

A sense of awe awakened, true, but of awe touched somewhere by a vague terror. Their serried ranks, growing everywhere darker about me as the shadows deepened, moving furiously yet softly in the wind, woke in me the curious and unwelcome suggestion that we had trespassed here upon the borders of an alien world, a world where we were intruders, a world where we were not wanted or invited to remain--where we ran grave risks perhaps!

Algernon Blackwood, *The Willows*

Levelling at its maximum is like the stillness of death, where one can hear one's own heartbeat, a stillness like death, into which nothing can penetrate, in which everything sinks, powerless.

Søren Kierkegaard, *The Present Age*

Snø og granskog har ein plass i oss. Og sidan er det der heile, heile tida.

Darkthrone, *Snø og Granskog (Utferd)*



FICCA ABYSS

There are numerous accounts in legends around the world of people who were part of nature. Not only living in close proximity to the natural forces, but taking on those elements' characteristics and embodying them. Although we tend



to read these transformational tales as allegories, there was a recent movement in the Nordic countries that discovered in their local myths remnants of an ancient knowledge.

This movement originated in a musical subculture that felt contempt for modern values and who had been creating tonal dissonance on a scale that was forcefully out of tune with the rest of society. They found their music sounded more like the sharp edges of the surrounding peaks than the softer curves of the architecture they hid within; they found their compositions sounded better when played in natural solitude with only the howling wind as accompaniment. Most importantly, they found their hunger for demise and destruction



was mirrored by the ruthlessness of nature. Their minds were reflections of barren hinterlands and the cold ice that lay like a death-cloak over the land.

They admired the superiority of the nearby mountains and watched them from a safe distance down below. They saw these mighty shapes as a direct connection to the past, a symbol of what they thought of as more just and honest times. Purity of thought made possible by an elevated perspective was mentioned as the highest ideal in a potential new manifesto. The mountains had seen history play out before them and so these new idealists cupped their ears to the rocks and listened closely for traces of wisdom.

They sought to the backwoods, searching for a connection to the natural world and a higher understanding. After a while they developed a close kinship to their sur-



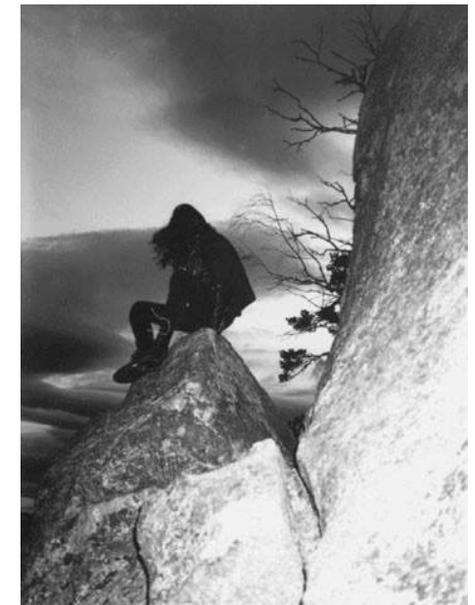
roundings and spent more and more time traversing the dense forests. This formed within them an agoraphobic uncertainty when in flatter topographies. They gradually stopped including tundras and marshes on their walking routes for this would only fill their field of vision with endless, empty skies - more questions. They kept to the cover of green to seek out the answers.

There they found in the tall spruce trees an undeniable kinship. Admiringly they looked up at how they stood jagged, dark and slender, seemingly immortal. They began to see these trees as distant relatives and longed to match their physique and proud appearance. At concerts their heads bowed up and down, swirling wispy long hair in unison, all with feet firmly planted on the ground. A few of the philosophically-inclined brethren slowly came to see

a likeness in their movements to swaying branches - their feet as roots protruding beneath them. This opened their minds to a possibility that before had felt only like a distant dream.

One by one the ramblers decided not to come back from their midnight walks. Instead they lost themselves in the most remote parts of the forest. They shed their leather and walked determined into the most tangled of growths. They enjoyed feeling the caress of leaves on their skin, the prickle of pine needles on their faces.

But it soon became apparent that this was not enough. They needed to embody the undergrowth and feel the green moss grow inside of them. Bark, sap and earth were packed into muddy balls and consumed on a daily basis. Some wrapped themselves in twigs; green long stalks tied around their extremities. Their passion was blind - their need all-consuming.





They dreamed of stretching proud green finger-tips towards the sky, to spread root and take hold of the earthly ground below. And so they started the lengthy process of becoming the forest.

Some took to the transformation easily. After a few months spent on the forest floor, sharing their food with worms and mice, they started sprouting. They persevered through endless, meditative periods of standing still. Eventually their legs released their need for mobility and their feet took root in the soil below them. They rose to new heights - towards a Northern sky that suddenly seemed obtainable to touch. Here they looked upon the world with a deepened sense of understanding and finally they felt whole.

It was however, a lengthy and toilsome process, one that required a huge amount of belief and conviction. Come winter, some black-clad soldiers had still failed to transform, however strong their desire. They despaired. Some turned to higher powers and walked into white blizzards shouting incantations to the wind. Others went even madder in their desperation. As a final sacrifice to the snow gods, they lay down on the frozen ground, silently waiting to be covered and for their atoms to disintegrate and

meld with the geometrical shapes that were falling from the sky.

Still, some silently slipped away, slowly returning to the society they had originally shunned. Their bodies all stooped contours and crooked, curling bones. Embarrassed and defeated, they never spoke of their experiences again. They lived out their days in obscurity, safely confined within the walls of the city, gazes sternly fastened on the concrete beneath their feet.

Carefully they abided to these self-imposed rules for they feared greatly that they might catch a glance of the ever-present treeline surrounding the cities edge. They knew deep down that even a small slip of judgement, a slight flicker of acknowledgement, bore with it a grave danger; the danger of again stirring within them a roaring response to their ever-green comrades whispered call to arms.



