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Spinoza ray prozak immortal

this is an interview with wilhelm gallery zine weird. I feel a bit bad about this one because it ends up being great, and there's no way he'll be able to put even a quarter of it in that zine without bloating it, but he asked some great questions so out it came. Copyright © 1996-2015 Spinoza Ray Prozak interview with mutlu yetkin from turkish fanzine studyoimg turned out to be a good insight into metal and its subject. If you live in turkeys, support these people, because they think clearly in the world fogbrains. Copyright © 1996-2015 Spinoza Ray Prozak When I started out as a metalhead, I was a young punk kid who found something in bands like DRI and Cryptic Slaughter that punk couldn't deliver. A sense of structure – a change in emotion – a break from the constant cyclic thrashing of the hardcore of the day. I never gave up my punk roots, but I started reaching out. Slayer, Massacra, Sodom, Morbid Angel, Destruction, Rigor Mortis. During the high school days when the world seemed so crazy it would collapse, this was more than letting go of the punk or Rush or Led Zeppelin provided, metal was a counter-worldview to our publicly agreed reality. The music I heard in the metal genre confirmed the structure above the others, and found a way to work bringing together different elements by finding their similarities without universalizing them to the cyclic, uniform-dynamics of rock music. Metal is not about strumming chords at the right time, it is about phrases, and how phrases arranged together can shape narratives. The riffs were omnipotent from Black Sabbath onwards, which is how they differ from Led Zeppelin. This to me is not a fatalistic belief, in which someone says the World is a mystery or I need God to be the arbiter of this chaotic and dangerous natural world, but one in which one looks at images of the past and distortions to track some natural mechanisms at work uniting different events. It was a great peace to my soul in contrast to the neurotic world and the illusions of the public media and the people who consumed it. At this point, I first realized I owed a great debt to metal and punk music because it probably saved my life during a time of despair. I therefore became a metalhead sometime during my so second year of high school, and went from being a REM listener, blues and punk with some Metallica CDs to a raging metalhead who periodically bought jazz, rock, blues, and classic CDs. I don't know much about this genre, so mostly listen to thrash bands like DRI, COC, MDC and Cryptic Slaughter, but gradually getting deep into speed metal, most bands are big. Megadeth, what's going on? Nuclear attack. Buttons. At this point I first noticed how my favorite band at some point made their last real album, and the next one will be different from its predecessor as the faulty device is to its functional counterpart. I have no words it or its mechanism, but began to blame commercialization, and wrote my first article on this topic. To me it was similar to what I read in Marx, my favorite writer at the time, who with my consciousness seemed to suggest that the bourgeoisie was an obsession with wealth that replaced other values. In my naive state, I imagine that the socialist revolutionaries replaced the meaningless world of money with something better. I went to school on the east coast at a small private university with a reasonable but not world-class reputation, and did pretty well there, given my habit of smoking dope, skipping classes, and reading taboo literature. Of course, as time went on, I became alienated from the academic mindset and the hard left-or-right-ism of academia, seeing it as broken and hopeless. As I read more in philosophy and literature, most notably the work of William Faulkner and F.W. Nietzsche, I found myself rejecting the idea of forced leveling of the playing field, and accepting the idea of naturalism and green ecofasism. It's still not entirely rooted in my mind, because I'm distracted by my own life and self-refinement, but I find myself pushing politics and philosophy that support pure feelings, with which I undermine empathy for trees, creatures and diverse ecosystems. I still don't reject liberalism, or understand how directly it is connected to my greatest anesthetic, that false religious beliefs. Towards the end of school, great desperation settled on me when I saw what the future awaited myself and my classmates. In many ways this is similar to my tumult at the end of high school: I passed further into the adult world, where I would be forced to wear a suit and tie and drive for an hour every morning to get to some boring job, where I would slave for 40+ years and hope to offend anyone, so I could avoid being fired , build my 401k plan and maybe even get myself a neurotic wife and some bad boy to keep the TV company. It made me retch, deep in my soul, so I abandoned plans to work at a New York tech consulting firm and head to California to do drugs. In retrospect, this was a stupid idea that worked well for me; Your mileage may vary. Remember that if you commit suicide with drugs, all you get is shrubs, in the same way that mice should see colleagues eaten by owls. This is Predation. It just happened. You can get religious about it, but in the end your hands on the money. For the record, drugs teach me everything I know about politics, namely the drug industry and the desperation of drug users. It fulfilled something that had been fueled in me by literary curiosity with W.S. Burroughs's Naked Lunch, which for me was a development in novel writing that transcended the linear and absolutism of the Judeo-Christian era. However, most of what I am from drugs similar to what Burroughs saw: that under all words, movement, money and poisoning, what is in the workplace is a natural system of predation and prey. When I analyze the drug industry, I see the human social ladder as a hierarchy of abilities and wealth, dictating who will have time to experience a particular thought and who is not. This exists regardless of religious, social and academic justification. In California, I became acquainted with the diversity of ideas, lifestyles, and backgrounds, and became very liberal in part as a means of socializing with others. I am still a full-time headbanger but have not seen metal as any form of ideology, or anything but just music; then again, I basically grew up seeing all politics as a subset of American ideals, and