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SXIIIC RELEASES

REGULAR

SPECIAL

[SXIIICD001] GATE TO VOID

BLACK EMPTY VOID.....

€11

SOLD

A passage towards the realms of Darkness and Death, through the soundless echoes of Insanity, crushing the shell which binds the fragile human anatomy to Life. Three rites that invoke endless pain and suffering to drown the consciousness of this illusory existence, into the depths of nothingness.

[SXIIICD002] D'MONIQUE VELSMORD.....

€12

€27

Ethereal hibernation upon emotional discharge and mental coma of self as a moribund substance. Videl in meditation towards slow absorbing blackness of thee void. The second edition ov hypnotic drone ambient mantra previously spread in 5 unique copies to selected individuals.

[SXIIICD003] IGNIS DIVINE

CREATURES OF THE ABYSSAL DEPTHS.....

€10

€24

Cold cryptic sanctuary of primordial instincts. Reign of irrepressible thirst of destruction and occult knowledge of internal and external metamorphoses towards complete regeneration of mere mortal being. Inexpressible depth of the existence engraved in this sonorous alchemy delivered from tenebrous tribal worlds. Long awaited full length album by Ignis Divine. Album copies are available in special collectors 'Death kits' and regular edition.

[SXIIICD004] DAINA DIEVA

LEAVING THE GARDEN.....

€10

€26

Archaic delirious drones of the Garden as vast dark green fields. As subconscious movements of mind fading into distance of long forgotten memories. Drifting through the surface of cold shallow waters of surreal landscape in the ulterior pitch black night. The new glance over the very sentimental and personal hidden within this hypnotic entrancing ritual, enriched by powerful voice of Lithuanian dark ambient artist Daina Dieva.

[SXIIICD005] LDRTFS

ALONE WITH GOD.....

€10

SOLD

Transcendental post-apocalyptic opus by non-verbal minimalist act with more than one hour of industrial drone ritual.

RECENSVS

GATE TO VOID BLACK EMPTY VOID

Gate to Void has managed to capture the very essence of the darkness of death with its new release Black Empty Void.

The first rite draws the veil to an abyss of sheer blackness with a melody that one might hear at the very moment of death. It is the sound of euphoria from the eternal void, if such a sound were perceptible by those in transition. Once enveloped by the blissful atmosphere of death, echoes of emptiness and isolation further induce a dark trance, as the maleficence of the darkness slowly unveils itself through the wailing of a lingering evil in the void.

With the second rite, an atmosphere of somber madness devours the melancholia of the first rite. Drones of torturous insanity entomb the listener in a state of painful decay while death rattling gasps invoke a sense of despair and suffering into the absolute depths of nothingness. This rite illuminates the bleakness of mortality, and ignites the passage towards ultimate nullity in the darkest of flames.

The final rite conjures an

agonizing atmosphere of imminent death before entering into infinite darkness. A last breath exhales in macabre harmony with grim howls of torment, instilling a sense of utter desolation upon the recesses of the mind. Hypnotic deathscapes with elements of pure incomprehensible madness deteriorate the remaining essence of life from this distorted existence, and lead to the peaceful silence of death.



soothing synthesizer strings and bird tweets coming out of the speaker. It was however a very pleasant surprise. I love being served something entirely unexpected. It doesn't



Black Empty Void

take long before the music gets darker though, but the first track never loses the warmth from the beginning. Good music for dreaming, which is kind of strange for a release featuring a black and white skull on its cover.

Review by [Ellamorte](#)

My first thought upon opening the package and seeing the cover was "This has to be inspired by MZ. 412." The clearly thought through cover

lists the tracks as ritual I, II and III, and the aesthetic is clearly a nod to early black metal, so the comparison is unavoidable. You can imagine my surprise when I popped the CD in the player and heard slow

The second track carries over the extreme minimalism, but ventures deeper into the dark. The lengthy track consists mostly of echoes of various sounds, and it wouldn't be wrong to say that the emptiness enveloping these echoes is the most noticeable feature of the track. It's like listening to someone sitting in a very large hall, with just a tiny pebble to bang against the floor to make music, but amplified to fill the space. The second track is the longest one of the three at nearly 30 minutes, but like the first one the duration is just



right, and certainly couldn't have been any shorter.

The third track is much shorter than the first two, and also a collaborative piece between the mysterious person behind Gate to Void – only credited as M, and someone credited as Mourful. The third track is a sharp departure from the two first tracks, both in tempo and instrumentation, and serves to reawake the listener from the trance inducing minimalism. After the two previous tracks it feels incredibly short, and a little out of place.

The music is noticeably introverted, and makes very few assumptions on the listener's behalf. There is very little over communication going in, in favor of manipulation of the subconscious. The title of the album is a good place to begin for an interpretation: black empty void. To me the music is about emptiness, which is even further emphasized by the lack of track titles and information in general – both on the CD cover, and in the music itself. It's deeply minimalist, and reminds me a great deal of Deathprod in warmth and tempo, but Gate to Void is less restrained and strict. Considering the description of the project on myspace, and M's interest in altered states I guess it's appropriate to call the recording a psychonaut's journey through the inner space

of the mind. As such the recording is obviously successful.

The sound is mostly crisp, but I do find myself wondering at times if the slightly rumbling bass is intentional or a result of poor equalizing. Usually I don't really mind, but in the case of the second track the ever present hum of a jack output detracts somewhat from the total experience.

It's a good album in general, but it is a bit anonymous. It's relaxing, and meditative, but I fear also easily forgotten. This is unfortunate, considering the artistic effort one can clearly see behind the product. I would recommend Black Empty Void for its relaxing qualities, but if you're not a big fan of the genre I'm afraid it might not do very much for you.

Review by
Gird_09@Kaloglimmer

Wer braucht schon nähere Angaben zum Künstler, wen die Musik stimmt? – ungefähr so lautet die treffende Kurzbeschreibung von "Black Empty Void" von Gate To Void, dessen Ursprungsland (Spanien oder doch Australien?) nicht einwandfrei zu ermitteln ist, wo Herr M. in 2009 drei richtig tuelle (Dark) Ambient Collagen konzipierte, die ein Gefühl der totalen Schwerelosigkeit vermittelten.

"Black Empty Void" erblickte in Großbritannien bei Section XIII...COMA das Licht der Welt, eine junge Tonträger-geistiges Niveau immer mehr sinkt,



SPECIAL EDITION

manufaktur, welche mir bisher gänzlich unbekannt war, die sich aber wohl auf das Verlegen von Dark Ambient (+ Artverwandtes) Release spezialisieren will, wenn man die heimische Webseite genauer unter die Lupe nimmt. Section XIII...COMA öffnen ihre Tore mit Gate To Void, der in einer limitierten Auflage von 111 Exemplaren + 13 Special Editions erscheinen soll, bloß auf dem Rücken der schwarzweißen Verpackung steht ".../200" – Komisch, oder?