THE FOREST IS MY THRONE

An artist is usually inspired by what's in front of them. Therefore it should be no surprise that many Norwegian Black Metal and Extreme Metal Bands use images taken from Nature. Many of the band members in seminal bands come from small, remote places – Norwegian Black metal was never a city phenomena, most lived near the fjords on the West Coast, the outskirts of the larger cities or in



remote valleys. A fascination for Folklore, Norse

Mythology and Viking Ancestry is also a common trait among Extreme Metal musicians and text writers, but there are also a few Norwegian artists that have made an impression on the artists as young men.

This is a drawing made by a Fenriz of Darkthrone in 1986, for an early demo by the band when they called themselves *Black Death*. The figure in the middle is a copy of Theodor Kittelsen (1857–

1914), a Norwegian artist famous for his paintings and illustrations of



folktales and legends.

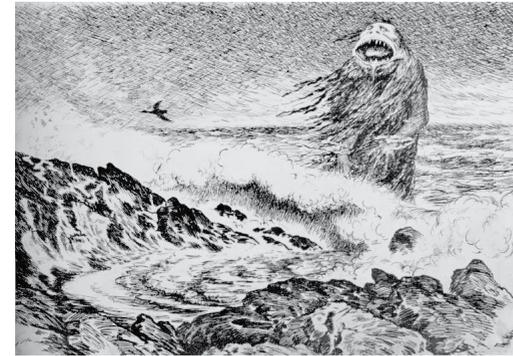
His illustrations for *Norske Folkeeventyr* (Norwegian Folktales) have inspired generations of Norwegians, and has been a staple in Norwegian Schools. As the illustrations here show, he had an uncanny ability to personify mythological creatures, such as the water spirit Nøkken or 'The Neck' in English.



Enslaved that the fascination with Nature becomes apparent.

Overleaf is the Forest Troll, here the Sea Troll:

Especially Burzum uses Kittelsen as cover art, in *Filosofem* and *Hvis Lyset Tar Oss*



It is also worth noting that Burzum, Darkthrone and Enslaved were the first bands/artists to use Norwegian lyrics, the song *Inn i de dype skogers favn* (Into the Deep Forests Embrace) is the first song to emerge on the Darkthrone album *Under a funeral*

The first wave of Black Metal, with bands like Bathory, Mayhem, Hellhammer/Celtic Frost and Mercyful Fate drew their inspiration from more occult and morbid sources – it is first within the Second Wave with bands like Burzum, Darkthrone, Emperor and

al Moon in 1993, while the Burzum album *Det som engang var* (What once was) from the same year contains only two lyrics



in English, and six in Norwegian. Enslaved, on the other hand, turned to Old Norse and Icelandic when writing their lyrics, which are centered around their Viking Heritage. Hailing from Hordaland, this is understandable, considering the rich Norse history of that particular part of Norway.

What these albums have in common thematically, is a nostalgic yearning and also romanticizing of



Nature and the Past. This can be seen as a reaction to Christianity and Modern Society.

Another band that uses National Romantic imagery, is the

band Windir, who described their sound as Sognametal, named so after their home on the West Coast of Norway. Here they have "borrowed" a famous painting



by the Norwegian romanticist painter Hans F. Gude (1825-1903), *Likferd på Sognefjorden*.

Later, the band Ulver did their own take on roman-

ticizing Nature in what has been called their Black metal trilogy, from the years 1995-97 with albums *Bergtatt*, *Kveldssanger* and *Nattens Madrigal*.

