



# WEIRDO CANYON DISPATCH

**Roadburn Festival Daily Fanzine ~ Saturday 21st April 2018**

Aerial Ruin, All Pigs Must Die, Bell Witch, Boris with Stephen O'Malley, Earthless, Forgotten Tomb, Godspeed You! Black Emperor, Greenmachine, Hugsjá, Jacob Bannon, Maggot Heart, Mizmor, NYIP and Wormlust: Hieros Gamos, Occvltá, Old Tower, Panopticon, Sacri Monti, The Heads, Thou x The Body, Wear Your Wounds, Worship, Zola Jesus

# Review: Roadburn Friday 20th April 2018

By Daniel Pietersen

Day Two at Roadburn '18 and already the bar is raised pretty high, with sets from Black Decades, Kælan Mikla and Servants of the Apocalyptic Goat Rave being my personal highlights from the day before. We've a lot to get through, though, and these bands won't watch themselves.

The Ruins of Beverast unleash a black metal stormcloud, all martial drums and lightning-strike guitars sweeping scythe-like over the field of nodding heads in a packed Green Room. It's a ferocious, scathing display made all the more intense by the devastatingly tight musicianship. An immense start to the day and that's Roadburn in a nutshell; even the first band on one of the smaller stages are world class.



*Motorpsycho (Paul Verhagen)*

Next door, on the Main Stage, Motorpsycho are working up their groove and creating the kind of sounds, electric riffs and coyote howls, that you'd hear while spending a fevered night on the fringes of the Mojave.

Never wandering off into too-loose jam-band territory, the quartet unleash some of the best heads-down psych-rock I've seen and the crowd absolutely lap it up over the set's two-hour (two hours!) duration.



*Panopticon (Paul Verhagen)*

What Jeremy Bentham, the 18th century English philosopher who developed the concept of the Panopticon, would think of his creation's musical namesake is, sadly, impossible to know. I like to think that, even if the music were beyond him, the passionate social reformer would appreciate the politically relevant sentiments of the band, something which is made most obvious on their opening selection of country-influenced tracks. Banjo and mandolin blend with mournful voices, singing of lost families and failing factories, into songs that wouldn't be out of place on a Steve Earle record. Then the tornado that has loomed on the horizon of this melancholy dust bowl finally breaks and the band's full range of melodic black metal is given free reign.

It's a startling juxtaposition, frailty set against ferocity, but one that, at Roadburn at least, is hugely powerful.

No such philosophical concerns from Crowbar. They came here to kick ass and chew riffs and they're all out of... well, neither. I can't say that I know *Odd Fellow's Rest* amazingly well, having been lost in a dark ambient abyss around the time it came out in 1998, but the band cut so deeply into metal's iron core that it feels like an old friend.



*Crowbar (Paul Verhagen)*

I had every intention to go and wander across to the Cul de Sac, my go-to venue for finding new bands, but Crowbar's aural punishment, one of the Seitan Chef's vegan kapsalons and the lure of a cold beer in the evening sun proved too much for me. A necessary recharge in what is, at least to this milk-white Englishman, staggeringly hot weather.

Time, then, to proceed penitentially to the glacial cathedral built by Father Murphy out of strangely bell-like guitar and near-Gregorian vocals. A hauntingly spectral and spiritually infused set from the Italian duo that once again shows Roadburn's musical

diversity. Regrettably, however, I have to move on before Jarboe takes the stage, due purely to one word.



*Jarboe w/ Father Murphy (Niels Vinck)*

Godflesh. The *Selfless* era circa '94 is an important one to me as my first exposure to Godflesh was through the *Merciless* EP, released in the same year. The stripped-down, punishing music combined with a distillation of all the impotent contempt and fury I felt at that age became my punk. On record, Godflesh sound like cities being demolished. When "Crush My Soul" hammers out of the 013 P.A. it's more like the scream of worlds dying.



*Godflesh (Paul Verhagen)*

And then they actually play "Merciless" and I am gone, 17 again.

Suddenly, that bar has been raised a few notches. -- *Daniel Pietersen*

## Converge: The Ground, Broken & Breaking

It's not just for Converge that the timeline of the past can be divided into two big chunks, the pre-*Jane Doe* and the post-*Jane Doe* – the entire landscape of heavy music itself has felt the ripples from the iconic record that the American band, formed in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1990 by Jacob Bannon and Kurt Ballou, performed in full at Roadburn 2016.



