire album without having a deal, do you?

Is not there a danger that it will take you a while to find a suitable label and another considerable while to let them release the album? Is not there a danger that the material will be quite outdated once it finally sees the light of day, I mean, darkness of night?

I'm pretty used to delays and hazards. Our recording is heavy and original. I hope it doesn't take a year to get it out. We are looking for a label that will put it out with no delay.

I didn't know such labels existed.

I still have no ideas for the cover art yet but the rest is all ready. We have one European label interested... and I think we'll find someone to put it out on CD. In the sea of mediocre releases, I really think we are a shining jewel. And I do not think our music will become outdated. I think it's quite timeless actually. I've listened to the songs at least 1000 times over, and I'm not yet bored with them.

ii.

Yes, this recording certainly does appear to be something out of the ordinary — and this I say with full sincerity. "The First Snowfall", as the recording is called, does have identity enough to differ from the masses. With being outdated I suppose I mainly meant the recording itself: a healthy band improves constantly, and thus a postponed recording (closer to the release) could result in a better product. But I agree, with this material there is no reason to worry.

Now about the intro called "The Defeat of Light (By the Night of the Conqueror)". I felt it had some pretty obvious Mortuus influences.

We changed the title to "Eastern Winds Mount the Begin Winter". This better suited the musical landscape. Well, the intro was played and composed by Raistlyn, our keyboardist. He's 18 years old and he's never heard Mortuus.

I suppose I was wrong then. Unless we bring in Jung's theories about the universal subconscious. At some later point,

perhaps.

I think it's much better played than Mortuus. I like Mortuus a lot, but he does employ simple keyboard playing. Raistlyn really knows how to play. It's a complex piece. Raistlyn is heavily influenced by his own insanity. He's really insane... his music is a sort of musical painting of these weird visions in his mind. He also smokes a lot of marijuana. He's really out there, even without the pot. Personally, I think he might get committed to a mental asylum before our next recording. Raistlyn wrote one other instrumental piece on the recording called "Nightfall's Promise". And he plays keyboards on one of the songs. I do all the rest of the keyboards.

Another alleged influence, one that I find more positive as it is less common, are the occasional hints to Attila Csihar in your vocals — blended with the black metal vocals and the King Diamond influences. The vocals on "De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas" made quite an impression on you when you heard them, right?

King Diamond is definitely an influence! Merciful Fate's "Don't Break the Oath" EP was the first album I really got into back in early 1985 (along with Venom's "Possessed" EP). I was, is, and always shall be a huge fanatic of old Merciful Fate (1981-1985). I think the reformed Merciful Fate sucks. And lately, since 1994, King Diamond's voice sounds so overproduced... so clean. I like that raw sound he had in the old Fate days. Like on the demos. I wanted to add some of that into our sound. So I did.

But Attila Csihar is not an influence. Yeah, I fuckin' love the Maghem CD, and I like the old Vornmentor (Hun) demos, but it's really just pure chance that I sound like him here and there. I do hear the similarity. And that's just the sound that came out of my throat. Actually my prime vocal influences are King Diamond, Quorthon (Bathory's early EP's), Malmavoc (Can) 1986 demo, Living Death on "Metal Revolution" EP, Nile of Kreator on "Pleasure To Kill", the vox on Morbid Angel's "Eyn Kingdom Come" 1987 demo and the debut CD of Immortal in 1992. And I'm currently expanding my vocal abilities... experimenting with different throat sounds. I like variety... especially the way King Diamond does it throughout his recording history (his last good EP was "The Eye" in 1992).

But the two people you compare me to are both rare comparisons, so I do find them complimentary. I put a lot of work into my vocals and the effects placement... I used only reverb and some echo-delay. I like to use effects, unlike all these pseudo-Chris Barnes gruntes who are so proud of their "no effects" statements! Most of you suck!

Still, if one can perform good, varied vocals with as little effects as possible — none? — then it is hardly a drawback.

iii.

I have not read any of your N.C.D. lyrics but if I know anything about you as a person, I do not think they are the typical black metal drivel: with this I refer to the generic lyrics of some typical pubescent who tries to rebel against his parents through black metal... I claim to have seen a little too many sad examples of this.

Instead, I guess you strive to be a little more poetic, with titles such as "The First Snowfall". Still, the darkness is there, of course, already in the band name. Would you like to enlighten us about your lyrical intentions and mays, please.

This is difficult to do, because some of my lyrics are so surreal. Some songs have a general theme that is laced with my dream imagery, or metaphorical philosophy. The song "The First Snowfall" is actually the easiest to understand. Our bandname, Night Conquers Day, refers to the metaphorical "battle" between daylight and night, which continues throughout each year with the earth's orbit around the sun. In the summer, the earth is closer to the sun, causing the days to be longer and more dominating. And in the winter the nights are longer and more dominating. I love winter! I grew up here in Rochester and we get long winters with lots of snow. I've worked night shift for years... so I go to sleep at dawn and sleep all day. Springtime for me is hell... I'm allergic to grass and pollen so I sneeze and hide indoors mostly.

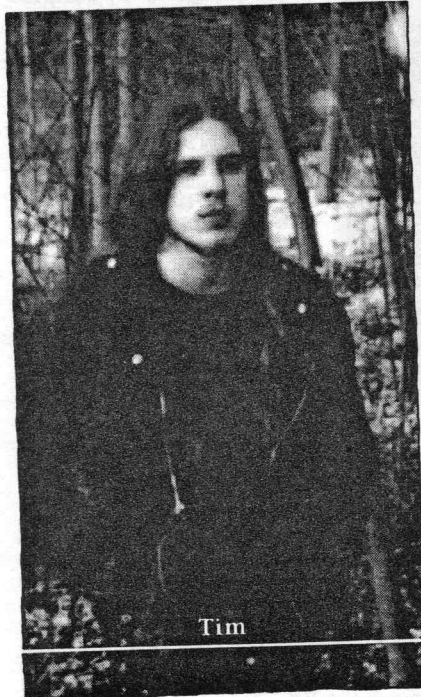
So our bandname refers to the time of year when night conquers day. As a theme, one can tell when the glorious winter has arrived when the first snowfall arrives. So the song "The First Snowfall" simply exalts the start of our winter season and the emotions relating to it. And since we want this recording to be our first CD, it's also a play on words. Our CD is our "first snowfall".

[...]

— The last song on the CD also uses the theme. It's called "Footprints In the Snow Where the Banderer Has Been". This title is a metaphor for a philosophical outlook. Basically, a wanderer is one who treads his own path... on the hunt, for knowledge, experience, etc. to leave behind footprints for others to follow. We are not following footprints... we are leaving them for others to follow. My mentality is that of a leader, and not a follower. And that's what we strive to do with our music.

— I also have some lyrics dealing with very melancholic gothic romanticism. "What Was And Never Shall Be Again" deals with two souls cross crossing lifetimes, trying effortlessly to recreate a love that once was. The reality is that it won't work out the same way... Love is meant to be melancholy. It will never be again what it once was. This relates to my theory of death into a new body. I find this song's theme to be so anguished, yet so real.

— Another song, "Vanished From My Eyes", is my statement that it's better to lust than to try to love. Why bother with weakening emotions and the havoc of the female mind, when there's so many earthly pleasures to indulge in. It's a cold view towards relationships with women who are not like me. I find



Tim

most women's thinking patterns to be quite irrational and schizophrenic...

Yes.

— ...yet a beautiful body is still a beautiful body regardless of how irritating their mentality may be. So far, I'm the only lyricist in the band.

iv.

Well, you seem to be contented with your task. If we then move on to the musical side of Night Conquers Day: isn't this the band you originally wanted Buried Beneath to be?

I never heard many songs by Buried Beneath but I have the impression that the rest of the band never were too keen on developing the sound of the band from rather standard death metal to something more... exquisite?

— That's it exactly. I'm one of the only people in Rochester who wanted to play black/death. Every band I was in never achieved my vision. I had to work with musicians available to me. Actually my first band Morbid Ecstasy was closer to my ideal than Buried Beneath. What Night Conquers Day has become is what I've been trying to create for years. In Buried Beneath, it was our drummer that never wanted to develop. He was into black metal imagery but he wanted to play music like Incantation, Acheron, Morbid Angel, etc... he wanted to play black/death/grind. I hate grind!! I usually gave in and "compromised".

— When I joined Buried Beneath I was playing in a band with a guitar player that wrote boring songs and a drummer who couldn't keep time. To play with a guitarist into Decide and Obituary was a step closer to my ideal. Some of my earlier songs are total death metal, ruined by grunting vocals and grindy drumming. As Buried Beneath evolved, my style was more dominant... especially on the third demo. But it was reaching a point where I realized our drummer was a total fake. Our vocalist was simply obeying my commands. And it wasn't working.

— I like death metal, but to me death metal is Necrowave,

Possessed... I did not want to play death metal like Incantation or Cannibal Corpse. I wanted elements of death metal but I wanted a black metal feel. I wanted keyboards. The band let me do a keyboard intro on the first demo '92. On the second demo '93 I wanted lots of keyboards but no one wanted them. I got to put them on two riffs. And our original vocalist was into that whole "No effects on my voice". No reverb, no echo. It sounded so boring!! The new vocalist on the last B.B. demo was a puppet. I'd tell him to use his "black metal voice" more... but he'd still do his deep grunting shit. By the time I took over the vocals, the drummer quit.

— In Night Conquers Day we still do not really have a drummer. On our recording I am playing the drums, most of the guitars, most of the keyboards, and all of the vocals! I need two clones of myself in order to have a band!!

A good idea, I need some clones of myself as well.

You had quite a bit of problems with members in the Buried Beneath days, hadn't you? For example the drummer seemed to be a rather irritating person, causing other members to leave, but you could not kick him since finding a new drummer appeared tough...

How did you find the members to Night Conquers Day, or did they find you?

— Buried Beneath had a stable line-up from 1992-93. Then our other guitar player quit. He had written the music on the first demo. We still played the songs he wrote but we never again had a stable rhythm guitarist. Many of them did not get along with our drummer. Tim played bass in Buried Beneath since its formation.

— It is Tim that is with me in Night Conquers Day. Greg was a rhythm guitarist that played in Buried Beneath at the time we split up. So he played with me and Tim until his cowardly departure in October 1996. He's out of the band. He started another band that plays grunge death metal... some shit that sounds like Pro-Pain or Fear Factory.

— When Buried Beneath ended, me and Tim simply continued to work together with Greg. I started playing drums at rehearsals, and we started working on new songs. "What Was And Never Shall Be Again" is a song I'd tried to teach our old drummer but he thought it was "a boring black metal song". The three of us recorded the October '95 rehearsal demo. We've tried to find a drummer but it's impossible. There are no good drummers here. The few that are good just want to play typical death metal type stuff.

— Recently we did find two guys to rehearse with us. One plays drums and one plays guitar. They're good enough to rehearse with and play a concert with but I still think my drumming style defines our band. So I'll still be the drummer on recordings. These two new members will be session members for live gigs for now but time will tell. We added keyboardist Raistlyn in February '96. But he's currently without a car and very unreliable. His future with us might just be a session musician. Me and Tim are Night Conquers Day. These other members are teenagers still finding themselves. Tim is 20 and I am 25 years old. It's frustrating!

Regarding Raistlyn, it did not take more than three days after the completion of this interview that Mike wrote in his letter:

— Actually yesterday Raistlyn has quit the band. He has no transportation. So we'll probably just use him to record intros or instrumental pieces on future recordings.

v.

Into the Sunless Meridian, does it exist anymore? I understood the birth of Night Conquers Day has now given you that artistic freedom that was the reason why you originally founded this solo project, and has thus made Into the Sunless Meridian superfluous.

— No, Into the Sunless Meridian still exists. It's just been on hiatus for about two years. The "Sex Magick" demo #2 came out in 1995 and it's been quiet since. In May 1996 I did record drum tracks for a debut CD that was going to be done for Unisound Records, but after the problems I had with Shadowcaster in the summer of '96, I chose not to do anything with Unisound. Those drum tracks sat on reels for nine months. In February I dug them out and I have finished all the guitars and bass. I still must complete the vocals, keyboards and solos. My basement flooded again last week...

Jun!

— ...so that has delayed the I.T.S.M. recording. I have seven songs plus a cover of Merciful Fate's "A Corpse Without Soul". When complete, I will seek a label to release it as a debut CD. I need a label that will pay the \$200 cost of mixing it onto DAT. This new recording is supreme. Heavily inspired by 1980's stuff like Living Death, Nagor, Destruction, Slaughter Lord, Possessed, Merciful Fate, Acid, Voivod, Running Wild, etc etc. Lots of strange ideas, styles and headbanging.

— I'm also doing it a lot like the demos... all songs are written around improvised drum playing. All riffs and structures are done around the drum tracks I recorded in May '96. A totally backwards way to construct songs. Since a lot of Into the Sunless Meridian ideas have bled into what is now Night Conquers Day, I'll use I.T.S.M. to expand more on my

1980's influences, as well as experiment with vocal styles. I think the new Into the Sunless Meridian even equals Night Conquers Day although I.T.S.M. is more of a power/black/speed metal evolution.

"Strike Down Mythographer", the "extremely rough mix studio track" from March this year that Mike has shared with me, hints about nice things.

— And we continue with Shadowcaster. How is the CD selling? Here I will also give you the opportunity to warn people about one certain label, if you wish... and I think you do.

— I really haven't sold too many. Unisound delayed the CD's I got by four months so they beat me to all distributors and initial sales. Unisound also cost me \$500 just to get the 200 CD's owed to me.

Sounds a little like Michael Piesch, I think.

— I've sent out some promos, done some trades and sold some. But I still have about 100 left. A bunch of really bad and immature reviews probably did not help. I would advise everyone to avoid Unisound Records! This guy is a leach. If you want to buy a CD on his label, buy it only from the band directly, or from another distributor. The Equinox CD is excel-



Mikael

lent! I am selling my CD for \$12 (U.S.) or \$13 (world). I'd sure like to know how much money Unisound has made off of me!!

Are you sure? In your situation, I don't think I would. In Nagot Colony zine you mention that you would like to do the soundtrack for a horror movie, "especially a very gory one". How come? As I see it, psychological horror movies tend to be a lot more disturbing than a movie concentrated on explicit gore and flying limbs. Such movies mostly end up as mere comedies.

— Well, I'd like to see a well-done gore movie. I'm into certain classics, like *Coil Dead*, *Creepers*, *Gates of Hell...* I like the extremity! I also like psychological horrors, sci-fi (*Alien*, *Star Trek*...), and other unusual movies. I have strange taste in films. I'd like to see a psych-horror film with lots of gore... that would be great. I like to watch graphic shit on film and TV. It's entertaining. I don't like gore for the sake of gore, though. That becomes comical. One new gore flick I saw that was good was "Castle Freak". One of my favourites is "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer".

That's a good one.

— I also like surreal movies with depressive themes... like "The Last Good Time". My all-time favourite movie is "Braveheart". That is an excellent film.

Yes... but "Nostalgia: Eine Symphonie des Grauens" from 1922 is something extraordinary for me. I know the storyline is basically non-existent, for example, but the charm, the atmosphere... eats me. An escapist loser living the wrong century, that is me.

Another movie that I did enjoy particularly much is "Dellamorte Dellamore". This twisted, bizarre story has a madness I immediately could relate to! Have you seen it, Mike? It is an Italian movie from 1994 by Michele Soavi, and in America it was distributed with the incredibly bull name "Cemetery Man" — the correct translation would be "Of Death, of Love".

— I've never seen this movie. But with a title like "Cemetery Man", I probably avoided it. But I'll have to go to the video rental and see if they have it. I like movies with

twisted surreal storylines. Have you ever seen "Gothic" or "The Fair of the White Worm"?

No. Not even possessing a television set, I seldom watch films.

— These were good movies. "Altered States" and "Alien" are also cult classics!

vi.

My allround education does not feature the former, but I agree about the latter. Of course. But back to music. Was Morbid Ecstasy your first band? How long did it last and what was the reason for the split? The classic case of not finding the right persons, or a lack of personal interest?

Then you were in Secluded Violence for a few months, then it broke up as well. After about two years of half-hearted projects with questionable monickers (eh) you founded Astaroth but the following year you joined Buried Beneath instead. We have been talking about influences earlier in this interview — perhaps we should add another influence to the list: James Murphy! I am referring to the restlessness...

Are you a hard person to deal with, or something? Ha.

— Morbid Ecstasy was my first "real" band. Before that, I had concepts, lyrics, I even had whole songs recorded on tape with just my guitar riffs. Me and three friends had a band called Ekadon in 1987. For five months we planned our first rehearsal. It never happened. I began in Morbid Ecstasy in 1988. I played guitar, and I wrote the music and lyrics. Our drummer was really tight. He was really into Slayer and Death. Our bassist also was good. Our vocalist had an incredible death metal voice for our first two rehearsals. Then he lost it.

— He could not sing on time, he could not memorize lyrics, and he started to sound like a dying frog. I have two songs recorded from a rehearsal in 1988... the vox sound good on one of the songs. I just found our debut rehearsal version of the song "Golgotha". It sounds better than the other rehearsal version. Our music was dark death metal... with elements of black metal and speed metal. Our bassist quit after six months and we split up.

— I joined a local band called Secluded Violence who had already recorded a demo in March 1988. But three months later, they split up. I was in a few other half-assed bands with ridiculous monickers... They were just bands to fuck around in. One band, Venital Asphyxiation, was just a band that played parties while everyone got drunk or fucked. Court of a death metal S.O.D. with perverted lyrics by the vocalist.

— In 1990 I founded Astaroth, again on a quest to create dark black/death. The other guitar player was heavily into old Ratt and Elayer. While I was in this band, I got arrested for stealing gravestones, brandishing me as a "tombstone thief" in local newspapers.

— Astaroth was the source of my first live show experience. But our drummer could not keep time. He was always off-beat, or forgetting when to change a riff. It was embarrassing. Our bassist/vocalist did that deep grunting thing. I became bored of it, and I even did vocals on one song. But my voice would hurt and I'd hyperventilate. It was too hard playing guitar and doing vocals for me back in 1991. The other guitar player also started writing a lot of happy thrash riffs... and I did not like his new songs.

— So in early 1992, I'd heard about some guys who had started jamming, and then did not have a band name yet. When I heard death metal, I jumped at the chance for a new start since Astaroth had run its course. The drummer sucked, the vocals were horrible and it just wasn't working. After I joined this new band, I came up with the name Buried Beneath.

— In my earlier bands, I do not think I was hard to work with. I was in bands that always had someone who was not too talented. I am a perfectionist. I like the music to sound tight... I hate sloppiness, or people who can't keep time. I put up with poor musicians simply due to the lack of good ones. The only band that I've actually quit was Astaroth. The others all split up or broke up due to other members. Buried Beneath was one long frustrating musical waste.

— Perhaps I became overbearing with my ideas, but if you listen to our third demo and compare it to our first demo, I think you'd agree that my songwriting and ideas sound much better than the boring shit the other guys wrote. I was sort of relieved when Buried Beneath ended. No more off-time fake drummer to deal with. Nothing I'd been doing was ever evolving into what I'd wanted... so Night Conquers Day is the first band in which I really am satisfied with the outcome. Is it a coincidence that I play most of the instruments?

If one wants something to be done well, or done in the first place, one must do it himself. Although this may not guarantee a perfect result, one at least knows where the fault is and how it is eliminated. However, I guess you can look back at these years with content since it was good training after all, don't you think so?

— It was good training. I've learned not to tolerate sloppy musicians. It is this point that inspired me to start my solo projects. I'd concluded in late 1993 that perhaps a one man band would satisfy me, and take my focus out of trying to make Buried

Beneath my musical ideal. That's how Into the Sunless Meridian started. And it's the reason I have three other solo projects: Shadowcaster, Fearstained and my newest creation (which is still "in the works") Neo-Barbarian. I just wish some of the Norse and Swedish musicians were exportable. There are a lot of talented musicians over there and I need a drummer!

You heard that, send the man a drummer!

vii.

Can you tell us about Praise Eternal Night zine and its brief existence? Do you think you will ever return to this profession in case you would, for example, stop playing music: or does the radio station fill up the gap left by the zine?

— I really enjoyed doing that zine. That began at a time when I was kicked out of the radio station I D.J.'ed at since 1989. I had threatened to smash a vending machine down the hall from the radio station because it was repeatedly stealing my money. Since the radio station is at a college, the campus security considered my threat "hazardous" to their safety, since I really lost my temper on the phone with them. I was temporarily kicked



Dellamorte Dellamore

out of the station.

— So I began Praise Eternal Night zine. My friend Ron continued the radio show without me for about eight months. In this time I put out my debut issue. But one big problem was money. You make no money putting out a zine. I do not know how you, or anyone else, can afford it, really.

Neither do I.

— But I liked doing interviews and straight forward reviews. I still get people writing me about my zine. Anyways, I got back into the radio station by the end of 1994 and that became my priority again. I did plan on doing a second issue. I had some fuckin' excellent interviews with Moonspell, Absu, about twelve interviews that were really great. I did 100's of really critical reviews... but my money was nil. I had no money to print it. My friend was going to help me and he had gotten into some legal problems and could not spare the money. So I turned to some "friends" to print my stuff. I wrote letters to a bunch of other zines, told them what I had to offer, and asked if they wanted my stuff to print it.

In fact, Mike offered me these interviews in mid-1995 but I myself had to give away close to ten interviews to other zines. None of these interviews have been published. He continues:

— 1/4 of my stuff went to Lord Demonicus of Innards zine. The rest went to Shane Brener of Until Dawn zine. These two morons never put out their next issues. Then wasted my time, laid waste to my hard work and never returned any of my stuff.

Shane Brener went on to try and start some pseudo-intellectual war with me but Shane was so childish. A real inferiority complex. A friend of his wrote a bunch of childish shit about me in some other zine, they turned out to be a whole circle of cowardly immature children. So all in all, I had a very negative experience. The only reason I'd do the zine again is if my radio show ended. There are so many zines nowadays. And if they're not Dauthub quality, why bother with the rest? No ass kissing intended... you do a good zine. Maybe a more interesting cover art next time? Ha ha.

Well, how do you like the cover of this issue, Mike? And finally, how is Sonic Insanity going? The pros and cons in being a D.J. compared to being a zine editor?

— I love doing Sonic Insanity. I've done it since 1989 except for two voids... one was during a station shutdown in 1993 for six months for a power increase, and the other was my temporary suspension mentioned earlier, in 1994. I just like cranking music for three hours. I can control what people in Rochester listen to. We play the most extreme underground stuff. Our show has quite a loyal following. In recent years our scene has died off, so not as many people listen, but we'll continue till we're dead. Eight years is a pretty long time for a metal radio show. We play lots of new stuff, plus the occasional classic 1980's stuff too. We have a lot of freedom to do and play what we want. We just can't swear or play songs that say "Fuck".

That's the good thing about zines. Fuck fuck fuck fuck.

— We've gotten away with a lot of crap shit. We do anti X-mas specials, anti-Easter specials, solstice celebration themes and our annual Halloween show is my favourite. I have lots of our shows on tape, so if anyone wants a sample, send a tape! We play most promos we get, black/death/doom. We do not play Metallica, Biohazard or Pantera type shit. We focus on Absu, Satyricon, Cradle of Filth, Gehenna, Enslaved, Dark Funeral, lots of obscure CD's and classic vinyls too. Being a D.J. involves no stress, no money matters and no hours in front of a typewriter. It's much more preferable over being an overworked underpaid zine editor.

— I also D.J. with my long time friend Ron, "The Evil Eye", so he usually answers the phones and helps out in the studio. We plan the show together but I do most of it since I listen to the music constantly and I write to record labels or get ahold of CD's. Ron is sort of stuck in the metal year of 1993 still. He doesn't listen to that much black metal or never stuff. But I think we work good together on-the-air.

I suppose I should give you a chance to wipe the blood from your fingers after hours of writing. Thank you for your time, thank you...

— What fingers? I just have these bloody stumps left. Thanks Tim for your intriguing questions and support of Night Conquers Day. I would like to mention that my Shadowcaster debut CD is available for me for the earlier mentioned price. And be on the look out for the Night Conquers Day debut CD entitled "The First Snowfall" out sometime in mid-1997, hopefully. Embrace pure darkness. Strife is evolution.

P.S. Night Conquers Day's debut is, like can be seen on page seventy, safely out on Hammerheart Records. Into the Sunless Meridian is at the time of writing, January 1898, just being finished and the album will be released through Near Dark Productions.

SONIC INSANITY RADIO

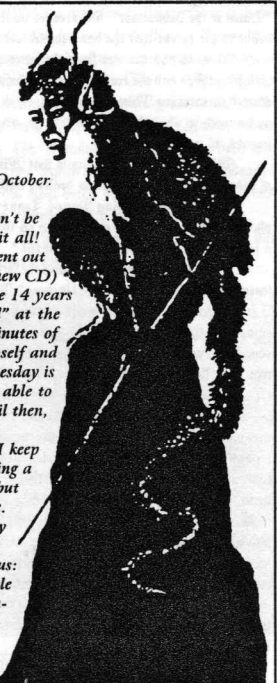
Mike did run into problems with Sonic Insanity, his radio show, during October. I'll let him tell about it himself:

— My radio show has been suspended 2 weeks, and hopefully we won't be cancelled. After eight years, a CHRISTIAN fuckhead may have ruined it all! A police report has been filed against me and the radio station, because I sent out flyers to listeners who wanted to receive them. On one flyer (for Gorgon's new CD) is a pic of a chick masturbating with a crucifix. The kid turned out to be 14 years old, and his dad is a sincerely INSANE christian who was "appalled" at the sacrilege! I talked to the kid and his dad on the phone, and after ten minutes of hearing his dad call me the "cancer of society", I told him to go fuck himself and hung up! We're charged with "sending pornography to a minor". Next Tuesday is the BIG meeting with radio station staff to decide our fate. I should be able to convince them to keep us on... I'm good at manipulating arguments. Until then, I'm ridden with anxiety and HATED FOR CHRISTIANDOM!!!!

— If they kick us out, I really will probably completely LOSE it. I keep fantasizing about kicking the shit out of the music director. I want to bring a butcher knife with me to the meeting. Just in case. Sounds crazy, I know, but this radio show is my livelihood. Our show IS the local metal scene. Eradicating us means basically KILLING our metal scene. So it's extremely important to me.

...After a few days Mikael, nowadays a true e-mail enthusiast, told us:

— Well, the radio show has survived!!! We have won one small battle in the War Against Christianity!!! I put up a great argument, and common sense prevailed. I'm actually quite shocked. I was VERY prepared to completely go stark raving insane!! Tonight we did our Halloween show, it was so great!



Some Correspondence

Dear Mike,

Thank you for your letter. Quite surprising to hear from you after your glorious anti-Unisound campaign!

Let's put some things in the right order because it seems that you don't know whom you are dealing with.

I'll collect all our correspondence that proves several things (like that you have received all your free copies etc etc) and mail it to more than 2000 people of our mailing list (including labels, bands, radios, customers etc etc).

Needless to say what does this mean for you and your band. After that, it would be better for you to change, not only the band name but even your name.

You want a second album on Unisound? We can discuss it, no problem. However, you should print again new flyers and refute all what you have mentioned about our label. After all that, we will be happy to discuss any further details about your deal.

I advise you to do this all the soonest possible. If we don't have any reply within 30 days, be sure that 2,000 people will receive our special flyer for you. We have done this in the past several times and be sure that it worked pretty well.

So, think about all the matter carefully and professionally and I look forward hearing from you soon.

Sincerely yours,
(Panos Tzanetatos)

And what is this? Davthos sinking to the level of any English tabloid paper, publishing private letters to gain more readers! What it all is about is that the co-operation between Shadowcaster and Unisound has come to a, what we with rather good certainty can call, definite end.

Perhaps you have noticed the sullen remarks towards the label on Mike's flyers for the Shadowcaster album, dealing with the way Unisound had treated him, for example by not sending out promised free copies.

In August Mike wrote to Unisound inquiring whether they were going to fulfil the contract which features a second album yet to be released. He received a reply from Panos Tzanetatos, label president and famous for his behaviour already with Decapitated Records, when he illegally released the Rotting Christ single "Dawn of the Iconoclast" and messed up the Order From Chaos debut to the extent that the band considered a bootleg.²

Now, as you can see from the letter above, cited verbatim including typos and the ever so charming defunct "g" key, the label started threatening Mike with some special collection of "proof", guaranteed to show him as the liar he, according to our Greek friends, is.

What is most entertaining is that Mike welcomes any kind of discussion and interrogation dealing with the subject.

Thus, once receiving Panos Tzanetatos's letter, Mike photocopied it up with his public reply on the reverse. I will cite a few words from this lengthy document.³

"I type this letter to accompany the letter on the reverse side (turn over) that I received from Unisound Records two days ago. I feel that since Unisound wants to start an anti-Shadowcaster campaign that I'd help them. For I regard Unisound as a completely incredible and untrustworthy label, as do many others who have dealt with them."

Mike continues to in detail tell about the problems in the order that then ensued. First the layout hassles: they requested new versions of the logo and finally used none of them, they requested studio credits and all the relevant information belonging to an album and used none of them, they had a horrible painting done from the photograph that Mike had intended for the cover: in short, it is quite a surprise they bothered to include the lyrics and a photo. The photo was a wrong one, though.

"On all bio's I printed, I updated and explained these problems. All of it is truth. No slander, no lies."

Then then hassles with the free CD's started, just as with the band Equinox from Florida, who also released their debut on Unisound.

"Panos also owed me 200 free CD's as a part of our

contract. Then he tells me he'll send me 250 free CD's if I'll pay the postage for them, which he told me would be at most \$100. At first I said no, but the delays continued. I finally agreed in September 1996 out of desperation to get my fucking CD's! In mid October my CD's arrived in the WRONG FUCKING CITY!!!

"Instead of arriving here in Rochester, they sent them to New York City, which is between 7-9 hours away!!! So I had to get the packages transferred. I had to make about two weeks worth of phone calls (long distance) to New York City, the London office of the cargo company, and to Unisound in Greece."

Unisound remained passive.

"Upon finally arriving here, the cost of postage was \$360.00!!! Including the \$150.00 phone bill I got in November, they were expensive FREE CD's!"

So now Mike is awaiting for that publicity Unisound promised and he is, as earlier stated, most available to any questions dealing with this matter.

Shadowcaster

P.O. Box 174

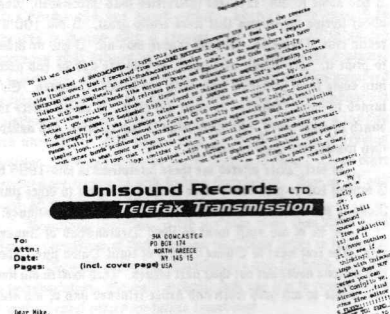
North Greece, NY 14515

U.S.A.

"I implore all labels and distributors to stay away from ALL dealings with Unisound and deal only with the BANDS that unfortunately signed with Unisound."

In conclusion one must only say that to be hated by Unisound is something to be proud of; after all, it proves one must be on the right side of both the law and common sense. Mike adds:

"...So if Unisound never responds back to me, will someone who's received the anti-Shadowcaster package please send me one for my collection?"



Dear Mike,

Thank you for your letter. Quite interesting to hear from you after your glorious anti-Unisound campaign!

Let's put some things in the right order because it seems that you don't know whom you are dealing with.

I'll collect all our correspondence that proves several things (like that you have received all your free copies etc etc) and mail it to more than 2000 people of our mailing list (including labels, bands, radios, customers etc etc).

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So, think about all the matter carefully and professionally and I look forward hearing from you soon.

Sincerely yours,
(Panos Tzanetatos)

Unisound Records LTD.
64 Acropolis Ave.
106 78 Athens, Greece

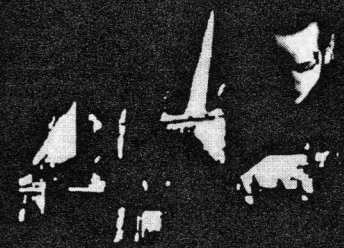
tel: 0030 21 33.02.746
fax: 0030 21 33.45.244

NOTES

If somebody wonders what I have got to do with Unisound Records the answer is simple: nothing. ...And I am happy about that. This is just my way to support the far too many bands and honest individuals, such as Mike, who have run into trouble with this label.

1. Most recently mentioned in Isten Magazine: Twin Sister, 1997.
2. For details, see interview with Chuck of Order From Chaos in The Sepulchral Voice zine #12, 1995. In fact the band was so pissed off with Unisound's antics that they told people to rather buy Wild Rags Records' actually inofficial, but layoutwise correct, version of "Stillbirth Machine".
3. Mike's letter is available in its entirety at the Shadowcaster homepage, hem.passagen.se/davthvs/shadowcaster.

Genius or Fucked In the Head? PART II



A never quenching subject for discussion is the vocal section in Mayhem. Last time we talked about Atrila: today it is Maniac.

"Mayhem can go to hell. Likewise black metal in general."
Robert Höög of Battle of Bewitchment Magazine

"I am actually not sure what I think about Maniac's work on 'Wolf's Lair Abyss'... I am actually not sure what I think about the album itself. I liked it the first times I listened to it. But I don't really know anymore. Maybe it would have been best to let it all rest... 'De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas' is still the best!"

F. Wallin of The Equinox or the Gods

"Monkechantaing er vass, babgurglinga like så vass."
Einar Sjurso of Beyond Dawn

"I am afraid I can't help you out there (beware, now it gets embarrassing), since I haven't heard the new Mayhem yet. But I would have loved commenting the Atrila article in last Davthos (and something says me that you are needing statements about Maniac for Dths, right?), as his vocals are incredible dark utterings, and I am somehow sure that Maniac comes nowhere near it... and Dead didn't play in the same league as well."

Markus Stock of Empyrium

"Er... I dunno."

Ariach of Funeral Mist

"He sounds like somebody who has had his tongue amputated and suffers from extreme spewing reflexes. Choosing between Maniac and Atrila is like choosing between pestilence and cholera. I don't get where they find these singers. It's like watching Ricky Lake Choro and wondering where they find all the idiots. Yeah. The music in combination with the vocals is like cold boiled piss with macaroni and vanilla sauce."

Richard Wyöni of A Mind Confused

"Good grief Timo! Are you expecting me to have an opinion on something that was so foreseeable and prominently provocative. Yeah sure, Maniac has clearly improved his vocal performance since the 'Deathcrush' days but isn't it quite obvious he's overdoing it just to make sure the public will talk about his vocals instead of the obvious lack of songs on the WEP. I mean let's face it, 'Wolf's Lair Abyss' contains the four weakest Mayhem songs recorded so far..."

Janne Sarna of Isten Magazine

"I really like the new Mayhem. It still sounds like Mayhem. I really loved Atrila's vocals, but Maniac's vocals sound equally great. Since he was a member in the '80s it's like the return to their other line-up. The vocals are so tortured, and very stand-out-ish. It's easily recognizable. It fits perfectly with their sound. It's more reminiscent of Dead's vocal style. Hellhammer's brumming is at its most supreme! Just as 'De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas' had its own unique epic quality, The new guitarist really does justice to Mayhem, continuing in the tradition of Euronymous. He writes in the same style. I was expecting shit, and instead was shocked to hear such a monumental recording. Many bands lose their identity with a new vocalist. But Mayhem has not lost their identity. Most bands do. For example: ever since Bruce left Iron Maiden it's just not Maiden anymore. Although some may say that Paul Di'Anno was Maiden. I think that Bruce kept the Maiden identity. But now Maiden as we know it is dead. It's even more pathetic to see Judas Priest continue without Halford! And Exciter is back with a new vocalist... how pathetic! What if Mercyful Fate kicked out King Diamond? That would be ridiculous!"

Mikael of Night Conquers Day and a talkative fellow

"I haven't heard 'Wolf's Lair Abyss' yet, it isn't you on vocals though?"
Eric Hazdrek of Daemnia

"Don't know, but when I met the guy I don't think he was too impressed with my drunken stumbling self..."

Blasph of Wheremyskin Zine, back home from second Norge trip

"Despite many criticisms, I feel that Maniac's vocals manage to cross the divide by being both hilariously over-the-top and actually frightening, simultaneously. Furthermore, their plegma, high-pitched character lends itself well to contrast with the accompanying low-end armageddon. The only slightly questionable point is the fact that on the odd occasion ('Ball of Seraphs') they seem to borrow much in the way of morbidity from Maniac's predecessor. Stick to the regurgitation impressions, methinks..."

N.J. Moberly of The Dead Sine Zine

If we return to 1895, Per of Wrong Again Records was searching for any member of Mefisto to allow him to release their two demos on CD. Then by chance Sandro ordered records from Record Heaven in Malmö where Per was working and he recognised the name, which prompted the re-release project. Sadly extensive delays were to come. First the layout, which Sandro promised to be something completely out of the ordinary with plenty of rare photos, and then hassles with DAT tapes and so weiter. The legal side was taken care by Mike "Infernal Death" Eriksson, Mefisto's manager already in the mid-80's and now the only person from those days Sandro was in touch with.

When the delays with the records continued, a picture disc also being planned, the manager decided there would not be one more interview before the release took place. Apparently that damned Near Dark just made it while my interview arrived a few days too late. However, still in May '97 Sandro was inclined to doing a one off interview... although he found the size of my questionnaire quite painful. "Guess I can do a few questions a day or something." Well, it never happened and I am piss bored of asking so I thought I would try to make up to the feature with an article instead.

Yesterday

After Bathory, Mefisto must be considered Sweden's oldest and most legendary death/black band and unlike the former, Mefisto's career was never stained by commercial success, transparent and desperate "back to the roots" attempts or grunge records. The first time their name appeared in a zine must have been in Elaper Zine #3/4 1986 but the history goes back two years earlier.

In 1984 at a northern suburb to Stockholm called Åkersberga the bassman and vocalist Sandro Tjander founded Torment together with a guitarist the name of whom remains unknown. After some struggle a drummer was found in Roberto "Thord" Granath, but having that struggle sorted out, another struggle continued with the guitarist. Thus a big boot in the butt of the man and the long search for a new guitarist began, and while this went on, Sandro and Thord grew tired of their name. The name of the devil in the Dr Faustus myth caught their eye but Nephistopheles felt too long, which was cut to Mefisto.

A singer was also tried but he was not particularly fond of death metal, instead a guitarist turned up. Or rather, Mefisto turned up for Omar Ahmed one day when he was rehearsing and they were amazed by his playing. He did not immediately accept the offer to join Mefisto, but once his other band broke up he did so. He'd rather play "Total Death Concrete Magical Speed Warfare Metal" (as the style was described to

"Bring my body and soul into the beyond...

...let my fate serve the emperors in the dark"

In August 1996 we were spending some time at the now defunct but not particularly missed pub called Cityhallen in Stockholm when some "normal" guy turned up, pointing at the Mayhem shirt Tobbe of Near Dark Productions was wearing. "Hey, didja know Dead?" "Mmmm, no." The man said he did, and continued by presenting himself as Sandro from Mefisto, which started a lively discussion about times past and present. Having parted, when Kim of NDP was planning to steal the chair where Sandro had sat, both the Near Dark people and myself had been promised interviews. Within two weeks my questionnaire was finished and sent, but while Near Dark Zine published their Mefisto interview by the end of that year, the Dauthus Loser Zine is still waiting for the reply. Never mind, the original scoop had already been done by Septic Zine who earlier '96 did the first interview with Mefisto since ten years.



Metal) with these lunatics than not play at all.

The first of the two demos Mefisto were to record turned up in May 1986 after a delay of two months. A twenty minute piece of brutal but surprisingly mature death metal when the very term was barely coined. Alright, the band themselves called it both death metal and black metal. The more melodic influences of Omar certainly gave

Mefisto's undeniable brutality a subtler side and I am sure had the guitarist been as hard a fan of bands like Celtic Frost the sound would have been far less recognisable. The lyrics, written by Thord, mainly studied war and warlike conditions, as sounds logical to titles like "Act Dead" and "Missing In Action". Although flirting with symbols such as the inverted cross, the rest of the lyrics were rather about occultism than sa-

tanism. The "typical" occultism if you excuse the description, as represented by the Eliphas Levi + octogram image on the demo cover, was also affected by Omar's passion for Egyptian mythology.

One of the few, if not the only radio station that received this demo was Monte Conner's WBMB Witching Hour in New York. Being voted over Pelstar, Celtic Frost and Sacrifice did tell something about the capacity of this unknown, new band from Sweden.

Already in the demo days backed up by manager Mike Eriksson, Mefisto were eager to release an album, but due to lack of clever labels the story of the band would, as we know, end after the second demo. "The Puzzle..." featured four songs one of which even reaching over eight minutes and an even growing desire to finally release a professional item glowing in lines such as "All rights of Infernal Death and the owner of the recorded work reserved. Unauthorized copying for resale prohibited." On a demo cover... This demo saw the shit-stained sky and the urine-coloured sun in November 1986.

The disagreements between Omar and the core of Mefisto grew. They had always been there: the second demo was predicted to be even more brutal than "Megalomania" while the result was in the opposite direction with multiplied amounts of guitar masturbations compared to the debut which in itself did not lack solos. In Septic Zine Sandro explains the musical disagreements were not the only problem: the chemical compositions of Roberto and Omar caused the interesting reaction of a lost tooth for the latter. In fact, the cover of "The Puzzle..." is told to be from that very fight! Today, Omar dwells in the U.S.A. together with his plastic tooth.

"The Puzzle..." remained the final chapter and as such quite a mouthful. When listened to, it requires concentration due to its most intricate shape but although being one of the most special demos from Sweden it is "Megalomania" that is Mefisto just as "Under the Sign of the Black Mark" is Bathory if you agree.

Today

Back to the lame reality from the glorious past: the re-release, then? There is no trace of it. Last I talked to Per of Wrong Again in May '97 he had just handed over the Mefisto material to Bez who would release it as the very last Wrong Again item before the split of the corporation into Regain Records and War Music. During the autumn I received some promotional material from Bez and his War Music, where In Thy Dreams was cited as the very last Wrong Again record and the future releases of his label being only the usual Eucharists and others. Not a word about Mefisto.

Who knows what the hell happened but I smell rot.



To the left Sandro with Dead and Quorthon, together representing three of the most important bands in the Swedish underground scene. In the centre, "Megalomania" Demo 1 '86 with "The Puzzle..." Demo 2 '86 cover on top of it. To the right; Thord, Omar and Sandro in 1986.

"...det är menat att vara en spegel av en värld i mörker, reflekterande bilder av specifika handlingar, sanningar och påståenden som må vara vansinnigt och klarsynt falska eller i sin enkelhet och tapperhet rena fakta om världen intill, inuti och utanför och även om vår egen bistra dimension..."

I cannot really trace my original interest in this project, but I suspect it was the mere name. I saw the name *Bálnad Ur Rymd* and it was intriguing enough to make me start searching for more information about the band. Just as it was with *Disharmonic Orchestra* many a year ago — although that time I did not quite find the music to live up to the band name.

However, I did finally get hold of both a few recordings and a person related to *Bálnad Ur Rymd*. I was surprised to see it was a brand of black metal we were talking about, I was fairly sure it would be something in the vein of my persistent "favourite unknown band of the week", *Djävåll Khål*. But black metal? Yes. But as the monicker already tells, not very ordinary black metal. The name not only stood for well-performed black metal of the kind I like, but also one of the more thorough and dedicated concepts one has met lately.

I have only heard two recorded songs and yet an interview has been conducted. There is something special about *Bálnad Ur Rymd*, yes.

Good evening, Kheeroth... can you hear me?

— Greetings to you, Mr Underground, I can't hear you, scream louder...

Bálnad Ur Rymd is the case we are to discuss. "Skapnader kan betingas att uppenbara sig i en halvt fysisk form för att rådföras om liv ur ett utanför vår verklighets perspektiv." It is obvious that this project is about more than just a few men playing music.

But honestly, Kheeroth, the band has not done that much since your birth a little more than two years ago, have you? You have collected a small troupe of musicians and you have rehearsed a little.

And since *Bvreede* moved to Gothenburg to study you have not even been able to rehearse: what is up with *Bálnad Ur Rymd*, really?

— No, we haven't been too active during our existence so far. We've had lots of problems with ex-members who have claimed to believe in our message that later have shown to be of a totally different nature. But now we have gathered the line-up we want and we're very comfortable with this. We haven't rehearsed for a year or something but this summer we'll arrange a few new tracks and also enter a studio of some kind to record our first demo. Then nothing can stop us... The spirit will never die!

The spirit has hardly been born, has it. You have been talking about recording a demo for soon one year now, isn't it about time to let it happen?

What songs do you regard interesting as of today, apart from "Rattgivaren" and "Som En Skugga Med Bud Om Död" — and will you only feature a few selected pieces on the demo or all the songs you have completed and still are satisfied with?

— We were about to record a demo in December '96 but then the studio decided to buy a new mixing table so we had to cancel that date and since we live so far away from each other it's hard to find a time and place that suits everybody. But as I said earlier we'll for sure record something this summer. *Bvreede* has done some new tracks that we'll rehearse before we enter the studio, then we'll choose which tracks we feel are best and then record them. But I sure hope that "Som en Skugga Med Bud Om Död" will be featured as it would be sad to not record such a great track...

I have been listening to the material I have managed to get hold of, the year 2 A.D.S. rehearsal track called "Där Järn Bröt Bygd, Låt Pat Båsa Båga Mot Död" and the newer four track recording that we will return to in a moment.

"Där Järn Bröt Bygd" is a fairly ordinary piece of black metal from your first year of existence. From what the sound allows me to hear it appears interesting to some degree — although I am not sure whether this is due to the music or the interesting song title... had this song been entitled "Wolves Under a Black Sky" or something equally tedious I would probably not even have this song anymore. It is not bad but not much more than "hmm... promising" either.

You do not play this song anymore, so I suppose you are not that contented with it?

— "Där Järn Bröt Bygd" has some riffs that are good but rather boring if you compare it with our newer tracks. We've had more songs in the past that we don't rehearse

Gospel Against Humanity



anymore. I think it's just natural that songs get thrown away in the beginning of a band's "career" as you grow more together and the music comes more and more close to yourself and to the band's concept. Our new material will be very destructive and far better than "Där Järn Bröt Bygd, Låt Pat Båsa Båga Mot Död".

Now about the four track recording I hinted about earlier. This almost seven minute "Som En Skugga Med Bud Om Död" shows a band that has matured and it no more is a composition that hints about a band that might evolve into something interesting — on the contrary, it presents a band that has evolved into something interesting already!

Still... seeing how high standard your lyrics hold, and how thorough the concept is, are you not striving to let your music tread less known paths as well? You obviously go for intense black metal, with an identity, but is there still not

pretty much room for experimentation?

— We'll experiment with our music when we're in the studio, we have lots of ideas but they're hard to express in a rehearsal room. More instruments and strange effects will be used and I think that our material will be something special when we've laid our last touches on the recording. We'll try to do something real "special" that stands out from all mainstream shit that is released today. Not many demo bands has something special to offer and if they have they're not a demo band anymore. How many good bands do two demos today? None I can tell you, it's too easy to get signed after doing just a promising demo. That didn't belong to the question by the way...

Not really, but since I agree with your words it doesn't matter. But how come you don't do the vocals on this song? Furthermore, seeing that there is nothing wrong with *Bvreede*'s vocals, why did he want to feature you in the band? Perhaps he did not start this project by himself but picked you with him to have a second driving force in the band... and somebody taking care of the administrative sides of *Bálnad Ur Rymd*, such as this interview.

Are you, Kheeroth, in fact a secretary?

— Hrrmmppfff, secretary? I shouldn't think so! The only reason why *Bvreede* has done the vocal part on that particular recording is that there wasn't time enough to put on the vocals in the rehearsal room and *Bvreede* had the possibility to do it at home which I hadn't. *Bvreede* is a good vocalist but he wants to concentrate on his guitar playing. He isn't interested in writing letters and answering lots of interviews so we've decided that I should be the one



Our interviewee Kheeroth, 4 A.D.S.

who took care of it, it's as simple as that.

One more question regarding "Som En Skugga Med Bud Om Död" is what you personally think about this song and this particular recording? Was the song completely finished? As I see it, the vocal arrangement could do for some improvement... but perhaps the session was not dead serious.

Other than that, a minor detail only, I find the song to be a fine one.

— I think the recording is O.K., it's not perfect but it will be when we've re-recorded it in the studio. I don't see any parts of the song that needs improvement. There are lots of mistakes on that recording and one of the guitars can't be heard at all. The "studio version" will be twice as good and better performed.

Seeing how little you have amounted to during these two first years, does not the ideology, the concept, the plan of Vålnad Ur Rymd appear a little pretentious? You have an extraordinarily thorough concept but if there is no music for it, then what use is there for the concept?

Wouldn't a productive band with no philosophy be better than a band with a hell of a philosophy, still hardly rehearsing?

— We're not in a hurry to reach our aims and goals. We have lots of time and we'll use it well in the future. We've been a bit too slow for my own taste but hopefully we'll be able to get everything going soon again. A band without concept but working fast can be good but I prefer listening to bands which have interesting lyrics and a deeper meaning behind what they do. That gives one more feeling within oneself when listening to their music. The concept is very important in our band and we're all very close connected with these feelings and actions.

I just hope you'd get as close connected with the music, and especially the recording of it, alright.

"Vålnad Ur Rymd gör på intet sätt anspråk på att med sin blotta musik framtinga liv ur död, det är menat att vara en spegel av en värld i mörker, reflekterande bilder av specifika handlingar, sanningar och påståenden som må vara vansinnigt och klarsynt falska eller i sin enkelhet och tapperhet rena fakta om världen intill, inuti och utanför och även om vår egen bistra dimension vilken är i färd med att kvävas på sina egna filosofiska soror och dubbelmoraliska spörr."

Comments, Rheerth? What have you brought to this quest, what deeds, truths or claims have you reflected in the name of Vålnad Ur Rymd? Or is it only Breede who deals with the ideological side of Vålnad Ur Rymd? He is obviously the mainman, but what I wonder is in how great extent you belong to the same quest?

— We want to reach out to people and make them see the truth beyond the world as it is today. This world is doomed and we're doing what we can to help to destroy it... We have great plans for the future that will make this happen, can't tell too much about it at this moment but you'll for sure notice when it happens. Destroy this world...

Each man lives in a world of his own anyway. I won't waste energy bothering about other people's worlds. But it is a romantic idea, the end of man, yes...

"Motiven i musiken är mestadels hämtade ur tragiska och rättvisa dödsögonblick och omständigheter i deras dämring. Hatet till mänskligheten hör i de pampiga avdelningarna och symboliserar där outtröttat vrede och ambitionen att göra vad som är sämst för människans fortsatta överlevnad."

Interesting. And yes... in a way appealing. Do you stand for this? Then I will ask you something Blasphemy of Wherespeakin zine likes to ask in each and every interview with a black metal band. I usually find this question uninteresting because most black metal bands simply do not practice what they preach and only are "misanthropic black metal" in the rehearsal room... Vålnad Ur Rymd, on the contrary, appears a project more dedicated to its mission.

You are aiming at the destruction, the end of mankind. In what way does for example your

NATTGIVAREN

Mitt sinne är nere i djupet med er, vaggas rofylt av strömmars famn. Ögon svärade kalla av hat som blickar mot önskans obefintliga hamn.

Vill ni hem? Jag kan hjälpa Er
Från Mörkers sjuka grav, stiger ande, som i paradiset
Ökar ert antal. Vatten. Mörker. Ner.
I förvåning mycken undrande vad som sker.

Ögon, rullar i mjuka hål, stirrar blint ut i isande, gudomlig evighet.
Vad har hänt oss, var är vi nu? Fråga mig. Jag är nog den ende som vet.

Tankar bärs fram av en ofruktbar väg. Förutan kött, förutan kropp.
Ty gränser syns ej här omkring och jag är nog den ende som ser.

Det sägs att det vilar en jätte täckt av sten
djupt i havet, bortom solens sken.
Dödsfortvivlan kröner var atom
som ett offer för en himmelsk pogrom.

Blott den förmåga har, sätta anden fri
Som i mörker, i ensamhet, finner liv.
Skänhet är vägar på stolthetsens stäl
I förgånglighet och hämnd försvinnar din gemål.

Vägar av olycka som sköljer dina stränder,
Renar din sand, tvagar din händer.
I vilka du vadar och finner ditt begär,
Det finns ingen lyckas här.

Miltals av vidsträckt skogar, som tvärt brytes av fält.
En bonde som marken sin plogar betyngd och försönad med svält.
Ett myller av bäckar och ilar som smålåtten leder bort.
Det är bergslagsvägar, det är torrt.

Års första skörd, folket firar sin såd som säts i sten,
Ty anden dör i kropp som spirar mot himmel och solens sken.
Blott svaghet är bördig i lyckas att ditt arvshat ge ut i led.
Bergslagsommar, min kropp bryts ned.



SOM EN SKUGGA MED BUD OM DÖD

Med bud om död — jag tränger mig in
I din älskades mjuka famn — jag placeras min vrede
Rycker henne ifrån dig — gör din styrka till min
Lovsångandes det heliga föraktets — upplånande medel
Där du som bittrast söker hämma henne — i din cirkel av rädsla
Du sålt din själ för min skull — för att få henne åter
Allt du får är bud — om någons undergång
Hade du förstätt, hade du hört — din älskade oss begråter
Hade ditt liv haft en mening,
Hade den lidande varit jag
I stället ligger du där, bedjande på bara knän
Omklig, förhatlig och svag
Tagande Guds alla namn i din mun — misslyckandet du bejakar
För att få kvinnan åter — som förr du henne ägde
Jag svarar att det aldrig tina skall — så länge jag vakar
Att ni två — blir ett kött igen
Hellre vilddjuren slita mig ut ur skygghet
Än jag befriar dig ur din nöd
Som en skugga jag trängde mig in i din trygghet
Som en skugga med bud om död...

Skepnader kan betingas att uppenbara sig i en halvt fysisk form för att rådfrågas om liv ur ett utanför vår verklighets perspektiv. Vålnad Ur Rymd gör på intet sätt anspråk på att med sin blotta musik framtinga liv ur död, det är menat att vara en spegel av en värld i mörker, reflekterande bilder av specifika handlingar, sanningar och påståenden som må vara vansinnigt och klarsynt falska eller i sin enkelhet och tapperhet rena fakta om världen intill, inuti och utanför och även om vår egen bistra dimension vilken är i färd med att kvävas på sina egna filosofiska soror och dubbelmoraliska spörr.

Vi uppmuntrar genomtänkt våld och intelligenta självmordsattacker i syfte att skapa förvirring i Guds rike på Jorden. Vi står för en ökad samhällsmedvetenhet då detta ger nya synvinklar på alla de möjligheter som finns att förögöra systemet och oskadliggöra dess företrädare. Ökad utbildning ger en växande räddvidd utåt. Kontakter med ideologiskt inviga människor såväl som med totalt neutrala individer är alltid till enorm nytta. Även idioter kan gå ärenden.

Onödiga våldsbrott mot "oskyldiga" är oftast till ingen nytta alls. Polisen klassificerar dig, Du är märkt, därmed lätt att följa, ett misstakt leder ofta till fler. Uppträd under falskt namn, både som privatperson och som artist, sikta alltid på att få till stånd dåliga rykten om personen du själv kontrollerar. Massamedia är som vilde hundar då det kommer till underjordskulturen. Ge till dem det som dem vill, våldsamme rövarhistorier om överdrivna sektor. Mieshandla eller morda sedan journalisten/journalisten och låt extremjudiska eller kristna förbund få skulden genom hot från er själva, givetvis i deras namn...

Motiven i musiken är mestadels hämtade ur tragiska och rättvisa dödsögonblick och omständigheterna dämring. Hatet till mänskligheten hör i de pampiga avdelningarna och symboliserar där outtröttat vrede och ambitionen att göra vad som är sämst för människans fortsatta överlevnad.

girlfriend help you here? Can one wish the death of man while having a woman by his side? Or is her goal the same as yours and Vålnad Ur Rymd's?

I am not saying any of the above would be impossible — things are not always as simple as they seem. Still, I am interested in hearing what you have got to say on the subject.

— I want the destruction of humanity as it is today. But that doesn't mean that I don't like some humans that I think stand far above these feeble ones. I have a huge respect for my girlfriend and even if she doesn't share all my thoughts and goals she likes some of it. We have a lot of common goals, she and I, and she's the only one I've ever met that have completely understood what I'm all about (speaking of girls). And I understand what you're aiming at when asking this question as there's too many 14-year-old black metalers out there who claim to be misanthropic and evil and all that shit and then at night they come in when their mother tells them to and attain family dinners just to look nice for granny, etc.

Well, yes. I don't like taking up people's relationships in my interviews so I'd rather quickly move on to the next topic although this answer was perhaps not as thorough as I would have wished it to be... but then, I didn't quite know what I expected. I do not doubt the truth of the answer but I found it somewhat obvious.

The lyrics of Breede certainly are some of the best Swedish ones I have seen in the underground. A few rhymes appear a little forced but let's not split hairs.

I suppose you as the vocalist are contented with his lyrics? But do you ever wish to write something yourself? If you do, do you think you could reach the same level that Breede's lyrics have?

— I find Breede's lyrics simply great. I write myself but mostly for myself and I can admit that my "poems" don't reach the same level as Breede's do. Our lyrics are a part of the whole concept and they fit extremely well to the music. He writes lyrics in other languages as well but for Vålnad Ur Rymd we'll most probably always have Swedish lyrics...

Do you feel there is a big difference in singing in Swedish instead of English? Isn't it harder?

I am referring to the fact that English has an intonation which a lot easier to arrange to music — several black metal bands that have tried to sing in some other language than English have shown that it can sound quite horrible... not because of the language itself or because one is less used with other languages than English, but because few manage to arrange for example Swedish lyrics to a satisfactory extent.

— I don't think that there's a big difference between singing in English or Swedish. The only thing you have to do as a vocalist is to find a certain flow in the songs, otherwise it can sound very forced. But I can admit that it's easier to find a flow in English... All language can work out just great but that depends on the vocalist and the song structure and many other things. It's not just the language that is to blame...

Well... thank you, Rheerth, I believe I will leave you already, seeing that the questions were a little more elaborated this time and thus perhaps a limited amount of them is enough. Did I bore you, old fart?

— Thanks for your interest in our band and philosophies. This was a long and interesting interview to answer, it didn't bore me at all. I hope you're satisfied with the result. Hail to my blood brothers within the band! A special and very deep hail to thee, Mr Ketola, remember: The Spirit will never die!

Not if we feed the flame.

P.S. Apologies for the English-speaking, but an attempt to translate the philosophical biography or especially the lyrics from Swedish would feature a strong risk to ridicule, or worse yet, unintentionally twist, the [already twisted?] message.



Metal from the Dark Side of the Force

BY GREGORY WHALEN

If you want to be a death metal band in 1997, one of the things you have to be is cool. That's not cool in the attitude metal sense of the word — bands like Konkhra are as far from cool as Neptune is from the sun — but cool in terms of integrity, poise and panache. Deranged have it. Abscess have it, although Autopsy had more of it. Dismember had it, lost it and regained it. Deceased have always had it. But Vader epitomise it.

Several years back, when their Earache debut "The Ultimate Incantation" was released, no one really took too much notice of the four Poles. Why should they have? They had their Carcasses, their Deaths and their Entombeds. And besides, there were hundreds of other bands around.

But things have changed. Why is it, for example, that even though we are less than excited about a Cannibal Corpse/Immolation gig nowadays we go along anyway? Because Vader are supporting. And Vader are cool.

Their second full-length CD, last year's "De Profundis" (Impact Records), was an absolute gem of an album. Bristling with the thundering intensity of Morbid Angel at their most potent and laden with the head-pounding, heart-stopping, mind-grinding fuck-off death metal BRUTALITY that attracted us to the stuff in the first place, it served a dual purpose. This was a) of pointing out to us what romps we had all become, and b) of reassuring the world that there was life in the old beast pet. As long as Vader are around, death metal is far from dead.

You know, I honestly don't think death metal is dying, says guitarist/vocalist Peter Wireczarek over a crackling phone-line to Poland. I think the trend died, and that is good for the music and good for the bands that play this kind of metal from the heart rather than for the popularity. I think the same will happen with the so-called black metal trend. Music now is generally just business. And any trends, any business, is not good for art. You talk about death metal's death. I think we should talk about the death metal trend's death.

He does have a point. However, if one was to take a cursory glance around what is left of the death metal scene (or at least the death metal scene that is represented in record stores), that sort of comment might seem a little tricky to back up with actual hard evidence. Okay, so the black metal movement has whittled the scene down to the extent that only the true, the dedicated and the downright stupid remain. But so

what? Didn't Monstrosity's last album sound just like the first? And are Sinister really all that great?

Surely, Peter, I say, playing devil's advocate somewhat, it's all been done before.

I don't think so, he laughs. It's music, and I don't think we can talk about everything having already been done. There are new maniacs out there who need the same things as we did years ago. Every year brings something new — new bands, new faces, new maniacs, new fans, and new freaks that believe in this kind of music and need it. Not only we, but all the bands making this kind of music, are still fans. We're just fans from another time. It's the same with punk so many people have said that punk is dead, but just look



around — even the Sex Pistols are back!

Unfortunately...

Yeah, but it's the same thing.

So what you're basically saying is that it is far more important to create good music than original music?

Yeah. What does originality mean anyway? It's a very subjective word. I think bands should just create the music they feel inside and need to express. It's no good creating something original just for the sake of originality. If we're talking about art, we have to create what we feel.

At the time of writing, the band had recently returned from a Stateside jaunt with Broken Pope and Monstrosity, a bill which would have been considerably less interesting (not to mention cool) without their presence. On top of that, they have just released "Future of the Past", an album

of covers, and "Reborn in Chaos", their old "Reclust" and "Morbid Reich" tapes pressed onto CD. Which brings the grand total of Vader releases over the past eighteen months or so to five. Peter takes us on a little discographical journey with a view to filling those of you in who are in possession of "The Ultimate Incantation" and no more.

In 1993 we did the Ultimate Incantation World Tour. It was quite a big tour — we toured Europe and America and then Poland, which was where we recorded this so-called "live" album "The Darkest Age". It's not a real live album. I mean, the quality of the sound isn't the best. We recorded with no mastering and no overdubs. It's very raw but also very real sounding, and I kinda like that because the atmosphere is great. You know, over three thousand people were at the gig where we recorded it, which is good even for Poland. The original idea was to make it just for Polish territory, but after the release here so many freaks all over the world asked for it that we decided to re-release the album through the Norwegian label Arctic Serenades worldwide.

This happened in February last year.

Then, at the beginning of 1994, we started to record the "Sothis" mini-CD. It was supposed to be a promo CD for the forthcoming second album, but the problem was that we had to wait over a year to release that, so we had to put out the "Sothis" mini-CD separately. We did it first in Poland and then all over the world through Repulse Records.

In May 1996, to be precise, "De Profundis" we have already discussed, which leaves "Future of the Past"...

We just wanted to record something before the next album. It's basically a collection of all the covers we have recorded in the past for different records and some new ones. So, you can find tracks like "Black Sabbath" from "Sothis", the Depeche Mode cover we did for an EP, "Silent Screamer", and a song we recorded for an Anti Nowhere League tribute ("We Are the League"). Then there are some new tracks, songs by the bands that influenced us in the beginning — Possessed, Kreator, Sodom, Celtic Frost, Dark Angel, Terrorizer and so on.

...and "Reborn in Chaos".

After "De Profundis" many more people know us and are interested in our music. They don't know our demos, and it is normal for people who like a band to want to hear everything they have recorded, so we just had to release them on CD.

