

# SUBTERRANEA

GOING UNDERGROUND

# LIVE

*Primordial  
provoke an  
intoxicated reverie*

# Beyond The Gates III

GARAGE, BERGEN

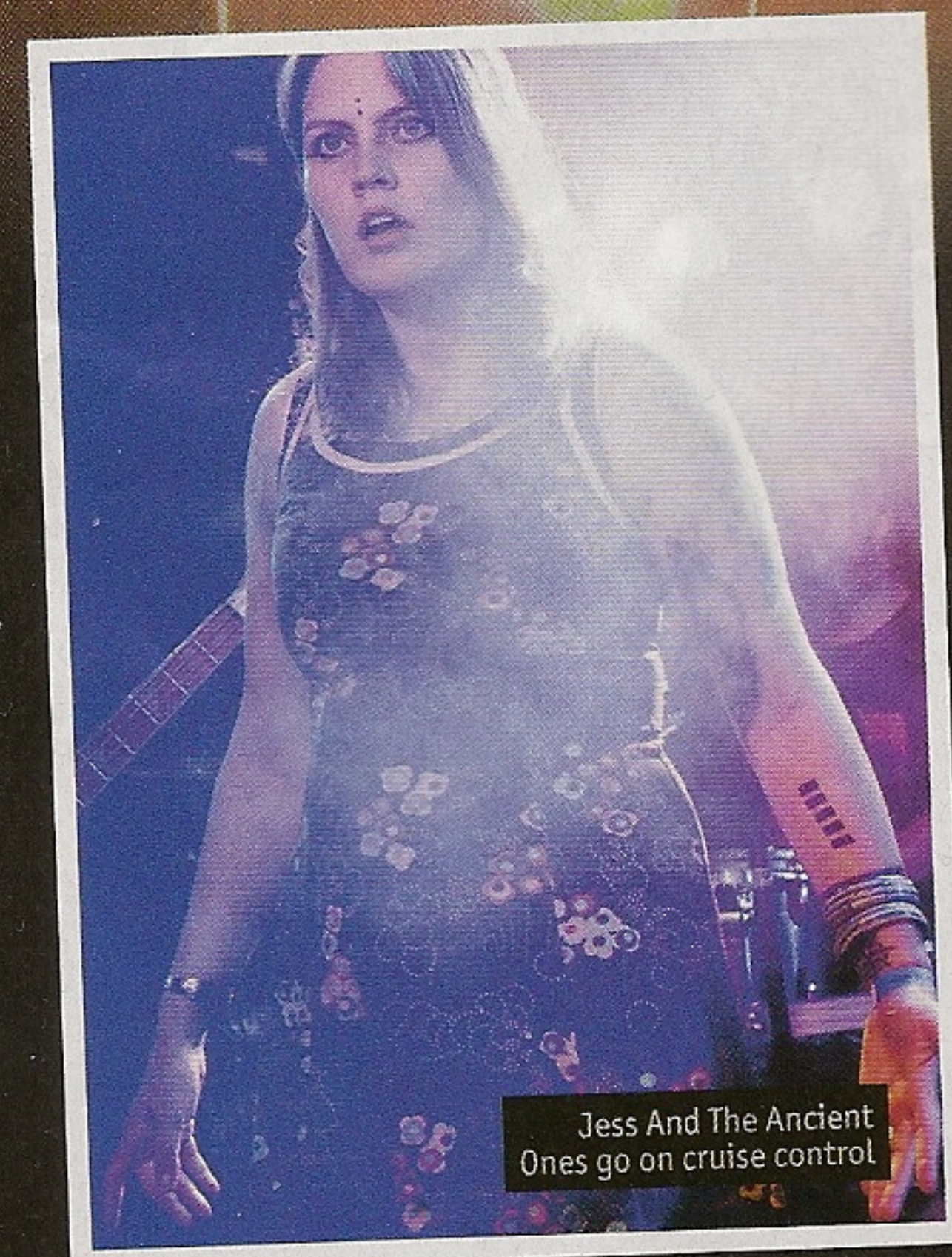
*Bergen's cult metal gathering raises the spirits once more*



Primordial's Mícheál Ó Floinn: white light, white heat



The Ruins Of Beverast: slow, glorious torture



Jess And The Ancient Ones go on cruise control

**T**he more cult-minded successor to Bergen's revered Hole In The Sky festival, Beyond The Gates has built a reputation for shining a torch onto the most exotic and ceremonial acts lurking in the metal underground. Although it's an indication of how much the occult/classic metal alliance has risen in prominence of late, this year's third iteration has shifted the balance slightly towards more established acts. But if the new discoveries are corralled into the opening Thursday, the payoff is that the Garage is busier than ever before, the sense of community that's a defining trait of the Bergen metal scene extending into a surprisingly mixed crowd. The venue is already teeming by the time Iceland's kohl-smudged black metallers **SINMARA** [8] take the stage, and if their industrious rampage is initially flattened by the PA, the instrumental *Stygian Voyage* starts to reveal a new scope, a twilight radiance generated by the churning riffs and infusing the clotted vocals that send a mesmerising chill through the rest of the set. Bedecked in cowls and dangling cloth veils like some religious order of lepers – and keeping up BTG's penchant for bands with incense-bedecked altars – **IRKALLIAN**

**ORACLE's** [8] pervasive sense of uncleanness is given added visual cues by the bell held aloft toward the end. Their soul-curdling, abyssal rumble will have done the trick long before then, though, their potently stale gust of foul tidings issuing forth as though invoked from a grimoire you should have left well alone. **DØDSENGEL** [6] are a difficult band to get a grip on. Dressed in purple robes and ornate eyemasks, which can't obscure the vocalist's incongruous baby-ish face, they start off like a poor man's Candlemass. That proves but a prelude to barrelling and histrionic black metal that tips the scales into unconvincing theatricality and for all its journeying nature, can't quite find its way back.

**THE RUINS OF BEVARAST** [9] are on another level. Magnificently named frontman Alexander von Meilenwald has the taciturn, get-on-with-it look you'd expect to find on an Serbian torturer, taking the immense, immersive resonance that seeps out of the doom-laden death metal as a given. The combination of the stately and the devastating makes for one of the most commanding performances of the weekend. For a black metal band, let alone one that's a two-piece with no bass guitar, Thursday

"Are you with us?" Alan Nemtheanga rallies the troops