Unsere Welt inklusive der Gesellschaft befindet sich in einem rasanten Sturzflug in den Abgrund, weshalb extrem misanthropische Veröffentlichungen wie "Black Empty Void" keine Besonderheit darstellen, außer sie/er rennt mit "Scheuklappen & Ohropax" durch die Welt und erfasst Dinge wie Verdummung der menschlichen Spezies, Weltwirtschaftskrise, Krieg usw. nicht, die perfekte inhaltliche "Stellvorlagen" für Akteure wie Gate To Void bilden. Heißt, im Endeffekt zeichnet M. hier ein Abbild unserer degenerierten Population, deren wodurch wir uns schlussendlich selbst ausrotten.

Musikalisch hüllt das Ein-Mann Projekt eben diese zunehmende Leere der Weltbevölkerung in tief atmosphärische (Dark) Ambient Wände, die zum Teil über Reminissenzen an indische(?) Mantras verfügen, weshalb sich beim Konsum ein gewisse Schwerelosigkeit entwickelt, aus der die Hörerschaft nur mittels eingepfleger Sprach- & Tonsamples erwacht, womit der Protagonist "Black Empty Void" akzentuierte. PS: Personen, welche die überladenen Sounds favorisieren, sollten von dieser aufs Wesentliche reduzierte Arbeit die Finger lassen, an der sich für einen Track auch der US Amerikaner The Order of the Black Wolf beteiligte.

Gate To Void präsentiert mit "Black Empty Void" innerhalb des riesigen (Dark) Ambient Kosmos eine recht eigenständiges Werk, das besonders Freunde von Penjaga Insaf, Hall Of Mirrors & Sunn O))) antesten müssen – erwartet keine Ähnlichkeiten sondern ausschließlich Anlehnung, dann passt die Beschreibung – Danke! Fazit: Individuen, die innerhalb der alljährlichen Releasefluten nach Besonderheiten suchen, sollten sich "Black Empty Void" von Gate To Void nicht entgehen lassen – meine absolute Empfehlung!

Review by [kulturterrorismus](#)



D'MONIQUE VELSMORD



Ethereal hibernation upon emotional discharge and mental coma of self as a moribund substance. Videl in meditation towards slow absorbing blackness of thee void.

Upon listening to D'Monique Velsmord, one is caressed by atmospheric waves of isolation, synchronized with death rattling drones against the static silence; like that of a heart beating in despair... Echoes of a funeral ever since departed illuminate a somber

spectrum of loneliness, exhuming obscured madness in a frenzy of wailing cries.

Drones of anguish with bleak undertones of death pierce through the remnants of mania: an empty void liberating forgotten grief to entomb the listener in an aching trance, to reminisce in sorrow. Death knells chiming in ghostly echoes evoke a state of suspended gloom; the funeral chants on in desolation while those in mourning have transcended into decadent putrescence. A lingering death in the void evokes a lust for slumber in oblivion, blissful catatonia... Turmoil erupts in tormenting ripples, enshrouding the quiescence in rage: compelling the psyche to writhe in agony as demonic



cackles kindle forsaken atrocities from the depths of a murderous soul. Murmurs of death immerge in gloom, easing the transient madness, evoking tranquillity into the dreary void. Akin to weeping the last tear, moribund gasps sustain the bane of existence, while madness haunts the unconscious in slumber.

D'Monique Velsmord embodies the essence of grief, a melancholic funeral dirge embracing the bleeding hues of emotion in isolation; the serenity in solitude...

Review by [Ellamorte](#)

Videl Velsmord è l'ennesimo artista che vi proponiamo dallo scurissimo catalogo Section XIII, ma chi è Videl?

Innanzitutto un visionario del "nero", un artista a tutto tondo che in musica, grafica, video, rivolta ogni sua concezione di mondi ai nostri occhi torbidi, soffocanti e glaciali, mondi per cui il sentimento è un lusso, ogni forma di vita è apparente ed uscita forse da incubi, forse da porte dimensionali aperte con chissà quali formule cabalistiche, esoteriche, un figlio moderno dell'antica magia alchemica e rituale, come può esserlo la musica in questi ambiti, se la ricerca è raffinata...

Videl è allora personaggio ideale per divenire un po' il concept-man, l'appendice intellettuale di Section XIII: Coma; se avete fatto vostri i cofanetti che in precedenti pagine vi abbiamo consigliato avrete notato che la parte grafica di booklet o cover è spesso un punto della sua mente anche grafica.

Se ripensiamo a Section non come una label ma come quel polveroso negozio in cui incontrare libri antichi da divorcare, prima che ci divorino, ecco allora Videl esserne il venditore, colui che ci propone psicicamente la lettura, l'ascolto, psicicamente perché forse in lui la percezione di ciò che noi cerchiamo è forte, l'esorcismo mentale che vorremo è sua prerogativa ed il libro di oggi, il libro sonoro, è proprio di sua competenza, un unico capitolo, un'unica traccia che oltrepassa l'ora d'ascolto ma che se chiudendo gli occhi vi lasciate da noi guidare in questo nuovo universo parallelo, potrebbe durare anche mesi, secoli, il tempo rimane fuori, qui non serve, la dimensione è diversa,

benvenuti nel mondo di "D'Monique Velsmord".

Potrebbe di nuovo essere il racconto di un incontro, l'inizio sordo tra cupi rimbombi è il sentore di una porta enorme ed antica e qualcuno bussa con forza per potervi entrare, sarebbe



l'ennesima storia in cui vi trasciniamo dove la curiosità porta in quei luoghi dove a priori si sa che off limit non è una dissuasione ma un sincero, amichevole consiglio di sopravvivenza. Potrebbe essere allora che il portone si apra, il grande uscio di vecchio legno e cardini in rugginoso ferro scuro si spalanchi risucchiandoci in un antro dove il razziocinio è stato divorato dal Male e una nuova ottica di sopravvivenza, anche mentale, si impadronirebbe di noi facendo scattare atavici istinti di sopravvivenza animala.

Ma se invece questa lunga traccia di un'ora la rivediamo sotto un'altra prospettiva, immaginiamo che quel Coma presente nel nome della label dove Videl è protagonista, intelligenza attiva, il portone

non è più legnoso ma è ora osso, qualcuno bussa alle tempie per entrare nella dimensione più recondita dell'uomo, un luogo dove nemmeno la scienza riesce ad arrivare se non casualmente: il coma.

Hanno così un valore aumentato le stasi droniche, i cupi rimbombi, le percezioni vocali di inumana grotta perché vissute altrove, una sorta di prigionia non voluta, farmacologica, traumatica che nel finale è arida, il suono si riduce all'esistenza dello stand-by biologico, uno stand by dove scompare totalmente la percezione di tempo, rimane l'attesa da consumare interpretando questo status alterato della ragione.

Dark ambient è interpretazione ed in Sounds Behind The Corner la volontà regina è quella di sforzarvi ad andare oltre alla passività, ascoltare per capire, interpretare, immedesimarsi attivamente con l'artista per dare valore e senso all'opera, così è anche in questa situazione, ascoltando la scura, buia oltremare mono-traccia di Videl.

Rileggendo allora questa personale interpretazione l'istinto mi porta a dedicare questa pagina a tutti coloro che cercano di riportare nella dimensione del quotidiano che vive il coma come situazione non voluta, buon lavoro a tutti loro quando, tra frustrazioni e sparuti successi, tentano quotidianamente di spalancare gli antichi portoni del cervello.

