

ASSASSINAMENT

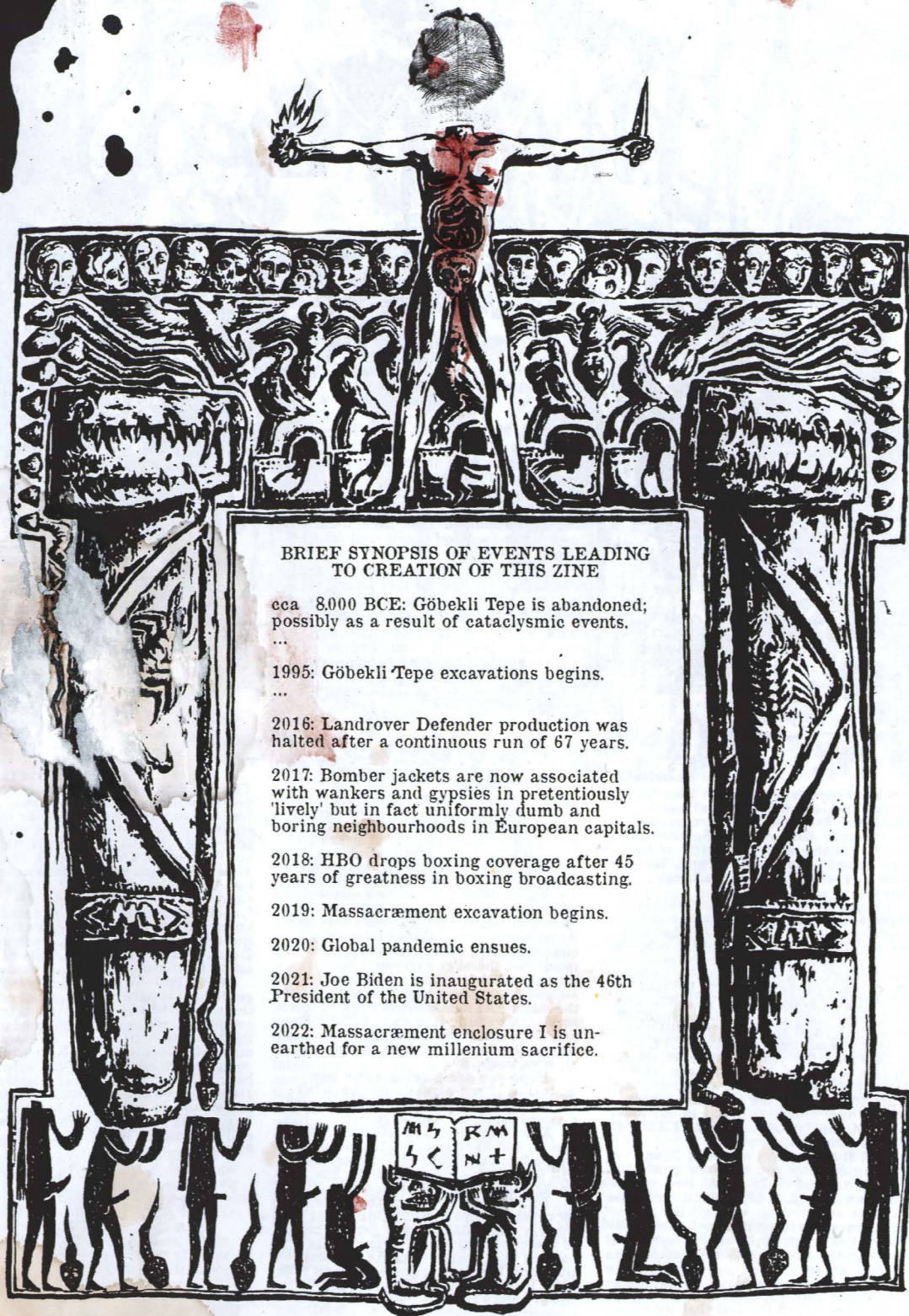
#1 PROMO



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BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS LEADING
TO CREATION OF THIS ZINE

cca 8.000 BCE: Göbekli Tepe is abandoned;
possibly as a result of cataclysmic events.
...

1995: Göbekli Tepe excavations begins.
...

2016: Landrover Defender production was
halted after a continuous run of 67 years.

2017: Bomber jackets are now associated
with wankers and gypsies in pretentiously
'lively' but in fact uniformly dumb and
boring neighbourhoods in European capitals.

2018: HBO drops boxing coverage after 45
years of greatness in boxing broadcasting.

2019: Massacræment excavation begins.

2020: Global pandemic ensues.

2021: Joe Biden is inaugurated as the 46th
President of the United States.

2022: Massacræment enclosure I is un-
earthed for a new millenium sacrifice.

All the contents within this zine were written by Dávid Glomba (DG), Cloven Hoof (CH) and Dalihrob (D), unless stated otherwise

All artwork, frames, cut'n'paste designs and manual labor and photographs by DG, (rarely CH) if not stated otherwise. TK tribute artwork by Marko Marov/ Vatra I Sumpor

Special thanks to Haerath for conducting the interview with Nacht Und Gnosis and to Bizzaro and Vanena from Marast Music for allowing us to include their interview with Inferno.

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breweries: Bernard, Clock, Zichovec, Pilsner Urquell, Raven
purveyors of spirits: Zufanek, Ararat, Francis Lacave, Lustau, Bulleit, & good ol Mr. Daniel

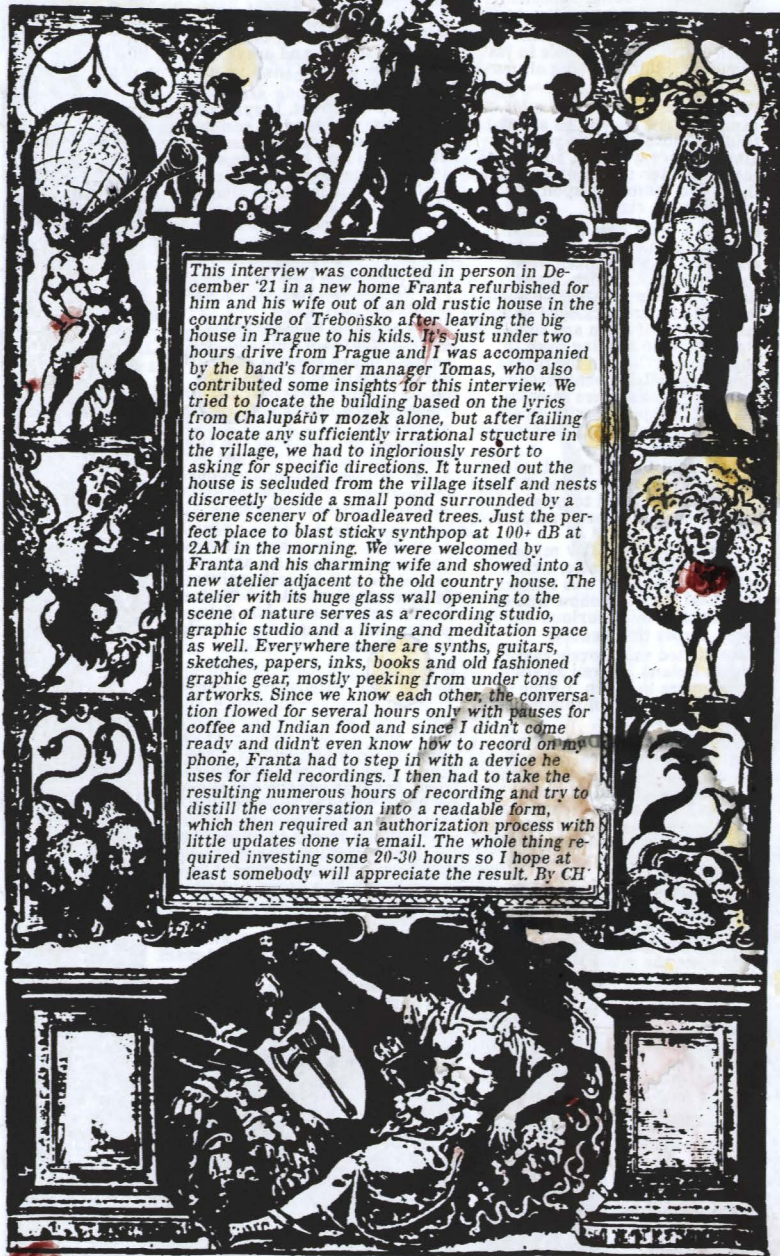
Dedicated to memory of Dauthus (1975-2020)

