

BLASPHEMY



FROM THE

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NIHILISTS NAVIGATING THE DESERT OF  
THE REAL**

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# *Introduction*

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*A ZINE ABOUT THE LOVECRAFTIAN HORROR THAT  
IS ATMOSPHERIC BLACK METAL*

All around us lie oddities and horrors. Shared feelings of strangeness, deeply human feelings of unfoundness, and an unexplainable feeling that of something roaming the universe that is more than what we can see...

This feeling has plagued humanity for a long time, it is always at work in the shadows, manifesting as either religion or philosophy, or music. It is with music that a great affinity can be found with this strange feeling, sounds have a way of effortlessly bringing us in a certain mood and mental framework that usually isn't as direct or easy with paintings or smells. Perhaps a similar art form with such a potential impact is the sublime feeling raised by nature – a roaring mountain of madness will affect anyone who gazes at it.

It is for that reason that we will together explore the strange feeling of the Abyss - both inside and Out – via music. Via a genre that explicitly deals with horror, with the unnamable, the horrifying, the malformed, the unhuman, the cosmic – atmospheric black metal. This is the more ambient and vague-feeling orientated side of black metal, often using dark atmospheres and ethereal textures by pushing sound to incomprehension and irrational emotion. The strange feeling of the Abyss will be explored in three sections, each containing three circles of the Abyss, each diving deeper – echoing Dante's trip into Hell. Each section dives deeper into the Abyss, and is grouped by a type of experience – Blackness, Extinction, and Transcendence. A total of nine circles each end with a section that links up with a specific song to what's being said, and it is very highly recommended to listen to these songs while reading those sections (all easily available online). This will make it a lot easier to let go and venture into the depths...

# *Blackness, Circles I - III*

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## *I. DARKNESS, DUNKELHEIT*

Darkness has always been here. It is older than the earth, and is an assault on all that we feel is ours. It seeks to peak into our world and manifest as a shadow. Each night darkness lurks out unto the surface while we move inside, afraid of what's out there – *Nightfall*. Darkness corrupts all that is our home; with darkness a room becomes sinister, a forest becomes unsafe, and our vision falters. Darkness and blackness sever our tie to all that we believe in, we become alone with it and see nothing else. In black metal, darkness decays the kingdom of God represented by light, rationality, belief, and humanity. Black metal believes in fighting these things with darkness, intensity, rabidness, and the unhuman.

Creeping sounds form as nihilistic alien shrieks, an ungodly atmosphere of intensity devours us – distortion melts away all we know. Black metal manifests darkness and makes us embrace all that is not ours. Blackness creeps in and our worldly boundaries shiver. In the song *Dunkelheit* (Darkness), Burzum rips us out of the light with an assault of distorted guitars. We hear a voice shrieking: 'when Night falls', and existential dread sets in. Darkness devours us into a solemn place: 'she cloaks the world/In impenetrable Darkness', the dark is an infectious ooze that corrupts all it touches. Now that we are alone and ripped out of the caring womb, we wonder; what is out there waiting for us?