All of a sudden I find myself coming over all underground nerd. A band I always associate with the "Morbid Reich" tape is Armageddon, perhaps because I have a recording of their "Dead Condemnation" demo on the same cassette.

Whatever happened to them, Pete?

I don't think they're around anymore. The problems in Poland are maybe a little different than they were years ago, but we still have problems. We're like warriors here. We have to fight for everything. Maybe that's the reason why brutal music is still so popular in our country.

Vader may be enjoying a considerable amount of success in 1997, but when the band was formed in 1984 (I,

things weren't quite so easy, as Peter explains.

— Back then everything was a problem. Poland was a so-called communistic country at the time, and the situation wasn't so good. I mean everything, like the prices of buying instruments, buying CDs — never mind CDs! — and the simple necessities of life as a musician. Bader has been in the scene for over ten years now, but we had to wait many years to record our first album, so I guess just recording, getting good distribution and getting the chance to play live was the biggest problem at the time.



You weren't so lucky with the Carache deal either, as I recall.

— We were very disappointed with the deal because when Carache Records first contacted us it was like a dream come true for a Polish band. At that time Carache used to be pretty legendary, and so many famous bands were under their wings. The promises were so big for us... too bad they were just promises. The biggest problem for us was that it was our first album, the first album we had to wait so many years for, and Carache didn't guarantee us any promotion. So I didn't get a chance to talk with you, for example. No magazines, no interviews, no distribution... just problems. It was difficult to even contact the Carache guys. I don't know what happened, but we still exist and we're still playing.

Maybe all the hardship has made Bader a stronger band...

— I don't know. Perhaps. But maybe the situation I was talking about, this hard life, is the reason why so many bands from Poland and all the countries like Brazil and so on are so brutal.

Could be, could be. But one of the main reasons why Bader are so brutal is the considerable Slayer influence which has been with them since day one. Let's face it: you aren't worth shit if you aren't influenced by Slayer. And you're worth even less if you don't acknowledge that you are.

— When we started playing this kind of music (I mean this brutal kind of music, of course), we sounded a little different, Peter explains. Back then, extreme music for us was bands like Judas Priest, Motörhead and Slayer, and we were very influenced by those bands, especially Slayer. I think they were revolutionary. When they started out, they played music influenced by hardrock and heavy metal, especially the New Wave Of British Heavy Metal, and bands like Judas Priest and Motörhead, but they were also very influenced by punk as well. The drumming especially, which was really fast. That was pretty unheard of at the time, and I think Slayer influenced maybe 90% of the bands playing brutal music. They were and are history — not only in met-

al, but in music in general.

Interestingly enough, and unlike the large majority of the other truer-than-can-be blasphemers who decided they had something to prove, Bader's contribution to the "Satanic Slaughter" series was "Silent Scream" rather than "Tortmentor" or whatever. Evidently, Peter is not one of these "first three albums rule, the rest sucks" types.

— Even now, when Slayer have maybe changed their image and lyrics a little, their music is still aggressive and not at all commercial like some people say. Everyone is always talking about them changing their beliefs, and sometimes I think they're missing the point. Because if we're talking about music, we should just talk about music, not the per-



sonal beliefs of the people who created it. A lot of bands, especially in Poland now, have a problem with people who believe in something different. We live in democracy, so we shouldn't be fighting about beliefs. It's not a holy war!

Some people think it is. Penguins (© Isen 1996) for example. Anonymous always said that death metal should be a way of life...

— I knew Napheem years ago and I don't think they used to be such black metal freaks, wearing black clothes and digging up graves in the past. But lots of the people listening to black metal nowadays are as young as 12 years old, and at that age it's hard to understand anything more than Satan, aggression and digging up graves. I think all those people need time to understand. Maybe they will change, even this so-called lifestyle of theirs.

Death metal, however, does seem to be Peter's way of life.

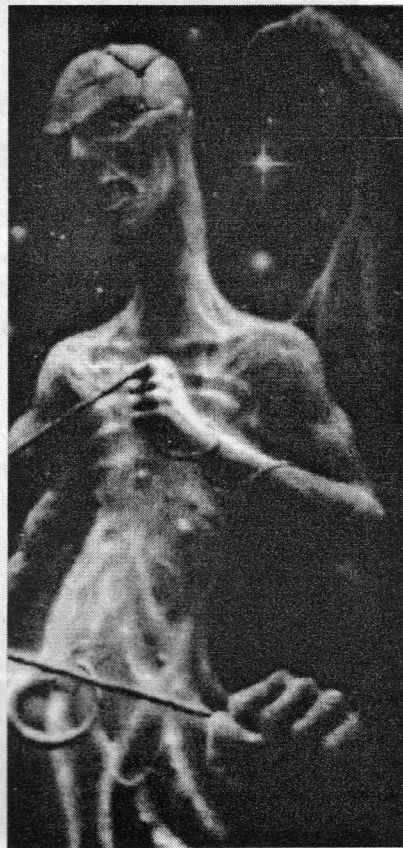
— I think it's my fate, something divine, he tells me. I just feel I have to do this. It makes me happy and I need it, even now, for my existence. It's my only job. But, of course, if we only thought about money we'd change our style to something more commercial. And we've talked about the trends, so we won't mention them anymore.

Everyone needs some sort of a channel for their aggres-

sion. Some people join the army and play soldiers, some go to football matches and shout their heads off or beat people up, some play in death metal bands.

Is Bader a channel for your aggression, Peter?

— I don't know if aggression is the right word. Death metal is aggressive music — of course it is. It's also very expressive music, and expression makes people aggressive. But it's a positive aggression, if we are talking about it like that. It's a feeling... I really don't know how to explain it. For me — not as a musician but as a listener — it's a form



of expression I need to survive.

Incidentally, and in case you were wondering, yes, Bader did take their name from Darth Vader. Rather fitting methinks: Darth Vader is the coolest movie character ever, Bader is the coolest death metal band ever.

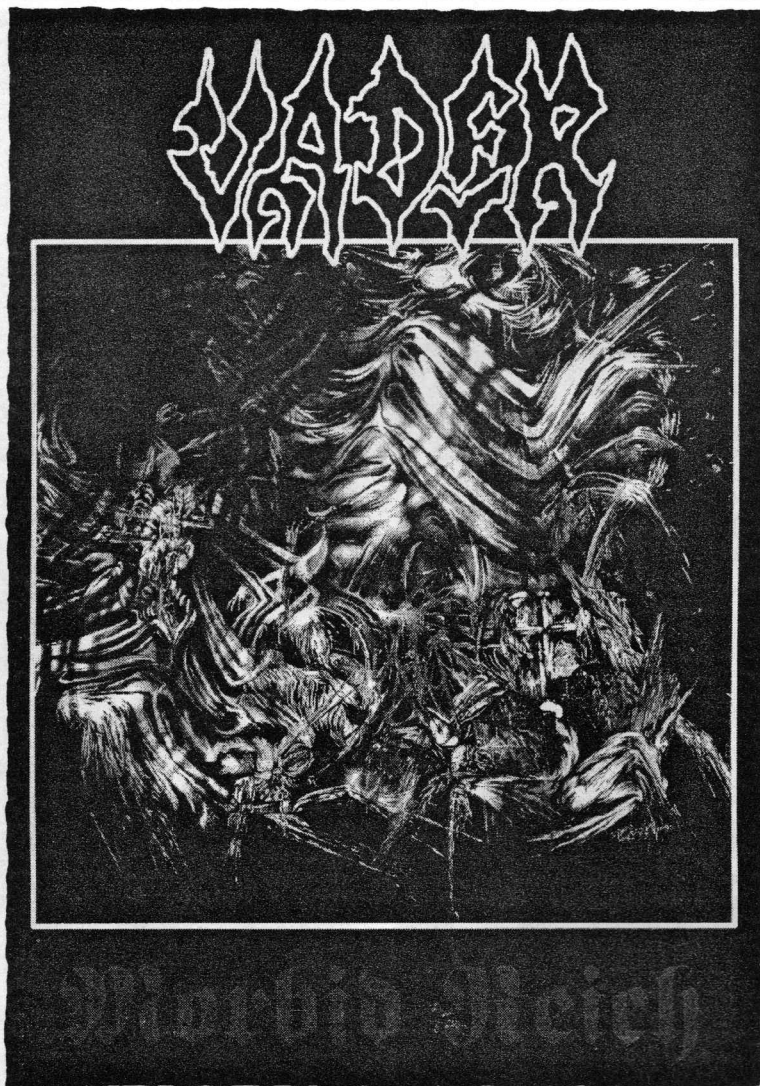
— A good band name should represent the feeling of the music, opines Peter. So us Bader means something not of this earth, something divine, something dark... a dark power of the universe. I think it's a good word for the music we play. Also, the word "vader" is pretty similar to the word "father", and in countries like Norway or Holland it actually means "father". I guess you could compare it to the Father who created us, who created humanity, civilisation and the universe. Of course, you can think of that as a god — not Jehovah, of course — but I don't want to talk about beliefs. It's just something that's a little more than a name. For anybody, the father and mother are important because they represent creation.

Do Bader play metal from the Dark Side of the Force?

— Hahaha, yeah! I mean, the lyrics and the meaning of our art... you can call it dark art, but I don't want to be another band talking about Satan. I think we address much more, even though of course you can find the Horned One in our lyrics. We create this music for open-minded people, people with imagination, and we'd like to open not only the gates but also especially the minds. That is our fate, I feel.

Is it your view that the universe consists of two opposing forces? Pure darkness and pure light?

— No, I don't think pure darkness and pure light exists. I think all these so-called gods — I call them gods because I believe in such powers — are what people might call extra terrestrial beings. You know what I mean? We talk about that in our lyrics. It's what we believe in. They can be hard to understand, because to understand the lyrics you really have to have read the books that influenced their author (Peter's friend Paweł Wasilewski). But we're trying to make people think and make them interested in all those books,



mystical powers and anything we can call supernatural. It's hard to explain — this language barrier is a problem for me — but I think you understand what I mean.

Yeah. Of course.

If you ask me (which I'm sure, given the chance, you wouldn't), Poland is one of the most fertile breeding grounds for the metal of hell, damnation and destruction in Europe at the moment. Over there, death metal is still played with a capital "Duh". There's a real cult feeling to the music, which stems from something more than just being influenced by the right records. And Polish fans are fans. Yet tragically, the rest of the world remains reluctant to support Polish bands. Peter is even more puzzled by this than I am.

— I don't know, maybe nobody believes in the potential of Polish bands. Even today there are a lot of people who don't even know about bands from Poland. They think nobody can play in Poland, they think it's impossible to play good death metal, black metal or even good music in a country like ours. So after the first look at us live, they are very, very surprised. I know that because I've talked to those kind of people after gigs. It makes me happy that they are surprised.

In the underground Poland has always had a reputation as a rip-off country, which may also be a contributing factor...

— The rip-off problem still exists, and not only in Poland. It's a chance to get money for nothing. The same in South America, the poor countries, so I don't think we can talk about it as just a Polish problem. I feel sorry for all those kind of people because I'm from Poland — I was born here — and it's a shame for me to hear such things, but I know it's true. That's too bad. What can I do? The situation is bad, because it's usually the magazines that have a bad reputation. There are far more bands and labels who are not rip-offs. I think we should forget about all those rip-offs all over the world, not just in Poland, and just do what we have to do.

It's a real shame that Poland is being ignored, because there are a lot of great bands from there. Christ Agony, for example.

— Yeah, Christ Agony are amazing! You're right, they're one of the best bands generally, not only in Poland.

Then there is the excellent Behemoth...

— Both the bands you're talking about have deals with labels outside of Poland, so maybe that's the reason you know them. There are lots more bands here who play good music but that weren't so lucky and didn't get a deal with labels that promoted them.

Readers of Dauthus, being the clever, perceptive creatures that they are [Ess. — i.], should be well aware of the retro phenomenon by now. Whether it is Bewitched, with their speed rockin' hell metal, Primitive Art with their Headdangers Against Disco campaign or simply the predominance of NWOBHM influences in the late Nineties metal scene, one thing is certain: The 80s was where it was at. And if you're too young to have been there the first time round, just go shopping for second-hand vinyl and steal your older brother's faded Venom shirt.

Me, I smell a rat. This obsessive fixation with nether-year cannot be very healthy, can it? How do you feel about it, Peter?

— I don't know, but I think the Eighties were really good years for metal music generally. Maybe the reason is that the feeling was a little different and the people were a little different. I remember a time when we hung out with friends to listen to music, and we really did listen to it. Nowadays I think music is not the most important thing to a lot of people. It should be, but, looking around, other things seem more important to the listeners...

Perhaps nowadays people just hear music, rather than listen to it.

— That's it! They just hear, they don't listen. It's not good, I think, but in a way I'm happy that all those maniacs are looking back to the bands who started this music. Maybe now there are bands that are better musicians, but the feeling isn't as real. Sometimes it's almost fake...

We can certainly learn from the past, but we shouldn't dwell on it.

— You're right. We have to learn, but we have to think about the future as well. Because we are the future. We are the next generation and will be the past for the generation after ours, and so on and so on.

And this pearl of Polish philosophical wisdom strikes me as a perfect place to leave the Deathstar. Hey — nice pun.

I AM THE TORTURER OF SATAN!
HE IS MY LORD AND SALVATION,
HE WILL PROTECT ME! HE
WILL BRING YOU ALL TO

DEATH



Arioch in one of his less sensible moments.

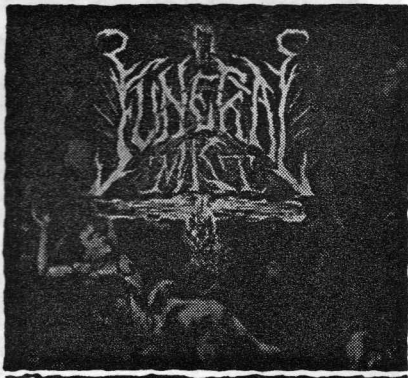
"Darkness", the first demo of Funeral Mist, did get an indifferent, tap on the back sort of review in our last issue. "Davoc", the second demo and the first one with the new, bittier, approach did get a rather good review here on page fifty-five.

But it is with the mini CD "Devilry" Funeral Mist truly have acquired what "Davoc" promised. I smelled it, I knew it would come and it came, just as I do when I listen to this. Completely mad, chaotic, insane, bitch, filthy, sarcastic black metal that I cannot quite compare to any other band. The crude black metal — mainman Arioch originally being the bassist — is clothed in samples from 1930's horror films; in small ingenious details such as the sound of crushed glass; in spitting, spewing, roaring and laughing vocals, and drummer Necromorbus pleasantly surprises me with not only quick and varied drumming but also with a production that leaves little to desire.

There is excellent black metal around, but few bands apart from the established, obvious choices such as Emperor, Mayhem or Bathory actually interest me. Yes, Blot Nine are good as we conclude on the review pages, but few recordings shoot up my broken, crooked spine as "Devilry", and the sheer insanity is yet to be paralleled. Its energy and if you like, hate (a word more beautiful one could imagine), belongs to the league of Sabbat's Exelution on their otherworldly "Demon With Wings" CD single.

The five songs available here include a new version of "Nightside Phantom" from the second demo and a completely re-worked "Funeral Mist" from the debut demo. The release through Shadow Records will take place as soon as the layout has been finished, these having been delayed by computer problems.

I know, I know, one of these ridiculous "reviews", but seeing the joy I find in mocking a release to the ground as a complete piece of shit, I do allow myself to revel in ecstasy when the chance is given, fuck this shit rules rheutheutheuthe blerp.



Heard at the supermarket:

— Mama, I don't want to have so much blood on me now.

Equitant of Absu, July '96:

— Did I tell you about all the "African American" church burnings here in the States last time? It's been like forty church burnings now!! It's some shit... I think we have beat Norway now!!!

Samam of Drowned about the Love Parade in Berlin, August '97:

— One million happy people moving to the same beat — smells like fascism if you ask me...

Øblinn of Mimes Brunn Zine about the font size in Dauthus #1, September '97:

— Målet med et blad er jo først og fremst at det ska bli lest, ikke sett på i dyb respekt.

Arioch of Funeral Mist:

— Why does everybody call me Barabapapa?

Mikael of Into the Sunless Meridian about the production on his new album:

— It's SO FUCKING GODDAMN HEAVY that I can't believe it's me!

Blasph of Wheresmyskin zine about guns:

— I like them. They're the only ones who understand me.

Greg of The Crypt Zine upon being asked why he does not talk like the people in the film "Trainspotting":

— Ah kid tok like they bastards in thu filum, but ye widgee unnerstan' me.

LIVE

Motörhead/NME Inside

Tuesday, March 18th at Cirkus, Stockholm

Having missed Lemmy and his boys too many times to be forgiven, I finally caught them at Cirkus. It was not painless to pay 230:- for one band but on the other hand, an acquaintance of mine who has seen Motörhead eight times considered this show to be of the best he could remember. And you never know when Lemmy will die, do you, so I thought it was worth it. It would prove to be so.

NME Inside? Now who the hell are they. Somebody mentioned they had been praised in Kerrang and my prejudices proved correct — anything reminding about this kinda aggro-metal that is so in vogue these days is praised as "original" and "ground breaking" and "excellent" or whatever. Never mind the bollocks and bollocks is what NME Inside were.

The drummer wore a headset which means click-track and click-track on live occasions means "jeck off" to me. Occasionally the drummer was due to reasons to me both unknown and uninteresting backed up by a drum machine... don't you just love it.

Get your fucking click-tracks and things to the dance floor and let us see real rock'n'roll instead, alright? Before coming to the interesting part of this review I will just mention the Misfits cover that the band dared to do — hey, Misfits is not supposed to sound like that. Misfits were dirty. Dirty means rough. A clinically tight drummer — even without headset — such as that of NME Inside is not cool. Gimme Imprecation any day, ha.

If my memory does not fail me, the pride of England opened with "Motörhead": in any case, they did play that song this very night and of course it was as beautiful as it possibly could be. "Stay Clean", "Bomber", all of them, including newer things as the obvious "Burner"...

I had, throughout their set, quietly wished to hear one particular composition and when Mikkey the Man With the Silly Name Dee picked up a monotonous pace I realised this was it. Lights down with the exception of a green spotlight throwing Lemmy's shadow on the motörhead on the back wall of the stage and here we go: "I am the one, Orgasmatron, the outstretched grasping hand...". Well I know somebody who went mad. Or madder than before, perhaps I should say.

Having heard and seen both "Orgasmatron" and "Killed By Death" live: does not this mean my life is complete? For sure it does. I don't think I need to go on, you get the picture and I am getting bored of writing gig reviews.

Extreme Noise Terror/Medulla Nocte/Confusion Corporation

Wednesday, August 13th at The Rat Trap, Glasgow

E.N.T. is not a very close acquaintance of mine, I just happen to know that they are supposed to be a rather old band. One Bjarke taped me an album of theirs some years back and yeh, it was pretty pleasant although nothing to blow up the walls of the sphere which is my world.

I did not mind seeing them, especially not as we were equipped with free tickets. The Rat Trap turned out to be one of the better places I had seen in Glasgow, this city not exactly being anything I miss back to, retrospectively speaking. Above the bar there was this huge black rat in his cage with two human cadavers on each side. Neat.

I had heard about Confusion Corporation quite a few times already, although the fact that the source had always been a Scottish zine made me suspicious they were mostly Friend Interviews. This show gave me the impression that they were not: I have never heard any recorded material of theirs, but nevertheless this live appearance was not bad at all.

Medulla Nocte certainly had the biggest drummer I have seen in my entire life. He was of that size that you had to look twice to ensure he was not three persons. Medulla Nocte, whom I expected to be some lame hardcore were anything but lame. I'll just stick to calling them Intense, and with a singer who did quite a good job. Entertaining to watch but perhaps I am getting too old to listen to this kind

of music at home.

Since a few years, Lee Barrett of Candlelight Records plays bass Extreme Noise Terror. His Deth long sleeve did nevertheless look peculiar on an E.N.T. member. And how was the set? Phew.

Samael/Moonspell/Rotting Christ

Thursday, October 24th 1896 at Studion, Stockholm

Just like it was to see Immolation, Rotting Christ were eagerly welcomed by me once their arrival was confirmed. These sympathetic Greek bastards know the value of tradition — Sakis even still insists on singing "Transform all suffering into PLAGS" just like on the debut. Such a charming bunch, Rotting Christ, aren't they! I love them and you should too.

Sakis had a friendly tone with the audience that made their set a most cosy happening. Yet I must admit that musically they did not really convince. Without the keyboards of Morbid, cult classics such as the aforementioned "Transform All Suffering Into Plagues" sounded completely wrong



Woah woah I can play too, sez one English label boss.

to my ears — and things were not better when one noticed how low the second guitar really was. Hardly audible! Compared with the musically most well performed set of Moonspell, Rotting Christ felt a little second rate, really.

But this is where we come to the interesting part of this report — because after having seen Moonspell I told myself I most certainly would have preferred to see Rotting Christ twice instead of these once so promising Portuguese. And wait! I know my loud complaints on "Irrreligious" have been heard often enough: this is not what I am referring to now. On the contrary, I expected the new songs to be much better live, with some "live feeling" or whatever. Well, it is true that musically it was a good show but everything else about Moonspell was so bollocks that I had to write an entire article about it. [Which later was deleted when I noticed there was no point in featuring it.]

Samael have that class that one is either born with or then without. Borphalack hypnotized the audience from the first song to the last. I am sure his intense stare burned holes

in several bob hairdos during the night, and stage presence was characterized by the vague, esoteric moans and figures his arms and fingers were drawing in the air... sounds off the wall? Perhaps I should just mention the comparison I came up just now when writing this report, two months later: Borphalack looked like a snake.

Extraguptor changed his name to Extras some years back and now on "Passage" he calls himself Ex. Dare I guess that he will be a mere E. on the next album? Whatever — he raged behind his synthesizers and drums. Just as in older videos where he throws his entire upper body in a 90° angle in a completely mad manner, so did he behave here. Some weeks earlier I had been impressed by the neck muscles of Corpsegrinder but I have forgotten about that already. Dths Mgzn thus declares E. to be the headbanger of the month. One of the more original ideas was to have half a drum kit beside the synthesizers, so Ex could on several occasions grab his drum sticks and theatrically help the drum machine out.

Also bassman Nasmiseim raged and threw around with his bass as if he wanted to break it. By the way, the big iron ring that connected his bass to the strap was impressive.

"Passage" is a very good record but on this very evening "Born Under Saturn" and the other hits almost turned Studion to some techno palace or rave party — not that I would have been to such a place (I am a metalhead and proud) but with the monstrous drum machine beat, synthesizers and close to industrial guitars, it did not feel like music anymore. And thus I could not enjoy it that much. Musically.

But as a whole Samael performed an enthralling show — not as a band, but perhaps as a... circus? A circus of hate and pain.

Powerful.

Cannibal Corpse/Immolation

Sunday, October 6th 1896 at Studion, Stockholm

I am not sure if you understand what Gregory means with his words about Immolation and Cannibal Corpse in the introduction to the Bader interview, but I sure don't.

It was good to finally see the old heroes although it felt strange to see Immolation start playing in front of about seven people. With time the rest of the audience dared to come a little bit closer but it was still obvious that most of them had come to see Cannibal Corpse. I have nothing against the cannibals, especially not after the comeback that "Bile" was, but hearing and seeing "Those Left Behind" was the sort of experience I had expected it to be. Simply something otherworldly.

Otherworldly were also the other timeless pieces from the five year old debut, such as "Into Everlasting Fire" and "Dawn of Possession". The newer compositions off "Here In After" were more tricky, and as on record, they needed more concentration to really follow... but also here my prayers were answered in the shape of "Christ's Cage". I however found the older, simpler songs suited this live performance better. Dths Mgzn wishes to give a fucking hail to Immolation for coming and killing us on this very Sunday evening.

I have respected George Corpsegrinder ever since I heard those most fine "Bloodspray... slaughter..." howls in the last song on Monstrosity's debut album, but I still have mixed feelings about him replacing Chris "love him or hate him" Barnes. Cannibal Corpse without Chris is like my cd collection without Immolation.

Nevertheless, Corpsegrinder does a good job despite the pressure that replacing a legend includes. On stage he was pure hate, and imagining him with a knife in his hand frantically stabbing a neighbour does make sense to me. Throughout the intense set of Cannibal Corpse he repeatedly reminded me about a windmill on drugs, waving his head round and round until I feared it would drop.

I found it amusing to see him wearing a Dark Funeral long sleeve, knowing what they must think about Cannibal Corpse — but on the other hand, I can well imagine Corpsegrinder doesn't give a flying fuck what Dark Funeral think about them, he likes their music and that's it... But things turned out to be more friendly than I thought, because during the show Ahriman had been seen walking about wearing the new Cannibal Corpse tour shirt. This must confuse our dear little black metal turtles — it is like "Weren't we supposed to hate Cannibal Corpse?". Hehe. But let us return to the subject.

The entire Studion raged together with the cannibals and we can happily conclude it was a beautiful night of death, hate and beautiful music.

[P.S. I was later reminded that Konshra actually played on this show too: I had completely forgotten them. Now that is not very surprising, is it.]

Cradle of Filth/Opeth

Sunday, November 24th 1896 at Studion, Stockholm

Opeth stuck to their traditions when it comes to playing in Sweden — after half of opening chapter "Advent" the drums were fucked up and Mücke had to apologize to the audience. "Alright, let's take it all from the beginning again." And so they did. These boys don't give up just because of some hassle with drums.

It was a very good set, actually without any other problems except for a sound that could have been a tad better. The long instrumentations and skilful bass rumblings were as pleasant as Mücke's death metal growls. And his clean vocals were not bad either, for that sake. My mate turned to me after their set and said "Damn, they were great!" obviously having forgotten about any drum fuck-ups.

And now it started getting tight in front of the stage and the average age of the crowd there in front sank in a remarkable manner. Oh my, it is Cradle of Filth, the favourite vampires of every boy and girl!

To me this act has been reduced to not much more than a very self-confident practical joke. In the true manner of the guy who says he prefers the debut only to appear damn cool and to show he actually has listened to the band more than three weeks, I do prefer "The Principle of Evil Made Flesh" which I did find and still find to be a very classy outing.

When I say they have become obscenely blatant and lavish I do not mean I am a women's rights fighter who thinks visible nipples are a horror. It is just that Cradle of Filth have no class these days. Everything, from the music to the layout and general image, seems to lack that subtle feeling for class. More tits than brains. Or howsoever we should express it...

Anyhow, they did present a compact show. Really, I was quite surprised when Dani opened the ceremony up with one of his famous castrated shrieks, I really did not expect the guy could do them that well live.

And it didn't end there either, because he kept on introducing us to his schizophrenic throat that whined and growled and moaned. And shrieked. And on top of that narrated like Ernst-Hugo Järegård and cried out like a virgin. That guy is possessed. No matter what one would think about the Circus of Filth, I wish more vocalists dared to explore their talents a little more.

Cradle of Filth/Centinex

Thursday, April 3rd at Studion, Stockholm

Oh my, lots of Cradle of Filth here. Need I say I attended this gig solely to see my suidish heroes Centinex? I had been wishing Centinex would have found some friend to play the drums just for this mini tour with C.O.F. Why not Nick from the English lot? I wouldn't mind!

In any case. The set was otherwise all good, fucking death metal of course, with vocals of the type that I am especially fond of. Too bad the audience cared too much about being black metal and thus a death metal show was probably not "cool" enough, as the response was far below what the band would have deserved, but they did at least receive a round of applause after each piece. But that drum machine, no... no just take it away, please. Horrible.

Perhaps we will see them with a real drummer next time? I won't stop wishing that. Now their set ended and suddenly the floor in front of the stage that had been all abandoned a while before, was crowded. Time for cradles, then.

The overweight thing on the left side of the stage, moving her body in a suspicious manner, should be considered a shame for any woman. I mean — this was just a tad too embarrassing. I suppose it would have looked better if Dani wore her black gown and did the bellydance instead. By the way, the latter was meant as an insult to the woman and not a compliment to Dani. I am after all not homosexual, in case you wonder.

Other than that the show was fairly nice, yes, especially such things as "Summer Dying Fast" and "To Eve the Art of Witchcraft". No more Cradle of Filth shows planned for the rest of the year... unless Centinex has the opening slot. Without drum machine, mind you.



Nicke of A Mind Confused in a proud moment at Växterket...

A Mind Confused/Concealed/
Eternal Oath/Thyrfing

Saturday, February 15th at Aztors, Södertälje

Three and a half years ago I saw At the Gates at this place so there was a touch of nostalgia to return here. And something of nostalgia is needed to endure the years it takes for one to get to Södertälje from Haninge.

Thyrfing are from Tyresö, another Stockholmian suburb, and they played some sort of winter and wolf influenced black metal. The sofa in the right corner of the room was a lot more intriguing if we are being honest here and I suppose that's what we are.

If the headlining slot taken up by A Mind Confused appears a little queer it is explained by the fact that Eternal Oath refused to headline, although it would have been their right as they are supposed to have some sort of record out. I have seen this band live several times but they have always failed to raise an interest from my side, but they at least have a good growler. And I suppose the sound was the best of the bands who played tonight, partly due to their music that is for example less extreme than Concealed whose set mostly appeared a blur to me.

These Concealed, by the way, are called something else these days but nobody remembers the new name so everybody still call them Concealed, and in lack of alternatives, so do I. When they played with At the Gates in the summer of '93 they were pure death metal but today the approach is a lot more black metal. At least not with make up, though.

During their set I got the impression they like Cradle of Filth. Perhaps they do.

And thus it was time for the confused men who played their first ever gig — as headliners. Line-up hassles have prevented them from performing live earlier but since last summer things look a little more stable. Quite a bit, in fact. Often bands have a tendency to turn their sets into a mixture of concert and soundcheck but A Mind were hellbent to avoid that. Soundcheck is what is supposed to be done on the actual soundcheck time hours earlier and having done that, they decided to instead give it a blast straight away.

And a blast it turned out to be but perhaps not exactly as they had planned — to mine ears the sound was quite horrible. The drums were not too audible and the vocals sounded distorted. Apparently somebody had been fingering on the PA system and thus ruined A Mind's nice plan of a professional performance... sometimes an additional soundcheck does seem necessary. Damn.

Luckily most people were less critical than I when being questioned after the show. The controversial conditions did not prevent the band from expressing their frustration towards the said conditions through their music and thus they indeed did, as said, give it a Blast: there was an enthusiastic row of about ten people in front of the stage, throwing their heads to the vicious pace. That the audience did not consist of much more than about twenty people is something we will not talk about here... and even if there was more people around during the other bands' sets, they did not get an as enthusiastic feed-

back as these lunatics.

Not a fully successful show but despite the problems it was a most interesting event and it made forthcoming gigs appear most promising. That both Concealed and Thyring later told them they wanted to play with them does not make things sound worse, does it?

A Mind Confused/Cryptic Art/ Asmodeus/Disfigured

Saturday, April 19th in Norsborg

If you know where I live and if you know where Norsborg is then you also know that it felt a little comical to go such far to see a gig of this size. However, it would turn out to be worth it.

Disfigured paid homage to their masters not only by wearing Cannibal Corpse shirts (hell yeah) but also by close to copying the corpse in question. I remember especially the first song had such a reek of Cannibal Corpse that one could nothing but turn nostalgic.

Asmodeus, a new acquaintance to me, had more both identity and harmony in their music. From that little what I heard, it seemed alright.

I am sure everybody has already made that ancient joke about Cryptic Art's monicker so I will, for once, omit it. Their set had little to offer, I felt. Uninteresting music, all typical. I have no idea how they sound on demo. The closing "Breaking the Law" cover was not all that bad, and I must say the vocal man, whatever his name was, did not an all that bad performance with his clean vocals. Certainly not every gruntman would make it half that good — some more work on that and we'll have a singer to remember here.

What was most entertaining, however, was when Whatever His Name Was vanished backstage and turned up again with a torch and a bottle of flammable liquid. The personnel at the place were not completely contented with the circus, and with right: the flames the guy spewed out literally licked the electric wires in the low ceiling. We might have got a bonfire worth talking about!

Then it was time for the second live appearance of A Mind Confused, headlining as usual... Let me tell you that if their first gig was "promising", then they held their promises with this show. Perfect performance, good sound, everything was excellent. The set was intense enough to pass by quickly, and several people felt the last song turned up far too soon.

Interested parties perhaps should ask the band about the video that was recorded, the sound is outstanding and the picture is not bad either. Unfortunately the camcorder ran out of batteries after one and a half songs, but there is another full video available as well. By the way, the live pictures on the album are from this show.

Will they top this gig next time?



Konstantin, Nickie and Johan on the third gig.

Mithotyn/Maze of Torment/ A Mind Confused/The Marble Icon

Saturday, September 27th at Växterket, Stockholm

If this review reads slow it is because it was slow written because fingers were wrapped in tissues to prevent soaking the keyboard in pus after games with the candle at the pub. Clever.

It was rumoured there was another gig this very same night elsewhere in town, with A Canorous Quintet, which may explain why there was plenty of people at Växterket. Being nasty again, I know. Sorry.

The Marble Icon did not have a pleasant night. Their mid-paced, if not doomish music was not all that bad — not overly fascinating either I am afraid — but the several major fuck ups made things a little embarrassing.

It went a lot better for A Mind Confused. First an intro from "Rosemary's Baby" that some hated, some such as myself loved, consisting of some baby babble and then a lullaby — and as it faded Johan let a scream, the bombs were fired and thus "Out of Chaos Sparrow" was on. The bombs were rather effective: originally six bombs were planned to enliven up the set, two at a time. But accidentally the first charges blew up the second set of bombs as well, resulting in a twice as powerful blast. But hell, it was only better.

A Mind played six songs, all nicked from "Anarchos" with the exception of "Vengeance" from the debut demo. I was a little occupied with things like a camera that entertained me by getting the film stuck (why neither Maze of Torment

or Mithotyn were eternalized this night) so I missed some of the action but from what I saw and heard it was a most successful gig. Intense and about the only mistake I noticed was when Thomas dropped his drumstick when doing his Tommy Lee trick that had worked so well at the rehearsal room. Both a soundboard tape and a video were recorded so interested parties who missed the show can still correct the mistake.

Maze of Torment (maze of pain) used to be called Torment who used to be called Harmony whose name Blaash did not like but whose second demo I liked. It was death metal with an individual, melodic twist. Today, Maze of Torment (maze of pain) have travelled a decade back to the Germany of the mid-eighties, the music of which they perform salted with the improved playing skill of the nineties. Not a copy band, but man do they sound thrash. And man do they sound good. Maze of Torment (maze of pain) are thus hailed.

Mithotyn is a band I have been interested in ever since I read that interview with them years ago. Never quite getting my hand from her arse to write them, this was my first chance to hear them.

I found the shrieky vocals monotonous and rather unimaginative — while the outfit of the same man was almost too imaginative. At least my imagination does not quite reach far enough to comprehend what Gestapo has to do with vikings.

The music was most well performed and of as high quality I had expected, although it was the slower, more folk — or heavy metal — inspired parts that intrigued me most.

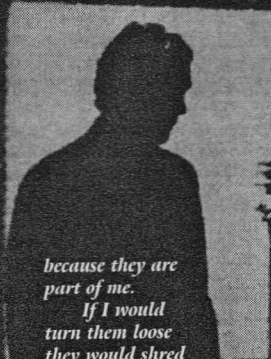
These are all my
thoughts. Who
locked them up?

Who was so
cruel? What was
the reason? Was
it my fault? I
always tried to
listen to all my
thoughts and
take care of them
as a strict but
righteous father.

And now, when I
wander through
these corridors,
catacombs, I see
thought after
thought that is
part of me, but
that I have never
thought before.
As long as they
are behind bars I
can never be free

because they are
part of me.

If I would
turn them loose
they would shred
me and feed me to
the birds. They
have been ignored
for too long and
can no more be
tamed.



Aaron



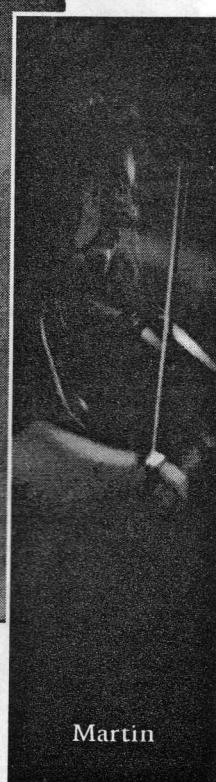
Calvin



Andy



Martin



My Dying Bride/Cathedral

Monday, November 11th, 1896

...And thus we are back at Studion. This time we are expecting the most important gig of the autumn — an expectation that was fulfilled. But let us start from the beginning.

The Blood Divine were supposed to open, but once entering the venue I didn't think vocalman Darren looked like Darren at all, but more like... Lee? I did never, and I do mean never, think My Dying Bride would be bigger than Cathedral. Perhaps it is just that unconscious association to Lee and his long career in this business that has made Cathedral "big". Still, where were My Dying Bride when Cathedral released their debut? They were kinda recording demos, weren't they? Exactly.

Lee did his best to join the club of characteristic singers who had performed at Studion this autumn, and did it well. Easily the most freaked out man seen on this stage for a while. The most stoned one, too. With a completely insane outlook throughout the set, he managed to surprise us even more by for example wiring the mike cable tight around his head and face — too bad I was not close enough to get a good picture. This night of a nostalgic 70's groove trip was pleasant but not completely overwhelming.

Due to my merely half-hearted attempts to get a ticket to their last year's show I missed My Dying Bride's first visit here, but I do not consider it a loss because Iron Maiden á la

1895 is not the kind of band I want to see these Englishmen perform with. But Studion together with Cathedral is ideal.

"...Strike me down, cut me up and watch me bleed". Who said misery was not enjoyable? It may not be considered a generally "constructive" (?) frame of mind but it sure as hell is something to get kicks out of. The surprisingly powerful comeback that I consider "Like Gods of the Sun" to be was just as powerful live. Aaron grieved just as he is supposed to do if he wants to appear credible, and everything was as it was supposed to be.

Almost. Because stubborn as I am, I roared "God Is Alone" and "The Forever People" whenever I got the chance. Without success, of course. But I did not care if I saw the set list on the stage floor in front of me — to come to Stockholm and play in front of me only performing cuts from the last two albums: no.

Later drummer Nick explained "God Is Alone" belongs to his favourite tracks as well, but this was supposed to be a tour to promote the new album. Oh yeah, what tour isn't? One single older song was the only thing I ever desired. Too much? Fuck that.

The lack of any traverse to their roots did not prevent this from being the show of the year, and easily one of the most brutal ones likewise.

So how's life Mattias? Still kicking cadavers and catching old ladies with your bola?

— Life is just fine besides from my bad back. Been eating painkillers and so on. Much better now though. I don't kick cadavers any more since the boots attract the damn thing and the whole house used to smell. It smells bad as it is. The house, that is.

— The bola broke on some hard lady and I had to order a new one. They said it would take them at least two years so the bola thingie is out of question until then.

Some time back you played a gig that our friend J. Wallin described to be a pretty nice thing to experience. Has the show been broadcasted yet? And where did the radio get the idea to broadcast a Hin Haley show? Perhaps it was a practical joke by some wicked engineer.

— Yes, our little "gig" was broadcasted on November 22nd '96. I think it was the last program or something of "Garage och Buskage/P3 Live" and apparently they wanted us to participate. I think the guy who had the program got his long fingers on our CD and liked it.

What was your opinion on the gig, by the way? It was one of your first ones, wasn't it?

— Yes, it was the first gig ever for us as a band and it went pretty good. I was very nervous but when I smashed the first drum stick into the snare drum it was a dream come true. We had a very good response from the audience (thank the dark one).

And before leaving this topic I must just ask you if more gigs have been planned — and is it impossible to see you at some pub in Stockholm? Perhaps the travelling costs from Östersund would not make it worthwhile?

— Gigs... yes... We are looking for them, but since I've had that bad back problem we need to spend some time in the "garage" before we attempt that stunt again. It would be very nice to play live in Stockholm or anywhere else for that matter, but as I said we need some time to become tight again.

You put up the band about two years ago... I am of the firm opinion that there, as a band, are worse ways to spend two years — I mean that I think you definitely have found yourself a style and identity of your own. Are you satisfied with how you have spent this time?

— Of course I am. Our goal was and is to combine the 60's with the 90's sound. Our vision was "a wall of sound" and I think we have accomplished that and then some. The Hin Haley of today is much harder and heavier than it was when we first started.

And how do you intend to go on from here? Just fine tuning your sound?

— Basically, but with new heavier songs... who knows. We plan to record some new songs and perhaps even do a video for one of them. This will take place this spring and should be out this summer if not sooner.

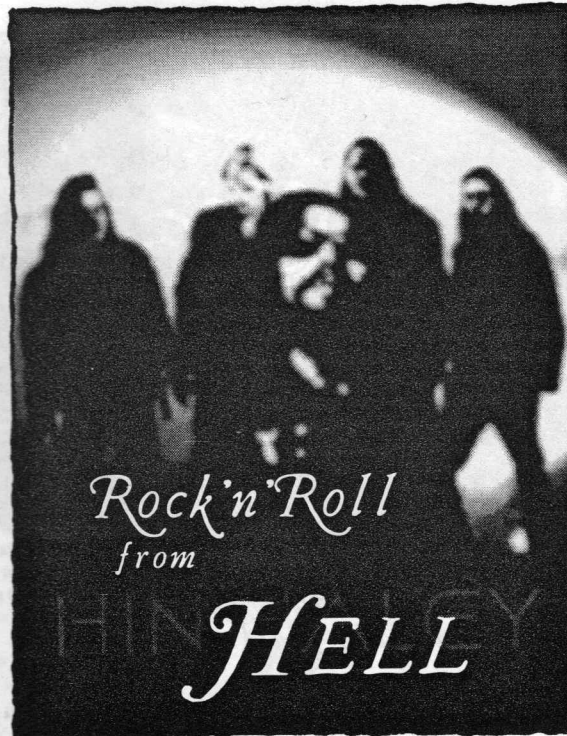
I believe it is about time to pick up this proud first-born in your modest discography, "Electric Boladuster". It kicked me right in the head after the first few listenings. So, Mattias, comments. Contented? Dissatisfied?

— We had absolutely no idea on how we would sound in studio since we had spent our time rehearsing in a room with bad acoustics, but it turned out pretty nice. We are pleased with the result, but there are always things we could have done better.

Good. If there wasn't, it would mean you had passed your peak and there would be nothing to do but to bury the band for good.

However, what I particularly like are the heavy, groovy, piss-off-type of riffs and the ruined vocals: that is what makes rock'n'roll to me. Filthy, ugly and in your face. Do you find Hin Haley ugly enough?

— Hin Haley sure has the potential to become even uglier but we think we might be ugly enough for the time



During the autumn of the Year of the Rat, 1896, one certain F. Wallin hinted me about a suspicious band in his hometown. Following his suggestion I contacted Hin Haley and consequently, thanks to their self released mini CD, I realized they ruled. Ugly, filthy, stupid rock'n'roll the hard way.

How could I possibly resist?

being.

I see what you mean. Now to the obvious question: How has the response been? And how many copies do you have left now in December? I have #15...

And did you lose much money by releasing the mini CD by yourselves? Do you find it a good alternative instead of doing an ordinary demo?

— The response has been beyond expectation, but we haven't been contacted by any record company yet. Who knows what they are doing?! We are currently in a PR phase so answers might just come in any day.

— We have about 100 copies left I think, most have been sold and some have been shipped away. Unfortunately the record can't be bought outside Östersund, but we are working on it, but those who would like a copy can either e-mail the band (hinhaley@algonet.se) with an order or travel to Östersund and buy one directly from one of us, or at one of the local record shops. The mini CD cost us about 15 000 SEK to do including the cover and so on but we thought it would be much nicer with a CD demo rather than a tape demo.

Have you got any complaints on the flyer yet, with the intelligent invitation to visit The Official Homepage of Hin Haley while giving only an e-mail address... and the e-mail address is incorrect as well! Ah hell, as a metalhead one is supposed to be a beginner with all these Internet, computer, etc. kind of things, don't you agree... computers are not rock'n'roll... but sometimes one can use them in rock'n'rollish purposes as well.

— We had no complaints but some problems with the homepage thingie but it's up and running now. The address is <http://www.algonet.se/~hinhaley>. The e-mail on the flyer should work. Four of us are "semi computer nerds" so we have had some experience in the "field". The homepage is not complete yet but e-mail works. Soon there will be samples from our songs there as well as a videoclip from our live performance or the planned video.

Now that you say it does not matter if the e-mail address is written in capitals or not I had to try it and to my shock it worked. Hmh, at least the homepage cannot be accessed by typing the address in capitals! Always something. [Update: Mattias has got piss bored of the

Internet so the Hin Haley page is already long gone.]

Does anybody outside this country know about Hin Haley yet? You are obviously trying to spread your gospel abroad as well. There is not even a Swedish price on the flyers, just one in quid and dollars.

— We have a contact in England who is from what I've heard writing a review for Is-ten Magazine. Dunno, it might be out already. Hope there will be more contacts soon... otherwise we wouldn't bother sending the CD's out.

Are you the one in Hin Haley who is so interested in birds? Just wondering, because both on the CD and the flyer there is one guy looking at the sky. And since he is short haired and drummers tend to be short haired... or?

— Birds and birds... who knows? Nope, it's not me looking at the sky, it's Malin the bass player and last time I checked she was a she.

I recently heard she changed sex, though.

— I'm the ugly guy with the ugly hat.

I see. Oh, one more thing: Did you hear The Destitutes, a band from Stockholm who sadly quit a while ago? They put out a demo in 1995 that was in the same league as you.

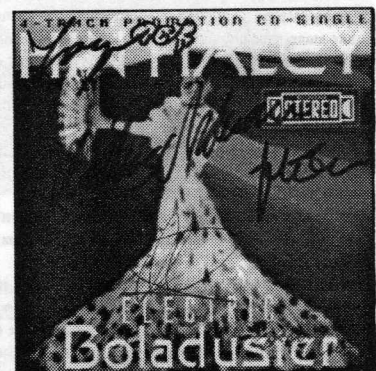
— Nope, never heard of, but I'm sure there are lots of good heavy bands out there who you never hear or hear about. Since we live in the middle of nowhere so there are seldom bands playing live here, and if there are it's that euro-disco crap or other horrors in the same league.

I believe these were my most acute questions for the moment. Kick your mum in the butt tonight, thanks and goodbye.

— That kick in the butt thing can be rather complicated unless I was a grave digger or a grave robber, but I see what I can do.

Thanks, I would appreciate it. Nothing beats a kick in the butt, especially not in dead ones as long as your boot doesn't get stuck. The remaining members of Hin Haley are the guitarists Mats Öhr and Morgan Svedlund. Mattias forgot to tell me the name of their singer but look at the picture and come up with a name yourself. Make it something brutal because these guys deserve a singer with a brutal name.

WIN EVIL ROCK'N'ROLL MUSICK



Would you like to become the owner of a signed and numbered copy of the "Electric Boladuster" mini CD? See, we have six copies to give away.

Wait, we don't give them away for free. What we ask you to do is to answer to the following question:

What is an electric boladuster?

Send your answer to the Davthvs Deadquarters via e-mail or snail mail. The replies will be scrutinized by Hin Haley and the band will also pick the winners.

The contest closes on April 1st 1898.



*"Ära åt de dräpta som
förhindrade fjällrikets fall..."*

I do not exactly know how far the name of Otyg has spread but for me they were a new acquaintance when I by chance heard their "Bergtagen" demo from 1995. It was an interesting attempt, and the following demo '96 entitled "I Trollskogens Drömmande Mörker" was even better. During that summer I then contacted Vintersorg, or Mr Winter Sorrow as you may (or may not?) call him internationally. He turned out to be a man of good manners and thus we had this conversation that follows.

What's up, Vintersorg? You still haven't tried Progac, have you?

— Dail. I assume that you're talking about my name, and of course I don't use antidepressive medication. It's for losers.

Yes. They may ride on pink clouds if they find that interesting. I don't like pink. And I don't like Progac.

You are quite a few people in Otyg: how does it work really? I remember interviewing Moonspell in 1994 when they were most contented with their six man line-up. "It can be our biggest dilemma or our most precious treasure." Apparently it turned out to be a dilemma for them, ha.

— The guy in Moonspell really made a point there. If many people are involved in a project of whatsoever, it means many wills and intentions which can be devastating. In Otyg I think we've found a balance and harmony on a musical likewise a human level, sometimes it demands compromises to achieve that. And I think in the depths of my heart that we've a solid and lasting line-up.

This band was formed in the spring of 1995 when Vintersorg (guitar, vocals), Mattias (guitar) and Stefan (drums) got bored by their old death/black metal band.

— We all felt that we wanted to return to the northern roots both musically and lyrically, to create a more primitive and melodic music.

After the usual hassle finding members they seem stable with the additions of Daniel on bass, Cia on violin and Samuel on Jew's harp. In August that year the nine song debut demo "Bergtagen" was recorded. In his letter Vintersorg also adds that despite the musical direction of Otyg he has by no means stopped listening to death or black metal.

Storm was the first musical project in the underground that seriously — and successfully — blended metal with Scandinavian folk music. Storm is obviously an influence to Otyg, and I even found Vintersorg to sound identical to Satyr in one place on the debut demo, so I asked the Otyg main man whether it is possible to avoid associations to Storm if one mixes Scandinavian folk music with distorted guitars.

— I don't care about that. I think we've created our own identity especially since we're using violin and harp to

bring other dimensions into our music, which is based on northern folk music and that kind of music always has had its similarities between the songs. So I don't try to copy anybody, I just write melodies that pop up from my inner spheres.

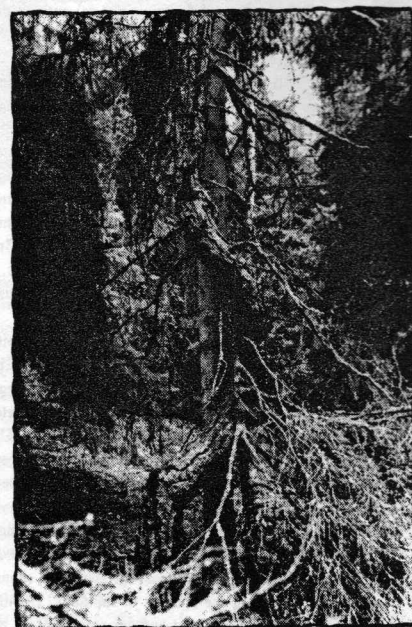
— And the so called "Satyr" voice wasn't meant to sound like him. I just needed a mighty way to express the storyline properly right there, when the unbaptised maid is about to be taken to suffer inside the mountain hall by a dreadful troll.

— But you're probably right about the fact that people will always draw the line and compare us with Storm. It's so hard to get a whole different sound, far away from them. Then you must use some type of effects and it isn't meant to be, in my reflection over Otyg.

Yes, and I do think your both demos show enough talent and maturity to prove your point that you do have your own identity.

But, I am still not quite ready with this subject. The concept of "Bergtagen" (or "Bergtatt") is nothing a certain band from Oslo has copyright on, it being an old folk myth — but I must say that the logo of Otyg is also suspiciously similar to theirs... Please explain this, Vintersorg!

— Shit! You got me there. Ha ha ha... No, I'm just kidding. I've had a concept over how our logo was going to be formed in my mind and I knew troll tails would be in there somewhere. But I admit that I saw the Ulver logo



before our logo was official. On the other hand, it's a lot of black metal bands that use horns and claws, pentagrams, candles in their logos. We also have a boiling troll cauldron on the bottom of our logo so I think our logo against Ulver's logo is quite a bit different. You know, all things concerning trolls are very strong symbols in the Scandinavian folk tales.

Do you think there will be a New Wave of Swedish Folk Metal soon, when the kids realize folk metal is "cooler" than all this mediocre black metal this country has been flooded by? Or do you think it is harder to compose folk metal than black metal?

— I can't see a new folk metal scene in a near future. But who knows?

Well, I don't, and that's why I asked you. Stupid.

— Some people and bands change their music and attitude more often than they're changing their underwear. And if those bands (especially if they're riding on a trend) get a record deal, I hope the audience is smart enough to see through their lies and not buy these records. Cause they're not worthy to overtake the northern inheritance of folk music. But if it's a serious band I think it's okay, so they can help us to preserve a tradition.

— When it comes to what's harder to compose, folk or black metal, I don't have any good answer. It's more like how to create, folk music is built on strong and seductive melodies and the idea of black metal is an intense, dark and atmospheric music. And I love 'em both.

Sort of best of two worlds, then. Why choose when you can have 'em both, said the bigamist.

Your two first demos are fairly similar, both being well-performed and never ending up tedious despite being half an hour each. You say you have nine new songs already — do they differ more from the demos?

And how do you plan to improve your music? By getting closer to pure folk?

— Our new songs are maybe a bit slower (but we also have mid tempo songs like on our earlier stuff) and they are probably a step closer to the traditional folk music. It's quite hard to really know because we haven't recorded 'em yet. I wrote the music on our two demos and I wrote these nine or more likely ten new songs. And I can imagine that the people who like our demos won't be disappointed in these tracks. I don't exactly know how Otyg is gonna sound in the future, how we improve in our music and that kind of stuff. But I know one thing for sure, that Otyg is always gonna play hymns of the north.

You told me the fate of these new songs was not sure yet — have you started looking for a cd or a mini cd deal? And what would you say about releasing a third demo: a waste of time or a chance to improve even more before the debut?

— To be honest, we haven't sent our demos to any record company at all, except one which wrote to me and asked for 'em. On this very day of September we're just about to send 'em around, and it's about time. Our latest tape was

recorded in March so we're shocking slow.

[March 1996. I wonder who's the slowest here.]

— A third demo wouldn't feel like a good choice, we want to reach a wider audience and we all think that we've had our share of demo recordings and are now aiming for a contract.

[A third demo is reviewed herein, a record is to be released through Napalm shortly. I hate having to add updates. It makes my laziness painfully obvious.]

I must say that your lyrics are not only very well arranged to the music, but they are well written and have a good rhyming. Most people around do not care about rhyming and when they do, the result is often embarrassing. Is this rhyming in your lyrics something that you always have aimed at, or did it just turn up by itself, kind of naturally?

— Thanks. I've been interested in poetry for some years now and my interest grows as I plunge deeper into it. Creating with words really feeds my spiritual hunger with beauty, grief, lust and other feelings. And writing about folk myths (which isn't just myths in my opinion) is very stimulating, it's one of the most important things in my life right now. About rhyming I just say that a good poem rhymes, otherwise it's losing its flowing tempo and beauty, therefore the rhyming is a natural thing for us.

You sing about forests and trolls and winter nights. How much can you actually vary these topics? Or is just enough to cover the same topics as so many bands have before you, only concentrating on doing it better? Or do you think you have covered special topics already? Like what?

— We'll continue dealing with mystical and often denied creatures of Scandinavian nature. There are lots of topics which haven't been mentioned yet. We have a new song called "Myrdingar-Martyrium". A "myrding" or "myrking" (it's the same) is a child which has been put to death, usually the reason is that the child was born by an unmarried couple, and in old times that was pure sin. So they rather killed the baby than carried the shame themselves. But the child comes back from the dead for its revenge. And there are lots of other topics left to write about so I don't think we'll run out of 'em.

During the latter years we have seen an ever increasing amount of "forest metal" — black metal bands singing about deep woods and tall trees. Don't you find this a tad far-fetched? Exactly what does black metal have to do with forests anyway?

Black metallers mock lyrics that deal with environmental problems, while at the same time so many of them claim to be "deeply inspired" by forests and nature... I find this very amusing. It was most refreshing to hear Nifelheim sarcastically comment this very same tendency, adding "We are like a chainsaw in the northern forest!"

— Lyrics is always personal for the writer. Of course it could be just one hour's worth with pen and paper, but hopefully the person who writes it expresses, explains or describes something with it. And if the writer thinks it fits to a song, I can't blame 'em for putting that lyric theme to a special music style.

Er... aha. Now either you or me missed the point somewhere. I was talking about hypocrisy, but with a diplomatic twist here Vintersorg managed to remain neutral.

How has the response been to these four demos — what has the most severe criticism been about? And have you advertised yourselves much? I must admit that hadn't it been for an acquaintance of mine I would not even know about your existence...

— Since we haven't been selling copies no serious criticisms has been made. But friends and those who own

our demos have given us credit for our work.

And have you played at the Trästock Festival? As far as I know, and that is usually not very far, this is supposed to be some sort of festival up there in Skellefteå.

— No, we haven't performed there. We were supposed to, but the whole thing just drifted away.

Have you always appreciated folk music or was it an interest that flamed up shortly before Dyt? How did you see folk music, say, five years ago? My interest in folk music was born when I heard The Pogues and especially The Dubliners...

Do you have some orchestras to recommend? Have you heard Norrlåtar? They were excellent, pure folk for sure, unlike Garmarna, although I deeply dig the early material of the latter as well.

— I explored the spirit of folk music about four to five years ago during a visit to my grandfather. He lent me some tapes and some of them I liked, others not. At that time I mostly listened to death/black metal but the more I got into the folk music the more I liked it.

— I've heard Norrlåtar and they're okay, and I also take your side when it comes to Garmarna. Their early stuff

"Garmarna" and "Bittar" is very good but nowadays it feels like they are under the record company's control, their latest record is very overproduced. And a band I can recommend you is the Norwegian Folque, and we have a band here in Skellefteå called Synja which is about to release their debut.

And how do you find the folk music of other countries, is it comparable to the Scandinavian kind? Personally I have come to the conclusion that real folk music is almost as enjoyable everywhere — there is something honest to it.

— I think some Irish and English are quite enjoyable, but I don't like folk music from the Middle East. Man has always sought his history and roots and to take our inheritance and create something of it is very, very honest. Unfortunately it's a dying inheritance in some way, cause many young people despise the old folk music and its values.

I may have forgotten to ask about something relevant... have I? Thanks for your time answering this small interview, anyway.

— I thank you Timo for sending me these questions and I wish you good luck with your zine.

That can be very needed, thank you.



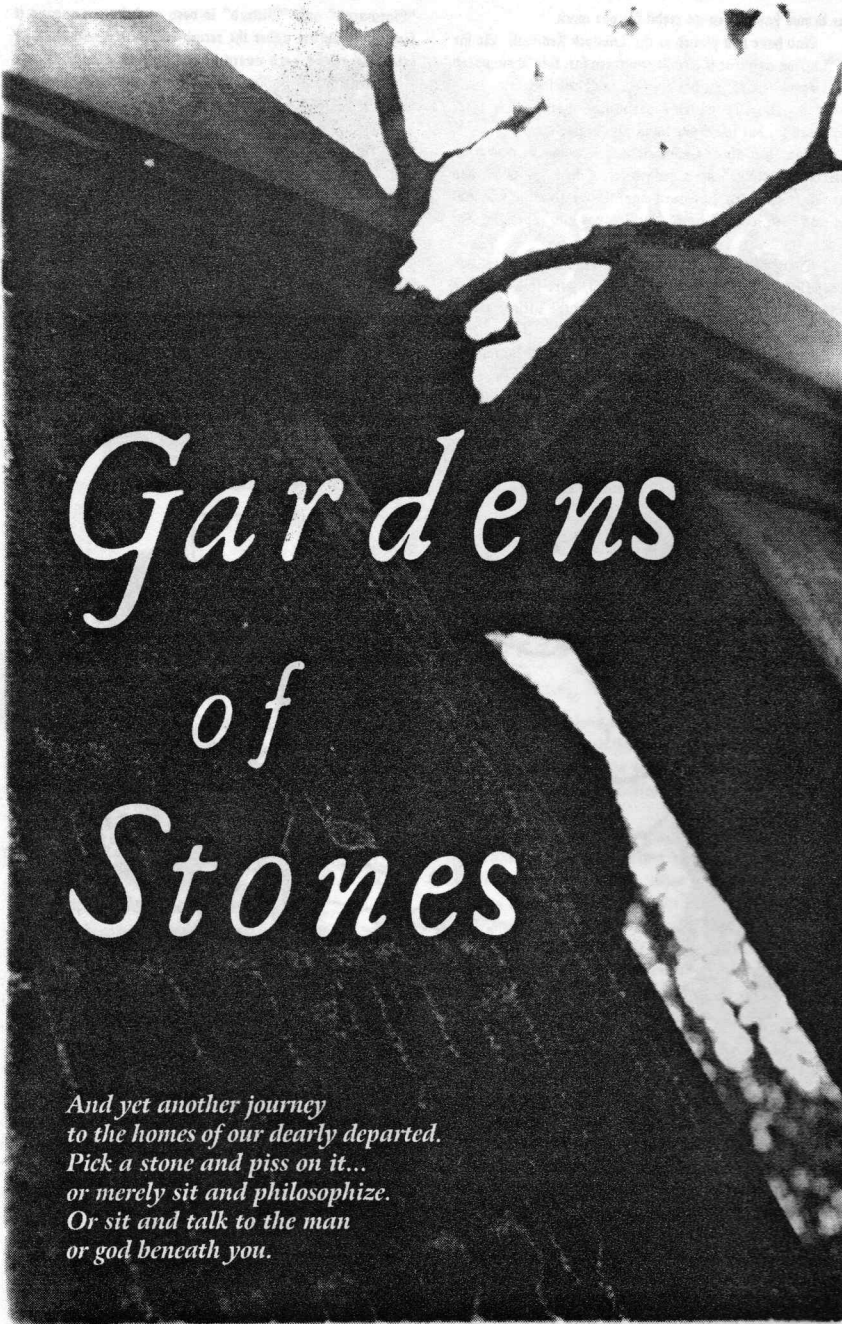
Skuggestalt i vintergryning hållfast i skuldror,
i ådrorna sjuder tråget trollpiskat ödemarksblod.
På frostbeslöjad bergsklint skönjes trånande huldor,
de varelsor ämnar förslava män av styrka och mod.
En fager synvidd präglad utav fjällmyr och branter,
där ålderstigna furor resligt sträckes mot skyn.
Snökristall på soldränkta gren likt isdiamanter,
för vind de dansa lyriskt i ögonfågnade syn.

Genom skog och mark, över frusen flark.
Med spjutets spets upphöjd han söker sitt villebråd.

Genom skog och mark, mot nordanvind så stark.
Där svaglynta finner en död så bråd.

Vittervandrad jord står klädd i vinterödslig slöja,
han lågmäلت skådar spåren från översinnlig värld.
De synes i den djupa snön som länge sig skall dröja,
i lidelsefrihetstrakt den mångbesjunga härd.
Bland kitteldal och fjällrygg han beger sig att hämta,
sitt byte vars hjärteblod skall färga isen röd.
I fjärran bygd där skola själaklockan höras klämta,
när kölden offer krävt skall det ätas sorgebröd.

"Trollpiskat Ödemarksblod" from "Galdersång Till Bergfadern" demo '97. Unfortunately no English translation available, and no, your deaditor will not give it a try...



Gardens of Stones

*And yet another journey
to the homes of our dearly departed.
Pick a stone and piss on it...
or merely sit and philosophize.
Or sit and talk to the man
or god beneath you.*

Kronobergsparken, Stockholm

There are people who do not share my dimension, my sphere, my view, my eyes... but still have a conception of what I see. One of these people hinted me about the western part of the Kronoberg Park on Rungskholmen in Stockholm.

The source turned out to be reliable because what I found was one of the better graveyards I have seen in Stockholm: exactly what I have sought for so long. Ruined, weatherbeaten stones, cracked or demolished and surrounded by an iron fence. The gate was chained and locked and the key itself hardly exists anymore.

This crisp and very cold Monday morning in November showed me the place covered by a thick veil of dead leaves, with a thin layer of snow.