Promotional Fragments
anno mortis 12.022

Master's Hammer



The Close of a Chapter



This interview was conducted in person in December '21 in a new home Franta refurbished for him and his wife out of an old rustic house in the countryside of Treboňsko after leaving the big house in Prague to his kids. It's just under two hours drive from Prague and I was accompanied by the band's former manager Tomas, who also contributed some insights for this interview. We tried to locate the building based on the lyrics from Chalupářův mozek alone, but after failing to locate any sufficiently irrational structure in the village, we had to ingloriously resort to asking for specific directions. It turned out the house is secluded from the village itself and nests discreetly beside a small pond surrounded by a serene scenery of broadleaved trees. Just the perfect place to blast sticky synthpop at 100+ dB at 2AM in the morning. We were welcomed by Franta and his charming wife and showed into a new atelier adjacent to the old country house. The atelier with its huge glass wall opening to the scene of nature serves as a recording studio, graphic studio and a living and meditation space as well. Everywhere there are synths, guitars, sketches, papers, inks, books and old fashioned graphic gear, mostly peeking from under tons of artworks. Since we know each other, the conversation flowed for several hours only with pauses for coffee and Indian food and since I didn't come ready and didn't even know how to record on my phone, Franta had to step in with a device he uses for field recordings. I then had to take the resulting numerous hours of recording and try to distill the conversation into a readable form, which then required an authorization process with little updates done via email. The whole thing required investing some 20-30 hours so I hope at least somebody will appreciate the result. By CH

Here's a pointless anecdote: my parents decided to put me through a catholic school (didn't get molested, I guess there were prettier boys) and shortly thereafter I first got into extreme metal and subsequently into Master's Hammer. In the elementary years we had to attend a mass every week which was very boring, so to kill time I would get Sickened by Holy Host by committing the ultimate sin of desecrating the wafer and when this and other blasphemy of sacraments got old, I would just sit back in my Darkthrone t-shirt in the back and listen to Master's Hammer on my discman like a mischievous little shit. Some 15 years on and several new pope-ridiculing songs later, Franta confesses to confessing in a catholic (?) church. Is this some kind of subversive švejk-like meta-humour or is this serious undertaking?

Indeed, I have been to a confession. Art as a creative process is fundamentally a spiritual undertaking and thus it is natural for artists to take interest in the spiritual dimension of being. As a young lad I was also forced to attend mass, later on I would have the band, dealing with occultism and what not and as I progressed through life I reached a stage in my life when I wanted to throw that baggage off. I have a great friend with whom we ride motorbikes who happens to be a priest and with whom we have interesting conversations on all matters of life. So, you can call it a spiritual upkeep, kinda like what taking a sauna or doing sports does for your body, confessions (or ayahuasca sessions for that matter) can help you with maintenance of the soul. Maintenance is important with both the body and the soul.

As an artist you are like a fly on the wall with the forces of the world permeating you as they oscillate and reverberate from the swarming below and taking different perspectives as you mature helps you stick to that wall, metaphorically speaking. Even during the high-water mark of our black metal shenanigans one of my greatest friends was a catholic poet and nothing I would do in terms of blasphemy etc. would pollute our friendship or stop us from working on Christian literature together. Is that a contradiction? Sure, but contradictions are the core of an artistic soul, aren't they?

Did you confess about songs where the pope is taking a bath in an enema and what not?

Not sensu stricto, but let's say my creations were a source of fun conversations with the priest. But unlike some black metal bands, he is not stupid, he can reflect on the hyperbole and humour aspect of the art, which some bands couldn't and that made us target of threats for "desecration of the genre" ... Which naturally directed us towards further such acts and attitude.

Besides this, I think I heard you talk about doing some retreats at a Cistercian monastery. I guess there is no talk about horned beasts coming out of pope's anus (to quote some fairly new MH lyrics) in there... Since when are Cistercians so tolerant? We've been on a school trip to one of their monasteries and we had to sneak out of a

window to get to a pub in the evening and later when I threw up all over the place, the monks were not ready to turn the other cheek...

You would be right about that, there is no such talk in there. In fact, there is no talk at all. You can go days or weeks without talking. The first mass is at 3.15 in the morning and you can attend all the vespers and vigils, listen to the ancient choirs... I would do just that, sit around, sketching the sounds, energies and plays of light reflecting in the architecture. ... In my case it is a beautiful Trappist monastery, as you would know I'm a great admirer of quality architecture and this place was built by John Pawson by invitation of the abbot, who despite general prejudice about fat, ignorant and bigoted church prelates knows a thing or two about life and values, which is reflected in the very building of the monastery here. And that being said, the abbot contacted Pawson after seeing some fashion boutique of his...

But anyways, since You don't eat or sleep much, you don't take your phone or laptop there and spend a lot of time in the isolation of your cell, your senses reflect on all perceptions quite differently.

I guess this is the point where you talk about the "headlines" you recently made with the quote that you shouldn't pour your soul into your music, since you could lose it...

I would recommend that to listeners too, I have encountered numerous cases of lamentable fanaticism including severe cases of self-harm with serious intent. If our early lyrics point someone to channel them that way (which I have seen), something's clearly wrong.

When playing around the world, for example in Norway, you get to meet people in their late 40s who are still BM maniacs and fans of Master's Hammer. What goes through your mind during such encounters?

I think most people just put the attire on for the show and the next day they are able to wear a suit for their business meeting and function normally, which is absolutely fine. For those regrettable cases of non-functioning fanatics, I don't hold the art or the artist accountable, I think those are issues for medical professionals. My attitude is probably different from orthodox black metal maniacs, I consider art a separate layer of life that does not have to define your personality.

On the other hand, a bit of fanaticism is probably needed otherwise nobody in their right mind would be buying our records or attending our shows. But for me, art has a different purpose, it does not need to relate to everyday life, art should function to effectively remove ordinariness or the sense of dullness. It can help you find beauty in unexpected places like the bowels of filth, where an army of maggots arose, to invoke Baude-laire.

Are you sometimes this kind of a fanatic about some artists?

I could be a bit of that for Sparks at some point, later for Connan Mockasin and other times for weird synth experiments or outright tawdry synth pop, to rehash the latest obsessions. But not true fanaticism,



I usually go deeper into my fave music just to unveil how it was composed.

Despite endless innuendos about drugs, mostly funny cigarettes and hallucinogens, you profess to never do them for inspiration or during work. Can you attest to that 100%? Some of your recent artworks you were showing us here seem like you can hear colours and see sounds, is that the case and do you attribute these new senses to hallucinogens?

Well, I need to correct that a bit, I only did about 8 ayahuasca ceremonies, the last one taking place about 4 years ago and I think it doesn't have anything to offer to me anymore. There's been other... experiments on occasions let's say but I mostly stick to good beer and ganja. And even that I often do not do for months. And as for my creative process, I really never work under the influence. Even after getting hammered, I take a couple of days off before I return to my work. And sometimes when I do some sketches when under influence, I always look at it in the morning and throw it out immediately, it's always shitty.

So, it's not like with Hemingway, who would mostly write totally pissed and simply edit when sober?

Can't do that, no sir. I admire people who can, but what I do requires clarity of mind and meticulous work, as insane as some of my artwork may seem. But frankly I'm not even interested in that, when I do smoke the occasional joint, I want to relax and enjoy myself and my surroundings, I do not want to use it to squeeze more work out of me, what for? It would feel like watching a gig through the screen of your phone (which admittedly is a thing nowadays).

Another quite typical effect of hallucinogens like ayahuasca is death of ego. Who are the people who you think would benefit the most from this experience?