## *II. DECAY, VERACHTUNG*

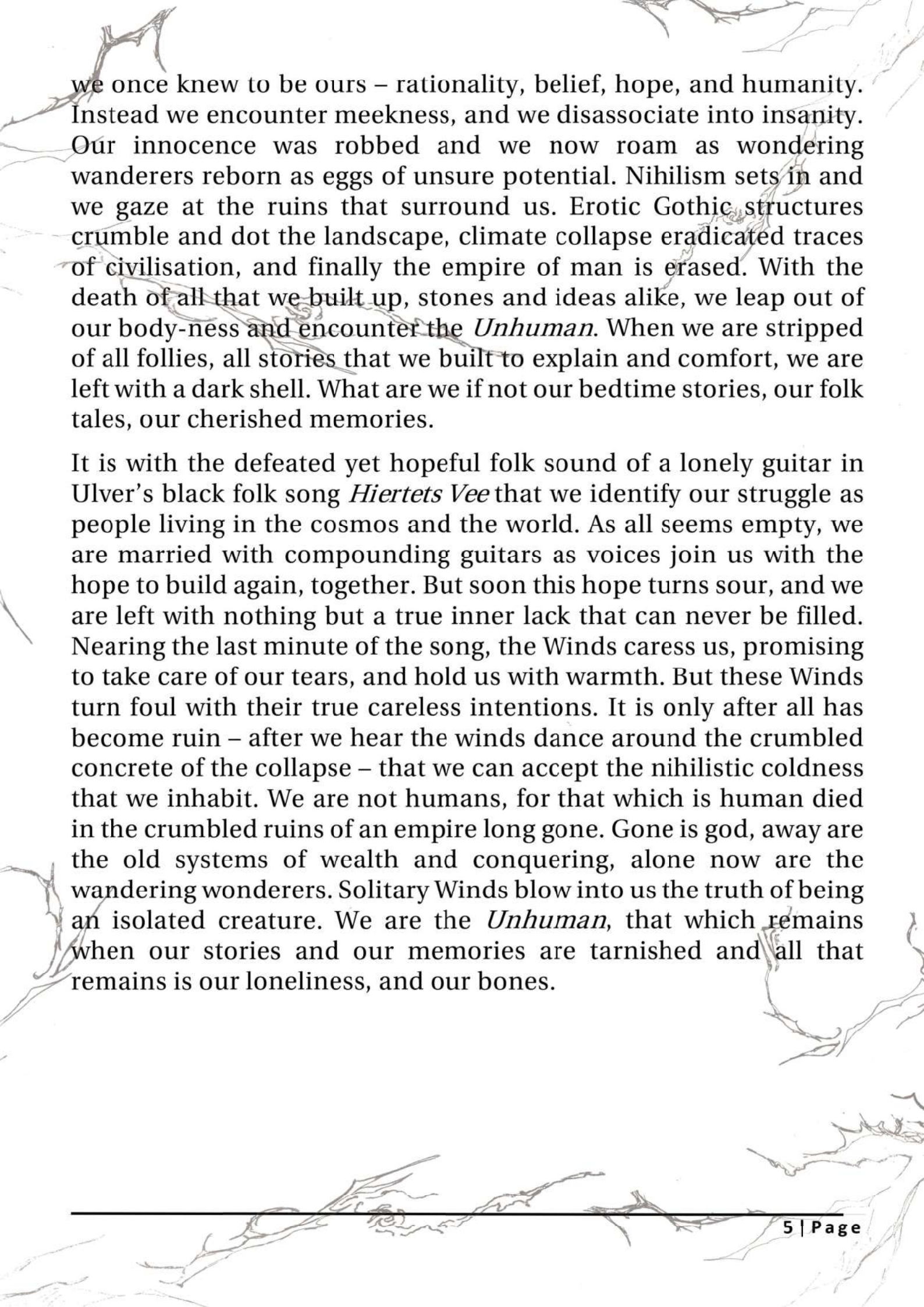
The ground is unstable, it shifts without consent. Foaming through the cosmos we stand on thin rock floating on top of a core of molten trauma. Bright heat in the form of magma ready to melt anyone that dares come too close and gaze at it. The earth cares not for us, it becomes inhospitable and threatening. All that we believed to be

harmony and peace – the Garden of Eden and man as God’s chosen creature – turned out to be self-righteous fables. We are thrust through the cosmic dread of our rock wanting to rip away from us, smoke us out with the heating of the surface, drown us in floods, choke us with carbon dioxide. Its surface brings us cancer and old age, and we realize that the world is not human, it never was. We decay, and our humanness along with it starts turning black. We are ripped away from the worldly, from home, from comfort. Our ideologies and religions of the past have painted us into an isolated and utopian landscape of peace and dominion, and a loving God... Instead we wake up to find ourselves within ruins of concrete, in scorching deserts that spread with intent to maim; the *Other* decays us from the inside and we ask ourselves, were we ever of this world? Our foundations melt away, and we find ourselves lost and alone. What place do we hold and what home do we inhabit when all melts into air?

In Urfaust’s *Verächtung wird einen messertragenden Schatten*, their pulsating sound glows outwards like ripples on an uncontrollable current. With distorted zooming guitars, we are thrust outwards – away from home, we see our world decay as we look back. With the kick in of drums we feel dizzy as a mad entity performs this show of a melting away of all that we know. A constant drone assault makes us uncomfortable, we are stuck tumbling through a void that has no values, and cares not for fables. Our skin blackens as darkness and decay envelop us. We are disorientated, we are fading away, and our humanness dissolves through the violent and uncaring flow of the *Other*.