thus unaware of the various beliefs that can occur. This changed gradually as I spent more time working in the city of Los Angeles. I basically moved to the suburbs where I got my first job, but then left that job after being exposed to the first highly unprofessional office where I had worked, but around 1992 was able to find my first consistent job where I was my own time manager, at the same time I obtained a better source of cannabis , new music and sources to buy it, and radio shows at local community stations. To date I have been a headbanger in a personal sense, and do not consider myself to have an urgent need to accurately or even distinguish my tastes. What I enjoy, I enjoy, and don't analyze. Luckily it's not long for the world. When I first went on air, I was more scared than I've ever been in a social situation in my life. I felt the weight of every pair of ears listening, and from every mouth that might criticize me. I swallowed my fears and went on to do a radio show that for his first four months, was an uneven mix of older speed metal, thrash, Death, some older heavy metals and some grindcore tape. I quickly developed into death metal, which at the time thrived in full force. After about a year, the black metal I had listened to on the weekend - namely Darkthrone's Soulside Journey and Immortal Diabolical Full Moon Mysticism - fell to full maturity and I started playing it mixed with death metal. For the audience that day, it was almost blasphemous, but it was a tribute to the character and intelligence of my listeners that they gave me the benefit of the doubt, and started calling when they heard something that didn't make Think it sucked. When I first played I am the Black Wizards and My Journey to the Stars at the event the following year, the phone lit up with death metal fanatics asking me what this new music would be. For the next five years, I played every combination of death and black metal that I could from Possession to Ildjarn, causing people to love and hate the show. I rejected bands like Cannibal Corpse and my youth, and went underground, partly influenced by radio studio policy and partly tried to duck under metal mainstreaming in response to the threat of grunge. When Kurt Cobain died, the show was in full step playing grunge and rock sodomized music and standing outside society as a whole. Not many metal enthusiasts during the day, or many stores, or really any information about metal. Thanks to a friend's net account, I was able to set up the first and second FTP websevers from which I submit opinions about the music I play every week on the radio. It became the first metal website I saw on the internet, and one of the few places from 1993-1997 that one can find any kind of in-depth information about individual releases. For me, laden with leftist traditions, this became a form of activism: ignorance abounded, and I fought as forward as possible, bringing to mind many metalhead ideals that 25% of the genre's highly intelligent people found relevant. Part of this includes analyzing artistic, philosophical and political statements encoded in art, interviews, and imagery. Sometime in early 1998, I stopped being a DJ because I moved from California back to the east coast. I was a bit burned because I lived in California, the land of illusion, for so long, and felt myself being wiser and older as I became more spanked by the city. Not that I don't like the city, but after some time I found out I was living under his spell - I had been tempted by the convenience of being near work and some popular clubs, maybe some friends, cultural events and Buddhist temples. It felt vaguely inflated, but I didn't see what was lacking until I considered living the rest of my life in the city. What seems like a varied existence suddenly becomes apparent as cyclic, exaggerated. A series of events led to this realization: recognizing how much office politics paralyzed them, being betrayed by some friends, having multiple suicides and one going crazy, and feeling the tedium of routine and success seducing me. On the east coast I found the same hell I met on the west coast, and soon realized that, for a man who had so much to live for, I lived for none of them. Despite the success in my day job, I chose to leave the world of comfortable regular salaries and work for a so-called evil startup mail order company. I knew it was a startup because me and some trusted friends started it. Illusion bit on the horizon. When we started the project, metal was a vital genre of some very focused people who appreciated music better than more music, having lived through death metal and its demi death. By the time I left the project, the metal audience was expanded by a factor of ten, and the standards have been disbanded according to a tenth of what they are. It reminded me then of where hardcore music was in the mid-1980s, a swollen, voracious, overpromoted genre in which - due to social pressure - every fan seemed to have a band, label or zine that each affected fifty people in a local group of people who went to the same club, saw the same-sounding performances, and engaged in the same activities. Where at the beginning of the black metal project was a vital community of artistic intent, as I left, black metal had sunk into a drunken fainting of self-awareness, divergent and pointless admixture of other known genres, and most importantly, social pretense. It's no longer safe for misanthropes: they're completely drowned out by people who want to jump on a black metal bandwagon and don't miss out on misanthropy. In addition to croaking black metal, internal disorientations broke the Evilmusic team. Ultimately what killed the project for me was a basic disagreement. I want to advertise and use costs to offset expenses, but my partners want to cut costs and operate as a small business. Furthermore, people whose collaboration is required stop responding to requests, will delay simple tasks for weeks, avoid phone calls, lie, etc. Trust and faith are lost. It was a disaster, made up of different ambitions and an inability to concentrate, as well as a total collapse of standards in the genre, which meant that running an honest distro meant NOT getting a new release or following the current folly in vogue. The illusion melts; the business was visible for what it was, and soon I was gone. My business partner, who promised to disband the business in December 2002, continues to run it for minimal profit and has failed to expand or make it solvent. I