Airbrusher's 'Dirndl to go' cover artwork by Franta

I'm not sure I had a complete death of ego, but twice I managed to leave my body and observe myself and the shaman from above, there were further dream-like hallucinations and images... On one particular tropical night we were drinking ayahuasca and smoking mapacho here in nature and the nightly heaven started to fall on us and take different shapes. I wanted to walk forward but the legs took me backwards, when I wanted to go right, legs would take my left and so on... and thanks to dutifully doing the required dieting, the visions came, including visions of fantastic architecture and sci-fi utopia, but I guess these are personal for everyone. And then I threw up like a jackal hahah! But that's part of the deal. But as Salvador Dali used to say, being able to properly empty one-self is very important. He would meticulously observe his bowel movements in the morning and judge the quality of his creative charge for the day based on color and shape of the discharge. (Editor's note: I guess hence the song *Vykálet* on the new Airbrusher album).



But to your question, I'm not particularly interested in telling other people what they should do. But in my view (and view of others I'm talking too) the medicine is losing its potency as demand soars and it's becoming a business. And I quickly lose interest in anything "business". That was another reason to stop, but lately I felt like there's nothing new and interesting for me in this realm, in fact ayahuasca herself "told" me that. You can establish some sort of communication with her; it is possible that it is some form of autosuggestion, in fact I have no idea, but we were able to communicate. And she told me that I don't need it anymore, that I already have everything there was to gain here.

Would you say hallucinogens were in some way transformative, that the world was different before and after?

No, not really. I might have a slightly different view of myself, but no drastic changes, no new skills in terms of seeing sounds as you were asking before or collapse of worldview, no.

Can you compare the weed you had in the late 80's and today? Shit's gotta be fucking rocket fuel compared to the stuff back in day, no?

That's a different sport altogether. We never had money for proper drugs back then, all we could hope for was cheap meadow-grown ganja. But we had a good time. Alternatively, you could fry your brain sniffing glue (editor's note: toluen was sort of eastern bloc crack) but most bands whose creative output is dependent on drug abuse go sour really quickly and then proceed to suck ass. The best artists are those who are naturally "high" on life. Take King Crimson or Pink Floyd (besides Sid Barret), they really loved the music and their heavy psychedelic stuff didn't come out of no drugs.

In the song *Satanská nekrofilní porna* there is insinuation about "uneducated Gestapo of poofers with cultivated opinions on how you should live". Recently in the media there's been a lot of uproar about statements much lesser than that. Do you think you are given a pass since people take you for an eccentric artist?

Yes, hahah.

But can you imagine what would happen if somebody like Dan Vávra (see our conversation a couple of pages back), who was abhorrently castigated by the media for not having enough people of colour in his game, set in 15th century Bohemia countryside, did that? We all see freedom of expression being rolled back day by day, but do you really see it as a serious threat like I do?

The lyrics you mention are metaphors for my feelings and impressions in times of writing, I'm not trying to make any political statement. So, in part I might have been irritated by something similar but at the same time it is a wordplay like *cannibalistic pedophile*, which apparently is also a thing in some conspiracy theory, right? You just gotta love that, nonsensical scum of evil. So, I'm poking fun in all directions. You mentioned uproar or censorship on social media; I have zero interest in that, that has no impact on my life whatsoever. I do use the platform you mentioned for the occasional advertising or to chat with people I need to talk to but otherwise only more censorship please, especially on people trying hard to be funny or soulful.

But jokes aside, I think when artists are getting political or deeply religious and their output gets entangled in that...getting all activist, then I simply pass... That's not what the purpose of art is, or not for me anyway.

How do you, as a whole-life liberal or, to put it another way - an open-minded human being - understand that the worst Gestapo faggots today are really former liberals? And how do you mentally categorize situations when they complain about the former dissident personas (Cunas Stárek, Saša Vondra, and previously even Magor Jirous, etc.) oppose their essentially illiberal faggish ways?

I live my life in nature here far away from all of this fuzz, former dissidents complaining about each other are none of my business. Plastic People playing the National theater or some former *mánicka* getting a government job after the fall of the communist regime do not really smell underground to me, but I don't get mad. My best guess is,

the general principle is the older people get, the less tolerant they are. The other day my ex rang me to complain about the attire of our daughter. I had to laugh just remembering what we were like when your clothes could actually land you in real trouble.

So, this late-onset conservatism doesn't affect you? Are you telling me your kids don't piss you off with their...whatever it is kids are doing these days?

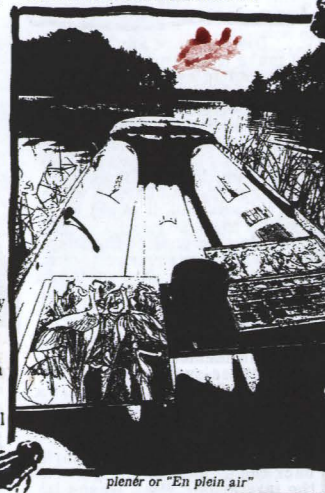
We were much worse in their age; I would wear my greasy denim jacket with suspicious smokes in my pockets and beer and puke stains all over, while they are suspiciously spanking clean and produce much less mischief. From the parent/headache standpoint, this is preferable though.

Right after the revolution you set up an independent type foundry, would you start a business from scratch even today, in times full of corporate censorship and monopoly?

The 90s were a different era but I never had big ambitions, the company is me doing the fonts and my wife taking care of the business side... My main goal was being my own boss, I simply couldn't work in a big company, I don't really like receiving tasks, I rather pick my own, even though often hard and non-lucrative ones. Well, I was employed in a state institution for a couple of years and as with the ayahuasca, I had enough.

Would you go independent even if you wouldn't have a family villa in the diplomatic quarters of Prague in your back? It's not a question about money but about the underlying notion that the cost of dissenting is different for different people.

I guess I would, the actual investment was not overwhelming, I bought a computer, which although expensive at the time, was not an insurmountable obstacle for



plénor or "En plein air"

anyone with enough drive. And the rest is your work, time and skill. And I have always been relatively modest, we are doing just OK even without designer clothes and accessories. I mostly work with smaller companies on bespoke designs and I occasionally pour more soul into the job than what is required, for example I was working on illustrations for a new edition of *Dracula* and I simply had to design a font as well, it's the only way to guarantee you will get something elegant and also truly original.

But your question also reminded me of a story from Gujarat, where I was observing stoned brahmins in their orange suits with beards falling to the floor, I was sketching one of them with watercolors and when I was done, I showed him the

XIIIth Moon hails from Spanish grave soil. Worshipping the Oracle of Death, lustfully indulging in putrescence of Putridarium and last but not least playing Putrid Death Metal.

by CH.T.D

Let's take a curious look at their practices and methods!

Most of the questions were answered by Sha'arei Maveth. finished in around a year or so in October 2021

I believe you live in a rural area in Catalonia - like 2hrs outside of Barcelona. (??) Actually, some of the band members live in the rural area in the Catalah Pyrenees (a 4-hour drive from Barcelona due to the fact that the rest live in Girona and Caceres. We live pretty far from each other. Is a rural life-style indispensable for the band, to properly absorb and channel what needs to be absorbed and channeled without the disturbances and distractions posed by urban life? Or is it just a personal choice and you could venerate the dead as well in some megapolis? We are pretty convinced one can venerate the dead and death per se pretty much anywhere. Of course, living in a relatively isolated area may help engage in reflective processes, but it is not a sine qua non condition.