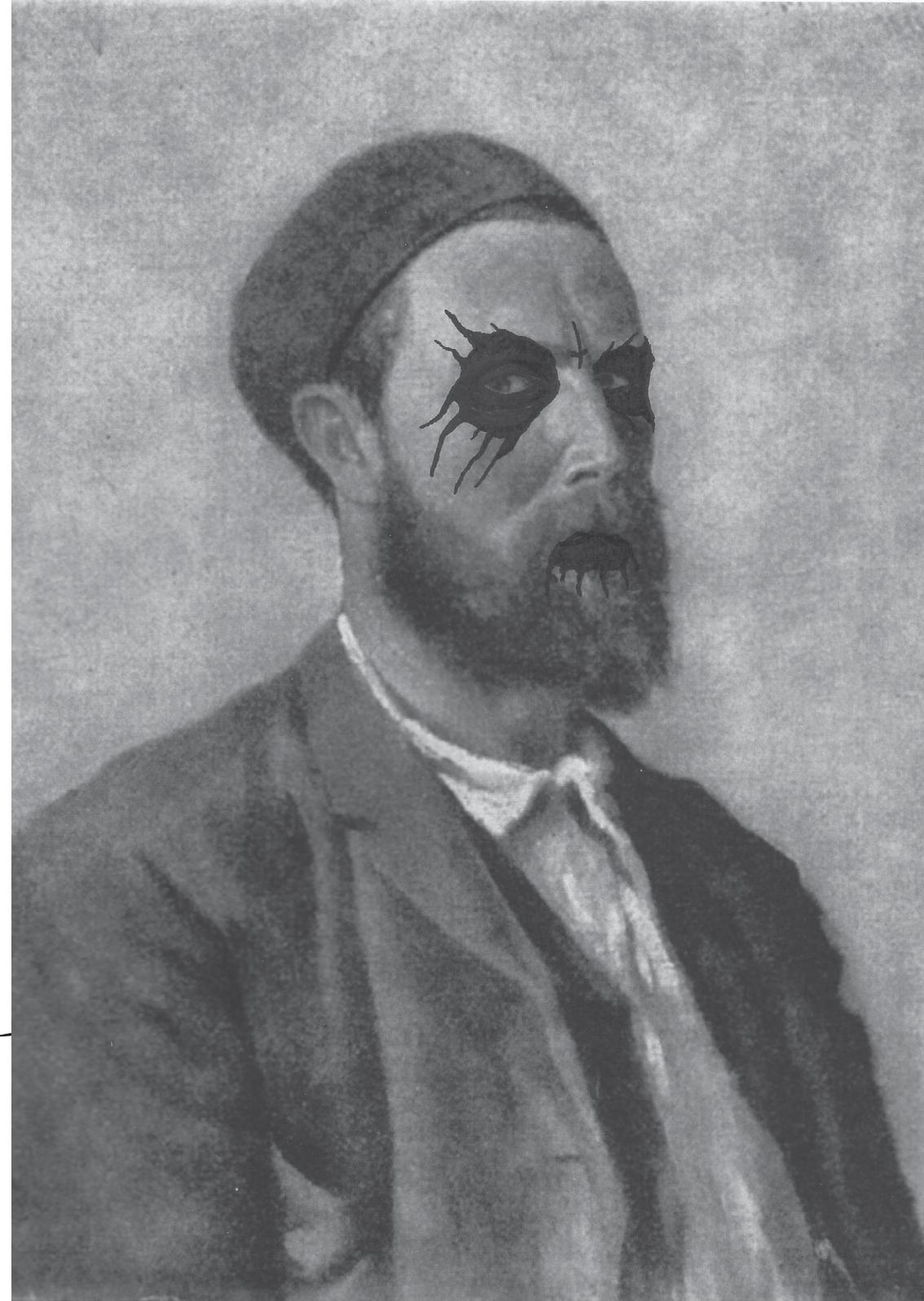
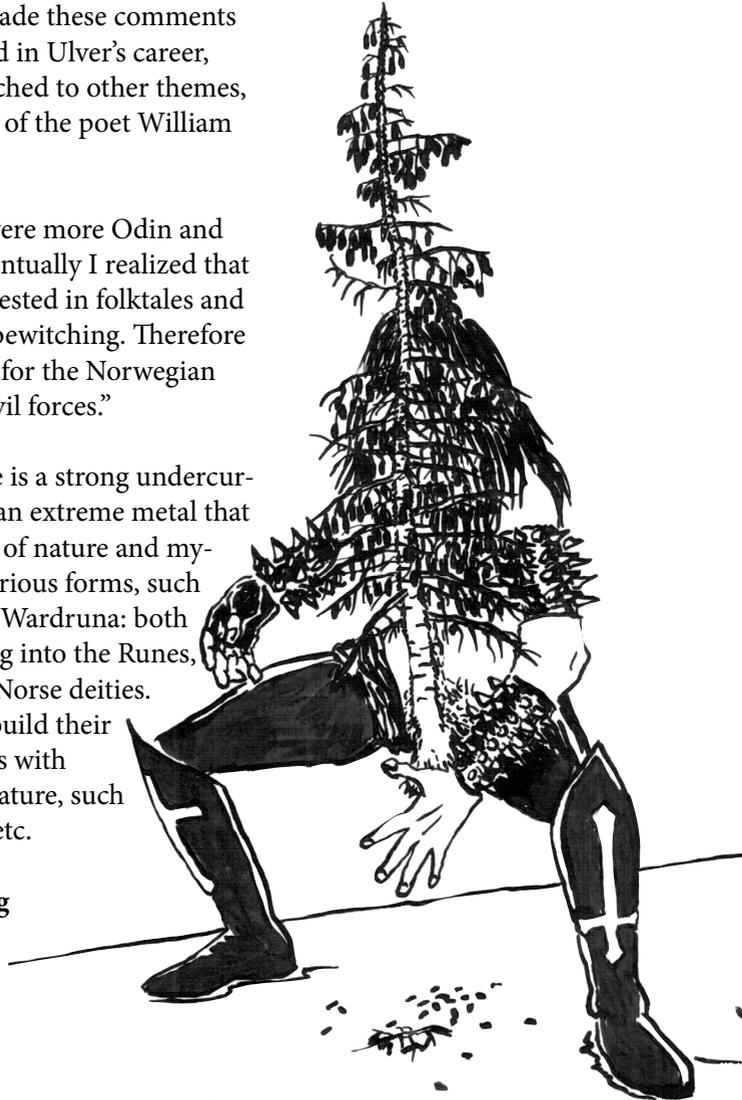


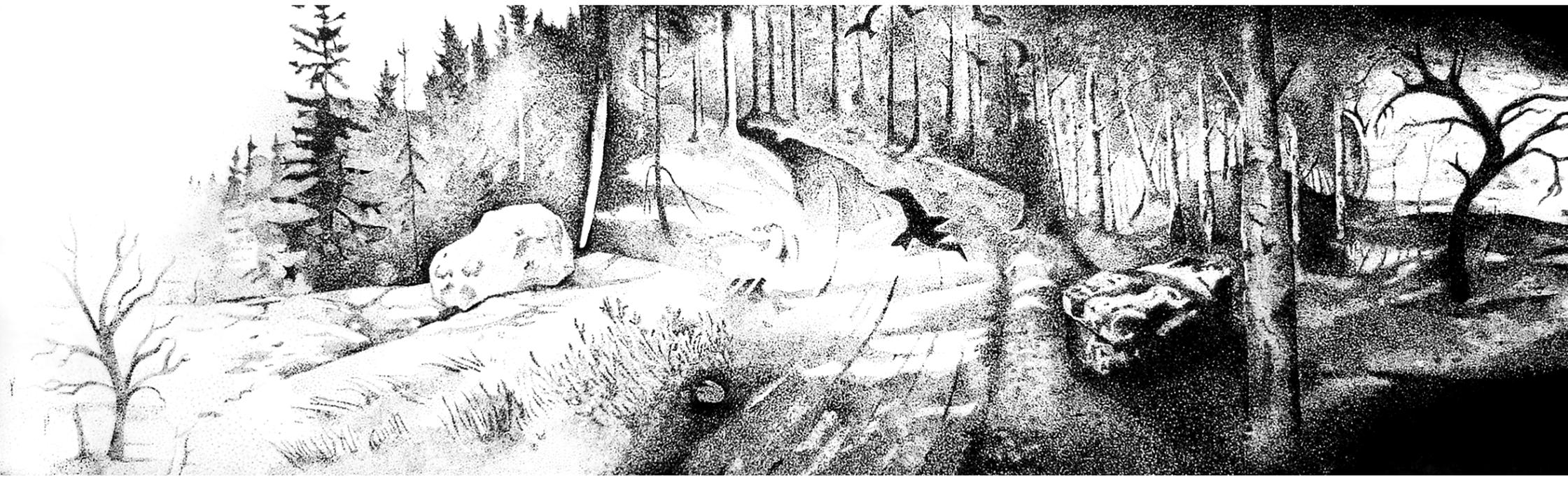
Kris Rygg has made these comments about this period in Ulver's career, before they switched to other themes, such as the texts of the poet William Blake: “

The first lyrics were more Odin and Valhalla, but eventually I realized that I was more interested in folktales and mythology, the bewitching. Therefore I started to look for the Norwegian alternatives to evil forces.”

