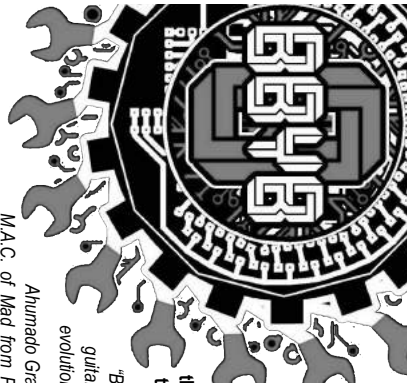




7E110T13H



2011, Padua, Northeast Italy. Rectal Sneagra are on the bill. Cesco Massakergore, pusher of the finest pathogore hashish scambles in town, came to me with something to watch. In the video a wild bunch of masked grindlers spit the most smegmatic nose out of a Sound System and into the melted faces of ravers. BB4B, Babayaba. A witch's meth trip buried in the deepest forests in Asia. The video was from Czartok in Poland, around 2010: on Protoss Sound System guttural bpm were on air! Breakbeats, smashing guitars and guttural vocals; it was beyond cyborgland, and much more visceral than any goretek band I'd heard before in my life and the location matched. Another band I'd happily discovered that year was M.A.C. of Mad; they'd come to play nearby, and not by chance are they one of the many influences on BB4B's sound and attitude:

"BB4B started with pure gore grind by Kiro, twisted into electro by Acid, intoxicated by thrash guitar from Shusta and spiced by didgeridoo played by a lot of friends, currently by Bobatko. Our evolution up to this point took 10 years... maybe more.

Alumado Granujo's use of samples changed many of our lives. Other influences have been Yarnesh and M.A.C. of Mad from Prague, the first EP from French Moshpit, Whourr, Agoraphobic Nosebleed, Berzerker, Drumcorps, Genghis Tron... and many more... we know, it's not all tek Gore... but every mixture of live instruments and electro should get more in between people and we should definitely connect to each other and not be divided by labels!"

You can hear this weird brew of sounds loud and clear on BB4B's latest EP, *PAL*: five tracks of pure biomechanical mayhem with a closing smash that will destroy any speaker you let it near! Their live appearance is sick too; nobody knows what pushed Kiro into knitting his mask, but apparently the starting point was a traditional school bag for kids from the 1980s. In 2015 I finally got to see them live at Obscene Extreme, starting the bill with bands like Blood, Rompepop, General Surgery, Destructive Explosion of Anal Garland, Gore and Carnage, Deche-charge, Mindful of Priyat, Undying Lust for Cadaverous Molestation, among the sweetest. BB4B played late on Friday night, a complete awakening of the senses. Their festive attitude mixed with an extreme sound, and all of it thrown into confusion by that fucking didgeridoo, plastered with pagan symbols by Bobatko to enhance tripping experience for listeners. A mantra made of 8-bit, mashup, grind, crust, breakcore... I felt myself disappear among the hundreds of bodies that had burst into a spontaneous party attitude and punk they vomited:



COOP.

"We decided years ago that 'our music is not for everyone' and we try to keep this simple motto alive. Grindcore/UG community is closely linked with tekno community, don't ask us why but if you move in these circles, you'll understand. We enjoy blasting our music out to whoever has ears that are open to receiving it, and the reactions we get are anywhere from shy to eccentric reactions... sometimes we worry we might be stoned to death."

Our Sound System is a collection of the equipment we've assembled through the years as Shusta and Bobatko are part-time sound technicians. Btk organised it all into a regular small compact Sound System. We started to do some gigs for friends from all around the world at an ancient landmark close to city of Ostrava (our hometown) and eventually it became the Sound System for gatherings of open-minded people that it was always destined to become."