Review by Nicola Tenani @
SoundsBehindTheCorner





IGNIS DIVINE - CREATURES OF THE ABYSSAL DEPTHS



Die Frage nach dem inneren Wesen der Welt, nach dem, was unsere Existenz in der Form zusammenhält, die wir tagtäglich wahrnehmen, beschäftigt seit dem Anbeginn der menschlichen Existenz, denn durch die Trennung von äußerer und innerer Welt, durch die Eigenwahrnehmung im Bezug auf die Umwelt, die mit der Entwicklung zum eigenständigen Denken des Menschen einherging, trat folgerichtig die Skepsis ein. Seien es nun die steinzeitliche Ehrung der Frau als Symbol der Reinkarnation allen Lebens oder die abstrakten Erklärungsmodelle antiker Philosophen bis heute - die Frage nach dem 'Was' und vor allem dem 'Danach' ist dem Menschen immanent, führt letztendlich immer zur Kontradiktion zwischen der schier unendlichen Weite der inneren Welt und der leidlich endlichen äußeren Welt, die den Menschen machtlos macht, ihm eine klare Grenze zieht.

Die Auflösung des menschlichen Körpers, die Überwindung der physischen Hülle war daher schon immer ein lang gehegter Traum, sollte so doch das Denken, die Seele die Freiheit erlangen, die seinem Wesen angemessen war - reine Existenz, losgelöst von der Endlichkeit. Genau auf diesem Pfad begeben sich Ignis Divine, das göttliche Feuer, und versuchen sich an einem Eintauchen in eine tiefere Wahrnehmung des Seins.

Dunkle Tiefen öffnen sich, weit entferntes Hallen von Unsichtbarem, kaum

Wahrnehmbaren; das dumpfe Dröhnen des Unabwendbaren schwingt über der gesamten Reise mit. Sakrale, aus dem Dunkel kommende Chöre, hallende Glockenschläge weit entfernt erzeugen diffuse Bilder im Kopf, egal, ob das Bewusstsein sich an den Toren zum Paradies (At The Propylons Of Shambalah) oder

am Zugang zur Verdammnis befindet (Entrance To The Gate Down Below), stehts wirkt Ignis Divines Vision mystisch, hermetisch jedoch aber zutiefst emotional und entrückend. Meditation als Weg zur übersinnlichen Erfahrung wird hier propagiert, die Reise als Möglichkeit, das Hier und Jetzt auch nur

IGNIS DIVINE
Creatures of the Abyssal Depths



Ähnlich den religiös-meditativen Brüdern im Geiste wie Stahlwerk9's Revolution of the Antichrist, Lustmord's The Place where the black Stars hang oder Herbst9's The Gods are small Birds... bewegt sich Creatures of the Abyssal Depths auf einem atmosphärischen Level, welchem man mit bloßer Auflistung der formalen Werkzeuge nicht beikommt. Ignis Divine erschaffen mit ihrem Debüt ein Werk, das mit vollen Zügen die formalen Möglichkeiten des Genres ausschöpft, ein Werk, das einsaugt, gefangen nimmt, sich in den Verstand einspeist - natürlich immer nach der Prämisse, sich auf die Wirkung einlassen zu können und wollen. Denn der Hang zur dunklen Mystik und die alles durchziehende Spiritualität erscheinen hier nicht mit Pauken und Trompeten, sondern mit zarten Klangnuancen, mit subtilen Mitteln der Klangdichte, die zwar formal strukturlos und evolvierend erscheinen, aber eine immense innere Spannung besitzen, wie es auch in diesem Genre selten ist.

Fazit:

Wer sind die schlussendlich die Kreaturen, nach denen das Album benannt ist? Ignis Divine beantworten diese Frage nicht, sondern lassen den Menschen selbst in diese Tiefe, in die sphärischen Höhen steigen, um ihn so vielleicht selbst zu diesen werden zu lassen. Creatures of the Abyssal Depths ist eindringlich, groß und jenseitig - Wahnsinn!

Creatures of Abyssal Depths findet in zwei Versionen Veröffentlichung: neben der Standard-Version wird das zwar kleine, dafür aber auf Qualität ausgelegte Label "Section XIII", COMA aus England 13 Exemplare des sog. 'Death Kits' produzieren, bestehend aus einer handgefertigten Verpackung, 2 viktorianischen Münzen, einer Spritze, sowie 7 Siebdrucken und einem Poster - allesamt optisch ansprechend.

für Bruchteile hinter sich zu lassen und eins mit dem

Feuer zu werden - die Unendlichkeit zu sehen, wenn auch nicht erreichen zu können.

Review by MaGrAe on NoEasyListening

Un altro capitolo inizia oggi in Section XIII, il nostro immaginario negozio impolverato dove trovare antichi testi dimenticati, forse volutamente, da coscienze che non implorano follia alla lettura preferendo non incontrare il parto di mostri mentali, forse generati dal cervello, forse esistenti. Un rischio troppo alto da correre, voi lo fareste? Noi invece lo corriamo "vivendo" l'ennesimo racconto sonoro, oggi dalla Grecia di Ignis Divine, apprendo la case DVD del suo nuovo album "Creatures Of The Abyssal Depths", due anni dopo



il rilascio in CDr dell'album "A Shadow Forgotten In Sorrow", pubblicato tramite Inchiostrum dall'amico Marco Grosso. Una discesa; l'album in otto tracce si propone come una discesa nel subconscio forse ma un pendio è manifesto già in apertura con "At The Propylons Of Shambalah", con i suoi lunghi droni rimbombanti, protesi verso abissi che ritroveremo in seguito con "At The Propylons Of Shambalah", classici brani evocanti il dark-ambient più cupo e dronico, la seconda viva in una tensione dovuta ad un regolare apporto di suoni grevi e riverberati, come un respiro, ma di una creatura molto grossa e lenta, mai paga di ciò che riesce a mietere.

Eppure in un mood giocato sui contrasti, già la successiva "A Dream Of Liberation" si irradia nel suono come lo fanno le luci dell'aura, elettromagnetiche ed iridescenti, artificiali nell'esistere invisibile eppure presenti come particelle che generano luce su scale impercettibili. Ignis Divine genera il suono con la stessa modalità della corona energetica; non abbiamo strumenti per sviluppare immagini per il suono migliori della nostra fantasia, usatela in questa traccia e lasciatela scorrere come un fluido benefico, in seguito si paleseranno sfide da non poter fuggire, ora è il momento di caricare la nostra integrità usando la



dell’io altrui. Le campane in sottofondo sono, per quanto attutite dalla forza primordiale, la testimonianza che una lotta è in corso, un conflitto che forse è all’ interno, la lotta disperata per Usciamo dal polveroso negozio ed ancora una volta ci giriamo a guardare l’ insegnata: Section XIII, esiste davvero, non è stato solo un sogno, lo testimonia un cofanetto DVD sotto il braccio, una

musica come interscambio energetico. “Nascent Requiem” infatti chiama a se le forze

contrapposte: cupa e contorta la traccia in primo piano è perseverante nel voler divenire padrona della ragione, dell’ ‘intellectus, ancora più appropriato perché prevede la lettura della persona nel suo intimo, quindi la “conquista” rimanere lucidi di fronte all’ ‘inverosimile, in questa traccia il dualismo sonoro è fondamentale e va colto prima del finale. “Primal Instincts Of Devotion” è l’ angelica speranza di una classicità quasi panteistica, religiosa ma aperta a varie soluzioni lasciando alla musica il ruolo di conduzione, il finale dell’ album è la vittoria del drone, del buio, dell’ abisso metafisico, forse ancor meglio spirituale.

cover disegnata da Videl Velsmord, ed il sogno continua, l’ incubo pure...