have to laugh when I think how things will change if people can collaborate with my vision, instead of having to defend their own territory and become angry at the pretense of ego. Very lucky that Evilmusic died, because it gave me a chance to break from the past and recognize how many metalheads as their enemies were looking for them; people who promised who through the general lack of confidence and bitterness in the world, pulled down and destroyed everything they believed in like drowning me. Evilmusic taught me that even the best of this group often succumb to this issue and thus that my personal path lies beyond the genre as it is now. After six years of radio, two years of doing online radio to KCUF.org, many articles were sent printing zines, multiple interviews, and countless reviews. I basically experienced my content combating the ignorance of an increasingly ignorant population. If the metal can't cop itself, it can't stay different and will assimilate into a mindless horde (We We sure is just the right guy playing blackmetal. It's not just some fad that's going to go away. If they are not right, we will use whatever means are necessary to make them stop devaluing blackmetal. This is our way of life, as Fenzir of Darkthrone put it. Since then, I have continued to write about music and released two versions of Heidenlarm e-zine, both of which keep the focus on what is relevant about the metal community and why it is important to keep it from becoming mainstream. I have become anti-underground, thinking that escaping from mainstream problems is not the solution, but that making music that by its nature of complexity and passion is beyond the reach of mainstreaming, by itself, serves as the only filter we need. Letting the illusion of the underground deceive us at this point is foolish; when niche marketing doesn't exist, it's a good idea. Now, however, everything is niche, and so to be underground is as much an exaggeration as being a ska-core. Everything's underground. All that underground metal buying now is a good reason not to succeed, not to actually start a label or band, but to pretend instead, release half-quality dirt on a CD-R to your friends so everyone has a band they can talk about. The consequence is that no useful music is produced, and the audience becomes spoiled and annoying, demanding cheaper CDs and more of them regardless of quality. It plays perfectly into the hands of traders, who with a smile reduce prices while fully relaxed standards, leaving you with a bewildering series of thousands of options, in which two decent ones are drowned out by a lack of information and the chorus shouts different things at the same intensity simultaneously, Heidenlarm is a strike against this: we have no aesthetic standards at all, underground or not, and we have no tolerance for crap music. We don't play social games. Where other zines find the release of all the friends and cohorts they've put out and give them glowing reviews, Heidenlarm is waiting for something laudable. The natural way of doing these things is anaesthetic for the online metal community and everyone who runs mediocre zines, labels, and bands, but this is how it should be. This is activism in its most functional form. My views have changed fundamentally as well. Where I was once a confused kid who hated the suburbs and loved the city, I am now someone who likes a small rural setting with lots of trees and few people, and I find the pleasures of the city Another trendy club, more plastic dirt to buy, maybe a new movie - these are temporary and useless things. I prefer to spend time with friends and family, write or paint or sing something I find profound, or spend time walking in the woods or reading books. I'll still go to the symphony – after reawakening the latent love of classical music – and perhaps attend attending metal concerts or ambient performances, but for the most part, I am aware of the relationship between mainstream/popular culture, egalitarianism, religion, and commerce: every function by making individuals feel autonomous and equal while forcing them to compete in an uneven, arbitrary and soulless consumer market. My view of this is that I will make as much money as is necessary from this community, but I will not bring his views home with me, and I will avoid cities where it is considered necessary to think that way. The values that have been with my people for thousands of years are not only enough for me, but offer more of a flash in the plastic pan than a disposable lifestyle. Partly because of this, I am now stronger in the beliefs I have had all this time about art that require discipline and high internal standards to succumb to social behavior. At this time (2003) the world is ready before major changes; Like Viet Nam, the Iraq war showed us an exponential loss of confidence in our leaders and our aspirations to be honest and or relevant, and many saw a great charade for what it was: a disguise in which false ideals led to huge gains for the most soulless, while those who aspired to any form of ideal leadership were squeezed together with numbness and useless mobs. As with many things, my objection to this emerged as a rebellion for those who had been chiseled in the ways of the system, but far from it. I'm not against normal life. I also don't oppose competition, or some get rich while some are poor. I also don't worry about people's right to fight for their own homeland, whether Serbian or Iraqi or Kurdish. I look at natural order for what it is, and see how it is natural that humanity misinterprets it in capitalism and Judeo-Christian religions. The next step is one that will make sense of what it is now and replace it with something even more plausible. I look forward to these moments and work for them diligently. On March 30, 2003, site anus.com forwarded to a new organization consisting of some old friends and some new. The mission has not changed, or my dedication to it, but the time has come for my participation to be placed elsewhere rather than on the front lines. This is not something I regret, but something that will replace the old with a new generation whose survival, as it all of us, depends on their ability to constantly renew the pursuit of their ideals while keeping the material world in perspective. They stand or fall on their own. I have given and the debt is repaid. it's time for spring and renewal. Rights © 1996-2015 Spinoza Ray Prozak Prozak Prozak

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