Musically, aesthetically, lyrically, it's a vital landmark in many ways, and it signalled the true arrival of Converge on a scene that desperately needed them, uniting metal, hardcore, punk, and untagged experimentalism in a way few had done before. Looking back now, those earlier years and their lineup readjustments, the personality-establishing – and already musically and emotionally devastating – all the signs were there.

Through records like *Halo in a Haystack* or *When Forever Comes Crashing* (*Petitioning the Empty Sky* is usually considered as a compilation of sorts), they were slowly but surely building up to the revolution that inevitably took place. When it did, it was impossible to not be taken in by

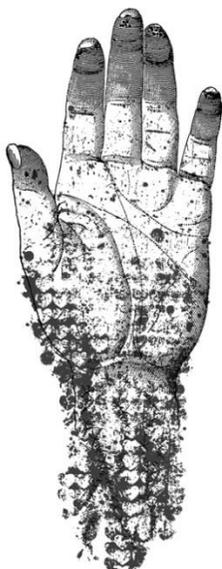
every aspect that has become a staple of Converge throughout the years: Jacob Bannon's desperate, anguished howl, where you can feel the depth of the poetry that is indeed behind it even if you can't make out a lot of the words; *that* guitar tone; the mountain rumbling low end; the unpredictability and complexity of the compositions which nevertheless manage to retain furious immediacy and urgency.

At a time when metalcore had already become pretty much a dirty word, Converge showed that it didn't have to be. While still an extremely reductive term, both then and now, to describe accurately everything that goes on in a Converge record, it's still a somewhat-accurate, not to mention satisfying, way to refer to the pivotal genre crossroad at which the band has always stood.



Most importantly, *Jane Doe* wasn't just an arrival – it was also, crucially, a departure. With the definitive lineup that still remains today finally in place,

with bassist Nate Newton and drummer Ben Koller joining the Bannon/Ballou nucleus, the band treated their breakthrough record as a starting point for an unparalleled career that is still going as strong as ever today.



# CONVERGE YOU FAIL ME

ROADBURNFESTIVAL 2018

So much was evident on its successor already – *You Fail Me*, which was of course rendered in full at this year's Roadburn, was almost as big a step from *Jane Doe* as one had been from *When Forever Comes Crashing*. Denser and more atmospheric, anchored on its two giants that stand tall halfway through – the title-track and “In Her Shadow” – *You Fail Me* showed that Converge were in for the long haul, and that we should never think that we have them all figured out.

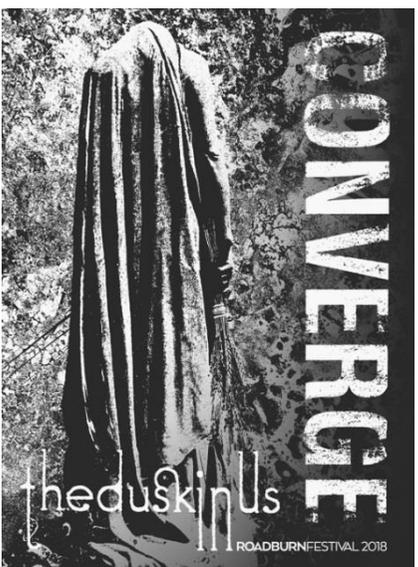
Literally all their records since then have taken the band's signature sound

to different extremes. *You Fail Me*'s successor, *No Heroes*, for example, in all its destructive and immediate-grinding glory (its five opening songs all clock in at under two minutes), also gave us another chapter in the ongoing ultra-heavy sludgemonster Converge volume, in the form of the unforgettable “Grim Heart/Black Rose.”

*Axe to Fall* often introduced the super-catchy-yet-unhummable-without-risking tongue/throat-injury (that insane guitar intro to “Dark Horse” – we know it's in your head, but can you hum it correctly?), not to mention the way it took Converge's collaborative nature to a pleasant extreme, including guests performances from other luminaries such as Neurosis, Cave In, Disfear, Genghis Tron and The Red Chord. Curveballs like these would later form the grim heart (pun intended) of the *Blood Moon* experiment, which Converge also brought to Roadburn in 2016 with an ensemble of Converge-related musicians.

We've all heard it's better to burn out than fade away, but Converge just keep on burning. Bands that want to be Converge come and go, and their influence is visible and audible throughout the whole scene, but they are simply inimitable – once you think you've pegged down what they're all about, they've already moved on.