Review by [Nicola Tenani on SoundBehindTheCorner](#)

Ignis Divine is a dark and ambient project. The very first thing to learn of it how strange and unexpected sounds can create dweary atmospheres.

Eight tracks of sounds that are sometimes mellow and positive but have a negative side as well. A dream goes bad, your imagination takes you on a high trip to nowhere land. The strongest points of this project come from the fact that the music seems to be quite spacey. It has a lot of mystic in it and goes deep. Emotional and dramatic lanes pass by on each other and therefore create the tension that keeps you listening longer. It is perhaps a bit more accessible than Gate The Void, which

A feeling of being in church, with a sort of preaching that does not always come as a pleasant feeling into the sound, but rather scarifying.

released an album on the same label. Also, the title gives a brilliant description of what to expect from this release.

Overall the album is quite artsy and filmic. Could have been used for some dramatic film serie or just for an evening in which you let your emotions follow the lead of the music. Surprisingly nice!

Review by [Sabine van Gameren@Templores Zine](#)

DAINA DIEVA - LEAVING THE GARDEN

Connotations like, orchestral, hypnotic, exotic and sacral are not precise descriptions of the main influence of this album. At times the sounds are also difficult to tell. The sensitive resolution of the recording feels enveloping and organic, as if one is in a vast underworld from where primeval forest germinates, both ephemeral and concrete, spectral and skeletal - an archaic womb for durable drone shuttles. Their plural regularity questions the blue-green ambient expanse, by the nightly spirit of water under a sunless vault. A dreaming which is superior to reasoning



filters through this pristine place of subconscious renovation – the very short ambient-industrial intro of the album reminds of a philharmonic orchestra tuning in. Then all is silenced into a subtle vibrancy, a frail chiming draws near, a deep breathing-in sounds even closer... For a while the attention is stuck to the transmission of this realm. Broad masses pass by, like climatic fronts coming and going away, still not threatening the inner regimes of the one who is in-here. Rising steady, (probably) an electronic variant of carillon, starts to reflect a wood of monolith sounds. Being more open and smooth, the resulting

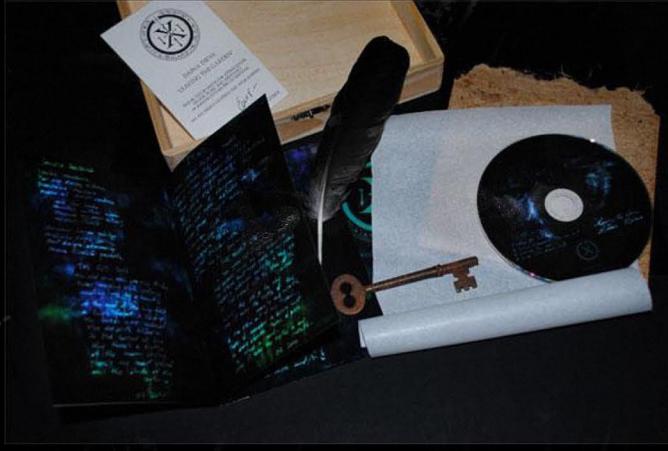


impression hardly allows comparisons with organ or chimes which mirror the insides of a belfry. The second song is a space for the mesmerizing echoing chant. Single firm drops of sound at random distance and a few vague ambient interferences enhance the sonority to a level where the chant itself may seem like the voice of a motionless desert. The third and longest track applies a non-Euclidean geometry over two types of sound: flat, thick resonance and sharp industrial drones. Their presences over the first 10 minutes eventually end up with an acoustic for piercing edges, but the number of idiosyncratic constructs

makes this length remarkably fresh. Such solid hold draws back as the blending of echoing chants makes the atmosphere essentially ethereal. The next singular part of this (title-)track consists of fluid ambient background and sparse keys flowering in a free state. No progression, but the impression of a place where no one can intrude, no warring factions, but fruition. The final piece is (probably) built on an instrument of the harpsichord family. The chant reaches a state of inner repose where the stanzas are almost like self-standing gestures. The latter may share a common ground with some ritual, polyphonic folk tradition, however the vocal style is also in concord with the modern aspects of this record.

Review by Chavdar on Avantgarde-Metal.com

Daina Dieva is a Lithuanian visual and musical artist, who's made two digital releases prior to this album. The album was released as a regular version, and a special version limited to 13 copies. The regular version holds the CD and the booklet in a slim-DVD-case, whereas the special version packs the CD and various items in a wooden case. The album holds half an hour of soothing and ethereal dark ambient with beautiful female vocals. The actual song structures are



rather minimalistic and simple, and they go forward with no haste. For example, the opener relies on some analogue-sounding, possibly slowed-down and soft droning, which is topped with some heavily echoed metallic notes that have been softened to remove their edge. The song doesn't really go anywhere during its six minutes, but still sounds interesting and manages to create a soothing atmosphere. The follow-up is a shorter piece which has a really minimalistic background of echoed and manipulated high-pitch "beats," but the main attention goes to the song's soft and soothing, yet deep and characteristic vocals.

"Leaving the Garden" is the main song of the album, and lasts for over eighteen minutes. It opens up with some ominous low drones that create an intriguing atmosphere, although they have a too large chunk of artificial plastic to really let the listener sink into them. Some wooden synth-notes arrive to give the darkness a dose of lighter emotion, and some metallic chimes create some background detail to deepen the minimalistic droning. The song turns into a lot lighter piece when the brooding elements are almost completely removed, and Daina Dieva arrives to make the soundscape more relaxing with her echoed chanting.

The song ends to soft and classic synth-provided calmness, with some soft metallic notes providing a melody, or rather, an array of almost



random notes following each other. The ending might've worked with less synthetic sounds, but as-is it sounds out of place. "Tylioji" is a stylish calm closer for the album, although it, too, suffers from some wooden synths sounding out of place amidst the relaxed ambience and soft drones.

The album is something of a meditative one, but takes great damage from the melody/pattern-providing synths sounding too artificial, even soulless. The overall atmosphere is really pleasing, and further so when enjoyed with the accompanying lyrics, but these glimpses of less refined material amidst all the calm plain disturbs my concentration and damages my listening experience. The visual side could provide more for the senses as well, but their abstract and foggy approach does fit the music's atmosphere and minimalism. It's nothing too special, but fits the musical style.