I presume the band member is related to some seasonal peculiarity? For our readers, usually there are only three Full Moons in every season, one each couple of years, however, we get a bonus Full Moon due to the roughly 11-day difference between the natural lunar month (28 days) and the calendar month. The Christian ecclesiastical calendar is quite surprisingly lunar, and the dates for Easter and other Christian holy days, those moveable feast observances, are calculated in reference to the Moon rather than a set calendar date. A year with an extra, 13th moon skewed the calendar, so the solution was to call it "Blue" and not count it to keep the calendar on track. My presumption thus would be, that something special and gnastly has been occurring in

rural Catalonia even before the reconquista... You explained that pretty clearly here, but unfortunately there are no vestiges of 13th-moon-related lore or gnastly festivities surviving in the Iberian Peninsula that we have used as inspiration for our work. Which leads me to a question, I have been tinkering with chronas or the other day when reading Tom Holland's Dominion and it seems that Catalonia and the late Kingdom of Aragon have spent only a relatively short period of time under the Umayyad / Cordoba caliphate yoke compared to Castile / Spain. Has this been a source of pride in the region? It depends on who you ask. As for 13th Moon, the constraints and futilities deriving from gnastly have never been a source of inspiration nor pride.

Now a couple of questions directly for señor de la tumba, do you prefer to spend your time with the dead or with the living? Shakhath: I think there is time to enjoy both in different ways. Open, desecrated graves and dilapidated tombs are your second home, or so I'm told anyway. Do you some-

Funeral Mantra (and other projects that have not yet seen the light) human bones have been used. Do you care about proper re-hearsal-room furnishings, is it necessary for you to create a sufficiently decomposed atmosphere when re-hearsing? Shakhath: Without a doubt. Ab-

Watain got impetigo from old, nasty, rotten clothes (I hope they got it on their dick), have you ever experienced any health issues from contact with dead tissue? Well, impetigo indicates a decreased immune system nothing that a good dose of mountain air can't

It seems that you really love the dead. How about contact with dying people, close ones or strangers in hospices, does that give you artistic inspiration as well? You probably know well that Ylad from Cult of Fire is not only fellow necrophile, but has also at times

Shakhath: I worked for several years as a gravedigger and was in daily contact with the dead... Of course, being within that veil reinforced both paraphilia and this transferred into musical work. Working with the dead, you must witness a nasty thing or two every now and then. Is there any-

mean isn't THAT disgusting? To us, a performance is like a ceremony, and this means we must separate from everything happening around us. Our goal is to reach a point in which we are no longer there. You had quite a few projects on your way towards 13th Moon, do

Shakhath: What was done at the time was done for certain reasons, and whatever comes will come... I don't really care, except to continue composing. And there are, for sure, rotten things on the way. You've released a couple of demos, a couple of splits and only one full length in almost

more ambitious project. One far back does this go, to the Ritual Murder EP as "An ode to the ancient putridaria; the crypts of decomposition and elevation of the bone matter". On a superficial level we are all clear, but you care to elaborate more on the underlying meaning behind this record-

tight contact with Mark. How far back does this go, to the Ritual Murder EP as "An ode to the ancient putridaria; the crypts of decomposition and elevation of the bone matter". On a superficial level we are all clear, but you care to elaborate more on the underlying meaning behind this record-

losophers and kabbalists under the caliphate of Cordoba, right? But I would presume not much of that was left after the Spanish inquisition... and the likes of Menasseh Ben Israel with his De Resurrectioe Mortuorum were purged to Portugal, the low countries or England... Is there something deeper beyond your choice? Since most bands seem to simply look up terms like Sheol, Tehom, Abaddon or Sitra Achra and use them mindlessly because it's somehow more cool than the profaned Christian equivalent. Not all the names come from the Qliphotic corpus, though. We are not going to judge other bands' motivations to choose what mythologies and cosmologies they refer to in their names. We chose whatever we felt was representing the kind of energies we were drawing our inspiration from, to assume an un-identity, and detach ourselves from the boundaries of human identity.

closest you get to smell, feel and taste the corpses from the graveyard

times compose in there? I'm not gonna bother with a compose / decompose joke here. Shakhath: Being among bones, dust, spiders and shrouds has always been a good place to meditate, and, in this specific case, to decompose. Bones can be among other musical and ritual applications used as percussion instruments (ever heard of Knokkelkang, huh?), can we hear some of that in your ambient work outside of 13th Moon? Shakhath: In both Ordo Vermis and

horrence of Light was recorded in an almost rotten, damp, old room, and that created a perfect atmosphere for what was channelled. Just wondering.

heal. Another interesting find, some of us like Watain, some of us don't care and some apparently don't like them. You can guess who's who!

worked with dying people in remote regions of Slovakia, which has certainly granted him some of his riffs and melodies touching spheres outside our day to day lives.

thing you still feel disgusted by Living people? Shakhath: Living people, definitely. What do you gain from performing to a live audience, anyway? I

you feel pride about any of those or are you just constantly thinking of the next thing and consider the latest thing the final form of your message?

10 years. We would presume then that the dead are not too hasty to open up about their secrets and provide inspiration, eh? That just means we take our time to make things the way we want to. We give a great deal of importance to the final result and this may mean polishing and going through the details over and over. And to be fair, time is on no one's side, so why haste?

ing? We think a putridarium represents a culminating process towards purification. This process demands eliminating that which has become superfluous leaving only what is actually essential. We have always linked death to alchemical processes, and the putridaria are the most fitting representation of that. The name for the opener of your debut album was lifted from Cultes des Ghoules, you had Mark of the Devil hosting on the new EP Death Like Mass release on Triangulum Ignis so one would presume you are in

joining the band first? What led to the partnership? Probably the best choice for a label anyway. First, it was the pact between the band and the label, and in time Shaarei Maveth joined the band. The partnership was motivated by the fact that both parties shared the same approach to both the artistic and the spiritual dimension of the work. What's with the qliphotic names for band members anyway? It's not my specialty but there was a strong tradition of Jewish phi-

Not all the names come from the Qliphotic corpus, though. We are not going to judge other bands' motivations to choose what mythologies and cosmologies they refer to in their names. We chose whatever we felt was representing the kind of energies we were drawing our inspiration from, to assume an un-identity, and detach ourselves from the boundaries of human identity.



LIVE • EVIL



Bohren und der Club of Gote
Prague, autumn 2019, by CH

I waited 10 years for this show to happen and then everything was just right, all my favourite pieces were played, great performance, humble presentation. I didn't feel this lucky since I last minute decided to drive to Pilsen for a Nifelheim show even though I had to be on the other side of the country in the morning and they did the debut in its entirety, unbeknownst to anyone beforehand. Right, Bohren played the beast of the very best jazz-noir has to offer, visiting their back-catalogue before they record the new album (winter of early 2020) and according to their menacing statement they're not gonna play the classics again.

Of course Germans need to put a weird sexual thing in the mix, so Enrasiert was dedicated to all the beavers of the world, fortunately Herr Clöser stopped there so the show wasn't interrupted by disgusting goldene-Handschuh-type of images popping up in my head. Instead, the intended *Nighthawks* (by Edward Hopper) imagery was pouring out of the music as the sax silently howled over the jazz brushes and uneventful bass lines. The band lurked in the shadows, only seldomly appearing in the street-light-in-a-dark-alley type of lighting, caressing the souls of the audience with the noir drizzle sounds, having you feel like laying in an empty grave. Most of the songs remind you the smell of the fragrance of a black coffee, while one particular has the kind of vibe that reminds you that Black Sabbath were much more than a piggy bank for subpar stoners to steal riffs from and that Herr Clöser was probably a metalhead when the hair on his head didn't have the wolfhound color yet.

The frontman, struggling with social anxiety, even manages to crack a joke or two, but doesn't really talk much and focuses on the performance, switching between his vibraphone and tenor sax, which has us immersed in the atmosphere of a dive bar full of smoke from cigars. It's 3 in the morning and raining outside, you stare into your soul mirroring on the surface of your whiskey glass and think if Painless Steel really isn't the solution to your misery. Then you're *Prowler* and *Midnight Walker* but in the end you know you're gonna be *Skeletal Remains* soon.

Goblin (Claudio Simonetti's)
Prague, spring 2019, by CH

I'm not up to speed with the Goblin story and their subsequent split into two but I was readily able to accept Simonetti's incarnation as the real deal. They had quite a success at a major Czech metal festival I used to work for where I petitioned for their performance, so I talked the promoter into bringing them in for a club show later as well. He didn't really thank me for that later when only not-even 50 measly souls showed up for the gig (which was indeed pathetic) but he's not gonna die of hunger any time soon, so no regrets here. Anyways, the promoter couldn't figure a suitable opening act (for which I cannot really blame him) so the band opened around nine without any warm up act, professionally disguising their disappointment for the meager gig attendance.