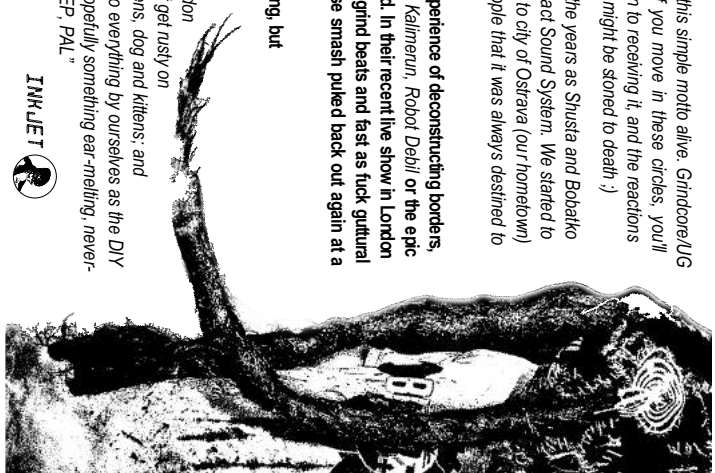
Personally, I find BB4B inspiring as hell, their attitude helped me through the experience of deconstructing borders, both real and metaphorical, and the soundtrack was awesome! Yaba the Hut, Kalmennu, Robot Devil or the epic Dion cover Vécny had all describe different worlds, each of them equally fucked. In their recent live show in London at Chimpy fest, the situation was hanging. After an in your face set of broken grind beats and fast as fuck guttural blasts, the spiral converged into a black hole of bpm and riffs, speedcore base smash puked back out again at a hundred metres a second! Total respect!

Right now, the meth witch is going for broke! Not only is *PAL* fucking mesmerizing, but the whole band is giving it their all:

"We are currently building on life experiences: Kiro is improving his mask making skills and living in Prague for some of the year; Shusta is living in London and observing music and the social scene there, as well as playing d-beat to not get rusty on guitar; Acid is perfecting his skills as a producer in the countryside with chickens, dog and kittens; and Bobatko is becoming one with electricity in the Netherlands. We are trying to do everything by ourselves as the DIY ethic is a big part of our lives. There will definitely be at least one more record, hopefully something ear-melting, never-before-heard and totally experimental. For now just keep listening to our latest EP, *PAL*."

Do it! It's online... but keep in mind YABA MEANS DANGER!

INKJET



Dark Demon

THE DARK DEMON'S VIRTUAL CRYPT
LGBTQIA+ AWARENESS DONE RIGHT: A PRIDE RUN REVIEW

LGBTQIA+ is a term that can make quite a ruckus, so what does LGBTQIA+ mean? LGBT as an acronym was born in the late '80s to identify not only gay people but all kind of sexualities and gender identities [Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender]. Developed by videogame makers IV Productions, an Italian studio, with the collaboration of Hard Ton, an Italian artist who worked on the amazing soundtrack of this title, *Pride Run* was published by Green Man Gaming this October.

It's a rhythm game/ LGBTQIA+ parade simulation in which, with the correct timing, we are to walk through beautifully depicted cities around the world in a charming retro-style graphic. While we are marching and creating combos with our majestic timing skills more and more people by the sidewalks will join us, even transform, revealing their true selves without shame or fear, just dancing and having fun with amazing effects running at the same time on screen. At the end of each run there will be a boss fight with a caricature of a renowned anti-LGBTQIA+ person, or comical character representing the region where you are in that moment. The Boss fights are really fun and completely violence-free (like the whole game actually), during these encounters we are going to insert a specific combo for each different attack, after that, we have to solve a little mini-game to increase the damage done and

resist their counterattacks; keep going like this for a while and you'll have the chance to finish your foe with a final move to obtain a great **PRIDEALITY** [not joking it's actually a thing].

The soundtrack of this game, created by Hard Ton, is simply epic. Each song is catchy and fits perfectly in both the location and the parade's transformations during our run, each city has its song for a complete and variegated musical experience. The only flaw that I found in this game is the absence of a boost of sorts in the soundtrack when we score a perfect combo, a classic feature of rhythm games. But it's a minor detail considering the great music you hear throughout the rest of the game. In addition to all of this, there is a multiplayer mode where up to 4 players can coordinate to get the best score possible and face the boss of the area together.

I believe that this is among the best indie games I've played this year, not only for the gameplay or technical aspects, but for how this game sends a crystal clear message to everyone: without having to be a LGBTQIA+ member you should be able to enjoy good times with whoever or whatever you want without prejudice; just being yourself and living by it.

5 HOURS AND 34 MINUTES IN HELSINKI OR + I SEE YOU LORD SATANACHIA, SMILING +

It was raining as we disembarked the Viking cruise ship *Gabriella*, an invading horde armed only with credit cards, iPhones, and a change of clothes. The 17-hour passage from Stockholm was not the pre-raid bacchanal I'd been promised – more like a long night at a suburban mall with not-very-good-expensive food and gambling machines. On the tram ride to central station I smiled at a round-faced baby in a pram and it smiled back at me – this penchant for mimicry kept its baby ancestors from being dashed on the rocks and eaten. but contemporary invaders of Finland, like me, don't do that much anymore – why did it smile back?