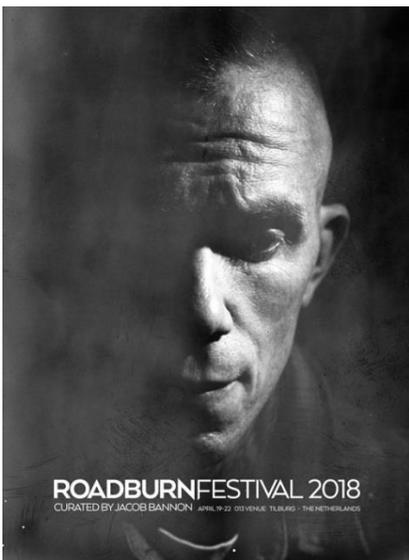
2012 saw the release of yet another essential landmark, *All We Love We Leave Behind*, a supremely mature effort, deep, dark, organic and made just by the band itself, without any guests popping over this time. It was almost a statement of intent, a sort of warning that, just like they had ruled the previous decade, Converge would rule this one too.



Breezing past the 25-year mark of their existence, they are currently armed with *The Dusk in Us*, an exceptionally open and emotional album which sounds, from the months that we have lived with it so far, like yet another arrival, and yet another departure.

Jacob Bannon keeps finding new ways to sing and scream and shout his pain, our pain, at us, over some of the bleakest and most euphorically sad

music we've heard in years. Roadburn 2018 will offer the chance to dive into it like never before as Converge will also perform it in its entirety.



This connection to Roadburn, where both parties instantly recognised an artistic and spiritual kinship, along with that constant willingness the band has always shown to collaborate, innovate and expand, has led to Jacob Bannon being chosen to curate this current edition of the festival, and looking at the lineup he has assembled, we believe it does speak entirely for itself and strongly reaffirms the values and inspirations that have made Converge what they are today... and what they will surely continue to be for many groundbreaking years to come. – José Carlos Santos

## Bell Witch: *Looking Into the Mirror*

Art borne from pain often becomes a vessel in which to exorcise your demons, to work through unexpected moments and to push through the veils of sadness in order to free yourself from the weight of abject misery.



For Bell Witch pain became a driving force behind their latest opus, *Mirror Reaper*, and from that pain came an 83-minute continuous musical composition structured in four movements – much like a classical piece but shrouded in the darkness of funeral doom – that speaks of loss, of hope, and of finding your way out of the shadows.

For founding member Dylan Desmond (bass, vocals) and drummer Jesse Shreibman the loss of a friend and original drummer Adrian Guerra was a moment of extreme sadness and with sessions for *Mirror Reaper* already underway, it soon became clear that the death of Guerra informed more than just their own personal feelings – it coloured their music with a despondency that echoes clearly in every single minute.

*Mirror Reaper* is a work brimming with humanity. When it's played in full today at the 013, expect a heart-breaking journey into an abyss we will all find ourselves in during our lifetime. Death is reflected in each lonely chord or dramatic beat of the drum. Primal urges are felt in heady screams and bellowed cries.



Silence is used to give breathing space to overwhelming emotions. Catharsis comes from the connection to each and every person in the room experiencing the same pure pain as the people on stage. Bell Witch will leave you fragile and empty but with the understanding that you are not alone in your grief. – Cheryl Carter

## Black Metal and Brews

Two years ago, I jokingly suggested that I wanted to host a “beer and metal” event as part of Roadburn’s side programme as a five-year goal of mine. This year, I’ve somehow convinced Walter and Becky that my nerdy niche holds water and they’ve given me a chance to interview the members of Minnesota-based black metal legends-in-the-making Panopticon.

Band leader Austin Lunn is a co-owner of HammerHeart Brewing and many members of the band’s live setup are involved in various levels of the operation. This makes them a perfect group to sit with for a talk about two of our shared favorite things in the world.



**HAMMERHEART**  
BREWING COMPANY

We’re being provided a handful of beers to taste and we’ll be sampling various others at our own discretion during the Thursday and Friday shows of Roadburn. On Saturday afternoon, we’ll be giving a full report on our findings to help inform fellow beer and metal geeks of the choicest offerings Tilburg has for us.

In addition, I’ll be asking members of Panopticon about their personal paths through the worlds of heavy metal and beer and where they entwined along the way.



As for my own credentials, I’m merely fortunate to be a facilitator here. I’ve been blogging under the alias “Black Metal & Brews” since 2012, but have always hoped for the highlight to be the quality of the music and beer I love. If we haven’t yet become acquainted digitally in some way, dear reader, I hope that you’ll come share a drink with me and one of America’s most exciting black metal acts of the aughts and onward so that we can get to know each other and share in some of our favorite pastimes.