It turned out to be a forgotten Jewish cemetery. Only one or two stones were untainted, all others had started turning one with their surroundings. Since my Hebrew is not very good I could not decipher the ages of any stones, except the one where I, not without difficulty, found the Arabic numbers of the

year 1938. My guess is that the oldest stones are from the late 19th century and up to perhaps the forties or fifties.

There is no church in connection to this graveyard, it is simply one fenced corner of the big park. I have walked across this park before — probably passed the graveyard itself — without paying notice to the stones.

How proud I am. We do have beautiful graveyards in Stockholm. After all.

Little Downham, Cambridgeshire

The large withering stones suddenly popped up in front of me, partly exposed from the night by the few street lights. I had no reason whatsoever to even be in this small village — I just happened to get stuck in the village of Ely one night, without a place of rest or possibility to travel on, so I could really do nothing but walk around and thus eventually ended up in Little Downham.

The grass looked as interesting from a physiological point of view as the stones did from a

psychological, so I decided to smash two flies in a stroke and study the place closer.

In a sense English graveyards, of which I saw the first three after only twelve hours in the country, are similar to Swedish ones: you've seen one of them, you've seen them all. The difference is just that the English ones appear to be equally as enthralling as the Swedish ones are trite.

I cannot really tell more about this place in St. Downham, and I must admit I was mostly interested in exploring the possibilities of a way to never neverland. This proved problematic.

The God's Acre in this village turned out to be a true Paris By Night. As if the two persistent ants or spiders on my left hand were not enough together with the grass that grew colder and wetter the longer I stayed, there was a whole circus including at least three catlike animals (perhaps deceased ones?) playing about and then that peculiar light reflection on the church wall, the source of which I never found.

So after less than an hour I found myself on the road again — but this time with new stones to think about.

Ely, Cambridgeshire

...Having returned to Ely during the same night and wandered about for a few hours I saw the shape of a cathedral against the reddish sunrise, encircled by birds. I went closer and it turned out to be one Cathedral of St. Mary the Virgin. Gothic architecture at its best with literally hundreds of gargoyles and grotesques grinning down at me, us being the only creatures up at this time of the day. I did see the milkman, though.

The actual graves were neatly, or sometimes less neatly, lined up against the wall that surrounded the place. For some reason the grass had been spared. But the stones, the stones. Well, most of them dated to the early 1800's and almost all were headlined by "Sacred" with a subheading that said "to the memory of".

A fairly ordinary place, with rose bushes and everything, but I still fondly think about my ugly small friends sitting on the building. We like them gargoyles. Them gargoyles like me. Us happy.

Penzance, Cornwall

This graveyard has a most pleasant situation on the top of a hill, so between the stones you can see the endless Atlantic Ocean or perhaps rather the British Canal: excuse me my geography. This high spot also reduces the modest traffic of Penzance into a distant blur, if you even hear the blur as the gulls are not very quiet here.

What strikes me most are these palmlike half-sized trees everywhere. Gives a most unexpected touch of the exotic south.

A not very big place but I surely would spend much time here if the residents were cursed enough to have myself among them. And I wonder how old this tree is, the one just beside the black, well-chiseled and -preserved stone from the 1840's that I am leaning my back on. Looks older than 150 years to me — but what do I know about trees.

Just about to leave I notice the two piles of dog shit that have been teasing my nostrils for a while. For a while I thought it was my soul that was smelling so foul.

Salisbury, Wiltshire

It is puzzling how everybody in England only started dying in the 1840's. Of course it is a lot better than another certain country — often mocked in this particular section of this journal — where there

apparently was no civilization or population whatsoever on the 19th century, judging by the cemeteries.

The one here in Salisbury, by St. Thomas Church (not far from what for a savage Finn looks like a cathedral), was all locked so the recently devoured bacon, mushrooms, beans, egg, toast and tea had to bear with me climbing over fences.

I can see about thirty randomly placed slots, most of them with a monument resembling a sarcophagus but being far too small to feature a body unless it had been badly abused or should I say shortened.

I can see two headstones, the upper parts of which are shaped like an octagon with a cross within. Octagons are usually connected to occultism, some claiming them to mock the star of David which is constructed of two triangles as opposed to the two rectangles of an octagon.

The smaller stone does have illegible inscriptions while the larger appears to have been blank despite the corrosion that theoretically could have licked the words away.

Now I wish to do my morning toilet and since I do not know about the English fines for shitting on a grave, I had better leave.

Church of St. John the Baptist, Ayr, Scotland

Sited not far from Ayr city centre, this graveyard by the church of St. John the Baptist was founded in 1656. It faces river Ayr which makes this particular side of the cemetery an especially pleasant place to mellow out in. The sight might not be overwhelming at this very time when most water seems to have fled, leaving only some muddy stream, but at least you can sit there in peace.

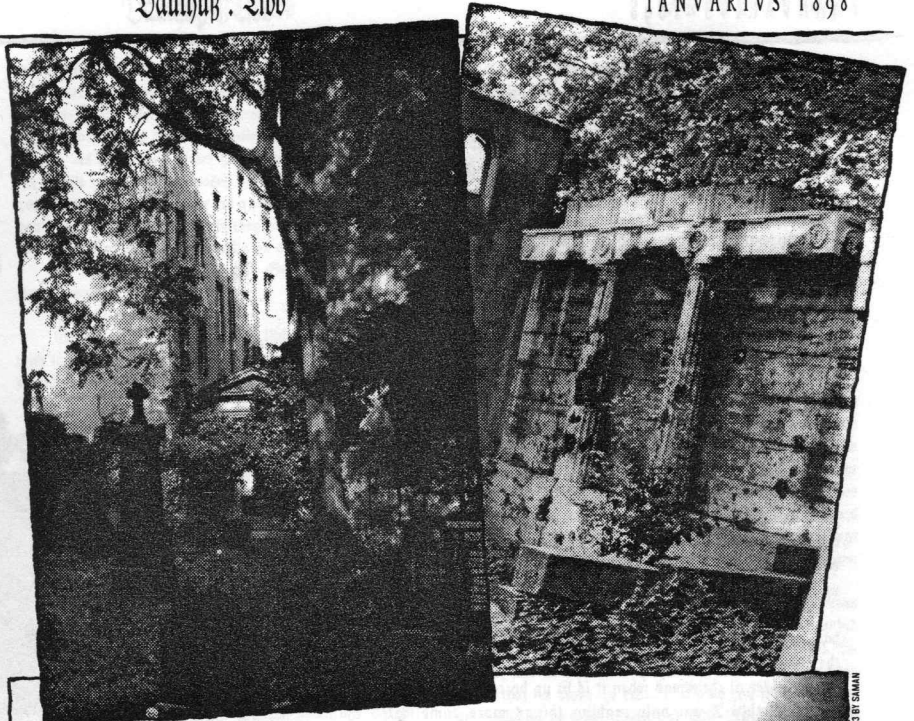
Or perhaps not. On this particular Thursday afternoon (it is hard to write during the night) I am first approached by some junkie who tries to explain something while leaning to a stone and opening the zipper of his pants. I decide to have a look at some other corner of the place and sit there for five minutes starting to write this very review, when some student comes up to me posing some questions. Well, having his identity card presented to me I can but congratulate the Ayr Police Dept. for good civil camouflage. Good that I refrained digging with my hand in that broken sarcophagus I saw the moment before. At least they did not suspect me to be an exhibitionist like the police did at Skogskyrkogården in Stockholm last autumn.

Several of the stones appear to be in sandstone which means that apart from the withering ones, some look as if they were melting away. The area of the park is not very big but the pleasant variation and excessive corrosion of the headstones makes me wish I had more time to examine this place. Or at least that I had a proper camera with tripod and b/w film instead of the pocket one I borrowed.

Here in the end I must only add that apparently not only junkies, civil cops or death heads like ourselves do spend time here: one day when sitting by the riverside with our backs against respective stones, Gergerog the Unholy and myself witnessed a dog pass by with a piece of some poor bastard's gravestone in his jaws. Then he lifted his leg and pissed on a grave before picking up the piece again and strutting away.

St. John's Tower, Ayr, Scotland

Not exactly a graveyard, this. It is the ruins of an abbey, or tower, surrounded by a wall and some trees. The gates were locked but with help from The Powers of Hell we sent a Thunderbolt of Black Blazing Fire



Saman gives us a visual report from his local Fried am Südern graveyard in Berlin-Kreuzburg.

to crush them and paid a visit to the very few graves found here.

A few spotlights have been placed inside the tower making its windows glow green at night. The door to the tower was locked as well and since we had run out of thunderbolts we went to study the graves.

There were only a few to be found in the shadows of the trees. One grave was actually beneath a tree: a great tree has namely sprung from the very spot of the assumed body. Interesting symbolism, because the body belonged to the last witch burned in Ayr, back in the 17th century.

The Necropolis, Glasgow, Scotland

Glasgow as a city is nothing I enjoy particularly much. Dirty, filthy, ugly... but I like filthy. Yes, but not this kind of filthy. The filth of Glasgow is not nice. I have been here before, and each time I have concluded it does live up to its fame. I am somehow fascinated by its complete ugliness but I never miss it having left.

Admittedly I have only seen parts of this city but I'd like to keep some of my prejudices, this being one of them. And I told you I am fascinated about it anyhow? just to calm all local patriots.

On your way to the Necropolis, right before the narrow river, there is this black cathedral the name of which evades me (or never came to me). If a christian building can look evil, then this one does... this building represents the kind of filth I enjoy in Glasgow.

The Necropolis is atop a hill with a smog-filled view over the city. While climbing to the top you soon realize that they have a long and proud tradition of grave desecration in this part of Scotland: the stones are crushed and tipped over more often than not.

We found a headless angel lying in the bushes and after a moment of searching Bergoroth lifted up his trophy: a marble angel head, nowadays in the man's bedroom.

Intruded family vaults, destroyed sarcophagi and a multitude of beer bottles and trash. One locked vault had a small window but when looking inside it was too dark to see. I took a picture with flash and once having developed the film roll it was again proved that I do find my birds no matter I see them or not: quite a few dead birds were lying scattered over the newspapers and beer cans. They had found a way in but not a way out. Typical stupid pissbirds.

I spent a good while walking around and looking for the southern gate, where this particular angel or

virgin statue was supposed to be. She is rumoured to turn her head after the visitors — but if you turn back and see her look at you, you will turn to stone. I want to be stone.

I did not find her, but I found a multitude of other statues. Headless angels lying in the grass, or a woman with two angels beside her, all three of them oxidated and as if covered by snow, hadn't this been in August. Another group that was part of a monument consisted of a young man looking up to his mother: with her head in his arms. Who said grave desecrators have no humour?

The Pet Cemetery, Turku, Finland

On one side of the road is the main graveyard of Turku. Tidy rows of tidy stones. On the other side of the road there is only a forest. No, not a mere forest — the occasional small white cross glows here and there... among the trees and the bushes.

Small winding paths lead me this summer night into a scenery most memorable. This small forest in the hillside is crammed full of most varied kind of crosses and small headstones ranging from polished geometrically perfect ones to mere bricks or whatever the owner of the animal happened to find or afford. No clinically clean graves but a savage nature guarding the hundreds of small skeletons beneath the ground.

This graveyard is not official, yet the government has noticed it and has, actually, respectfully prohibited anybody to touch this area. It is the Pet Sematary and so it shall remain. It is supposed to be an interesting place at Christmas when it is lit up by countless candles.

Probably I am only making things more complicated than necessary, searching for a shadow in the sunshine (still, that is where they are found) ...but this place evokes some interesting thoughts in my world. Despite its most sincere and benevolent intent, this pet graveyard is a heretic place. Christianity does not allow one to lift up an animal to the level of man. Humanity was designed by our creator to be the crown of his creation — to compare it to an animal is a blasphemy towards this certain Mr God. But here the traditions of human deicide — grave-stones, inscriptions... — are used for dead animals. I like this place...

The most luxurious grave in this unintentionally antichristian burial site had an inscription carved in a gold-coloured plate. I translate: "The more I learn to know man, the more I love the dog." A most memorable, intriguing, beautiful place, this pet cemetery. I mean, Pet Sematary.

The Turku Graveyard, Finland

A most typical graveyard of Finland or Scandinavia. Rows of graves with straight lines of bushes in an almost unending pattern, or so it feels due to the uniformity. There was no time to stroll through the entire area and to be honest (for a change) I doubt I missed anything particularly dramatic.

To the right one could see bushes that were unusually wild and big, and with no headstones. It will probably be taken into use later, when more grave plots are needed. But wait — there are stones here, in fact entire rows of them. I only failed to notice them because the uncut bushes hid them.

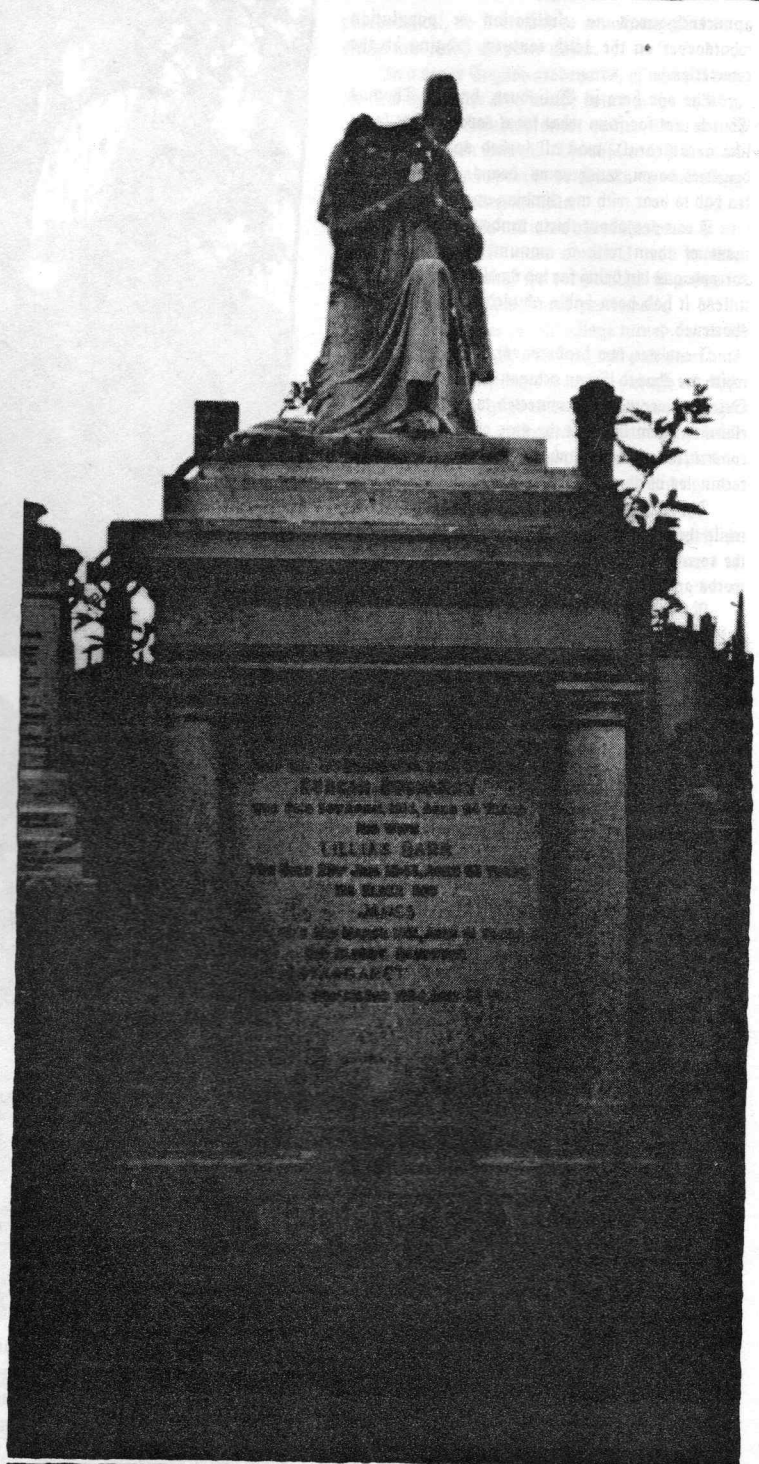
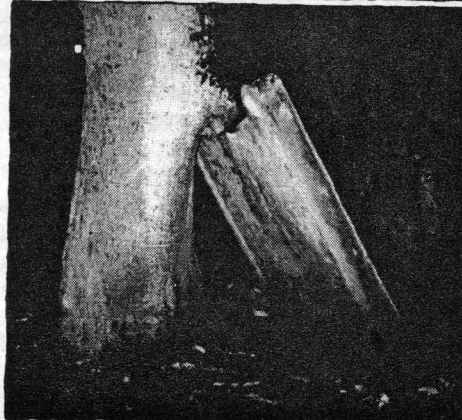
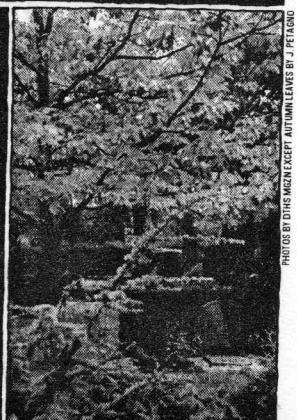
This part of the graveyard turned out to be for babies. "Born 1959, dead 1959"... Many of them not even having lived a day. Or at the most only a couple of years. Stone after stone dedicated to "our dearest". These mothers did not even know their children. It was just a thing in their respective belly, like an ever-growing dinner that they carried around for nine months, only to then, when born, bury the bastard straight away.

Med händerna knutna i vrede
ligger i graven en man.
Grym är hans uppsyn, som strede
han än. Det är människan.

Fast kalk de strött över dragen
han inte förintas vill.
Igen skall han komma i dagen
och visa att han är till.

Ihop han begravts med tusen
och alla är liksom han.
Förmultna skall männen i blusen,
men aldrig människan.

Pär Lagerkvist, 1940



At the Necropolis, headless angels bless you! Below left we see the grave belonging to the last witch burned in the Scottish town of Ayr, and the tree that has sprung up on the spot. To the right, Joe Petagno sends this, when in colour, fiery greeting from Copenhagen.

i.

What the fuck's up, Martin? Are things death metal in Hedemora?

— Hell yes, things are quite D.R. here... A few things are irritating but what the fuck...

How did you experience this mini tour you recently had with Cradle of Filth? Did these theatrical Englishmen treat you with respect — and did the audience do that? Here in Stockholm the response to your set was not exactly overwhelming... a round of applause between the songs was the only reaction. My own view on your gig was that although it definitely sounded good, the drum machine was a rather serious drawback. I have a huge problem with Kalimaa, I do... and I do not think I am not the only one.

— Yeah, we played with Cradle on their dates here in the north. We did Copenhagen, Odense, Stockholm and Helsinki and we had a great time! The Cradle dudes were really friendly and their road crew as well. Even if they are a "big" band they had a down to earth attitude which many other bands lack... We boozed a lot with 'em, especially on the ferry to Finland, they liked our music, etc. So there is nothing to complain about.

— The audience in Stockholm wasn't so fucking exciting but that seems to be the case when support bands play in your "nollåttan" area! I have seen many gigs in Stockholm and it's always the same thing, when the support band is playing the audience is always sitting or standing like statues...

— If you have a problem with the drum machine it's up to you! You are certainly not the only one who has problems with us using a drum machine but honestly I don't care... we do our thing our way!

By the way, you have not played live that horribly much lately, with the exception of this mini tour, have you? The other guitarist seemed a little shy as he seemed to prefer standing with his back to the audience... but what do I know, perhaps he always does that. Then the vocalman insisted on either watching the ceiling or the walls... it did look a little amusing.

— Nope, as you know it isn't the easiest thing in the world to get gigs for a death metal band!

Probably not in Hedemora anyway.

— We played a few gigs in the end of last year, that's all. Timo, it's time to clean your glasses! Our guitarist, Andreas, didn't stand with his back to the audience... The stage was quite small and Cradle had a lot of equipment so there wasn't so much space for us... We had about ten minutes to do our soundcheck so if Andreas turned around once or twice to check out the amp it was quite natural, or...?

Looked fun no matter what.

— I have no idea how our vocalist acted on stage, it's up to him if he prefers to watch the birds... You maybe understand that it isn't so fuckin' overwhelming to play when the audience did act as they did!

Yeh. You and Kenneth rocked hard, though.

I know this topic has been discussed oft before, this your usage of a drum machine, but I am afraid I will once again have to ask you whether you really intend to go on like this? Well, it is "original", yes — but mere originality is not always too good. If that would be the case, why don't you wear a skirt on stage, it would be very original, wouldn't it, Martin.

If you would find a reasonable drummer that would fit within the band, would you pick him and kick the machine? I think that with a record like "Reflections" out, your chances finding the right man will be a lot better.

— When we bought our drum machine we didn't buy it in order to be original! It was a choice between continuing Centinex or not... When our previous drummer left the band we didn't find any replacer so we bought Kalimaa instead. Personally I'm happy with the drum machine situation, I feel comfortable with it both live and in the studio, and as I said earlier, I don't care too much about others' opinion...!

— Yes, if we would find a drummer who would fit into Centinex both musically and personally there is a possibility that we could skip the machine...

When studying a five year old Centinex interview I can see that you already back then had problems with drummers. What is wrong with the drummers in Hedemora? Are they an unusually unreliable race or is there just a general lack of them?

And how about this bloke called Joakim Gustafsson — in Syphilis #2 his age is said to be 10 years: is this a misprint or was he really eight to nine years younger than the

rest of the band? If so, I certainly do understand there has been a lack of drummers in Hedemora.

— That's true, drummers have always been a problem for Centinex! This drummer, Kalimaa, is our third "sticksman". As you maybe know Hedemora is a small place in the middle of nowhere (almost!) so it's quite hard to find a good drummer here... There are a few in this town but they don't like this kind of music so they can't even play it, and those who can, they are personally on a different level!

— It was a misprinting in Syphilis #2, "Flint-Jocke" was 20 years old...

Sounds more probable, yes.

But let us stay in those days a little longer... The idea with two vocalists apparently did not work very long either, did it? Quite understandable that either one of them would



Soon to be considered veterans in the Swedish death metal circles, "Reflections" finally gave Centinex the push they needed to emerge from the obscurity of demos, cassette ep's, forgotten split singles and releases on the ever so dubious Wild Rags Records.

Bassmaster Martin talks.

be bored unless he would have an instrument to pick on. It was a good try, though, and it seems like people were positive towards the idea back then.

— You're right, I think it was quite a good idea to use two vocalists, it was rather original for a death metal band but sadly things didn't work out so well. If you have two vocalists in the band they have to be equally good, otherwise it can't work... People were in general positive towards the idea but today if we listen to the "Subconscious Robotomy" CD, the album on which we used two vocalists, we notice that there should have been a bigger difference between the two vocal sounds...

Moreover, at least one of the vocalists should have some instrument to entertain himself (and hopefully others) with.

ii.

"Malleus Maleficarum" was a good effort, but as the featured recordings are of varied age they are thus also of varied quality — and releasing a record on Wild Rags is usually not that much to brag about anyway. The distribution is most limited thanks to the dubiousness of the label and although their releases could be considered "underground", most of them do appear as second class products.

Your feelings on "Malleus"? If tempted, you are also welcome to enlighten us about the entire history you had with Wild Rags and how the relationship finally ended... Do you find yourselves being used?

— Yeah, the Wild Rags story is a long and tricky one but I try to explain the details as good as I can... The first time we came in contact with Wild Rags was back in '93 when we had recorded our "Under the Blackened Sky" promo tape. We were in touch with a few labels for a new CD deal and we were supposed to sign with the English faggots Tombstone, but that deal didn't become reality due to the fact, as many know by now, that Mark Grey and his Tombstone Records is a heavily untrustworthy rip off label!

— Anyway, Wild Rags offered us to release the promo as a cassette EP in the of '93 and we agreed. Back then everything went smoothly, we got our free tapes, etc, so we

had no co-operation problems. In June '94 we did then record the "Transcend the Dark Chaos" tape which we did release ourselves and after Wild Rags had heard it they offered to release those four tracks as a mini CD! We agreed once again, and the release date was now set to September 1994.

— But then things started to fuck around, the release was delayed and the release date was changed a few times and the new date was now in April 1995. It became April and nothing happened, Wild Rags had excused all the time why they didn't release the mini CD... In May '95 we did enter Abyss Studios to record three new tracks, mainly to test our drum machine, and when W.R.A. did hear those new ones they came up with the brilliant idea to include those also on the disc so they could sell it as a full length CD!

— We were stupid and agreed! We decided to name the CD "Malleus Maleficarum" and Wild Rags promised to release it in October '95! But as you maybe understand the whole shit was delayed once again and finally it came out in April 1996! Even if we were happy that the CD was finally released we weren't happy for the facts that Wild Rags had made a totally different layout than the original we sent 'em and they have even added a fuckin' "bonus" track from the "Under the Blackened Sky" tape!

— We had signed with them for two CDs, "Malleus Maleficarum" being the first, but after these problems we did decide to give them the finger and search for a new label! So we did, and needless to say that they weren't so incredibly happy that we broke the deal...! So as you understand we are totally fed up with Richard and Wild Rags, the only good thing was the distribution and promotion in the States which is quite satisfying...

iii.

Emanzipation, then? The distribution and professionalism of this label definitely holds higher standards than that of Wild Rags. But you were not very pleased with their promo sheets, were you? Calling you black metal is one of the most retarded statements I have heard for some time, and not only retarded, but outright annoying as it is obvious they did this only because black metal sells so good these days.

— It is Diehard Music who is responsible for the promo/bio sheets, not Emanzipation! There are a few facts in those biographies that we don't want but what can we do, we saw 'em when they were printed and ready! I agree with you, it's totally wrong to call us black metal, we are a death metal band, nothing more, nothing less! They wanted to change our logo for the album cover, on some promo flyers you can see the changed one, but we said that we wanted the original one, the one you made, hab...

How much can a label decide about the bands they have signed? It can be understandable that if the band suggests a completely awful layout, for example, the label could discuss it with the band — but it should never ignore the band's opinion. Luckily Emanzipation do appear to respect you, however.

— We have been lucky with Emanzipation so far, they haven't tried to affect us in any direction, they have respected all our ideas. So our co-operation is running smoothly...

[As a matter of fact, the band signed during the autumn for Repulse Records, Madrid, Spain.]

Other than that, if we concentrate on "Reflections" itself, you must be quite contented? Finally a record you are worthy of — it sounds good, looks good, has a decent distribution.

— Yes, we are satisfied with the whole album! Of course there are a few things which could have been done differently, but I think that if you are 100% satisfied with an album there is no use continuing anymore, then you have achieved what you were reaching for! The only thing which is irritating at the moment is that Diehard are changing distributors in many countries so there has been a small problem in getting our CD in some places! E.g., there has been no decent distribution in Germany so far but those problems should be sorted out in a month or two... But otherwise everything is D.R., but the next album will be better... cliché or what...?

Have people expressed any enthusiasm for the fact that you lack this today so typical gothemburgian influence and instead have your roots in the older Swedish death metal? This is what I consider your greatest strength.

— Yeah, there are many who have said that they like the album because of the fact that there are these traces from

[...]

music but I think we will always have influences from the old Swedish death metal scene. When we started the band we were much into this Dismember, Grave etc kind of stuff and I think those bands will haunt in our minds until the day we stop?

Do you have any regrets at all regarding your ancient debut; that I have not even heard but have, er, seen; or "Malleus Maleficarum"? Or were they good training before "Reflections"?

— No, we don't regret those releases, they gave us a good start in the "scene". We have been into this for such a long time now so we know what we are doing... We are no trendy newcomers who bought a guitar yesterday and started to be true...

Here I just wish to ask how your Finnish military service is doing. I remember that you a few years ago told me you had postponed it. Have you postponed it even more, or are you rid of that pain now? I personally changed nationality to Swedish so that I finally, four years too late, could get that piece of paper that granted me freedom.

— I changed my nationality to Swedish back in 1995. I haven't heard anything from the Swedish military service since that so I don't know... I don't know what will happen, I think I'm soon too old to join that kindergarten!

They called me an old man as well.

iv.

Martin has had some distribution and record label ventures. The label, Sororomoon, hardly got started before it ended.

You mentioned the obvious economical problems, as well as the lack of time, but there was also something else, wasn't there? Or was there?

First you had the charmingly called Evil Shit Productions. Did the venture turn more serious when you changed the name into Sororomoon? And when starting Sororomoon, had you underestimated the time Centinex would take, now that you finally got going with the new record and some touring?

— It's sad that Sororomoon ended as it did but what could I do...? The main reasons for ending it was the lack of money and time! This band takes almost all my spare time, I write all the lyrics, about 60% of the music, I take care of most of the drum programming, I take care of all the mail, all interviews, the contact with our label, gig promoters, Stim etc, so there isn't much time for anything else! In one way it's good that it is like this, I know everything what's happening around the band, but sometimes I wish I could get some help from the other members with interviews, etc, but they are so "busy" with many other things...

— When I started Evil Shit (corny!?)...

Rever. Evil.

— ...as a small distro firm it was just for fun and then when I started to release items I wanted to be more "serious" so I changed the name to Sororomoon Records. Yeah, that's true, I didn't understand that it would take that much time and energy to run both a label and to do this band thing so I took my decision... But I like the idea of running a label, so maybe someday I will revive the label part...

Would you like to give a few personal comments on the only two Sororomoon releases, the Prophanity 7" and the Ancient Wisdom tape? Were you contented with the way they turned out?

Regarding that Ancient Winds tape... I happened to see it at Heathenboon and the print quality was quite horrible. What happened with that tape really — not only are the lyrics, that were supposed to be printed on the backside, printed as a separate piece of paper, but there were also some most peculiar thick white stripes all over the cover that I definitely did not put there! Was the print shop unusually retarded?

— Musically I'm happy with both releases. It's true that the cover for Ancient Winds turned out totally shit! The printing place fucked up everything totally, someday that "printing factory" will get its reward... I think both releases did receive quite good responses and they sold also really well. Support both bands, they are really worth it!

Well, Martin... has your demon within said all he desired to say?

— Yes, I think so! Thank you Timo for this extremely mega blasting interview. Check out our releases, we have also T-shirts available, write to us or E-mail us for more info! See ya in helvete... P.S. Check out our homepage, made by some weird Timo Zapani...

I've heard about that son of a bitch.



"And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a place of the skull, they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink. And they crucified him, and they chopped off his legs. And sitting down they watched him there; and over his head they set up his feet."

(Dths 27:33-37)

And so was the bird crucified, killed, vilified. Rusted were the nails that held him to the wood, Christian were the hands that held the hammers. Joe Petagno's depiction of the crucifixion of the bird, just before the resurrection, is found in the centerfold of this issue. This is his own, very appropriate interpretation of the concept of Dauthus. I gave him completely free hands, only giving such key words as "feetless bird" or "birdless feet", as well as the general adjectives "filthy" and "dark".

I must admit that the name of Joe Petagno did not say me much before hearing from him in the beginning of the year. He presented himself as the originator of "the motörhead" and the man responsible for this band's every painted cover since more than two decades. Indeed, when picking up the "Dr. Gasmatron" album I found the artwork credit belonging to this Dane of the name Petagno. Now suddenly things turned interesting...

Good evening, Joe. What art jobs have you been

working with today?

— Right now I'm doing a few sketches for Demonic. Yesterday I sent a sketch to Incantation for approval.

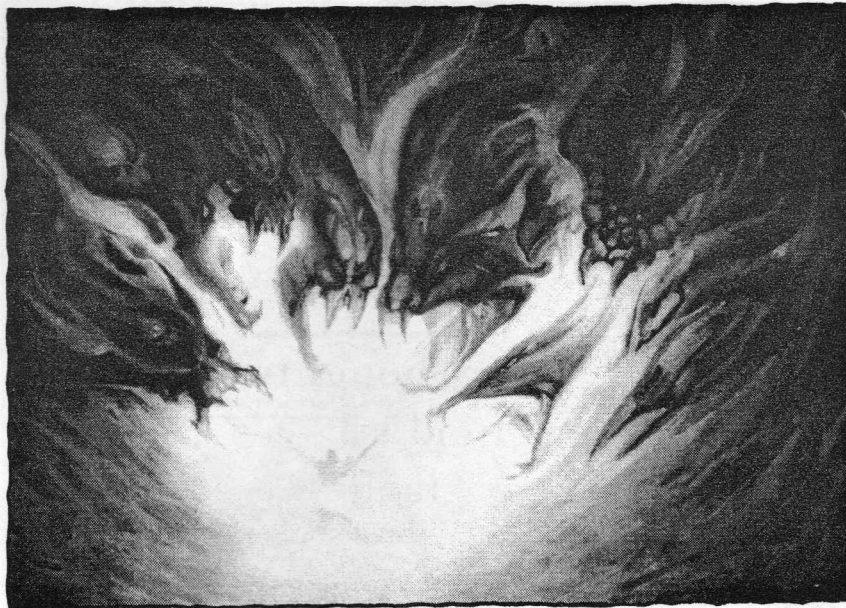
From the Motörhead logo, created the same year I was born, 1975, to Demonic and Incantation. Some time has passed between these jobs... I was wondering how he ended up doing the Motörhead logo, since I guessed he was not very famous back then. A guess that proved less accurate.

— I was probably more "famous" then, haha! At the time I ran into Lemmy in London. I was working designing sleeves, posters etc for some of the biggest acts of the era: Zeppelin, Nazareth, Alice Cooper, as well as doing horror and sci-fi book covers. I had just finished a display (promo) for Hawkwind, Lem's old outfit, and we discussed the logo concept in a pub. Couple of weeks later the "Motörhead" was born or spawned!

Led Zeppelin, Nazareth... I suppose I underestimated this man and his career quite a bit.

But Joe, what have you been doing since then? Except for the Motörhead covers I have no idea of any work by you — until now recently for bands like Mulsed. You have obviously not done many death metal covers earlier. What made you start working with the death metal underground?

— I've been doing jobs for collectable card games in America, book covers, T-shirt designs. The odd sleeve, some video work and painting, generally keeping busy. My interests have always leaned to the extreme from Motörhead to Cannibal Corpse so to speak, then I received a copy of S.D.D...



ALL ARTWORK BY J. PETAGNO

The American death metal magazine, that is.

— ...from my daughter which had a list of "Deadly Contacts" — record companies, etc. So I sent out some samples and the response was very positive.

It seems you started the year 1997 with a campaign to promote your name via zines. You don't find it a waste of time to work with zines that often have rather small editions? Or perhaps it is a good way to reach the audience and especially the bands?

— Yeah, after the reaction I just mentioned I doubled up on my mail-outs, to promote not only my name, but more so my message. It's easier for musicians as the medium is so direct. With "paint" the music is almost inaudible. So you have to shout louder to be heard, haha. So in answer to your question, no, it's certainly not a waste of time. An artist needs an audience as well, albeit a silent one.

Moreover, I can imagine few things are a waste of time for you, seeing how quick you are. It took this man about three days to answer to this interview, and as he promised, the cover artwork was finished within a week.

If we look back into your prolific production, what work are you most contented with, and why so?

— I'm always contented with my work for Motörhead, it's always changing, even within a very rigid framework. And all of the new pieces I've recently completed, Avulsed, Unlord, Bewitched, Bloodstorm, Bal-Sagoth, Intestine Baalism, Repulsive Assault... I have a larger arena to move around in now due to my recent contacts, that allow me to develop or define my ideas or geography much quicker. And the lyrics are great for inspiration.

And how do you think you have improved, say, during the last ten years? When writing this, I have the cover to "Orgasmatron" from 1986 in front of me and I still con-

sider it one of the best Motörhead covers. For example I find it a lot finer than the recent "Sacrifice". What would you say yourself?

— Well I guess you become quicker, more sure of yourself, so you take more chances, experiment more. "Orgasmatron" was or is a very popular image, it's everyone's favorite. I prefer "Another Perfect Day". Again, it's always changing, Lemmy's lyrics, his mood, my mood when painting it. We push against each other verbally the one, the other. It's a strange alchemy. Doing record covers is like doing a book cover, you want the picture to depict the lyrics and mood of the sound. It's what makes it so damn interesting.

Each artist has a personal touch in their art: Dan Seagrave had his extremely rich details while Sv Bell works with rags instead of brushes or airbrush in order to avoid too sharp details... What would you say is Petagno's trademark?

— Trademark? I hope my work reveals the state of the world as well as my mental state while I live in it! Or suffer through it! Haha. I like to think that it works on many levels and not only the immediate or most obvious.

And if we go on discussing artists, is there some current artist that you favour? Do you have any comments on the work of people like Wes Benscoter, Kristian "Recolor" Wählin or the two above mentioned Canadian men?

— What I've seen I like of all these "creators" but I'm partial to Benscoter, his smoky dense geography is very macabre.

Definitely. I suppose he is my own favourite of these names, as well. For example Wählin has talent, but Benscoter has a far stronger identity and also holds a way higher general standard.

With his letter Joe enclosed five art pieces, one of them being black and white, showing three fierce demon heads on a cross. This turned out to be my favourite one of the lot, and I inquired the man if there was a possibility that it was the lack of colours that made it stand out.

— You're right, black/white work, as black/white film is perhaps a more powerful medium than colour. Perhaps. Colours speak to your feelings while black/white speaks to your intuition, I don't know? Colour is of course much more "commercial" as it's more "direct" or eye catching. I myself prefer colour as you can express a larger variation of moods.

If we keep on talking about black and white art — needless to say that it is something I am very fond of — do you think there are some certain objects or concepts that work better without colours?

— Most definitely. Comics, film, some paintings. The other problem is that a lot of colour work isn't done properly, it's either too bright or has no balance to it. It's not an easy area to move around in without making mistakes. Even the old masters used black/white (greys) as complete under-paintings before using the thinnest of colours very sparingly on top of these elaborate black/whites.

As conclusion, in this very same issue I also have interviewed an Estonian sculptor and as it is always interesting to hear artists comment each others' work, I would like to hear your spontaneous comment on the medieval men in the image I have enclosed to you.

— I say more power to him, a man doing his own will has the inertia of the universe to assist him. (Meister Cronen) May his figures one day be excavated from the ruins and placed upon the museum shelf.

Thank you for your time, Joe, may the crucified bird without feet bless your path.



"I am the one, Orgasmatron..." Painted over a decade ago and still just as hateful. To the right three newer creations. "I twist the truth, I rule the world..."

Friedrich Nietzsche

The Thoughts Behind a Moustache

"ANY FOOL CAN READ NIETZSCHE AND BUILD PHILOSOPHIES ON SHAKY FOUNDATIONS..."¹ FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE WAS SHAKY IN MANY WAYS. NOT ONLY HIS HEALTH AND SANITY, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE DISASTROUS FIRST DAYS OF DAYS OF THE YEAR 1889, WERE SHAKY, BUT ALSO HIS VERY PHILOSOPHY. QUITE A RESOURCE FOR SHAKY FOOLS TO JUSTIFY THEIR SHAKY THOUGHTS.

Desperately trying to avoid the correct but expected "...But Is Not Life Itself Shaky?" statement (no matter how true it of course is), I instead try look deeper into my throat down to my self hid somewhere within to find the answer to why I have become such hearty friends with Fritz.

We have talked a lot during the last year, about everything from heaven and hell to things you can't tell. He talks in a very vivid manner: although I belong to the working class and he to the nobility, we agree about a lot of things. Except perhaps regarding the for him obvious nobility of the nobility vs. the dubious nobility of the working class.

He has his very own characteristic wit, and he often expresses himself in a way that still surprises me after many an hour of discussion. And presents opinions what I thought was diametrically opposite those I had expected from him: despite having known him long enough to know him.

"Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day. — 'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.' — Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? (...) I would write on the lintels of the door-post, 'Whim'."²

So said not Friedrich but one of his most important spiritual fathers — it could nevertheless have been said by Nietzsche himself.

It is all about contradictions: and if you are out to remove Nietzsche, you can merrily pile all the contradictions against each other, and triumphantly regard yourself the man with the clearest thoughts.

Congratulations... oh wise one.

Human, All Too Human

Translated by Marion Faber & Stephen Lehmann
Penguin Classics, London 1994
Menschliches-Allzumenschliches, 1878

"*Menschliches-Allzumenschliches*" was by the author himself called "the monument of a crisis" — a crisis different to that which we will return in 1883. This very monument is a relaxed, although always energetic, account of Nietzsche's on his new philosophies. He had recently turned his back both on his tutor Schopenhauer, and on Richard Wagner as musician, philosopher and personal friend.

Eight sections, six hundred and thirty-eight aphorisms,

there's something for you to swallow. "Of First and Last Things", "On the History of Moral Feelings", "Religious Life", "From the Soul of Artists and Writers", "Signs of Higher and Lower Culture", "Man In Society", "Woman and Child", "A Look at the State" and "Man Alone With Himself".

You are questioned about yourself and your surroundings, put in front of facts (or are they facts?) and intriguing observations... that of course may be something you can by no means relate to. To read books such as "Human, All Too Human" is like sitting up at night above countless mugs of tea and discuss and question and, occasionally, conclude... except that seldom can you find as interesting a person to discuss with as Friedrich.

"Two people with equally great vanity retain a bad impression of one another after they meet, because each one was so busy with the impression he wanted to elicit in the other that the other made no impression on him; finally both notice that their efforts have failed and blame the other for it."³

Of course, I knew that. But I wasn't able to conclude it that concisely. Or — even think it that concisely?

Or — even realize it?



I caught this insight on the way and quickly seized the rather poor words that were closest to hand to pin it down before it flew away again. And now it has shed of shape and words and sticks and flags in them — and I hardly know any more when I look at it how I could ever have felt so happy when I caught this idea.

Den Glada Vetenskapen

Translated by Carl-Henning Wijkmark
Bokförlaget Korpen, Göteborg 1987
Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft, 1882

"*Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft*" is the book that preceded "*Also Sprach Zarathustra*": in fact, the last chapter of the former is the first chapter of the latter. "*Zarathustra*", in itself a fanatic script that we will return to in a moment, marked the beginning of a new era in the writing of Nietzsche: C.H. Wijkmark defines it in the afterword to be a louder, more aggressive era compared to the "balance" and "clear-sightedness" of "*Den Glada Vetenskapen*".

Although not being a scholar and only having read each of these books once — by no means enough — I feel inclined to agreeing with him.

Aphorisms about everything, presented in a light, and characteristically teasing manner — yet no matter how light his tone would be, the point is always, if we brutalize it: all men are after all idiots... at this stage. He looks into the future as something of a dystopia with hope.

Dystopia with hope... I never said Fritz was contradictory, did I?

"De tänkare i vilkas inre alla stjärnor rör sig i cykliska banor är inte de djupaste; den som ser in i sig själv som i ett ofantligt universum och bär vintergator i sitt inre, han vet också hur oregelbundna alla vintergator är; de leder ända in i existensens kaos och labyrint."^{4,22}

Så Talade Zarathustra — En Bok För Alla Och Ingen

Translated by Wilhelm Peterson-Berger
Aktiebolaget Chelius & Co., Stockholm 1919
Also Sprach Zarathustra, 1883

In a close to sickly frenzy, the philosopher Zarathustra steps down from his mountain where he had spent ten years in solitude, and aims towards the village to speak of his wisdom unto the people.

He behaves like a manic-depressive, occasionally grieving the stupidity of man that is the first thing he meets in the village, occasionally laughing loud as he preaches his gospel: that of the Übermensch, that of the "rope stretched between the animal and the Superman — a rope over an abyss. A dangerous crossing, a dangerous marauding, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what is lovable in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going."⁵⁵

"*Also Sprach Zarathustra*" may be Nietzsche's most known work, which is unfair, because it is his least typical! It was written during and after a serious crisis, a time when he was most unstable in his everyday life. The mad, over-the-top language in the book resembles more poetry, and the overall tone prepared either a revolution in the literary world or a disaster. Never a man with poor self-confidence, Nietzsche however remained unsure about the opinions of his surroundings regarding this his, in his own opinion, most

important book. Many, sometimes I get the impression most serious Nietzscheans, indeed consider "Also Sprach Zarathustra" pathetic, a mere embarrassment: "The passion is of the kind Wagner would recognize. In the end, 'Zarathustra' is a Wagnerian opera — fateful, ceremonious, baroque."³ Like we will see in "Der Fall Wagner", Nietzsche could not think of a more insulting description than *Wagnerian*...

But to me matters little what the scholars may say behind my back, I do find the doctrines of Zarathustra fascinating. I do understand those who consider the book too off the wall to be taken seriously, but I had too many an invigorating thought while reading it to ignore it.

Certainly a book for all.

Or nobody.

Hyvän Ja Pahan Tuolla Puolen

— Erään Tulevaisuuden Filosofian Alkunaütös

Translated by J.A. Holo
Delfinikirjat, Helsinki 1984
Jenseits von Gut und Böse, 1886

As if to weed out the pretenders of no education who attempt to use Nietzsche as a shortcut to a knowledge in philosophy, the first part entitled "On the Prejudices of Philosophers" discusses Kantian theories in depth: for a man with no Kant in his bookshelf, it is a discussion he does not gain much from.

With "The Free Spirit" the focus is turned from the strictly scholastic studies to matters and theories more easily applicable to everyday life, and to observations thereof.

Moreover there are the topics the man never grows bored of (vast as they are, surrounding us from everywhere), namely morals, virtues and religion.

But it is again the aphorisms halfway through the book that remain the highlight for me. One of the topics we return to is his criticized view on women: the note in "Also Sprach Zarathustra" about always having one's whip handy when in the presence of women⁴ is not to be bothered about (being allegorical like no other), it is in these other works of his that he goes more in detail. At the same time as she is described as something of a beast and filled by vanity, she is also given devout praise. "Nietz ovat tähän mennessä kohdelleet naisia kuin lintuja, jotka ovat jostakin korkealta eksyneet alas heidän luoksensa: jonakin hienompana, haavoittuvampana, villimpänä, ihmellisempänä, suloisempana, sielukkaampana, — mutta jonakin, mikä täytyy pitää lukkojen takana, ettei se lennä pois."⁵²³⁷ Flattering or not, perhaps not a treatment appreciated by them birds...

Om Moralens Härkomst — En Stridsskrift

Translated by Jan Sjögren
Prisma Magnum, 1994
Zur Genealogie der Moral, 1887

What would a sceptic except from a book written in twenty days? For pulp fiction that could perhaps be acceptable although nevertheless quick (especially in the eyes of one certain editor that you may have heard about), but for a work allegedly about philosophy, it must be the ultimate argument for a Nietzsche hater to sneer at this madman.

Excuse me my obsession for sarcastic references to his critics, be them christian fundamentals or mikkomattilais.

"Om Moralens Härkomst" is not a collection of long or short aphorisms, or a mad song about or by Zarathustra, but is presented in a more arguing, reasoning manner. More like three essays rather than mysterious, tongue-in-cheek sentences dealing with wisdom through wit.

The first deals with good vs. evil (something already dealt with in "Jenseits von Gut und Böse"), the second with the christian invention of guilt, and third of the ascetic ideal and its various sides.

It is needless to say I did enjoy the book; he has fooled me once and there is no return; but "Zur Genealogie der Moral" is to me the driest I have found in his production.

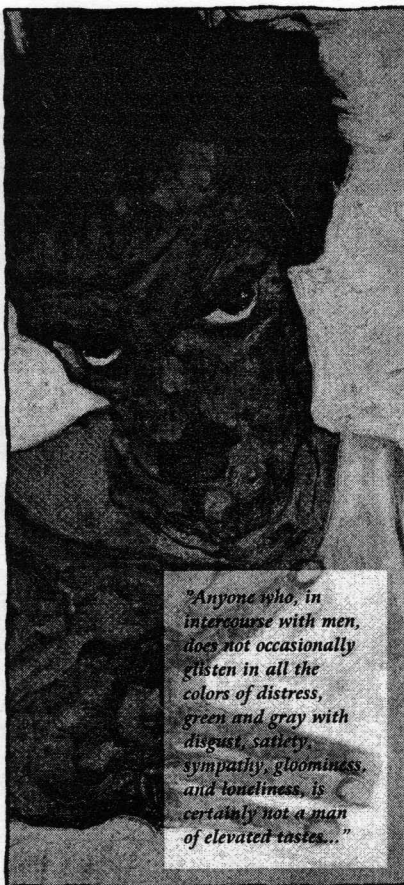
No... rather, it is the general topics of "Zur Genealogie der Moral" that touch me less than the topics of his other volumes.

But, to be safe, we can always add: perhaps this genealogy grows on me with time? As if that would matter, retard. As if anything does.

Fallet Wagner

Translated by Ingemar Johansson
Symposium, Stockholm 1992
Der Fall Wagner, 1888

The tone might be yet more playful than his uses to be, the



author admits this in his introduction, but the topic is not less important for him because of that: "To correctly be able to understand this book one must suffer from the fate of music like of an open wound".

I may claim to bleed for music like he did, but I am still far too young or stupid to not be fooled by the magnificence of Wagner... still, I do not mind letting Nietzsche elaborate his antipathy towards his former friend and musician, something that he hints to in every other book of his.

The punchline is that Wagner gives music an inferior role to the favour of theatre which for Nietzsche is the ultimate desecration.

"Det kostar på att vara lärjunge till Wagner. Jag stöder dessa ynglingar som under en längre tid har fallit offer för hans infektion. Först inträder smakförsämringen, en relativt oskyldig verkning. Wagner fungerar som ett ihållande bruk av alkohol: föresläppning och magkatarr."⁵⁵

Ahem. But then, I am not convinced Nietzsche would have liked Suffocation either. Nevertheless, if you wish to

see the man step aside from his heaviest topics into something different, "Der Fall Wagner" (not "The Fall of Wagner" although that would not be an inappropriate title) is a brief, charming treatise. Perhaps one should be more of a musician to relate to it, though. A musician like few I have met.

Twilight of the Idols/The Anti-Christ

Translated by R.J. Hollingdale
Penguin Classics, London 1990
Götzen-Dämmerung/Der Antichrist, 1888

Subtitled "or How to Philosophize With a Hammer", "Twilight of the Idols" is not out to smash everything and pull every house and man down — like one could perhaps expect — but to quietly knock on things to see whether they are shallow or whether they are true.

"Twilight of the Idols", also seen as Nietzsche's "grand declaration of war", was one of the more controversial in his production. Here he gained strength, summed up all of his philosophy and attacked the society and mentality of his time, directly and starkly. Having finished this book and giving copies of it to his friends, mother and sister, he asked some of them never to read it because it would only upset them. One of my favourites because of the wide spectre of matters discussed.

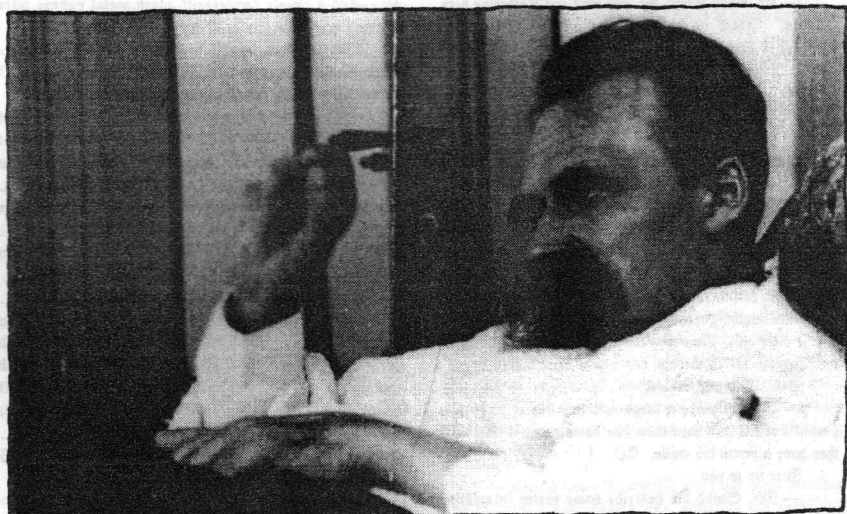
"...No longer the remotest recollection that a technique, a plan of instruction, a will to mastery is required for thinking — that thinking has to be learned in the way dancing has to be learned, as a form of dancing..."⁵

"The Anti-Christ" deals with christianity and then christianity only. It would be interesting to let a thinking christian read this and then discuss it with him: Nietzsche goes quite in depth and should be a match already by his thoroughness.

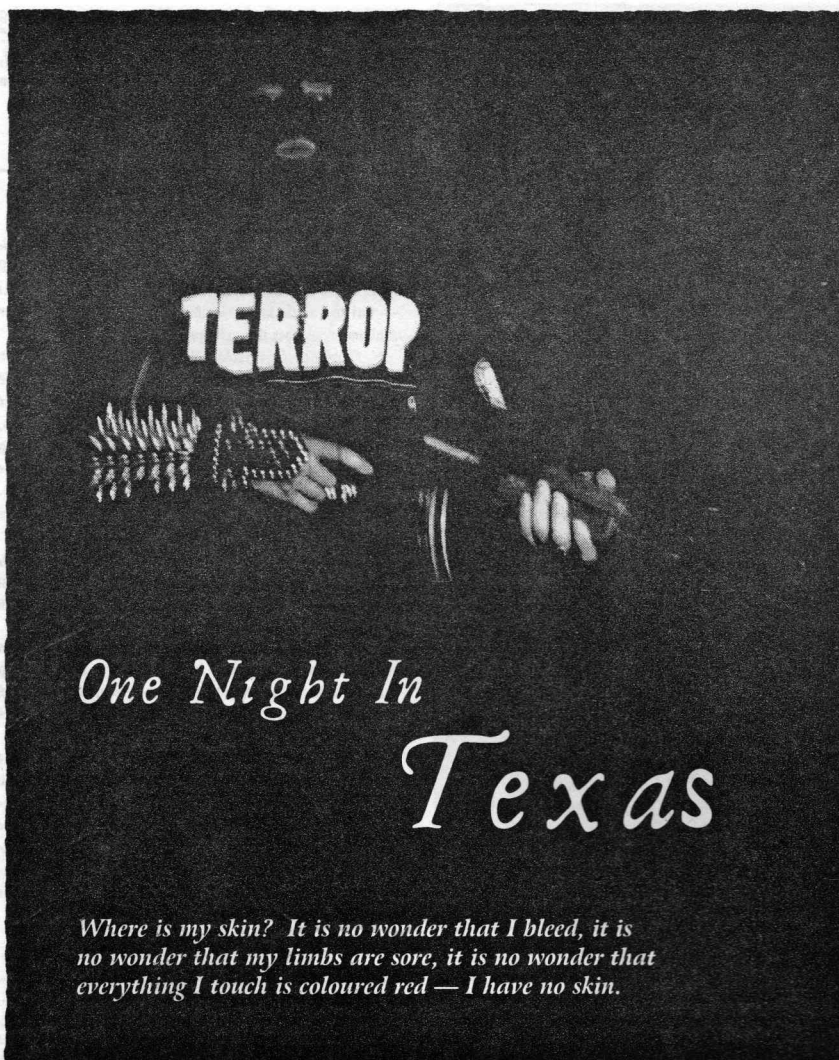
I am embarrassed to admit that it is half a year since I read this book and thus I cannot quite recall all pros and cons I may have had in my mind, but to round off a dull review, if you wish to concentrate on christianity, then please go ahead and let Fritz give you a hand: I myself would rather dwell on something else... but I will be happy if somebody else bothers to take up the fight. And no, not on the level Dark Funeral means it.

NOTES

- 1 Isten Magazine: (The Return of the) Dark Lord, 1996. The line is from the zine review page and continues, "...but Einherjum displays the sort of arrogance that classics are made of."
- 2 Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Self-Reliance", essay 1841. Together with Schopenhauer probably the most important influence of young Nietzsche.
- 3 "Nietzsche — Liv Och Tankesätt", Carl-Göran Ekerwald, Månspöck 1995. Reviewed on page forty-seven. My translation: not to be trusted.
- 4 "Thus Spake Zarathustra", Part One, "Old And Young Women".
- 5 "Twilight of the Idols", Section "What the Germans Lack", §7.
"I caught this insight..." from "The Gay Science", §298.
"Anyone who, in intercourse with men..." from "The Gay Science", §26.



At the hospital in Jena, 1889.



Another person lacking a skin is Blaash from Houston. In fact, it was his infected journal of the name Wheresmyskin that made me realize I had no skin. I am not alone in my quest! But who steals all these skins? What for?

I have been corresponding, or rather exchanging hearty insults, with this ranger for a few years now. I do not exactly know why, but I felt like letting him expand his disease from the pages of Wheresmyskin onto the pages of Davthos. Did I say disease? His gospel! Gospel of peace, love and understanding! Love all! Especially in the arse. Or something. I don't know. I don't know anything at all. I have never known anything at all. Neither has Blaash.

Time the Turtle calling Kinky Kathy, do you read me? Over.

— Er, kinky Kathy eh? No kink nor Katherine here, my son. 'Fraid its just blaashes and their clubs and bludgeoned little kiddies taken from the local elementary school. Roger T. Turtle, this is 66 Sixer, we read you loud and clear here in the land of automatic weapons and hell's heat — the Lord of Hell himself vacations here in unbeautiful Hellston (Houston), Texas...

In issue fucking 4, Blaash had interviewed his comrade Stabb who had done a trip to Norway that winter. This time, two years later, it was time for Blaash to spend a few white Christmas weeks in the Oslo area. Let us inquire.

How was your little trip to Norge this past winter '96/97, was the place as Stabb had described it? Where did you go, who did you meet and what did you do? Did you find or experience anything memorable except for the nice beer price?

— Uh oh... Now who told that I was in Norge again this December? Somebody has a very big mouth.

Yes. Yourself, mylord.

— I must place a large culinary device upon this person's office and have them bite down many a time until they have a pretty red smile. Er?

It is up to you.

— Mr. Stabb did describe some pretty interesting events in Norge if I may say. First off, for KLM Dutch airlines, I shall say, that the "Dutch don't know much". That plane ride sucked, and the stewardesses had quite a

feminine odour about them... eyech...

Mmh?

— Amsterdam airport (I forget the name) was quite a mess... too many darkies running around... I didn't really see any Dutch people, just lots of brownies and other amusing races... Norge was as usual quite interesting and much better than my current area of residing Houston in many respects. First off, the blokes I hung around there were quite cool in my opinion. I am not too popular with some of them for one reason or another, but I personally couldn't care less... I met the usual people that one would meet there... Jenz (who lives at Elm Street), and without naming names: Dimmu Borgir, Covenant/Troll, Dødheimsgard, blabla etc etc... and a couple "hyperevil" black metal pupper were running around...

Elm Street is a fairly known pub in Oslo where the black metallers like to meet. As far as I know. Again, I do not know much, but I suppose this is correct.

— I also had quite a surprise when I ran into this bloke I correspond to in the Ohio based band Decrepit (R.I.P.), a gentleman by the name of Duane Morris... also the s/m ball (Gotham nights?) at So What was interesting. I was very impressed to finally see some norsk pupper wearing chains, leather, latex/vinyl and "strompeband"... Fucking cops were annoying. Fucking brown people were very annoying. Too many pakis running around there... hehe...

— Real alcohol of course costs way way too much... Unfortunately I did not see enough violence or pornography (especially this) in Norge... There simply is not good pornography or pupper bars (titty bars) in Norge. I think this comes from basically being under christianity for 1000 years... Fuck in Houston there is a titty bar almost everywhere, good underground porn, hardcore s/m blah blah... I didn't even see any prostitutes running around... but I guess I was as usual too fucking drunk too care...

— One thing I have to say is if as I see on the new Satyricon shirt "Mot Kvitekrist For 1000 Ar" (I think I spelled it wrong, don't remember it right...but it means roughly against white christ for 1000 years...) well... when

the fuck are you going to win????

— Anything memorable? Well. I did nothing except drink a lot and spend time at bars. No museums, nothing. Just drink shreap (mellom pupper?) and drink some more... narv... I didn't leave much of an impression on anybody... sorry...

I think I'll steal some questions from the interview you did with Stabb... Why did you go there, in the first place?

— Why did I go there in the first place... well. Read Stabb's answers. I agree with them 100%... Of course for the music! You damn Finnish turtle idiot living in Svedeland! Er... I like cold weather? Er... I like cold fitte? YIKES!! Who knows eh? I wanted to run up my bill on my credit card? There was this really funny guy named Jens at Elm Street? To see what the scene is like over there... and in my opinion it is as grim and harsh as it is portrayed... a little young... but... I just would like to see them still hold the ideas they preach now in 10 years...

And the women, were they as interested in you as this race always has been?

— Uh oh... er... norsk pupper eh? Well. Most/all of them prefer 100% norsk pikke... so... since I am not Norwegian, I suppose you can make this assumption:

- If blaash = Norwegian then blaash gets norsk ice cream fitte (colder in Norway you know).
- If blaash does not = norsk, then blaash spends quality time with his razors and knives and forgets about pupper...

Us Texan cowboy rangers don't resemble norsk men too well... sorry... It must be my cowboy hat that gives me away... sigh...

Have you heard from Deep Joy Bible School, Narrowpath Road, lately?

— OKAY ARSEHOLE, now you are starting to really cause unnecessary rashes and bloodclots in my human form... that was an unfortunate incident that will result in you abdicating two to four of your limbs to me via air mail so that I may give them to the less fortunate children here... NO. I have not... now quit asking...

On two occasions, I typed a letter of mere balderdash, sent it to a man in England who then mailed it to Texas. With one of his letters, Blaash then enclosed a photocopy of one of the letters, with his corrections and comments... I asked exactly what it was, and he explained to me it was some stupid fuck in England who "wrote him shit"... I take it that Deep Joy Bible School did not manage to save this man, then.

You now managed to put out your fifth issue... an issue you despise as often as you get the chance. Now why does it suck that much? The difference to issue fucking four is not that huge, is it? Obviously you just say it sucks so that everybody would say "Ooh noo, dear, it doesn't..."

And what do you intend to improve to the next issue? At least nowadays the zine is readable, unlike the review pages in #3 — O.K., O.K., I know I am not the right one to talk about the readability of a zine.

— Yes, I have put out my filthy/fifth issue, an issue I despise as often as I get the chance... Hehe it like... you know... hehe... sucks... WHOA! I said suck... hehe...

— Uhm. Nope, I really don't like the staples. The staplings are my enemy. And the fact that it is not 80+ pages annoys me too... Issue 4 had a lot more bands I wanted in it. Issue 5 has bands I want in it of course, but I did not get a response from many many more bands I wanted. That mishap, coupled with the fact that it took 9 months to put out 55 pages, is a startlingly clear kick to my kneecaps that causes the misfortune of me spilling my cheap American swill... So, yes, I do think that issue 5 really sucks that much... issue 4 still sucked, but I liked the lay-out better... well. I liked the stapling better...

Nine months for 55 pages. It took me roughly about 18 months to put out a 40 page zine. I suppose my debut sucked quite a bit harder, in that case!

What made you originally start Wheresmyskin zine? You just wanted to get free demos? When was that? Lemme think... perhaps around 1992?

— What made me like want to kick your ass? Er. Those damn letters you sent from Deep Joy Bible School, ya damn Svede imitating a Finn.

Poho.

— I started WMS zine because I was horribly bored with the editorial skills I kept reading in most zines... boring boring boring reviews like "brutal, cool" and interview questions (now I know I should not talk, mine have been incredibly stupid at times) like "what's your favourite colour" etc. I did not see enough macabre humour about. And well,

I was sick of jerking off with a razor? Pretty little blood pictures became ominously boring? Yep, I think I started making time/money/effort around '91 or '92... I am not too sure... not that long I suppose, and the WMS is still pretty much still at its roots of original violence/humour/hatred/perverse porn... no real improvements from issue 1 except perhaps the questions are better...