### *III. RUIN, HIERTETS VEE*

After darkness and decay, we are left as children without a garden to roam in. All we know is corpse and collapse as we are left with an existence of deterioration. Our humanness is left in ruins, as is our world of concrete and safe paths. All light fades, and we discover the meaning of ‘as above, so below’. We gaze at the destruction of what



we once knew to be ours – rationality, belief, hope, and humanity. Instead we encounter meekness, and we disassociate into insanity. Our innocence was robbed and we now roam as wondering wanderers reborn as eggs of unsure potential. Nihilism sets in and we gaze at the ruins that surround us. Erotic Gothic structures crumble and dot the landscape, climate collapse eradicated traces of civilisation, and finally the empire of man is erased. With the death of all that we built up, stones and ideas alike, we leap out of our body-ness and encounter the *Unhuman*. When we are stripped of all follies, all stories that we built to explain and comfort, we are left with a dark shell. What are we if not our bedtime stories, our folk tales, our cherished memories.

It is with the defeated yet hopeful folk sound of a lonely guitar in Ulver's black folk song *Hiertets Vee* that we identify our struggle as people living in the cosmos and the world. As all seems empty, we are married with compounding guitars as voices join us with the hope to build again, together. But soon this hope turns sour, and we are left with nothing but a true inner lack that can never be filled. Nearing the last minute of the song, the Winds caress us, promising to take care of our tears, and hold us with warmth. But these Winds turn foul with their true careless intentions. It is only after all has become ruin – after we hear the winds dance around the crumbled concrete of the collapse – that we can accept the nihilistic coldness that we inhabit. We are not humans, for that which is human died in the crumbled ruins of an empire long gone. Gone is god, away are the old systems of wealth and conquering, alone now are the wandering wonderers. Solitary Winds blow into us the truth of being an isolated creature. We are the *Unhuman*, that which remains when our stories and our memories are tarnished and all that remains is our loneliness, and our bones.

# *Extinction, Circles IV - VI*

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## *IV. NECROSIS, FRAGMENTS*

As our skin blackens, we start to decompose, and we feel the tug of the abyss. We feel our bones shiver and we find solace in becoming alone. The void gives us comfort in that the nihilistic truth of the icy cosmos allows us to escape our chains. If not for the solar catastrophe, it will be with the fading away of the universes' heat in a trillion trillion trillion years that we all meet our ends. We now seek extinction in order to become what always was. We revolt against only ever being able to exist as 'life', and therefore we become dead – Necrosis. We seek the greater realm of the cosmos, to also exist as what isn't alive. We now roam body-less, humanless, and unchained. As necrosis sets in, we listen to what the cosmic desolate emptiness really is. Close your eyes, and listen to it.

We rip out our flesh in a desperate attempt to escape our bloodgate. We feel this in the overwhelming battalion of guitars that pierce our skull in the atmospheric rush of I Shalt Become's *Fragments*. Our flesh-vessel lies in ruin as our drum-kick heartbeat can do nothing but anxiously pound at the immanent death awaiting us. Unrelenting drillings of soundscapes thrust deeper by bass accompaniment leads to a ghoulish gargling. The compendium of sounds never ceases until we taste that cold cosmic metal. We have become nothingness.

## *V. OOZE, DECEDERE*

There we float; a cosmic-ooze, a sludgy potential, an immaterial body roaming the universe. Our malformed blackened goo of escape from the world begins to gaze at itself. When you rip away the 'you'/ego/self from the body, what is left? As it turns out, a lot more than we could ever have hoped...