I think the artist would've had the skills for greater results, but she just seemingly settled for too little. She has a good sense

of creating the right atmospheres with enough detail to keep the listener interested, but she would need to further work on the ways to implement this detail more effectively. The detail-providing sounds aren't seamlessly imbued to their background, and the most distinctive synth-notes sound too artificial to really deepen and compliment their surroundings. All in all, "Leaving the Garden" is a promising album, and at least left me waiting to hear

what Daina Dieva will come up with in the future.

Review on [DamnedByLight](#)

Šis CD - pirmasis dark ambiento kūrėjos iš Lietuvos Daina Dieva leidinys fiziniame pavidaile, tad negaliu tuo nepasidžiaugti. Klausyti skaitmeniniai leidiniai ir jų kokybė tikrai prašesi kažko daugiau negu mp3 failai. Kiek daugiau nei 30 minučių trunkanti rami, vakariška, kiek liūdnoka ir ilgesinga, pagardinta poetiška mitologija, klajonė garsais nenuvilia. Kažkiek savitai praplečiantis ambiento kanonus, leidinys pagaulus ir puikiai tinka ramioms naktinėms klausymo sesijoms. Diskas prasideda raganišku ir kiek vaiduoklišku žiemos laukimu - "waiting for the snow". Šnabždesiai ir droninės garsų jūros bangos, vis labiau veriančios disonansais ir emociškai

kylančios iki pat kūrinio galio. Tieki šiame kūrinyje, tiek apskritai visame diske labai patinka man tai, kad Daina nepiktnaudžiauja garsiniais elementais, o kaip tik, klausant dainų lieki kaskart alkanas garsams. Sakyčiau labai intelektualiai ir preciziškai sudėliotas, o ko gero ir išjaustas albumas. Antras kūrinas - folkloriniais motyvais kvepiantis "Saulelė Raudona". Ant minimalių garsinių elementų uždaimuota sava poezija kiek mistifikuotais ir liaudiškais motyvais. Graži daina. Nors man kiek ir kliūva ausiai tarsi pernelyg į pirmą planą išskeltas balsas, bet švelniai malonus jo tembras, sekantis melodingą pasaką, paperka. Toliau ilgiasias kūrinas albume - beveik 19 minučių titulinė daina. Pusę jos trunka field recordingų ir ambientinių virąžų piešiamas paveikslas, kol vėlgi pasigirsta Dainos balsas. Svajingas ir neapčiuopiamai liūdnas kūrinas, skaidria melancholija praturtinantis naktį. Paskutinis diskas - "Tylioji" - man bene labiausiai patikusi daina iš viso albumo. Jame balsas turi kažkokios nežemiškos paslapties ir numeša dar toliau nuo realybės, o pasikartojantis pagrindinis motyvas lyg simboliškai užkilpina ir užriša visą albumą. Prie diskų pridėta knygelė su visais dainų tekstais ir jų vertimais. Gražus tamsus, naktinis dizainas. Man kas



nepatinka šiame leidinyje tai pats jo formatas - turiu alergija dvd dežutėms. Paprastojte plastikinėje CD dežutėje leidinys atrodytu dar gražiau. Bet tai ir yra bene vienintelis jo minūsas, kurį pastebėjau šių perkausų metu. O šiaip tai labai gražus ir poetiškas diskas. Jei reikėtų jį apibūdinti dviem žodžiais tai jie būtų "ilgesningai melancholiškas". Tikiuosi šis leidinys bus atitinkamai įvertintas.

Review on [terror.lt](#)

"Nakcia", la notte, l'album che ha portato Daina Dieva, artista lituana cui piace "adulare" le

Section XIII, raccontandovi una storia come faceva anni fa Uncle Creepy, sorridendo, sghignazzando sardonicamente ma aprendoci porte macabre e paurose, come quella che ci introdurrà all'interno delle quattro, preziose tracce di "Leaving The Garden". Immaginate di entrare in un antro, una grotta e Daina non è più la musicista che compone ma è una novella Circe per cui perdersi come fece Ulisse nell'isola di Eea, farsi sedurre dal suo liquore, la sua musica, chiederle di andare nell'oltretomba per trovare risposte e le risposte sono quattro, Daina/Circe con quattro brani vi condurrà nel suo mondo incantato, roccioso, magico e cinico.

"Waiting For The Snow" apre l'album: suoni cupi, di droni immobili, la stasi è il dogma e la caverna in cui immaginiamo ambientato il suono diventa una cattedrale e per cui

lande oscure, sulle nostre pagine alcune settimane fa. Un album uscito un paio d'anni orsono che però doveva essere nel nostro database, perché iniziava un percorso con una signora, non accade spesso, che si cimenta con sonorità ostiche eppure adatte ad una musicista, suoni facilmente fotocopiablei eppure materia amorfa pronta a divenire struttura e sostanza anche tra mani, mente e cuore di donna. Daina si sposta in Section XIII e grazie al suo album inizia un percorso che ci vedrà più volte al fianco di questa nuova, piccola label dai contenuti pretenziosi a cui va tutta la nostra stima.

innalzare leggermente un suono simile ad un organo nel crescere del brano, ed una volta nell'antro, con "The Red Sun" è facile subire l'attrazione di una malia antica come la bellezza, la voce di una musa beffarda e stregante, eterea ma dentro un contesto diabolico, un ottima voce quella di Daina... Poi la lunga title-track, quasi venti minuti per farvi capire il suono con immagini che dovrete aprire mentalmente; prima il suono è di nuovo cupo, poi la voce torna tra loop grevi o celestiali e sottilmente effettati, tutto mentre noi siamo prigionieri inconsapevoli e non cerchiamo la fuga, il suono è bello, la voce dell'artista anche, perché fuggire?

Di nuovo il suono torna dronico, prolungato, sinuoso ma non troppo tra piccoli risultati di variazioni digitali, aumenta il senso di claustrofobia ma Daine è come

Entrate nel sito e scoprirete un universo polveroso, anche letterario tra antichi tomi e cd, dall'aspetto antico ma elegante, arcaicamente moderni nell'essere un supporto digitale offerto con involucri arricchiti da un gusto per l'antiquariato quasi alchemico. Il ricordo va a quelle antiche librerie in cui scoprire che nessuno entra da giorni, forse settimane, incontrando un vecchio esercente, curvo e trasandato, forse più antico del locale stesso, occhi piccoli che hanno visto troppe cose e mani che ne hanno determinate altre.

Questo è lo spirito con cui entreremo ogni volta all'interno dello shop di

Circe, come l'Aracne del pittore Gustave Doré, mostro ma con il viso bellissimo di una donna dal seno perfetto per cui perdersi dannati e maledetti in attesa del finale, scuro, quasi etnico, di nuovo la voce ma ora lo stampo è "witch", l'incanto è riuscito, forse era solo un sogno, forse solo un album di quattro tracce trovato all'interno di un polveroso sito che vende musica e libri.

Usciamo, ci giriamo a guardare l'ipotetica insegna e la vediamo tra le prime tenebre che si propagano tra le vie della grande città; l'insegna dice Section XIII. COMA, noi eravamo lì tra quei cd, in tasca spunta un DVD in slim-case, il titolo è Daina Dieva: "Leaving The Garden", l'incantesimo continua...