To this day there is a strong undercurrent in Norwegian extreme metal that explores themes of nature and mythology in its various forms, such as Enslaved and Wardruna: both bands are delving into the Runes, the traits of the Norse deities. Wardruna also build their own instruments with material from Nature, such as Trees, Rocks etc.

Harald Fossberg







The world's Oldest tree —↑

Just over the border from Norway, in Sweden, stands the world's oldest tree. It may not look like much but its roots stretch back almost 10,000 years! The Norwegian spruce (*Picea Abies*) has a very complex genetic structure, meaning its seeds 'remember' the conditions from when they are in the ground, ready to grow. It stores and uses this information later in life to survive harsh winters & warmer climates. The World's oldest Tree is continually cloning versions of itself.

The Artist as a Tree →





THE FOREST

How do you relate to the real life place when so much of your perception of it is built up from stories, myths and folklore? It's interesting to think about and something that has been on my mind ever since I moved to the Swedish forest 10 years ago from inner city London. Over that time I can see that my relationship to the forest has changed and developed in many ways.

The idea of the forest as a dangerous, mysterious place is fed into our young minds as children. There could be a wolf ready to eat us up, a witch who wants to fatten us for her pot or an evil Troll who wants to do us harm. When I first moved here whenever I took a walk on my own I felt unnerved. A rustle in the undergrowth made me jump and I had no way of letting anyone know.....I was alone.

Another thing was also influencing how I looked at my surroundings and it was my love of Heavy Metal. I had been listening to a lot of Black Metal and had become really interested in all the imagery surrounding this genre of music. The bands appeared to revere the forest and even the trees themselves. Publicity shots showing the

bands members in full corpse paint deep in the forest surrounded by beautiful majestic trees and preferably with a dark impenetrable forest behind them seemed essential for any self respecting Nordic Black Metal band. Much has been said about the reasoning behind this and it is not my intention to expand on that needless to say I get all the back to the earth/ purity/ pagan stuff that goes along with this. However what struck me most was the atmosphere and context of those images and they were all about the image. The Forest is something that represents the untouched primal side of our world, the part we can't control, the place we came from. It is pre civilization, it is mysterious and magical and difficult to comprehend. It is the antithesis to the urban streetwise that is meant to be cutting edge. In some ways it is anti society..... it is something more pure.....and I think more than anything else this is something I took from listening and looking at Black Metal. It seemed an apt soundtrack to my environment and reflected the unnerving thing about the woods and how timeless they feel and how far away they are from human society. There are no distractions and to be with yourself after the frenzy of urban life is unsettling. If being by

yourself and having time to reflect was frightening this was amplified by the feeling of solitude and it touched on the psychedelic.....The sense of smell, sights and sounds became enhanced and sharper and when you sit among the trees there is the silence.....Is it this that people find unsettling.....being in nature forces you to be alone, undistracted and this means you have to reflect? It certainly offers a change of perspective.

I've also been thinking about how people who have lived here all their lives feel about the forest. I see an unsentimental and practical approach to the landscape. What I didn't understand at first is that much of the Scandinavian forest is 'farmed'. What we see is a man-made landscape with plantations of spruce that is there for harvest. In my area, made famous by the great naturalist Carl Von Linné there would have been a much more open landscape, grazed in places and with smaller copses of trees and much less thick pine forest. This history is important in forming a relationship with the landscape and is only understood by spending a considerable amount of time in a place. You can spot those strange mounds that are an ancient burial site or stumble across the ruined foundations of a long forgotten house or settlement and mostly for me you

can be blown away by the flora and fauna that returns in great abundance each spring in an explosion of growth and birdsong.

Hunting is a popular pastime here and adds to the feeling that the forest is a place for harvesting nature. The clear cutting of sections of forest for timber with what appears to be no sensitivity feels particularly brutal. And just because you live in a natural environment it doesn't seem to follow you respect it. A good example in recent years has been the return of the wolf to our area. On one occasion I was shocked at people being so adamant that the wolf should be killed and at the shock displayed when I said I opposed it. This was a female wolf who crossed over from Norway and settled around where I live. Much is made of the problem with the gene pool of the Swedish wolf so this seemed like a really good chance to introduce some new DNA. Even though Kynna, as she was dubbed by the media, had a GPS tracking device she eluded 300 hunters for months. Think about it, 300 hunters. When she was eventually shot it was found she was pregnant. Of course this illustrates perfectly the old prejudices against the wolf that are built on fear and fairy tales and it is incredible the hysteria the presence of one animal can create. When we first moved here it was after a great storm named Gudrun



that flattened huge swathes of forest and dramatically altered the landscape. When we bought our house it was surrounded by thick old forest but when we arrived with our car load of belongings we were confronted by an apocalyptic scene with trees lying on our buildings and flattened forest all around. It was soul destroying for us so I can't begin to imagine how it was for people who lived here and knew the landscape intimately. Much was made of the fact that poor planting could have averted so much destruction with a move to mixed planting... this many people ignored. In a way I see this forest as a microcosm of our general attitude to nature. More quick growing spruce was planted and more storms are sure to come... a shortsighted view to make a fast buck. Forest owners cut down ancient oaks and beeches...'because they need the money' and giant machines harvest the forest in huge swathes whilst destroying the ground beneath them with their huge weight.