From the start I had to wonder why does signora Cecilia (on the bass) wear these 90's porno-mag fishnets; does the band make her do it as a cheap gimmick or does she need to feel the sleazy gaze of the drunken auditorium to feel validated? Since there's little to no sense in investigating a lack of class in a B-movie soundtrack band, we will never know. In any case, filth and sleaze are the names of the game here while also getting all intellectual in combing the high

culture of prog rock with the cultural low of blood & sex of giallo. When you think about that, it's no small feat. You don't have to think of - say - Riz Ortolani as of musical genius per se, but you have to admit the combination of (the very) low and high is something these Italians simply can do in a way you wouldn't accept from a Frenchman or a German.

The mad prog rock with the odd time signatures was there and performed flawlessly (as far as a tone-deaf person like me can judge) alongside the lowbrow italo disco and kids melodies, the band was able to draw energy from the small but enthusiastic crowd with signora Simonetti performing the odd dad dance behind his keys, not looking almost 70 years old at all. The set had a couple of his songs like *Demon* or *Opera* but the core were of course the Goblin hits from Argento's movies, *Roller*, *Lalba dei morti viventi*, *Suspiria*, *Tenebre*, *Phenomena* or of corpse *Profondo rosso* which served as the ecstatic climax of the set before a short encore.

The intense quality of the performance erased any doubts about legitimacy one might have about this incarnation, bringing the Goblin catalog to life with invigorating freshness. The only downside was the small crowd so I guess there is no hope of seeing Goblin do the full *Suspiria* set live in Prague any time soon, but I guess I can travel for that, Italian crowds will be ready for sure.



Myco with the Dead

Myco with the Dead - Many fungi are "mycorrhizal", which means that they form mutually beneficial associations with trees or plants. Many fungi are saprobic, meaning that they feed on decaying matter. The lyrics of this track take these concepts and put a horror twist on the theme.



In memory of



Ktl/ TK/ Ketoladog/ Dauthus/ Davthvs/ Tentacula/ Ketalohelvete/ Dths Mgz/ Ketolabominations from His TK died on 12.10.2020 after 10 days of fighting Leukemia.

It was quite a normal day around noon until I received a message from Nasko of Teitanblood stating that there is very bad news...he left me hanging for around 30 minutes. I have many people in common and after a few minutes had a bad intuition. Timo Ketola...

an hour later I got my nation. Months have passed and I'm still not sure how about it. I didn't personally know Timo, but his art made a huge impact and he was the crucial influence in my early creative years. Roughly 10 years ago I came across Ketola's artwork for the first time. That work was an influence on me would be an understatement and his signature in raw and gritty lines can arguably be seen in my artwork even today.

Timo's artwork was something special. I remember that years ago when I saw his artworks for the first time I felt a deep sense of aesthetic superiority and deep meaning behind each of them. Timo's lines of ink breathed of an old wisdom and technique truly exquisite. Quality of old masters. Each line had purpose, there was no wasted space, no unnecessary amount of detail, no entanglement of hidden double meaning, no confusion. The vision was clear.

It really seemed like visions from other realms. I never felt like there was much personal input. Don't get me wrong, obviously Timo's art was his! His style, his technique, his vision but as hard as you had to look for his signature, it was that much easier to see the vision in the forefront of everything. It's hard to truly empathize with the death of someone you barely personally knew.

But there is a statement to be made about profound strength of Ketola's artwork, the realization that even though you're surrounded by grief over Timo leaving this world, my perception of his artwork never got affected by it. There are no cracks that usually start showing as you get overwhelmed by artists' personal dilemmas, problems and conflicting actions.

There's no sense of suddenly transforming into an object of nostalgia or melancholy. Our artistic paths crossed a couple times and we were supposed to work together on the next Teitanblood album. I was also very much looking forward to meeting him.

The black monolith stands as tall as ever. Black ink still pouring out of the cracks and there are roughly visible mouths full of rotting teeth, horrible eyes and demorped genitalia in the pools of that ink.

Pain and Ink, Flowers and Plague, Vomit and Blood



I struggle to recall this article properly, hopefully there's something another paragraph of mine on the following page...

Artwork for Kulu "Monuments", 2017



Tribute drawing by Marko Marov/ Vatra I Sumpor

METASTAZIS

METASTAZIS DOES NOT OBEY ITS CLIENTS. METASTAZIS DOES NOT CARE LIKE RED. METASTAZIS IS ALWAYS RIGHT. BECAUSE OUR PROCESS AS OWN CRITERIA. AND BECAUSE WE OBSERVE A COHERENCE WITHIN DECIDE AND ACT THERE WHERE WORDS FAIL YOU. DO NOT COME IS KING". AND WITH WHOM YOU COULD "TALK THINGS OUT" EITHER ACCEPT OR REJECT IN ITS ENTIRETY. WE ABHOR CRITICISM". WE RESPOND "NOT WHEN IT'S LUDICROUS". WE THE WHY OF OUR DECISIONS. YOU HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO RESULT. BUT UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD WE BE EMP

AND METASTAZIS DOES NOT ADD MORE BLUE WHEN THE CLIENT DOES NOT OUR DECISIONS ARE JUSTIFIABLE IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR OUT OUR INTERPRETATION. TO LET US SPEAK IN YOUR PLACE. WILL ALTER THE WORK IN ANY WAY BECAUSE "THE CLIENT YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE. SOMETHING YOU WILL TO THE PLEBEIAN WHO SAYS WE "NEED TO ACCEPT AN DISCUSS AT LENGTH. EXPLAIN THE SOURCES. DEBATE HATE OR EXTERMINATE AS YOU DO TO ADORE THE FINAL GROVE. IN" OVERSTEP YOUR BOUNDARIES.



soundtrack: totalitarian666.bandcamp.com

Finished early 2022, questions by DG and CH (should be fairly obvious telling which are which)

Metastazis is mostly associated with cancer and particularly it's spread from one part of the body to another, which is considered a very advanced and radical change in the nature of cancer. This leads me to believe your name means you spread between different visual disciplines and are to be seen as an entity rather than a person. Which makes sense because metastazis is the name of your studio. What's the distinction between metastazis and Valnoir? Was metastazis meant to be a studio from the get go? (I have a vivid image in my mind of what metastazis is, yet struggle to get the point of it with words... I might make an illustration to accompany the interview to illustrate this)

I picked this name back when I got out of school, because, you know, I wanted to look serious and to project the illusion that people would be dealing with a studio more than a single individual lost in the universe. In the end, I'm still happy about this decision, since I don't feel comfortable with the idea of putting myself as an individual forward, and I like the idea of a collective, undefined entity. It's anyway not entirely untrue since I work with a small team: interns, and my girlfriend.

Now about the name itself, it's something I'm a bit more struggling with. You got it right in your question, my "concept" was to tell that my skills were covering several territories of expression, and since I was into Black Metal I wanted it to sound evil, and since I wanted it to look cool, I replaced the S with a Z, just like in Antaeus lyrics. Poor choices, with time and perspectives, not very mature. But well, it's like having a band, you pick the name when you're 16, and when eventually things work out fine, you get trapped with it until the end.

When did you come up with the rules of your manifesto? What caused you to go towards, some would say "draconian" approach towards collaborations, any bad experiences?

What triggered this whole thing was a series of catastrophic collaborations with some bands. I wrote it back in 2006, after a trainwreck with

Belgian band Leng Tché. While the guys were dicks, I probably also over-reacted too back in the day. Youth and mis-managed emotions, you know. But while most anger bursts usually calm down with time, this one stuck, still sticks to the wall, is now bone dry and fossilized. I had this strongly idealized vision of the holy mission that a designer had to get rid of all the visual and substance-less crap polluting the environment, and being one of the sole owners of this sacred knowledge, I would not accept anyone without authority on the matter to take control of my work. Especially dumb metalheads or some idiot marketing manager. I still strongly believe that I know better what makes sense on a poster or any visual information support than anyone who has no knowledge ground in this field. People should shut the fuck up when they don't know what they are talking about.

