

THE MOON TONIGHT FEELS
MY REVENGE

AT THE END OF THE LINE



XASTHUR

Xasthur is a one-man Black Metal band. The man who makes all the music calls himself Malefic.

I can be sure of none of what follows, but I will swear to its accuracy if pressed. That's just who I am.

Malefic's concerns are not so much Satanic as they are astral. Malefic spends his time pushing his consciousness out, not considering the limits of human freedom and will.

Because of this, Malefic spends 19 or 20 hours a day asleep. Or nearly asleep. In that mental space between consciousness and unconsciousness is the space where Malefic spends his time searching.

Malefic owns a house with three floors, but he spends all of his time in the basement. His bed is down there. He has a small bookshelf down there. Upstairs, a thin layer of dust covers everything. He has never been to the second floor of his home. Not once. He can't

remember where the stairs are. He has forgotten how many rooms are up there.

Because Malefic spends so much of his time asleep, or nearly asleep, he must rely on others to create his music. In his basement, he imprisons a host of tiny green creatures. The tiny green creatures live only to create music. It is their evolutionary imperative. They live on blast beats and droning, hypnotic guitar riffs. They live on washes of reverb and delay.

In a way, they are like a Black Metal-making equivalent of the Doozers from *Fraggle Rock*.

No, seriously.

So Malefic sleeps. And the creatures make music. And as he sleeps, the creatures keep a microphone next to him. And in his sleep, as he travels the outer limits of his brain, and searches for a crack in the barrier between his brain and the massive, possible “world brain,” he sings.

This is how Xasthur records are made.

Maybe.

STRIBORG

Striborg is a one-man band from Tasmania. He, Striborg's only member, calls himself Sin Nanna.

I imagine Striborg. I often find myself thinking about Striborg.

Sin Nanna lives in a treehouse in Tasmania, I think. Sin Nanna stays up late and gets up early. Sin Nanna rejects the weakness that is sleep.

Sin Nanna's treehouse is fitted out between white gum trees. Sin Nanna gets up early to watch the sun rise, and it breaks over the trees, and Sin Nanna thinks about the way the sun can dry a green leaf to a shrunken brown.

Sin Nanna stays up late and watches a storm roll in from the east, and sees lightning bouncing from cloud to cloud, and thinks that all life begins with a spark, and that a spark is something that destroys.

Sin Nanna likes the moon. Everything there is gray. And quiet. And dead. And spinning. And if you make a little hop, you hop very very high.

Sin Nanna pulls out all the mids on his amp when he plays his guitar. He likes to turn the reverb all the way up. He likes the warmth of the analog echo. He likes his tiny, tiny home studio. He likes the chords piled up and crisscrossing—like the twisting of vines—all around the floor. He likes to sing from across the room. He likes to set up the microphone outside in the grass, and likes to walk away from it, to hide behind white gum trees, and sing from there.

He likes to clatter around on the drums.

Sin Nanna likes to dig his feet into the dirt, bury himself to his ankles, and he likes to wait and wait to see what happens. He is waiting to take root.

Sin Nanna likes high winds, and he likes to climb to the highest point possible of one of his trees, and he likes to lash himself to the trunk, and let the wind batter him.

At least, I imagine all this about Striborg.

WRATH OF THE WEAK

A man in New York has nothing but fists for fingers. Fists for each finger. For him, guitar playing is just punching, punching.

Behind him is a box and a very large guitar amp. Around his waist is a heavy chain. The chain is attached to a gurney. On the gurney is the box and the very large guitar amp. The wheels are squeaky and there is no grease to fix them.

The man in New York is small and thin. His heart is weak, so he sucks on his fist-fingers to get blood to his arms and hands. So he sucks on his toes to get the blood to his legs and feet. So he grabs a rubber tube and sticks one end to his ear and sticks the other in his mouth to suck the blood into his head.

He could ask someone to suck on his ears, but he won't. He could ask for help pulling his amp, but he won't.

He wants no one to touch nothing. Or anything.
He wants someone to touch nothing. Or none of
anything. He wants you to touch nothing of his. Yours,
yes. Not his. Nothing. Not anything.

It's his.

It's like razors, his shoulder blades. It's like razors.

It's like barbed wire, his eyes. It's like barbed wire.

It's like spoiled milk, his voice. It's like spoiled milk.

And all that's fuck it, fuck all.