It seems to me that this continual reaping of natural resources and our landscape places the idea of the value of our natural world in all the wrong places. When I walk around here now I often feel sadness at how we treat all this and a certain amount of anger that we carry on in this way.

However, nature bounces back and there are still moments of wonder everyday and there is still a Heavy Metal soundtrack.

James Aldridge





Levelling

Take me under.

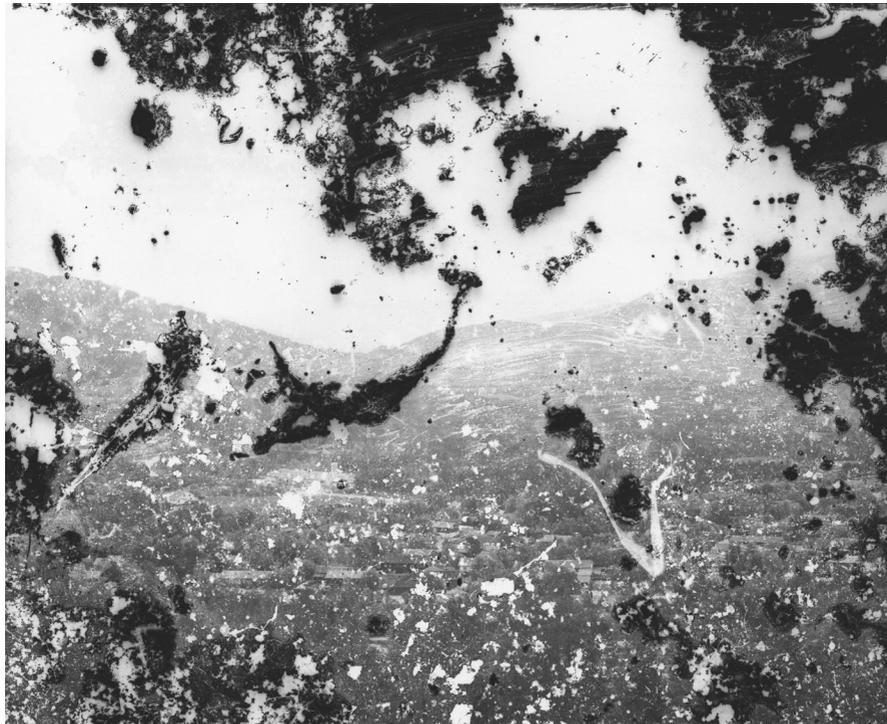
Under decaying leaves,
Below the damp smelling moss,
Between the strong roots of ancient trees.

Let me lie there for all eternity.

Cradled in timelessness.

Invisible.

Never to be found.





Intellectuals, writers notably, introduced Luciferianism in 19th-century art. It makes sense that contemporary artists maintain it, and that Black Metal appears as the perfect vector. By mixing pagan and occult imagery, artists reveal the links between Scandinavian devil's music and Romanticism. The melancholic and dark, rambling development of the psyche allows a celebration of knowledge. Obviously, the veneration of nature, the fascination for the past's magnificence, the rejection of morality, the cult of the genius, and a kind of nationalism are typically Romantic concerns shared with Black Metal. If Romanticism is an absolute art, does Black Metal's involvement with Romanticism turn the genre into an absolute music? Actually, it gains this state through art. It becomes pure, speculative, and its metaphysical dimension makes it sacred. Artists who recognize this "Romantic agony" find the aesthetics of horror and terror as a source of pleasure, the splendor of the monstrous. They reinterpret this referent with codes particular to art history, because their first aim is to fulfill their roles as interpreters. Raising Black Metal to a spiritual level is not sufficient for some artists who claim its destruction is necessary for it to obtain resurrection.

*Elodie Lesourd, from *Baptism or Death: Black Metal in contemporary art**



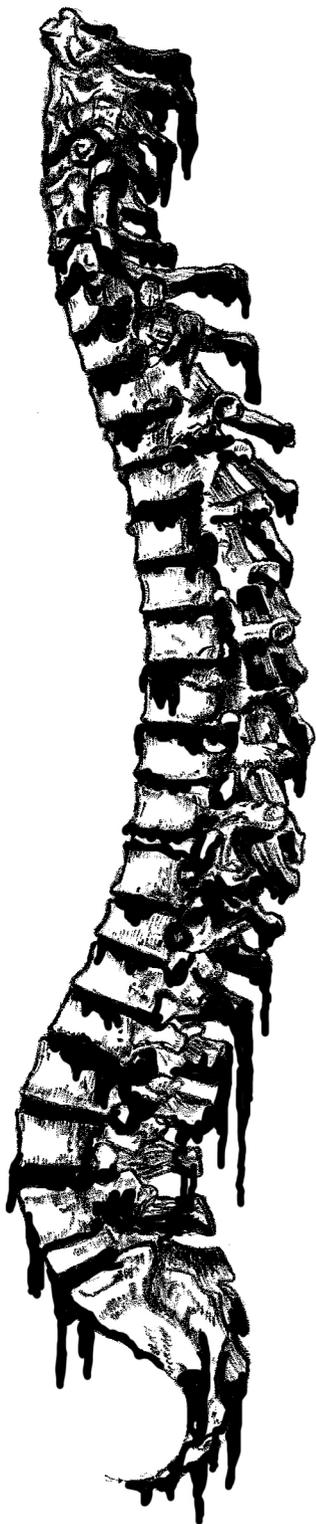
MIXIAPK

old school Norwegian black metal
from the forest !!