Review by [Nicola Tenani on SoundBehindTheCorner](#)

LDRTFS - ALONE WITH GOD

"It's in the intimacy of prayer — when we're alone with God — that we keep the iron hot and God skillfully refines and shapes us. And like the blacksmith trade, prayer is not for those timid of work."
- John MacArthur



REGULAR EDITION

Katum habe ich die majestätische Dunkelheit von Creatures from the abyssal Depths halbwegs verdaut, schickt sich Like Drone Razors Through Flesh Sphere auch schon an, mich wieder vollkommen hinabzuziehen, zu erdrücken, zu entrücken. Dabei geht das mysteriöse spanische Projekt auf Alone with God noch wesentlich reduzierter und kompromissloser vor, als man es von den Labelkollegen Ignis Divine sagen konnte. Zwei Titel, jeder 35 Minuten lang, keine Informationen, nur der Name und eine verbrannte Hülle, das sind alle Daten, die dem Hörer Anker bieten, ab dort wird er alleingelassen mit der klanglichen Bedrohung der Zweisamkeit mit Gott. Und am besten schottet man sich auch von allen anderen äußeren Störquellen ab, erhöht Lautstärke sowie Bass aufs Maximum und lässt sich von der Wirkung einfach überrollen.

Dabei wird dem Hörer anfangs noch die Hand gereicht und versucht, ihn an das LDRTFS-Schaffen heranzuführen. Der erste Titel wartet noch mit taktgebendem Schlagzeug und Drone-Doom-Wänden auf, und lässt den Hörer so noch etwas an altbekannter Struktur, an die er sich halten kann; in der Langsamkeit

schier nur zu erfühlende Melodien definieren so die ersten Schritte hinein in das, was die klangliche Beschreibung einer transzendenten Erfahrung sein soll. Nach der ersten Gewöhnungsphase verlässt den Hörer diese Sicherheit, und der Weg führt weiter hinab. Taktgebende Strukturen finden sich nur noch für kurze Momente, weit entfernt klingen noch die Reste dessen nach, was mit Drone anfing; maschinelle Rhythmus, karges Hallen im Hintergrund. Die Reise ebbt ab, wird ruhig, man meint sich verloren, musikalischer Weißraum, erfüllt das Geschehen und die Spannung wächst.

Bis plötzlich alles durchdringende Bass-Schläge den kompletten Körper durchdringen, das

(zumindest mein) Herz kurz zum Erstarren und kräftigem Nachbeben bringen; schroffer Lärm schneidet sich ins Ohr, bittere Klagesschreie, stürmen umher - man ist im Herzen der Veröffentlichung angekommen. Ab hier ist nicht mehr klar, was man tatsächlich wahrnimmt oder nur meint wahrzunehmen, ob die Choräle im Hintergrund wirklich durch das industrielle Rauschen scheinen oder ob das Gehör nur abermals versucht, sich an Struktur zu klammern. Der Klimax ist erreicht: rhythmisch hallendes Pumpen, dem Herzschlag gleich, durchdringt den Raum, steigert die Atmosphäre ins Unglaubliche - bis dann plötzlich nur noch Leere bleibt.

Mag auch die Intention hier überhaupt nicht erkläbar sein (ein Ansatz wäre obig zitiertes Buch zur Bet-Praktik mit eben dem Titel *Alone With God*), die Atmosphäre reicht jedoch in vollstem

Maße aus, um mich abermals zu Boden zu werfen. Diese immense Wirkung der Musik auf den eigenen Körper, die kathartische Wirkung, wenn dann plötzlich Stille wieder den Raum beherrscht, das

Nachklingen,

der Wirkung, wenn der letzte Pulsschlag verhallt ist - man möchte automatisch noch einmal dorthin, wohin *Alone with God* entführte - obwohl man nie sicher ist, wo dies genau war.

Fazit:

Alone With God ist ein absolut erstklassiges und zutiefst beeindruckendes Werk, das vor allem in der zweiten Hälfte raue Brutalität und intensivste Klangfahrt durch schier unglaubliche Spannung in sich vereint, und immer wieder erschreckt, verstört und süchtig macht - da bleibt nur, sich zutiefst vor Like Drone Razors Through Flesh Sphere zu verneigen.

Review by Ma GrAe on NoEasyListening



MORTIDO CVLT

MORTIDO TAPES

Crafted in memoria of defunct and deceased ones to glorify their atrocities, Mortido Tapes are the annual Section XIII:·COMA cassette tape series recruiting a rota of various artists. The Cult of Mortido celebrates manifesto of those wrenched from eternity and evoked through aural invocation.

Exclusive tapes are gifts for loyal customers of perdition, crushed by the existence quiet tenants of desolated lands. For the absence of sound is an absence of infinitely vast dimensions...

TENEBRA RERVM

Anno XII.XI.MMX



Various Artists compilation in memory ov Cinisia Productions.

Photography originale by Emilija Vaičiūnaitė

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MORTUO TRAPES

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Anno XI.XI.MMXI



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Photography originale by Emilija Vaičiūnaitė

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VISUAL ARTISTS

ST.JOHN INKSHADOWS

Saint John's work is almost exclusively black and white, using pens & brushes with ink, occasionally using tea, coffee, dirt, ash and other abnormal mediums. His work incorporates the basic subjects of nature, myth, spirituality, & fantasy while holding a somewhat hidden, yet underlined message. The minimalist style of his work is reminiscent of the engravings, etchings and woodcuts from centuries past, along with a raw, yet delicate technique rarely seen in contemporary work.



Although the atmospheres in most of Saint John's illustrations appear overwhelmingly dark and foreboding, hidden within the shadows of his work is an understanding of fear and suffering, with a somber message of nostalgia. With inspiration derived from dreams, concepts and experiences since youth, his dedication and will to this form of expression is undying.

Art works by St.John are widely used in underground scene including bands such as Quintessence (FR), Svarstyn, Arkanum, Amnions End, Horna, Sinisterite, as well as used in books and magazines on various articles.

Website: www.inkshadows.com



HYPYSIS

Peintre depuis 1997 lors d'études d'Histoire de l'Art et Archéologie, mon travail tend vers une abstraction informelle, lyrique où la matière se révèle entre influences déterministes et alchimies. Attracteurs étranges, turbulences, fractales, chercher à travers les structures de la matière et les compositions à fixer l'essence de l'œuvre par l'utilisation de plusieurs médiums : huile, acrylique, alkyde, laques glycéroptaliques, acides, cendres, suie, soufre... Depuis 2007, j'expérimente l'Abstraction Sonique en utilisant des ondes sonores pour peindre, ce qui m'amène à de nombreuses collaborations avec le monde de la musique expérimentale; Ambiante, Dark Ambiante, Industriel, Noise, Harsh Noise. (France, Chine, Suède, Autriche) Actuellement j'étudie l'influence des champs magnétiques sur la matière... Il découle de mon travail de peinture les séries de photographies, Entropies, Enthalpies, Turbulences, Vortex.

A la suite des expérimentations



Sonique et Magnétique, création du visuel "Entropy" et de la vidéo "Enthalpy", utilisés lors d'expositions et de performances de musique expérimentale.

