

# LISTEN

AURORE BILLION: PHOTOGRAPH  
BEN SPETH: WORDS



Dismantling of World Trade Center, Bruxelles



imagine a tree are there leaves on it maybe fruit figs apples or oranges is its bark dark or light glossy or matte is it mottled with moss and lichen does it feel smooth like paper or is it rough deeply fissured teeming with insects and spiders food for birds and reptiles does your tree make a sound as it sways in a spring breeze or is it deeply rooted solid implacable and through its wide arms the wind sings maybe your tree is a vast mesh of branches each thick with leaves green that in summer shade and cool the earth maybe your tree is coniferous evergreen always pointing up is your tree under a blue sky is it raining is it padded with snow maybe your tree is in a forest kept company by other trees maybe it's alone on a plain surrounded by high grass maybe there is a small solitary bird high up resting in your tree maybe a shiny black murder of cawing crows bends every branch think of its roots how they push and curl through the dirt searching for food and water are there worms fleshy sightless delicate nesting in that black soil among the reaching roots is your tree alive does your tree think what is thinking take an axe to him her them do they feel pain listen



# Beyond The Grave

New Cross Inn is no novice to extreme music gigs, hosting among the best metal & punk festivals in south-east London. Tonight, 26 November 2021, Beyond The Grave is dedicated to Slam Death Metal, so many treats... **Putrid Summoning** starts the rotting with a savage dose of goliardic, muddy downtempos & blast beats, the mob seethes. The following act, **Pathogenic Virulence**, really gets the slime pouring from the walls, and ends up as one of the best tortures of the night: breakdowns galore and machine-gun noise wall, aggressive, forthright and technical enough to clotch your thoughts to a decaying vortex of trepidation. With fewer demons and more beer, **Total Consumption** starts the drinking and switches the knob to "faster & shorter". Their singer loses himself within the crowd, traumatised by the mouldiest growl and the most absurd lyrics... Male Pattern Baldness!? Grindcore scales right in the face! Then, **Dygora** are something else, they're the cleanest band on stage and deliver an exquisite and refined dose of brutal death, only kinda core-ish. Flower-patterned dress-wearing headbanging-metalhead approves. On the opposite side of the genre, **Thy Flesh Consumed**, assaults us from the pit ruthlessly with crossover riffs and doom shotgun breaks -- if NYH was a death metal genre, this would be it. The singer wore a wife-beater and a chain: moshpit violence is the only answer to his warbringer growling! Both from Wales, the final two acts are an overdose of brutality and mayhem. **Sodomized Cadaver** proudly keeps up the killing with some fierce slam palpitations heiling American old school masters. They play an incredible amount of ferocious tunes, flowing unstoppable like a group ejaculation from a corpse orgy. **Sodomized Cadaver's** perverse ritual reminds me of Rhamer's presence; despite being only two on stage they saturate their Florida-infused blasts with slow modern british madness, guitar solos intertwined with monumental spasms of noise & volume: a "vile intercourse" with metal. Finally, **Desecration** are amongst the most important English death metal bands. They set the standard with their classic "Gore & Perversion" LP back in '96. Despite admitting having rehearsed only three times before this gig, everything was just impeccably coprophilic. A massive setlist that awakens the fans' most insane savagery lighting up the pub's fontanelle fornication: from here on it's only banging heads heiling the most obscene imagery... pure music. The continuous stop 'n' go's are micron precise, and their stage presence mighty without being uptight-y. They play plenty of classics, and a human gorepit stains the first day of Beyond The Grave fest. Oh, being Welsh, **Desecration** couldn't help pointing out how disappointed they were with London's overpriced beer... **PLEASE SUFFERING!**



*Secretos Infinitos*

Nos encontramos prisioneros,  
Ilusión de nuestra propia libertad.  
La lucha abandonada,  
Motivando el hedonismo.

Tan bonito perderse en esta vida,  
Para ver morir el próximo día,  
Desvanecer el cometa,  
Estrellarse en el manto estelar.

Canciones adyacentes,  
La suave risa del río.  
A la noche y a la magia,  
La dulce armonía del agua,  
Manifestadose.  
En mí.

La inmoral luz nocturna,  
La risa de la bruja,  
El conjuro del amigo,  
Todo junto,  
Todo ajustado.

Todo arreglado,  
¿Donde esta el fuego?  
Todo está mutando.

Qué linda está la muerte,  
Esta noche incitando.  
Invitando...  
Nos.

Qué basto el recuerdo sangriento,  
Y sangrando la vida

Los espíritus eternos,  
Y los grandes secretos.  
Infinitos y permanentes.

Los espíritus secretos,  
Y la dicha permanente.  
La tristeza y la suerte.

Los espíritus eternos,  
No tienen miedo,  
De la muerte.

Giovani Della Mancha

**SOLIDARIETA CON GIANLUCA  
NO ALLA SORVEGLIANZA SPECIALE**