1. Intro - morgenstemning, 1876
2. Mayhem - Freezing Moon, 1994
3. Darkthrone - Where Cold Winds Blow, 1992
4. In the Woods... - ...In the Woods, 1995
5. Emperor - Beyond the Great vast forest, 1994
6. Enslaved - Frost, 1994
7. Forgotten Woods - Hvor vinteren rår, 1995
8. Satyricon - Min Hyllest til vinterland, 1994
9. Carpathian Forest - Return of the freezing winds, 1992
10. Fimbulwinter - Black Metal Storm, 1994
11. Immortal - the sun no longer rises, 1993
12. Burzum - Feeble screams from forests unknown, 1992
13. Isengard - Gjennom skogen til Blaatjellene, 1994
14. Ulver - Capitel V: Bergtatt - in di fjeldkamrene, 1995
15. Darkthrone - Snø og Granskog (Utferd), 1995







BM vs. DM

For almost 5 years now I have been producing Buried Zine, a metal fanzine dedicated to interviewing underground bands, focusing on those who don't get covered in the metal press and who I think deserve more consideration. Buried aims to talk to them in the terms and values with which they define their music. The zine does not adhere to normal Xerox zine aesthetics, each page is laid out in a manner akin to a medieval illuminated text with specially commissioned illustrations and works from artists and writers that are not directly metal related but pertain to morbid themes.

The bands featured in each issue are selected around particular themes that I see as currents in the global scene. The first issue featured one-man (and only men) black metal bands, the second covered avant-garde black metal and issues three to five have looked at death metal from different regions of the world. Bands from those first two issues would have certainly associated with the ideas of landscape and place explored in Una's work. Dis Pater of Midnight Odyssey said that although a resident of tropical Brisbane, he found inspiration for his cold, epic black metal in the most apocalyptic of the city's summer rainstorms. A sound from a time 'when humans had little to no influence on the world.' Old Forest, also interviewed in issue 2, have released a trilogy of albums dedicated to the landscape and myth of the English county of Sussex. Both bands expose a sentimentality common in black metal, concocting a romantic historical ideal that is then entwined with or stems from fascism, nationalism, paganism or nihilism. The mythologies the bands create extend beyond a framework for the music and become a prism for the band to be seen through them selves. The mythologies of the music become totalising edifices encompassing art and artist. This is a trait you can see emergent in Venom, which reaches it's horrific conclusion in the actions of Faust and Varg. Now, 20

years later, many bands are very much of the same tendency. Hunter Hunt Hendrix (also interviewed in issue 2) audaciously proclaims his band Liturgy to have distilled a new sort of metal that overcomes the nihilism of our age. No less than a total transformation of our contemporary condition.

The enduring appeal of black metal is this deeply romantic sensibility about its power as a creator of meaning and some herald of truth, be that of the true or the good nature of things. The best black metal exposes the fallacy of this project and is tinged with a sense of tragic loss. It shows an understanding of their status as works of passive nihilism in the classic Nietzschean sense. A longing for lost meaning. This is why Liturgy's second and third albums fail to be anything like as interesting as the first; they do not understand they could never be an overcoming of nihilism. They are just another expression of passive nihilism.

Black metal and its philosophy is now a heavily explored subject, even over explored, and the mythologies described earlier often compromise the art and writing around it. Black metal is in the main a creative subject for people who love the music first and find ways to channel its aesthetics on its own terms. This means the mythologies it creates are entrenched further.

The most obvious evidence of this is the complete lack of interest in death metal, a genre so close to black metal musically and thematically that bands switch between the styles all the time and unless you are very well versed in extreme metal the genres are sonically homogenous.

Why has death metal not inspired writing or art in the same manner as black metal? I believe the reason for the critical division stems from the totalising ideologies of black metal, it is more than music to listeners and it is generally thought of on its own ideological terms. Death metal is in contrast disinterested in an overt, encompassing, world defining ideology, it has not captured its audience in the same manner.

Buried underwent a turn a few years ago where what was happening in death metal was more interesting than black metal. This is to do with the nihilism present in the two genres. The passive nihilism found in the doomed romanticism of black metal had run its course and started to have less appeal. The active nihilism in contemporary death metal, most specifically the slam subgenre, seemed to be offering much more creative potential.

Whereas passive nihilism reflects on what has been lost with the end of meaning, active nihilism proactively destroys the remnants of those values in the belief that only with the destruction of all our post, modern, and pre-modern values will we be able to create new meaning again. Slam does this through revelling in being as unsophisticated as possible. It uses repetitive simplistic structures and rhythms in a self-consciously crude way, eliciting the most visceral response it can. The vocals are stripped of all intelligibility, more so than in black metal, where the howls and screams are still heavily laden with emotion. It is of course still music and generates an internal musical logic, but this logic is constructed deliberately in opposition to any higher value or expressive sensibility.



Keith Khan-Harris in his book *Extreme Metal* suggests the concept of reflexive anti reflexivity to describe extreme metal's appeal and more specifically how it deals with its offensive subject matter. He defines this term as how metal finds freedom in offending and destroying the values of liberal societies. I propose slam death metal is the embodiment of this concept. Khan-Harris's idea of reflexive anti reflexivity can be seen as an actively nihilistic strategy too. Slam is not a manifestation of a frustrated desire to commit depraved acts or a lack of understanding of the acts morality but an attack on the values of a liberal society itself, an act of active nihilism.

Perhaps death metal's caustic relationship to liberal values is the reason for the lack of engagement by artists and writers. It can't be cited comfortably in a grander cultural tradition, whereas black metal can. This suggestion does however posit death metal as a particularly unique form