- Ben Handelman



## Roadburn 2018 In Pictures



*Kikagaku Moyo - Koepelhal (Niels Vinck)*



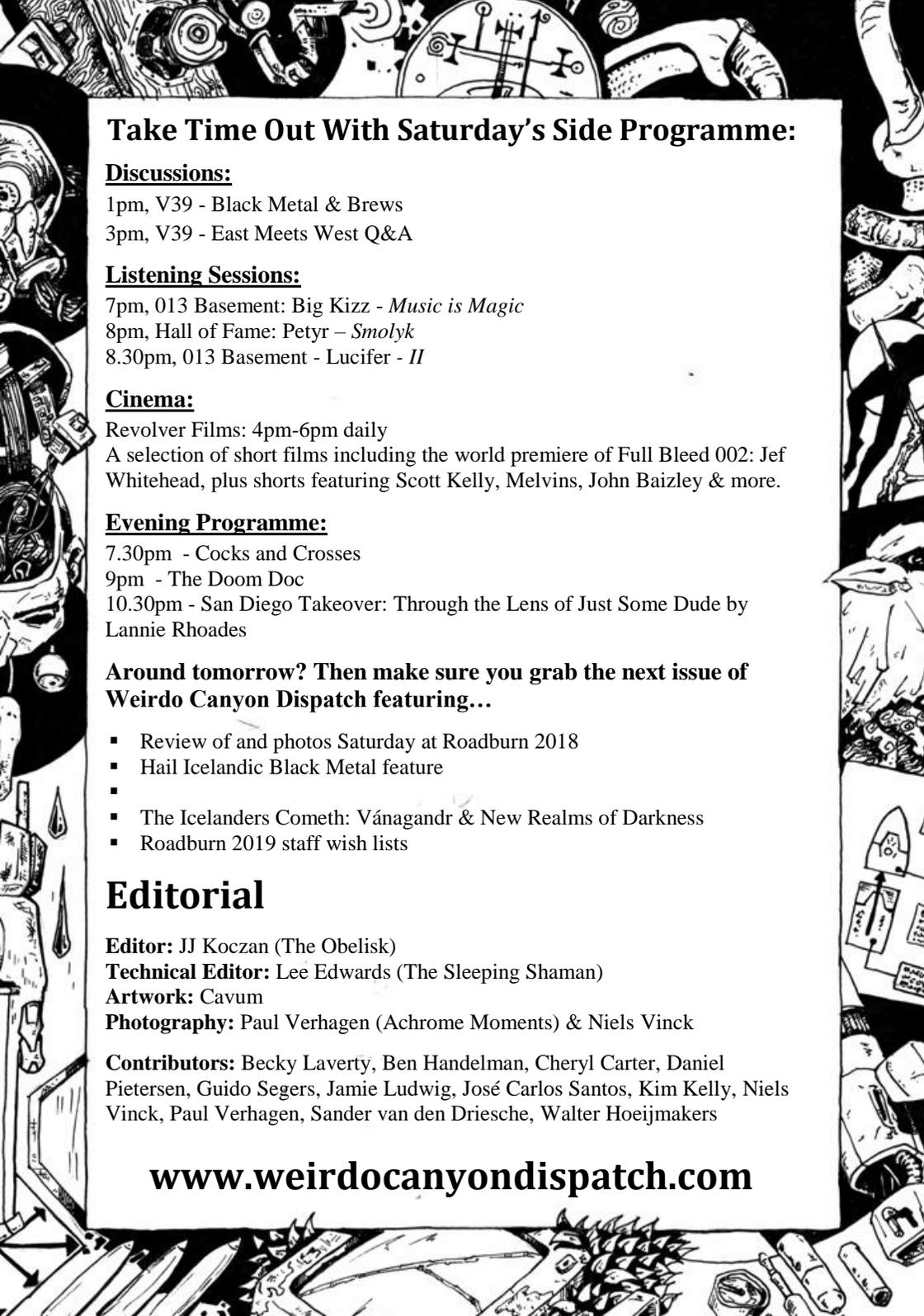
*Igorrrr - Koepelhal (Niels Vinck)*

BREAKING NEWS!

I LIKE MY TOWN BLACK LIKE MY MUSIC!