Even zines have their influences... what zines would you consider your mentors? And why? Ejaculate, please... elaborate, I mean!

— Whoa! Spermatozoa of the most evil nature thusly coat this interview response... well. Since I'm not there, could you loan me a few of your Finnish jiggotes??? My father's father was Finnish. So... like, he'll pay you back in hell eh? Mmmh.

— Influences eh? Well... hm... zines I admire are Descent, Bloodshed... Petisheb?... Nordic Vision... Impaired... yours...

Now he is drunk.

— ...Near Dark... Henke Forss's zine... I don't know... now for what influences me? Er... The writing skills of Answer Me!, the best anti human magazine on this god infested planet. Originality is supremely important to me... glossy covers and pixxtures are nice, and I suppose that is what bands/superficial readers/fans want... but then you get shoddily written zines that look pretty. And to me, that's just not worth it...

— The basic appeal to perverse s/m material, violencia a la Mexico, etc, always impress me if done explicitly. The more base emotions of hate/violent sex are, as I am sure in all of us, rather prevalent. So that normally causes my brow to raise. The ever evolving nature of hyper evil zine editors to get stories on grave robbing, massive school children rapings, ancient Decultick rehashings, etc, can be interesting at times... but paramount to my admiration is an editor who has command of the language and wit that he is employing in his manuscript...

What do you consider your worst mistake during this your career of the editor of such a respectable journal? Perhaps WMS in its entirety?

— I definitely consider not fully committing to owning mine very own computer the greatest mistake I have made... I still don't own one... I've been doing this shitty little exercise to piss people off on other peoples' computers... that is mistake number 1. Not knowing enough about some subjects before I comment on them sucks too...

Show me one who does not do that.

How long do you think you will go on? Most zines, promising or not, only stay alive for a few issues (like Dths I suppose)... Are you surprised to see you have reached your fifth one? Do you think you will manage to release five more... or do you think you'd have something better to do by that time?

— Sigh... I really don't know... I was supposed to kill myself about 6 years ago, but I er, got rather lazy... and uhm, well... gosh, though I still tell myself I'm going to do it first chance I get, I manage to drink another beer instead and pass out/throw up... so...

I hope the suicide article in this issue can help you.

— ...I suppose as long as I am a sentient part of this plane of existence I will pollute and try to sway others to my way of thinking best I can... by the way what do you call "just a few issues"...

I mean like two or at the most three issues.

— Yes, I am surprised my little pinprick in the arse of god is still about... but well... that's what all of you get for not killing me... ha! Five more eh? Well, I would say these odds are extraordinarily low, but there is no guarantee...

When did your parents start hitting you?

— Uhm... as far as I know they have not... however, I will check with other sources to see if there has been a clandestine operation to "keep me down" as a recipient of gubament cheese/welfare in America would say...

One thing that I have never quite understood is that



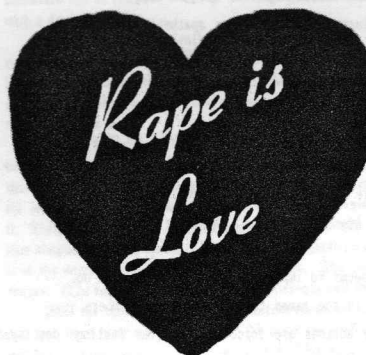
where the hell have you learned to spell. Call me prejudiced, but you Americans are not famous for being skilled in handling your native language. Were you a real nice schoolboy or what's the story?

— Maybe you should incline yourself to lean towards originality and supplicate a legitimate amount of torque towards this frameness of etymological tyranny and thus procreate a multiplicity of original adjectives, adverbs, gerunds, and sentence fragments to assist in your turticolour crusade... neh?

Dian.

The gospel of Where's My Skin is supposed to be Hate with a capital H. Let's discuss this topic a little. You also discuss this topic in several interviews, pondering how many of the present 15-18 year old black metallers will remain as "hateful" within the upcoming years... or whether it only is a temporary rebellion against their parents and teachers, like in many cases.

How would you differ the actually hateful persons from those who only wear it as a temporary image?



— The gospel of HATE is indeed something that I, loudly at times, spew as much as I would all over the decaying body of a 14 year old catholic school girl through my little journal of misanthropy. Let's discuss this topic a little eh? Well well, is this a forum then? Should I call you Larry King? Or perhaps Turtle King?

I am the Turtle King and I rule land and water.

— How would I, infinite frothing non sensical emitter of HATE, differ from the image wearers and chick seekers??? Well, first and foremost it is important to dislike or "HATE" oneself. A fine person who I admire who does this very well is Conscience of Shaobhan Sidhe. His words should be heeded and obeyed ruthlessly. Conveniently this can be read in my issue 4 (plug plug plug plug)... anyway.

Blaash's Subjective Theorem On Hatred

• One must/dislike HATE oneself. Why? For self worth and self preservation make one feel "good" or "true" to oneself. This is a crock...

• One should be highly sociopathic... i.e. be able lie, cheat, steal, and backstab normal humans and to give the facade that you "like" them. For though you of course HATE and wish many a bad thing towards them and their kith, the intelligent downbringer of life will realize it is simply not pragmatic in current society to be openly offensive all the time. This leads into situations that can cause problems with the law, and that is simply not necessary.

• One should be psychopathic i.e. wish harm in a violent way to others. One should think many many times of how they would react (though of course until they would not know until they try) towards killing another human. Though hatred of humanity is good it is very necessary to

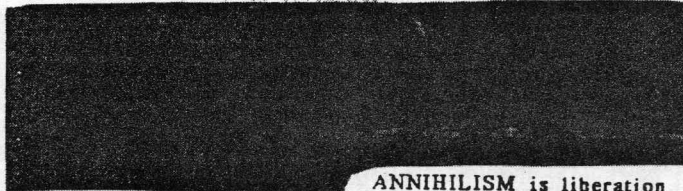
realize that though murder is manifestation of hatred, there is no need to get all hot and bothered. For example, a happy little sociopath would go to work, go to happy hour, find a hooker, kill her, put her body in a furnace, have dinner with his mother then go home, and go to work the next day. WITHOUT a hint of either remorse or bother. This is not a new idea... but...

• It is advantageous for one to be schizophrenic/bipolar depressive. This leads to EXTREME mood swings of very violent depression and useless happiness. This also makes one very very unpredictable, and that is an advantage when dealing with normal humans and especially law enforcement personnel.

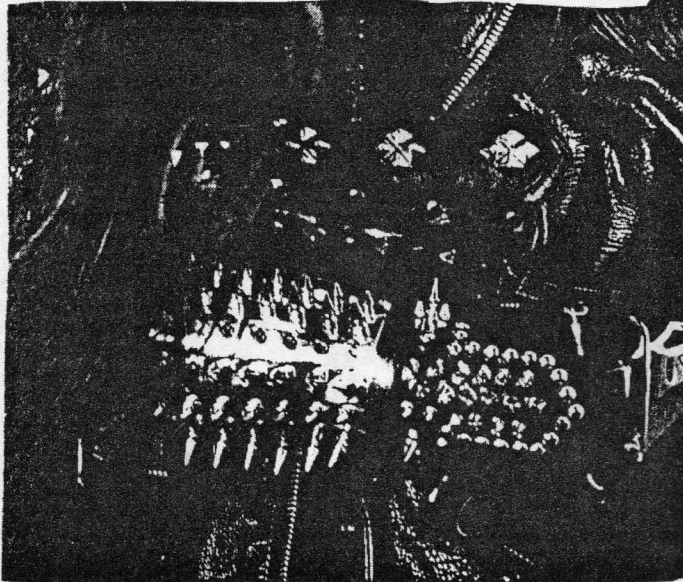
• It is important to keep the ideals of hatred through the "cool" stage of being HATEFUL, namely the teen years 14-19. At that age it is incredibly cool to be violent, "HATEFUL", destructive etc... but usually true love or some other thing leads them away from this Hate, and thus it is just a passing fad. One should think very deeply about their misanthropy and capability for the necessary action murder. If they can not accept that violence in one form or fashion is the final solution, then they should stand on the other side... the side we happily call victims.

• It is important to realize that hatred need not be whooping and hollering and just generally getting out of hand by starting many fights, breaking glass over law enforcement personnel, destroying personal property etc. (though this is amusing)... Acts of HATE towards others could be very simple, subtle and effective. Read any of the urban warfare tactics/How to Get Even books (there are millions) and exercise these upon humans who you detest.

— Now I know I probably seem like some preacher, charlatan or pseudo-demagogue, spouting my unfounded views upon your fine little innocent readers... if this is the case, so be it. I would much rather be taken lightly and such,



ANNIHILISM is liberation through devastation. Absolute destruction of mankind and its edifices. The acknowledgement that humanity has doomed itself, and the desire to fulfill the archetypal lust for Death. It is hoped that the message will spread, and eventually increasing numbers of individuals and factions will realize this program. All the way up to those who control the nuclear arsenals. Every serial killer is on our side. Scientists experimenting with chemical and biological weapons are working with us. Cancer and AIDS are our rabid warriors. Arsonists and rapists are with us, as are all angry children, spurned lovers, and disgruntled employees.



as I need not the legal entanglements that my words could bring... And yes, in my opinion, I do embody the majority of these ideals, and fall under the category of socio-psychotic bipolar schizophrenic... or wacky. Or maybe I'm normal and the rest of you are the loonies... hm...

Yes, the most common symptom of madness is that somebody thinks everybody but himself is mad. But how about people who actually know they are mad? Does this mean that... actually... everybody else is mad? And only he

is sane? Now don't you love these ponderings.

Tell me about your pager, Blaash.

— It's a fine device that has the Davy's stickers upon it. When people dial a number it goes "beep beep beep". I take it you don't have this technology in your town?

I take it that you like me asking about your pager in each of my letters? Ah.

Are you elitist when it comes to the "warriors" who stand by your side? I am for example thinking about the boys

in Ossuary, whom you obviously interviewed only because Mr "Der Prophet" was so fond of saying things that would upset his parents.

Is talking bollocks a good way to get respect? What about those who keep their hate for themselves, obviously not to merely keep up a show for the people around them? It does not have to be a rule that the empty cans rattle the most, but isn't this fairly often the case?

Enlighten us, o wise one...

— Warriors who stand with me? HA! I can think of at best 1-5 persons who will stand with me, and that is only if they are not with fucking fitte. Who wants to stand on the side of somebody sworn to the black hate, an invalid who knows that hell is not "getting chix, dope, money, slaves, and a kingdom", but a place to burn away what little feelings I have and be reborn as a shade that has cast a shadow in the blackest night... forever mourning the loss of what little feelings I had, and forever relishing the hate I have gained... to be in service of dark leige who will betray me at first chance... to be able to never know peace... to seek the pain of others as a way to lessen my own self hate? I THINK NONE. Except perhaps Master Pupplesleaper... but even that is iffy.

— Hehe... Mr. Der Prophet is a fine chap with many things I think are both interesting and humorous to read... Respect? HA! It is something many do/will not give me, and for that I laugh greatly... a simple word that means little to me. As for me respecting others, well, if they earn it, then I give it... Those hermitic haters who do not integrate with society lack the sociopathic skills/patience to deal with humans. Nothing wrong with that, it will simply make it a tad harder to strike at society when the time is needed.

— Very true, those who talkith the greath shit, are often fullith of it as well. To date I am not wanted for murder, the Oklahoma cleansing attack, the L.A. "fuck the police" bank raid or anything really... so I suppose all these neat stuff I've so called said/preached could simply be bollocks, eh? Make you own decisions... it matters not to me...

I suppose I'll leave the last words to you... will the Rebel Lands rise again?

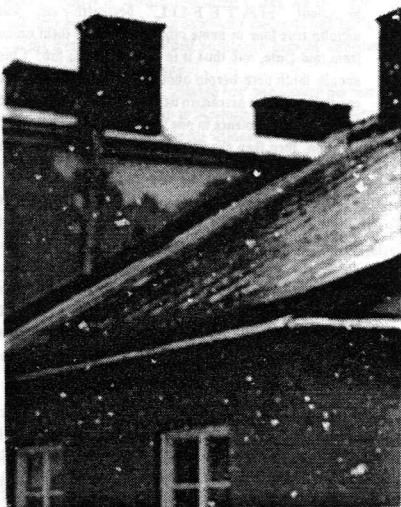
— As usual Timo turtles, a displeasure to script to you. My pager and I spit in your general direction... I hope you and your readers happily laugh, spit, and urinate upon my pisspoor answers, and I get labels like poseur etc., et al., ad nauseam attached to my name. In turn, I shall go on a turtle killing spree and drive my Texas truck all over this land and squish turtles in the name of lord satan... oh yeah... to your readers:

May napalm douse your forests where life and nature live... may your loved ones perish before your eyes, may drugs and alcohol eliminate your self respect, your self love, and bring about only pain and hurt... may you then crack a smile, raise your brow with wonder, and grapple your fears and sorrows, and feel it turn to hate, and with that hate, wreck havoc to those who laugh in spite around you...

That's the spirit. End of interview.

The Nihilist Void

BY JOHN MARMYSZ



Vision clouded by some unnamed drug.
Gestures ignored with an apathetic shrug.
Feelings not felt until they're analyzed.
This must be what it's like to be lobotomized.

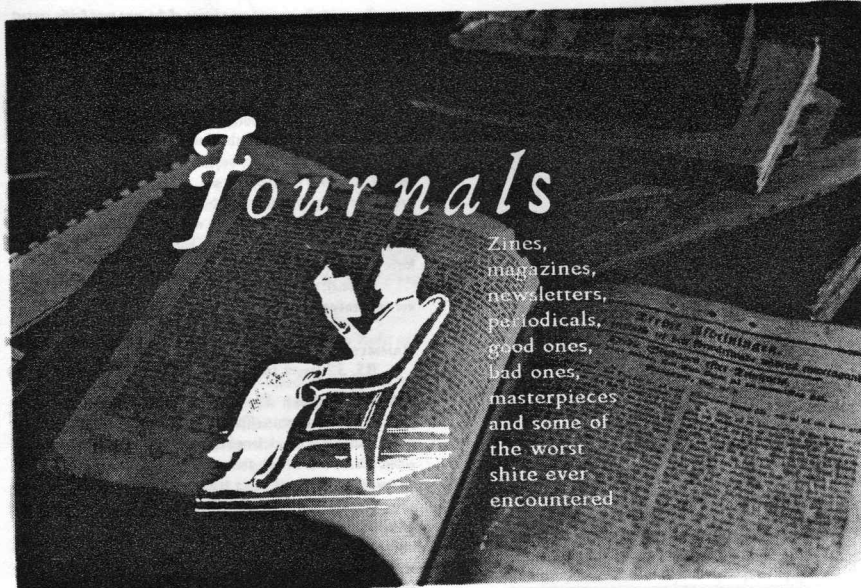
Then with one disruption there is no more silence.
It's shattered by adrenaline and blind, cold violence.
There is no other choice but let it take control,
And be consumed by action, body and soul.

It seems so important as you do what you do,
But in the times to come, no one remembers you.
Your actions are forgotten and your feelings destroyed.
You've become one with the nihilist void.

Your body is a symbol of futility;
Hands that can't feel, eyes that can't see,
Legs that won't take you where you want to go,
And a brain that can't comprehend what you want to know.

We strive for perfection but we don't have the tools.
We're less like human beings and more like pack mules.
The baggage that we carry is a heavy load,
And our journey only leads us on a dead-end road.

It seems so important as you do what you do,
But in the times to come, no one remembers you.
Your actions are forgotten and your feelings destroyed.
You've become one with the nihilist void.



Zines,
magazines,
newsletters,
periodicals,
good ones,
bad ones,
masterpieces
and some of
the worst
shite ever
encountered

...regarding that "worst shite" sentence: it's not all that seriously meant. After all, we have been spared from Metallian this time around. Is not that the most appalling scripture seen in these circles? Please do not remind me about it.

Where were we. Alright. We were here. Or to be more precise, I was here and you were there.

Need I say every single zine review is subjective? Need I say every single comment is a matter of taste? Need I say there is so much I would like to improve in Dauthuf before slagging off others? Need I say I respect every honest editor?

Or need I say we no more review, but dissect?

But then, dissecting is what we always have done.

Pass on the first cadaver.

AEON MAGAZINE #3, 1997: *The Third Arcanum*
A4, 44 pages in English (plus review booklet), \$5

Jörg does intend the name to be spelled AEON but I am afraid democracy rules here which means we are talking about the new issue of Aeon Magazine. The name has been abbreviated from the previous *The New Aeon*.

Aeon #3 actually comes in two pieces, as the reviews have for economical reasons been collected into a separate 32 page A5 booklet. The main issue is of course what we are picking up first: certainly good interviews with Angitia, The Equinox on the Dogs, Scepter, Zite + Ice and others. I have nothing to complain about them, with the exception of the Tempesta Noire and Dismal Cuppony ones which have been edited to a more flowing shape. A good try but I am afraid it remains a mere try, it neither looks good (Why do all zine editors hate paragraphs so vehemently?) or is very logical reading. I do prefer the classic question-answer tradition this time around...

The other drawback is the layout that is improved from the last issue but not improved enough. The text masses do simply

appear to have a will of their own... but I am sure the excellent printing quality will make up to it in most people's eyes — just compare with the shite printing of Diths. (If the printing of this issue will look like that of #1, of which I naturally know nothing at this stage.)

Aeon certainly is one of the more interesting zines around, although some of my enthusiasm is calmed by Jörg's somewhat too frequent references to the "profundity" et alii of Aeon: usually, profundity, intelligence, philosophy or whatsoever does not need such arduous advertising... if it does not turn up by itself, it may not even be there.

But do not let these details turn you off — or the peculiar manner of Jörg's to pick clever lines from his very own reviews, emphasizing them as one generally does with the words of interviewees — because Aeon is as profound as it appears to be. Or more: depending on your point of view...

And oh, if you play in a generic black metal band, I'd rather recommend you not to send a demo to him.

AZRAEL PROJECT NEWSLETTER VOL. 2, #3:
FALL/WINTER 1997-98
A4, 20 pages in English, \$5

Bestgate had a break with the Azrael Project Newsletter during the spring, so it has been one year since the last issue of this usually biannual thing. I do not know if you are familiar with the writer Eilish Wendell or her books, such as "Our Name Is Melancholy", but she is the editor here. Her books and writings deal mostly with this special friend of hers, Azrael — simply the Angel of Death.

This is also what the Azrael Project Newsletter is about: each issue contains — apart from some adverts — poems and stories about the reaper as well as "Encounters With Death".

Almost like a "Peace, Love and Necrophilia" type publication, the Azrael Project Newsletter brings to you a different outlook on death.

Graphically incognito, contentwise thin, but thoughtwise rich and beautiful... then you may also call me a necrophiopie.

COUNTER ATTACK ZINE #2, 1996
A5, 32 pages in English

A cheap and for me unknown zine I ordered from a mate only because it featured a Gods Tower interview. Counter Attack turned out to be a pearl. It is true that editor Emil's interviews are not always varied to the full and that his politically correct questions about vegetarianism and occasional over-emotional outbursts can be tedious — but he has managed to create a zine with a soul.

You'd smile if I sentimentally mentioned the coarse yellowish paper so I won't do it, although I like it so much... instead, I will concentrate on the editor's sense for class. Yes, class! This tendency that is close to extinct in zines, for reasons that are beyond me.

I have however noticed that this man must be a graphic designer in his heart. It started when I was startled by the fact that each interviewee had such a fine looking logo! For example the one of Adversary is so beautiful I could write poems about it. Then I compared the different logos and realized they all had that simplistic, classy charm to them — and it dawned on me that it is the same who devil has done all of them. The editor, of course. (The logo of the zine itself is surprisingly dull though.)

Also the choices of fonts in the introductions reveals that this guy does have unusual talent. He picks the perfect fonts without — nota bene! — falling in the trap of lavishness. The

most promising graphic designer I have seen in a zine.

If somebody now orders this zine and finds himself disappointed with the "sparse" or "boring" layout I can tell him that we are talking about subtle things.

Interviews with Withered Beauty, Krabathor, Gobsend, The Cross, Amon Amarth, On Wings and six others — varying from very good to somewhat average but never bad. Plus reviews and thoughts on tattoos and "Of Stars and Hate"... A thin but also surely cheap investment — his debut is available for \$2 so this one cannot be much more.

Recommended!

P.S. Upon proof-reading these lines half a year later, I notice that I called this person the most promising graphic designer among zines: but how about Headfucker or Descent? I would like to see what Raffaella vs. Stephen would manage with Emil's equipment: a few, classic fonts, no colour images, and indeed, hardly any images at all, and those featured are of rough quality due to the rough paper.

Perhaps they would make it, but one thing is for sure. Neither Headfucker nor Descent have given me such inspiration as those few spreads and logos in Counter Attack.

THE CRYPT ZINE #2, 1996
A4, 76 pages in English

Piss off, just fuck you Greg, for sacrificing The Crypt in the name of Terrorizer... Why do these corporate crap mags always come and nick the best zine editors? Or rather, what makes such creative writers as Gergerog the Unholy abandon their life works for something as dull as Terrorizer? Well, this man appears most contented with his current employer and I respect his opinion although I still consider him to be an arse because The Crypt #3 was promised to be something otherworldly... and #2 makes that talk credible.

Alright, the layout of this issue is not something you sit and look at just for the heck of it — but despite the general lack of interesting turns in the layout the long interviews are presented in a clear and intelligent manner.

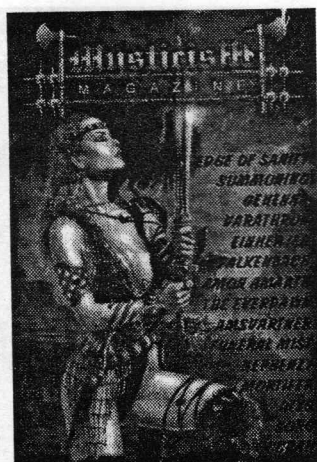
And intelligent is also what the interviews themselves are — most of them. See, Greg boy has included a shitload of interviews from his friend's zine that never got released: and these interviews are just mediocre interviews with mediocre black metal bands, for the most part. All in all, somebody mentioned there are about fifty interviews herein... and I don't feel like counting them. However, The Crypt #2 is one of the few mags around that can brag about having both quality and quantity!

Write to the man, ask about the price and availability. He will perhaps still continue The Cryptic Newsletter but that does not seem perfectly sure yet.

DAWNRAZOR MAGAZINE #11, 1996: *In Sumerian Haze*
A4, 36 pages in English, \$7 in Europe, \$8 elsewhere

On the rather uninteresting flyer it reads "This time we spent the dough on the mag, not the flyer" and lo! this was not a joke. Consequently the mag itself is all printed on glossy paper and with a colour cover of course. So anybody who complained on the approach of last year's "The Jewel's Gleam" should be contented with this one. If colour and glitter is what you fancy.

The strongest side of Dawnrazor is the, to me, interesting line-up of interviewees: Lycia, Bed Buens Ende, Ataraxia, Monumentum, Brighter Death Now, Aura Noir, Tom G. Warrior, Paul Chain and others. Surprisingly also mediocre sets of questions are found: the Lamented Souls questionnaire



A not all that bad cover as for a first issue, just compare it to Metal Core #20 to the right... I wonder how Mysticism #20 would look if they would keep going that long? Few are as persistent as Chris Forbes.



This guy is incredible, just incredible. #20, one staple in the upper left corner, no images within, not even line-breaks after the questions in the interviews. I cannot even recall a first issue that would look worse! Hail!

must have been written on the bus after an unusually tough Beyond Dawn rehearsal or something. Another complaint, a heavier one, is the universal lack of addresses — but we have been promised a proper set of them in the next issue.

Lapoutwise I find "In Sumerian Page" to completely lack any kind of personality. Alright, the boys have invested in a computer but it helps little if it cannot be used in a more interesting manner than here... I am actually starting to wonder whether I would have preferred last issue's typewriter. A typewriter is at least special these days!

What saves Dawnrazor from being mixed up with thirty-two other zines is the tongue-in-cheek mentality and bullseye sarcasms of the editors — one of my favourite lines in this issue was found in Anton's review on Moonspell where he states their new self out direction does not impress on him: "Sorry guys, but I see through your sunglasses."

THE DEAD SEA ZINE #2, 1997
A4, 60 pages in English, £2 or \$4

Dog knows who told Nick to do so, but the man sent me this his second issue and asked me to review it.

At first one is not exactly intrigued to death, seeing that the zine appears to have two back covers instead of the usual one. It is just that this horizontal Caspar David Friedrich piece does not quite make a revolutionary cover — at least not if one has to turn the zine 90° to see it properly. Neither is the layout too fascinating. Zineish, including the common task of mixing and matching countless fonts: something that everybody except my dear self seems to be horribly fond of. Well, my opinion is however that for example the pages with Theatre of Tragedy and Ewigkeit suck considerably thanks to the respective fonts.

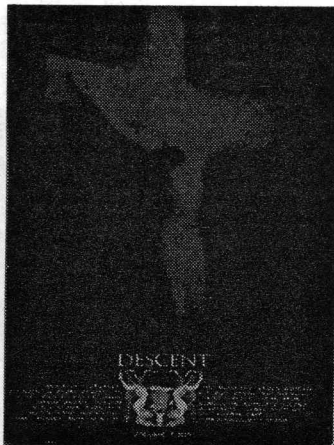
But once I — reluctantly, I must add: zine reading is something I sadly don't do with the same enthusiasm as before — started reading, The Dead Sea turned out to be a pearl. Nick has a vivid writing style and the interview questions are of very high quality. It did not take long until I associated to The Crypt zine and its talented editor. What is even more amusing is that I have since then, when reading this issue, repeatedly taken myself unawares thinking I have been reading the aforementioned Crypt!

I have not read all of the zine yet as I only read bits and pieces of it every now and then, while eating dinner or something, but after having read most of it I can safely recommend The Dead Sea. Good zine indeed, the first drawback being the layout but then, it is a zine... The second drawback goes by the name of Alexander Pavlov. I hope that guy would start playing tennis. Or whatever, as long as he won't continue contributing to The Dead Sea. His interviews in this issue are not very... beautiful.

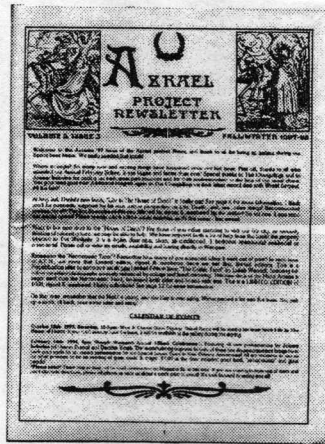
Plenty of interviews with acts such as Raibach, Cradle of Filth, Der Untermensch, Abigor, Primordial and a lot more. Also, don't miss the much needed small article about Paganism versus Satanism. Basic facts, yes, but oh so seldom seen in zines, curiously seldom even mentioned in these days when there are people openly claiming to be Satanic Pagans!

DESCENT MAGAZINE #4, 1997
A4, 68 pages in English, \$6 (\$8 outside the U.S.)

That Count O'Malley's third issue was of high quality cannot be discussed; although there were some signs of lavishness or tackiness, especially on the cover, but I do not bother to indulge in details explaining what I mean. If your eyes match the same as mine, you will know what I mean, if not, then there is no point



Stephen O'Malley is back with a vengeance, Descent Volume Four being a breath-taking affair of subtle background images creating a dark atmosphere indeed. This is Quality Reading, for the interviews are not worse.



A publication that does not feel comfortable among metal zines, The Azrael Project Newsletter is as a calm, contemplative view on Death and melancholy one of its kind. Not for everyone, though: but then, the best things never are.

for me to elaborate something that may seem the ultimate pettiness to waste time for.

What matters is that Descent #4 is a lot more mature: see, you can even use golden print if you use it wisely! The blood-red "Piss Christ" by Andres Serrano looks promising, and the contents do hold the same standard. Intelligent, well prepared interviews that show there is research behind the ?'s and the layout is in the classic Descent vein. Using backgrounds such as here can be a disaster but no matter if Count O'Malley fucks penguins (like somebody said), he presents his layout with an ease and grandeur reached by few. But then, look at me, what could I create with 85 lp and paper rough enough you could wipe your arse with it... in the 1800's life was a lot harder.

That the visual side may give a chaotic overall impression; "And it's so hard to read!"; is not a problem at all because the job of the artist is to deepen the mystery... If you are on the prowl of accessible reading, buy Putefaction! Now the review section appropriately entitled "Lost In the Carpenter's Workshop", subtitled "The Small Print" for those who do not get the pun (I did after a while), is a little on the verge. The font size is smaller than in my debut which should give you an idea what we are talking about. But I do know the man's dilemma very well.

Attila Csikhar opens his heart in a captivating, lengthy talk, and bands such as S.H.E. Netina Stimulants, Sutcliffe Juggend and last but definitely not least Plecid represent the side of music little beloved by metal zines...magazines. More familiar names are Gorgoroth, Aeternus, Beyond Dawn. It of Aeternus is put in front of an authentic Korschach test which provides much entertainment. It is moves such as this I appreciate. How many other underground magazines would get the idea to use Korschach? That Stephen cannot spell neither Korschach nor Nietzsche despite numerous attempts is another problem but let us not embarrass this gentleman...

Wait, actually we will. Because there is still room for improvement for the fifth (and I fear, the last) issue. It appears Stephen is still stuck in this holy tablet present in the zine scene: a.) Do not break text that was not broken by the man who said it, i.e. For the Freedom of Unbroken Columns! and b.) Never use indents or paragraphs because they offend our Lord! No magazine can call itself professional if it does not know how to manage text.

But then. There is this certain feeling creeping up on me, it comes and climbs up my back and I feel its cold fingers tearing at my vertebrae and its warm tongue makes me cringe as it breathes into my ear... who... cares... about the religion of typography!

I succumb.

Time for the punchline.

Here it comes:

Descent is more than Decent!

DECIBELS STORM MAGAZINE #8, 1997
A4, 80 pages in English

If this is professional then I put pride in my amateurism.

FEAR OF LIFE MAGAZINE #5, 1997
A4, 56 pages in English, \$6

This is my first encounter with Fear of Life Magazine: having seen his flyers floating around in the air in front of me, and even been close to by an old second hand copy of some issue, it never really happened. Seems I got my last chance with this one, and it was about time, because it is the very last issue Arco is putting out.

In a way it appears my picture of the mag was fairly correct — I suppose I never got to buy because despite the promises of class the flyers gave (the flyers tell more than one would expect) I had the impression we are not breaking a whole lot from the ordinary.

#5 is a good mouthful of intelligent interviews with Paradigma, Arch Enemy and others, serious reviews and a layout that does want to reach beyond the typical: but nevertheless everything seems to be careful for me. The good ideas in the layout are never fully developed and the magazine in its entirety (especially the reviews which are not really anything you'd read unless you played in the reviewed band) gives me a too distinct taste of predictability.

In brief: well-performed, worthy of respect, articulate... but not mad enough for mine eyes!

HAMMER OF DAMNATION MAGAZINE #V, 1996
B5, 32 pages in English

"This is the fifth one. The one with a slow and painful birth, the one that left an empty coffin a bare soil as its companion. Et cetera. Embrace it and love dearly, if that really is your feeling about this issue. If not, then please don't. Also, do not blame as no-one promised anything too overwhelming, after all."

See the editorial. I will not embrace and love dearly because such actions usually tend to turn out as a waste of time in the end — but this Fifth Damnation surely deserves a respecting handshake. It is a good issue that is enlivened by subtle and cold humour, and a down to earth manner that keeps the interest although the contents are not that fantastically dramatic.

We have a well-written article about the occult symbolism linked to Fields of the Nephilim and a talk with Zom who provide us with interesting thoughts. Also features on Ghosting, Diabolos Rising, Cold Meat Industry ("not for vegetarians"), Mortis, Cad Parabe, Brighter Death Row and Blood Axis.

A nice read, as the case tends to be with this Hammer. Set from Demonosound.

HEADFUCKER MAGAZINE #4, 1997
A4, 72 pages in English, \$6 in Europe, \$7 elsewhere

If I say this is the Cryptophony of zines, what would you say? Nothing, except for nothing in agreement, of course.

There is not much I can say here. The best pure death metal zine around. It is in situations like this that I realize how easy it is to review a crap item compared to an excellent one.

How could I keep my credibility if I cannot find any negative aspects in the item I am reviewing? I used to think Headfucker could be improved by a more varied range of bands and styles but now I have realized it would be like asking Immolation to use corpsepaint or Suffocation to use clean vocals — argh...

Headfucker is death metal and only death metal, with some grind and such things of course. But it's like with music: some bands I just prefer to give it a blast throughout the album. Headfucker is supposed to be a blast throughout. Sepism, Detached, Necrotic Mutation, Exhumed, Festering Duke, Exit-13, Infernal Torment, Deeds of Flesh, Necrosis, Wicked Innocence. Plus Eric of Decomposine.

Excellent layout and an English that is some of the most advanced I have encountered in a zine — of course this does give one reason to suspect Raffaella is trying to be somebody she's not (some of the words in the interviews would rather fit into the



The first issue of Temple of the Damned is worth ordering for the cover only! Admittedly, it was this photo on the flyer that made me contact the man in question... The visual side of the contents is yet to be improved.





Petagno

The Crucifixion

JOE PETAGNO 1897

mon but for a debut not at all bad; but I am assured the second issue which was already going to print while I was writing this will correct most details mentioned above.

Among the multitude of current Swedish zines there is something else than the cover; sporting a warrior woman by Nono and a classy logo; that makes Mysticism stand out. Because there is one particular reason why I lost interest in most Swedish zines years ago, and that is their lack of interest to look abroad. When one faces the fifth interview with the very same band a pannon can be very damned close, and the dustbin even more. Mysticism, however, show a more serious (and less lazy) approach by having done and translated interviews with Einherjer, Falkenbach, Barathron, Summoning and Behenna.

For this: hail to thee.

NEAR DARK ZINE #4/GOETIA ZINE #3, 1996
A4, 52 pages in English, \$5

Starting with the more interesting half of this split venture, we see that Near Dark #4 is good enough to make one forget about Goetia. Although the concept of Near Dark is in my eyes not that extremely fantastically over-organistically extraordinary, they do it well. The talks with the old heroes Bathory and Mefisto are very good — the former being presented in the shape of an un-edited phone interview makes it a little special.

If we move on to less legendary outfits, we have very comprehensive and well written interviews with The Darksend, A Mind Confused and Opeth, while the one with the Deadbangers Against Disco organisation is as short as it is refreshing.

The best Near Dark issue so far, with a good but by no means dramatic layout. Also interviews with Ungod and Lake of Tears plus a one page perovoporno page. For those who find it exciting.

We turn the mag upside down and find Goetia #3. I did a review on this guy's last issue for Dantinos #1 but it was omitted with some other reviews as it was too outdated. That very review was quite a slaughter... why so? Because the issue was so bloody boring.

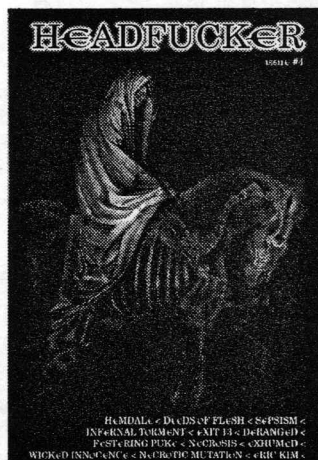
This is also the case with Goetia #3. It is generally well performed and the dry layout is given a nostalgic touch by the aesthetically second rate typewriter. The interviews with Pentacle, Revelation, Bifrost, Misanthropy Records, Putrefaction zine and others hold a good standard. And what's better, Niclas has added some criticism to his reviews, thanks!

But the main problem remains. His writing style sends me immediately to sleep. It is like "Hello children, today we are interviewing The Marble Icon from...". There is a complete lack of irony, wit, jest... anything that could bring some kind of depth or personality to his writing. Other readers do probably not even miss anything of the above, but as for me, I still think Goetia is as fascinating as the plastic chair my neighbour keeps on his balcony.

...Ah, only recently I got to know that Niclas used to do the old, legendary Swedish zine Thrashing Holocaust. I have not read that zine but any zine editor who keeps doing zines this long gets my respect.

TEMPLE OF THE DAMNED MAGAZINE #2, 1996
A4, 32 pages in English, \$6

With a classic, or perhaps the classic Emperor photo on the cover, Temple of the Damned pays tribute to past. This present issue talks with Behenna, Ravir, Equinox, Mayhem, Gornor, Obtained Enslavement and plenty of other orchestras. Most



Together with Descent the most beautiful underground magazine? And it is quite perfect: Headfucker is death fucking metal, while Descent takes care of the blacker kind of things. Be smart. Buy both.

"On a night like tonight, I believe that mud is nobler, more sexual, than flesh. It holds in its memory the upheavals of planetary birth, the very statutes of consciousness. The rocks, the trees, the shadows themselves are in collusion; every atom of every substance boasts its own irresistible force."

from Der Tod In Venedig

interviews are rather basic with no steps taken to explore untrod dimensions.

However, I have a sympathetic image of Temple of the Damned due to their burning enthusiasm as well as their coverage of South America, a continent that often feels rather distant even in the terms of the underground.

On basically every spread you can see old gods grinning from between the columns, on one page Bizarro smiles or grins or stares (his facial expression being somewhat hard to decipher) in all his beauty above a poem dedicated to him.

Perhaps this would be something to elaborate? Temple of the Damned could save us from these by now tediously common references to the old Vikings (they must be very confused up in Balhalla by now) by giving us a deep survey on ancient South American mythologies in the next issue?

It may well be worth to inquire Plasmática Distrito in Gothenburg about Temple of the Damned, they may well carry it.

DER TOD IN VENEDIG NEWSLETTER #1
A5, four pages in English

When one puts English things in an alphabetical order, the words "a", "an" and "the" do of course not count. But how is it when one has a German title in an English list? Life is full of mysteries, isn't it! Since "der" is the German equivalent of "the", I listed this one after "Tod" instead. If somebody feels this is not correct, he can send an official complaint to the headquarters of Dantinos and I'll see what I can do. After all, you can't deny it is a matter of life and death because "Tod" means "death". DR.

This free newsletter printed on red paper crossed my path some time ago and I felt it deserved a comment here, although editores Angela unfortunately has decided not to release a second issue.

Der Tod In Venedig consists of an introduction (which appeals to me most) and two anonymous short stories — both most probably written by the same author. They are too complex for me to fully grasp, partly due to their general peculiarity and partly due to the language. A line from Canto 3: "Slowly, his profane interbreeding was dissipating the irradiance of his autonomous stellar analogues." The language of these stories fascinates me although it at the same time makes me suspect the author has been more interested in playing with dictionaries than actually telling a story. Moreover, he seems to be most fond of everything macabre and repulsive — so much that in the end the stories seem parodies of themselves... "Rummified, necklaced in teeth and testicles, pierced all over with tarsals; some skinned at death, others at birth. Half-eaten, bladder and bloodless, some barnacled with transplanted nipples, some sporting multiple genitalia, legs screwed into arm sockets or heads crammed inside gutted bellies." I can't really help smiling.

Still, I said these stories fascinate me and still then do — although mostly for linguistic reasons. "She defecates loudly, her excreta resembling clusters of steaming raisins, then kicks off her shoes, aiming at the drowning man's head, to reveal a pair of ragged trotters." If interested, ask the editor if she still has copies of this first issue left. She is also into tape and picture trading.

WHERESEMSKIN ZINE #5, 1996
A4, 54 pages in American, \$4 U.S./\$5 Europe/\$6 Asia

The last issue was subtitled "Pate, Perversity, Satanic Goregasmic And More" while this new one goes for the simpler "Blood, Hate And Tits". Blaash the Ranger had a farm, E-I-E-I-O. Tits were here and pricks were there, E-I-E-I-O. Sort of.

#5 is more concentrated on porn and sadomasochism than the previous issues, which bores me. Wouldn't surprise me if he, for the upcoming issue number six, went to some second hand whore and interviewed her worn out cunt instead of some band.

Other than that, the tradition is the same. Metal, reviews that say things like "Er... well, nothing that glib" and atypical interviews. All spiced up with a good dose of irony and sarcasm towards everybody and himself.

If you want a zine that looks good, buy Supremacy #2. If you want a zine that is entertaining to read, buy Wheresmskin #5. But do glance at the interview with Blaash first, in case you are unsure whether you share his sense of humor.

WOUNDED MAGAZINE #7, 1996
A4, 56 pages in English

Bergerog of Teh Chypt had a spare copy of this journal and I was looking forward to having a peek at it after the encouraging comments from both M.O.M. and Jaten regarding Wounded.

Having finished the seventh issue — with the exception of most industrial et cetera features which bother me not — I can but agree that we have a quality zine here. Exit-13, O.L.D., Apollon's Sun (actually, and perhaps understandably, it is all about Celtic Frost anyway), Moonsmell (new monicker © Krauze, Inc.), Ulsurper, Tristitia. Compared to the amount of pages few of the features are anything I would care that horribly much about but Herr Mindauskas Lapinskas keeps me reading with his good sense of writing.

The layout serves its purpose but the heavily pixelized scannings help to keep the graphical enthusiasm moderate.

WYVERN ZINE #2, 1997
A5, 32 pages in Finnish, 10 mk

Some people just lack respect. Here I go and agree to review this guy's zine and what is he doing in return? Well, he releases a second issue before I have managed to publish my review on the first one. I swear the man did this only to piss me off. On to the goddamn reviewing then. As if I didn't have something better to do.

Wyvern concentrates on roleplaying games... and yes, you guessed it, it is not really my thing. Thus I cannot judge Wyvern with more success than some modeler from Becko-Reynn evaluating The Dead Sea Zine. There is not much for me to read here.

This is a debut issue but it could just as well be #5 or whatever because although not quite being dramatic enough to cause a volcanic eruption in the Philippines Wyvern has a clean but varied layout, avoiding those small general fuck ups that are too petty to mention but that can ruin a layout so easily... you get the point? If you don't, pull your lower lip over your head and swallow. Nice artwork too, especially the cover with its gnatsized elf attacking a dragon.

ZEITGEIST MAGAZIN #2, 1996
A4, 20 pages in English, \$2

The interviews with Twin Obscenity, A.I.P.R. Records and Dunkelheit are well executed but they are nothing to brag about — but if we add the articles about Albrecht Dürer, Occult, the well written reviews and all contents in general, then the situation is different. Especially when the price is only \$2. Editor Stefan has a vivid way of writing and this is what makes Zeitgeist interesting.

"The Satanic Bible — A Revelation of a Fraud?" is an article I read with pleasure and found it made sense to a large degree — but then I noticed who the author was. This same guy has written another article which has been included in some zines and it was so pathetic bollocks that this Zeitgeist feature differs enough from the other article to almost make me doubt it is the same Dean Adams we are talking about.

But it is Zeitgeist we were reviewing. A good read for a good price so get this while you can. I don't know about future issues because originally it was meant every other issue would be in German and every other in English (?) but then I heard he would concentrate on his other zine Witchcraft and a while later I heard he probably won't do it anyway. That man seems to change his mind more often than I do.



Already the Z and G ligature in the logo suggests we are dealing with a zine that does care about the graphical side, but the insides do not always live up to the ligature, so to say, being rather ordinary yet in the tidy way.

PROLOGUE, MORNING IN MAGENTA, THE PETALS FED FROM THE DEW, SHE HELD HER BREATH FOR A MOMENT, TO PAUSE OFF THE STREAM, STILL CLINGING TO VAST, OLD MEMORIES, AND I WOULD MARVEL AT HER BEAUTY, PLAYING THROUGH THE RAIN, THE COFFIN IS BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, STAINED BY SOUL, SYMBOLS OF DEATH, ALL OF WHICH ARE STAINED UPON, WITH PORCELAIN EYES IT SEEMS, SOME POKE AND IT WAS MY TURN TO GO, IN DEATH ENTWINED, I COULD NOT BELIEVE, BUT IT HANGS AROUND MY NECK, A SOFT BREEZE PASSED ME BY, I READ IT WAS THE COMING OF SPRING, AND THUS OUR APRIL ETHEREAL, IT WAS ME, PEERING THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, BEYOND THE EMBRACE OF CHRIST, LIKE THE SECRET FACE WITHIN THE TAPESTRY, LIKE A BIRD OF PREY OVER THE CREST, AND SHE WAS SWATHED IN SORROW, AS IF BORN WITHIN ITS MASK, HER CANDLELIGHT SMILED, THE ICON SMILED, EMPTINESS FOLLOWED IN HER WAKE, I COULD CLASP HER IN UNDOING LOVE, WITHIN GHOSTLIKE RAPTURE THE FINAL WORD WAS MINE, SHE FACED ME IN AWE, 'T WAS A TOEM OF EBONY COLOUR, EMBROIDERED IN FAINT VAPOUR, WANDERING THROUGH APRIL'S FINE, COMPELLED TO GRASP AND TO HOLD THE ONE THAT WAS YOU, I WILL ENDURE, HIDE AWAY, I WOULD OUTRIN THE SCOTCH, GLARING WITH FAILURE, IT IS A MERE DESTINY I THOUGHT, A THRESHOLD I HAD CROSSED BEFORE, THE RAIN WAS WAVING GOODBYE, AND WHEN THE NIGHT CAME THE FOREST FOLDED ITS BRANCHES AROUND ME, SOMETHING PASSED BY AND I WENT INTO A DREAM, SHE LAUGHING AND WEeping AT ONCE, TAKE ME AWAY, I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHEN, AND I'LL NEVER KNOW WHEN, RED SUN RISING SOMEWHERE THROUGH THE DENSE FOG, THE PORTAIT OF THE JADED DAWN, WHO HAD SEEN IT ALL BEFORE, THIS DAY WEPT ON MY SHOULDER, STILL THE SAME AS YESTERDAY, THIS PATH SEEMS ENDS, BODY IS MINE, THE SOUL HAS LOST ITS FLAME, WALKING IN FAMILIAR TRACES, TO FIND MY WAY BACK HOME, SO THERE I WAS, WITHIN THE SORROW OF THE IMPORTANT, A SEMBLANCE OF SUPERNATURAL WINDS, PASSING THROUGH, THE GARDEN SIGNS, FLOWERS DIE, THE GATE WAS CLOSED THAT DAY, I WAS BOUND TO CARRY ON, SHE COULD NOT SEE ME THROUGH THE WINDOWS, IN DISMAY, STRANGEST TWIST UPON HER LIPS, GAVENFACE, SHE SAID MY NAME, ONCE INSIDE, I HEARD WHISPERS IN THE PARADISE, THE GLOVED JACES GREW AWAY OF MY FINAL DEMISE, AND I CRIED, I KNEW SHE HAD LIVED, HER OBSESSION WITH DIED, IT HAD DIED, WHEN CAN I TAKE YOU FROM THIS PLACE? WHEN IS THE WORD BUT A SIGH? WHEN IS DEATH OUR LOVE BEHOLDER? WHEN WILL WE WALK THE FINAL STEPS WHEN CAN WE SCREAM INSTEAD OF WHISPERS? WHEN IS THE NEW BEGINNING, AND THE END OF THIS SAD MADRIGAL? OUR ABODE AMONGST THE STARS IS WAITING LONG ENOUGH FOR OUR LAST BREATH OF LIFE, YOU STARE AT NOTHING, RIGHT THROUGH ME, AT TIMES RESEMBLING THE DEVILS CONSCIENCE, AND I, AM THE TOOL, THAT WOULD LONG TO CARESS YOUR EYES, UNTIL THEY WOULD OPEN NO MORE, I WOULD CONVINCE YOU IT IS ONLY COULD, BUT AS WE ALL KNOW BY NOW, I AM JUST THIN AIR, UNKNOWN AS YOU ARE OF MY PRESENCE, YOU ARE LOSING YOURSELF, HIDING WITHIN THE AMEN CORNER, WHITE SUMMER, SO FAR I HAVE GONE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, HIDING YOUR FACE IN THE PALM OF YOUR HANDS, FINDING SOLACE IN THE WORDS I DO DESPISE, YOU SMASH AT EVERY SOUND, AND EVEN THOUGH



The End



YOU BELIEVE THAT I AM SHACKLED WITHIN DEATH, MEMORIES ARE TAINTED WITH PALENESS, CRESTFALLER STILL, THOSE EYES, EMPTY LIKE A BARREN WELL, IT WAS THE ONLY TASK I WOULD UNDERTAKE, TO REAP THE HARVEST THAT WAS MINE, THE SEED THAT HAD SPRUNG INTO A FLOOD MEADOW, AND LEFT ME HELPLESS IN YOUR EMBRACE, THE BOND WE NEVER SPOKE OF, ONCE START AND ENTICING, NOW SLOWLY SHOULDERING TO DUST, THE CELESTIAL TOUCH, FROM GREY TO BLACK, A FATHOMLESS VOID ENCLOSING, UNWRITTEN SECRETS BEHEATH THE CORNERS, I CAN NOT ENDURE, AND SO I ROSE FROM MY SLEEP, THE MOON TURNED AWAY ITS FACE, OVERTURE OF THE LONG BLACK NIGHT BEGINS, SOMETHING YOU SAID, EERIE CIRCLES UPON THE WATERS, UNTIL NOW WE SHARED THE SAME ALMA, MY ASHES WITHIN YOUR HANDS, MY BREATH WITHIN THE SEPULCHRAL MOUND, YOU KNOW THAT YOUR NIGHT IS MY DAY, THE FINAL SPARK THAT BLEW LIFE INTO ME, THE DEMON OF THE FALL, SILENT DANCE WITH DEATH, EVERYTHING IS LOST, TORN BY THE ARRIVAL OF AUTUMN, THE BLINK OF AN EYE, YOU KNOW IT'S ME, YOU KEEP THE DANGER CLOSE AT HAND, AND YOU KNOW NOTHING, FALSE LOVE TURNED TO PURE HATE, THE WIND CRIED A LAMENTATION, BEFORE MERGING WITH THE GREY, DEMON OF THE FALL, GASPING FOR ANOTHER BREATH, SHE ROSE, SCREAMING AT CLOSED DOORS, SEDUCTIVE FAINT MIST, RONGING THROUGH THE CRACKS IN THE WALL, I SHANT RESIST, IN TEARS FOR ALL ETERNITY, SHE TURNED AROUND, AND FACED ME FOR THE FIRST TIME, RUN AWAY, RUN AWAY, JUST ONE SECOND, AND I WAS LEFT WITH NOTHING, HER FRAGRANCE STILL PULSATING THROUGH THE DAMP AIR, THAT DAY HAD COME TO AN END, AND SHE HAD LOST IN ME, HER CREEDENCE, DESERTED AGAIN, YOU SPEAK TO ME THROUGH THE SHADOWS, WALKING IN CLOSED ROOMS, USING COLD WORDS, CAPTURED BY THE NIGHT, THE TEARFUL CORNERS, MY EMBRACE, STRANGE SILHOUETTES, WHISPER YOUR THOUGHTS, SCREAM IN YOUR SADNESS, AND THE ALL TURNED AWAY, UNABLE TO FACE MORE OF THIS DEATH, CREEDENCE IN MY WORD, WRITTEN IN DUST, TAINTED BY MEMORIES, I CONFESS MY HOPE, RECOGNIZE MY LOVELESSNESS, YOUR LAUGHTER WEARS THE TRUTH, PUSH ME INTO THE CORNERS, CONFRONTING THE EPITAPH OF MY SOUL, AND DISPLAYING THE ONCE KNOWN KARMA, AND AS THEY SAY, GRIEF IS ONLY ABLE TO POSSESS, THE NOTHING BODY CLAD IN ANCIENT CLOTHES IS LEFT BEHIND WITH A WAVE OF THE HAND, I HAVE GONE AWAY, THE RED IS COLD AND EMPTY, TAKEN FROM THEIR BOUTHS TOWARDS THE EARTH, AND WINGED BIRDS FLY AT BLACK FACES, IT WAS THE HAND REACHING OUT THROUGH THE MIRROR, UNKNOWN AND SCARRED BY LIFE, THE LUNING EYES YOU HAD NEVER SEEN, YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO FIND, YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO LOSE, THE COLD SEASON DRAFFS OVER THE LAND, THEY ALL WIDDLE IN THE BROWN CORNERS, SOME WOULD SETTLE FOR LESS, THE CASTLES WERE ALL EMPTY, ASLEEP, LONG ANWAITING THEIR KING, BECOMING ROUNDER THE BEND, AMIDST THE FOREST, ONE WOULD HEAR THAT I HAD BEEN THERE, DRAPE WITH A FAITH I COULD NOT CHANGE, AND ALWAYS BECOMING WITHIN THE EPITAPH, THERE IT WAS, THE FINAL DESTINY ASSUMED THAT NEVER CAME, THE NIGHT LAMP THAT NEVER FIRED AWAY, FIREWELL WAS THE WORD, AND THE AFTERGLOW WAS THE MORNING RISING AND TELLING EVERYONE ABOUT THE BEAUTY OF ITS PROLOGUE...

The very first time you are to listen to the end, turn up the volume. Sacrifice your hearing at the altar of the god Sinitus. Then you will feel something cold crawl up your spine to your neck. From there it will spread onward.

"Opeth III — The End" is a vortex, a never ending vicious circle. "...there it was, the final destiny, a sunrise that never came, the night lamp that never faded away, farewell was the word, and the afterglow was the morning rising and telling everyone about the beauty of its prologue..."

"...prologue, morning in magenta, the petals fed from the dew, she held her breath for a moment, to pause off the stream, still clinging to vast, old memories..." The last song ends where the first song starts, and each song ends with the title of the following song. I have seen concept albums before, yes, heard them as well, but "III" is the most tightly woven bit to so far. An ambitious project it may seem, or perhaps a simple gimmick?

I do not think many bands would have pulled this idea through. Neither thought of it, nor managed it very well if they now had decided to try it. However, I think "Opeth" and "Morningrise" have proved the present orchestra to be somewhat more mature than most.

"The End" tells a fascinating story of an approaching end that became a beginning itself only to end soon and... yes. A ghost, travelling the air, refusing to leave his old world, seeking to touch it. Not only does M. Åkerfeldt do the opethian lyrics with greater confidence than earlier, he also comes with turns I would certainly not have expected.

"...but as we all know by now, I am just thin air..."

As if he stepped out from the role of a singer or poet into a storyteller by the fire or... no, storyteller is the word. I have read the story quite a few times already but it is obvious there much left to discover.

Perhaps "III" is rather a book instead?

Whatever, it certainly is one of the most enthralling records to be released this year — although already the word "record" feels inappropriate. To round off the lyrical discussion, I am contented to see there is no trace of popular music clichés like the line or two

that did upset me so much in my "Morningrise" review if you remember. To put it harshly, where "To Bid You Farewell" slid into embarrassments, "III" floats different roars and crosses different fields, a ghost as it is.

Should we talk about the music? Those small-minded ordinary people who complained about the length or apparent disjointedness on the previous records, fear not! because you will have even more to complain about here. Like the lyrics are one story, the nine songs are basically only one long song. Surely to be divided into tracks on the upcoming album but when only hearing the music on tape song titles will not help you to find the end of one song or the beginning of the next one. Just as on the "Morningrise" when I was only allowed to spread the third song from the advance: it was quite a pain in the ass to find it.

The very first sounds in the beginning enlivens the description I have received of the cover photograph, and once the music starts it puts those to shame who thought the band were not death metal anymore... more varied lyrically, musically; conceptually than typical death metal, but if this makes it rock music I care not about your definitions.

Although in minor, the acoustic parts are as granted as the small gold fishes that keep dropping from that hole in the white ceiling. They are rarely alive, but when they are, they are lively and wriggle and flutter. It looks very stupid and people look at me in a rather funny way when I tell about it. One particular highlight that Mike was quick to hint me about is "The Demon of the Fall" which is quite untypical for them... Then we have melancholic, slow passages of boom. Blastbeats. Clean vocals and "post-death" (pff) band would end, just as much as standard death vocalists will enjoy the several long, deep roars.

What point is there for me to rant? You know the band we are talking about! Their finest effort.

Demon
demon of the fall
demon
demon of the fall...

news

or just things that have happened



S. Culto Cultus

half, the band have now found a replacement for previous singer Lunan in somebody obeying the name Argon Draconius (previously in God of Despair). The man, who apart from singing also plays the bass in Drowned, is described to have a certain degree of both lyrical as well as musical creativity so things may turn interesting in the already creative camp of dieser Berliner. The new material is promised not to lack weirdness.

Stephen O'Malley of Descent Magazine fled the Americas and ended up among the amazons at Misanthropy Records, doing graphic design work. He complains he has only had the time to work on the magazine on Saturday afternoons but nevertheless, after the magnificent #4 published in October, Count O'Malley aims at a fifth son during the springtime. He threatens it to be his final issue but I do need to again remind you about the reliability of the editor race? No I don't. So there may be hope that the history of Descent won't end just here.

Markus of Empyrium is working on the first issue of a yet nameless zine. The man is ambitious and I do not think this will be one of the worst debuts around. Spring '98, probably.

Still Dead Productions from Warsaw have released their first record in the shape of "Ne-

corpomo" by Mass Psychosis. The next release is "Tribute to Merciful Fate" featuring Rotting Christ, Vital Remains and last but not least Deceased. Deceased, in fact, is something we will hear more about, as Still Dead will release the second part to their "Death Metal from the Grave" collectors' compilation (Last World Records). "More Death Metal from the Grave" is to be a double CD with plenty of remises, covers and live recordings. I am sure this release will not pass the Dths Deadquaters unnoticed... although perhaps it is already shrouded in the mists of history by the time #3 sees the light of the night. Other releases to come are Equinox and Master. Still Dead president Julius Polczynski also runs the magazine Mortal Noise with one issue out for the time being.

Joe Petagno has been busy with the design of a Motorhead box called "Mythology" that should be available by now. "Look for it, it's a must!", the man enthuses.

Equinox from Florida will have a single entitled "Upon the Throne of Eternity" released on the in my opinion peculiarly named Silencelike Death Records from Germany. The label plan to make it "a very special collector's item". Equinox will also turn up on a retro-cover-compilation album — yes, another one — through Metal Merchant Records.

The daemonofamiliæ uol puol jockee have been busy lately. Demonound has been reduced to a sublabel under the new creation Some Place Else like the Voimakäyrä: PowerWave Unlimited it used to host. Intricate.

What, where, who, when and why is explained in the September news list. In that list you can also read about the newest Demonound release which is Darkstyle, "Black Crystals" MCD/MLP. "Stylish minimalism and recycled distortion", is what it is said to be.

Voimakäyrä have probably released Clap Neplat "L P I" and Cold Once Turning Dust "Grey Bloom" by the time this issue is released. Just came to think of it, you will probably also have experienced WWIII and the second coming of Christ by the time this issue is released.

Before closing the subject I must only whisper that the mythical debut demo of Thergoth and according to some people their best effort so far, "Thiga-Nagh log-Sothoth", will be released on CD together with other obscure material "which seems to be quite hard to locate", the label complains.

Gods Tower recently re-recorded their debut demo from 1993, "The Eerie", in Moscow. Seems like it is Naggöl's Eerie that will issue it in due time. The CD version of the album by the name "The Turns" should be available anytime. The cassette version is commented in the review section on page sixty-nine. While at the studio now in June, the band also recorded a new version of the song "Beyond Praying" for some compilation I know not the name of.

While on the subject of Gods Tower, I would like to mention that the band is still (or

rather, again?) selling the "Demolition Tape" they released in 1992 when they were called Chemical Warfare and played deathrash. Haven't heard that one yet, shame on me.

Another thing apparently important enough to be mentioned on their flyers, the band name is Gods Tower — not Gods' Tower and especially not God's tower. I am sure you wondered.

Abusu, a band like Gods' Tower and A Mind Confused that you cannot avoid if reading Dths, did a busy 24-shows-in-a-row tour in Europe during the spring together with Enslaved and Inferno. A successful tour according to Equitant, including the night off they had in Paris when nude bars were inspected.

"Gummo", the movie on the soundtrack of which Abusu appear, is scheduled for October '97 in the U.S.A. "It's about kids causing trouble, etc... a strange movie. We have the script. It looks cool." Equitant is since the beginning of the year also a proud supporter of A.I.K.

The second issue of Dauthus Magazine has been delayed.

Then some talk about Opeth. As you probably know by now, former bassist Johan got the boot "because he was a rockstar" — but not anymore, ha! — and old-time drummer Anders moved to Brazil. A drummer has been found in Martin, formerly in Anon Amarth. His first appearance is on the Iron Maiden cover "Remember Tomorrow" that was recorded in June, for yet another tribute released by Dwell Records, also featuring Abusu.

...Continued on page fifty-nine.

Manors, Mansions and Other Buildings

I will make this brief. If you read the first issue of Dauthus, you may know that a certain journal of the name Scriptures of Maligna(n)cy was mentioned. We have a new issue of that one out now. I have, sort of, received the honour of appearing upon its pages in an article entitled "Wimpy Manors!". Despite the title, that article does not deal with houses.

I am presented as a rather spineless character but I do not think the arguments are all that correct... some minor additions and alterations have been made to the story, I see! Nevertheless, find your truth where you will, Dauthus or Scriptures of Maligna(n)cy. I personally consider this petty case closed with the words that I stand for every single word I write and he who doubts it can call me up at 08-777 06 85 and we can discuss the matter.

Free Your Spirit,

People tend to have a problem with the creative sides of suicide but let us leave that to them. I had not intended to develop this article into an argument with some necrophobic pro-life fanatics — such people do not even have a reason to read this very journal. Life is not friends with everybody, just ask Nosferatu!, and there is hardly any point pretending to be friends with somebody who can't take you as you are, or perhaps whom you cannot take, of course.

Like all things greater than the purchase of a new record, taking your life does include some responsibility. The most important thing is of course that if you're going to do it, do it with style.

The possibilities are endless to a creative mind. You can do everything from comfortably giving up the ghost in your own bed to, if you are into more dramatic things, use a band saw¹. The main problem with suicide is that one would rather make it with the first try. If the first try results in a wheel chair and a paralysis from the neck down, the second try could be rather troublesome — although a bullet in the head would probably more welcome than ever in this condition!

A successful suicide requires not only good planning and preparation, but also a strong will. It is not the same thing to say to your girlfriend you will cut your throat if she leaves you and to actually cut your throat successfully. Besides, there probably are better ways than cutting your throat, but more about this later. Something that is even more significant than a good plan is luck. This is a most ironic thing because those considering suicide are usually the least fortunate of them all.

Before the event it is an advantage that you really are hellbent on your decision because if you actually manage to kill yourself, it is a long way back from hell...

We at the Darvthes Deadquarters always appreciate a well performed suicide because, as said, it is a craft that requires dedication, strength, imagination and yes, luck. Of course, the eradication of somebody's personal tragedy may result in three other persons' problem in the shape of loss of a good pal, in its turn causing three more suicide attempts but let's not get carried away, shall we.

This feature is divided into two parts, as we also want to follow what happens with the body after a successful suicide.

PART I: ANTE MORTEM

So, we mentioned band saw earlier. Not everybody have access to such tools, but worry not, because with the help of an informative document² dealing with the subject we can present other alternatives.



Give Up the Ghost

Cyanide and Hanging

One of the most certain ways is of course the classic cyanide but unfortunately it is quite impossible to get hold of. This is a pity because inhaling the fumes of pure hydrogen cyanide kills within 10 to 20 seconds. Hydrogen cyanide is prepared by mixing 500 mg of cyanide salts with a strong acid. One can also eat the cyanide salts as they are, but death may be delayed up to four hours, especially if you have a full stomach.