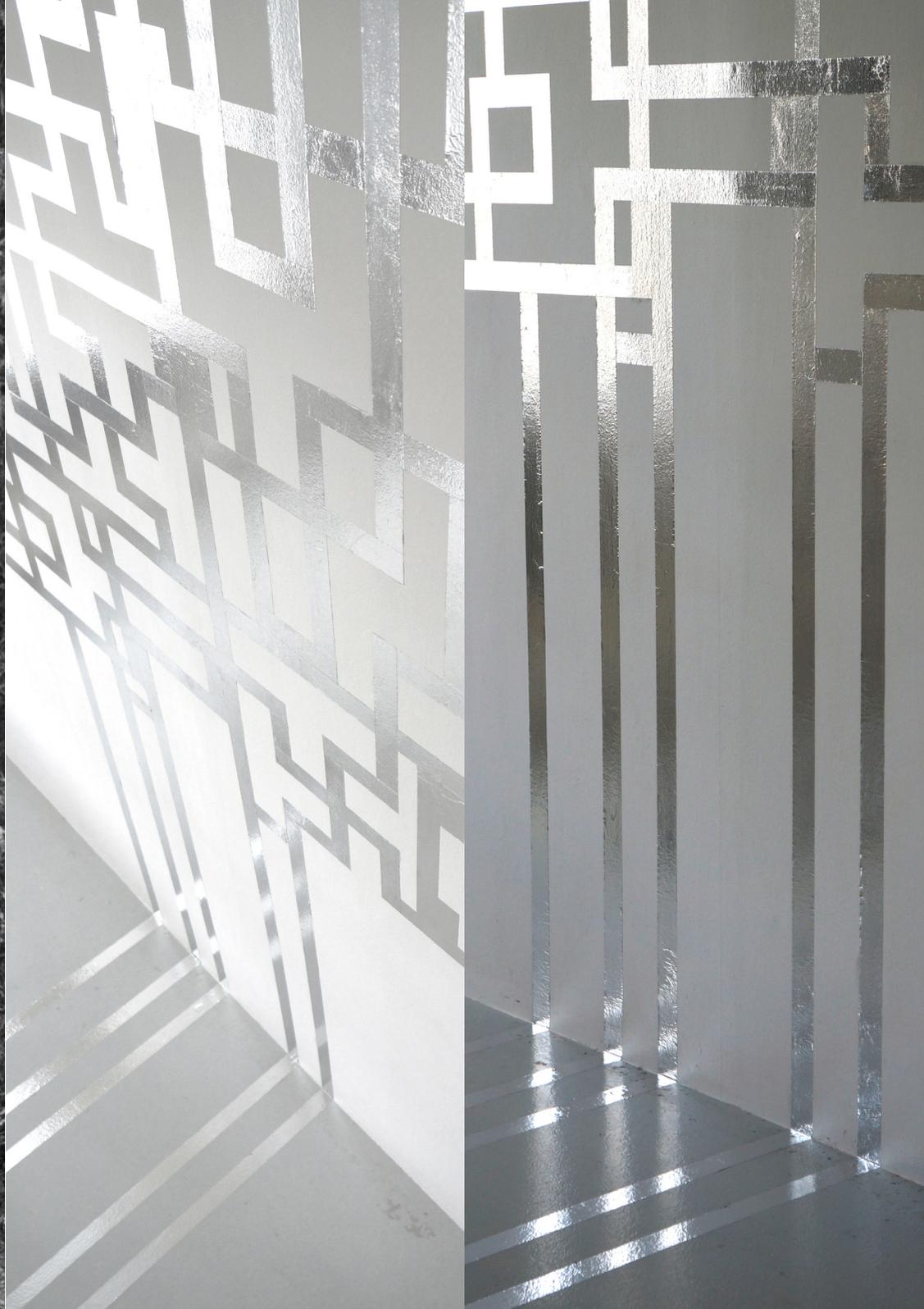
of cultural production, above or unique in metal, the very thing that I have been critical of in the a broad swathe of the treatment of black metal.

This short essay does not try to draw any hard conclusions on the relationship between these two genres of metal or the broader creative and critical engagement with them. It has also been less than rigorous in justifying the arguments made. The intention is to promote an appreciation of slam and to dissuade people from holding black metal in such high regard. To see it in its proper context rather than as a unique form of expression. Below is a list of slam death metal albums you should start listening to!

Patrick Moran

- Abominable Putridity** - The Anomalies Of Artificial Origin
- Turbidity** - Suffering of Human Decapitated
- Guttural Engorgment** - Slow Decay of Infected Flesh
- 7. H Target** - 0.00 Apocalypse
- Traumatomy** - Transcendental Evisceration of Necrogenetic Beasts
- Vomit Remnants** - Supreme Entity
- Vulvectomy** - Post-Abortion Slut Fuck
- Guttural Slug** - Megalodon
- Wormed** - Planisphaerium
- Human Mastication** - Driven to Kill
- Devourment** - Unleash The Carnivore
- Soils of Fate** - Thin the Heard
- Ingested** - Surpassing the Boundaries of Human Suffering
- Kranium** - Post Mortal Coital Fixation
- Rotted Rebirth** - The Depth Of Cessation
- Gorevent** - Worship Paganism
- Vomitous** - Empires Of Great Enslavement





Neseblod Records is a record shop in Oslo that is housed in the same location as Eronymous' legendary Helvete shop. They have a big archive of material from the early days of black metal and are in the process of making a black metal museum. You can see their stuff on

www.blackmetal
museum.no

Darkthrone,
Cromlech demo
tape, 1989

In the Woods,
Isle of Man demo
tape, 1993

Darkthrone, A new
dimension 88,
promotape no. 23

Burzum, demotape, 1991

Wallachia demo, 1996

Satyricon demotape
1993

Demonic, Når mørket faller
demo tape, 1994

Obtained enslavement,
demo tape, 1994

Nekrosus: a transcript

Video, 4 mins, 2010

Skogskanten markerte en terskel
Forbi den lå et terreng fullt av myter
Hvor en evig svart tåke ble sagt å holde bo

The forest's edge marked a threshold
Within lay a realm of myths
Where an eternal black mist was said to reside

Stedet var ukjent, fremmed mark
Et sted hvor skikkelser i mørket ropte ut den reisendes navn
og lurte dem fra stiens trygge gange
Inn i skyggedømmet

It was an uncharted place, a strange terrain
A place where figures in the dark would cry out a travellers
name and lure them from their course
Into the shadow kingdom

Det var her de hørte til
De Ventende
De som levde i villmarken
De snek seg rundt i skyggene
De som var villmarken
På utkikk

This is where they belonged
The Waiting
They lived amongst wilderness
Lurking in the shadows
They were wilderness
Watching

Iblant kunne man høre kallet i suset fra trærne
Noen ble lokket av de gjemsøkte melodiene
De satte inn i skogen men gikk for langt, forvillet seg
Fant ikke veien tilbake fra dit de kom

Sometimes a calling could be heard in the whispering trees
Some were drawn to the haunting melodies
They set forth into the woods but strayed too far, got lost
Could not find their way back whence they came

Øyne i mørket fulgte vaksomt med
Sakte ble de sirklet inn

Eyes in the darkness kept their watch over every move
Slowly circling them in

Underskogen grep tak i dem
Buktende grønne armer holdt fast
De dro dem ned i tjernets kalde omfavnelse
Holdt dem fange inni ugjennomtrengelige fjellhaller

The undergrowth took hold of them
Ensnared them into green arms
Dragged them into the cool embrace of the lake
Imprisoned them in impenetrable mountain domains

Her lå de stille
Ikke en lyd
Borte for alltid

Here they lay motionless
Not a sound
Forever departed

Disse kreftene i landskapet var alltid tilstede
Rester fra en svunnen tid

These forces were perpetually present in the landscape
Lingering on from a time forgotten

Ventende...