You have a degree in communication design, which sounds like a fancy term for propaganda posters. When working as a wage slave for corporate overlords, were you ever able to subvert a design project or rather hide some subversive message inside without the bosses or the customer noticing?

At some point I probably tried to sneak in some naughty runes, and hidden hateful messages in some Renault GPS promotion program, but nothing that worked out fine enough for me to recollect.

You have studied design, is there anything that is institutionally respected out there, that is worth my time? From what I've seen, everything is either devoid of meaning, or engages in endless dissection and metacommentary and other forms of pseudo-intellectual masturbation which kills the spirit. Lots of look at me, I'm smart stuff.

If by "institutionally" you mean "connected to corporate industries", I can't help you, cause I couldn't care less about that crap anymore. Art direction wise, if you put your talent and energy in the service of something you don't actually support, you're just a hypocrite piece of crap, and your work is worthless. And if you support, like really support Coca-Cola and Nestlé for the beauty and substance of their message, then you're even worse. Now if you talk more of entities which are recognized by institutional culture, while still being good, loaded with substance and integrity, obviously there's one I'd recommend. NSK and their graphic design studio New Collectivism (Novi Kolektivizm / NK). There's a lot of intimidating rhetoric, heavy art theory texts surrounding them, which are sometimes indigest if not straight up over-intellectual and pretentious, but the core of their work is stunning from A to Z. Those guys managed to sell to Tito administration a nazi poster back in the 80's. For the biggest national event (the Day of Youth) of Yugoslavia. There was a poster competition, they changed a couple of details on the original document, and won the competition. A HUGE scandal when it got out. Hilarious story.

You mention a collection of exotic STDs; one does indeed typically presuppose a *poète maudit* to be a whoremonger and a card-carrying member of the *intoxic front*. But where the history books consider the boozing and whoring a detriment to the mental state of the artist, I would consider it a needful pre-cursor... I mean being overly grounded in everyday reality and constantly overanalyzing everything doesn't lead to great art, correct? TL;DR, any funny stories?

I would only partly agree with your statement. According to my own life experience, and also observing "careers" around me, it's a necessity to manage to keep a balance between debauchery and life discipline. Debauchery in the right context may sometimes lead to inspiration, and bring a certain type of substantial energy to the machine. I will insist on "context", because doing heroin alone in a cat-piss drenched shithole won't take anyone anywhere in terms of artistic excellence. And while being blind-drunk may make you think that you're a genius during intoxication, history proved that booze will just turn you into an embarrassing idiot 99.9% of the time. However, reaching a certain state of intoxication with the right people in the right place can be productive and bring exchanges and ideas on the table which can be interpreted in a fruitful way afterward. And this "afterhand" demands seriousness, discipline, and a MASSIVE load of work to carry any result. And it also demands preparation. Last week I got wasted on drugs and wine until 4AM with members of various bands I deeply like, and we had very good conversations. Nonetheless the day after, I was in my studio from 10 to 19 to get shit done (a bit slowly

I admit it). I can't stand so-called "artists" who spend their inactive existences getting wasted and use that as a pretext to take one year to deliver something that should have taken 3 days. Pathetic.

Don't you sometimes lack the physical medium and end product? please introduce an ignorant person to the beauty of digital artwork, what caught your attention at first? How much of your work is built upon pen and paper sketches these days?

Nah, I've always been bad and lazy with "analogue" tools. Always found a lot of pleasure in dealing with the flexibility and possibilities carried by digital techniques. Especially 3D, which allows the creation of entire worlds in a breathtaking manner. This is something I always felt attracted to and comfortable with, even in the very early 90's when my parents got us a computer, with some very primitive versions of Paint. Now I always have a paper and pen at hand because I still sketch, especially when dealing with logos and lettering, but as soon as possible, when my idea's embryo is developed, I jump on the computer.

I remember seeing your artworks some years ago and thinking they are ridiculously high quality digital works in the genre that, well, to put it politely not very good at cutting out and rearranging pictures. (of course many bigger bands had digital covers, but those had extremely different feel). Do you feel like you put the foot in the door and normalized this kind of design for (in general underground) Black Metal bands that would previously never allowed for it?

I probably had a minor role to play in it I guess, considering the footprint of my work I recognize here and there in some other designers portfolio, which is flattering! I may have helped certain bands and artists see things from a new angle. But unlike what you may hear here and there, my ego is relatively under control, and I have a very reasonable, humble opinion of the space my world takes in our world. Now the Metal world, especially in its most extreme forms, is ground of experimentation of amateurs, or at best semi-pros without much will to shake things into anything truly better. In this context, it's relatively easy to bring something new to the table.

First time I saw your work was on Ascension's *Consolamentum*. Later after I did some artwork for the band, I remember being mistaken for you and you being mistaken for me on later Ascension releases. Can't even count how many times I read a review of *Dead of the World* and there was "artwork by metastazis" which really led me to believe some people are fucking blind! Anyways... your work for *Consolamentum* really struck with the band and became almost part of their being/ image. Do you have any special memories, was this commission special to you in any way?

Fucking blind indeed. As much as I truly love what you did for this band, our approach is drastically different. Anyway, what can you expect from the Metal crowd in terms of visual analysis? This album

FIRE WORK



WITH ME





and EP I worked on have been sort of a breakthrough for me, because I managed to and still "stay on message", and insufflate in the artwork a dose of modernity, and some codes (like the massive amount of white) which were unusual in the Black Metal world back then. It's a very good memory. It shaped a part of my identity back then, which of course led to many bands asking me for the exact same thing. Why don't bands try to get their OWN identity instead of replicating in a mediocre manner what their more talented neighbors did? That's beyond me, and most of the reason why I'm exhausted working with Metal. (Editor's note: to the point of people being blind... not only regular fans, I had one of very well known Metal illustrators...ehm...Misantropic...ehm...Arts... ascribe old engravings from the Bible to Timo Kotola. Makes me wonder what does a person like that see in pictures in general.)

Does the term 'underground' still mean anything in your opinion? The means of presenting one's art are both easier and more shallow these days, impacting even the most demented of arts. Now it's almost non-realistic without social media, while any underground qualities are lost due to them.

Nowadays the word "underground" is a twofold, ambiguous term. A two faced bitch, one standing for glorious clandestinity, the other one: an excuse for repulsive mediocrity. Before the internet, being clandestine was not necessarily a choice, since you would remain hidden until some media outlet would agree to give you visibility. Things have changed now, since anyone has access to some visibility, often before they earn this visibility. No one to curate, no one to filter. However, some have the courage to fight this norm and to remain invisible, or barely visible to the mass. They choose to dwell in archaic systems, where they demand a tiny effort to be found, not just merely to type a name in a search engine. I have respect for that. A band like Gribberiket, while being existent online, are still one of those flamboyant bearers of the black light who don't try at any cost to have visibility, who are not begging people's approval to exist. And still making admirable music.

You've got two books under your belt, first one's *Analogue Black Terror* a compilation of old black and white, mainly cut'n'paste artworks. I'm not sure how much of your artwork that appears as c'n'p is actually it, for example the cover of this book. Is it? What are your thoughts about this technique?

You didn't do your homework on this one, I released 6 books, + translations in various languages! And I'm working on more now! Regarding *Analogue Black Terror*, it's a XXth century Black Metal demotapes archives, and my contribution, documents wise, is close to zero. BUT I actually had a lot of pleasure, on both volumes, not only to design the book, but also to work on illustration montages (and the cover) using the cut and paste collage technique, in a quite over-identified manner. On the first one, Sad (666 zine) helped me, but this collaboration ended up in a complete nightmare. Don't work with junkies, kids.

The limitations brought by binary xerox black and white can be actually extremely fertile, on top of which you add limit-less punk inspired col-



Artwork and logo for NIBURU

lage primitive creativity. This was extremely fun to work on. On the second volume I shared the task with my girlfriend.