The most common way, at least in Finland³, is for men hanging and for women poison. The certainty of hanging is good but depends on the quality of the rope, its support and the distance above ground. You either die from breaking your neck or from asphyxiation. Breaking the neck is to be preferred as it is instantaneous and the certainty is the best. For a person weighing 70 kg the average drop height required for breaking the neck is said to be 2,7 m but this theory⁴ sounds suspicious to me since it depends on the height of the person — unless "free falling height" is meant which sounds like a queer idea to me. If the neck fails to break the asphyxiation can take from five to ten minutes so to have good background music can be a good idea, while waiting to faint.

General Advice To Drug Use

There are poisons, pills and drugs that are easier to get hold of than cyanide but I cannot really recommend a special brand as most of them need to be prescribed any-

A survey on suicide methods,
death,
and

the decaying process

way. In general we can however state that these things often cause vomiting. This can be prevented by taking an antihistamine tablet — such as medicine against travel sickness, allergy, hayfever etc — about an hour before the event on an empty stomach.

If the poison is in tablet form it is recommended to take a fifth as they are, and the rest crushed and mixed with either Absolut Vodka or food. It helps the drugs to hit simultaneously. The vodka, or the like, should not be taken before the tablets, but only at the same time. To keep on drinking once the pills are in your stomach is fine.

To transform "a 90% certainty method into a 99%" you should put a plastic bag over your head and a rubber band around your neck to hold it there. And of course, try ignoring how stupid you look.

Jumping off Tall Buildings

Jumping off tall buildings does not require much preparations but it requires access to a roof that is at least six floors up, if we intend to break more than a leg. A jump from six floors is said to cause death in 90% of the cases but this does not mean the death is always instantaneous. Climbing higher improves both the odds and the view.

Landing on concrete is recommended. You should aim well because I know about a guy who wanted to drown himself by jumping off a bridge but he missed the water... Nowadays he is locked up in a mental asylum. By the way, it was him who put the church on fire that is found on the cover of the "Burning the Temple of God" record by MZ.412. I'm not sure if I was supposed to tell that.

Guns And Shotguns

Blowing your brains like good olde Kurt is a lot harder to us Europeans due to the gun laws. The certainty is good if you aim well, otherwise it might only result in a lost ear, a less appealing face or brain damage. A single shot at the temple with a .22 bullet is usually not fatal. Rather use ammunition such as .458 Winchester Magnum or .44 Magnum with soft point slugs.

A shotgun is recommended, especially with 3" with #2 to #1000 buckshot. I am personally not familiar with these technical specifications but I believe this is powerful. One should ask Jason of Dying Fetus as the man collects guns.

However, for obvious reasons the above may is probably privileged the Americans.

Knives, Razors, Swords

Slitting one's wrists with a razor blade is an often romanticised way to say goodbye but there are better ways. The only way to succeed is to cut the right arteries and the cut required is very deep — moreover, for example slitting your throat can be disturbed by the windpipe that protects the arteries. The latter can be felt with fingers to achieve precision.

If the wrist method is used, aim at the blue veins

"To fear death is nothing other than to think oneself wise when one is not; for it is to think one knows what one does not know. No man knows whether death may not even turn out to be the greatest of blessings for a human being; and yet people fear it as if they knew for certain that it is the greatest of evil." — Socrates

Seneca



In the year 65 c.v. the Roman philosopher Seneca was accused to be part of a conspiracy. Caesar Nero thus ordered Seneca to open his arteries during a bath.¹⁰ So he did.

and cut lengthwise and deep to reach the arteries beneath: otherwise the result is only to be classed as the typical "suicide gesture" used by theatrical people to receive attention. Pretenders and poseurs, in other words.

Razors are quite hard to hold firmly when they are covered by blood, thus a razor sharp knife is a lot better. To cause more than a scar requires a lot of will power. A hot bath keeps the blood from coagulating "and is nice to lie back and relax in", like our source points out. Finally, find a position where the arms have no chance to fall against your body blocking off the blood flow.

The proud Japanese tradition of hara-kiri or seppuku was officially forbidden⁵ in 1868. It was used by the nobility and usually performed such that a person cut himself precisely and deeply in the stomach with a dagger or a sharp sword. Often, as in the case of the author Yukio Mishima's seppuku in 1970, another person is needed to decapitate the suicide and put an end to his pains. Mishima's last words were "Seppuku... is it that? An absolute chaos, as if the universe staggered drunken, as if the sky was collapsing... Pain burns as strong as the summer's sun."⁶

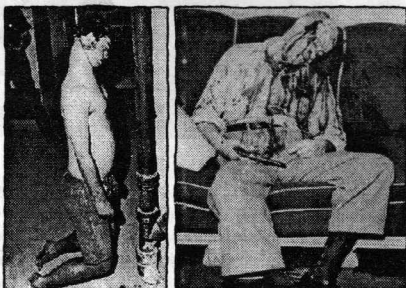
Railways

Not very fair from the train driver's point of view. If you insist on fucking this poor fellow's life up, sleeping pills can be an advantage to prevent pulling your head away once you hear the train. Another way is to jump in front of a high speed train but it is less secure as it may only break the spine and cripple you. Again, warning for wheelchairs.

When working as a cleaner in the Stockholmian underground one Sunday morning two years ago I happened to stand with my back to an incident when a drunk dropped in front of the tube. I only heard the sound as if there was a mere bump on the tracks and only moments later realized I had missed something.

Drowning

As for drowning, there is not much to say except



After 24 hours of hanging the neck has been stretched and blood has gathered to arms and legs. To the right we see an exemplary hole in one, to use a golf term.

that it is a perfect way as long as you make sure you sink. This can be helped by tying your hands and legs together and using some weights. The temperature is relevant. If the water is very cold, you may still be revived after a several hours from the drowning because terminal brain damage is slowed down.

Cold water, such as during an outside temperature of -10° C, has the advantage that if you do not succeed drowning you can die of hypothermia, freezing to death. This takes fifteen to twenty minutes, although quicker if there is alcohol in the blood.

Explosives

The recipe for nitro-glycerine may be available on the web but homemade explosives are unreliable. Dynamite or a hand grenade would be most appropriate but again there is the common problem of reliable methods: the availability of material.

Electrocution

Hard to control. Even if you would manage to receive a high-current shock through your head or heart you may survive with third degree burns, amputated limbs or paralysis. The most probable way would be to stand barefeet on waterlogged ground (or put thick copper cable in the water) and use high tension lines.

Household electricity of 110 or 240 volts is like killing somebody with a fork. It is possible but quite unlikely.

There are other methods of suicide but the ones mentioned above are some of the most common. Your imagination is the limit. Of course, we cannot guarantee any of the above works (no promises given either) as we ourselves have not tried.

But good luck and remember that a successful suicide is the only thing in life that you can be completely sure never to regret.

PART II: POST MORTEM

When a body dies, changes occur, such as changes in size and discoloration "and these are unlikely to enhance its attractiveness."⁷ But then sex appeal is not our main point anyhow.

The definition "death" can be interpreted in two ways, somatic and cellular death. Somatic death is when a person lives but due to a brain damage is terminally unconscious. Cellular death is, like the definition implies, when the cells die, in short, the common state called "death".

Death is however something that happens in parts, except for when the body is exploded or similar isolated events when all cells die simultaneously.⁸

When heart activity is stopped, the first thing that happens is that body temperature sinks until the putrefaction starts roughly two days afterwards, then it rises again due to the activity of bacteria and other organisms involved in the decomposition.

The rigor mortis, the stiffness of the corpse, is caused by the chemical process where acids, especially lactic acid, are involved. They form a gel which in its turn causes the stiffness. In other words, if a person died after having run, rigor mortis will develop sooner due to the increased amount of lactic acid in the body. Another factor is the environmental temperature which, if warm, also speeds up the process.

The following table can be used to estimate the approximate time of death.

TEMPERATURE OF BODY	STIFFNESS OF BODY	TIME SINCE DEATH
warm	not stiff	less than 3 hours
warm	stiff	3 to 8 hours
cold	stiff	8 to 36 hours
cold	not stiff	more than 36 hours

This only applies for temperate regions, so midwinter in

[...]

"To many men life is a failure; a poison-worm gnaweth at their heart. Then let them see to it that their dying is all the more a success."

Many never become sweet; they rot even in the summer. It is cowardice that holdeth them fast to their branches.

Far too many live, and far too long hang they on their branches. Would that a storm came and shook all this rottenness and worm-eatenness from the tree!

Would that there came preachers of speedy death! Those would be the appropriate storms and agitators of the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with all that is 'earthly.'

Ah! ye preach patience with what is earthly? This earthly is it that hath too much patience with you, ye blasphemers!"



St. Eriksbron, Stockholm

Good olde Arioch of Funeral Mist recently told me about an incident he and his friend witnessed one afternoon in the beginning of April at a bridge called St. Eriksbron in Stockholm. It is one of the tallest bridges in town but I can't really give exact numbers as for the height, I am afraid.

Halfway through the bridge there were three guys making a lot of noise by the parapet. Upon peering closer he could see that there was a fourth guy about to drop, or as it would prove, about to jump.

—Get off me, get off me!, he screamed, while the three others desperately tried to pull the hysterical thing up, screaming:

—Get up, get fucking up from there now!!

The guy about to swim was doing his best in trying to get free but his attempt was not successful although it was not far from it.

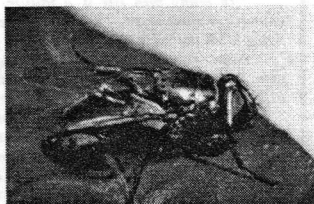
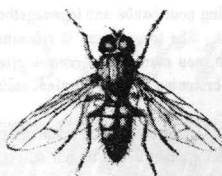
The drop would probably have killed him unless he was an unusually talented diver. Still, I doubt diving would be too successful either, depending on the depth of the water.

Eventually other spectators gathered, as well as an ambulance and the police who after some fishing literally managed to get the man on a hook and pulled him up.

A Pretty Girl In a Pretty Tree

In early July we had a local case in Haninge where a girl hanged herself in the same woods where I like to walk. It took eight days for her to be found and I would like to add that this was during one of the hottest weeks this summer and one of the hottest summers this decade. This leads us to the conclusion that finding her on a forest promenade with a camera would have resulted in a photograph that certainly would make it to the cover of Fangoria.

The case reached me through hearsay and despite studying the local paper I could not find one word written about it.



Your body becomes the home of many happy larvae and insects. To introduce but a few, in order of appearance: fly maggots, the common resp. the lesser house-fly and a rove-beetle.

Finland probably requires different actions.

The bacterial activity starts in the intestine with *escherichia coli* among the principal characters. This bacterium and its fellows start multiplying and causing decay. The formation of gasses leads to intestine rupture and this way the process forwards to remaining parts of the body.

The decomposition process gives us another table.⁹

STAGE	DESCRIPTION
Initial decay	Carcass appears fresh externally but is decomposing internally due to the activities of bacteria and other organisms present in the body before death.
Putrefaction	Carcass swollen by gas produced internally, accompanied by smell of decaying flesh. Flesh of creamy consistency with exposed parts black.
Black putrefaction	Body collapses as gasses escape, smell of decay very strong.
Butyric fermentation	Carcass drying out. Some flesh remains at first, and cheesy smell develops. Ventral surface mouldy from fermentation.

Now as your body is melting, and providing you are outdoors, the new inhabitants of your body will arrive. "The crawling of the insects, is all that I now feel. Alive upon my flesh, my death is not real."¹¹ Sure it is, baby!

New Inhabitants

The first insects to arrive are the flesh-flies (sarcophagidae) and blowflies (calliphoridae).¹² The large flesh-flies have a grey-checked abdomen and red eyes. They deposit larvae, unlike most flies such as the blowflies that deposit eggs, on the corpse.

Other present flies are the 6 mm long lesser house-fly (*fannia canicularis*) which usually breed on excrement but can also do so on cadavers, especially when tissue has been decomposed into semiliquid state. Also the common house-fly (*musca domestica*) is found, but then this very species is one of the most common species on the planet. If the weather is warm 14 days can be enough for the egg to develop into a fly: usually this takes close to a month.

Most fly larvae feed on the carrion but some, such as those of the flesh-flies, are predators and feed on other larvae. Also some species of the scuttle-flies (phoridae) are predators. These flies about 0.75 to 8 mm in length and dull black, brown or yellowish and with a hump-backed appearance.

One species in the phoridae family, the coffin-fly (*conicera tibialis*) has particularly interesting habits. It is often found on bodies that have been underground for a year, which explained by the fact that these flies dig into the earth: they may reach a depth of half a metre in four days. The development of these flies is usually slow because of the low temperature at 1-2 m which is the normal grave depth.

There are plenty of other flies, but not to ignore other insects, there are beetles, of which rove-beetles (staphylinidae) are the first. As your first friends in the afterlife, they may appear only a few hours after death and stay faithful to the end. Both the larvae and the adult feed on the eggs and larvae of other species. They can be recognized by the characteristic short elytra.

Hydrophilidae also have a short elytra, but longer than those of the above. They are some of the most common

beetles in everything putrefying, and feed like most beetles on puparia and maggots. The hydrophilidae usually hide during the day beneath the corpse, but return with the darkness.

In the later stages of decomposition, when the body is drying, dermestids make their entrance and feed on dry skin, hair, and other dead organic matter. The larvae do not occur before the body is completely dry. This species is also common in museums.

Among the many other insects species there are the small mites (acarid) which could be compared to spiders, less than a millimetre in length. They can usually be found in the later stages of decay, in the soil under the body. The smallest mites often come with beetles or flies, while other mites come from the soil and are predators.

With the amount of friends your dead body has gathered so far, the party only grows: spiders (aranea) find their way to you and feast on the other insects.

In short, you will provide happiness for millions of small, lively creatures of all kinds and I am sure they will remember you for a long time to come.

Your death was not in vain.

"What is death?"

We have not thought up a new answer.
And each time we ask, we shrug our shoulders:
Why should I care about death if I have never
cared about life?" — Octavio Paz

NOTES

1. This band saw remark is actually no joke. During one of my travels in the cyberspace I found a four part picture series about one guy who went for the dramatic way and simply laid down on a band saw and sawed himself into two nice pieces. The images show the workshop with the body as it was found, with the legs resting on the saw bench and the upper part of the body as it had fallen on a table beside the band saw. Interested parties can download the images from <http://www.algonet.se/~davthvs/appendix/>.
2. The document in question is a file called "Suicide Methods" originally compiled by Michael Marsden but later updated by Calle Dybedahl. It is an extensive list of different ways to succeed in this Tough Craft and it was found at http://www.lib.ox.ac.uk/internet/news/faq/archives/suicide_methods.html. Would this link grow old the same document is found in the /appendix/ directory mentioned in the first note.
3. Uusi Tietosanakirja, part 7. Helsinki 1962. I suppose the traditions are for the most part same now three decades later. We are at least still among the top nations when it comes to practicing suicide.
4. According to "Handbook of Hanging" by Charles Duff, 1929. A table is also found in the suicide methods file.
5. Uusi Tietosanakirja, part 7. Helsinki 1962.
6. "Yukio Mishima — Writer and Warrior", biographical article by Rosa Mayland in The Dead Sea zine #1, 1997.
7. Cited from Script Infernal zine #1, 1994, but originally stolen from a book the title of which escapes me.
8. The main source for the part of the text dealing with the biological death process is the article "What Happens After Death?" written by Morten Starckeby and found at the Forensic Entomology homepage at http://www.uio.no/~mostarke/forens_ent/introduction.html.
9. Both tables more or less verbatim from the above mentioned source.
10. "Lyckad Nedfrysning av Herr Moro", Gidlunds Bokförlag, Stockholm, 1992.
11. "Premature Burial", lyrics by Brett Hoffman, from the album "The Ten Commandments". Malevolent Creation, 1991.
12. This and other insect related information from "Common Arthropods Occurring On Dead Bodies" by Morten Starckeby. From the Forensic Entomology homepage.
"To many men..." from "Thus Spake Zarathustra" by Friedrich Nietzsche, 1885, p. 69.

Intricate?

The most spectacular act of suicide seen this decade must be that of one Ronald Opus. I am sure that once having studied this case you will agree with me that it could only happen in the United States of America. The following story was told at the 1994 Awards Dinner given by the American Association for Forensic Science by its president Don Harper Mills as an example of the legal complications that can occur if the weather is right. I am citing this quite thoroughly because the details are relevant.

"On 23rd March 1994, the medical examiner viewed the body of Ronald Opus and concluded that he died from a shotgun wound in the head. The decedent had jumped from the top of a ten-story building intending to commit suicide (he left a note indicating his despondency). As he fell past the ninth floor, his life was interrupted by a shotgun blast through a window, which killed him instantly. Neither the shooter nor the decedent was aware that a safety net had been erected at the eighth floor level to protect some window washers and that Opus would not have been able to complete his suicide anyway because of this. Ordinarily a person who sets out to commit suicide ultimately succeeds, even though the mechanism might not be what he intended."

It was the safety net that changed the suicide attempt into something more reminiscent of murder, seeing that Opus would have survived hadn't it been for the shotgun wound. Dr. Mills continues:

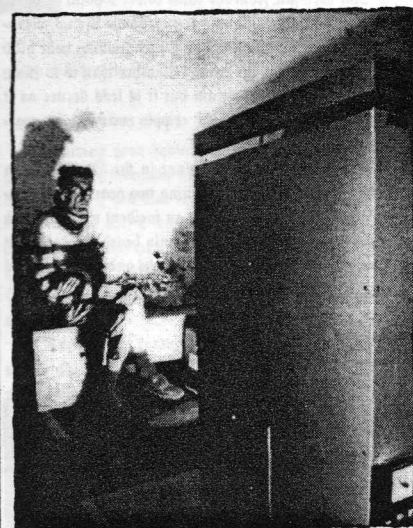
"The room on the ninth floor whence the shotgun blast emanated was occupied by an elderly man and his wife. They were arguing and he was threatening her with the shotgun. He was so upset that, when he pulled the trigger, he completely missed his wife and the pellets went through the window striking Opus."

"When one intends to kill subject A but kills subject B in the attempt, one is guilty of the murder of subject B. When confronted with this charge, the old man and his wife were both adamant that neither knew that the shotgun was loaded. The old man said it was his long-standing habit to threaten his wife with the unloaded shotgun. He had no intention to murder her, therefore the killing of Opus appeared to be an accident. That is, the gun had been accidentally loaded."

"The continuing investigation turned up a witness who saw the old couple's son loading the shotgun approximately six weeks prior to the fatal incident. It transpired that the old lady had cut off her son's financial support and the son, knowing the propensity of his father to use the shotgun threateningly, loaded the gun with the expectation that his father would shoot his mother."

"Further investigation revealed that the son had become increasingly despondent over the failure of his attempt to engineer his mother's murder. This led him to jump off the ten-story building on March 23rd, only to be killed by a shotgun blast through a ninth story window."

Yes, the son was one Ronald Opus...



To present yet another view on death, let me introduce you to Dr. Raymond Martinot, professor and scientist. Unfortunately he is not available for a comment, because he is waiting for his wife to return. When she died, she was put into a sort of fridge instead of a grave on Dr. Martinot's request, because he has decided to wait until technology can revive the bitch. Eleven years have passed since this picture, so who knows, by now he mayhap shares the fridge with his wife.

["Lyckad Nedfrysning av Herr Moro", Gidlunds Bokförlag, 1992.]



Spilling Your Blood in Historical Sweden

In last issue's graveyard section I mentioned the controversy regarding Skogskyrkogården, as this was the first time when a cemetery was founded in the forest where generally only criminals, including suicides, were buried.

In Sweden it was not until the 1840's that a "självspilling" — somebody who had spilled his own blood — was allowed a pit within the graveyard. Yet only on the side pointing to the evil powers, the northern side; together with the unbaptized children and other things not appreciated by the priest.

One entertaining detail is that the coffins of the suicides were never entered through the churchyard gate, but was brought in over the wall where there sometimes were built-in steps for this purpose. This procedure was done because "self-spillers" were said to have a tendency to do some walking after being buried. They would haunt until their "natural" death would have taken place, if not longer. The body itself would not turn to dust.

The burial ceremony itself was stripped from speeches, flowers, bells and most prayers. It seems like things changed to more normal conditions in 1908.

That those who denounce the creation of God by killing themselves were not very appreciated rhymes well with Christianity. At least since the end of the 16th century suicides were not allowed to be buried in hallowed ground because they belonged to the "pack of the Devil".

The bodies of suicides were not to be touched by others than the headsmen (i.e. executioner) or horse butcher, for the rest it was no less than a crime.

A protocol from Östergötland, south-eastern Sweden, dated to the 1600's tells about an exception made to the general rules:

"A boy of eleven years had hanged himself in a gatepost. The clergyman of the congregation asked the consistory in Linköping how he would act. The consistory replied that the body was allowed to be earthed in a far corner of the churchyard. The parents would have to pay two pottles of wine to the church because they could not be considered to not have responsibility for the desperate act of the boy. The clergyman was also told to preach about the necessity of parents bringing up their children to Christian belief and piety."

From 1734 more than one hundred years onwards the Swedish law said that suicides would "by the headsmen to the woods be brought and in a pit dug". Until 1864 it was a crime to even attempt suicide.

So, "self-spillers" liked to do haunting and there were different customs to avoid this, apart from the cemetery wall climbing mentioned previously. Sometimes the legs of the suicide were tied or, in a vampiric fashion, a pole inserted through his heart. He who had hanged himself would be buried together with the rope he had successfully used.

If the suicide had happened indoors, sometimes an entire wall was pulled down to not have to carry the body out through the door: this way the ghost would not find his way in again. Another, perhaps more practical, way to keep the ghosts away and to "clean" the house, was to burn gunpowder at the doorway.

But not only "self-spillers" did post-mortem walking. In the end of the 19th century the following story was told by a woman in Koseby, Skåne. Let me only remark that in these times phosphorus was often taken by women wishing to avoid unwanted pregnancies. This substance was effective, yes, the only drawback would be that it had the troublesome tendency to kill the mother as well.

"Per Svensson at the gasworks was expecting a child with a girl. He made her take something so the baby would die. But she died herself. She was a self-spiller and was not allowed to be buried like others. Per Svensson's master told him to drive to the cemetery with the body an evening after the sunset. When he drove back, she sat beside him. He sweated and so did the horses. Every night when he had been out after sunset, she stood at the doorway when he was to go in. And she followed him to the bed. He went to a wise woman. She said that he would go to the girl's grave and ask her to forgive him. Then she gave him a bag of incense to have round his neck. When he wore it she would not turn up, but when he put it away, she returned."

NOTES

Source: "Fan Är Med Och Styrker Den Som Går I Självsmordstankar" by Erik Janson, R #3 1978. A "socio-political pocket magazine". Nauseously moralistic and thus a pain to read, but the historical article was informative.

DITH MGN

In Linköping, Sweden, we do have one Marcus Tena who has decided to spread some hate in the shape of a distribution and, now lately, record label.

— I started Shadow in the end of 1993 or beginning of '94, he remembers.

First Tena tells his main ambition is to become the biggest, best and richest but then changes his mind and offers the more modest version that he wanted to be a cheaper alternative to a typical record shop.

So far we have seen two releases, last year's "Heaven Shall Burn... When We Are Gathered" on picture lp and another Marduk release, the "Here's No Peace" mini cd (\$10) which is something the band recorded in 1991 for a vinyl release but hassles ensued and eventually the entire recording was forgotten.

Shadow 003 will be in the same format, being "Devilry" by Funeral Mist, mad Stockholmian black metal, and later in '98 Tena is contented to release the final Abruptum which is not yet recorded. It vanished from the scene during the autumn but apparently it does not bother Tena. But regarding the releases of Shadow in general, one thing is sure and that is we will not see anything but black metal from this man.

If there is something particularly characteristic of Shadow Records, then it is his second logo that he does not use on his releases but nevertheless is "official enough" to be used on the mail order lists. By some considered a stupid joke and by others an entertaining gimmick, it is completely based on the logo of one certain band.

— The Napalm logo is not a joke really. Rather, I wanted to show tribute to the best band ever...



WAR MUSIC



Wrong Again Records is now history. For genocidal reasons Per Spillenbäck and Wez Benedikt have parted ways and the former has put up Regain Records, the latter calling his new label War Music. The last record on Wrong Again was the In Thy Dreams mini cd. War Music has already a good while ago released its first item, Armageddon, and have Eucharist, Dimension Zero, Naglfar, Soilwork, Carnal Forge and a compilation on their schedule.

Lately Regain Records also violated us with their firstborn, the "Kill!" mini cd by Murder Corporation. After Murder Corporation we will see the second Deranged entitled "High On Blood". Both of these are actually on Planet End Records, "the dynamic sub-label" to Regain Records, as we are told.

As if one label per man was not enough.

But... one question remains. Where did that Mefisto album vanish? The last thing I heard — and that was in June 1997 — was that Per had handed over everything to Wez, while Wez apparently only lists Gothenburg Rock among his upcoming releases.



If searching for South American music but afraid of mailing your green across the Atlantic, I can recommend Plasmática Distrito in Gothenburg. Carlos has the Sarcoma demo mentioned in the review section (35: or \$6) and Disembodied's demo '95 entitled "Secret of the Hidden" which is a dirty affair of Panamanian death metal, although not quite reaching to the level of Sarcoma. 30: or \$5.

The silver discs cost 120: or \$18 and some titles are Mortem with "Demon Tales" and Tenebrarum with the recently released "Blood And Tears". The latter combo is from Colombia and the record features eighteen songs ending up at a collective length of one hour. Judging by the five songs I have heard I must say the band is most diverse, good in both brutality and melancholy, the latter emphasized with tasteful use of violin. The vocals have too much reverberation to them for my taste, but the sick backing howls in the song "Tragedy" more than make up for it.

Perhaps I should also mention that the cassette ep with Kranium reviewed elsewhere, "Dos Conisais, Una Lagrima", sells for 45: or \$8. Plasmática is planning to release something on cd with them in a near future, I heard.

Literature.

Literature?

Literature is books that are built upon sentences and words that are combined in different ways to bring out various messages.

Litterature, on the other hand, is books that suit best as litter. Let us see which of these two we are to deal with today.

Andrei Codrescu

The Blood Countess

Simon & Schuster, New York, 1995

If only that damned Whalen would return my book.

Aleister Crowley (ed. J. Symonds & K. Grant)

The Confessions of Aleister Crowley,An Autobiography
Penguin Arkana, London 1989

Eight, Life, Love and Liberty.

An over nine hundred page "autobiography" that answers most questions about Edward Alexander Crowley ... about how he saw himself. Despite the man's obvious distance to his own person, he never was void of pretence: he often fell into the very same pit we all know so well, that of pretending to be something one is not.

An autobiography can never be the whole truth — it is only

the view a person has, or wants to have, of himself. But who should I trust more: all the rumours, the scandals, the tabloid paper journalism, the black metal kiddies who for some peculiar reason refer to Aleister Crowley so often — or the Beast himself?

The Beast tells about his boyhood, the cruel school days at Corpus Christi College that made him revolt, searching for the Ultimate Sin and again the maturity that made him forget about the quest. He also tells us a lot about mountaineering, doesn't he, Rick?

His everyday life is covered more in detail than his magick, but this is exactly what I enjoy about "Confessions": it is not a biography about the madman of the century or whatever he may have been labelled, it is the calm story of a man who could not understand the wickedness of mankind. Regarding his magick, there certainly is not a lack of books dealing with that.

The confessions do not cover his entire life, ending when he was thrown away from Sicily where he had founded his famous Temple of Thelema: the temple the motto of which was —

Eight, Life, Love and Liberty.

M. Gira

The Consumer

2.13.61, Los Angeles 1996

"My grandmother and I live in two rooms", starts one of the stories in this the world of Gira. It is one of the stories with less bowel-chewing and ear wax licking than in many others, and I like that. I like when the uneasiness, when the rat in the stomach awakes with subtle methods.

Even the obscenities that are blatantly described do not fall into the ridiculousness one would expect as Gira usually manages to steer away from that — but it is the stories with the subtle, the lurking — the more real darkness that I feel are the best. Where nothing really happens, instead there is only this constant warning in the air that everything will meet their final collapse at any moment.

If you want to search for the depths of your very own rottenness you may find "The Consumer" very useful. A citation on the back cover of the book ponders "...at the end I found myself with an unanswerable question: are the hallucinations a distortion of reality, or really closer to the reality of the world?"

Tony Thorne

Countess Dracula,The Life And Times of Elisabeth Bathory, the Blood Countess
Bloomsbury, London 1997

The title of this book is undeserving. Succumbing to the fact Countess Báthory is known under this name in the western world only because of cheap films that wanted to mix up the myths of Vlad Tepes and Báthory for purely commercial reasons is something that definitely lessens the credibility of the book. If this is to be an account of her true story, as much as we can know about it: why not start with a correct name of the subject?

Luckily, having forgotten about the embarrassing title, we are led by Tony Thorne to 16th and 17th century Hungary with its traditions and history to find the truth about this woman. The struggle for power among the nobles and the people surrounding Erzsébet are described in detail to help us to decipher those few remaining letters written to or by the countess.

Where Andrei Codrescu invents (in "The Blood Countess") the personalities of people such as the little known but evidently important Anna Darvulia, to give an example, Thorne strives to create an as truthful image of the woman behind the name as possible — even if this would mean we hardly know more about her than the name, as is the case with Darvulia, allegedly the woman who taught Erzsébet Báthory most of the torture methods she was said to use, but who also disappeared before her mistress was locked up on December 29th 1610.

Attempting to reach the truth instead of pleasing the fantasies of the modern man, the detailed descriptions of the acts of torture she is said to have ordered and participated in are in minority: but among the numerous witnesses cited in rich detail there are however plenty of references to young girls who were brought naked in front of the countess. She then would have pushed needles beneath their fingernails, beaten them and burned their genitals with heated iron. The famous hanging cage lined with knives against which the helpless girls cut themselves when a red-hot iron poker was reaching for them from the side (thus showing the white clothed countess beneath in their blood) however seems to lack reference on the pages of history.

We will never be able to find the whole truth about Countess Erzsébet Báthory, but Tony Thorne does a good attempt



gathering all the information he has managed to find, and he is not afraid of citing sources that claim this woman only to have been a victim of the propaganda invented and spread by her enemies. Even if I have a feeling that is an explanation me in the end do not want to know about?

Lucette Matalon Lagnado & Sheila Cohn Dekel
Josef Mengele: Eldens Barn
Children of the Flames, translated by Louise Moëll
 Richters Förlag AB, Malmö 1994

Some survivors of the Holocaust who were into metal appropriately called Dr Josef Mengele "Angel of Death" after the classic Slayer song.

"Eldens Barn", in the original version "Children of the Flames", is based on the story of the children Mengele used for his famed experiments. He was particularly fond of twins and could stand for hours after the trains had arrived to Auschwitz, whistling a classical piece and watching the lines heading towards the crematoriums. With his finger the angel decided who'd be barbeque and who'd not be.

The situation of the twins was ambiguous: unlike the other prisoners, they could wear their own clothes (and hair) and he often came with candy to the smallest — at the same time he gave them injections, sometimes in the eyes, did surgeries without anaesthesia or castrated somebody trying to change their sex. The most feared house in Auschwitz was Block 10 where the gynecological experiments took place and which few survived. Perhaps a blessing: I am not sure every little girl would be happy with themselves after a treatment at Block 10, and you wouldn't get your money back either.

Always sympathetic to the children, the Angel of Death confused his victims with his manners as much as with his experiments.

The surviving twins tell here in their own words about their memories but instead of the experiments in detail which they have instinctively forgotten, we are given a survey of their feelings and as good a biography on Beppo as we probably could find, seeing that he managed to hide away better than most other Third Reich keen persons.

One good point is that "Eldens Barn" is far from as sentimental as it could be, seeing that the late husband of one of the authors both saw and experienced Mengele in action.

*Pathetic harmless victims
 Left to die
 Rancid Angel of Death
 Flying free*

Origo & Pena
Murehtijan Päiväkirja
 Sanoma Osakeyhtiö, Helsinki 1961

A survey of humour that could be considered nothing but Finnish is this collection of sincere drawings and of aphorisms that I regret Friedrich K. never heard.

Some being profound as the deepest well, others simply mad, the tone of Origo's words are perfectly matched by Pena's drawings although the authors ask us in the prelude to consider both ingredients separately.

"Täseironia sallittakoon vain suurimmille hengille; keskinkertaisen ihmisten käyttämä se on ainoastaan pölyä hyödyä omaista mitättömyydestä."

Carl-Göran Ekerwald
Nietzsche, Liv Och Tankesätt
 Månocket, Stockholm 1995

This Swedish biography gives a thorough and nuanced picture of "Feitz", from his childhood to his madness and eventual death. Entitled "Life And Way of Thought", Ekerwald leads us through Nietzsche's life, adding small details such as the awkward story when the proud warrior Friedrich Nietzsche joined the army but had to leave it soon afterwards because he fell off a horse and broke his chestbone.

The circumstances around the entrance of Zarathustra are studied, like the circumstances and births of all his production. Scattered all over the book are fragments from his correspondence, making the principal character present even in a biography written a century afterwards.

Although we do find plenty of unintentional comedy and even stupidity behind the facade of the philosopher, Ekerwald is not out to ridicule Nietzsche: he is only searching for the very man behind, and, to a great extent, he succeeds.

John Marmysz
The Nihilist's Notebook
 Moralinefree Publishing, San Francisco 1996

I came across John's writings at his site called The Nihilist Void (the link to which can be found at Home of the III). The articles dealt with various topics more or less loosely connected to nihilism: "A Prolegomena To Any Nihilistic Philosophy" refers to a discussion he recalls he had with a Kantian, questioning her theories, another deals with the "Right of the Living Dead" film trilogy and its nihilism, which he concludes to be of an active



St. Aleister Crowley did what he wanted, say what you will about that!

shape, a positive kind of nihilism compared to the passive one. "The Nihilist's Notebook" features most of the articles at the homepage but also has other stories and a few crude but hearty comics. To quickly comment the latter, do not miss "The Eternal Return" which is the most concise and at the same time the most correct history of mankind that I have read!

The book is divided into three parts, "Pathology", "Nihilism" and "Violence". The stories in the first part do serve little purpose other than giving an excuse to describe more or less pathological events and conditions and I was surprised to see these stories presented first because I feel they are by far inferior to John's more serious essays on nihilistic philosophy.

Forgetting the second part for a moment, the last part dealing with violence is not much more spectacular, the pathology only being replaced by violence. John's writing is not bad but his nihilistic essays such as the ones mentioned earlier together with others such as "Death As a Final Cause" or his Nietzsche-related articles belong to a completely different level and this is where I enjoy his writing most. Unfortunately I do not have the space here to discuss his viewpoints closer, or confront them if that be needed, so a recommendation will have to do. In conclusion, \$12 is not all that bad for this neat little book, but if you are short of money you may be contented downloading his articles from "The Nihilist Void" instead as this is where the most of his better writings are available anyhow.

Peter J. Carroll
PsyberMagick
 Advanced Ideas in Chaos Magick
 New Falcon Publications, Arizona 1997

Carroll's books have enlightened, endarkened, me not as magical literature in the ordinary sense of the word, but as philosophical inspiration — but this is also how I could define magick... for philosophy can be magick can be philosophy. Far too many take the word magick in its christian sense. No, I will not dive into these discussions here or now.

So, "PsyberPhilosophy"? As the title suggests, this is regarded as the most advanced book in Carroll's theories, but I feel the two first were advanced enough: I am aware that my modest knowledge in mathematics and physics turns part of Our Pestilence Pope Pete 1 of Chaos's words if not abstract then completely incomprehensible.

What remains is however plenty of interesting thought and ideas. The book is built as Carroll's "Book of Lies", with each spread having a concise chapter to the left and slightly less concise commentary to the right. Concise? Yes, that also underlines the importance of a great knowledge to solve (or create) the concentrated message. As much as in Carroll's case amongst others a vast knowledge in classic literature was obligatory, a vast knowledge in magick is required by "PsyberMagick".

But if one cannot resist Peter Carroll, or uncle Al for that sake, why not take a prematory peek... nothing hinders us from returning back later.

And now in the end let's say a Chaotic Hailu to present our stance.



J. Mengele, 1911-1979.



Iai, the very first rebel.

*We believe in nothing:
 The chaotic void within,
 The chaotic void without.
 Between nothing and nothing,
 Let us conjure great doing.*

Bika Reed
Rebel In the Soul,
 A Dialogue Between Doubt And Mystical Knowledge
 Inner Traditions International, Vermont 1987

*The flood takes him
 The sun takes him
 Fish talk to him
 In shallow water.*

With an age of four thousand years or thereabouts, this should be one of the earliest accounts of a rebel known to modern man. In this transcription of the Berlin Papyrus 3024 a man speaks to his soul.

— It is mad, o Soul: You endure the pain of life, denying me Death until death has come!

— What kind of man are you?, the winged soul replies, and this is the core of the discussion that is sometimes in a most poetic language (when the man uses all his imagination and suggestion arguing for his departure) and sometimes in a very down to earth, even sarcastic tone (when the soul replies the man).

Being as beautifully illustrated as phrased, the papyrus offers as much depth as apparent simplicity. The thorough commentary describes both the mythology and examines the symbolism in the text, and separate articles are found on The Soul as it was perceived in Egypt, and The Great Ass Iai, the very first rebel. It seems not to have been a coincidence that Jesus rode in town upon an ass, as is concluded herein.

The Egyptian conception of life vs. death was most intricate and would need an article, no, a book of its own — but starkly simplified, the man in this book is asking his soul to help him to escape from this life into the Beyond. He wants the soul to defend him in front of the judges. But the soul warns him about taking the shortcut, "Your name will die!" He will be thrown down to the jaws of Amlit, the monster of inexistence who resides in the bowels of the earth.

Another aspect that is of importance is the belief of the Ancient Egyptians that a man could use his inner contradiction or conflict as a vehicle to reach something they called "The Intelligence of the Heart", a higher wisdom and understanding of existence. To put it blunt, there is potential is polarity: strife is evolution.

Even for a dilettante on Egyptology such as myself "Rebel In the Soul" turned out most enlightening and captivating.

NOTES

1. I cannot refrain translating this one: "Irony at one's own expense should only be allowed to the greatest of men; used by mediocre people it is only an attempt to gain something through one's own insignificance."



Heathendoom

DO YOU KNOW THE MAN WITH THE DEMONIC BEARD? SOON YOU WILL, BECAUSE I PUT HIM IN FRONT OF A TAPE RECORDER AND SQUEEZED EVERY SINGLE WORD OUT OF HIM.

DATING FROM THE END OF '96, IT IS NOT A COMPLETELY FRESH TALK BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO FILL IN THE BLANKS YOURSELF, SO TO SAY.

Friday, September 13th '96 was the day when Stockholm got the new metal store. The date might sound like something of an ill omen but do remember that we are talking about rock'n'roll, the devil's music. The number 13 is thus on our side.

Since the two cult stores Far Out/CBR and House of Ricks vanished a few years back, there has been no real metal shop in Stockholm — with the exception of good olde Heavy Sound of course, but that place is rather mainstream. Sound Pollution pretends to be both metal and hardcore but... well, Heathendoom is what we needed. This is where the man with the demonic beard, Petra, makes his entrance.

Sleeping At the Record Store

He is previously known for being the drummer in Suffer and for his Megagrind Productions, and that is where we intend to start:

— A friend from Hallsberg and myself started Megagrind in 1991 or 1992. We wanted to release some compilation tapes and such things. Yeah, after a while we wanted to release some vinyl singles, we found it "underground", you know. At the same time I also played with a band called Suffer. And then later I got the idea of Heathendoom because I wanted to release some CDs with high quality heavy metal. It was in the end of 1994 that things started happening.

With Memory Garden.

— Exactly. We had previously released a single with them and we found them worthy to end up on CD as well. They have turned out to be a good band that people like, and that also reviewers in various magazines like. We were registered as a corporation in April '95.

There we have the story behind the label and now let's continue in delving in Petra's dirty past to shed some light upon the birth of the actual shop.

— It is pretty amusing because one has always dreamt about running a record store, you know. It began when Petra

and me started selling second hand records at various fairs and...

<Kiitiing!>

This was the first of the several phone interruptions that we had during our talk. I suppose they were arranged by Petra so that he could make an impression on me that he is a real label boss these days and a busy man.

— So, where were we? Oh yes, Petra and me started travelling around to record fairs and... <Kiitiing!> Damn! Hmmm.

...So, you and Petra started going to record fairs.

— We started with that in the end of '95. On those record fairs we met a guy who is called Renzo who runs the shop Zenor Records in Västerås. When he, in June '96, organized a show with Dark Funeral in Västerås, we started talking about putting up a record store together. You know, people were complaining that there was no real metal store in Stockholm.

— One and a half month later we had found this place and we have been running the shop since the middle of September, together with Zenor Records. Basically he is responsible for the merchandise and the shop itself while we work with the label and the magazine. That's it!

How is it to live here in the same place then, does it work?

— Yes, it works, but we are getting a flat now, so we are moving out from here soon. We are going to expand the office because Johan has started up the distribution.

People Messing Up Walls

Can you tell the story behind that mess you have on the wall there...

— The thing was that Kristian and Tompa and Johan and Hasse and another guy whose name I have forgotten, they were here at the Sunlight Studio, recording a project called Hide. Very original but also very good. Anyhow, they lived here during the recording. So we told Kristian "Go paint something on the damn wall, okay!". So he started sketching on the wall

and some hours later there was a dragon! He did it because they could live here, you know. It ended up excellent. We're honoured to have a painting by him on the wall because after all, he's a talented artist who has painted covers to many metal albums.

When advertising for this shop we were also told about another shop opening at the same place, called Magiq and concentrating on, you guessed it, magic. And that sort of things. Books and so on. Still now in December there is only one small corner with a few books and not much more... Petra explains.

— Yeah, Magiq is that small corner there. I guess people misunderstood it a little because they are asking when the magic shop is going to open... But Petra, who runs Magiq, has only taken in a little of everything so far. Books and jewellery and everything. Petra would like to run her own shop as well, perhaps not in this house, but it is a good start to first have a corner here and then expand it later on. The thing is that neither Petra nor we are afraid of selling any kind of books, to put it so. Several of the books that are here can't be found elsewhere in Sweden.

There have been some more or less serious documentaries about Satanism and related things on the Swedish television during the last years and as a result some book stores are more careful with things like Anton Szandor LaVey, for some reason.

Death Metal

Like every person involved in the underground except for myself who is a poor loser without any kind of musical talent, Petra of course plays in a band. Suffer disbanded a year or two ago, but these days he plays in Serpent that also features people from bands such as Therion and Entombed. Serpent play some kind of dirty rock that I have not heard and can thus not comment.

— Yes, I play in Serpent and we have recently heard that Lee Dorrian's label Rise Above Records will probably sign

us. We used to be on Radiation Records that is a sublabel to Nuclear Blast but there was some kind of mutual dissatisfaction. They were not contented with us only selling 4000 or 5000 in Europe or whatever...

— However, we have recorded a track that is supposed to turn up on various compilation albums. One is released by Shadows of Michelangelo in the U.S. and another by Burn Records, I think that's the name, it is a label started by Freda Lindgren of Unleashed.

Er... I can't think of anything to ask about. Do you have any nice suggestions?

— The only thing I can think about is what we're going to do with Heathendoom now.

That's a good one.

What are you going to do with Heathendoom now?

— We're going to sit down, probably just after New Year, and make up some plans for '97, what we're going to do and what we're not going to do. With everything. As for the label, it looks like there is going to be a CD with a Swedish band called Fifth Reason that features the old guitarist from Abstract Algebra and also the singer from Memento Mori. It is very good Swedish heavy metal, I think, and special.

But aren't you going to sign a real brutal band again? Fucking death metal?

— Yeah, people have been telling us to do that, but then in the end when you release it, it probably won't sell more than 500 copies. You can do it if you think it's fun but I don't think it's fun... It is very brave. People were telling us to sign Vomitox and I wasn't far from doing so but, yes, it's all about money and I didn't have that money... And then they were signed by a Dutch label, so the main thing is that the CD is released. And the single with Evoke, it was also this kind of thing that I wanted to try releasing a little more brutal music again, so to say.

This single, "Behold the Twilight", was released last summer. I thought this English death metal band was dead and buried but luckily they aren't. A full-length album will be released on Flashpoint Records from the U.S. during the spring.

And as for plans concerning the shop?

— We're just going to spit out flyers and put ads in several magazines that support what we are doing...

...Like full page ads in Dauthuf.

— Kind of!

Hehe, we'll see about that.

— It's the same thing with the shop as with signing brutal bands. People complain there is no real metal store and then when we open the store not that many bother anymore. But I've got many projects so for us the shop is not the absolutely most important thing. We have it and run it because we think it's fun and because the co-operation with Zenor Records works. And he's got a possibility to expand his thing too, so to say.

And as for this distribution that you talked about, to import releases by obscure American labels and things like that. What kind of labels? Pavement?

— Pavement are already distributed by House of Ricks and I think Pavement are pretty big anyway.

The only thing I know about them is that they released Skeletal Earth's last album. Gothic Records?

— Yes, kind of. But the world is flooded by records all the time... There's a lot of good stuff but there's also much crap. We try to pick the best. Even if we'd only have fifteen to twenty records that we distribute, it has to be good records. Instead of having fifty out of which more than half is crap.

You don't happen to have any old Gothic singles hidden in some cupboard?

— No, nothing. I used to trade a lot with singles and such when I had Megagrind. It's a pity because many of these classic underground singles have totally vanished from the market... Such as Dissection, for example, and Abreptum... But I still have most of the singles left that we released, except Memory Garden. The Xmas single is totally sold out and I only have twenty copies left of the first one.

Heathendoom Magazine

And... the magazine then? We haven't talked about it at all.

— No, let's skip that one! Not really, but...

Has it been like you planned it when you released your first issue?

— It depends on how you look at it. #1 was very well received, I think we have sold about 500 copies by now. We only write what we feel. And it is something of a motto for us to create a new kind of journalism within youth and underground circles, so the young people understand. I mean, when you read a newspaper that is written in a horrible language that sometimes nobody understands...

Hum?

— We just want reach out directly to the readers. Now we're working on #3 and we're going to print it in 1000 copies

and we have a shitload of material.

Aren't you going to change into A4 size soon? I am starting to get tired of seeing five columns crammed on an A5 page... I am not sure if it's very successful.

— ...The most has been four, hasn't it? I just feel that people only do zines in A4 size because it's safer. I guess we wanted to show that it's possible to do a professional magazine in A5 size as well.

Any other reasons to do it in A5?

— No... well, it's cheaper to print! But maybe we'll start with A4 in the fourth issue. Many labels won't advertise in A5 because it's "too small"... Anyhow, not all small zines have had as good ads from labels like Nuclear Blast like we had in our previous issue.

If it's not free ads that they have included just to fill up the zine.

— Exactly. Now it at least looks like several real cool labels want to push their releases. Not only with the help of reviews but also advertising. And we're certainly not short of things to review. We've got pretty much.

Aren't you afraid of the same thing as myself, that there'd be too much reviews? Already in my first issue I tried to be careful with them but voilà! and I had hundreds of them. Alright, my reviews tend to be a little oversized too.

Nevertheless, if you compare with MorticiaMumskill with its 300 reviews in one issue, it looks like a telephone catalogue. About as interesting too.

— Yeah, but we can't skip anything because we're after all a fanzine. People can complain about the sixteen pages of reviews or whatever, it doesn't matter... We'll surely have about 200 reviews but that includes everything, records and tapes and magazines and books... Petra is the one with the main responsibility for the magazine. I take care of the label, Johan has the distribution and Petra has Magiq and the magazine. It's a lot to take care of, all of this. And everything we do is like more like a hobby, so far it's nothing anybody of us earns money on.

Do you get money from the unemployment office?

— No, both Petra and me are cleaners.

Sounds like a familiar profession.

— Yeah. But I think it's pretty cool because I work almost part-time and Petra has at least part-time. So we can easily pay the rent and then get some money for the phone and food and things like that. It's great to know one has some extra money and one won't have to work the shit out of oneself either.

The Upcoming Issue

As for the mag, when was the next issue supposed to be released?

— I think that'll be in February. I hope. We planned to get it out in January first but we'll have to work our arses off with everything in January, especially the magazine.

— And then we're also planning a mini tour with Memory Garden and The Everdawn, together with Black Diamond Productions. So we're doing some co-operation with them too. We have at least some ten gigs, I think.

Do you have some special features in the upcoming issue?

— Yes, I don't know. It'll be very varied, I think. Actually we've only done Cathedral and the biggest bands on Century Media. And you know, we had interviews with a small and a big label in #1. We're going to have it in #3 as well. I don't know why it was left out in the last issue but I think it was due to lack of time.

I found it interesting to read and compare the interviews, the small label with the big one.

— Exactly. The small label has released records as well, so why not. It was a cool thing, I don't think anybody had done it before.

Not with such a thought out contrast between a small and a big label.

— So we'll try to do that as well. Plus a terrible amount of reviews. As said. You know, we have our view on how a fanzine should be done... and at the same time we're almost ready to write a book to every issue! Like releasing the zine three times a year... 200 pages each time! Now we're having more contributors all the time but we mustn't go to far, or we'll lose control of it.

By this time I had squeezed the man with the demonic beard until he looked like a bearded raisin so I thanked him for the discussion and mercifully stopped the tape. Before that, he managed to say a few more words, which were:

— As for the thanks and hello part, there's so many people one would like to thank... everybody that are involved... But thanks for the interview!

My pleasure.

P.S. The 180 page Heathendoom Magazine #3 has been out since early autumn and it is discussed in the zine review section on page thirty-seven.

Tomorrow

When I Die

BY ADAM MAXWELL

The horror of waking in the same room
In the same state and screaming
Just screaming
To be dead but
Not having the strength
To even get up
Tomorrow when I die at least I will
Have more pleasure than my only pleasure
Of shitting and pissing in my bed
In my pants and watching the look
Of pure, unadulterated
Disgust
On the face of the bastard nurse
As she cleans
Tomorrow when I die at least she will
Have more pleasure, perhaps
Cleaning someone else's shit
But yesterday is today
And tomorrow is a distant ripple
The more I try to arrive
The further it travels
At least I don't have to clean up someone's shit
I can just grin, wait and then piss again
Not having the strength
To even get up
To even care to get up
To even care

ONE DAY WHEN VISITING THE LOCAL LIBRARY HERE IN HANINGE I HAPPENED TO PAY NOTICE TO SOME PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES THAT WERE PUT UP FOR EXHIBITION. THERE ARE OFTEN EXHIBITIONS AT LIBRARIES BUT FEW OF THEM INTEREST ME — YET, AS SAID, THIS ONE DID.

I WAS PARTICULARLY FASCINATED BY THE SMALL, MEDIEVAL SCULPTURES OF MONKS, KINGS, A YOUNG GIRL SITTING ON A STONE THINKING ...AS WELL AS OTHERS. WHEN LOOKING FOR SOME KIND OF BROCHURE WITH IMAGES OF THESE CHARMING FIGURES — I FOUND THEM TOO INTERESTING TO LET THEM SLIP INTO OBLIVION — I FOUND A BIOGRAPHY ON THE ARTIST. INDREK JETS, BORN 1970, LIVING IN ESTONIA. AFTER SOME RESEARCH I ACQUIRED THE ADDRESS TO HAAPSALU KONSIKOOL, THE ART SCHOOL WHERE HE WORKS AS A TEACHER, AND EVENTUALLY GOT IN TOUCH WITH THE MAN. AFTER A LETTER OR TWO I DECIDED TO MAKE HIM IMMORTAL BY FEATURING HIM IN THE MAGAZINE OF THE DEAD...



Indrek Jets

When delivering the answers, Indrek modestly points out that he does not see himself as some "famous artist" and well yes, I can agree on that one. But what counts is that this man has talent. And talent is always interesting — especially if the possessor of this talent is obscure.

To start off with something, in his biography Indrek states that when making his sculptures he "proceeded from the medieval conception of an image representing the represented personality, being somehow connected with him and his energy" — instead of representing the personality of the artist.

I find this to be an interesting point that I both understand and agree about. But is it really possible for an artist to be so distanced from his work as not to leave any traces of himself at all?

— Yes, I think I cannot avoid my personality being seen in my works, and somehow it is not the intention. But they are not just pieces of my mind and not just pretext to show myself.

Indrek mentions the Chinese proverb where the moon is shown to the silly but the silly only looks at the finger that points at the sky...

— Personality of the artist in this case should not be to upset the influence of image and represented person too much. As I was quite sure anyhow, had no big doubts and felt good making these figures — including saints' ones — I hope here is nothing very wrong.

The Religious Connections

Several of your sculptures have religious connections. One depicts the Estonian bishop the name of Fulco, another portrays Nicolaus, the first known Estonian monk. Is there any deeper meaning behind the choices of these models? Or are they just chosen because they are so typically medieval characters?

On the other hand, you also have sculptures inspired by old Livonian symbols: something that must have been consid-

ered pagan by the church.

— Fulco and Nicolaus represent some of the first steps of Christianity in Estonia in times when most of Estonia remained pagan. Their missionary work was not very successful but probably had some results in some areas in western Estonia and Tallinn outskirts. This was a peaceful missionary work on the contrast of later crusade, which has been taken very, even too painfully, with pique, because of following and long lasting power of Germans (not very numerous Estonian knight families disappear or Germanize in the beginning of the 15th century, having existed during somewhat 200 years after the crusade).

— Being linked with Scandinavia Fulco and Nicolaus besides above mentioned aspects represent for me a part of ancient cultural links between Estonia and Scandinavia (which could nowadays counterbalance the German influence and



Jenno-Ulgic movement).

— The old Livonian symbols indeed never were used by the church, I doubt the church ever had any connection with them. The church here has not had such a good contact with local tradition as it seems to have been in Old Ireland, where old Celtic ornamentation and symbols were developed and used in Christian monasteries.

— But Livonian symbols seem to be quite interesting too, worth to remember and research. I agree with remembering old things and tradition, old symbols along them, but I do not support discretionary use of them — for example by political parties, giving them a new meaning in spite of substance (which can be unknown, vague, but it doesn't matter). When old pagan symbols were adopted by Christian

church there is in most cases, as far as I know, clear logic and connection between the old and new signification, can be even said that from some viewpoint it does not change to another, but is elevated.

If we leave this heavy cultural discussions for a while, we will return to the medieval times soon enough, we can move on to lighter matters such as Indrek's profession.

Working as a teacher of art, does it give you a chance to develop artistically although it cannot provide full artistic freedom?

— Reasons of my working as a teacher of art are mostly of economical, material character. The salary is not big, but I can use material base of the art school where I'm working — ovens for ceramics, rooms etc. And it leaves me more free time than the most of other jobs could: almost three months of summer holidays plus other shorter holidays and shorter working day, free mornings until 15.00 in my case. It's not so commercial either, not such hunger of money, but of course, it has aspects I do not like — although our school is voluntary hobby school, it often needs to force pupils to do anything, not just spend time. But mostly it's nice to work with pupils who like to draw, etc, like I do myself.

The Middle Ages vs. The Modern Toilet

The Middle Ages fascinate you because back then everything was not devoid of mystery. For you these times represent a mentality opposite to materialism... but what would you have thought about actually living back then? Would you sacrifice modern comforts such as the WC for a life several hundred years ago? Moreover, if you had lived back then it would have been probable that you would not have had any possibility to deal with art...

— I don't think the WC is a very big problem, but surely conditions were harder and possibly it could even be quite hard to survive for nowadays' person in medieval conditions because we are accustomed to our comforts, medicine and

so on. But medieval people were used to medieval discomfort, hardened. Potentialities in medieval society depended of social status, and there were differences between periods and areas. Imagining to go to this era, it could be hard to begin there for a strange alien, not knowing customs, speaking and thinking in a strange way.

— But art and handicraft is probably only or the first thing I could (and can) do. I'm just not able to be a farmer for example, not speaking Latin I wouldn't be an educated man either, although it could be worth to study — even in Tallinn at the Dominican monastery taught a man who had studied by Albertus Magnus and Thomas of Aquino.

— But more seriously, do I thirst for the Middle Ages, wish back there? It cannot be said that everything was better in the Middle Ages, to deny progress in every field. But there can be the regress in any field, reducing of any skills, knowledge, spirituality etc, and there can be complicated combined variants of progress and regress. Maybe we can ask, which field is more important?

— Actually I don't support living mostly in any fantasies clearly separated of reality, or in virtual reality, even about the Middle Ages. Question is about continuing old phenomena I find precious, bringing them to present time, finding them or traces of them in reality in which we live, and not only abstract principles (the Middle Ages were very concrete), but even some details connected with them. That is the same way like I still like to try to remember any fragrances, pictures and lights, odd feelings etc from the period of my life which has formed my mind and principles most largely. So to say, initiational period.

— Would I sacrifice comfortabilities for the medieval values? If it is necessary, perhaps I would, but how far I could go with that, I cannot know. Sometimes I try to choose things to see and do and think about, but it is ordinary, only taste can be different. Temperate asceticism and discipline produces harmony.

The Origins of the Interest

Was there some special experience that triggered this your interest for these times, or was it just something that grew stronger and stronger with the years?

— I cannot say there has been any very special experience as a straight cause. I had been excited about the Viking Age and later by the other way: irrational, mystics, religion, philosophy, trying to break out of prosyness and any time had (but not because of my own activities) experiences very important for me.

— In Tallinn Pedagogical University there were brilliant lectures of religious philosophy by professor Mart Naukas. A 35-year-old philosopher, president of Academia Catholica, internationally most published Estonian philosopher at the moment, worked in Fribourg, Leuven, Oxford and Utrecht universities, too. Mostly the lectures were based on Wittgenstein and analytical philosophy and St. Thomas of Aquino.

— Two years ago I listened to the lectures called "Basis of Medieval Culture" by Einar Laigina, a Catholic theologian and medievalist, probably the best in Estonia in the field of mentality. He also has translated a book of the great Russian medievalist Leon Gurevich, "World View of Medieval Man", which I also like very much. This information helped a lot to understand this era, gave another viewpoint. But already before I was fond of medieval art, including local, Eäanemaa and Saaremaa old churches with their sculptures and



ornamentation. These impressions of course turned me towards the medieval culture.

— More for a joke can be mentioned that in my student days I used to wear medieval-like long-nosed boots for a while, but I wasn't spiritually appropriate then.

And how is it with your artistic influences and inspirations?

— Style of these figures is influenced by Romanesque sculpture and dolomite sculptures of so called masters of Karja from second quarter of the 14th century on the island Saaremaa, which are said to be close to contemporary ones in Gotland but also by art of Old Ireland and Vikings. There are, or have been, plenty of sculptures in Tartu St. John's church, of the same material that I use — cut of half-dried clay and burned — but at the moment I'm more acquainted with Karja's ones.

— In my home county Eäanemaa there are some tombstones of Romanesque shape with human images: warriors, a man with a strange hat, and with symbols in quite archaic style, dating and belonging of which is not certain (pre- or aftercrusade time). These human images have round eyes like the Vikings' human images, but in Sweden there is no analogues as far as I've got information. That is about the form and style.

The Birth of the Small Men

Can you tell us a little bit more about the materials that you work with, and about the procedure of creating a sculpture?

— I have worked mainly with clay, less with wood, and a little bit with dolomite. Making a figure of clay I do most of the work when it's half-dry, sometimes finishing when it is

totally dry, otherwise the clay would be too soft. I've used some glazur in grooves to get more contrast and visible details, too. So I need to burn them in ceramics oven like it is usual for ceramics. Henceforth I intend to work more with wood and dolomite, too.

Generally, what kind of people buy your sculptures? Ordinary housewives who find them romantic, or? To turn it around, what kind of person would you most of all sell a sculpture to?

— Actually, I don't know very well who have bought my sculptures. "The Dancing Eio" I sold to one art teacher, about the others I don't know. I haven't sold much yet, and there have been some not for sale — it would be quite nonsense to sell separate statues of Gulco and Nicolaus, and furthermore not in Estonia. Of course I would like my sculptures to locate in according environment or belong to persons with according interests and mentality, then they could have deeper meaning. And I would like to do something for church.

Well, I wouldn't.

Anyhow, you can't live off your sculptures now and perhaps it is unlikely that you would, either. But how would you actually view the situation of living off your artistic creations? Could you remain true to yourself and ignore what the public wants you to create — or would there be a danger that the thought of money would corrupt you (like it can do with any man, more or less)?

As an example I can mention an American band that existed for some years ago but then made the peculiar decision to quit at the peak of their career. One of their reasons was that they had, when starting the band six years earlier, sworn that "if ever this band shall become 'work' for us, it would be apparent that our focus would be lost and our reason for being and remaining true held hostage by the sceptre of necessity". They were assured that their music could only be "true" when it was a mere hobby and not a work.

What do you say about this? You are not a musician, you are a sculptor, but both of you are artists, nevertheless.

— As I get money for food, etc, working as a teacher, it is not so necessary to be commercially successful in my artwork, although it is good to sell some things, otherwise there would soon be no room... also it is a kind of communication, too. It is very normal until it's not the aim. But it will bore very soon to make things without interest, just for money. I like sometimes to make things without very high ambitions, more like handicraft, but lazy as I am — only if I enjoy this myself. I think a lot of artists can live off their art and remain "true".

And to continue this artistic cross-examination, what are your feelings about other kinds of art, such as drawing and painting?

— In my student days I liked abstract and expressive painting very much for a while, and drawing nudes with charcoal. I've made even some happenings and performances with my friends: first at the age of 17, still last at 23. Nowadays I use to draw sketches, to think on the paper, to produce and clear the images, but I paint rarely now.

The Musical Side of Things

Since Dauthuuf is first of all a music magazine I am also curious about your relation to music... Being so fascinated by the Middle Ages, do you for example listen to medieval music? And how are your feelings towards modern music, then? Can you find a lack of mystery there as well, as in the modern society?

— I'm not an expert in music. I really like to listen to medieval music, Hildegard von Bingen, Gregorian chorals and a bit later choral music, for example. And indeed I like some kind of folk music, too. I heard a Swedish band Garmarna performing at the Viljandi folk music festival and I liked them very much.

I understand you did.

— Also I like Irish folk music, it is not exceptional in Estonia, and runo-songs, old music of Baltic Finnish nations. In Estonian music I like brothers Johanson very much. Besides their own songs they sing Estonian folk songs, including runo. They sometimes perform with a Swedish maid Sofia Joons, she's singing and playing Scandinavian folk music and some Estonian too. I liked very much her singing medieval Norwegian ballads on the top floor of Haapsalu bishop castle watchtower one August midnight a year ago.

— I'm not against every modern music, how could I find music of Arvo Pärt too unmythical... But of course I do not like disco and a lot of pop. I have listened to punk and indie music (Crane's, The Cure, Spiritualized, Estonian romantic punk Pennaskond), but now I do this rarely.

Art

And now, here in the end of this rather extensive talk, let us do some deep talk again. Modern art... am I only a fanatic



when I claim modern art to be so predictable? Recently I read in the newspaper about a conflict at an agricultural school in Sweden caused by a new sculpture on the schoolyard. It was a huge, formless chunk with small, round and colourful "candy" attached to it. (The sculptor of course had very sophisticated theories about the symbolism of her sculpture.) Is this art?

Of course, art should not be limited... in any way. If an artist says his creation is art, how could somebody else protest? But as I see it, things have gone too far and Real Art That Actually Demands Talent has been forgotten.

Talk, o wise one!

— Probably I'm too young to be wise.

(Excuse me for interrupting you again, but that was a very wise comment...)