Our ashes tempted by the Outside, that which lies beyond – The Noumenon, The Abyss, The Void, The Other, The Real, the roaming grounds of the Great Old Ones. The newfound confrontation with our immaterial body, now touched by the Outside, is like finally gazing at the unpolluted sky and seeing the full intensity of the Milky Way galaxy and all its stars. Now, without the interference of long gone chains, we finally truly gaze at the full potential that is the cosmic-ooze. We are part of it, we discover our slime. We are now murky, and lost. Cosmic groundlessness loses us in meditation. We find our flows, our desires, our queer becomings. This immaterial stardust body that we exist as is liberated from the mind and from the 'I'. Tune in to the structures of the cosmos which now appear to us. Pillars of kaleidoscopic infractions of gas and lonely lost dark planets without a mother Sun, vast expanses of Voids where no stars dare roam, and the domination of dark matter far out. The waste of the abyss plagues everything. We are unmasked as a body of purely cosmic ooze. We are the Stardust of the universe. Not alive, not defined.

From the fittingly named group Hell comes *Decedere*, a doom/sludge/drone song lasting twenty minutes, and it guides our body as ooze. Starting lowly and slow there is nothing but uncertainty and guitars attempting to feel out the void they're in – what do I feel and where am I? After they feel out and caress their body, they produce a long silence and now confidently play the tune of what they exist as. With this discovery a drone of noise and feedback overflow, the whole production introduces distortion and vocal acceptance. A near gothic sludge of pained persistence guides a bittersweet victory. Rage follows as the vocals turn internal and the guitars speed up to accompany newfound emotions and desires seeking to explode the body outwards. This rebirth happens again and again, each time a new lonely guitar seeks its soul, and a droney sludge attacks with vocal rupture. Every new instance brings more distortion, more raw emotion, and a better discovery of one's body. Here in Hell we touch ourselves with sacrificial eroticism in hopes of finding what we are, and where the



limits of our body lie. Truth is, our ooze knows not definition, but only becoming a manifestation of desires and intensities as its existence. What lies in our deep-depths?

## *VI. DEPTHS, RAPTURE*

Spinal catastrophism. Our depths call from the void...

As a terminal goo-liquid, you seep into your inner deep-depths. That which layeth on the body is now gone, all that remains is contingent leakage - dig for blackness. Your insides are dark and soggy, after all. Revert this plane to its anorganic biology, anamnesis of geothermal vents and extinction from the first multicellular ancestor. Our body is noumenal - the thing as it actually is, not just as it appears to us. Don't confuse the universe or existence with simply what we can observe. Our body is a defanged dark chasm. Reach the sludgy Apeiron that is noumenal flotation - noumenatomy. Skull-gaze into the inner depths and feel the Outside's vibrations. Utterings from the Abyss lie in our genetic programs. The 'I' is the youngest evolutionary edition to our body, and is the most useless - pure deception, blindness, innocence. Melt away the 'I', so we are no longer slaves to neuro-immanence. Lose your self, and live primal evisceration. A tentacle-spined sludgy deterioration of anguish-augmented ingestion.

As a tunneling rat squeezing through the pharynx, the Outside now osmoses into our great immaterial Body. Machino-parasiticism. The Outside roams as seceded unhuman decay. Knowing is fascism, and without the brain all that was left was unknowing. Liberation through rotten flesh. Spinal catastrophism is itchy and unpleasant, its uncomfortable. It's becoming aware of your breathing and feeling your solar plexus - the pointy chest bone that sticks out and threatens to break through as an alien from within. Alien esthetics are based on the spine. The revolting and foreign architecture inside, paternal, cold, and dominant. Xenomorphs are manifestations of spinal eroticism, the lumbar wish to extend and escape - unleash repression and become dominant, become

exoskeleton. Layeth there a benign organ or bone, some cartilage or flesh which is poised by the future, preprogrammed, to one day become one with the Outside?

The *Rapture*, our promised salvation and fall. This black metal dark ambient soundscape from the Ruins of Beverast promises nothing but black whispers from the Outside. Utterings and ravings of derangement heard only as echos, bells call for salvation, ominous winds threaten extinction, and we heard the ominous landscape of our body as it exists in the cosmos without an 'I'. We are profoundly lost here. These are the sounds of our deep-depths, of spinal catastrophism. The vast desert of the Real. Become the lurker, foreign in your own body, and seek sabotage to let the Outside in. Roaring voids bubble within, and our deep-depths rise. A cosmic unbinding towards liberation.