Then there's *Fire Work With Me*, obviously a reference to a quote or concept from David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* series prequel. Why did you choose it? Are there any parallels between Bob and Valnoir?

No direct concept paralel. I'm of course a big fan of his work and career, but who is not? When my ex back then found the idea of the title, I was feeling in total sync with its meaning, and I felt comfortable enough with Lynch to get along with pun. You don't always need to have absolutely everything justified to make things work.

You have a tradition of signing your book in blood. Why is that? Does it ultimately add value (in case it's your own blood) to the product? Since the book is of course painstakingly designed, but after all it is just a printed "copy". /I don't think my copy is though! CH.

I've always been amazed to be the only one (as far as I know, I might be wrong) signing his work in blood. Our job is not a job, it's a sacred mission, and as Louis Ferdinand Céline said "You gotta put your guts on the table". Our work is an extension of ourselves, our sweat, our blood, our guts. Spilling blood on it seems to me as being the most natural thing to do to emphasize the carnal connection between our life commitment, and its physical outcome.

Your most recent work includes -at this point synthwave giant- Perturbator, for whom you directed and created a music video for a song *Death of the Soul*. Am I right that this is the first music video you created? How did it come about? And what are some of the challenges you've approached while creating the video? Is this something you want to pursue more?

Nope you're wrong, this was the second video I directed! (let alone a small promo clip I made for Coil's last book). And after *Death of the Soul*, I directed a second one for Perturbator: *God Says*, which was way more ambitious. While I write those lines, I can announce that it will be released in September 2021. I'll speak of this one instead, since *Death of the Soul* is already old meat.

First I listened to the track and fell in love with it, so I approached James to offer him to deliver once again. I deeply wanted to explore a black and white, noir jazz, romantic and steaming, neon-glowing night-time Gotham, drenched

in rain, glorious in its art-deco elegance. I've always been in love with NYC. I've been there countless times and even lived there. I wanted to deliver a fantasized vision of it. Blade Runner meets Batman. Gotham Jane, Akira and *Deep Wide Shut*. The main challenge was to create life in it. A city without citizens is little credible, and 3D technologies don't allow easily to create human life that won't look like crap videogame, unless you have a team of 500 working on it. The team was... me. And my intern. James suggested we project moving shadows on the wall of this video. Which was a smart idea. I installed a screen backdrop in my studio, and captured several scenes that included me, my girlfriend, and me ON my girlfriend. Un-simulated sexual graphic content, viewers discretion advised.

I'm also interested in the creative process behind the video. Was there guidance from James? Are you satisfied with the result?

James barely interfered. A couple of details and interesting ideas. It's a rare occurrence that the artist manages to actually add something interesting with his suggestions in the visual field. I usually hear embarrassing crap, it was not the case here. And, yes, 6 months after the end of production, I still like it, which is rare!

Are you prone to approach bands / projects yourself if you find yourself to be interested and motivated? Or does it have to be an initiative from the other side to get you involved? And then, what are you looking for from a band to agree to collaborate with them? What's generally the driving force behind your imagination? Lyrics, the idea presented or something else?

It used to happen in the past, not anymore. I mean, yes it does once in a while when I'm really into an idea, or when, in a casual conversation with a band/artist, ideas start to flow and end with a "we should do something together". What usually inspires me in priority is the universe of the band, carried by the lyrics, title, visuals etc... anything which is not directly music actually. Music is there only to motivate me: if it's good, if I like it, I'll walk the extra mile. Works the other way around though: "the guys are ok, the idea is ok but the music is such crap I don't want to do it".

What bands do you love but think your artwork (or maybe digital art) wouldn't fit at all?



...the Polishhead or Type O Negative (this toooo laaaaaaah I'd never touched though I never had to offer that I'd probably do great work.

You're dabbling in almost every medium. When digital art, photography, printmaking to video making. When there are your less conventional and modern art "projects" like stitching patches for people. What was the reason of this creation like? Do you want to move further in this direction?

Reception of "exceptional" projects like this is always very positive. By "positive" I mean very intense, but not necessarily positive-positive. It can also be very negative, but who cares, it works the exact same way. Triggering emotion is part of our mission, if any. There's no worse feed-



...precedented levels of
primal cruelty stemming
from their demo. Shortly there-
after, Cloven Hoof sprang up
to existence and I simply had
to spread that clubbing and
headbashing magnetic demon
through Europe, towards
which end I utilized a release
at Prague Death Mass III.



Fast forward one more crushing
album containing mostly
reworked tracks from this
demo and Caveman Cult came
up with one of the most intense
EPs I have ever heard.
Each time I put it on the turn-
table, my balls get swollen,
hair shoots up on my back and
my arcus superciliaris gain a
primordial look. After this
non-intravenous form of TRT,
the body starts to demand vio-
lence and the only way to go
back to homo sapiens form is
an intense deadlift or kickbox-
ing session. HUA! HUA! The
record presents primal barbar-
ity that knows no surrender to
any semblance of reason, rati-
onale, or regard for humani-
ty. A musical analog of a
spiked club. Total unhinged
primitivism executed with
deadly precision. Antediluvian
carvings and etchings on the B
side expressing humanity's
most fundamental desires for
undiluted ferocity, relentless
conquest and suffocating su-
premaccy. No fucking mercy!!!
OK those words were basically
re-arrangement of promotional
text however this is the rare
occasion where they don't con-
tain a grain of exaggeration.
You can say this is basically
the plot of the movie Bone
Tomahawk (2015) seen from
the perspective of the troglody-
dy with a twist where they
would dominate the civilized
people. Or let me try another
rephrasing:

*Cavemen, the meaning of pain
The way they want you to die
Quick death, impaled decay
Stone blows that cleanse you
of your life*

*Sadistic, mudgeoned to demise
Drinkers of the freshest blood
Destroying, without mercy
To benefit the troglodyte tribe
Gut surgery, with no anesthe-
sia
Feel the sharpened stick pierce
you intensely
"Superior", no use to pro-
to-mankind
With broken limbs screaming
out to die*

*Human lice, for the impacts
of death*

**ME TAE NEGRO
ANTHUMANO!**

D: I will talk about the prag-
matic album but this is more
true of any of their output
date.

It's been years since the trend for
bestial black/war metal based on
burglarizing Blasphemy and
Sarcófago faded. There were gas
masks everywhere, bipedal goats
with galling guns, copiers rob-
bing other copiers, until finally
all those bestial satanic goat
one-chord acts couldn't even be
reasonably followed, let alone lis-
tened to. As with such waves,
there were at least ten more shit-
shows per decent band. The inter-
est of the black metal world
then shifted from goatophilia
and the introduction of nuclear
warheads into the Virgin Mary's
vagina to snakes and trigonome-
try.

Caveman Cult however do not
represent a hundred times-head
Blasphemy rip-off. The pointy
logo suggests that this tribe
might be related to the blunt
roughness of Conqueror / Re-
venge, but for a mere exact de-
scription, I could use to name
much younger bands. The very
closest thing to this record
comes the debut of sensible ab-
originals of Impetuous Ritual.
First of all, in terms of sound,
because both records are lacking
raw, very destructive, and at the
same time the music is being
targeted and deliberate, you can
hear absolutely everything here,
although I don't know if I can
or imagine the riffs in the wall
of noise here, haha. Next, I feel a
kind of "spiritual" affinity with
deranged Australia (SadEx /
Martire) and militant New Zea-
land (Diocletian / Hadesiarch).
Caveman Cult, in their fierce
primitivism, also evoke to me
the spirit of Spanish Proclama-
tion. Next, *Savage War Is Desti-
ny* has a thrust comparable to
the overlooked but highly lethal
grinders Watchmaker who used
to be on Willowtip records. Al-
though the music here is really
mega-brutal, they settle for a
slower but more raw pace. If you
want to beat someone with a
rock, you probably won't be
banging into their head at 270'
bpm, but pretty much with all
your might bang, bang, bang,
bang, bang, keh, keh, crack,
squish, squish, squish...