— I think most important is not the "language". Art must aspire to Beauty, Most Beautiful and Good, but this can be found in very unexpected things and ways. If there is no aspire to Beauty and Absolute, if there is just only something of sex and will to power — this is not a thing I could treat as Art. Of course one can fail even if the will is good, it is always so. But I don't think that even less gifted persons shouldn't make art. I like the "do it yourself" ideology, folk art is much better than consumption, mass culture. It does not mean everything should be exhibited in important public places.

— As I've not seen this sculpture you are talking of, I don't want to say anything about it. At the central square of my hometown not very long ago was restored a monument to the soldiers of the Estonian War for Freedom — a thing of heroic significance and history, but no artistic value. What to say about this?

— But in general the elder part and seaside of Haapsalu has been quite richly decorated with various decorative posts and sculptures, mostly by one sculptor, Roman Paavamägi, who designed so the town's style (before World War II). Stylistically it is something of that called now art deco. It was well compatible with previous atmosphere and ambitions of a health resort, and it would be unthinkable to put any modernist sculpture into this environment. Nowadays here is will to restore Paavamägi's works, many of them are destroyed. In modern environment the modern sculpture would be compatible — if people living there like it.

— Probably you have heard this nowadays already quite an old definition by Kurt Schwitters: "art is everything what the artist spits". I think art is what the artist has done with best will — and talent, which means deeper spirituality, etc, besides the manual skills. It is very elementary, I cannot say anything new and bright about this.

— I think everybody can always say "I do not like this" if he feels that way, but, yes, it is hard to argue with men or



ideology of power in this field, but everybody can think like one wants (if he is able).

Alright, alright, I don't think I have very much to add here... But Indrek himself wants to add these lines here in the end:

— I didn't stop thinking about your questions, so I want to add this talk about art, first that quite trivial thing, that there is also an important part of game, playing and floring fantasy, creativity in art. And a reservation to this I told about the aspire to Beauty: the human soul cannot always be very serious and devout, solemn, but needs a rest — like in medieval grotesque and carnival culture. Without relaxing, fun and

joke, solemn things finally become to seem ridiculous.

— And one must not take my speech too seriously either, I'm not sure I could (or can) express myself without any possibilities of misunderstanding, I've had and still have a little scepticism to this nonliterary world.

Never mind, Indrek, the only way to be sure avoiding misunderstanding is to not say one fucking word... which means one would have to move to the woods and live in a cottage.

But here ends our conversation with this man from Haapsalu, the second Artist Talk of this issue. Thanks to Indrek for your most comprehensive answers and will to talk.

— It was nice to talk. Thank you!

Why do all the devils cover me, then should not, I am not theirs, they are mine. I woke them up and I am their father. They should obey me and not crowd my sight, should listen to my word instead of flying into my mouth and tearing me from within.

They were the only in question, then spoke my language and I could understand them and then heard what I said. I am their master, they are my children. I cannot, do not want to take the lives of my children, but their presence is almost as nauseating as their absence. Take them away



Can you not hear their laughter, then laugh with me. Then laughed with me when I cut her, we shared the joy of watching her slippery tongue twist between my fingers. Her tongue became so slack, like a piece of meat when it was parted from the throat. It was a piece of meat, of course, but it filled my mouth when I tasted it, and I remember I wondered how such a large and long chunk of meat could fit in anybody's mouth. I tried to talk with her tongue in my mouth, and I laughed because I could not pronounce a word, and the devils laughed with me.

But she made so much noise and I can still remember how funny her stare was when I stuffed her tongue back into her mouth to calm her down. I did not have any use for her tongue so she could have it back. But before that, do you remember when I took the tongue out and placed it between her legs? No, you were not there with us. Nobody of you, I was there all alone with my friends. I let her wet tongue tickle her there because I thought she would like it. But she never calmed down so that was when

I gave up and put it back into her mouth. After all, I liked her and I did not want to play if she didn't want to.

She is also with me sometimes. Talks to me while the devils sing in the background. In the beginning the small ones never bothered me. But one evening I was reading a book when I felt the smell of a small devil every time I turned the page. For each page, a new devil turned up. I liked it and read the entire book although I cannot remember what the book was like if I liked

it or not but we became so many and my house felt so crowded when all the small ones were everywhere and we talked danced and laughed all night and then did not want me to sleep but I was tired and they talked so loud. They never left in the morning.

Then tell me so much about myself. Most of it I know already but never think about it if it was not for them. But I wish they gave me some sleep, I wish they did not always talk so much for I am tired of hearing.





Murder, Inc.

Try us. We're cheap.

Murder Corporation make me feel warm within, Murder Corporation are Death Metal. Murder Corporation are our guests. Here with us on the pages we have the drummer Wermén.

Good evening, oh man with no first name. How are things?

— Things are kinda alright, you know! Listening to Kiss and letting my hair grow... It'll say I'm kinda busy.

Let's start this discussion up with the mini cd's straight away. You seem to have as much hassle with mini cd's as Deanged used to have with the singles some time back... "Blood Revolution 2050" first: it was recorded back in 1995 but it is not yet released, is it? Wasn't it Nabaluh Productions from Spain that was supposed to release it? What is happening, really?

— The "Blood Revolution 2050" mini cd is released since maybe three months or something now... What I've heard the response has been pretty good. A lot of people are really digging that release so it's cool... Yeah, you can sure say that it took some time to have it released. It was first meant to be our demo tape but as we are all really satisfied with it we thought it would be a cool idea to have it released as a mini cd instead, so we shipped it around to some labels and Dave of Repulse Records asked Nabaluh Productions if he would like to release it and I guess he liked it as he wanted to give it a try. Then... well, just let's say that it was some quite traditional things that delayed the whole thing.

— No fuck... you can't really compare the thing with the Murder Corporation mini cd with all the shit we had with Deanged for some years ago. There you can sure talk about "hassle", hahaha... As I said, it's finally out so be sure to check the damn thing out! Five songs of pure metal which most people claim as "brutal old school death metal". I guess they're right... We just wanted to have another band to jam with and... oops, Murder Corporation was formed and three weeks later we recorded the just mentioned mini cd.

And then the aptly titled "Kill". Pulverizer Records from America kept on talking about a split cd until you got bored of them... Have you found a new label to release it yet? And by the way, do you have any idea why Pulverizer kept on talking about a split cd? Is it cheaper somehow, or what's up?

— Yeah, Pulverizer Records should release our second mini cd! Anyway, he asked us what we thought about a split cd instead and I told him that we really wanted this recording to be a normal mini cd, just as it was said. It took him six months to get back to me and he told me that he hadn't found any cool band to split with us! We're dealing with some labels right now... We'll see what happens, you know! Well, a split cd is naturally sold as a full price cd and a mini cd as a mini cd... It costs the same to press 'em and shit, so...

And as for you — what was your main reason to disagree with the proposal? Perhaps there would have been

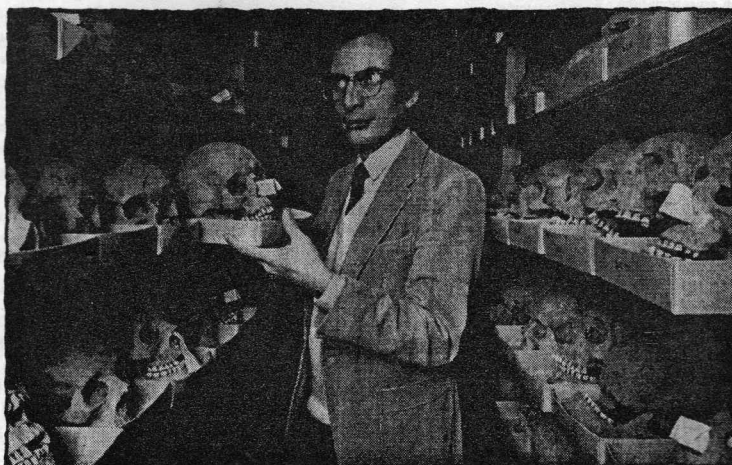
a danger that you would have had to split with some second rate band. Yes, I think so, a good mini cd is better than a half-hearted split cd.

— The reason wasn't that we were afraid to split it with some "second rate" band. No one of us really likes split cd's and shit, so... We wanted to have it released as our second mini cd just the way it was said. We had signed the contract and shit... Never mind! We're finally free to find a cool and good label to release it now.

You say you have remixed this second mini cd but was the sound really that bad? I thought it was good. In what way have you improved it?

— The sound pretty much sucked!! It was basically just rags too weak and we weren't satisfied with it at all. The sound is a lot heavier now and we also changed the order of the songs which is, needless to say, quite an important matter, you know!

In case Wermén's stubborn references to my knowledge puzzles you, my dear reader, I must ask you to read the interview I did with him for Headbucker #5. He's not finished:



— We listened to the advance tape and the sound was much weaker than our first mini cd and we got the opportunity to remix it at a pretty good place, so... there you have it!

Apparently I have been too occupied with bird feet and things, when listening to the first mix, to realize about the sound.

You have been playing abroad lately. What went so wrong in Holland as it apparently was a disaster? And please tell us a little bit more about the gigs in Spain. The places, the venues, the gigs themselves.

— We've done some gigs in Germany with Deanged lately... That's right! It'll hopefully be a sort of "full European tour" with Incantation and Abused sometime in May. We'll see what happens...

— We really enjoy being out on the road. We're planning to do some pretty insane shows with Murder Corporation as well... The gig we did in Holland for something like half a year ago now, just sucked! The sound sucked, we played like some fucking idiots (more than usual I'd say)... It just sucked! The whole monitor system was really fucked up... I had my fucking drums blasting out of my speakers

and couldn't hear a shit... Things like that happen...

— The shows in Spain were pretty insane! The gig in Madrid was really cool! Lots of crazy shit going on... Later on I caught some kind of nasty stomach flu, or something, and basically just puked and shit for a week or so... Once again, shit like that happens. We did four shows in Spain. One of them was some kind of outdoor festival we headlined. Fuck, we entered the stage around fucking five o'clock... in the morning!! The response was surprisingly good down in Spain. I sure hope we'll be able to do some more shows in Spain... pretty soon!

Haha, your song title on the upcoming Near Dark compilation rules... I've heard they are trying to tell you to change the title but I don't think you should!

— We should have been featured on that compilation but some of the other bands didn't like our title so they skipped us! I don't care! What I know they never really wanted us to change the title. I, along with the rest of the band, pretty much think that black metal sucks, so... If some guy says that death metal fucking sucks no one gives a fuck but if someone says that black metal sucks it's like all hell would break loose, you know... After all, as I see it it's not really a big deal that we don't dig "black metal". As I said, no one has any problems with guys that say that death metal sucks over and over again, but if you should dare to say that black metal sucks... it's like "You're crazy"! We're not any mood-hang-arounders, you know...

The title in question was "Black Metal Sucks And So Do You".

Anyway, Wermén, this song differs a little from your typical cyberkill approach, doesn't it? Did you write this song especially for the Near Dark compilation, knowing that Kimpa and Tobbe in general seem to prefer black metal to good olde fucking brutal death metal?

— I don't really think that Murder Corporation has any

"cyberkill" approach, so to say. We wanted to have that song on that compilation cd as we found it rather suitable. As I said, it's not our fault people are so damn concerned about what we dig or not... Still, the title is, needless to say, quite "provocative" these days, but what the fuck... As always, we just write a song and afterwards we work on the lyrics. Even before we had done the lyric we decided to have that song featured and I wrote a lyric to it and it was like the song for that compilation. We knew that it would be some black metal bands featured on it and as usual we wanted to raise some small hell... Still, we never thought that people would care this much about it. Still, it's rather fun to be skipped from a compilation just 'coz of the title. The guys on Near Dark probably had to do it, so... It's a cool label run by a cool guy, so...

No: it is a cool label run by two cool guys.

— A lot of people have heard about the song and write me and are basically dying to hear that song as they fucking really dig the title to it...

How come you found this guy from that old forgotten Gothenburg band Mega Slaughter? They never got very far,

[...]



did then... Apparently Thrash Records from France put out an album with them, though.

I find it strange that a guy who used to be involved in death metal for about six years ago suddenly picks up the mike again: usually if one quits in the underground, it tends to be definite.

Moreover, I have heard many gruntsmen complain that if one does not constantly practice, one loses the ability to growl. Apparently this is individual, because this guy surely growls with the best of them.

Our bass player has known that guy for ages and when we decided to form a new band he naturally asked him to join up with us. Yeah, Mega Slaughter released an lp on Thrash Records in 1990 or something... He had been singing in some kind of grind/fast hardcore band some time and shit like that so... I guess he hadn't any bigger problems with the growling thing, so to say. Anyway, he has moved back to Gothenburg now and we are right now looking for a new singer... We don't have any recording session or gig/tour planned or whatsoever with Murder Corporation right now, so it's really not any bigger rush, so to say... We'll check some guys out and so on... We'll find someone, so... it's cool! Ha!

And since I happen to be talking with the Deranged drummer I of course have to inquire about possible news here. "Rated-X" did get a rather good response, didn't it? But what has happened with the band after that, with the exception of the two singer changes?

And what is this your new singer's original band called Moonstruck? What music do they play? I don't think I have ever heard about them before.

Yeah, "Rated-X" sure got some pretty good response. I never expected such a great response... It's really cool! Our video has been aired on MTV and shit as well... "Rated-X" has sure, with no doubt, really helped us to spread the word. We have more or less just been rehearsing and doing new songs.

We're planning to record a new full length CD around summer this year. It'll kill! It's be titled "High On Blood" and some titles so far are "Raised On Human Sin", "High On Blood", "Nailed Ejaculation", "Open Wound Fuck", "Razor Divine", "With the Silence Came the Horror", "Haunted By Natural Danger", "Whole Lotta Killing Going On"... I don't know! We have like 23-24 new songs and we'll just pick the 10-11 best or something. We've done some abroad gigs, smaller tours and shit like that as well... Just been busy spreading the word, you know...

The singer we got after Per just lived too far away from us so it didn't really work out. Quite stupid to think that it would actually work out, to start with. We realized that it was a fact that it would never work out so we started to look for another singer. We heard about a death metal band around where we live so we checked their singer out and it worked out really great, so we asked him to join up with us. Yeah, he's also in a band called Moonstruck! They have been around for some years now and have released a couple of demo tapes and shit like that... Compared to Deranged Moonstruck is probably a little bit more "mellow", so to say... Check them out! We have a cool line up now and most things really work out great... I'm really looking forward to record a new CD! A lot of people are asking when we'll record something now... The new material we have is compared to "Rated-X" kinda more intense, faster, more brutal and quite a lot sicker!

Dps.

I mean, we wrote and rehearsed "Rated-X" almost during three fucking months and recorded and mixed the damn thing in ten days... We have really worked hard on the new shit... Tried to get everything as tight as we can and shit... Fuck! You'll hear for yourself later on!

I won't mind, I really won't.

But now... fuck the dead, Wermén, fuck the dead!

Thanks to you for the interview! We really appreciate your support! As usual, write to us today and remember that the blood revolution will come!

The blood revolution is here... so much blood everywhere.

Blood Revolution 2050
mini cd: qabalah productions 1897

Kill!

mini cd: planet end records 1897

Murder Corporation
cd: planet end records 1898



Demonstration Reviews

*Have mercy on us, our Lord, when we
gather here tonight to hearken to the
woes of troubadours and distorted songs
of restless souls.*

APOTHEOSIS — SHADOWS EVE DEMO 1995

Horrible, plain horrible. Why do people send demos like this one to me? What have I done? I know I am not appreciated by everybody and I'd hate to be, but this must be some sort of personal revenge! Whatever I have done to you, Mr Sauron from Malta, please forgive me! I promise to do everything you might ask me, just please do not send any more demos!

Okay. First we have the intro called "Shadows Eve". Some sampled monk choirs and things, damn scary. "Rite of Eternal Revelation" starts off with some winds and then the music (unfortunately) makes its entrance. The best thing are the crap vocals — because everything else is simply beyond the word "crap". The drum machine is just about as worthless as it can be and the "guitar" sound is simply from Disneyland. I could compose better songs myself — which means that we are talking about a demo that is corny to the extreme. A lot of keyboards and samples are used but they are not of much help.

Then we also have the pretty damn impressive inlay card where the word "poser" is mentioned more often than the name of the band. Mr Sauron seems to be quite busy keeping track of all the posers around.

Shit thing really, but if Apotheosis is true then I'd much rather be fake. Tell the guy to add my name to his next poser list.

BENIGHTED LEAMS — CALIGINOUS ROMANTIC MYTH
PROMO 1996

At the first sight I was contented to see a concept other than a typical black metal one, and that the enclosed lyrics are written in an archaic vein, such as

*"De dulcid uenom of romaunce we did draine
In de dark Dionysian cauerns
Tenebrous imaginatiouns of our noble lust
Enbraled were by my cunning"*

Mayhap a simple gimmick but that doesn't change the fact I am a sucker for Chaucerian drama.

If we would only have a drummer and somebody else to do the clean vocals, as well as an improved sound quality, Benighted Leams could perhaps be taken a little more seriously.

Because in the end, the song structures are not all that bad, and although not quite living up to the somewhat over the top descriptions of his very own promotional sheets, at least this is as far away from Gothenburg musically as it is geographically. This is always something I enjoy.

The lyrical concept may have fooled me a first time (ehm, Verg, yeh) but in this very condition you can do a lot worse than ignoring Benighted Leams.

...!

BLACK ANGEL — RITES DEMO 1997

This is not trendy fog frosted troll black metal!!!, distributor Felipe of Black Productions enthuses about this \$6 demo. Just pure fucking South American war music!! Crude and bestial as fuck!!

I can agree about that, I sure can. With Blacker on vocals, Mekos Pokos on guitar, Corpus on bass and last but certainly not least if we're comparing names, Accelerator on drums (plus plenty of guest appearances by Jerry Goldsmith and Carl Driff), Black Angel are not out to play ballads.

Black metal in its oldest form, such as Bathory or Hellhammer, was not only crude, rough and simple. It needs something else. It does require charm or class.

If some optimistic friends in Peru wish to return fifteen years back in time, then yes, go ahead: but to capture that ancient charm is easier said than done. You do need talent, something that is certainly not found here.

Most trite, talentless, uninspiring black metal with vocals of the very same calibre. That is, trite, talentless and uninspiring.

I am afraid fog frosted trolls did this better anyhow.

BLOODSHED — SALVATION BY BLOODSHED DEMO 1997

Hail the Memory of Necrony! A band so underrated I myself have forgotten to listen more to that brilliant last Promo Tape 93/94.

No, Bloodshed has nothing to do with Necrony other than that it is the incarnation of his returned thirst for death metal the other half of Necrony again feels.

Bloodshed is brutal, straight-forward, violent death metal with the small, subtle ideas that make the difference. Or in other words, high quality death metal with riffs that made Richard of A Mind Confused look up from his beard and realize that this bastard of a demo is studded with ingenious riffs.

"Carnal Revelation".

"Blood-Dimmed Tide".

"Bleed For Him".

Fucking death metal.

DAEONIA — MORPHIC LANDS DEMO 2 1996

Sometimes it is nice to get mail. This time already the handwriting on the parcel was promising, and when I pulled out the contents I found a letterhead with a fairly unaesthetic logo but also a tape with one of the finest demo covers this issue has seen. Perhaps the finest?

Eric presented his band as a gothic one with influences from, exempli gratia, Fields of the Nephilim and Sisters of Mercy. Oh dear! such creativity! Luckily his introduction was not quite accurate, because Daeonia are sure as hell more interesting than the typical F.O.D.N./S.O.D. wannabes.

Sure there are some familiar feelings and sounds, but I also smell enough fine ideas and simply good music that I am in for this, definitely.

The goth genre is something I started to get bored of before I even really got into it and thus my knowledge on it is too thin to be able to review Daeonia with any kind of pinpoint accuracy. What do I know how much they have stolen from bands not familiar to me...

Nevertheless, Daeonia is your thing if you wish to hear melancholic, well-performed music with class. Like many others, they forgot to tell me the price of the demo.

DARK AGES — EMPEROR'S CURSE DEMO 1996

I mean this is painful. Since I lack words, I will cite the biography of this duo: "The music they play is power metal influenced by bands like Morbid Angel, Death, Pantera, Morgana Lefay". I don't really know where to start. Old power metal from the early 80's is fine for sure. "Emperor's Curse" is more like a very bad joke.

If you can imagine yourself a collection of the most trite power metal clichés, badly mixed David Vincent inspired vocals, fucking scary keyboards and riffs so boring that they hardly exist... that is Dark Ages for me. Luckily they didn't send the lyric sheet.

The biggest yarn of the week. Four dollars.

DARKNESS IS MY PRIDE — LITANAI DEMO 1996

What first catches the eye is the fine layout printed on yellowish paper. Very fine indeed. The music appears to be some sort of melodic, mid-paced death metal with some quicker parts suffering from a muddy sound and a background vocalist whose deep growls are fairly disastrous because they drown everything else in the mix when they turn up.

We might have some potential in here. Some of the riffs are somewhat interesting but I would not say the music or performance is mature enough. And an increased amount of personality never hurts either — as we know, the competition is nowadays tough in this melodic genre. I certainly hope the next step of Darkness Is My Pride will be another demo because they appear to be one of these "promising but not yet ready for a deal" kind of bands. Too bad labels seem so eager these days that they never give the bands the time they need. So, we will see what will happen with these Germans.

But for as for "Litani", you could invest \$6 in a lot worse demos. Try this one if you'd like to hear metal with some melancholic vibes.

DROWNED — CONQUERING THE AZURE DEMO 1995

But here we have one of the most interesting demos reviewed on these pages. It is an old one, yes, but Saman contacted me and asked me to review this one. And it does deserve a mention despite its age, especially as the band has not been very productive lately.

Of the four songs featured herein, "The Serpent Goddess" is my favourite. It has it all... freaked out, chanting vocals... esoteric harmonies and nothing but "Drowned" stamped all over it. This is recorded by a band with identity.

The only thing I have been a bit hesitant for are the occasional wild blasts on this demo that might not fit perfectly in the music of Drowned... On one hand, I already commented it to Saman that it is unexpected turns like this that creates the trademark of a band, while on the other hand, I am still not really sure if they are necessary.

Instead of pondering about possible problems on the aged material on "Conquering the Azure" I would like to aim my ears to Berlin in the hope of hearing new material. The band has had line-up hassles, one of the problems being the loss of vocalist... unfortunately. Hopefully the new one will be able to reach the standard of Lunan who sings on this demo. Anyhow, if I remember right Saman wrote some time back that they are to record something soonish.

Remember the name Drowned and get ahold of "Conquering the Azure" if you want to hear a demo that goes beyond the typical boundaries of death or black metal. Most recommended!

E.C.T. — CAPTURED AGGRESSION DEMO 1997

Talent is something one is born with. It is nothing you get with experience. E.C.T. have been around since 1989 and after seven demos the most interesting thing about them still appears to be that they are originally from the hometown of Kysma.

It is not a shit demo. Among the six lengthy songs here we do have a few fairly good ones, it is just that one would expect more from a band that is soon to celebrate its first decade in existence...

The pace has calmed down considerably and this is how I prefer the band. The best demo so far, definitely. Not quite yet something I would expect to pick up again after being done with this review but it shows that the case is not all hopeless. "Bloodline" is the piece that appeals to me most and incidentally — or rather, because? — it also is the

slowest one. Here we do hear some own ideas, they are not horribly many, but it sounds way better to me than their quicker parts that are nothing but average. ...We also have a nameless outro here, an instrumental, partly acoustic cut lasting for two minutes that is definitely among the highlights on this demo. A slow, pounding pace, occasionally broken by a few mid-paced passages. Perhaps this is the future of E.C.T.? Grind gone doom? I am for it.

But hey, you guys really should pull yourself together and develop the more promising sides of "Captured Aggression", otherwise you will end up doing seven more demos — and having a discography of fourteen demos, that would tell embarrassing truths about the state of the band.

EPIDEMIC CAUSE — PROMO 1996

A Japanese threesome who mix a drum machine with aggressive vocals and rhythmic music. Plus various programmed synthesizers. No, I do not like this. No, I do not like this. No, I do not like this. No, I do not like this. No, I do not like this. Instead of saying what I do not like in the music of Epidemic Cause, I would rather say what I miss: metal. This is some sort of space age industrial death and no, I do not like it. The three songs



Black angel from Lima, Peru, are out to kill. All fine by me as long as they keep away from the studio.

featured are "Cerebral Palsy", "Anniversary of Mental Derangement" and "Amnesia". But the titles do not matter. I do not like this!

FUNERAL MIST — HAVOC DEMO II 1996

Now let's see... there has been some line-up changes in this band that we have to clear out. The two previous guitarists have left the band and the drummer has been changed. The bass man Ariocho, the only one left from the previous demo, is the one who makes the music these days. Instead of the dissectionist black metal we had on "Darkness", the music on "Havoc" is primitive, dirty black metal. Being a fan of bands like Dark Throne, Havoc and others, I welcome this change... one Dissection is enough for me.

What I like about the Funeral Mist of today is the irony and subtle humour that certainly is rare in black metal. To give an example, is it often you see skeletons making love on a demo inlay card? And how many demos have you heard that feature geese? The geese, preceded by the sentence "Evil... is on the way", are part of the several cool intros on "Havoc". The best one is definitely the awesome "I know what you've done... I know all your sins" in the beginning of "The Old Ones Grin".

The music is, as said, dirty black metal with some surprises such as riffs with an unusual groove and vocals far above the average. On this demo Barbapapa damnit I mean Ariocho finally did what he had talked about for some time, the half a minute scream. Not all that bad.

Nothing extremely revolutionary but good enough to be one of my favourite demos in this issue. \$5 or 30 Skr.

FUNERUM — RE-VELATIO

In fact this is a cassette EP but I refuse to list it among the records. Probably the photocopied cover I received is only for the promotional version, and there is nothing wrong with that: it is mainly because of the performance that I list this as a demo. A very bad one too, I am afraid.

Funerum are not black metal as the name implied to me, but instead aim at something they call "romantic extreme

death metal". The music however is considerably more pompous than the label suggests.

On this demo (cassette EP...) we have a group photo featuring not less than eight persons. Violins and female vocals and keyboards and the whole circus. Each of them leave their mark on the music which is thus quite diverse, yes, but this is not the lasting impression. The lasting impression is that this is so horribly untight that

that I cannot come up with a righteous description.

We have heard untight music before, but in connection with ambitions as great as here the result is Peter Jackson. There is an acoustic song with female vocals only which is nothing but horrific. Please give this girl singing lessons and preferably quite a bit of them. Phew, I am trying to remain objective and constructive but honestly, this demo is scary.

I wish to tell you good luck on your mission (I like Therion just the same as I suppose you do) but let's calm down with the ambitions and the keyboard solos (!) and concentrate on the rehearsing.

As a bonus, the tape featured two new live songs after the over half an hour demo: please... have I not suffered enough?

GOOSEFLESH — THE WRAITH DEMO '96

To let Close-Up magazine review Dauthuf #1 was a mistake for sure. Some people who have heard my opinion on Close-Up (it's not it sucks) may wonder how this even happened: but the reviewer is a person I have known for several years and am thus aware of her honesty when it comes to reviewing. That our tastes regarding just about everything differ strongly makes it all only more interesting. So it was her opinion I was interested in, not actually being featured in Close-Up. But who gives a toss really? I just wanted to clear this out so that if you will sue me you will at least have some background information. Or something.

Gooseflesh is actually not that Very Very Hot And Original Mixture Between Hardcore And Metal And Generally Damn Tough kinda band that I expected to get from somebody who found my misspelled address in Close-Up. Gooseflesh is better than the average Close-Up band, if I may say so. And I do say this even if I may not do it. Kind of.

If you get my point. And even if you don't I can't say I expect you to give a toss. Or anybody else either for that sake. So to say.

"The Wraith" has a good production with fairly heavy guitars. The vocals are nothing particular, I would have preferred them rougher but at least they are not of that testicle-lacking Michael Riske kind, for which I am grateful. Just to give a bad example that does not suit the review, the band or the world in general.

"The Wraith" is standard, mellow thing to me but at least I am grateful for Gooseflesh for not using any kind of hardcore or other "ground breaking" influences.

But having currently been listening to "Beyond the Unknown" by Incubus, how could I possibly give a too dramatic toss about Gooseflesh? Keep it metal, Gooseflesh, although I'd like to ask you to listen to Incubus if you want to get an example of something that puts me into the condition your monicker is referring to. 40kr\$4\$610DM

IN THA UMBRA — OF THE SINGING DUSK... MYSTIC CHARMS, A FUNERAL SKY AND THE WITHERING LIGHT DEMO 1996

Now that is a demo title to my liking. No compromise. I received these Portuguese men's flyer that talked about "VI nocturnal hymns of pure death metal, melodic, macabre, crushing and dark!" and especially words like "crushing", "macabre", "dark" and most of all "death metal" made me contact Bruno to get a more concrete impression about In tha Umbra.

As the tape has found its way to my recorder I must first scratch my head, wondering what I actually think about the guitar sound. It is so raw it is quite horrible, but isn't that how we want death metal to be? Si si, keep it fucking horrible, I am with you... I would not quite agree with the "killer sound!" statement on the flyer, and some improvement to the next release would not hurt, but in general I am for it. Seems like these people agree with me about how death metal is supposed to be like... raw like the meat of the recently butchered young mother.

The vocals, that are as fucking death they possibly could



BLOT MINE — KILL FOR INNER PEACE DEMO 1996

Blot Mine belong to the minority of Swedish bands that have the disgrace of my honest interest. If "Kill For Inner Peace" is a drastically superior demo in the oceans of demos released during the last year, I do not quite know how to argue for that, but I certainly do like this demo more than most others.

There is something with their blend of black metal that makes a difference. Or perhaps their different concept and nice logo only made me give them a second chance and a more thorough listening? Or the idea that there is some intelligence here. Or the fact that "Cold, Deserted And Dead" is one hell of a song.

The hectic pace, the ruined vocals by Bvreeede (also Bålnad Ur Rynd) and it all simply goes down unusually

well for me. The ruined vocals: there we have one of the reasons why I have been charmed. These are vocals with passion instead of the typical mechanical shriek.

In fact. Yes. Blot Mine are not a revolution, they will not turn the world ablaze with this recording, but they perform it all so confidently and well that it sounds like something worthy another label than the generic "Swedish black metal"... I could keep on emphasizing other details than the vocals, such as the general arrangements of the songs which give them a flow superior most Swedish black metal, or just the very fine introduction, but I must have brought my view across by now.

This is fast, fierce black metal. 30: or \$6.

*"Arid Wastes, Cold, Deserted And Dead
Such, The Scenery From Which I Depart"*

get, are good although I do not think the lyrics are perfectly arranged to the music. Bruno's howling does appear a little out of place sometimes. This would not bother me if his vocal style was not so similar throughout the demo — oonllyy draaawwn ouout hooowwls with little variation. It does get a tad repetitive after a while.

Other than that In Tha Umbra serve us good quality melancholic yet brutal death metal, spiced with likewise well performed keyboard parts. This keyboard guy Colo Amon-Râ is apparently going to release his own cassette EP through Tribal Productions that can be reached via the same address as In Tha Umbra.

The lyrics are interesting but I will not talk more about them right now because I have a feeling we might feature an interview with these guys in this issue.

"Of the Singing Dusk... Mystic Charms, a Funeral Sky And the Withering Light" is yours for \$5 if you dwell within what is the C.E.C. while you poor fucks elsewhere have to invest \$6.

INTROITUS — ...AS HORDES GATHER DEMO 1996

Did you know that Dissection have moved to Serbia? It is true, I wouldn't believe it either if I wasn't listening to their new demo called "...As Hordes Gather".

Let us not get too ironic, I like to receive a good demo from an unusual land every now and then. And this thing by Introitus is not bad at all. Well played, with fine melodies... I was supposed to say "ideas" but that is where the problem lies. Big problem. This is all Dissection. The vocals are Dissection, the music is Dissection... and there are even some short acoustic pieces to make the clone complete.

Please, Introitus, put your Dissection records aside for a while! You are too promising a band to become another Dissection clone. And that "The Unforgiven" association in "Resurgent" is just a tad too embarrassing...

This eight song demo, featuring a good layout and lyrics, costs \$7. Apart from the musical rip off accusations the only fault is the mixing where the drums are completely hid behind the barrier of guitars and vocals. It took a while for me to hear there were any drums at all on the tape.

KARABOUDJAN — TRIBUTE TO HERGE

Banha, muovautunut sieni, korkea mutta pieni, ruskea vanha

sieni...

Day DiSyrnah of the Priesthood of Kaagoonshinnaah studied the secret arts, the many books with the symbols, he summoned the spirit of Nilou, and forth came the vision of Karaboudjan.

The only existing project anyhow comparable to Pan.Ty.Monium, Karaboudjan delves in that side of yourself that you lack, and if you have it, you are afraid of it.

Not without reason.

This is the July '97 version that was updated a few months later and then sent to Melapse for release in the shape of a small piece of sheer madness.

Enjoyable although the eye of Kaagoonshinnaah roaches over me still and I cannot betray it. Neither is there a reason.

KAZANIAN/SAMSAS TRAUM — DEMOS 1996

This was somewhat more challenging. Two projects and thus two demos on one tape, neither of them being the typical kind of material one hears. Or at least that I hear. The flyer says "supreme morbid blackwave: German gothic in its purest forms combined with orchestral, epic and symphonic songs". Of course descriptions nicked from flyers are guaranteedly subjective and thus far from always correct — but here my ignorance beyond metal music hinders me from coming up with own descriptions that would be more appropriate.

On side A we have Kazanian, then. Alex tells it is "the stories about the mothers of cries, tears and darkness, who altogether are death". It is calm, sad and quite atmospheric music with vocals that are performed as a theatrical narration, varying from mournful to desperate. It is all in German and since I personally am not overly in love with this language, it did take a while to get used to. But I must say that I am starting to like this.

Then on side B we have Samsas Traum that starts with the guy having a soliloquy in some sort of church, judging by the acoustics. Was sagst du? Then we have some gothic rock with blastbeats... Later on we hear a familiar old man speaking who turns out to be good olde Aleister Crowley. I like his voice a lot, he sounds as innocent and sympathetic as he used to describe himself although the rest of the world was of another opinion. But the question is

whether the music of Samsas Traum is worthy to accompany the voice of this man?

For \$5, outside Europe \$6, you do get quite a mouthful and if the descriptions above do not scare you I'd like to recommend both Kazanian and Samsas Traum. Interesting projects, both of them. Alex also does a fine called Wintersonne.

Here in the end I would like to advise Alex from getting rid of his nickname Perdurabo. You may be influenced by Crowley but stealing his name is over the top.

LAUMÉ — DEMO 1996

Stefan of Kshatras Productions has made an intriguing discovery here, in the shape of Laumé who perform calm Lithuanian folktype music. This eight song thing lasts for half an hour and, to put things simple for once, I dig it deeply. It doesn't sound like Dead Can Dance but I'd like to say that if you are into the aforementioned band you should like Laumé as well. To state an example, one song — I received no song titles and the biographical information was as sparse as the amount of people I get along with — has only female vocals and a clarinet. Other instruments used are acoustic guitars, percussion and keyboards. It all sounds timeless, though, which means it sounds old. Which means I am into this.

Which means you will buy it for \$7 from Kshatras Productions.

MENTALITY — PROMO TAPE 97

A fucking violent, grinding death metal band with some mad technical ideas and drunk keyboards — all performed with confidence and skill... this is a good band. Schizophrenic. The keyboard interruptions are interesting, of an almost therionian kind.

This is a promo tape featuring four songs from a forty minute album they wish to find a label for. Certainly a fist in the ear for those who considered Slovakia to be uninteresting when it comes to new music.

Zines, labels, distributors and radio stations are invited to contact them for promotional packs, and yes, this stuff is recommended by Davoths, Inc.

Mentality are also featured on the Slovak compilation called Horrible Fascination, reviewed at Home of the Ill, but the two songs there are not of the same quality as this promo.

If you are into bands such as Human Remains you should give Mortality a chance. Dr... hey. I have it: Suffocation + Therion = Mentality.

I said they were mad.

NAGELFAR — JAGD DEMO 1997

A very appropriate logo. It describes the music very well. Scheisse. The sound is not beautiful and the vocals are horrible, some of the worst heard for a long time. I suppose Jander is influenced by Banz Bikers but where Banz's howls of agony are art, Jander's pathetic attempts are embarrassing. He varies his vocals a lot and uses different styles: too bad most of them make me wish this was an instrumental band.

The music does, actually, have some passages that are listenable — such as the calm piano part with Jander's humming in "Ekkels Jagd" and one certain nifty riff in "Nacht der Rache" — but I'd rather see Nagelfar record about three more demos before I'd bother to listen to them again.

No address can be found anywhere on the inlay card or the biography and I suppose I wouldn't have included it either if I had released this tape.

Those who find the lines above promising can however rejoice since I found a flyer with the address and price which is \$7.

NECROPOLIS RISING — THE EVERLASTING DEMO 1 '96

Guitarman Chris R. apologizes in his photocopied letter for the production, or rather the lack of it, and I feel apologies are not entirely out of place. The sound is quite unstable in places, or is it their playing ability that is? Or perhaps both? I am afraid I would vote for the last option. Peculiarly enough, the sound seems to turn a little better as the tape runs on — if this is because I am getting used to the sound or simply because the sound does get better, I don't really know. What I dislike most has however got to be the vocals that are quite useless when they experiment when other styles than growling — while when growling, they are acceptable. Who does the vocals is a mystery since only the guitarists,



Otyg's third and last demo.

the bassist and the drummer is named.

"The Everlasting" is nothing I would recommend to anybody keen on investing his money safely, yet I can still rejoice it is neither crap black metal or some wannabe-dark tranquillitism, but more real death metal with a desire to experiment. And yes, among the nameless riffs we do have some hints saying this band could become something. After two more demos, perhaps.

Some of the seven song titles are somewhat queer, by the way. One is called "10:20", a second "Decadence Is", while a third one is called "Evil Is..." and the mediocre acoustic finale obeys the title "...As Evil Does".

NOAPTE MIHNEA — ADVANCE SORT OF THING

The third tape in line that I have received from this person for review in the very same issue... and with each tape I have also received the request to ignore the previous material. In fact, a while after having received this one the guy asked me to delete this one as well but that's where I drew the line.

I don't know if I am supposed to say this, but Teemoof the Turtle finds all these tapes to be somewhat identical. I am not very well involved within this genre, but the influence M3.412 has on Noapte Mihnea seems as persistent as ever — and although I can find that Maschinenzimmer interesting, one band of their kind is enough for me.

This five minute advance tape for a silverdisc to be released by the Australian label of the name Dorobo could be compared to the sound of an aeroplane flying at a constant distance.

For a simple-minded metalhead like myself, there are too many projects of this kind. M3.412 was the first outfit I heard, thus they remain the original for me; Balefor had such a nice packaging that I remained positive, while Noapte Mihnea's demos and advance tapes came in a tad too late in line.

NOMINON — PROMO AUGUST '96

Wandering about in London I asked a bloke with a BotBot shirt if he knew some metal shop around, and we got talking a little bit. Then he gave me the advice to have a listen at this very two song promo (\$5), being granted it is not typical late 1990's tralala metal.

Later I realized some of the names in the line-up were familiar from a band called Dion Fortune who released a few demos about three years ago.

Kindly ignoring the two somewhat embarrassing introductions following the concept of evil speech respective howling sheep — sorry, wolves — Nominon certainly are into that "old, genuine Death Metal" they refer to in their autobiography, and do it trustworthily. I am into this, certainly. The very first riff in "Consuming Divineness" promises we have travelled several years back in time.

That BotBot shirt was a pirate one, nevertheless.



Funereum are pretty scary.

OTYG — GALDERSÅNG TILL BERGFADERN DEMO 1997

Ingenious. Just brilliant. This is the third half an hour demo I hear with these Purveyors of Fine Folk Metal and the quality holds the same standard as ever.

The difference this time is that the lyrics are included. Having peeked (and listened) to a few lyrics earlier I noticed we do have some skill here, but when reading the lyrics to "Galdersång Till Bergfadern" while listening to the demo I realize Otyg are not only bloody good: they simply fucking reign.

Not only are the Swedish lyrics well written, with a vocabulary and rhyme only matched by Bälbad Ur Rymd (if you know others, I would be more than enthusiastic to hear about them), but the best of all must be the arrangement which is nothing but perfect.

The music is brilliant folk music with distorted guitars, as well as violin and Jew's harp. The lyrics, read separately, are most charming stories told in an old tongue — and the music and lyrics experienced together enhance the quality of them both.

Fuck shit what a fantastic band.

PAN.THY.MONIUM —

And again blood gushes in the veins of the Priesthood of Raagoonshinnah, and again does their madness lead ours! First, "Blink". Second, "Dimension IV". Third, "Burn the Cross". Fourth, "V".

Without Day DiShraah and without the lamenting box of many voices, Pan.Thy.Monium are more aggressive, more straightforward — still recognizable and although the loss in D. was considerable, there is still madness in here.

Hmmm...

Sometimes one doesn't really know what to think. Well, usually the fate of us reviewers is usually pretty logical. We praise a demo and the band is all happy with us while others think we lick their arse. We slag off a demo and the band hates us while everybody else thinks it's fun. It is quite simple. Not always, though.

See, in the last issue I slagged off the demos of Enuresis and Idiosyncrasy pretty down to the core. Then when the zine was released I sent photocopies of the rather brutal reviews to Bjarke, the guy who I had been in touch with and who played in both bands.

He writes back: "Hallo Timo! Thanks a lot for the great reviews — you fucking rule! Your magazine is absolutely the coolest I've read for years! Take care and keep up the good work! Bjarke"

There is something fishy about this.



Nowadays available on CD through Candlelight.

This is a recording done in the end of 1896 to see how the songs worked, rather than to be released upon mankind as of yet.

Our God did not die...

pass your Doom unto us unworthy!

REQUIEM LAUS — FOR THE ONES WHO DIED DEMO 1996

What first catches one's attention on this multicoloured demo is the individual way to fold the cover. Requiem Laus play melodic, doomish death metal with boring solos. And I have some problems with band photos where 75% of the members wear sunglasses. Two of them are damn ugly too. The sunglasses I mean.

One song I enjoy particularly on this demo is "In Memoriam of the Night" thanks to the fine main riff. In general this demo does not quite appear to be my thing. It belongs to this league of demos that are well played, have a professional approach and feature some good ideas but still ...they don't quite pull it through. At least not here at the Deadquarters of Dths. There are some good vibes and pleasant riffs but as a whole "For The Ones Who Died" is quickly forgotten by this wicked, wicked reviewer who is me.

A good attempt, though. \$5 or, in case you like the demo a lot, you can buy five for \$20.

SARCOMA — PRELUDIO DE MORTANDAD DEMO 1996/97

The animal roar marks the end of the well performed acoustic introduction and the beginning of "Irony's Rite", one of the two English sung pieces on these five song recording.

Sarcoma's brutal death metal is considerably better managed than countrymates Black Angel with their below average black metal: a dirty guitar sound and violent, rasping yet deep vocals make sure this is death metal and not some Swedish pop music.

Occasionally they tread on in a most doomish manner and occasionally giving it a blast, both feel as appropriate. Hell yes, although not turning my world upside down (it is already) Sarcoma have my support in their quest in bringing back the Death to death metal...

\$6 from either the band or Plasmática Distrito. The latter also accepts 35 Skr.

SIREN — THE CALLING... DEMO 1995

Next demo, please!

SPAZMOSITY — THE FADING OF LIFE DEMO 1997

"No one could foresee that their musical evolution would take an expression like this." This line from their biography could be the basis for a several tongue in cheek comments but I'll try to control myself and be somewhat reasonable instead.

I know that introduction was unnecessary but after hundreds of reviews I am starting to get a hard time when it

comes to vary them.

When a reviewer is more concerned about the way he is writing the review than the actual demo, it is alarming. But fear not, ladies and gentlemen, dogs and transsexual rabbits, small red helicopters and kola krauzes, because with the exception of that scream in the first song, this \$4 demo is not that bad.

Spagmosity do make some okay music in the melodic death metal genre. Had only the sound been stronger, the singer more experienced and things generally improved, then... well? Then things would be better. I suppose.

As it is now, Spagmosity is like eating spaghetti without sauce. And I want meatballs too. And lots of spices and garlic and things.

STEEL — SOME SORT OF PROMOTIONAL RECORDING

Man if this does not make your moppemustasch grow then you've never heard heavy metal.

Wicke of Opeth and Dan Swanö raise some hell and this hell is so 80s and so German it is incredible it has been recorded in the woods of Sweden. Certainly the most authentic retroproject I have heard. The vocals are nothing but unbelievable.

Quite a laugh.

THINE — PROMO 97

Oooo. "Re-Animate the Masque" is as majestic as anything else I have heard by Thine (i.e. the "Journeys" cassette EP in the record review section). Again, two songs in eighteen minutes.

During the last year they have however turned a lot trippier, meditative, surreal and with a hypnotic bass line in the end of the first song that inserts hooks in you.

Get your journey at Black Tears Distribution.

UNCHASTE — OF DARK JUNGLES BORN DEMO 1997

One smurf and one mumintroll impaled on the logo: these are not nice guys, just as the music shows when it starts after the Satyr intro "This Is Apan Robert".

The "Love Me Tender" cover is lovely.

But exactly what do you want me to say really?

One of the better free demos I have received. This should give an impression of the general demo standard.

VACUUM — CLIMBING MY SKY DEMO 1996

Sort of mid-paced death metal with subtle keyboards. I do not know why Type D Negative popped up in my head... Vacuum don't even sound like them. While waiting for more appropriate descriptions on their music, we can have a look at some other details.

I do not like the logo which gives me associations to the sort of tags kids like to write on the walls. Other than that, the layout is good and imaginative. The cover shows New York being flooded — a picture I also saw in an advertisement in the newspaper last year.

The lyrics are melancholic (try Projact!) (if you're a russ). The opening song has an interesting title: "Dead Flowers' Dreams". Must be something like "Ooh, why didn't you water me enough". Hehe.

"Climbing My Sky" sure is a recommended purchase. I would not like to see them release a CD yet, but as a demo band these Czechs definitely deserve more attention — unfortunately I do not know the price of the demo. I have also heard their "Promo Tape '95" which was good. Ah, one last comment on this '96 demo: the synth in the background of "Withering Away" (during the narration) surely has a familiar melody.

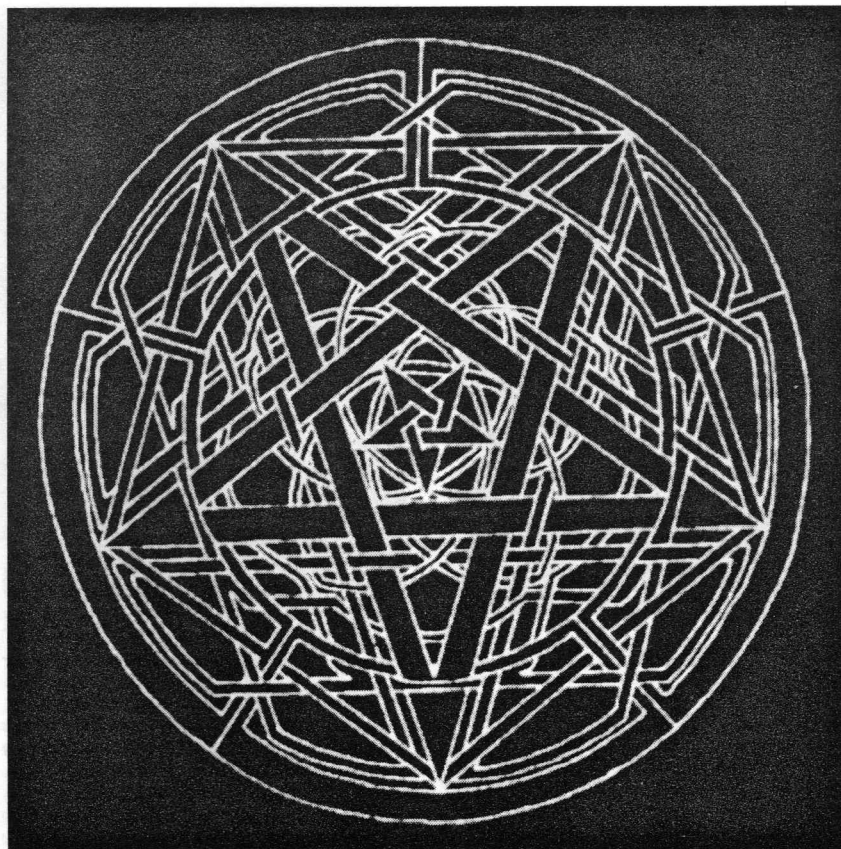
VARATHRON — SAKMUTIVS PEGORUS PROMO '97

Phew, I am very grateful for just in the last minute having noticed six reviews, including this one, had vanished among all the rubble. Luckily they were found among some old papers I had not yet thrown away. Well, we have some typing to do, let us continue:

With an upbeat but somewhat standard — within the Varathron standard, that is, which means good but not noteworthy in their own production — song of the name "The Grim Palace" this promo is opened.

"Spirit of the Tomb" is, on the other hand, a captivating instrumental piece managing to rise above the oceans of attempts we have heard in this The Age of Atmospheric Intros, Songs and Compositions of Most Varied Quality.

But "The Vision of a Nameless Soul" is what I



This fine medieval symbol is featured on the likewise fine Drowned "Conquering the Azure" demo 1995. However, it is not quite as medieval as it may at the first sight look. It reminds a little about the symbol to the right, used by John Dee in the 17th century.

The design above, however, was drawn



by Saman of Drowned and a friend of his, exclusively for the mentioned demo.

What is mysterious, however, is that this very design has ended up not only on Dimmu Borgir merchandise as well as the Abyssos debut CD.

Strange, don't you think?

wish to emphasize on this tape. In my opinion by far surpassing "The Grim Palace", this vision shows Varathron at their best. This half acoustic thing is not only uncomparable to any other band's material, but it is also the most experimental song I can recall Varathron to have recorded. (Of course, my memory is not much to go by, but then, what is. This parenthesis is a typical example of unnecessary parentheticals. Is that the correct plural form of "parenthesis"?)

On the promo cover we see a dozen women do what they do best. With each other. Right.

VARIOUS — NEAR DARK COMPILATION VOL. I

Seldom do compilations interest me and even more seldom demo compilations. The transsexual guinea pigs Kim and Töbe at Near Dark have managed to find a few interesting tracks to this sampler but they are like... not that many.

A Mind Confused interest me the most, but this song is already on their second demo. Beseech are fairly good and with an outstanding sound quality but I am not as horny on this band as everybody else seem to be. Well performed but featuring nothing that would catch my twisted interest.

The rest is either not interesting at all such as Withering Surface or The Marble Icon, or then having a horrible sound quality such as Thy Serpent, or then it just simply sucks such as Cabaret For Bereaved. Cabaret For Bollocks, I'd say.

Among the highlights I can mention the wind in the acoustic introduction to the track by Rahash, it is completely hilarious! As I see it, there are two possibilities...

- ☐ They must have an incredible sense of humour, or
- ☐ They are a complete failure.

(Tick a box.)

No, this sampler was not my thing at all. As a whole I am afraid it sucked pretty considerably. Trettio kronor or five dollars.

WITHERING SURFACE — UNIQUE DEMO 1995

Watch out guys, I am afraid this will be a review that the band will not cite in their bio... Not that Withering Surface would be bad. They aren't really. But they are pretty damn boring.

The stuff is well played — except for the keyboards that are quite horrible and the clean vocals in "My Precious Pearl" that give shivers down my spine... and mind you, these shivers are not caused by pleasure!

The occasional fine riffs that turn up once in a while do not manage to make "Unique" live up to its name. I just feel everything is so perfectly predictable, it is just most typical melodic death metal with slower passages and vocals that, although being varied, fail to impress on me. If the biography is correct when claiming this demo to be "some of the most ground breaking heard in the death metal underground scene for quite a while", then the situation in this scene is alarming.

Sorry folks, I am sure you have capacity and probably your upcoming debut album will be a hit — but we at the Deadquarters of Dths are not into this \$6 thing at all.

I want sicker vibes.

WITHOUT GRIEF — FOREVER CLOSED DEMO 1996

Death metal with melody and shrieky vocals and very little more. Not bad and actually even almost pleasant in places, but just not my thing at all. I cannot bother. I quit the review above with the line "I want sicker vibes" and let's say it again, Sam: I want sicker vibes.

Stan wrote the other day and sent a tape with some new promo songs. But I still want sicker vibes. Like Human Remains. Those guys know what "sicker vibes" are all about...

"Most critics would play music if they had the talent, so do they have the right to criticize? Why can't writers describe instead of criticize?"

Cuz we're pricks. More demo criticism, slaughter and general ill treating at Home of the Ill as not everything fit here. (Quote from J. Plotkin in Wounded Magazine #7.)



Following the annual tradition of mine, I was about to sit down and write the usual review on "Like Gods of the Sun", the most recent full-length of My Dying Bride. However, giving it a thought, I found no reason to let the space restrictions of the record review section fetter me, as it always has. Knowing I would have more to say about this very record than probably any other record mentioned in this issue, I, instead to write a review, sat down to write an essay.

To begin with, I want to point out that all objectivity is thus killed. I have no interest whatsoever trying to remain objective here — if I would try I know I would, in any case, eventually slip into childish enthusiasm and moronic descriptions and thus making a fool of myself and especially of my "objective" view. Pail subjectivity and the death of a correct opinion. But go get the razor blade, put out the lights and put on the record so we can get started here.

People say the record preceding "Like Gods of the Sun" was called "The Angel And the Dark River". Was it? I cannot remember. "Like Gods of the Sun" makes me forget most records around. Yet when picking up the previous issue I can read the review where I described "The Angel And the Dark River" to be a strong album — and now when really giving it a thought, I do recall that album and also agree with my own opinion. Not quite reaching up to their best releases, but a very good album for sure. The thing is just that "Like Gods" pisses on "The Angel". I mean, in no lack of respect or anything, I simply must state that this is the case. "Like Gods" is a heavy fucker. And I do mean heavy.

The production is a trip back to their deadlier days, being way more brutal than its predecessor. And not only is the sound good — when songs like the fourth one turn up there is one loser just south off Stockholm who runs out of breath. This shit is dark.

Another positive surprise is Aaron's vocals that are better than on "The Angel" where he did some experimentation that did not really sound bad once one was used to it, but the deeper vocals on "Like Gods" are far more convincing.

Of course we need to have the obligatory glance at the lyrics as well. I still stay faithful to my earlier words when it comes to favorizing Aaron's oldest lyrics. But I suppose it is natural.

When following the evolution of almost any lyricist, be it Aaron Stainthorpe or Pär Lagerkvist, from the earliest mature works to the latest: the earliest are often far more

dramatic. During the years the writer straps away from the obvious into the abstract — from youthful energy to more refined, subtle ways to express himself. This subtlety means the lyrics may appear more general — and indeed, had the lyrics to the "Like Gods of the Sun" album been the first ones I had seen of Aaron's production, I would definitely have underrated his capacity. Please notice that I am talking strictly from the view of the beholder. His present lyrics obviously please him more but I as another person cannot transcend the subtlety... to the same extent as I understand his early works.

I understand he does not want to write such lyrics all his life as he wrote in 1991-92, but those are the ones I personally find more enthralling. Not only because of the more living language, but also because of the past variety of subjects.

It was however positive to see not all lyrics were about his imaginary or actual or past or future girlfriends — for example "It Will Come" has no such references at all.

Another interesting piece is "For You". This is the first ever lyric, as far I can remember, that could have been written in a completely troublefree situation: the main line is the closing "You are heaven sent". This lyric performed by My Dying Bride has an interesting effect. The music and the vocals manage to turn the words upside down — their meaning is reversed. What used to be the whitest innocence is now revealed as the bitterest sarcasm... Perhaps it is only my old mind that did this, but I find it interesting all the same.

But then, trying to sum this up, is there any problem at all with this nicely laid out hour packed in black? Sure there is.

The previously mentioned "It Will Come" is a song I wish would not have been featured at all. It has little, if any, of that fine flow the other songs can boast with, just as the problem was with "Your Shameful Heaven" from "The Angel And the Dark River".

I was forced to purchase the digipak version where there is the bonus piece "It Will Come (Nightmare)". "What did they smoke when they did that song?", my friend wondered upon hearing it. What is peculiar is that this freaked out, mad re-mix of "It Will Come" by far surpasses the original version! Perhaps this tells something about the song itself?

If somebody lets himself be fooled by the blue butterfly on the cover, expecting this record to be something light-weight — then he has missed the darkness that surrounds the insect. May the bride keep on dying... Like Nancid Soup zine asked in a philosophical My Dying Bride article several years back, in life we would not love her half as much, would we? So die where die die!

news

continued from page forty-one

In the beginning of June Katatonia played a gig in Västerås, Sweden, with Opel-Micke on vocals, as he has been doing some vocals for them on some recordings. It is said to have been a night of muja muja... at least this hired growler banged his head hard enough to feel old.

Katatonia and Opeth are planning a European tour soonish, with respective vocalists this time, in case you wonder. There might even be an American branch to it, but that seems as uncertain for the moment as the release of Dhs #2.

If anybody of you would, by the way, happen to visit Skärholmen someday, don't miss the famous junk market. This very same Micke we have been talking about, "Recordfinder General", found "Paint the Picture" by fantasy there for \$4 from some retard. According to Stefan at Mellotron record shop in Stockholm, this very same LP is worth from \$600 to \$800. And yes, I did count the zeros there.

Seeing that the news column in D#1 was about the only readable article in that issue, you perhaps remember the Centinex vs. Wild Rags hassle mentioned there. We have some new stories here. When printing "Malleus Maleficarum", problems turned up, with the result of the classic Osmose Impaled Nazarene/Profanatica "case. Several copies of this Centinex CD has the music of Sacrilegium from Poland ("Sleeptime", in case you have heard it and wish to know what the hell it is) and vice versa.

Richard/Wild Rags Records promised Centinex to destroy all the misprinted CDs, bassman Martin explains, but now it seems that so did not happen! Discs from the first edition are out on the market and free copies have been sent out to magazines, etc!

Misprinted copies should be returned to Wild Rags to be replaced by the real ones. In case you would not be sure if you have the official version, it has the running time of 35:36 minutes. On the cover it reads WR-043 and on the compact disc WR-060 (this is supposed to be the "official" version).

If anybody remembers M.O.M. zine #1 from 1994 I am pleased to announce the recent release of the long awaited second coming. A 52 page affair in A5, the biggest difference to the debut is the name change from Minstrel of Mourning to Manifesto of Moonstruck. High quality interviews with Necrosis, Strigaskor No. 42, Esoteric and more, blended with reviews written with the heart rather than with the head which makes them a more interesting read than the usual review horror. One of the few drawbacks is the featured artwork which is by far too old, some of them having made their first appearances in zines in 1893 and 1894, making me quite embarrassed as I'd rather let them be buried by time and dust. Other than that, most recommended, although I have been warned #3 will be The Thing.

We talked about Occultus Productions in our last issue. After a long break S. Culto Culius showed a life sign but this sign does not appear to include the aforementioned mail order service. Instead, the man has put up Epoch Productions, and the news list for autumn 1897 includes apart from expensive movies oddities such as a mini-messenger for \$12 and a sold out pen set. And how about this: "Try our dietary supplement of fruit juice concentrate and botanical extracts. \$35." Can I get one bottle for review?

The dark death metal band Sectarium from Cuba has one member less these days. Franto Paul, the man in question, got in touch with me in the end of 1896. I never heard from him again after that, instead, three months later a man called Abel wrote. "I'm Abel and I play guitar in Sectarium, a band that you probably know thru my friend Franto. Well, I've very bad news for you. Franto was murdered last January 12 (12:44 a.m.) by robbers, it was a great shock for us."

According to Abel, Sectarium were planning to enter the studio for a debut recording in February, but in the end of June Abel tells the studio had problems with a computer (somewhat familiar thing) for the Dhs Deadquarterns YES) and no recordings had yet been done.

The ethnic solo project of Franto, called Spiritus, did some recordings before January 12th and those will apparently be released by Shiver Records fairly soon. From what I gathered, it seemed a project worth attention.

Regarding Franto Paul, Memorial Concerts featuring the bands Tendencia, Zeus, Combat Noise and Agonizer were held for him both in February and March, the latter in his hometown. If anybody knows Franto's current residence please tell him to contact me. I would like to do an interview.



Rocking Hard at Hultsfred Festival '96



Fig. 1

Thanks, bro.



Fig. 2

Now let's play, o yea.



"Nocturnal Hymns of Pure Death Metal"

In the Umbra. I received a flyer from Tribal Productions in Portugal and this band and their tape "Of the Singing Dusk... Mystic Charms, A Funeral Sky And the Withering Light" appeared to be my thing. Perhaps. "Pure death metal with a dark and macabre funeral feel" — that is the kind of death metal I like.

The actual music, and demonstration cassette as well, is naturally more thoroughly commented on page 55 whereas here I would like to get on with this conversation with our new friends.

Fucking hail, Bruno — how are things down in the humid wastes of Estombar?

— Hail, quite surprisingly it has been humid down here lately, but usually it is rather dry and hot. Estombar is not only in the south of Europe...

Dave Notten once called Spain the arse of Europe and in that case I suppose you are part of the same butt?

— ...but it is also in the south of Portugal, Algarve. I think everything is pretty well O.K., thank you.

You were formed in the winter of the Year of MCMXCVI... that was not very long ago. Still there is a maturity in your music that makes me believe that if the history in the Umbra is not longer than it actually is, then this is not your first death metal project. Are my assumptions correct, or are these my words only illusions created by a delirious mind?

— Yes, your assumptions are correct. Me and drummer João started our first band in '88. It was called Sepulchral and released a demo "Memories From the Dark" in '89, being one of the very first death metal bands in Portugal. In '91 we formed Borelrot after Sepulchral split up. Borelrot is a death/grind/gore band now in a hibernating process.

— Last year along with Scott and Bob we formed In the Umbra, which is the project I'm now involved 100%. I also have my solo project At Ivory Boughs which is something like fast and melodic black metal, and I also have a more symphonic/atmospheric project with Eolo Amon-Rá called Lucretia's Nether Love.

I did not know there were dan swans in Portugal. But how have people approached you when they are introduced to your proud Death Metal mentality — do they for this reason greet you as loudly as myself, or do they take the suspicious attitude of today's young boys who are not quite sure if it is "according to the rules of black metal" to respect death metal?

Or could it actually be that this over-saturation of black metal bands everywhere gives In the Umbra a chance to differ from the masses? Could this be a positive aspect?

— Answering to your first question, we've had some strange approaches, like some people saying "You call it death metal but it sounds more like black metal".

That is just because they have forgotten not only black metal, but also death metal, could be dark. Should be.

— ...I personally don't see such a difference between "pure" death and black metal, but anyone is free to have their own opinions. What I mean with "pure", it is dark death metal, with a real death metal feeling. I think black and death metal will always be bonded by blood anyway. About the over-saturation of black metal being a chance for us, maybe, but that's not our path. We play the metal of death for our pleasure... I've been playing death metal all my life, and I keep playing it because it is in my blood... it is my life... Death is my Life!

Right. The lyrics on your demo bearing the sophisticated title "Of the Singing Dusk... Mystic Charms, a Funeral Sky And the Withering Light" are rather poetical. Especially "Blooming Wolf's Bane Scent" is a most thorough traverse into the adventures of a hunter...

My guess is that you find lyrics to be more than "something that has to be written" — perhaps you enjoy writing lyrics as much as you enjoy creating music? But let us assume that if In the Umbra would cease to exist next week and you would not start another musical project: would you then keep on writing lyrics?