Waiting...

Det var noen som valgte å gå av stien og som velvillig bega
seg inn i skogen
De aksepterte mørket og ga seg over til naturen
De løp langsmed skyggene

There were those that chose to throw off the cloak of society
and willingly ventured into the forest
They accepted the dark and gave themselves over to Nature
They ran free with the shadows of the world

Deres språk har lenge vært glemt
Lukkede ører møter deres sang
Man hører ikke lenger notenes opphav i kallene fra skogen

Their language is long forgotten
Closed ears greet their song
The origin of music is no longer heard in the callings of the
forest

Men underskogen rasler
Og trærne følger fortsatt med
Og nå og da kan man høre et aldri så svakt sus gjennom
tretoppene...

But the undergrowth is rustling
And the trees still watch
And now and again can be heard an ever so faint murmur
travelling through the tree tops...

+ CONTRIBUTORS +

Illustrations

Cover/logo AR 3. UHH, *Becoming the Forest: Sprouting*, Collage, 2015 **4-6.** UHH, *Picea Abies*, Transcription of sound installation, 2015. Found images of Beherit, Strid, Ulver and Emperor. **7.** UHH *Becoming the Forest: Patterned*, Collage, 2015 **12.** JU, *Abbath*, Drawing, 2015 **13.** UHH, *Honorary Black Metallor Theodor Kittelsen*, 2015 **14-15.** EL *Black Pointing (Feeble Screams from Forests Unknown)*, 2008. Ink on paper **17.** UHH, *The Artist as a Tree*, 2015 **21.** SR, *Ingen Veit Kven Som Slikar På Berget*, Black ink, 2014 **22.** SR, *Norwegian Spruce*, 2013 **23.** UHH, *Becoming the Forest: Cut*, Collage, 2010 **24.** UHH, *Burial: Norge*, Negatives buried on the site they were taken and then exhumed, 2010 **25.** UHH, *Levelling poem*, 2010 **26 - 27.** PM/courtesy of Buried Zine **29.** Drawing by AW, Mixtape by UHH. Download a copy from <http://unahamiltonhelle.co.uk/index.php/projects/becoming-the-forest/> **30.** SR, *1:1 N 60.02823 E 010.78493*, drawing **31.** AW, *Nothing Escapes*, 2015 **32.** PM/courtesy of Buried Zine **34.** AW **35.** JU, *Dead*, drawing, 2015 **37.** EL, *La forêt d'en haut*, 2014. Aluminium tape on wall, variable dims, installation view at Le Quartier, Quimper

James Aldridge is an English artist who lives in a house in the woods of Sweden with his family. He is also a heavy metal maniac. You can see his work at www.davidrisleygallery.com

Le Bon Accueil is a not-for-profit gallery in Rennes, France, curated by Damien Simon. The gallery focuses on sound art and the convergence of music and art and hosts exhibitions and concerts. <http://bon-accueil.org>

Harald Fossberg has been a vocalist in several Norwegian bands since the 70's, including Hærverk and Turbonegro. He is a journalist at Norway's biggest daily newspaper, Aftenposten, as well as a radio DJ. He recently published *Nyanser av svart*, a book about the roots of Norwegian Black Metal.

Una Hamilton Helle is a Norwegian artist based in London. Her artistic practice concerns itself with where and how we locate and create meaning for ourselves. She likes metal a lot. www.unahamiltonhelle.co.uk

Elodie Lesourd is a French artist and writer who takes Black Metal as the starting point for much of her practice. You can read the rest of her essay *Baptism or Death: Black Metal in contemporary art, birth of a new aesthetic category* in Helvete Journal, Issue 1. www.elodielesourd.com

Patrick Moran is editor of Buried zine. More information can be found out about Buried at these addresses: buriedzine@gmail.com - <http://buriedzine.bigcartel.com> - <http://buriedzine.tumblr.com>

Oodaaq Festival is run by l'Œil d'Oodaaq, an organization for the creation and promotion of poetic images. Oodaaq is a small island, or technically a bank of gravel, that was discovered in 1978, north-east of Greenland. When it was discovered it was said being the most northern emerged land on earth. Scientists never managed to relocate Oodaaq after its first discovery, and the island is leading an existence somewhere between concrete reality and imagination. www.loelidoodaaq.fr/festival.php

Antoine Ronco is a visual artist based in Rennes, France. He is part of silk screen workshop La Presse Purée. <http://antoineronco.com>

Sebastian Rusten is a Norwegian illustrator and artist who plays guitar in Dark Times. He has illustrated album covers for bands such as Okkultokrati, Haust, Årabrot and others. www.sebastianrusten.com

Jan Utecht is an animation filmmaker, executer of heavy metal comic strips, and stands as one half of the black metal band Occvlt. He lives in Berlin. <http://jannyratten.tumblr.com/>

Andrew Walter is an illustrator and roleplaying death metal-head. His work is rooted in pulp tradition and influences include vintage heavy music, fantasy and science fiction. His next projects include various self-published gaming supplements and issue #3 of his metal themed drawing zine *Whispering Eyes*. <http://andrewsftsn.tumblr.com> - <http://www.andrewwalter.co.uk>