Savage War Is Destiny is, of
course, a single-minded record,
but even so, the tracks are quite
diverse in their barbarism. It
doesn't take long to start to dis-
tinguish the tracks from each
other and pick out your favourite
pieces. I also appreciate the
detail that Caveman Cult doesn't
resort to a stupid metal ambient
(hate!) or samples stolen from
all kinds of B-shit (the occa-
sional filler (intro, outro of some
tracks), but resort to noise. I'm
only missing a slightly more
insane vocal to my complete sat-
isfaction. You can hear the vo-
calist leaning into the micro-
phone with all his strength,
screaming really insanely now
and then, and even clearly pro-
nouncing the lyrics (not that I
understand them very well). But
I'd probably prefer a hysterical
roar à la *Change* here.



hate forest

DATE FOREST NON-INTERVIEW

Everybody knows that Roman is not giving any interviews but
less people know Roman also basically doesn't even drink, so
when casually strolling through the streets of Köln (which now
resembles Northern Africa) after visiting a couple of cellars
where they serve good kölsch in those ridiculously small glasses,
I thought I might get a small chance of talking him into it. Well,
fuck no BUT I think he won't be offended if I share his rationale
for doing so in here. I'm committing this to paper almost three
years after the event but I think I can sum it up more or less ac-
curately by saying that back in the day when the second wave of
black metal arrived with full force, eastern Ukraine was just
amid the chaos of splitting up of the Soviet Union and expend-
able funds simply weren't abundant for anybody. So the best thing
young maniacs could hope for was a local studio importing pi-
rated copy of whatever record and taping it to you or your friend
on an off-brand audio cassette. If you wanted a xeroxed version
of the cover, that would cost you an extra couple kopécs and
like I said, extra funds simply weren't available. So you would get
a tape that sounded like nothing on this Earth without any infor-
mation and often even without a name first. You had that and
the imagination of an impressionable young maniac, whilst
living in a city that looked a lot like a concrete Mordor (sur-
rounded by a thick Mirkwood). If you spent your formative years
like this and honour your own code, there is zero wonder you are
not interested in elaborate album covers, live gigs, interviews
and sharing of the lyric with the world. And if something is true
of Roman and Hate Forest (in contrast to some wild stories
shared by outsiders and internet historians) it is that they adhere
to their code very, very strictly. And of the code I can tell you,
that giving a shit, pleasing others or making money with the art
is not part of it. That's why they refused very lucrative offers for
live appearances with Drudkh and why when doing an odd live
gig with Hate Forest, they donated their (generous) purse to a
cause they deemed meaningful. Why pollute something you love
deeply with money or fame? As I'm writing this down, downtown
Kharkiv looks like this, the escape routes for civilians are cut off
and we are raising funds for the Ukrainian warfighters... But I
can bet there will still be no Hate Forest interview when the in-
vaders are beaten back and there eventually lands another merci-
less black metal attack from the cold steppe authored by the re-
lentless keepers of the code. If only more bands would take in-
spiration from their example.



Concrete Winds - Primitive Force
 Sepulchral Voice Records, LP,
 2019, by D

It's been a couple of years since trouble broke out, when highly talented death metal bands went soft, gave up on death and started flirting with the primordial rock or metal music. Nothing against taste, blah blah blah, but with every action comes a reaction, and in the North there emerged youth for whom progress means more aggression and evil, not flirting with faggish rock, eyeliner and bathrobes. And that makes the dick feel good.

Concrete Winds follow up from Vorum, whose existence took on meaning for me with the EP *Current Mouth*. Previous old-school endeavors, culminating in a long record *Poisoned Void*, were not in vain, but with the aforementioned pike everything escalated, the listening literally lifted from the chair, and some of the passages were dangerous because they threatened to either make your neck uncomfortably bruised or literally fuck you up in a bad state of mind. I had a hunch that it would be possible to push harder, I even painted something in my head, but I really couldn't be ready for *Primitive Force*.

Nine songs on a 25-minute space blend somewhat, but this is due to the frenetic intensity of the material rather than the boring uniformity. Each song is somewhat different, but you'll notice that later, because Concrete Winds is always trying to fuck you up. Like Degial's affinities, they draw mostly from Necrovore, early Morbid Angel or other old-school death cults and sadistic thrash, but they also try to successfully escalate this recipe to the extreme, along the lines of Sadistik Exekution or Teitanblood.

Primitive Force is not a smash and grab job by a bunch of morons or an inaudible mess, behind all the violence is precision, skill and an advanced vision. Just focusing on the purely musical side is intense and interesting, but if you let yourself get carried away by this carnage, I guarantee it won't leave you in peace. Concrete Winds are doing their name right. Their music is like a whirlwind of concrete debris thrown into the neighborhood with (primitive) devastating force after some kind of terrible explosion. Whoever worships the aforementioned bands and high-octane - real - METAL in general should inject this. Absolute holy duty, ya kunts!



Concrete Winds - Nerve Butcherer
 Sepulchral Voice Records, LP,
 2021, by CH

Did some reading on this album and you absolutely gotta love it when leftist intellectuals philosophize about metal CRUSH FUKK like this and need extensive commentary apparatus to explain an animalistic anti-intellectual discharge of adrenal testosterone...HUA! HUA! Return to monks!

Of corpse, I'm exaggerating a bit, Concrete Winds are no tree-dwellers, they just hate you very much and the intense skill and intricate fuckery are buried under the cover of an aggressive shower of reinforced concrete debris hurled towards you. But with further listens you will discover that yes, it's fantastically messed up and yes all the sudden twists are like hellish hooks to your liver and chin, but you will see that someone deviant has really invested their time and effort into it. The album keeps its dynamics and the band had to dutifully rehearse for sure. At some points there are hints of (properly hell-metalized) *Show No Mercy* or again *Necrovore* and old *Morbid Angel* (just much faster) and the guitars are truly well played, but there's possibly even less respect for genre categories and the song structures are possibly even more chaotic than on the debut. But all in all every musical pervert who managed to read through everything towards this point in this frenzine should be pleased.

gotta feel sorry for anglophones who are missing so many words badly needed in here from their vocabulary, like *mrdance*, *namrd*, *rozjeb*, or *rozmrđ*

Swans - leaving. meaning.
 Young God/ Mute, 2019, LP, by DG

I was aware of this record coming out for a month or so, but could not find a good opportunity to thoroughly listen to it... until I ended up in the hospital undergoing knee surgery and spending long days and



nights semi awake, trying to fall asleep, trying to move in all this discomfort. I have listened to this album on the loop during three very monotonous days. Thanks to this record the memories are not of boredom and isolation, but dream like state, carried on the wings and surrounded by wall of gentle sound. Looking at an empty old white wall, there was a theatre of subtle shapes and colours appearing and disappearing. Putting headphones away only when the nurse came with pain killers or check on me. The flow from syringe into my vein is but a pleasant memory of this flow-like state. Sleepless nights filled with joy of music, that's it, no opioids. Title track "Leaving Meaning"

extraordinary mark on me, its lengthy and gentle, feels like it could stretch to eternity and indeed in my memories there is no end to these sounds.

"I can see it but not see it

I can feel it but not keep it

I can touch it but not hold it

I can be it but not know it"

I have to admit that the beginning and the end of the album literally an entrance and exit to

this album, it's important, but the magic dwells in 6 inside. "The Hanging Man" are "Sun-fucker" are sound most familiar to Swans fan. Sunfucker feels like taking drugs in the desert, fighting wild coyotes and sacrificing a sun worshipping shaman you found there. "Amnesia" and "Cathedrals of Heaven" are weirdly enjoyable and dark country songs? "It's Coming, It's Here" and is another venture towards the flowing rivers. "The Nub" is quite uncomfortable awakening in the middle of the night and marks the end of the middle, very peaceful part of the album. The album ends on a very strange notes for me at the moment...

This venture is quite a departure from Swans we got used to. I can't deny the feeling of this being a swan song... I think my experience with this album was a perfect scenario to experience this album. An Inevitable end stretching towards eternity and beyond. Not the best Swans album, which was probably weakened by the fact I was on pills and didn't sleep for 3 days, but still recommended.