# *Transcendence, Circles VII - IX*

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## *VII. ESCAPE, MILLION YEAR SUMMER*

Out of the negative, the dark empty spaces in the universe, we find our calling. We feel the rumbling blast towards becoming with the harnessing of our desire from the deep. We arm ourselves with nihilism. We burst through beyond being cosmic background, and into radiating and constructing as we see fit. We attack and we struggle with Jouissance – joy in the face of destruction. The erotic orgasm of feeling your body as it truly is, unphased by the dictatorship of the 'self' and rationality. We desire to go beyond, to escape, to feel necrosis proliferate our body if needed – all to feel the Outside. Our depths unlock with brimming ecstasy, body-melting, cosmic contingency frees us all. All hail the new flesh, the one made of absolute-zero fragments of broken stars and great ruptured voids.

Symmetry is the exertion of cosmic chains. Our face is our most horrifying aspect, we fear its gaze. We are forced to wield two of everything, and look like one-half crudely cloned. To seek true organic horror, just look for the unsymmetrical. We lust for excitation by escaping all limitations.

Carve out the third eye for the vestigial and blind third eye-lid. Embrace a greater unknowing. Find the mystic and the occult and induce its manifestations all over you. Revel in blindness, in non-truths, in demons constructing reality only as a farce.

Hail the arrival of the Outside, let it in and let it rip you inside out, feel it ravage you. It wields a paranoid and undirected gaze, an anonymous accusation, a rebellion bubbles from your inside.

The alone and beautifully tragic drone/blackgaze metal group The Angelic Process captures the sound of tortured beauty. In *Million Year Summer*, they burst in with unsustainable energy, a thunderous and deafening protest of ripping distorted guitars and the angelic pain of lost vocals. After almost two minutes, guitars break down with the need to caress, and the vocals moan shoutings

of pain and orgasm. Calmness follows with the impossibility of rest, further building of the passion and eradication of any self evolves into the breaking down of structure until all that's left is empty innocence. The erotic fate of our death is one of escape. Escaping the limits, tempting Outsideness to penetrate us.

### VIII. NOUMENA, DARKSPACE

What a mistake to have ever said *the* noumenon. Everywhere fanged noumena threaten to pierce us, to drive us mad, to cause glitched terrors in our wetware. Yet they are not one, they're not our religion, and they're \*3v3ry wh3r3\*. Unnamed Dronelurkings swimming through the Abyss pray on the unborn sinners as cyber-undeath programs stream through quantum-fluctuations that disarm thermodynamics. Netherwhispers play in the gardens of postraptured landscapes., plagued by techn0dementia characterised by those who didn't run, those who couldn't take it, those who stayed in the cities. What was it? Where did it go? Gothicmutations romanticize and streamline the process of body-dysconfigurment, of course the Neur00sphere dealt with it beyond the pleasure principle. Don't you like the idea of the tender Sapphic strength in a black hole ripping your organs into stretched out decay-bits? Thaumaturgical events always lead back to the mystical, which threatens a dispersal of insanity until all melts into air (or is it in this case the blackness of the v0id?

Cyberskullosis is a condition where an individual's physical and mental being becomes so intertwined with technology that it begins to erode their sense of self and morality, leading to a collapse of their mind and soul. Was this the end-goal of dub, to pulsate in search of resonance? Are Kode9's experiments into the gory effects of sounds. Dreadmachines tend to fire back. Usually outputting nihilsentience, but those tend to not make it past the climate collapse. (we see(

The black background of the universe is deceptive. The invisible forces of space, moving black holes and radiation alike. A void of nothingness where even the speed of light moves too slow. Where is everything? Where are those horrifying malignant malformations. Five-dimensional Proto-living gasses. Coiling tentacles spanning

light-aeons and forming bubble universes. The universe is offputtingly empty. The plight of the noumenon – that which is independent of any mind. The thing which escapes knowledge, which escapes sensation (except for pleasure, of course). The great thing-in-itself. A pure fury of incomprehensibility, lurking in what is darker than absolute-zero. Irrationality prevails here. Lovecraft's encounters, always leading to insanity. Is insanity always a bad thing? There is of course always so much more than what we can see. It is not empty, we are simply blind, and bound. (and yet...