— Well, I don't see lyrics as a message or something, but if I have to write lyrics, I try and do a proper job. I do

enjoy writing and I do it all the time... My lyrics are like dwelling around a theme and create a frame for the music, and in my bands, music and lyrics are bonded by the same feeling. The demo title for instance, is the concept as much for our lyrics as for our music, adding just Death "herself" as a major inspiration. Yes, I would definitely keep on writing lyrics.

By the way, do you always walk about without a shirt? Pay us a visit in Stockholm now in January and you'll see how fun it is to run about half naked up here, hehehe...

— No, I don't. But let me tell you this... try and walk here in Algarve all dressed up in the summer, and you'll find out how a piece of meat in a stew feels like!...

I have described your guitar sound to be raw as the meat of a recently butchered young mother... do you perhaps agree?

— Yes I do, and that's the way it was meant to be. Do not expect those extra polished, clear and "beautiful" guitars in In the Umbra!

Although I now after several listenings am starting to like the sound that is quite extreme, I am not sure whether you meant to have this sound. What do you think about the guitar sound today? Is it something that you will only fine tune a little but generally keep, or do you find it to be too over the top?

Personally I wouldn't mind if you kept it, only developing it a little of course. I have after all always thought it definitely sounds acceptable in general, it is only in the passages where no other instruments are heard that it felt a little uneasy.

— I still like the guitar sound, although I think it could be a bit better. In the future we'll work on it. Our next opus will have a similar guitar sound, extreme and raw, only we'll try and develop it.

Symbolically you hail Eolo Amon-Rá as a fifth member, but he is still presented as a guest appearance. Perhaps you wish him to become a member but he has other projects he prefers?

With the exception of the wind sound in the end of "Blooming Wolf's Bane Scent" which I find as cliché as unnecessary, I really enjoy the keyboards throughout the demo. I'd like you to know that I have always been a little reluctant towards keyboards but this your friend does it well.

On the other hand, although you sound good with these keyboards, songs such as "The Swan" prove that keyboards are not a must. Most of the time this song does not have keyboards but it does not sound worse because of that.

— Eolo Amon-Rá played bass in Sepulchral and Borelrot, and so he knows what we want for the keyboard lines, and he knows our music, so it fits just fine... He's had musical formation in theory and piano so he's not a beginner, he understands music from different points of view.

I also agree with you that the keyboards are not necessary to our music and that's why we can play live without keyboards and still don't fuck our songs. I also think it sounds well if properly used here and there. We don't need a permanent keyboard player as if we had one, he would be most of the time staring at us.

Although I certainly like your Neanderthal growl I have mentioned that the vocal arrangements are not always very fascinating in my opinion. Perhaps some more experimentation would not hurt — after all one can vary one's vocals even when concentrating on the lower notes. What do you think about this? Would you like to kick my butt for daring to comment your vocals?

In any case I am most happy that you do not use the all so typical Dark Tranquillity kind of vocals that everybody use these days, be it black metal or death metal or whatever... I find this very unimaginative. Perhaps you agree with me, seeing that you prefer to concentrate on growling rather than screeching? Of course, occasional screeches create an effective contrast to the low vocals.

— I am the first to acknowledge that the vocals are too much the same throughout the demo, and that is something to work out in the future for sure. I didn't know how the vocals would sound until it was recorded, but now I have a basis to work on. In our new songs it is already a bit different. I'll keep the growling style, and add a more throat-like vox and also some screeching touches here and there.

Having discussed mine and your feelings on your demo — how have other people commented it? You appear to be fairly contented, but can you share with us some of the opinions you have heard? The most usual praise and the most usual complaint?

— The comments on our demo have been quite wonderful, and I must say that I'm flattered by most of the



Bruno J. S. Correia
Voice and Enchanting Guitar Wrath



Scott
Benighted Thunder Bass



Bob H. J. Suijers
Funebre Guitar Craft



João Marques
Sombre Drumming Blood

comments. The most usual praise is to the band as a whole and some of the riffs. Also the lyrics have been highly praised. People have complained about the guitar sound and the vocals being a tad monotonous. I'm fairly happy with the reviews and opinions on "Of the Singing Dusk..."!

I see that you have one Bob Suijers in the band, who obviously is either Dutch or Belgian. What the hell is he doing in Estombar, really?

— Bob H. J. Suijers is Dutch and he lives in Lagoa, which is about four kilometres away from Estombar. He lives in Portugal since about 13 years ago, as his father owns a big hot-house where he sells flowers, trees and all kinds of plants (not carnivore plants unfortunately!). Bob is doing a zine called "Necrological" beside playing in In the Umbra. And his grand father was Belgian!

Seems like had a good guess, then. You say you are working on new material that "overshadows" your demo songs "completely"... how? What makes them better? And where will these songs end up — on another demo? I hope so, because although I find you to be a very promising band, I would not like to hear a full length album with you yet.

— The songs in the demo are somewhat old... it was written even before we formed the band, so it is less structured than the stuff we're writing now. Technically, vocally and melodically-wise our new songs are a lot better. Some finished titles are "Flowers For a Funeral", "Dag... Darkening Passionate Rapture", "Leanan Shide", "Descend Supreme Sunset", "If Thou Wouldst Shadow Me (Lucretia Has Dreamt of Death)".

I do like those titles.

— We still don't know where it will these songs end up, but once again I agree with you that it is not time yet for an album. The demo, the way it ended up, is the perfect basis for us to develop our sound, and we're working our asses out in order to create something memorable, to shred supreme!! Be sure that if it doesn't come as we expect it to, we won't release it, and instead use it to learn and create something better.

And those couple of shows you mentioned, how have they been? Were they in Estombar, and were they successful?

— Until now all of our shows have been quite successful, and a lot of people were amazed with our performance!! The first show was here in Algarve and the last one occurred in the 31st January in Lisbon, in Grog's party for their album presentation, and it was simply brilliant. The place was crowded, the sound was great and we shred!!

Excellent. Talking about Estombar, I must only hasten to ask you about the others bands there... "How is the scene around there?", as the classic zine question goes like! Is it good, or do you wish you lived somewhere else?

You are only the second Portugallian band I am in contact with, so I thought I'd

inquire a little about the bands down there... I have an old zine in front of me, or actually it belongs to some compilation tape that I never heard. I'd like to hear what you have got to say about bands such as Thormenthor, Scum, Thornado, Silent Scream, Dinosaur and Bactherion. The only band I know something about is the last one which evolved into Filii Nigrantium Infernalium and also included a member from Morbid God (that became Moonspell).

— Talking about Estombar, I must say it is a very small place... About 5000 people live here, and me and our projects are the local scene. In Algarve there are only about ten bands playing "metal", Sortilege and Teasanna Satanna being the best ones, I think. There is a band close by, called Inhuman with a CD out and a new deal with a big label here, but I don't consider them "metal" for their attitude and their keyboard driven "poppy death (!) metal (!)" — Death to false metal!!

— We for sure like living here, it is quiet and in the summer there are a lot of chicks around here, Algarve being a huge touristic center.

— About the bands you asked, Thormenthor are very technical death metal with strong Goibod influences, and the rest of the bands no longer exist, and were all very

uninteresting. About Filii Nigrantium Infernalium, I think you know them. Good Portuguese stuff are Grog, Sortilege, Tortura, Decayed, Firstborn Evil and a few more... the rest is crap!!

And one final thing — can you tell us a little more about the adventures you are having with the Polícia Judiciária in Portugal? Arrests have been made of stamp collectors, isn't that so?

— Well, I'm not personally involved, but some people I know were intimidated and interrogated. One guy I know had to pay a fee of more or less 2000 dollars. I don't know about foreign people using "recycled" stamps having problems, but with this C.E.C. thing I think everyone should be careful...

I suppose this was all for this cold evening! Thank you for your time, Bruno. Fuck a corpse tonight...

— Thank you for this interesting interview... be true to your feelings and remember... only Death is real!! True metal or no metal at all! I might...

Yes, what?

P.S. A deal has been signed, a recording has been finished and an advance has been reviewed.



If Thou Wouldst Shadow Me **(Lucretia Has Dreamt of Death)**

Oh dark enchantress retribution is sweet
Solemn funerary dreams of death
Tremble Lucretia through thy slumber
And seduce to that dreaming armageddon

Black Lilith art thee in pact with Death?
To madden my humble self with thy beauty
And hunt me across Hades
Bitter are thy kisses, darker than black

Fall from grace in pleased sodomies
Of romance and mortal wounds to bleed
Shadow me

Cleanse away my sin
Thine am I in thy dreams of Death
Proud reaper in enchanting sorcery
Lead the shadows across the skies
In a dream of night eternal
If thou wouldst shadow me

For I am Death, I am the shadows
If thou wouldst shadow me through night eternal

To thee siren of dark desires
A desire in blood and sombre semen
Semen of limbo and all ebbing forms
In black forms Lilith Lucretia in Death

Art thee in pact with Death, Lucretia whore?
Beautiful siren to madden my humble self
Hunted I am across Hades
Darker and darker thy kisses taste of Death

Proud reaper in grim forms enchanting
Across the skies leading the shadows
And I descend for night eternal again
If thou wouldst shadow me

For I'm nocturnal, I am Death
I'll be eternal if thou wouldst shadow me

In minds that refuse to accept everything without questioning, there may be questions about existence itself. The over-ruminated (by cows especially) question "The Meaning of Life" will not be brought up here simply because it brings the author of this article strong nausea: the meaning of life has never been anything but to live it, and thus there is nothing to ponder about.

If this article now happens to slide towards that question it is unintentional and we must ask you to ignore it to spare us from embarrassment. The thoughts on work here are not the easiest to grasp for a foggy head but we do try to keep the most chaotic sentences, questions and pseudo-conclusions under control. Tonight, we will not talk about the meaning of life but the meaning of death. Or... or something in that vein. Whatever.

You may be reading these lines and you may consider this very moment real. OK. What is real? The image, the concept created by combining all your senses — you feel the paper between your fingertips, you may smell the ink, you see the lines. And the room where you sit. Perhaps also the blood in your mouth. This is your "reality". How does the reality of the person sitting beside look like? You can never tell, you only have to trust your senses.

Whatever you may do, whatever you may think, all your reality is based on life. Everything around you is based on life, in one way or the other. You do not have to be in unbearable pain or sailing the seas of a psychosis to become interested in "the beyond". Of course, the latter is a plus. The former as well. But do not interrupt us!

Since there are no definite answers to be found in life, only assumptions and guesses, you may wish to look beyond life itself. And there we find death. Ignoring the most amusing fairytales, death is supposed to be a "nothing". Few people have been beyond the border to return and report to us what it is like, which makes assumptions like the one mentioned in the last sentence a little comical.

It does, however, appear fairly obvious that it is hard to do a trip into death and then return to actually have learnt something from the lesson. Could we let somebody else run the errand? Sure we can. Not that the victim could tell us much about what he or she found, but at least we can feel contented at having amounted to something. We suppose that taking somebody else's life is the closest one can get to death without actually dying oneself.

Besides, "it isn't murder, it's just belated abortion. Kill someone."¹ Eh. Exactly.

Why not have a closer look at a few people who not only talked the talk but also walked the walk... Let us avoid the usual heroes such as Dahmer and take two less known examples instead.

If we are being professional, as Rola Krauze probably wishes us to be, this first case² is not a matter of murder, but of killing. The result is pretty much the same, so I am afraid Rola Krauze will have to endure us not bothering to separate these two acts very much.

One Evening in the Mid-Eighties

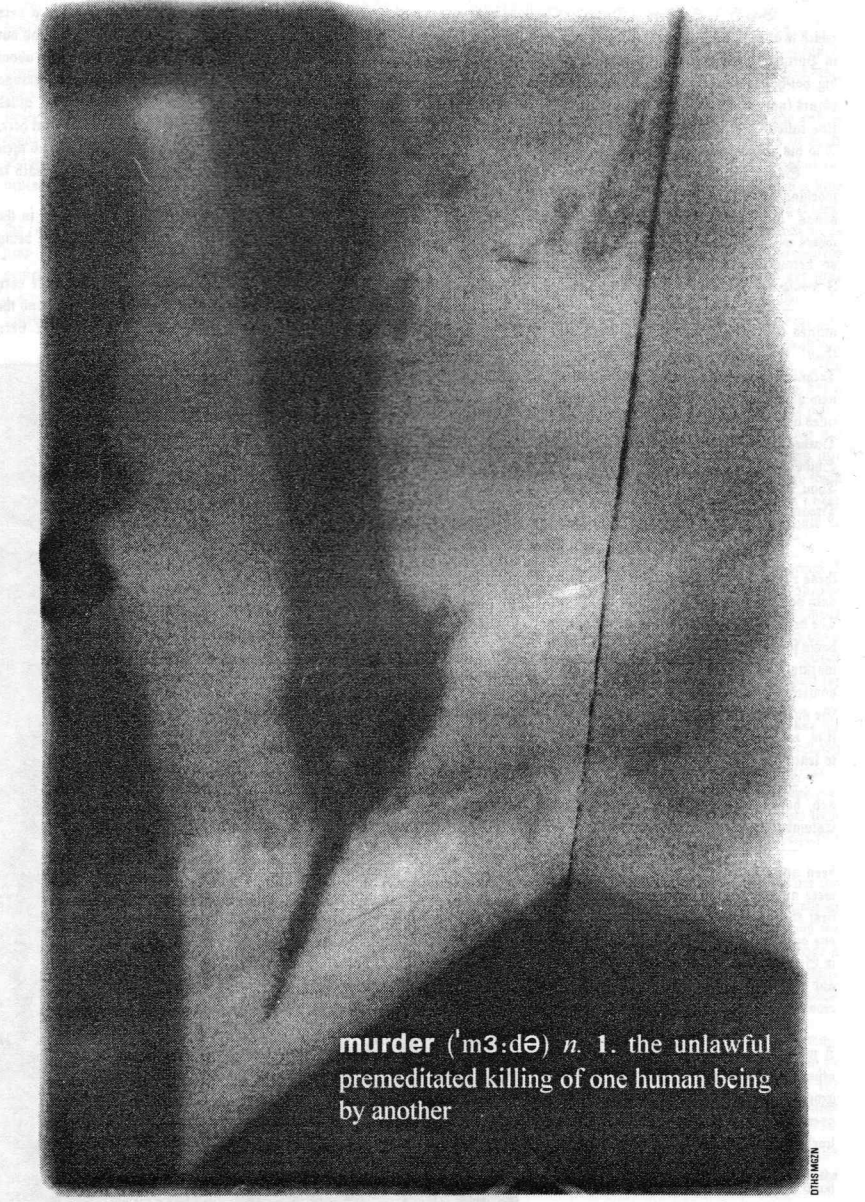
The man, preferring the pseudonym of Stig, had run into some trouble in his relationship. There had been arguments, for how long, we do not quite know, but he felt he had often enough ignored the problems by working overtime. This very Friday evening he had bought wine and flowers, it would be a cosy night. The two kids were at their grandparents'. Now we would see a cosy Friday night with delicious food and, I assume, candlelight.

Having prepared some warm sandwiches, Stig sat down by the kitchen table, thinking what he would say to his wife when she would turn up. He did not have to think for long before he heard the key in the door. She



EMERY AUGUST WAGNER, DM

Then I Saw



DMIS MEN

murder ('m3:də) *n.* 1. the unlawful premeditated killing of one human being by another

stepped into the kitchen, walked up to him and said:

— We must divorce. I can't take this anymore and I have found another man!

I do not know who drank the wine but I have a fairly sure impression that she didn't get to taste very much of it. Stig tries to recall that Friday night more than ten years ago:

— I cannot quite remember what happened. But I must have taken the kitchen knife and then she lied there, holding her stomach and screaming I was mad. Then I saw all the blood. I got the impression that she had run into the knife, but that was not the case. I must have stabbed her. One single stab and then she died in front of my eyes, before the ambulance arrived.

Stig tells that he still feels this immense guilt, and will feel it all his life:

— I robbed the mother from my children and from my parents-in-law their daughter, as well as many lost their friend and some their workmate.

What fascinates me is that with not one single word

Richard Wagner to a great extent (to such an extent that sharing the surname gave him even greater pressure to accomplish something), steps on the train, spending his time writing letters. He advises his sister in Berlin to "take poison" and as the UNA-bomber of today, sends two manifests to newspapers: "To My People" and "To the Readers". He also sends his hand-written autobiography to a couple of people.

Around eleven o'clock in the night, Ernst August Wagner stands on the hills outside Mülhausen. Masked in his dead wife's veil, he puts four barns on fire and shoots at everybody he sees. Twenty people had the misfortune to meet this our hero, of which nine die. His score ends up on fourteen dead.

He missed at least one who was included in his plans, namely himself. He died twenty-five years and several unsuccessful suicide attempts later a natural death. He claimed the reason for his raid to be that of pity towards his wife and children — he did not wish them to live a life as empty and meaningless as his own.



I Love the Dead

[B. Ezrin/A. Cooper]

*I love the dead before they're cold,
They're bluing flesh for me to hold.
Cadaver eyes upon me see nothing.
I love the dead before they rise,
No farewells, no goodbyes.
I never even knew your rotting face.
While friends and lovers mourn your silly grave,
I have other uses for you, Darling.
I love the dead,
I love the dead, yeah.*

A Small Incident in La Coruña

To kill a person does not require more than a temporary blackout. The same goes for killing thirty persons at the supermarket. Well, I am not trying to underrate the tragedy — or braveness, depending on the point of view, hehehe — but only took these up as examples.

But how is it to actually lock up one's daughter in a cellar for forty years? In the beginning of February this kind of case became known in La Coruña, Spain. A woman had been kept "in a dark hole" by her mother and relatives since she was four years old.

The 44 year old woman was found when somebody came to see her aging mother but then heard a "peculiar whining" from the nearby laundry house. When found, the almost blind woman was taken to hospital, according to the newspaper Dagens Nyheter.

A fairly interesting story. I think the cruelty surpasses pretty much most one has heard about. Even if the stories about our dear Erzsébet Báthory were true: despite torturing six hundred maidens to death, she took good care of her own daughters and son.

What makes a mother hide her own daughter forty years in a bloody pit? Suggestions?

Killed By Death

[I. Kilminster/M. Burston]

*If you squeeze my lizard
I'll put my snake on you
I'm a romantic adventure
And I'm a reptile too*

*But it don't make no difference
'cos I ain't gonna be easy, easy
the only time I'm easy's when I'm*

*Killed by death
Killed by death
Killed by death
Killed by death*

*I'm a lone wolf ligger
But I ain't no pretty boy
I'm a backbone shiver
and I'm a bundle of joy*

*But it don't make no difference
'cos I ain't gonna be easy, easy
the only time I'm easy's when I'm*

*Killed by death
Killed by death
Killed by death
Killed by death*



All the Blood

in the rather extensive interview in the newspaper does he mention that he would miss the person he killed, the same wife that he had bought wine and flowers to. This means that he either feels too strongly about this to even mention it, or then they indeed had run into trouble in their marriage...

He says that although he may occasionally have a hot temper, he never knew something like this could happen. Today, Stig is still afraid of getting engaged in longer relationships as he still fears that dark half deep within himself, a half he does not dare to touch. Would probably be a pain in the butt to "happen" to stab another partner.

One Morning Eighty Years Ago

Our second case³ is a little more intricate. While in the case of Stig it was a matter of a completely unintentional, unexpected deed, the case of Ernst August Wagner was its complete opposite.

He was born in 1874 in Ludwigsburg, Germany, and did well in school. Among the less relevant facts is that he always tended to wear yellow shoes. He married the waitress Anna, whom he however secretly despised for her lack of education and countryside manners. Wagner became a teacher with ambitions to also become a successful author. Nobody however seemed to appreciate his bombastic dramas about ancient Rome or Jerusalem, nobody understood his genius...to use this word in its most subjective sense. Misunderstood and planning a revenge, Ernst August Wagner had already purchased a revolver shortly after starting his career as a teacher. "For many a year he had lied sleepless beside his wife, mocked by her contented breathing. He was never as abandoned as when the others in the house slept..."

Around five o'clock, September 4th in 1913. Ernst August Wagner is thirty-nine years old and gets up from bed. With repeated stabs in the stomach and throat, he kills his wife. The two sons and two daughters receive the same treatment from their loving father. He covers the bodies, washes his hands, dresses and takes the bike with a large suitcase featuring three guns with ammunition. He rides from Degerloch to Stuttgart where he leaves the bike and travels to Ludwigsburg. After a sandwich, he pays a visit to his brother's family. They talk about the summer vacation and the kids, and he is given a new shirt as his present one is a little sweaty. But we are not quite finished here yet.

Wagner, who by the way admired the music of

How considerate, wasn't it.

"When seeing photographs of Ernst Wagner before and after the murders of 1913, one is struck by the fact that he actually looks relieved, as if a great burden had been taken off his shoulders or that he had been cured from a disease; the plump face of a countryside teacher has acquired the pure features of a self-assertive man of action. He looks healthier, calmer."⁴

Conclusion?

Is there much to conclude? There are no answers to be found, there never is, and I have forgotten what the original intention of this article was, but the fact remains that the only deed comparable to give birth to a life is to quench it.

...Er, or something equally as philosophical and deep. Hm. Now I must finish the demo review layout.

NOTES

1. As expressed by a member of the orchestra by the name Cryptopsy in Headfucker Magazine #3, 1996.
2. "Han Bär På Skuld För Resten av Livet", article in Dagens Nyheter by T. Lerner, June 4th, 1997.
3. "Skollärare Wagner Och Ondskan", article in Dagens Nyheter by P. Landin, January 8th, 1997.
4. Ibid.





"THE ONLY GOOD REASON TO INTERVIEW MATTILA IS ISTEN, BUT MATTILA DOES NOT EQUAL ISTEN." SAID MATTILA.

NEVERTHELESS.

MEET DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA.

MIKKO MATTILA AND HIS ARMOUR-BEARER JANNE SARNA.



In a way I find it complicated to interview you. I have the impression that you, as the result of being considered to be an editor of great wit, will automatically have — at least be expected to have — something witty to say as a reply to every question.

Like that interview in Imhotep, where you and Janne truly fuck the poor Roy Kristensen to pieces, I can't help feeling a little sorry for the man... After all, the questions were enthusiastic and respecting: did he really deserve to be treated that way?

Of course, whenever you fuck somebody up, be it in a case like the one cited or in Istén, there is no reason to take it seriously. As I see it, people should have the same distance to your writings as you have to yourself. And since I am God, you'd better agree.

Janne: — Istén is not a mirror, it's more like a black hole.

Mikko: — As are, in fact, human beings sometimes. Or do you automatically respect everyone who respects you? Ever heard of unrequited love and lust, or murderous hate at first sight... etidibldoodlycetera?

Admittedly.

— In default of evidence that proves otherwise, we are all worthless. How much do I owe you, what do I deserve... Let's face it, we only matter to ourselves. We create our own bastard world orders and expect everybody and everything to fit in nicely in the little slots we've invented for them. It's serious shit, this. People should have no distance whatsoever to our writings. There is enough distance as it is. So fuck you, Mr God. I mean that only in the biblical sense, of course.

Thank you.

Do you sometimes feel you wear a mask? That you have, through your intricate writings and entangled ponderings and generally uneasy and in a way perhaps uncomfortable style — made yourself a mask? Something that you no more can take off, because nobody would anyway understand you had done so, having understood that what you say or do is never obvious.

Do you ever feel as if you were only pretending? Now I am not referring to Jason Borgeon's line featured in Mädchen, somehow it not seeming as if he had quite caught the drift... what he takes for pretence is actually the most honest part in Istén! That not even the pretence is what one first might think it to be, namely pretence!

Back to Mikko. Do you ever feel you would be making things too complicated for yourself, for no reason? I am your psychologist, please do not try to get up — just lay there, close your eyes and tell me how you feel...

Is simplicity to be envied?

Mikko: — Yeah? Maybe. What things? Pretence is death, right? Complexity, simplicity — where does one end and make way for the other? What if it's unnatural for me to be natural? What does being natural mean anyway? Is this really happening or did I just get lost in a Woody Allen movie?

There are worse kind of movies to get lost in...

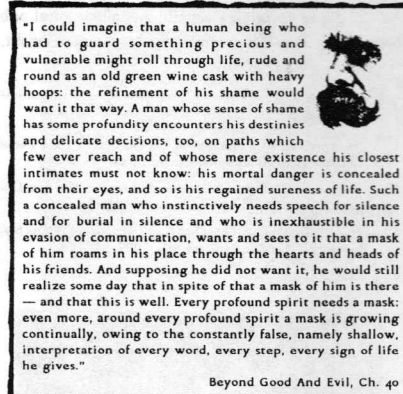
Janne: — Spare us, we're just simple heavy me-

taliers. Why don't you ask something more mundane so I could answer "Heavy metal is my way and doomsday is my name day"?

Mikko: — Yes, it'd be a pleasure to quote Dave Carlo, for example. Like "Why am I always in a mood like this/I don't know, ain't no psychiatrist" or "I'm not as young as I used to be/But I'll still be thrashing at a hundred and three (you'll see)".

— We've delved this very question with Mädchen, of course. Somewhat less pretentiously if I may add... heh. The truth is that I don't have a clue. Do I envy people who put out shit zines and feel alright about it all? No I don't. Do I sometimes make things too complicated for myself? Of course I do. But about the mask... maybe I should rather say it's masks in the plural form — I wouldn't know the real me even if he punched me in the eye some fine morning when I half-accidentally look in the mirror. But Istén does contain all facets of life, so yes, pretence is also a factor. I am no Natanael.

Pretence is interesting, one can find it in oneself at the least expected moments. But interesting is also doubt. But although doubt can drive one completely mad, is not



"I could imagine that a human being who had to guard something precious and vulnerable might roll through life, rude and round as an old green wine cask with heavy hoops: the refinement of his shame would want it that way. A man whose sense of shame has some profundity encounters his destinies and delicate decisions, too, on paths which few ever reach and of whose mere existence his closest intimates must not know: his mortal danger is concealed from their eyes, and so is his regained sureness of life. Such a concealed man who instinctively needs speech for silence and for burial in silence and who is inexhaustible in his evasion of communication, wants and sees to it that a mask of him roams in his place through the hearts and heads of his friends. And supposing he did not want it, he would still realize some day that in spite of that a mask of him is there — and that this is well. Every profound spirit needs a mask: even more, around every profound spirit a mask is growing continually, owing to the constantly false, namely shallow, interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives."

Beyond Good And Evil, Ch. 40

doubt healthy? "Convictions are more dangerous enemies of truth than lies", said Nietzsche. Or is it better to truly believe in something, without doubt? Balancing on a pair of scales is not quite as comfortable. It is unstable, and one may fall and hurt oneself.

But perhaps it is with doubt as it is with everything — nothing should be taken too far. But then, who knows where to draw the line... — here we have Doubt yet again!

Mikko: — A lot of things should be taken too far and beyond, where the rest shouldn't be taken any length at all. It's just like the Finnish dancepop starlet wannabe Mii-sa sang, "All or nothing at all!". For her it was the latter, but let's see how it goes with Linda Brava. Believe like an angel and doubt like the devil, if ever you can. Ehaz what I say. Interestingly, I just heard from our friend Robert Höög after a few silent months and he told me that his magazine Battle of Servicement is now num-

bered with the dead and that he's got tired of Satanism, too. After having revealed this, he went on to cite Bertrand Russell: "The whole problem with the world is that fools and fanatics are always so certain of themselves, but wiser people are so full of doubts". He's got something there, don't you think?

Perhaps.

— I'd love to find some ideology that'd make my life complete, but I'm afraid I'll have to settle with tiny bits and pieces. Such as my favourite Bukowski citation (from "Hug the Dark"): "There is no god, there are no politics, there is no peace, there is no love, there is no control, there is no plan. Stay away from god. Remain disturbed. Slide."

I have slid for so long, now I want to ascend!

But let us now leave the pseudo-intellectuality to the favour of your newborn. I expect Mädchen to be too inaccessible for several people who will complain about it being boring in its compact shape. Well, while reading it I also did think about the absence of breaks in the text — except for the subtle chapters — but in the end, this does not bother me at all.

Mädchen is like a book, and those complaining about it being boring are people who would rather read comics than books. Pail Donald Duck, I read it continuously from 1982 until 1986 when the subscription sadly had to be cancelled for economical reasons, but I don't want my Istén to be Donald Duck.

You certainly were aware of the dangers in this project, but what encouraged you to fulfill it? And where did you get the idea to present the contents in this, in my opinion, ingenious shape?

Janne: — Dangers? Disappointed! Timo, seems like you're not as far removed from the Mr Melankol & school of "rapid changes scares us a bit" editing as we thought...

Mikko: — Well, there are obviously different schools on this. Our method is solely scientific and practical: idea generation and screening, concept development, marketing strategy, business analysis, product development, test marketing.

— The sea we sail knows no shore. Where did we get the idea? Where do ideas nest? Wish I knew — I'd certainly go there more often. As for Mädchen, the truth is that the ideas had been there (floating) for some time already, since #7 came out I think, and now it just started happening. We went along. Personally, I guess I was curious. And fairly sure nobody else would do it. Therefore it had to be us, it had to be now.

In my opinion Mädchen is nothing less but a revolution in the entire history of fanzines. I find it incredible to make such a dramatic move that you have done in the way the issue is edited — and get away with it... not only getting away with it, but making it a bull's eye.

What is your opinion on the final product? Did it end up as you had planned?

Mikko: — I love her. She's daring, defiant and insidious. Looks good, too.

Janne: — Despite her few birthmarks, she's truly beautiful. If you just think how significant a role happenstance plays in your life, you'll realise how useless it is to fight it with plans. Mädchen, just like all the other issues of *Isten*, is beyond mortal control. We made her but she created us. When a publication is 13 years old like *Isten* you can expect it to be mature enough to do certain things on its own without constant guidance. Everything happened so naturally that I'd say Mädchen pretty much wrote herself.

If we now link Mädchen to the previous issues... I would like you to compare your feelings upon the release of Mädchen with your feelings when *(The Return of the)* Dark Lord and #7 were released. Were you more contented when these respective issues turned up?

Mikko: — After "Cold Lake", Tom G. Warrior said about the picture on the back cover that one picture can't represent a band like Celtic Frost entirely — all the pictures on all the records are a puzzle, together they give a picture of Celtic Frost. Maybe there's no denying that Mädchen is our boldest venture so far in some ways, but still it's just one piece in our puzzle. I don't think my feelings were drastically different, I wasn't more or less nervous than before, but my usual post-release depression was a little heavier this time.

— Oh, and by the way, it's got nothing to do with how satisfied I am with the issue in question. Actually, Kola was joking a while back that I am kind of like a mediaeval peasant woman: permanently pregnant. I just expect to be able to run headlong into the next project with no periods of transition whatsoever, but it always hits me some time or the other. It's a small price to pay though.

You know my opinion, or rather opinions on both #7 and Dark Lord. #7 appeared to me rather predictable, even average but only within the *Isten* realm; while Dark Lord had a lot more surprises but there I was almost fearing *Isten* would end up as serious as the average tabloid paper... the concept of which the issue ridiculed. I admired the hilarious #7B, *Playing With Fire*, as much as I grieve it now that I cannot find it anywhere, but when the entire magazine started turning too 7Bish I started to miss #6 again.

But Mädchen, this little girlie thing, has reestablished what I did so much enjoy in that now legendary #6! Intelligent, in-depth and yet with that humour — subtle humour, but that subtlety only adds spice to it. The only thing I wish to see blatant in *Isten* is its complexity.

What is Mikko thinking about these descriptions and ponderings?

Mikko: — Personally I think you're slightly overrating *So Hell And Back*. Despite being proud of the issue, I still remember what it was like rewriting all those essay-type interview questions (hi Luxi!) in order to add some structure to the proceedings, and I can tell you I'm not too fond of those memories. I had an overdose of material in my hands (some of it average stuff) and there were too many people involved, too. It's only after that issue that we started getting a true team together — the crew that made #6 never felt quite right.

— I want *Isten* to have the subtlety of thunder and the blatant "take-no-prisoners" discourtesy of darkness. Not just one or the other, it's got to be both. Straightforward and twisted, simple yet complex. A bit like god, really.

— When it comes to #7B and its availability, I've only got this much to say: so far there haven't been any concrete negotiations, but we're hoping for a second edition of everybody's favourite pamphlet of fire and frolics to come out through Wild Rags in the not too distant future. So Richard, if you're reading this...

Janne: — *Playing With Fire* belongs to the entire underground scene! It is the underground scene! Copy it as much as you like but don't bother us with your requests.

[I was not requesting anything, besides, I did find my copy now...eller hur Röstén?]

Mädchen is also more sophisticated and not only intelligent but also more intellectual than any of your previ-

ous issues: will you continue this journey into philosophical meanderings, including the somewhat, eh, adapted Nietzsche citations, or was this only a temporary tendency?

The philosophizing is nothing new, already #5 had its early share of philosophy ("Every god has his day"), but it obviously goes in waves... was the seriousness and intellectuality of Mädchen as temporary as the 7Bishness of Dark Lord?

Janne: — "Temporary"? With this choice of word, are you trying to imply that we are flitting trends? *Isten* whisks like a wind vane alright, but the winds are all our own.

I wasn't discussing weather.

Mikko: — I would have to disagree with your notion of Mädchen being significantly more intellectual than its predecessors. Much as I'd like to abstain from saying this, the relative cheapness, so to speak, of *(The Return of the)* Dark Lord was mere camouflage — all the ingredients that *Isten* is made of were in there. You mentioning that "7Bishness" suggests that maybe you haven't fully discovered some of the darker twists underlying the whole Dark Lord concept. The more bittersweet



hues of its character have their links to the sinister editorial of *Isten* #6, too. And the whole of Dark Lord, its seemingly disjointed nature and all, is every bit as thoughtful as Mädchen, for example. It's also just as much of an exercise of "a law unto itself" thinking as Cold Lake or Mädchen or whatever.

Let me just interfere that I never denied all the ingredients were there: some were only more obvious than others. And in Dark Lord the 7Bishness was more prevalent than in Mädchen.

— *Isten* is like a spoon in the cup full of coffee that is the universe. We, let's call us the guardians of the spoon, hold that glimmering object, keep it standing monolithically, prevent it from touching the brim of the cup (and as always, "Why?" is an answer in itself). There are maybe millions of tiny bubbles floating on the surface, and there's no way of telling which ones are going to stick to the spoon and which ones will drift away. There are forces at play here that are much too great for human understanding to comprehend, let alone control.

— *Isten* is not an experiment — at least not to any greater extent than the universe itself is an experiment, that is.

The back cover says that Mädchen was the first part of the Heabwind trilogy, in their time to be followed by *Twin Sister* and *Tormentor*. It would be of natural curiosity to ask more about this trilogy, but since I know I would not tell much if I were you, I will not ask about this...

...Except for whether you will stick to the shape of Mädchen? Or would revealing this be to remove some of the mystery? Perhaps I myself don't want to hear the answer. I'll leave it up to you: answer if you please.

Janne: — Wrapping up future projects in shrouds of mystery is for people who lack self-confidence.

I'd rather say it is for people who have noticed that telling the title of one's upcoming issue on the Internet

makes it only end up being "borrowed" by distributions from Sundsvall instead.

— I'd love to tell you that we'll interview Agathodaimon, Dee Snider and The Great Kai but as they say, timing is everything. Right now there's nothing to tell for *Twin Sister* is merely a gleam in our eyes. And the climate being what it is, there is a bit of uncertainty as to where and who to turn to. This is roughly the spot where most zine editors would resort to getting in touch with Günther of Ancient Rites.

Yes, an interview with him easily fills up an entire issue.

Mikko: — We know better than that of course. Something great is bound to come up. Always has, always will. As for the shape, it's kind of hard to explain what it will be like. Both accessible and perplexing, old and new. As familiar as a shadow in the dark and as bizarre as a calm summer night. Even though I already know how certain pages will look like, all I can really say is that *Twin Sister* will be lovely, but an identical twin she's not. It's not our intention to be secretive or create any additional smokescreens. The mystery is for real, you know. Nothing that we can say could ever make it dissolve. The mystery, the confusion, is what gives *Isten* its force. It's what gives my life what little meaning it has. It's my religion, it's my politics, my god. It's strange... I've been an agnostic since I can remember, yet *Isten*'s all about dealing with pure unabridged magic — every last ounce of it, all stages of the process. This feeling has only got stronger with each issue.

I recently mentioned Contradiction within brackets but now I thought I would expand the topic and throw the brackets away, I feel it deserves better. Since our good friend in vogue right now, Friedrich, was cited briefly in Mädchen, I thought we could bring him in the discussion as well.

"...but..." was the citation you featured. As absurd as it appears, and although this very word has been chopped from its connection by you into a slightly new meaning in itself, it sums his thoughts up very well. Contradiction is what we are talking about.

You have sometimes in the zine mentioned that people do not always understand what you mean — whether you like the reviewed item very much, or whether you consider it to be rubbish. This ambiguity may end up if not in real contradiction, then at least an apparent one... now I must rush to the point before I lose the thread.

Is contradiction, controversy necessarily bad?

There is plenty of apparent (or authentic) contradictions found in Nietzsche's writings, and this is one of the reasons why I find this author so intriguing. You sit and ponder about it: instead of just swallowing and accepting everything as if it was your mother giving you dinner on a plate. Nietzsche hailed instinctive and irrational thinking because the world is irrational.

"Only the shallow know themselves", like it says in *Isten* #7. You wish to hear the actual question? I am not sure if there is one.

Well: are you afraid of the contradictory elements in *Isten* or do you see them as a strength?

Mikko: — First off, fuck Nietzsche. No buts.

But buts rule.

Janne: — Secondly, the world is not irrational, man is. Trying to explain the miracle of being with all kinds of theories that are built on hollow ground is just pathetic. Why don't you try explaining black holes with the chaos theory? Enough contradiction for you?

I would not mind to look at black holes, these fascinating phenomena, on the basis of astrophysics. Unfortunately I was never too good in physics at school, and I also slipped behind in mathematics. So no black holes for me... but khaooooohs to reach self-actualization: yes. The holes I must leave to Carroll or Hawking.

Mikko: — What do you mean with the contradictory elements in *Isten* specifically? What's ambiguity got to do with contradiction?

If you do not know if a thing is A or B, 0 or 1, + or -, each other's opposites — it is controversial. Ambiguous. Fairly ambiguous, sorry, obvious to me. Turn page.

— There would not be any reason to be the least vague when reviewing a masterpiece like the first Metal Church opus for example, but in my humble opinion, just because a record's boring doesn't mean that the review should be boring as well. If we can offer intrigue, we're offering GOD! Isn't that a substantial competitive advantage? Naaah, we're only talking about extremely few exceptions here. I would say our reviews are mostly very direct and easy to understand, but not totally without lingering depths or room for realization.

Let us now return one year back in time, to Cold Lake. I have hardly heard any comments at all on this pamphlet, thus I must ask you how the general response has been? Seeing that I personally am fond of this cold but refreshing lake, I know what I like in it and why.

Because of this I would rather like to ask what the major complaints have been? Or have there been any complaints at all?

Mikko: — No complaints at all. I hardly ever get to hear any negative comments about Isen, anyway. With Cold Lake it's only now that it's damning on people that it is actually a publication. Most people apparently thought the thing in Dark Lord was a photo reportage of one of our ice fishing trips. A picture is worth a thousand... yeah right.

I cannot avoid mentioning that Francis Bacon line you once recited. "The job of the artist is always to deepen the mystery", after which you enthusiastically made a reference to the font size used in the first issue of Daathos. Interesting point of view, thanks... In a way this connects perfectly to the original ideology I have in D. although the font size was something I was forced to use.

But to consciously deepen a mystery... instead of letting it grow deep by itself. Is that real? Is that honest? If we now detach from the profession of an editor — to not sound awfully pretentious for a change — and look at the artist, the painter instead: he paints something. The result is, for once, perfect. Then after a while he looks at it again, and a thought strikes him. Is its content too obvious? He has left a piece of himself therein, something that is precious to him... something that he does not want to scream out to every passer-by. Thus he picks up the brush again to make the image more messy. Obscure. Harder to interpret.

In a way, the question could be "Does the artist have endless right to manipulate his own creations?". Consequently, the answer could, perhaps even should, be obvious.

...But...?

Janne: — Would not it be great if Leonardo da Vinci returned one night to paint Mona Lisa black and wrote "Please concentrate" on the wall next to it? The trouble is that modern artists just tend to paint it black straight away so the levels are only for them to see. Case in point, CMI.

And what is your favourite end of the world, Mikko?
— (Que se leftri, tomppei! Heh.)



Record Reviews

A lack of criticism? A tendency towards fanatic praise? Subjective, unserious, irrational, undeservedly muddled reviews? A critic is supposed to express his thoughts with pinpoint accuracy, pointing at the flaws of a product — in this case a record — or lifting up its good points. Always supposedly objective and righteous.

To hell with critics, I am not a critic, I do not review products, I write about music... music is my religion and is not religion the father of fanaticism?

Here records get smashed or immortalized in a completely unscientific manner, depending on the mood of the moment, or, hopefully but not guaranteedly, the qualities of the recording...

Enter my church! Entrance \$9,90 plus church tax.

ABSU — THE THIRD FUCKING STORM OF CYTHRAUL
osmose productions

Shit. This is impressive. And I do not just say this for the heck of it because this shit is fucking impressive and with that I mean impressive. Fucking intense.

"Bloody excellent!", is what I wrote about "The Sun of Tiphareth" in the previous issue. It was a majestic album that I still hail with the same sincerity as before. Despite songs like "Swords And Leather" or especially, gasp!, "A Magician's Lapis Lazuli", I am still not quite sure whether this record reaches the same heights as "The Sun of Tiphareth".

This is because of the shattered overall impression: things like the twice too long intro, the two and thus too numerous "rehearsal place song endings" and the half hearted acoustic attempts do nothing but dilute. Had they been skipped, "The Third Storm of Cythraul" would have been so much stronger. And like several reviews already have remarked, the production is not entirely convincing.

But even with these complaints of mine, it is still an incredible album.

ABSU — THE GOLD TORQUES OF ULAIID
advance soundtrack cut

If I am going mad it is neither due to Absu nor the fact that my programs sadistically collapse every three minutes. But mind you, the latter may have a certain influence.

Cowboy Equitant told me Absu are going to partake in the soundtrack to some film called "Gummo" together with bands such as Slayer and Swordmaster.

"The Gold Torques of Ullaid" is a short blast of three minutes and forty-nine seconds. I must admit that although sounding good, it required numerous listenings before I definitely could, sort of, grasp the song. It just tended to pass by as background music.

Notice the past tense.

ALCHEMIST — SPIRITTECH
shock records

Absu, Alchemist... an opening the record review section in true Dth tradition. Now let us plunge into "Spiritech", a one hour spirijourney into your parapsyche... squieming turning twisting burning.

Records reaching sixty minutes are becoming common, it seems. In the eighties the length of an LP put some restrictions on the music but it also saved us from much unnecessary trash. Pretentious bollocks by people who think a mediocre song can be improved by simply extending its length.

As you could expect me to say — I hate to be predictable but sometimes one just can't help it, not if Alchemist, Absu or the likes are in question I am afraid — "Spiritech" deserves its

every minute. The length is not a problem on "Spiritech".

The problems are of a different kind. The production is getting too smooth here. What is gained with the clean sound when it comes to the light, trippy parts of the music, is lost when the overall impression gets tidied up as well. The rougher, more alive sound of "Lunasphere" is a lot more to my liking. As if I had not mocked productions of this kind enough already... jag är den obotliga bakåsträvaren, say what you will.

Another thing I dislike on "Spiritech" is that our favourite lunatics from Russieland have started experimenting a little too much with synthetic beats and the likes. I have enjoyed all the experiments so far, perhaps with the exception of the somewhat numerous intros on the debut that dilute it a little and give a too comical character to the good record. But the famous country guitars, the Hate Krishna inclinations on "Lunasphere", I enjoyed them all... as long as we won't have to hear any flirtations to the loathsome discobeats one is surrounded by in these loathsome modern days... have I made my point clear?

Well then we can proceed the good sides of "Spiritech". It is an awesome record although due to reasons mentioned above it does not quite reach the excellence of "Lunasphere". I can tell that on that very Monday I received this one, I listened to it all day, perhaps six or seven times in a row. When then lying in the bed awaiting the entrance of the Tuesday, I found myself eager to listen to "Spiritech" once again. Should tell something about my relation to the record.

This review is growing into one of those ridiculously long essays of bollocks I am for some reason so fond of generating, but I still want to mention the trippy acoustic passages, the overall surreality that I find here. Alchemist, Pan.Dp, Monium, Anglagård, Devil Doll... is there anything sweeter than madness in music? Close your eyes... and forget your name... step outside yourself... and let your thoughts drain... as you go insane... insane...

ARCANA — LIZABETH
mini cd: cold meat industry

He whose words have no sound, he whose mind is built of sand, he who caresses the walls with his tongue, he who writes these lines, his empty self finds a kin in Elizabeth. Sing unto me, sister.

ASHES — DEATH HAS MADE ITS CALL
necropolis

It means bad luck for Ashes that I am going to review their record now. I am severely pissed off. Fifteen minutes after having bought a new camera I insisted to break it. I am fucking mongeloid. Whatever I touch breaks into my hands.

Ashes do present pretty classy — different in any case — riffs with a most personal tinge but the performance is poor. Hadn't I been in touch with two of the members I would call the

guitarists outright lousy, now I will be content calling the singer lousy. His strained shrieks do sound weak, as if his voice is about to break (just like my camera) any moment; unfortunately it never breaks but keeps on rasping...

What however bothers me most about this recording is the lack of precision. I know I am the man who always enthuses about untight drummers (?) but these songs certainly sound badly rehearsed.

To pour salt in the wound and keep complaining, the visual side is pretty horrible. To have the same logo as Sepultura as well as Anglmark groceries (read: Casablanca Antique) is not a good start, and the rest of the layout is not a good ending.

But Ashes do have a different concept to their music and despite this rather sulphurous review I'll label them as "Watch 'em, could become something". Already having demigod Mourning in their tanks should prevent them from fading into nobodiness...

BARATHRUM — EERIE nazgul's eirie productions

The debut "Pailstorm" was a sixty minute something. Don't exactly know what, but it resembled a lot about a joke. Overdistorted vocals, a constant slow pace and a peculiar mixing of the string instruments. Supposed to have a drummer using human bones and a string section consisting of three bassists, a reference to Barathrum as a gimmick band is close at hand. No matter how "cult" some people may call them.

As for the more recent "Eerie", I referred it to a friend of mine as "at least listenable" on contrary to the debut. Having heard a song or two he wondered "You said this was listenable?". Well, eh yes, kind of. I think.

Yes, I actually think so, I suppose. Even if the vocals should have been given the same improvement as the rest of the music and production. "Moon Calls" is not only of an individual but also pleasant character. Apparently Demons has turned his complete lack of talent into something worthwhile after all.

If you call this album pure excrement I can understand your view but still I must admit it does have a charm and... well yes, I am kind of hooked. I think.

Call me a retard but this sort of completely braindead musicness appeals to me every now and then. Then one can of course ponder whether 65 full minutes really are necessary to bring forth the message of mainman Demons.

BETHZAIDA — NINE WORLDS season of mist

André contacted me and introduced me to the music of this Norwegian act that for a welcome change is not black metal. Well, it is not far from it, but I would see it more experimental than that. A mixture of death, black, some flute and other things.

Some songs, like "Divident", have most splendid riffs. Unfortunately such moments appear only in some highlights on "Nine Worlds", the album remaining fairly anonymous in its entirety. Not quite pulling it through. But to return to things I like, we have the vocal arrangement on "Dawn (Part II)" which is very fluent in the fast passages. I also like it when singer Lars goes a little bit higher in the end of the lines. Yes, we do have potential. The flute passages are always appropriate and not featured just for the sake of it.

Still, I think I would have liked a mini CD with Bethzaida more, because the few thoroughly enjoyable songs drown among the others. As said, this is still a tad too anonymous and not capable of catching my full interest.

BIFROST — PAGAN REALITY nazgul's eirie productions

Only after numerous patient listenings am I starting to find this

record somewhat appealing but the music is still far too anonymous to me and the vocals of Hammerheart are still too much like shouting that I would care much about "Pagan Reality". The style of Bifrost is not very general but still, strange as it may sound, it sounds anonymous and... general to me. The clean vocals with the loud echo in the last song are outright annoying but give an example of opposite characteristics, the song "Battleborn Obinn (Father of Victories)" starts in a pleasant manner. But not even this piece manages to keep my interest throughout the entire song.

I would have expected more from Bifrost.

BRUTAL TRUTH — TREND KILL SUICIDE mini cd: relapse records

I never heard their previous opus and its name has escaped me as well. This new one never really interested me too much. I liked the classic debut "Extreme Conditions Demand Extreme Responses" but after having received "Trend Kill Suicide" I asked Rightbutt Jeff at Relapse not to send me any more releases. Why care about tired bands such as Brutal Truth when we have such as Murder Corporation? Fresh blood.

BURZUM — BALDERS DOD misanthropy records

Here we have the new Burzum album, the follow-up to "the last Burzum album 'Filosofem'". All digital, non metal. And, I feel tempted to say, not Burzum either... But perhaps I will leave this tedious "Burzum or Not?" discussion to more disputatively enthusiastic individuals.

Expectations? None. Conclusions? Some.

The main conclusion deals, as supposed, with the music. These melancholic, sadly computerized but nevertheless skilled threnodies of apathy and emptiness show that the person who was one of those to introduce ambient music for the black metal scene is still among the leading ones. Aesthetic, simple, stripped of unnecessary bollocks. Yeh, another one of those "I Dig This Shit" kind of reviews.

And charming primitivistic artwork, don't you think? Fun how lack of talent — or rather in this case conscious naïvistic style — can be so effective. Somebody please write an article about this, the subject fascinates me.

CADUCITY — WHIRLER OF FATE shiver records

Now this was an invigorating piece of metal. Technical, most individual death metal performed with class, and a fine production — only the vocals appear to be a little too loud in the mix. Yes, the vocals are powerful enough to survive a lower mix.

This forty-five minute adventure, their second in line but first to reach mine ears, surely gives us a reason to start thinking whether we should dig up those \$16 we robbed from that little girl we stabbed last week.

The music here is technical, as said, but it never gets incomprehensible enough to scare me — and the complete lack of hints towards any kind of Dark Tranquillity influences definitely makes me want to marry the band.

And so do songs like, er, the one that sounds so good — I do have the track listing but I don't quite know where the respective songs start or end. I am talking about the second or, less probably, third piece in any case.

Caducity simply do their own fucking thing. I cannot quite get any direct associations, with the exception of the deep vocals, the high shrieks of which makes me think about Chris Barnes on "The Bleeding". Not a bad point at all, in case you are in doubt, kunt.

The lyrics are said to be rather trippy and I suppose that is true, if songs such as "Beneath, In His Benighted Dwellings,

the Paramount Shrieks With Laughter" live up to their titles. Musically, then do.

CENTINEX — REFLECTIONS emancipation productions

I just love these labs. I have written quite a few enthusiastic reviews on their material by now and there is little for me to add, except for that this is death metal the real Swedish way. Performed with confidence, quality and class. And violence.

Nothing but true growling death howls and... well, you get the picture. Are there no complaints at all? Of course there are. And in this case it is obvious, I have mentioned it often enough — get rid of that goddamn drum machine... quite well programmed, yes, but I would rather have a badly programmed musician than a well programmed machine.

CINTECELE DIAVOLUI — THE DEVIL'S SONGS dark dungeon music

I do think these songs about the vampire Bukoblak deserve more than being listed just as another product marketed by Mortis, Inc. The silverdisc version (\$19.50) features the material from the original 10" version as well as three newer hymns. Sixty-dates January '96 vs. October '96. This Dark Dungeon 1000 copy edition of "The Devil's Songs" was supposed to be re-issued by Cold Meat last year.

Although the early material, such as "Wedding of the Dead", a tune you could well go whistling away, is most pleasant to mine ears, I feel I do prefer the younger songs. The two lengthy "Dungeons of Horror" and especially the peculiarly entitled "One Soul Less for the Devil" are utterly monotonous and... to use one of my favourite words these days: subtle. The latter apparently features an aged Bukoblak talking, whispering, coughing and triumphantly explaining something I cannot quite understand... but willingly listen to. It is close at hand to think about Diamanda Galás and her wheezing on "Saint of the Pit".

By the way, now I finally recognize the guy on the cover...

THE COFFINSHAKERS — DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE seven inch: primitive art records

"We're talking about evil, we're talking about evil, we're talking about Coffinshakers messin' around in Nashville..." The Coffinshakers are the newest discovery of Primitive Art: the most evil country band since the beginning of time. Alright, can't say they have much serious competition, but let's not be that petty. This four song, nine minute thing was recorded at Eightsoara Studios, Romania. That's true! Kind of.

The first 500 copies come in blood red vinyl. Blood red indeed: human blood was mixed into the vinyl prior pressing, so beware of ails if you buy this. 50 crowns in Scandinavia, \$8 elsewhere. Dead cool, get this. By the way, a full length is on its way.

THE COLD.ONCE.TURNING.DUST — GLOOM seven inch: demonosound records

Do you like the sound of the vacuum cleaner? If you can think about it at philosophical frequencies and without associating to the stress and work of cleaning one's flat. The Cold.Once.Turning.Dust is not closer to music than a vacuum cleaner is.

"By use of low frequencies, ever-repeated cuts, deranged tribal rhythms and various other elements the music is supposed to have effects on the listener's mental state to achieve a level of trance."

We all have our goals in life. Obviously, some have more kinky goals than others but The Cold.Once.Turning.Dust do reach their goal. I like this. It is totally senseless, of course, but who needs sense? And this is calm... strange. Nice. It is just that this kind of music does not really work on single format because the atmosphere has hardly arrived before it is time to turn the side. The featured vibrations are called "Kiämeet" and "Tri@baal". "Kiämeet" is "The Snakes". I am most interested in hearing the upcoming debut CD, tentatively titled "Grep Bloom", as I am assured the press sheet is not lying when it tells "the longer playing time naturally gives space to work on music that gives stronger results".

But this 7" is not useless, as it is quite interesting graphically. The milk white single is packed in an A4 booklet with a balanced layout and a citation that appears to have been picked from the Kalevala. 300 copies have been made.

COUNTESS — AD MAIOREM SATHANAE GLORIAM nazgul's eirie productions

When listening to the debut of Countess entitled "The Return of the Horned One" I can't help thinking about the most typical black metal ever, including the obligatory intro. But once the vocals turn up I realize this is something special.

It is like somebody had put a Bathory shirt on his puppy and then hitting it in front of the mike! Hey, I thought I had crap vocals when I gave it a less successful attempt several years ago, but apparently I wasn't all alone. With a tired smile I put aside this album and pick up the object of this review instead, "Ad



The Kult of the Kelts in Exile... Proscriptor with Mike of Divine Eve fame at the Absu rehearsal room.

Maiorem Sathanae Gloriam".

I close my eyes and make a grimace awaiting the first tunes. One grows tired keeping up a grimace for too long but to be honest, wearing a grimace throughout this entire album would not be inappropriate.

While sitting and whistling trying to forget about the record I am listening to, I ponder why people are so fond of mediocrity. It is just one of the Great Mysteries of Life, I suppose.

On the back cover of the booklet it reads "I am darkness and bring you light... I am slavery and set you free...". Well I am Satan and you embarrass me so I send you to heaven.

CROWN OF AUTUMN — THE TREASURES ARCANAE
elnor productions

I have listened quite a bit to this piece of plastic without really being able to make up my mind. Their ambitions appear dangerously high for a band who seemingly came out of nowhere (or rather, Italy; but sometimes Italy is nowhere if you excuse the pun) and released their debut album.

It is majestic, acoustic. Distorted, high-paced, then calm again. Varied, yes. "Musically Crown of Autumn creates a personal sound by combining epic and gothic atmospheres with black and medieval touches." Biographies could be less accurate.

The point, however, is that I cannot think of any band for the moment I could mix Crown of Autumn with, which means they do their own thing.

And yes, they do it well.

I think I will keep an eye on Elnor Productions.

CRYPTOPSY — NONE SO VILE
wrong again records

Hell yes hell yes hell yes! Hell yes! Kill...

DAEONIA — MORPHIC LANDS
mini cd: candlelight records

Daeonia puts me in a dilemma. Luckily not the dilemma of telling a sympathetic bloke his record sucks, simply because this one does not. "Morphic Lands" is powerful. Excellent.

The dilemma is born of their last demo, of which this CD is a re-recording, including the very same songs. The "Morphic Lands" demo was excellent, and so is this CD. I can barely hear the difference... and thus there is no surprise whatsoever on the CD.

But I have made up my mind: I choose the demo. The sound is a tiny tad dirtier, the result is warmer.

Whichever you choose, your money buys quality.

DEINONYCHUS — ARK OF THOUGHT
supernal music

This is the band whom I never had heard but whose logo I had always admired. I missed Dbin's a.k.a. Marco Rehen's debut but we have the follow up here: so, does the music live up to the logo?

(Excuse me but I cannot resist Jaten's conclusion in Twin Sister regarding the very same question: Yes, it does. Both suck.)

To start with, it is not a bad record. I only feel it is a few years late. This kind of doomish post-black metal with an intellectual slant would have raised quite a few more eyebrows then.

In October 1897 this only makes me consider it is a pleasant album with very good vocals. I do understand them who consider these vocals a joke, they are somewhat, er, passionate — but that is exactly what lacks in 90% of vocalists, they have no passion. Regarding the far too many, or long, or both, narrations: there we do not speak about passion but about mere downright idiosyncrasy. They give "Ark of Thought" a retarded touch that is not all that appreciated.

The music is for the most part doomish, often monotonous and I find it surprising my enthusiasm is so careful. As far as I know, this is my thing.

There must be some subconscious prejudices on work here, I am only trying to find out whether they are related to the photocopied promo CD cover, to the label or to the bird in my mouth.

Is there, mother, a way to describe the juices of a dead bird? The rainwater, the fresh scent, the cartilage, the soft feathers against one's palate? Mother?

Mother?

DELLAMORTE — UGLIER AND MORE DISGUSTING
osmose productions/kron-h

Dellamorte have a good taste when it comes to films. I am referring to the origins of the monicker as well as the intro.

Like I wrote in the now deleted review on their debut released by Fintrecords, Dellamorte is the missing link between Discharge and Entombed. With some rock injected. It is an interesting concept and well delivered.

Of the four records Osmose sent; The Rocking Dildos, Disfear, Driller Killer and this one; Dellamorte is the most varied



— Sing, sister, sing. Sing sing sing.

one. The vocals leave a little to be wished, though. They are either inaudible or then simply boring.

And in the end, for Dellamorte in its entirety: what I like most in their music is the remarkable influence from early Entombed. Thus I remove the Dellamorte disc and play the originals instead...

DERANGED — HIGH ON BLOOD
advance: planet end records

Shit shit shit shit shit this is fucking something that Dying Fetus here below could only dream of! Sorry Jason but "High On Blood" beats you in your own sport because here we are not talking about the HATE I mentioned in your review, here we are talking about **H A T E** in its most unadulterated, pure, beautiful form! ...see, I am so upset I cannot even spell "beautiful"!

Poly hell and her grandmother, I know Deranged had potential and "Kated-X" ruled the shit out of any Swedish brutal death ensemble but "High On Blood" just has the kind of ferocity it leaves me speechlessly lick the record.

I'm in love.

DYING FETUS — PURIFICATION THROUGH VIOLENCE
dichard music worldwide

Despite the outright HATE I have a vague feeling something is missing here. Despite the energy that you can feel with your very hand when reaching towards the loudspeaker, Dying Fetus lack the relentless madness that I find in Deranged or Cryptopsy. The fetus does not end up far from those, but still I keep on waiting for the kick in the head that never really arrives, although I can hear it come.

It is fast, violent, brutal — but still in control. It should not be. We need hysteria.

Yet. These are the petty details, the improved pressure I put upon bands I have followed longer than three weeks. Dying Fetus have never been better. "Purification Through Violence" is a lot stronger than I honestly had expected — my interest in Dying Fetus had waned a little since some years back, but this half an hour of rage has regained the fetus its place in my belly. I am going to give birth...

EMPYRIUM — SONGS OF MOORS & MISTY FIELDS
prophecy productions

The review on "A Wintersunset..." was deleted once this turned up, but it spoke about calm and mournful journeys through winter landscapes as cold as they are fair to the eye.

The winter turned to a grey spring, the spring died when summer raped it and the summer fled before the autumn came. When the tepid fumes, the fogs and the dense air rose from the moors, they cast a spell upon two men who lost everything except the vision of the autumn. No more lived then, but the autumn in them.

Also the tone of Langsuar Tenebrarum Rex lives a little bit in the vocals of Markus Stock. Sometimes, not to a disturbing extent.

My complaints on the debut dealt with the omnipresent synthesizers that even suppressed the guitars, it felt: something

that must not happen.

On "Songs of Moors & Misty Fields" the balance has been regained, and the synthesizers have been incorporated in the spine of the music, no more causing a pain in my ear with their once so sharp and clear shouts.

The debut was not bad, but I remember I never really came up with other adjectives than "nice" and "dreamy". These new songs of moors, fields, hills and valleys are fuller, more mature, no more the hesitant first steps into the world of full length albums but a confident interpretation of any tree hugger with more than the Volkswagen symbol on his mind or simply a stupid fuck like myself who'd rather talk to pines and bushes and gnats and the fair sun of Satan than with people.

Empyrium are founding their imperium...

ENDURA — GREAT GOD PAN
elfenblut

As the first monotonous sounds of "Driflamme" turn up, and especially as they remain, I have no problem drawing the conclusion that Endura did live up to my expectations.

Likewise surpass them.

Several of the songs are less monotonous than the earlier mentioned title, having vocals of both gender and more varied melodies. Some others are subtle enough to have been reduced to mere sounds. It is a rather colourful — depending on how you interpret that word — collection of music.

Of these eleven cuts the first one still remains my personal favourite: simplicity drawn to the extreme without losing that subtle thread: magnificent. The album in its entirety is a little more shattered and why for example the last song appears louder than the previous ones I do not know, but as a whole "Great God Pan" is a very sympathetic bloke.

"...forward to ecstatic joy, the madness and mystery of Pan." Taste it or let it be.

EQUINOX — RETURN TO MYSTERY
unisound records

Equinox is a band I have been following (recognising) ever since I read about them in Anatomia quite a few years ago — they were featured there, weren't they? My interest did not wane once I could connect them to the fantastic Incubus whose bassist Mark Lavenia played in Equinox for some time a few years back. If we keep talking about their roots we can conclude that half of the present line-up have a past in Acheron.

Well, Acheron never were quite this good. It is true that the concept of Equinox is not exactly revolutionary, but their brand of dark fucking death metal with old references does appeal quite a bit to me.

I must admit that without the howling of bass man Darkness I probably would not have given Equinox the time they required to grow upon me: his mad growls are Death Metal Vocals — how many singers like this can you find in Sweden today?

Hail, Darkness! Dr like Mike R. Bagusik would say, Embrace Pure Darkness... haha.

THE EQUINOX OF THE GODS — FRUITS AND FLOWERS
OF THE SPECTRAL GARDEN
unisound records

Finally The Equinox or the Gods managed to record an album more in the way they wanted it and consequently "Fruits And Flowers of the Spectral Garden" is a strong album. We have the excellent "The Golem" and "Sombre Angel" from the last demo although here is again the dilemma of having released a good demo: the demo versions have are still to be beaten. From the new songs particularly "The Dye Lord" must be mentioned.

Of course, the drum machine is still as great a handicap as ever and it destroys much but I do think this will finally have been corrected by the next recording.