Deux écrivains, Eric Bénier-Bürckel et Thomas Dreneau commentent mes créations. Mon travail se nourrit d'errances entre chaos sensible et bruit blanc...

C'est la vie que nous voulons sentir et toucher au bout de nos nerfs, fût-ce à s'en arracher la peau.

C'est nu qu'il faut se présenter face à la vie qui s'agit dans le vivant, nu et infâme et dépouillé de tout, pauvre absolument!

Et c'est dégrisé des illusions du sens commun qu'il faut être pour s'ouvrir aux convulsives pluies diluvienues qui se cachent dans le calme apparent des choses, si platement rétrécies à ce que l'intelligence pratique nous en montre, parce qu'elle n'a pas le sens des alchimies qu'Hypsis a la force de porter au regard en forçant l'oeil à taire son sinistre besoin de

placitudes

immédiatement

domestiquables.

Fissurer les stases, ou plutôt les défaire pour palper ce qu'il y a en elles d'extatique, de fuyant, d'imprésentalable, tout ce que l'oeil refoule pour voir en une seule fois et sous un seul angle la multitude grouillante qui défile dans la sensation... Des forces inorganiques...

- La confluence est l'approche du néant,

dans la confluence totale, la présence remue.



cosmiques... Il faut distinguer le viscéral et le vital, le cristal et son insaisissable principe d'individuation...

Ici, la peinture ne fait plus semblant de mentir sur son existence matérielle, elle fait face en s'exposant. Le "pan de couleur" qui, à l'âge classique, tendait à malmenner l'herméneutique en faisant tache dans l'économie du tableau, s'hystérisé et se propage sur toute la surface de la toile, défiant l'"interprétation profonde" qu'elle renvoie à son obsessionnelle demande de sens caché. Dieu gît dans les détails, pas dans les taches qui en ruinent l'aspect. Lorsque la matière s'avance dans la représentation, c'est tout le représenté qui est menacé d'écroulement. Lorsqu'elle dévore et infecte entièrement le représenté, c'est le logos lui-même qui se disloque. La peinture n'a pas plus besoin d'interprètes "inspirés" que de prophètes. Dans la mesure où ce qu'elle est dépend en dernier



ressort de ce qu'elle fait, c'est de l'étude attentive de son mode de fonctionnement esthétique qu'elle a besoin.

Concentrée dans sa surface rythmée, l'œuvre est une pure présence résumée à elle-même. Toute sa vie est confinée dans son cadre qui enclot son intérriorité. Commencer à parler d'une peinture de ce genre en lui cherchant un référent extrapictural revient à confondre la lecture d'un tableau avec le passage d'un test de Rorschach. Le référent que l'on croit découvrir dans une œuvre n'est que l'ombre portée de cette œuvre et non sa cause finale. Il serait donc absurde de croire que l'œuvre

dérive d'une réalité originale qu'elle se contenterait de reproduire ou d'imiter. La force de la peinture ne réside pas tant dans l'aptitude à créer l'illusion d'une réalité que dans le fait de produire l'illusion d'un référent.

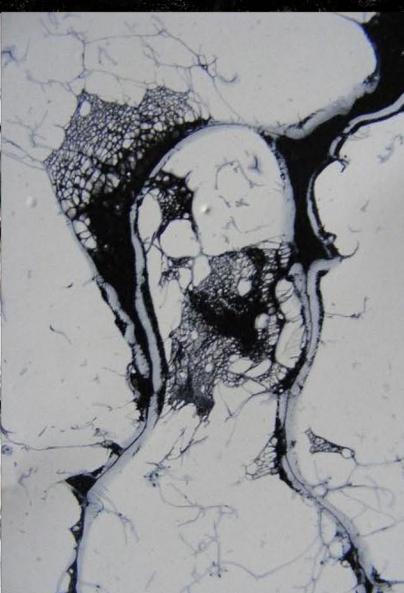
Les tableaux d'Hypsí ne renvoient à aucune réalité extrinsèque, pas plus au chaos qu'à un cosmos dissimulé sous les apparences. Si nous pensons le contraire, cela tient entre autres au fait que dès que surgissent des formes, nous cherchons à les identifier et à leur attribuer un sens ; au lieu de les voir et de les vivre pour elles-mêmes, nous les appréhendons comme les signes d'une réalité reconnaissable située en dehors d'elles. Ainsi envisagées, les formes sont dépossédées de leur réalité propre qui est transférée à ce référent qu'elle ne font plus que refléter. C'est l'inquiétude du sens qui nous distraint ainsi de l'existence brute des pigments et des formes en nous poussant à aller chercher leur vraie signification ailleurs, fût-ce dans ces régions éthérees que seule, d'après l'onto-théologie, la sensibilité artistique, douée de tous les traits du génie, peut investir.

Mais une œuvre n'est ni un analogon ni une passerelle conduisant vers quelque monde situé au-delà de son cadre. C'est le jeu des formes, leur agencement, leur composition, leur rythmicité qui produisent le sentiment d'une réalité transcendante, irréductible à leur matérialité. Cette « vie » des formes, comme le dit Henri Focillon, donne le sentiment de déborder sans cesse les formes, elle leur est néanmoins immuable. Close sur elle-même, l'œuvre est la pulsation même de la vie formelle qu'elle diffuse. Les formes créent leur avenir expressif en



se créant. Mais les formes se signifient sans rien signifier.

Eric Bénier-Bürckel Ecrivain





VIDEL VELSMORD

Videl D. W. Velsmord is multimedia artist, working in fields of painting, sound art, photography and graphic design as well as writing on occasion. Same-titled project founded in 2006 as very personal approach investigating soundscapes and their influence to own self. The project concentrates on cryptoscapistic meditation upon dark insane Chaotic landscapes. Both paintings and aural art has a strong reference to symbolism, abstraction, surrealism and automatism rendering the most ulterior shoreless depths of self-structured void.





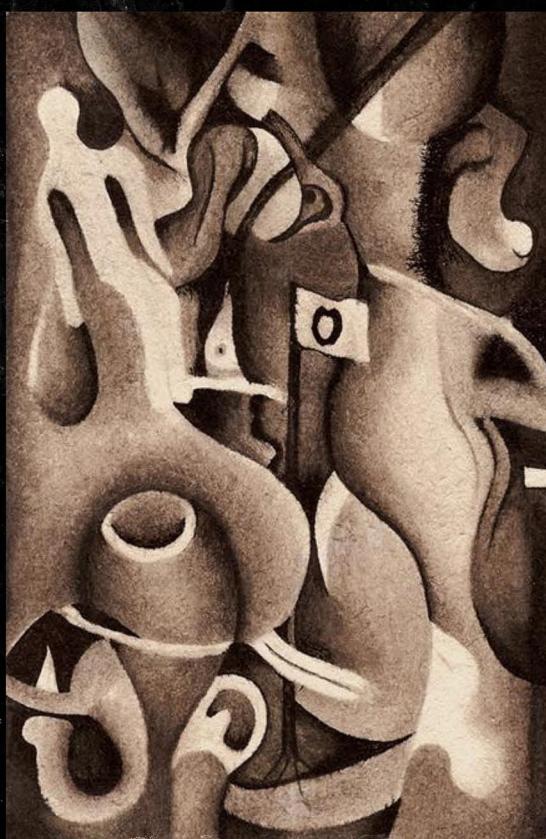
“Деревянная комната нынче украшена новыми картинами, которые не благородно прикрывая изначальный блеск старых от печального солнца, через пресловутое окно этого безграничного одиночества хрупко освещают пыль; и расщепляя их светимость в окончательный мрак... превращают меня самого во что-то аморфное, и вокруг всё плывёт”

пред моими глазами...
...и запах ещё не застывшего акрила игриво
отвлекает меня от горстки пустых писем,
завалившихся где-то не-по-далеку...
...и ужасающих бездну взглядов тех, что
плятятся на меня из под...”