The 4 caryatids guarding the main entrance to central station were not smiling, their jawlines set in grim determination to both light the way (they carry unlit globes in their upturned palms) and to protect against unwanted intrusion. Finland, 102 years old this December 6, knows something of unwanted intrusion having been invaded, annexed, and/or occupied for most of its history.

After crossing Hannibal-like the biomorphic alp-like accretions atop the Amos rex museum, we occupied Finland's newest monument to Christianity, the wood-wrapped, egg-shaped Kamppi Chapel of Silence. Moments later I had to exile myself as I was possessed by coughing demons. on my way out I noticed a shelf holding 17 bibles – each in a different language.

Soon thereafter and quite by accident, we paused in front of the Finnish museum of natural history and espied through splayed doors an African elephant (*Loxodonta Africana*), stuffed. The museum was lousy with children and cost 15 euros but/and from the entrance we could see the heads and bones and pelts of countless animals, including humans. A sign on a column next to a carcass of a Japanese spider crab (*Macrocheira Kaempferi*) declared this collection to be 'a library of life'.

We wandered past many Finnish flags (blue cross sideways on white background) on our walk north to the Sibelius monument. From what I can gather, a monument is a really big memorial to something or somebody that has died. Would it be more accurate to describe the natural history museum as a monument to life? doing so would at least acknowledge – albeit tacitly – the significance of death in helping to define life.

Sibelius is a composer/violinist in the late romantic/early modern tradition whose work helped define a national identity during Finland's struggle for independence from Russia. He drew widely on nature, Nordic mythology, and the Finnish national epic, the *Kalevala* for inspiration. there were 3 tour busses parked near the Sibelius monument and their contents, maggots-like, scoured the memorial for fun and meaning.

A short walk south and east of the Sibelius monument is the Empelliaukio Church, AKA the rock church. inside it is warm, the acoustics great, the pews comfy, and as far as I could tell, impossible to burn down. A photo taken from outside and high above this igneous monument to drilling, dynamite and Jesus, makes it look like a giant doorbell set in stone. It cost 2 euros to get in.

Like Sibelius, many Finnish black metal composers also draw on nature and Nordic mythology in their drive to conjure an identity. Unlike Sibelius, their sources of inspiration are often rather negatively defined. In *Eternal Flame Of Gehenna*, a documentary about Finnish black metal, Lord Satanachia of Azazel says, "I'm against Christianity, so of course I like to see churches burning." No amount of corpse paint can conceal some Finnish black metal composers' love of Satan, contempt for the abrahamic religions, foreigners, hippies, punk rockers, and a deep yearning to be left alone in the woods to sing. One of the things that makes black metal black is not any one musical style, but ideology; belief systems – every serious band will have built at least one. While one band seeks comfort and dissolution in a fierce pagan love of forests and a life pre-Christian, another espouses a Satan-worshipping, blood and soil ethos that encourages trade in Nazi paraphernalia and human bones – as well as records, tapes, CDs, and T-shirts: black metal is ecclesiastically varied,

has many different bibles, rabid parishioners and inverted crosses.

It's probably true that when Christianity first came to Finland in the 11th century, it did not knock first or ring any doorbells, and if ever there was a monument to the anger at being woken up early Sunday morning by religious zealots and hating everything not fascist, Satan-loving and pagan, it's Kvit records on Iso Roobertinkatu 42 – only a quick walk south from the other rock church.

Cities are living monuments to humans (*Homo Sapiens*) and their beliefs, desires and fears. My short time at Kvit records left me feeling ill and/or needing lunch. We found a café not far from Errotajankatu – which translates as 'difference street'. The lady behind the counter was dressed head to toe in black and wore black latex gloves. She smiled as she served us food. I smiled back. Humans instinctively mirror other human's emotional expressions on their own faces – facial mimicry may be central to our ability to empathize with other people. Maybe that's why some black metal musicians wear make-up, to conceal their empathy. Maybe what made me feel sick was not a lack of food, but the realisation that because I am human, I am capable of worshipping Satan and burning churches...

Back to the boat in the rain; anchors a-weigh.

Ben Speth
Critic-at-Large (motherfucker).