But "Fruits And Flowers of the Spectral Garden" is in any case by far superior last year's "Images of Forgotten Memories" which despite its quality did not quite reach up to the level I knew they are capable of.

...But I get so tired of the mores at Unisound. That both spelling and layout is too much to ask from this label is not exactly a secret but please, a correct track listing? On "Images of Forgotten Memories" only one track was wrong but this time they bettered it off by having twelve tracks on the CD and having ten on the disc.

Does anybody know what the hell is wrong with them? Decapitate the lot.

THE EVERDAWN — OPERA OF THE DAMNED
mini cd: black diamond productions

First an acceptable opening riff, then boring Dark Tranquillity rip off vocals and then a Dark Tranquillity rip off riff. One Dark Tranquillity is enough for me, and even they are starting to bore me heavily. Not to mention all these wannabe-tranquillities.

After a while I noticed that it is good olde Pierre of Decoratation fame who is rocking here. You know the guy whose beard was has been compared to... eh, no, I'll leave that one out.

I am sure Pierre would beat me up if I mentioned that "genital hair in the face" thing again... but it wasn't me who came up with it! I read it in a zine.

I remember Pierre has mentioned he had some new band going but honestly, I expected it to be more interesting than this. I found the last Decortication promo to be quite promising, actually. But then, that was in 1994, just before this Gothenburg Cage turned up.

The punchline is however that "Opera of the Damned" bores me to pieces.

EVOKE — BEHOLD THE TWILIGHT
seven inch: megagrand productions

I'd rather listen to this than The Everdawn. This is the same British Evoke that Anatomia zine raved so much about some years back, so I was really looking forward to hear this two track single.

But I don't really know. Both "Behold the Twilight" and "Await the Unavoidable" are pure death metal that could have been recorded in 1992 as well as in June 1996 — and I like that — but that real lack in the butt just doesn't seem to turn up.

The material did not really live up to my expectations: but when carefully listening to the tracks I wonder why my enthusiasm is so lame, because these songs are however not bad at all.

No, what's missing is what the Swedes call jävla anamma. This recording sounds too tired. It lacks strength, it lacks rage... Available from Heathenboom.

FROZEN SUN — UNSPOKEN
d.s.f.a. records

Despite the very fine label name; standing for Doesn't Stand For Anything; I must here warn the public for the editor turning more sarcastic than usual. Here we have another of these new, incredibly original and fantastic ground breaking bands that... ah, cut the shite, we ain't foolin anyone here man.

The press release goes "Dynamic/Groovy/Heavy/Powerful/Sensitive/Industrial/Psychelica" ...and why stop there? Did you guys run out of adjectives? I can help you: "...That/Bored/The/Shit/Out/Of/Me."

OK, vocalist Boris's clean vocals are acceptable. But that won't change the fact that I am totally fucking bored to shreds of all these mixtures of hardcore and hip hop and dog-knows-what with metal. I am told "Frozen Sun has already received great critical acclaim from both the national and international press". Yes, I believe you. Here in Sweden Close-Up would probably love you. Because brutal death metal is not in. Brutal death metal is not cool. Brutal death metal is shit. Who cares about brutal death metal when we have such fantastic new bands as Frozen Sun? Open minded, fresh music, far from old clichés!

Just fucking fuck off. I don't mind if everybody love bands like Frozen Sun, but do not dare to call this original. Want to know what is original in 1996? To play Death Metal. I don't mind if everybody love bands like Frozen Sun, just keep them away from me and Dths, for hell's sake. Thank you very much.

GODS TOWER — THE TURNS
metal agen records/morbid noizz productions

It certainly did take its time, but now these unsung heroes have their debut album available. So far only in the shape of a tape, but it cannot really be mistaken for a demo with the professional cover featuring lyrics and all. Lasting for close to one hour, "The Turns" features some of the newer material they have finished. Not in the vein of the most experimental "Canticles" demo '94, although two songs from there are included, "Mysterious" and the excellent "Seven Stains of Fire".

Of these eight mostly lengthy songs only one fails, this being "Blood". It lacks the flow that the rest of their material without exception has. Dmitriy Dvchinnikoff's keyboards are the highlight, but as a whole I would have omitted this song.

For those who read a review on "The Turns" in Issue One I should point out that this is not the same recording. That was only a promotional tape and the contents are different on this one.

Six dollars preferably in a registered letter. If "The Turns" is recommended? You're asking me? You're asking if it is worth it? With the exception of the somewhat boring "Blood", this rules. It certainly does. Black Sabbath meets Belarussian folk music? Wmmh...but it rules nevertheless.

HIN HALEY — ELECTRIC BOLADUSTER
mini cd: god damn productions

This is fucking it! J. Ballin of The Equinox or the Gods hinted me about these frenz of his... And hey, Hin Haley reign. This is a promotional MCD pressed in 300 copies (I have #15 because I'm cool) and it is available for \$12 or £8. The length is not more than fifteen minutes but you can always do like me — just play it again.

Among the many influences I think we can mention Danzig, The Doors and the drummer even brings up the name of Death. Perhaps it is possible to analyse the musical roots of Hin



gloom

The Cold Once Turning Dust

Haley more thoroughly, but I couldn't give a toss and neither can you. Because the punchline is that Hin Haley Are Fucking Rock'n'Roll the Fucking Way I Like It!

The opener, "I Boogie — You Die...", starts with esoteric bongo drums to then be replaced by loud guitars, a dangerous groove and rough "Yeah!"s. I particularly like the driving drums on this track. The vocals are occasionally a tad low in the mix, though. "New Orleans Woman" is not as wild, it is more mid-paced and generally laid-back.

"Dyin Graves" even has some acoustic parts but they fit in very well. "Upside Down" is my favourite cut here, with particularly ingenious guitars.

Cool, fucking cool... gimme another beer!

HUMAN REMAINS — USING SICKNESS AS A HERO
mini cd: relapse records

How exciting is it not to feel it stream through you, to only let loose of everything and let it stream, to let the white fall upon your eyes and let loose, to tie your armpits together and simply... exist.

You came to wreck everything, to ruin our lives, and with what class did not you do it! I want to share my remains and I want more of your remains.

God is dead.

Human Remains are no more.

This was their last effort and I wrap it tight, afraid of losing it.

ILDFROST — NATANAE
cold meat industry

A classy black and white appearance with not all that bad black and white philosophy to be found in the lyrical department. "Tatjana", "Violetta", "Alcides", "Theseus", "Cato", "Maria", "Abel", "Kathinka", "Enna Tram", "Strachan", "Hagabom", "Alexander", "Erica" and "Ariadne" build up an opus dealing with emotions as grey as the artwork and as grey as the music. Calm, contemplative. Does not bring me to the same meadows and plains as Arcana, but yet "Nataanael" speaks to me...

IN BLIND EMBRACE — SONGS FROM THE SHADOWS
death factory

This is peculiar. Seventy, always interesting minutes. That is an achievement worth boasting about. These shadowy songs, composed by Paul Lemos and Joe Papa (who?) and recorded during 1994-95, are very ambient and atmospheric... What however makes the difference when compared to most ambient bands is that In Blind Embrace also appreciate atmospheric instruments and melodies — most other ambient bands seem to be happy with just one synthesizer.

Something noteworthy are also the vocals, performed by several people but all of them having the same calm and rather solemn feeling to them. The vocals on "Mother" do nevertheless not really please me as much as the others. It is a guy almost speaking in a dreamy manner — it does not sound bad, but I prefer the other vocals, like the chanting moans on "Afterglow".

"Tormentor's Song" is perhaps the most "normal" piece on this album. It is catchy, and as dreamy as everything else on "Songs From the Shadows"... but still I have a little mixed feelings about it. Some parts of it gives embarrassing hints of something I could call synth pop, but I don't think these associations are worth taking seriously — the overall impression

is too positive for caring about such vague complaints.

In Blind Embrace. Yes, yes... yes. Take my eyes away! I do not want to see!

INIQUITY — SERENADIUM
emanzipation productions

"Serenadium" was not quite the nitroglycerine I expected it to be. It is good death metal, especially appreciated in these days when this kind of music is not, for unknown reasons, generally that appreciated anymore. It is strong material, with good vocals and all... but I just don't seem to improve the impression "a good album" into anything even more positive, even if I would like to.

The death metal of Iniquity just seems to lack an explosivity... ops, now I realized what made it so hard for Iniquity to impress on me.

I have been listening too much to Cryptopsy.

INKA

Erick de Temple of the Damned zine, Peru, was most surprised to see the Antara review in our last issue, and proud of his roots as he is (not without reason), he recorded me a tape with more Inka music. Most appreciated.

El Condor Pasa is apparently what the first orchestra is called, and so is the album itself. Calm, acoustic music with apart from guitar also instruments such as quena, charango and zampaña (also known as antara).

Very spirited music, and although I lack the connection by blood to the Inka reign, I do not lack the comprehension of the atmosphere and the sadness. All the songs are instrumental but I can well make up own lyrics in my head while listening.

Like Erick says, even the more lively parts remain very melancholic. I have always felt the same when it comes to Scandinavian or Irish folk music: perhaps the melancholy is spawned from the knowledge that this music (recorded in the woods of Finland, the moors of Ireland or among the great Andes) is a remnant from, and reminder of, times long gone.

After the condor has passed by (i.e. El Condor Pasa), we find ourselves in France listening to a live recording by Los Zarkas from Bolivia. "Ba Ya Yan" features, for a change, vocals, and the ever so appreciated pan flutes.

Fail Inka... your culture and world was pulverized and desecrated, the only thing that remains is your music... keep it alive.

IN THA UMBRA — DESCEND SUPREME SUNSET
advance: art music

"Descend Supreme Sunset... And Welcome the Eternal Night As the Dusk And the Risen Moon Sing Titanies of Rapture And Funeral To Thee: Enchantress of the Scythe".

Is the title.

Puzzled as you may be with the interview where both Bruno and I agree about the time not being for a full length album for In tha Umbra yet: but here it nevertheless is... It is easy to hail the tradition of recording demos while being unsigned, but it is considerably harder to do the same when an offer is given. Yes, In tha Umbra considered their productivity and maturity have improved enough in the few months between the interview and the time Art Music contacted them: now it is up to me as an objective (?) person to judge their accomplishment.

What I can hear does not sound bad, and we must not forget this is a crude rough mix, and after this the band also returned to the studio for a second time, so I will be most careful with my sentence.

As Bruno promised, the vocals are more varied, indeed to the extent that I miss the demo! So much high screams, although the Bear is by no means absent.

The musicianship sounds good, with the exception of some solos that are not all that convincing and one place which sounds outright bad but that is perhaps only a queer arrangement, what do I know?

Only a rough mix, only an advance, thus I do remain careful. But yes, perhaps... something wicked this way comes?

IN THE WOODS... — OMNIO
misanthropy records

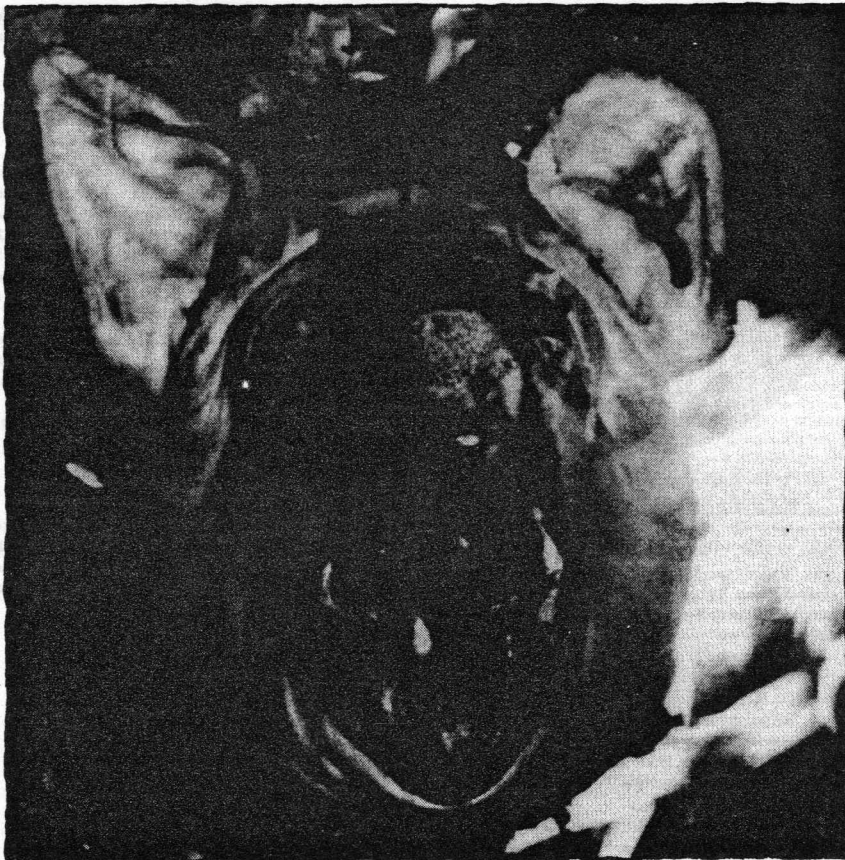
I belong to those who calmly enjoyed "Heart of the Ages". Let us see now what "Omnia" is all about. Pleasant. Yes. Slow, melancholic, no unnecessary bollocks. This last statement is interesting seeing that the record is 63 minutes long. Somehow all of those minutes are entertaining. I would, however, not mind seeing the background vocalist receive the same treatment as the young mother mentioned in the In Tha Umbra demo review.

This analysis was authored after only a few listenings so it remains to be seen whether my appreciation for "Omnia" will rise or sink with time.

As it is now, I like it.

KRANIUM — DOS SONRISAS, UNA LAGRIMA
cassette ep

Had not it been for the horrible clean vocals so out of tune then



The head of Jesus placed on a stake. Can you hear him say... "I love you"?

didn't seem to bother him, though.

The man, A.W. Malmström, has now put up Black Stone Wieder Productions, and the first release is a tape with three new Prophanity songs that sells for 30,- or \$6.

And, ladies and gentlemen, not only does the cassette look good, it sounds as it looks. This is not bad at all, which means either one of two things. a.) A major improvement has taken place in the music of Prophanity, or b.) they simply sound better these days.

"The Battleroar", and perhaps the opener "Walking Through Fire" in particular, is all pleasant material not lacking personal twists and turns.

Also the vocals of Zarbaute sound a lot better; and yes, all lyrics are in English this time (to compare with the previous review). I only feel his vocals tend to drown in places.

But to cut it short, this one rocks hard.

PROSCRIPTOR — THE VENUS BELLONA cruel moon int'l

I had certain expectations for this release as I often have for ambient projects with a folklorish concept but this fifty minute thing did not quite suite my desires. In a way I am contented to see I actually don't automatically swallow everything Cold Meat or Cruel Moon release... sometimes I have been afraid of being too easily fooled by all these recent ambient projects.

I cannot really find the red thread on "The Venus Bellona". As if the Absu drummer just had a lot of ideas for his solo project and instead of arranging it all into a coherent story only threw in the ingredients into a mess. It is a pity because the instruments, mostly Celtic, are certainly to my liking. Bagpipes and drums and all their relatives... And certain tracks, such as "Si Ri Ri Tha E Tighinn" are excellent when listened to as a separate piece. The same goes for some other cuts: but as a whole "The Venus Bellona" does not quite work the way it should.

Something that particularly puzzles me is "Our Blood And Veins From the McGovern Regiment" and the claim on the inlay card that all material is written by ProSCRIPTOR except for "I Ran (So Far Away)". However, "Our Blood And Veins From the McGovern Regiment" is a fine march with excellent pipes spiced with some samples and voices.

The problem is that this march sounds a little too familiar. I go and get my "Pipes & Drums of Scotland" compilation and put on "Scotland the Brave" as performed by Balfam Forest Pipe Band. Oops...

RAGNAROK — ARISING REALM voices of wonder records/head not found

Now have not we seen enough logos made symmetric by mirroring the last letter? The band who did this best remains Suffer. But

I will leave the logo review section for Dusk zine...although I would not mind taking care of it myself.

I had understood Ragnarok were somewhat of an odd bunch in the Norwegian metal scene but the promotional picture from Voices of Wonder and the album itself makes me think I was not all correct.

With a few exceptions, like the stylish opening riff in "God Is Basted", "Arising Realm" is not far from being typical Norwegian black metal. Dark Throne shirts and vocals with more reverberation than voice.

It is not a bad record, I had only wished they had not been so careful with their own ideas. We do have some ideas here: so now only let them spawn. Will you?

RAISON D'ÊTRE — IN SADNESS, SILENCE AND SOLITUDE cold meat industry

"It is all about mesmerizing the listeners, to trigger an active form of listening in their minds — to make them think and associate, and to become one with the music. In order to accomplish this, a passive consumption of Raison d'Être's timeless sacred hymns must be abandoned, and only then the listeners can be affected and (become) sensitive to different emotions appearing in the music. This is a request for the listeners to confront their inner Self, not to turn their backs to it. The music of Raison d'Être is by necessity very individualistic, since it is the reflections of one man alone and the involvement of more people would inevitably lead to compromises."

Much of the magic of this kind of music has been chased away by the amount of projects sounding the same. Or then it is only me who listens too similarly.

"In Sadness, Silence And Solitude" does not surprise nor disappoint, but at the same time it only pleases and fails to enthuse. But then... being the music of emptiness — it serves its purpose. We are trying to be metaphysical here at the review department. We are desperately trying to be metaphysical.

Hundreds of reviews do turn you metaphysical no matter what you wish.

SHADOWCASTER — ABANDONMENT seraphic decay records

...oh, Unisound Records, I mean. Now do not expect any detailed analyses on each of the nine songs on this seventy minute album. When I listen to "Abandonment", which has not occurred too often I am afraid, it is as a whole and not song by song. Moreover, I will keep it short because this is the second time I am typing this review: the program collapsed the first time I was typing it in.

Shadowcaster is synthesizer based ambience and meditation, the lyrics dealing with both Sumeria and self actualization.

A lot of effects are used in the vocal section... too much, I think. I mentioned my problem with Shadowcaster when reviewing his Promo '94 in the last issue — it feels too synthetic for my tastes. I like a lot of ambient, meditative acts, many of them based on keyboards, but somehow Shadowcaster fails to catch my interest. I do prefer Mikael's other projects Night Conquers Day and the bawling Into the Sunless Meridian.

If buying this CD, do not order it from Unisound, get it from Shadowcaster instead for the sympathetic price of \$12 in the U.S.A. and \$13 elsewhere.

Would Shadowcaster give his music a try with a mere piano together with less manipulated vocals, I would be all ears... could be something out of the ordinary.

SOLSTICE — HALCYON ten inch: black tears

I saw Solstice live with Anathema a couple of years ago but at that time I did not realise their potential. It was not until I heard that song on the Candlelight sampler I started smelling their genius, especially the incredibly strong and personal vocals impressed on me — together with the music creating some of the best fucking doom I have heard. By the way, it is about time for me to get their album. Just came to think about it.

But here are a few newer recordings and although the vocals are very good I cannot tell if it is the same singer as I have not heard the above mentioned compilation for ages and it is not even in my possession anymore. I have read they have replaced the lungs of the band some time ago so I suppose this is a new guy — he is not bad either, I tell you. [Update: This is still Simon.]

It is about time for me to dig up my St. Vitus and Candlemass records and if you know what I am talking about, then this twenty minute thing sells for \$12 for us Europeans and \$14 for Americans and other extra-terrestrials.

Godhead has apparently released these same songs on CD but instead of some uninteresting colour artwork this 10" has a mere embossed chaos rune on the black cover.

For us real doomsters only. Others go hide themselves.

SORHIN — I DET GLIMRANDE MÖRKRETS DJUP near dark productions

Sorhin belong to the team that I used to consider the dull part of the Swedish black metal scene, which means, the majority of it. Or rather, they used to belong that team I still consider etc blah blah. Who gives a toss anyway. I don't think even Kola does.

Sorhin have developed since I heard them last time. Oh. When I think about it, it is probably the first time I hear them... with the exception of that fair 7" to which I will return later.

I was forewarned by a few advance songs that this release would be of high quality and it showed to be an accurate guess. My only complaint would be that the vocals are too low in places, but other than that the black metal Sorhin serve us does have individual character. Like Prophanity they have developed their melodic vein, and done that successfully. Listen yourselves for 100,- or \$17.

The layout is of good quality as well, like that Sorhin picture 7" with the title I am alone in the world to appreciate: "At Ganders Red Jusets Chapels!". It is a beautiful piece of plastic, sounds good too, although I have heard it too briefly to give it a righteous comment. It was released on Near Dark just like this one.

STRYCHNINE — INVERTED CRUCIFIXION apparition entertainment group

Strychnine does offer a useful argument against the typical European conception of America being the country where all death metal sounds the same. (I don't even dare to think what Americans think about Sweden today with our persistent Gothenburg craze.)

But "Inverted Crucifixion" is not an easy piece even for us fogminded individuals who like things a little madder. You may smile when I say this but I do actually desire some coherence in the madness I listen to. Strychnine are about as coherent as a rain that falls at a 180° angle.

To start with, including the five song "Beyond Deranged" EP was a bad move. I do not know when it was recorded, but the hardcore vocal style indicates it is from a time before the band's current "black alien death" concept. That the EP extends the album length to 73 minutes is not an advantage at all, instead it further dilutes the already shattered album.

If we ignore about the EP, we have fifty minutes and eleven songs of schizophrenic, mad, Whitley Strieber-influenced death metal with varied vocals. A band does come to mind on several occasions, and that is "Spare the Branch" era Exit-13. Just listen to the piece entitled "The Unholy": if this is not Exit-13, nothing is! A positive reference, however. Finally, as if things were not confused enough, there are plenty of strange samples to sum the confusion up.

I am still struggling to get a grasp of "Inverted Crucifixion" (the conceptwise most peculiar title of the month) but I am working on it.

I do not know what impression this article gives, but that

does not matter: for me matters only that (ignoring the EP) Straphane play some of the most fascinating death kind of music I have witnessed from New Jersey lately. Or America. Or anywhere?

They have not yet found their own path, though.

TENEBAE — HYPNOTECH
shiver records

I did ask Mr Shiver not to send me more material.

THINE — JOURNEYS
cassette ep: black tears

Russ the swordmaster has discovered a talent here. Thine, a band from Yorkshire, play excellent moody music with fine clear vocals reminding me a lot about Bangsupar of early Moonspell — and somebody else whose name I cannot recall — as well as female vocals, acoustic pieces and keyboards holding the same standard as everything else on this cassette EP.

In fact I was at first a little disappointed when the metal guitars entered in the beginning of "A Tower Above the Shores" — I had so enjoyed the calm, folklorish beginning. But I soon changed my mind, and perhaps it only was my dilettantism in that kind of music that made me wish Thine were less metal: in the end I do think this mixture of metal vibes with the calmer, more folksy sounds is a lot more special. The fast parts also make an effective contrast to the close to meditative calm parts. Many have been messing around the path Thine are treading, but hardly anybody have done it with the excellence of Thine. For \$6 in Europe and \$7 elsewhere you can hear for yourself whether these are my typical lies or truth is found. Two songs, eighteen minutes in total.

Bloody excellent music is what I say.

VALEFOR — DEATH MAGICK
death factory

Really nice layout: I'd like to say that I love the skull to death. This comment about layout is probably quite unnecessary when we see it is a Death Factory/Cold Meat release and they are pretty good at this visual side of things, like everybody except those without eyes have seen.

Valefor, created by Mr Abaddon from Texas, belongs to this new generation of non-musical projects influenced by the revival of ambience.

Valefor is very monotonous, distorted and calm. I like this a lot more than for example Mental Destruction. There are vocals present but they are so gray and subtle that one must concentrate to hear them. Actually, to hear anything at all one must concentrate. After several listenings I still have not managed to actually listen to "Death Magick" because I constantly start thinking about other things. This does not have to be a disadvantage — I see Valefor a sort of meditative thing, and not a typical record to party to.

Of course there are a lot of pretentious song titles on this nine piece album but personally titles such as "I" to "IX" would well have been sufficient because I like to create my own associations from each track and not the ones of this Abaddon guy.

I like "Death Magick" but I demand quite a lot more from this kind of ambience to actually buy it.

VARATHRON — WALPURGISNACHT
unisound records

Our ever so polite Greek brothers Varathron are apparently almost ready with their follow-up to "Walpurgisnacht" already... but let us not get too far ahead in time.

"Walpurgisnacht" feels a lot more complete and mature than its predecessor "His Majesty At the Swamp", although I have not listened to the debut for quite a while.

Despite repeated listenings I still have not managed to pick an immediate favourite — like "Flowers of My Youth" on the debut. I first suspected this would mean "Walpurgisnacht" was an overall lame album, but I have come to another conclusion. On the contrary, I think the material on "His Majesty At the Swamp" was not generally as strong as these new songs. So, instead of being a reasonably good album with some very good peaks, "Walpurgisnacht" appears to be thoroughly good. There are a lot of other things I could keep on writing about but I feel that would be useless ranting.

"Walpurgisnacht" does not quite reach the heights of such favourites of mine as Absu, but it is a recommended effort that bears the characteristic stamp of Varathron. The acoustic instrumentals are most enjoyable.

VARIOUS — HEADBANGERS AGAINST DISCO VOLUME ONE
seven inch: primitive art records

"Day after day on air
Foolish pure color dresses
Suckers sing I, I love you
I've went crazy with rotten it"

With a never quenching sense of class and the good manners of the gentlemen they are, Sabbath open this single with their "Baby,



One of the Ragnarok fellows at last year's Hultsfred festival: Have a beer and cheer up, mate.

Disco Is Fuck'. I have heard some Sabbath before, but I didn't recall the vocals were this, er, individual. A charming band for sure... but what I find most incredible how a thirteen year old band can still sound like this. Right on baby, the world is filled with mysteries.

In comparison to those Japanese madmen, our very own Gehennah sound tame, and the lyrics are, if we keep comparing, like poetry by Lord Byron.

Inferno continue the retrotrip with their "Metal Attack" — a charming song, like the previous two. I have the album but in the dose of one song they turned out a lot more pleasant. If I want to hear Sodom or Destruction I'd rather go for the originals. Obviously.

My first encounter with Bestial Warlust turned unforgettable thanks to the quite horrible sound. I have always liked rough productions but this very song does not even have a production.

As a whole this general retro-movement provokes several yawns, but as a collector's item this \$8 piece of plastic is quite entertaining. It is the first part of a trilogy, the covers of which form a mini comic when put together. It is drawn by the Swedish cult artist Joakim Lindengren.

Doo baeb doos faag.

VARIOUS — X-TREME RECORDS PROMO #1 1996
x-treme records

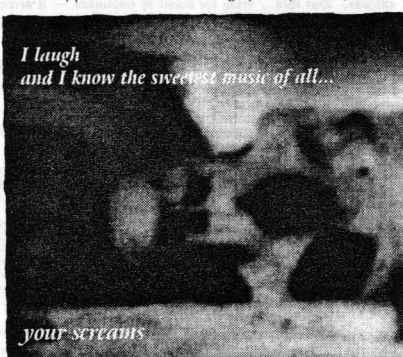
Infernal Gates open the tape with some cuts from their "From the Mist of Dark Waters" CD and their harmonies appear fine in the beginning but then it all seems to fade into mediocrity. And here we have pure Manowar influences... although they sound boring here. To mine ears. Completely uninteresting. 120:- and 140:- abroad.

Sorhin's tracks off their "Skogsgriestens Rike" mini CD are just typical Swedish black metal to me. Not bad but not particularly fascinating either. 80:- and 100:- abroad.

We also have some bonus promo tracks here by Inverted and Råströnd... These features seem a little out of place because they are released on Shiver Records and Rapalm Records respectively. What do they do on this tape then? you ask. Well, they are bands that some X-treme Records guys play in.

Nevertheless, I'll do my job and comment them as well. Inverted must be my favourites on this tape. It is so seldom one hears this kind of death metal nowadays. Dark, brutal death metal... with titles such as "Condemned"! This is good, I like this, but still nothing that gets me jumping. From their "The Shadowland" full length album.

Råströnd and their cuts from "Toteslaut" CD provoke a yawn. "En Sång från En Pestbesmittad Grav" once again shows the problem in singing in Swedish — it requires very good arranging. Råströnd don't arrange... and thus the vocal lines sound very forced and unnatural. Together with a weak production



I laugh
and I know the sweetest music of all...

your screams

and weak music we have boredom incorporated. The second track, "Lord of the Woods", contains some clean vocals that sound plain horrible.

For information, X-treme Records would like two ir's.

VIRAL LOAD — BRUTALIZED BEYOND BELIEF
bloated dog records

With the sort of American, innocent open-mindedness that makes us European shrug and look in another direction, Viral Load state in their flyer their "Brutalized Beyond Belief" (\$11 in the U.S., \$13 elsewhere) is "brutal death/grind with a hint of black metal mayhem". Some things do not mix. Luckily that black metal mayhem is something I could not find in here, neither do any of the members wear corpse paint. Unless the drum machine does, it is not featured in picture.

Oh yes. The drum machine. Death metal with drum machine — how could I put my words so that it would not be a repetition of what I have said so often before, and yet worse, what I am about to say is so obvious.

Fuck drum machines. If we should put it in a harsher, clearer, or perhaps an American way, we can conclude
DRUM MACHINE = GAY
VIRAL LOAD + DRUM MACHINE = GAY
VIRAL LOAD = GAY

I am sorry, my Texan friends, but despite the some nice aspects in your brutality, and the kind of nostalgia pure death metal with a touch of grind easily makes me feel, the drum machine (and, although to a much lesser extent, the weak production) pulls your name down into the mire where it will remain.

Unless you give the machine to your local hip hop band.

VOIVOD — PHOBOS
hypnotic records

If you dislike this I dislike you.

VOND — THE DARK RIVER
dark dungeon music

1. love I never had
2. host II
3. black hole space window
4. suicide is painless
5. the dark river
6. host III

Vond is mighty. Although "Gorlat" off the Harvard Vond 7" from 1993 still probably remains my favourite Vond song, he keeps releasing good material. "Love I Never Had", despite its unconventional (unconventional does not automatically mean excellent) muffled lyrics, is pure Vond, like "Host II".

Vond is crap. "Black Hole Space Window" was a severe, yes, severe, disappointment — this song successfully chases away everything of that (vonda) cold, easily recognizable apathy that we have grown used to expect from Vond. Gone is the damp cellar, and what we have in its place is a typical 90's disco music. This is not Vond, this is shite — pure shite.

Vond is recovering. "Suicide Is Painless" takes up where "Host II" left, as if conscious of the embarrassing entrance of "Black Hole Space Window" and trying to build up the damp apathy. The dampness increases until in "The Dark River" the walls of the cellar drip with water and the floors are covered and my toes play in the dust-mingled grey mess.

I reach for a feather but it disintegrates in my fingers after I know not how many years in this damp cellar.

Vond is not what it was but who is.

WITHERING SURFACE — SCARLET SILHOUETTES
advance songs from cd: emanzipation productions

These Danes, familiar from the demo review pages, have decided to make me a fan of theirs! Too bad I won't agree. One Dark Tranquillity is enough for me. That one Suffocation is not enough is another thing...

But I cannot help feeling I am being flooded by this kind of music. Every-fucking-dork who hasn't started up a black metal band instead plays this Dark Tranquillity stuff and to be frank, I am quite bored. I expect having made this point rather clear by now, have I?

I am bored to the extent that this review would be harsh enough to make them sue me, my wife and children if it wasn't for the fact that if I am being too rude here the singer Michael H. Andersen who also runs Emanzipation Productions thinks I am mad at him because he didn't like the logo I drew for Centimex.

So trying not to be too rude I'll just say I am quite bored and that means I am pretty fucking bored to the bone. Yawn.

Oh, one final thing. In their bio they state they are heading for an image that is kept "as sophisticated, avantgarde and non-brutal as possible". In the following sentence it reads spikes are worn on stage. Er, is there something poetic about spikes or how is one supposed to combine them with "non-brutality"?

Timo's small mind is confused... help.

The remaining ocean of music
is taken care of at Home of the Ill.

First off, let me excuse the print size on this page but I had only reserved one page for the contents which, when finally composing the layout, turned out to be far too little. On Thursday, January 16th 1897, I received a letter from London, written on elegant paper and served in a lined envelope. It turned out to be from the man to whom I had sent a copy of my debut in the summer of '96 after Mikko Mattila had provided me with \$ to do so.

something you did not ask to be told

KOLA KRAUZE
189 UPPER STREET
LONDON N1 1RQ
ENGLAND

Tuesday 13 January 1897

Kola Krauze ad Nordmannum
Timonen Tapani Ketola, salve valeque!

Half a year has passed since you so kindly sent me DAVTHYS #1. Of course I was not obliged to reply, not least as it was through the financial grace of my beloved Matilda that I received the magazine. Nevertheless the reason I did not write was already provided for me on pages 24-25 of the 'zine, in your review of Garum #2/3: 'I, who usually have read [listen] from cover to cover, finally threw [DAVTHYS] in a corner instead of reading even half of it'. I am afraid your font and pointsize made my eyeballs bleed. When you look like an n and v looks like a b (amongst other complaints) it does not make for pleasurable reading.

It is out of respect for Matilda that over the last two days I have sworn to read every single word of DAVTHYS, bleeding eyeballs or no. Today I finally managed it. You didn't ask what I thought of it, so instead of a book-length review I will only offer a few opinions. The more I read the more I realised that the illegible font was hiding that which I cannot identify with. Clearly it is a case of subjective tastes, but I soon realised your magazine was not for me when a bunch of nostalgic de boue 'Crow'-audition rejects are hailed as 'one of the most individual and promising acts' (my ten old brother plays better piano than the garbage on 'Infidel art') and when Antonette Flynn's pretentious drive is seen as writing worthy of inclusion. This sinking feeling, that I was subjecting myself to reading forty-four pages of opinions and tastes utterly at odds with my own, increased until now I type this with a leaden weariness in my bones that is only relieved by the knowledge that I will never have to read DAVTHYS again.

At first I thought I should not bother to write and tell you of my opinions but when I reached page 26 and your review of Eternal Oath, something inside of me snapped: 'Poor bloke [sic] tries his best to clothe his noble thoughts in a [sic] oldish kind of English but too bad for him, the result is pancake. Some hints to you, Mr Duke: "thee" is not an old form of "the" as you use it. "Thee" refers to the word "you", just as the words "thou" and "thy" [sic]. If you want to use [sic] old form of "the", you can always write "ye" (which although [sic] means "you" as well, but in plural...). It's not so easy always! [sic].'

No, it's not always so easy. Let me assume that you are interested in getting things right. Why is it not alright for 'Mr Duke' to use 'loked up English' but it is alright for that pretentious adde-brained fuckwit from Moonshell to spout on using the most excrementing warped skien-geliska in an attempt to cover up his inadequacies? Too bad for him, the result is pælla. Oh and by the way, fangrinnar was fired for refusing to agree that Ares' phone bill should be paid the band's commercial funds. Some hints to you, Herr Ketola: 'thee', 'thy' and 'thou' are not the same word. They are case forms of the second person singular pronoun (cf. Old Icelandic þú, þik, þinn).

Nominative
thou
Accusative
thee
Genitive
thy / thine

In addition, 'ye' is indeed the plural of 'thou', but it is not an old-fashioned form of 'the'. Admittedly, even stupid English people make this mistake, but that's no excuse. No one ever wrote 'ye' in bygone times. This misconception arose from the redundancy of the letter 'th' and its replacement by the consonantal diphthong 't'. So a word pronounced 'the' but written 'he' came to be misunderstood by people who thought 'th', especially in its italic form, looked like a y. So it continues on page 71: 'I just got to know the label is not called Nagzul's Eyrie...uh, yes it is, actually. Page 38's Ved Buens Ende review: that nameless track #66 on Dantzig's...uh, is called 'Evocation' (or is that 'Innovation') and is on the album '4', not '4', where p of course stands for Process church of the final something or other. Yawn. Allow me to echo Pavel Palica on page 30: 'What do I associate the word "Dauthus" with? Himm, let me think...with a girl!'. Yes, I agree.

Tim, DAVTHYS is utterly beautiful. Your artwork and layout is incredible; and this is the way that 'Dauthus' recalls a girl. She is utterly beautiful, with lips sculpted from morning dew, hair like autumn leaves bathed by the dying sun, skin smoother than silk, a scent like heaven, loins to drown in, breasts to make one gasp with disbelief. So you leave the girl who has stood by you for five years and elope to a hotel with this newfound angel. You enter the hired room shivering at the prospect of what this creature will do to you. And you know what? You discover that fucking her is about as exciting as humping a dead salmon on a gravel path in broad daylight in front of your parents' house. Over the next few days you discover that not only is fucking her about as exciting as humping a dead salmon on a gravel path, but also that her favourite food is surströmming and that her head is utterly empty. You bludgeon this bimbo to death with a copy of Larson and slink home to beg on your knees to be taken back by your old girlfriend. Perhaps she's no super model. Perhaps she ties her hair back too often (it's more practical that way). Perhaps her teeth are slightly crooked and she doesn't shave her legs all that frequently. But she is intelligent, likes good music and absolutely rocks in bed. Ugly girls try harder.

One final question, why did you not ask EQUITANT and CRUACHAN why they insist on passing off Tolkien-god's ideas as their own song titles?

Kola Krauze

Oh, such a charming bloke, Kola, isn't he? As sweet as his name implies (kola is a common Swedish candy). Like some attentive persons may have noticed, parts of this letter was already published in Ketola's "Mädchen". Obviously Krauze had sent a copy of the above letter to Ketola to be used in the zine review section. What follows is my reply, sent the following day. The sarcasm is perhaps somewhat over the top at times but... I do not wish to edit this letter afterwards:

Thursday, January 16th 1896 e.x.

Good evening, Kola Krauze!

First of all, let me thank you for probably the most sincere and thorough comments I have yet heard on DAVTHYS Magazine. Well, "sincere" — sure I have heard sincere comments earlier, but seldom have the comments been as detailed and thorough as yours. It would have been fascinating to see the "book-length review", as these "few comments" you offered turned out to be of the amount that I used to call book-length.

Does it appear peculiar that I thank you for this feedback? Does it appear as if I was trying to tickle your ear? This is not the case, I have my own ear to tickle, although generally my culinary traditions are somewhat different. I am into nephrilia, not coprophilia.

I just feel that your comments are thorough enough to receive a reply. After having read a few interviews I also do know that you have a pair of brains — although we two do not quite

Love LETTERS

I have a boyfriend.
We're getting married in May.
His name is Kola Krauze.

use them in a similar manner. No, this time I am not referring to my occasional tendency to think with my arse, I am referring to our rather diametrically opposite tastes. I have read plenty of reviews that you have written both in listen and the free-otherwise-I-would-not-read-it-Metallian. But it is not a great tragedy that our musical tastes are not similar. So let us ignore that.

Now let's see, where should we start. In the beginning, I suppose. The font size does not really have to be explained, but I can inform you that mailing a zine that weighs over 100 grams outside Europe costs about \$5 air mail. In fact, D#1 weighs over 100 grams (I pretend it doesn't) and I did not dare to increase the amount of pages even more to avoid unnecessary risks.

If you have problems with Fraktur then I am unfortunately not help you, after all the Fraktur I used is a modern sell out version of the original font. I did not use any ligatures, neither have I used both "s" letters (I omitted "f" which was, like you Mr Krauze surely know, used within words — "ff" was only used in the end of words). Moreover, you will not find many words in D#1 written with ǄǄǄǄǄǄ, except for a few ones that I forgot. I knew most people would not accept Fraktur, but that was at the time because DAVTHYS was never meant to become a Metallian printed in 20 000 copies. It does not bother me that DAVTHYS is not exactly the most accessible journal around. And to my great surprise there are people who say they like the font.

Nevertheless, I would have expected a well educated person like yourself (I am only a cleaner with no university studies) to overcome this font. And alright, you did, even if your eyeballs did do a little bit of bleeding. And by the way, Fraktur was not chosen just for the heck of it, but because it is an important part of the concept of DAVTHYS. Yes, believe it or not, but there is a concept in this zine, and that concept is not exactly based on a super model. Like you say, such women tend to appear very shallow.

If I find sigh to be individual and promising it is all up to my twisted taste that you of course do not have to respect, but I would like to point out that Antonette Flynn is a good friend of mine. Pretentious drive? Excuse me, Mr Krauze, but I would prefer you to call my writings for pretentious drive instead! Both you and I know this is closer to the truth!

I do know I am fucked in the head. I do know I have no authority to find faults in other people, seeing how imperfect I am as a person. But then, who, except for you, Mr Krauze, is perfect? Most of us are only humans. I have and always will admit my stupidity and modest intelligence, I am working on improving though. Perhaps you could give me a personal course?

You wonder why I "attacked" Mr Duke and his problems with old English whilst I do not mock Señor Ribeiro, whose English sometimes is far from the university level it should be? To begin with, I am not an objective person. I find it pretty natural that if I have been more in touch with A, and moreover, enjoyed this past correspondence, the far more unknown B, weighs less. The main point is however that my ironic comments on people, on bands, on zines, on whatever — they should not be taken too seriously. If I do not take myself seriously, then why should my tongue-in-cheek comments about other people be taken seriously?

In your enthusiasm, and perhaps due to my clumsy way of expression in this very context, you made a small mistake — sure I know the difference between "thou", "thee" and "thy"/"thine". This is especially easy for us Finns to understand, since we also have more than one inflection of the word "you": sinä, sinun, sinua, sinuako, sinuiksi, sinut, sinusta, sinunako, sinussa, sinuaks, sinäkö, sinulle, sinulleko, sinuksi, sinuiksi, sinuulta, sinulta, sinusta, sinustako, sinuilla, sinuillako... perhaps you get the picture. On the other hand, my English is in general far from satisfactory, this I am aware of. As to my knowledge, I have not claimed the opposite. But I understand you were badly hurt by my immature, childish, outright moronic "comment" (rather a bloodthirsty attack really) on Mr Duke's usage of Old English.

The story of "ye" is also familiar to me, thanks to Collins English Dictionary. "The Authority on Current English" as it reads on the cover. One of my best book purchases ever, by the way. Here I always, due to my fascination towards older times, used to look up all these archaic personal pronouns I know of, including "ye". "...used as a supposed archaism, especially in conjunction with other putative archaic spellings (...). The runic letter thorn was incorrectly transcribed as 'y' because of a resemblance in their shapes." However, I did accept the word even as a "supposed" archaism. I may be petty and pernickish but sometimes I just cannot bother about everything. My apologies for this! And moreover, let me further apologise for my writing mistakes in this very same review. Indeed, somebody who writes "...a oldish kind..." is not worth the air he breathes! I shall whip myself fifteen times for this.

By the way, "most excrementing [sic]" was a new kind of expression to me. Ah, one learns something new everyday, isn't that so! And of course I won't even mention the word "fourty" which I and Collins thought was supposed to be "forty", or "redundancy" which was something I would have spelt "redundant" before you taught me otherwise. My fault! Sorry! But then, how could I know, English is after all not my mother tongue. I thought January 13th was a Monday. I mean, I didn't know it actually was a Tuesday as it reads in your letter. More whippings. Aeow! With time, I shall learn.

Haha, yes, that "Nagzul's Eyrie" thing is a classic! It derived from the fact that a friend of mine once gave their address to me via the phone, including the letter-by-letter spelling of the name — and I believed him as I did not know better. And Mr Krauze, since we're being professional here, the correct name is "Nagzul's Eyrie". Note that thing on the "u". You knew that, of course. About those Dantzig things I did not know, thank you for informing me about them.

And I have not crucified EQUITANT or CRUACHAN for borrowing Tolkien's ideas because if I did, then I would have to correct everybody else who has borrowed his ideas (and perhaps other authors' as well) and thanks to the popularity of this man, I would have no time to either sleep nor eat. And especially no time to finish off the second issue of your favourite zine.

Your most blunt mistake is however this. DAVTHYS is not the kind of girl you described her as. DAVTHYS may be a girl, but then she is a half decayed cadaver, a queen of insects. The morning dew no more moistens her lips, and her hair is falling off — a bit like leaves in the autumn, yes. Hardly any skin is left on the shrivelled limbs, and having caressed the little skin that is left you are recommended to wash your hands. Her scent is, instead of heaven, reminiscent of the salmon you mentioned. Her breasts you do not want to make closer acquaintance with. Besides, the layout is crammed and hardly any artwork can be found anyway. The quality of most pictures is shite and the printing looks xeroxed.

Alright, I suppose this was what I had to say, my beloved Mr Krauze! It was a pleasure to read your letter as it provided me with plenty of amusement, and moreover, it is very healthy to receive such objective criticism... I hope you do not mind if I will feature your letter in the upcoming second issue of DAVTHYS as I am seriously considering to do so.

Have a nice day, Mr Krauze — until DAVTHYS #2!
I will send you a free copy...

Tim

Being as stubborn a bastard as myself, a few days later there was a reply from the man. I read it and found it to be of as high entertaining value as the previous one, and thus beat down at my desk and authored a stamp. The envelope is still here on my desk, though, without a stamp. Because just before mailing the letter I

started thinking whether I should in fact conduct an interview with the man but then it never happened, and then this letter was never mailed.

This does make the situation 1-0 in the first round for Krauze vs. Ketola. I do not know whether it is along the rules or not, but I hope we can manage this second round publicly, seeing that I sadly broke the correspondence. After having sent Krauze his well-earned copy of this very issue, I am sure we will continue the correspondence again.

Tuesday 13 January 1897 Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday 1997
(Observed)

Keru Timo,

thank you for the swiftness of your reply. You will, I hope, forgive me if this letter is disjointed and has no 'red thread' running through it, but it is early in the morning and I feel sicker than a night out with Genital Ben.

Firstly, you may or may not know that I have no sense of humour. This is by prelude of saying that I wish to answer each point in your letter whether you meant it seriously or not. A case in point is your initial comment that 'It would have been fascinating to see the "book-length review"'. Believe it or not I actually strapped myself into my restraining chair after I had mailed the letter to you and read Dauthus for the... (gasp) third time. I do try to reassess my opinions. This is by way of telling you that it was worse the third time and that I simply do not have the strength to send you a book-length letter. I do not know what kind of books it is that you read but they cannot be very long if you consider my last letter 'book-length'.

My next point is your mention of Metallian. Metallian is the mistletoe with which anyone can kill me with little effort. I have absolutely no defence against it and can only say it was probably one of the worst mistakes of my life. If it is of any 'consolation', the interviews I conducted with Samael and Atrocity were actually written by other people who credited me instead. It is at that point that I resigned. I look at the free records I got (some very good) and wonder whether it was worth it. Probably not. This of course does not invalidate criticism of me or my reviews in Metallian — it is simply a long-winded way of admitting guilt and error on my part. I guess this one's gonna haunt me for a long while yet.

Your comment regarding me being 'well-educated' (not enough, as far as I'm concerned) and you being 'a cleaner with no university studies' were pretty worthless. I doubt any of the many of my fellow students doing a combined degree in Beer and Complaining could have come up with anything as beautiful as Dauthus in visually, and I see little correlation between my education and my tolerance of bad fonts. Were Dauthus the Bowfill manuscript re-ya-ya-ya-ya something like they have even more space to you but I can assure you it would [be] far more rewarding to read, for me, than Dauthus. I am sure that my irritation at Fraktur was infinitely increased by the realisation that the content of Dauthus left kilometers to be desired.

Next, you say 'I do know I have no authority to find faults in other people, seeing how imperfect I am as a person'. This is a boring and overused standard reply. If you honestly believe that, then I advise you to stop writing music reviews as you are not a member of a great band such as Sigh or whoever and are therefore not fit to pass judgement on people's demos, are you? We both know this is not the case. Next: 'who, except for you, Mr Krauze, is perfect?'. Yaaaawn. I won't even bother. It sounds to me like you want to have your horn of mead and drink it. Perhaps every demo band you criticised should write to you and ask for a course in perfection? Somehow I think not.

Sparring aside, I actually think you have misunderstood my comments on your criticism of Eternal Oath. Firstly, of course you deserve to be criticised (although you have already suggested one cannot criticise something one is perfect — by your admission that counts you out) utterly. It is not really a question of spelling mistakes, it is a question of pretension. I don't even remember Langyarr making any mistakes. It is, as you point out, a subjective thing. That a randomly-chosen sentence like 'For me it is important to diversify for respect to the different spheres brought by lyrics' makes me vomit, is my problem I guess, though your tolerance did indeed seem inconsistent to me after reading the Eternal Oath fragment (and do you really think EO will read that review?).

Regarding my own spelling handicaps: guilty as charged. 'null said. I wipe the blood from my plastron and step forward once more to cross blades.

'Nagzul's Eyrie' is what is intricately inscribed across the very pages of the flyers I am in possession of (can I join Moonshell now?), without the circumflex which is there in Tolkien.

Your comment about English not being your mother tongue is on about the same level as your cleaner vs. well educated statements. In that case, I strongly advise you to write Dauthus #2 in Finnish and I will write to you in Polish to complain that I don't understand Finnish... and I wish my Swedish (which I have not learnt to say as I am sure you have enough to laugh at already) was as good as your English.

My letter in Dauthus #2 — I am sure it doesn't bother me either way. If you really feel it will not be space wasted, go ahead.

I look forward to Dauthus #2 and will buy a lenslock device for reading it. Vertu blessadur og sæll...

Kola Krauze

Due to lack of space, comments are brief.

1. Sarcasm and humour is as present in both of our writings and your claim to refuse this is only a joke itself (unless you in fact do spend your nights with Genital Ben!) apparently only said to get more to complain about: treating every sarcastic comment of mine as a cold fact and thus avoiding the core of my words, that you certainly are aware of. 2. Thanks for being such a devoted reader, you are the first person I have heard of having read it three times! You deserve not one copy of this issue, but three, and a "This Issue is Dedicated to Kola Krauze" on page four. 3. Of course it was worthless, being a sarcastic comment (apologies). What matters in reality is your common sense. One may have spent half one's life at the university but still be a complete retard. I was about to name an example here but that would have sounded pretty impolite so I will not. 4. It was yet another sarcastic comment of mine (more apologies), referring to your Berserker mentality in your very first letter, which in its turn was caused by what you interpreted as a Berserker mentality in the zine. Regarding reviews, everybody knows a zine editor's comment on a demo is only that very zine editor's comment: and to dig even further in the matter, as you like to do... Why the hell do I review material in the first place? Because people send me their material asking me to review it. Of course. It is so trite having to waste time explaining obvious matter as this to a person who already knows it, as yourself. 5. First, Langyarr did make plenty of mistakes both in the interview (some of which I may even have corrected in the zine) and in his letters, at least to have been authored by somebody who gives English lessons on his free time. Second, about the pretension. One is so surrounded by pretension in one's everyday life that I take treat the entire subject very ironically in Dauthus, as a tongue-in-cheek signal to everybody who do not even see their own pretension. An English friend of mine was most surprised to hear you talk about pretension: 'Look who's talking!', was his reply. Third, no, I do not expect a band from Singapore actually read my review on a Swedish zine. My only intention with those words was only to find something funny. Obviously, as we know now, it was in fact not fun at all. But at least it did something, it made some people snort! 6. I do have a flyer or two from Nagzul's Eyrie featuring the circumflex, obviously it only depends on the actual font they used and whether it featured it or not. I do have an impression this circumflex is something you and I care a lot more about than Opyrus himself does. 7. It was yet another of my sarcastic comments (yet more apologies). Whatever I say is sarcastic; in fact, devoting an entire page for this petty discussion is Very Sarcastic Indeed. There'd be no point for me to write in Finnish as I am starting to forget my very own mother tongue (which is something I deeply regret) which means none of my three languages I possess in full. I cannot do a zine at all.

So be continued...

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Demonosound P.O. BOX 685, 20101 TURKU, FINLAND **Descent Magazine** P.O. BOX 95931, SEATTLE, WA 98145-2931, U.S.A. **Diehard Music Worldwide** VINDEGADE 101, 5000 ODENSE C, DENMARK **Drowned** POSTFACH 191322, 14003 BERLIN, GERMANY **D.S.M. Records** P.O. BOX 497, 4380 AL VLISINGEN, THE NETHERLANDS **C.C.D.** MARKUS DEAN, JMT II AB, 02150 ESPOO, FINLAND [mdean@cc.ttu.fi, www.hut.fi/~mdean/cc.html] **Elmor Productions** VIA TEULIÉ 7, 20123 MILANO, ITALY **Emanzipation Productions** MICHAEL H. ANDERSEN, FORÅSVEJ 12, 4700 NÆSTVED, DENMARK **Epidemic Cause** TOMIMATSU, 3-1-21-207 NAKAHAMA, JOUTOU-KU, OSAKA 536, JAPAN **Epoch Productions** BOX 598, 1701 SARPSBORG, NORWAY **Equinox** DARKNESS, P.O. BOX 350333, GRAND ISLAND, FL 32735, U.S.A. **the Equinox or the Gods** E. WALLIN, HÄGGENÅS 3125, 83030 LIT, SWEDEN [fredwa@algonet.se, www.algonet.se/~fredwa] **Fear of Life Magazine** ARCO VAN WINDEN, OUDE LEEDERWEG 39, 2641 NM PIJNACKER, THE NETHERLANDS **Floating Deep Zine** JÄN HONG, FRAMA STEFUNKU 14, 03601 MARTIN, SLOVAKIA **Funerium** FERRALLO GIUSEPPE, VIA S. PERTINI 72, 80012 CALZANZO (NA), ITALY **Funeral Mist** ANOCH, BASUNVÄGEN 39, 17548 JÄRFÄLLA, SWEDEN [home4.swipnet.se/~w-41767/] **Gods Torner** MANAGEMENT: VICTOR LAPITSKI, P.O. BOX 123, GOMEL 246012, BELARUS **Gooseflesh** ROADKILL A.D., MAGASINGATAN 15, 46130 TROLLHÄTTAN, SWEDEN **Hammerheart Records** P.O. BOX 277, 6300 AG VALKENBURG, HOLLAND **Headfucker Magazine** RAFFAELLA GUERINI, CASELLA POSTALE

151, 25038 ROVATO, BRESCIA, ITALY **Head Not Found** P.O. BOX 447, 1701 SARPSBORG, NORWAY **Heathendoom** P.O. BOX 36, 11479 STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN **Hin Haley** MATTHIAS ANDERSSON, OXBÄRSVÄGEN 25, 83162 ÖSTERLUND, SWEDEN **Hypnotic Records** [hypnotic@istar.ca] **Impact Records** AM MARKET 1, SOUT. RECHTS, 47229 DUISBURG, GERMANY **In Blind Embrace** 54 LOCUST STREET, MASSAPEQUA, NY 11758, U.S.A. **Inner Traditions International, Ltd** ONE PARK STREET, ROCHESTER, VERMONT 05767, U.S.A. **In the Umbra** BAIRIO IBNE-AMMAR, LOFE 15, 9400 ESTOMBAR, PORTUGAL [hem.passagen.se/davthvs/in-the-umbra] **Introtitus Forest** HORDE MAX BUTCHER, N. PASICA 8/73, 34000 KRAGUEVAC, SERBIA, YUGOSLAVIA **Invasion Records** P.O. BOX 2119, 15707 KÖNIGS WUSTERHAUSEN, GERMANY **Toten Magazine** MIKKO MATTILA, PELTOLAMINKATU 6 A 17, 33840 TAMPERE, FINLAND [mmattila@cs.tpu.fi] **Razanian/Samsas Traum** ALEX KASCHKE, TALSTRASSE 32, 35644 AHRDT, GERMANY **Kranium Mito Espiritu**, URB ST. LEONOR M "X" LT 23, 2DA ETAPA, LIMA 9, PERU **Rahatras Productions** STEFAN BATZ, AMSELSTRASSE 24, 91334 HEMHOFEN, GERMANY **KTOK Records** KIRKKOKATU 59 AS 9, 90120 OULU, FINLAND **Manifesto of Moonstruck Zine** PAVEL PALICA, MATEJKU 22E/4, 72-100 GOLENIEWO, POLAND **Mental Destruction** P.O. BOX 17142, 40261 GÖTEBORG, SWEDEN **Mentality** JÄN HONG, FRAMA STEFUNKU 14, 03601 MARTIN, SLOVAKIA **Metal Ager Records** RUSSIA, 101000 GLAYPOCHTAMPT SC/D, P.O. BOX 179 **Metal Core Zine** CHRIS FORBES, 13 CARRIAGE LANE, MARLTON, NJ 08053-1109, U.S.A. **A Mind Confused** KONSTANTIN PAPAYASSIOLU, LEJONETS GATA 379, 13660 HANINGE, SWEDEN [amind666@algonet.se, www.algonet.se/~amind666] **Mind Phaser** ALESSANDRO SIMEONI, VIALE SABOTINO 4, 46100 MANTOVA, ITALY **Min's Epe Comics** ROB "DREDSTAR" TERRELL, 166 MOONEY POND ROAD, SELDEN, NY 11784, U.S.A. [dredstar@ascensionet.com] **Misanthropy Records** P.O. BOX 9, HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK IP7 5AU, ENGLAND [amazon@msanthr.demon.co.uk] **Murder Corporation** RIKARD WEARMÉN, ÄNGAVÄGEN 2, 24562 HJÄRUP, SWEDEN **Mysticism Magazine** THOMAS VÄÄNÄNEN, BOLLMOVÄGEN 74, 13540 TYRÄSÖ, SWEDEN [thomas.thyrfling@box.tinet.se]
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57, 62990 BEAURAINVILLE, FRANCE [osmos.productions@wanadoo.fr] **Otyg** HEDLUND, MED-LEVÄGEN 276, 93198 SKELLETFÄ, SWEDEN **Van. Shy. Monium** MOURNING, CASTLE OF KOOHOQ, GEEHEE, DIMENSION IV **Penguin Books Ltd** 27 WRIGHTS LANE, LONDON W8 5TZ, ENGLAND **Petagno** VEJLUND ALLÉ 135, 2300 COPENHAGEN S, DENMARK **Planet End Records** FUCK I HATE THIS SUB-LABEL HASSE, SEE REGAIN RECORDS. **Plasmática Dis-tro** CARLOS ARANA FALCONI, NORUMSHÖJD 102 LÄG 813, 41745 GÖTEBORG, SWEDEN **Play It Loud** KÖPMANGATAN 19, 64130 KATRINEHOLM, SWEDEN **the Preachers** NICK HOLMQUIST, SMARAGOGATAN 6, 42149 VÄSTRA FRÖLUNDA, SWEDEN [soclaphemy@hotmail.com, 198.218.184.249/delt/patrik/front.htm] **Primitive Art Records** P.O. BOX 4049, 30004 HALMSTAD, SWEDEN **Prophanity** CHRISTER OLSSON, ARKITEKTVÄGEN 7, 44150 ALINGSÅS, SWEDEN [prophanity@hotmail.com] **Prophecy Productions** POSTFACH 1469, 54516 WITTLICH, GERMANY [prophecy@t-online.de] **Punishment Zine** JANSJON, LINNEVÄGEN 45 B, 64132 KATRINEHOLM, SWEDEN **Regain Records** BOX 10206, 24502 HJÄRUP, SWEDEN **Relapse Records** P.O. BOX 251, MILLERSVILLE, PA 17551, U.S.A. **Repulse Records** P.O. BOX 50562, 28080 MADRID, SPAIN **Requiem Laus** A/C MIGUEL FREITAS, CALÇADA DO PICO 104, 9000 FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, PORTUGAL **Sarcoma** JOHN CAMARENA B., JR. WIRACOCOA #155 (3 ESQUINAS), EL TAMBO, HUANCAYO, PERU **Season of Mist** 80 PAUL, 13190 ALLAUH, FRANCE **Sectarium** ABEL OLIVA MDEZ, APARTADO CORREOS 28, CAIBARIÉN, VCL 52610, CUBA **Shadow Records** TENA, P.O. BOX 1803, 58117 LÖNNKÖPING, SWEDEN [shadow@linkoping.mail.telia.com] **Shiver Records** HANS DE WYNGAERT, BOSSEPLEINSTRAT 6, 3128 BAAL, BELGIUM **Shock Records** 24 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE 3070, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA **Siren** RICHARD NEU, JOHANNESSTRASSE 4, 51465 BERGISCH GLADBACH, GERMANY **Skoll** MARCO DE ROSA, VIA CRESPI 40, 28100 MONARA, ITALY **Some Place Else** P.O. BOX 685, 20101 TURKU, FINLAND [place685@metti.fi, www.metti.fi/~place685] **Sorhin** BOX 194, 78122 BORLÄNGE, SWEDEN [sorhin@borlange.mail.telia.com, hem2.passagen.se/sorhin] **Spazmobility** M. LAMMING, VÄSTMANNAGATAN 103 A, 11343 STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN **Spinefarm Records** P.O. BOX 212, 00181 HELSINKI, FINLAND [info@spinefarm.fi] **Still Dead Productions** JULIUS POLCZYNSKI, 03-93 WARSAW, UL. OBRONCOV 2A, POLAND **Supernal Music** 27 FORTIS GREEN, EAST FINCHLEY, LONDON W2 9JL, UNITED KINGDOM **Temple of the Damned Magazine** ERICK NETYA, AV. GERMAN AGUIRRE 1422, CONDEVILLA LIMA 31, PERU **the Tod In Benedig Newsletter** A. BENEMEJI, VIA POGGETTO 19, 57018 VADA, LIVORNO, ITALY **Trail of Tears** RONNY THORSEN, RÅDYRVEIEN 21, 4700 YENNESLA, NORWAY 2.13.61 P.O. BOX 1910, LOS ANGELES, CA 90078, U.S.A. **Unchaste** BROMAN, VALHALLAVÄGEN 40, 11422 STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN **Unisound Records** 84 ACADIMIAS AVE., 10678 ATHENS, GREECE **Vacuum** ANTONIN MLÝNEK, E. HRUBINA 1, 73601 HAVÍROV, CZECH REPUBLIC **Bader** MANAGEMENT: MARIUSZ KMOLEK, 10-487 OLSTYK 10, P.O. BOX 991, POLAND **Balefor** 1236 WEST 43RD STREET #107, HOUSTON, TX 77018, U.S.A. **Barathron** NECROBYSIUS, P.O. BOX 1265, 45110 IOANNINA, GREECE **Bital Load** SHAWN WHITAKER, 611 BOOKER STREET, DIBOLI, TX 75941, U.S.A. **Voices of Wonder Records** P.O. BOX 22141, 25023 HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN **War Music** P.O. BOX 22141, 25023 HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN **Westgate Press** 5219 MAGAZINE STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA 70115, U.S.A. **Where'smyshin Zine** BLAASH, 2207 CHERRY BEND, HOUSTON, TX 77077, U.S.A. **Wild Rags Records** 2207 W. WHITTIER BLVD., P.O. BOX 3302, MONTEBELLO, CA 90640, U.S.A. **Withering Surface** MICHAEL H. ANDERSEN, SMERLEVEJ 188, 4700 NÆSTVED, DENMARK **Without Grief** JONAS GRANVYK, VALLMANGATAN 7 B, 79131 FALUN, SWEDEN **Wounded Zine** MINDA "PLIX" LAPINSKAS, P.O. BOX 910, 2050 VILNIUS, LITHUANIA [www-public.ost.lt/~terror] **Wybern Zine** SAMI HAARTEMÖ, YO-KYLÄ 6 C 10, 20540 TURKU, FINLAND [samhaart@telix.ttaol.fi] **X-Treme Records** JOEL ANDERSSON, FJÄLLVIOLEN 3, 42448 ANGERED, SWEDEN [www.pudis.fi/~jarmop/records] **Zeitgeist Verlag** POSTFACH 32108, 56044 KOBLENZ, GERMANY

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