- Videl Velsmord «Act III: Торговец Облаками»

Intoxicated by haruspex vision during the Eleventh Cycle of the Moon I became YIIIX. Through shoreless fields of reigning chaos I saw the birth of New World. The day when sun stood still were lands illuminated by the dying star. At some point life becomes anti-life...Nay, death no longer exists! New World, Immortal World calls me, absorbs me as I wander through the depths of the universe of myself. The light is antilight, merely vague reflexions of its majesty, and sound is anti-sound – the broken noise of my voice. I can feel the whiff of its reverberating echoes deep inside me. From afar my subconscious begins to dissolve in this densely boundless space. Surrounded by everlasting nothingness, alas God no longer exists.

- Videl Velsmord «YIIIX Meditation»





Through centuries man is driven to the extremes of his nature, releasing all of his sickness by killing, sacrificing and torturing in order to rule and manipulate the masses while hiding himself beyond



concepts of higher, omnipotent entity. It is never ending cycle of humanity, it was since many ages ago, and it is seen today.

In Theophany I show that Death, destruction and homicide thoughts as well as behaviour are inevitable part of human cycle. The conflict between limits of reality and pure nature of man is



what these paintings are about. An evolution from the very first painting: hypocrisy, the spirit, the purity, freedom.

To me the 'ritual' is strictly personal moment of expression of my sensations and my personality into physical dimension. With these paintings I am neither aiming to shock anyone, nor am I attributing myself to fetishism for pain (although psychological masochism is interesting game to play). To me the blood of mine is the most sacred medium...perhaps the most violent one I ever used to create; and creation is essential in my life.

- Videl Velsmord extract from personal blog.



Works by Videl are available for competitions. Paintings, photography and mixed media works for graphic design. In visual solution - logotypes, sigil, monograms and signatures, complete music packaging and web design.

Website: www.videlvelsmord.com

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SIGNIFIER
«FLESHES OF MY LIVID EVERYTHING»



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Signifer lived a short life on earth, yet invariably
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and fairly, dedicating himself and every instant
of his life without exception to Satan.



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sparks of his spirit and the abyss of his thoughts,
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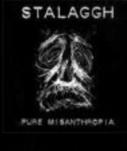
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IGNIS DIVINE - CREATURES OF THE ABYSSAL DEPTHES

Cat Nr: [SXIICD003]

Up to 5 copies	6 – 12 copies	13 and more
5 EUR	4 EUR	3 EUR

Regular Edition: Audio CD in black slimline DVD case

Available in cases / without



REGULAR EDITION

DAINA DIEVA - LEAVING THE GARDEN

Cat Nr: [SXIICD004]

Up to 5 copies	6 – 12 copies	13 and more
5 EUR	4 EUR	3 EUR

Regular Edition: Audio CD + 8pp booklet in black slimline DVD case

Available in cases / without



REGULAR EDITION

LDRTFS - ALONE WITH GOD

Cat Nr: [SXIICD005]

Up to 5 copies	6 – 12 copies	13 and more
6 EUR	5 EUR	4 EUR

Regular Edition: Audio CD in burnt white jakebox

Available in cases only



REGULAR EDITION

PRODUCTION

Alchemy of sound and conceptual packaging

CD Duplication

(CD-R media)



Quantity / Price per copy

1 – 50 disks.....	£1.30 per unit
51 – 100 disks.....	£1.20 per unit
100 – 300 disks.....	£1.10 per unit



VAT and fees included in prices above.
Shipping in UK Mainland £7.50. Vinyl-style CDR, All-black CDR disks and / or white printable Taiyo Yuden media is the same price, available on request.

CD Replication

(Audio CD media)



Quantity / Prices

Bulk pressed 100 copies.....	£190
Bulk pressed 150 copies.....	£200
Bulk pressed 200 copies.....	£220
Bulk pressed 250 copies.....	£235
Bulk pressed 300 copies.....	£250
Bulk pressed 350 copies.....	£260
Bulk pressed 400 copies.....	£270
Bulk pressed 500 copies.....	£285



Shrink Wrapped. Delivery price is £7.50

Cassette Tape Duplication



Quantity / Price per copy

1 – 50 copies	51 – 100 copies	101 – 200 copies
£1.75	£1.30	£1.10

All prices include clear plastic cases, payment fees and VAT

Professional tape duplication with option of on-plate printing on Side A / B. If on-plate printing is required, add £30 set-up cost for both sides. Tapes supplied in clear archival plastic cases. Delivery price is fixed at £7.50 to UK Mainland. J-card printing is optional, please refer to printed parts.

Printed parts and merchandise:

SXIIIC offers a wide range of prints on various stock papers. Services include printing of leaflets, posters, flyers, brochures & booklets, CD & DVD covers, J-cards, stationary packs, business cards and plastic cards of various thicknesses and finishing. Furthermore upon request we can offer personalisation of various merchandise and products, most available in both low volume and long runs.

CD/DVD/Tape/Vinyl covers, booklets, inlays, various kinds of packaging options including full colour cardboard digipacks, digifiles, digisleeves, CD envelopes, J-cards, vinyl sleeves. Price depends on paper stock and quantity required, thus is subject to quote.

For production of printed parts artwork must be provided in high resolution TIFF, PDF or uncompressed JPEG files. To receive our templates in Photoshop PSD format or PDF format, please contact us. Should you prefer audio media produced and supplied along with printed parts please refer your enquiries to info@comasection.com

Depending on your needs we can offer a range of Deluxe packaging and discuss DIY options on request. Price is subject to production needs and studio time. Please refer your ideas and indicate required details to our e-mail.

Graphic Design

Coma Sect Foundation offers graphic design and art supervision for any needs related to Black Art, Musique Concrete and Shamanism. Contribution of graphics is also available on request from visual artist, whose works are exhibited online and supported by SXIIIC.

Graphic design service available for any projects regardless of whether it is music related or not. Creative act starts at advance payment of the whole service price. We take time to listen and understand client's ideology and preferences of visual aesthetics. After approval from customer we can transfer the master stampers directly into production.

SXIIIC graphic design dept specialises in branding, web graphics, merchandise, and can prepare all the graphics and artwork for client products. We have our own digital printing facility for the paper parts including brochures, leaflets, inlays, postcards, booklets, as well as feature to print directly onto Audio media.



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