Collaboration artwork by Costin Chioreanu & Cavum



## Take Time Out With Saturday's Side Programme:

### Discussions:

1pm, V39 - Black Metal & Brews  
3pm, V39 - East Meets West Q&A

### Listening Sessions:

7pm, 013 Basement: Big Kizz - *Music is Magic*  
8pm, Hall of Fame: Petyr - *Smolyk*  
8.30pm, 013 Basement - Lucifer - *II*

### Cinema:

Revolver Films: 4pm-6pm daily  
A selection of short films including the world premiere of Full Bleed 002: Jef Whitehead, plus shorts featuring Scott Kelly, Melvins, John Baizley & more.

### Evening Programme:

7.30pm - Cocks and Crosses  
9pm - The Doom Doc  
10.30pm - San Diego Takeover: Through the Lens of Just Some Dude by Lannie Rhoades

**Around tomorrow? Then make sure you grab the next issue of Weirdo Canyon Dispatch featuring...**

- Review of and photos Saturday at Roadburn 2018
- Hail Icelandic Black Metal feature
- The Icelanders Cometh: Vánagandr & New Realms of Darkness
- Roadburn 2019 staff wish lists

## Editorial

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**[www.weirdocanyondispatch.com](http://www.weirdocanyondispatch.com)**

# ROADBURN 2018 SATURDAY, APRIL 21

	MAIN STAGE	KOEPHAL	HET PATRONAAT	GREEN ROOM	CUL DE SAC	HALL OF FAME
14.00					ROADBURN PRESENTS <b>VERWOED</b> 13.30 - 14.15	13.30
14.30		<b>BELL WITCH</b> 'MIRROR REAPER' 14.00 - 15.30				14.00
15.00						14.30
15.30	<b>HUGSJÁ</b> IVAR BJORNSON & EINAR SELVIK 15.15 - 16.30		<b>WORSHIP</b> 'LAST TAPE BEFORE DOOMSDAY' 15.30 - 16.30	<b>PETRYR</b> 15.00 - 15.50		15.00
16.00						15.30
16.30		<b>WEAR YOUR WOUNDS</b> 16.15 - 17.15				16.00
16.30					<b>SUPERSONIC BLUES</b> 15.50 - 16.40	16.30
17.00				<b>DAMO SUZUKI &amp; MINAMI DEUTSCH</b> 16.40 - 17.50	<b>MANIA</b> 16.30 - 17.20	16.30
17.00	<b>PANOPTICON</b> 17.10 - 18.10		<b>FORGOTTEN TOMB</b> 17.20 - 18.20			17.00
17.30						17.30
18.00		<b>MIZMOR</b> 'YODH' 18.00 - 19.10			<b>PLANNING FOR BURIAL</b> 18.00 - 19.00	17.30
18.00						18.00
18.30				<b>VOLCANO</b> 18.30 - 19.20		18.30
19.00	<b>BORIS &amp; STEPHEN O'MALLEY</b> 'ABSOLUTE GO' 19.00 - 20.10		<b>NYÏP &amp; WORMLUST</b> 'HIEROS GAMOS' 19.10 - 20.10			19.00
19.00						19.30
19.30		<b>ZOLA JESUS</b> 20.00 - 21.00			<b>PHANTOM WINTER</b> 19.50 - 20.50	19.30
20.00						20.00
20.30			<b>AERIAL RUIN</b> 20.50 - 21.40	<b>THE HEADS</b> 20.10 - 21.20		20.30
21.00						21.00
21.30	<b>GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR!</b> 21.00 - 22.50	<b>ALL PIGS MUST DIE</b> 21.40 - 22.30			<b>KJELD</b> 21.30 - 22.20	21.30
22.00						22.00
22.30			<b>GREENMACHINE</b> 'D.A.M.N.' 22.30 - 23.20	<b>SACRI MONTI</b> 22.00 - 23.00		22.30
23.00						23.00
23.30		<b>THOU x THE BODY</b> 23.20 - 00.30		<b>MAGGOT HEART</b> 23.30 - 00.20		23.30
00.00	<b>EAST MEETS WEST JAM EARTHLESS &amp; KIKAGAKU MOYO</b> 23.30 - 00.30		<b>OCCULTA</b> 00.00 - 00.50			00.00
00.30					<b>HAIR OF THE DOG</b> 00.30 - 01.30	00.30
01.00						01.00
01.30						01.30

**AFTERPARTY: DE ROOIE JAGER // 00.30 - 03.00 // 013 FOYER BAR**

12.00