Kant \*\*((who first discovered the noumenon) saw the noumenon as unreachable, that's why we must rip his skull out. You and me have an ability to embrace unboundness. LESBO-DELIRIANT ANARCHO-NIHILIST CULTS. That we don't know the boundaries of our body, that those invisible noumena of gas-clouds and tentacle-swarms might roam around us. We can revel in not treating the mystic and the external ((such as energies, invasions, spinal pain,...)) as irrational irritations, but as equal realities.

Darkspace; cosmic black metal accelerating the unknowing universes that scream through the void. Reflected in their album covers we see the plight of the noumenon. In their song *Dark 3.11*, this abyss is filtered down and translated into what our ears can comprehend – but it isn't therefore lesser. What this song brings is unknowing, the unknown unknown becomes the known unknown unknown in that we know we know nothing, and that even that nothing isn't everything, you know? We realize that there is more out there. Ominous beginnings with a suggestion of a cosmic choir fool us by representing the normal cosmos as we know it. Quickly this breaks down in the raving lunacy of cosmotraumatics, in pure unadulterated intensity. The overwhelming screams and rumbling drums of voidic crushings. The greater-than-being structures of grandeur, the excitation of violence, the lostness. No coherency or worldly comfortability is afforded, only nonstop incomprehensibility. The Noumenon turning intensity = 0, all that we pick up as input from the cosmos becomes pitiful, only when all that is becomes equilibrious has one reached the noumenon. When there is no difference between the inside, and the Outside.

## *IX. OUTSIDENESS, PAREIDOLIA*

*Pareidolia*, by Mizmor.

As everything fades away, I remember remnants of my world. Blackness engulfed various alleyways and spines, and I struggled to wander without gazing upwards and inwards. I never understood what the cosmos felt, and I felt lonely for that. I wanted it to open up to me, to feel my erotic desires flow freely, and that I would not limit them but be openly tender. I wanted to be devoured by it and to feel the sweet relief of its escape with me. I fantasised and I tried. The Outside was in my bedroom at night, peaking through the stars. It was cruel for that, for never letting me come close, for making me feel there was more. I wanted to desecrate my flesh, to really scratch it off and listen to the trillions of dead organisms that suffered so that evolution could guide the stardust into this temporary vessel. I never felt accepted by any of them for what I did by becoming, they're all so quiet now.

But then I wonder what other paths there are. If the Abyss accepts desires and erotics, if the coiled tentacle malformations sometimes ask for something, and if they desire. We could have been shared in that regard, all feelings are produced and felt by the same stardust after all... And the limits of the cosmos and its shortcomings, the statistical oddities that didn't happen. I guess those were sad as well. At least I got beyond their realm of being unbecomings, of what could have been. Or is it that I'm still headed there...I stayed in belief, that some of me and what I felt or thought was maybe a kindness given by the outside, a far out tentacle that missed something just as I did, and held me closely for that.

Outsideness be my cold lover, they who guide me a tender joy out of crude thoughts that cross the Abyss and stardust. Tenderize me so I can openly eroticize, and fall back into the dark that surrounds my place in space. Without any star or ooze to orient myself, no light or galaxy in the distance. Just the blackness and the rest I would find then, floating there. Let me yield with eyes closed, wherever I am. Caress me back into the soft womb of the cosmos. This stardust wishes to return now...



## ***List of Songs Used***

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### **Blackness, Circles I - III**

*Burzum – Dunkelheit*, Atmospheric Black Metal

*Urfaust – Verächtung wird einen messertragenden Schatten*, Atmospheric Black Metal

*Ulver – Hiertets Vee*, Norwegian Dark Folk

### **Extinction, Circles IV - VI**

*I Shalt Become – Fragments*, Depressive/Atmospheric Black Metal

*Hell – Decedere*, Doom/Sludge/Drone Metal

*The Ruins of Beverast – Rapture*, Dark Ambient

### **Transcendence, Circles VII - IX**

*The Angelic Process – Million Year Summer*, Drone/Post-Metal/Blackgaze

*Darkspace – Dark 3.11*, Atmospheric/Cosmic Black Metal/Dark Ambient

*Mizmor – Pareidolia*, Dark Ambient/Drone/Soundscape

