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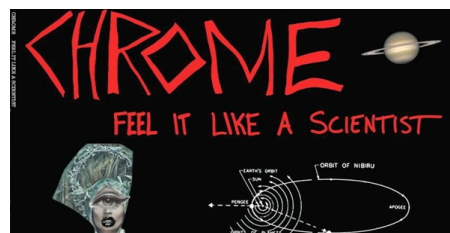
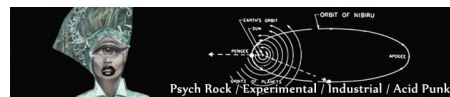
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October 3, 2014
(https://heathenharvest.org/2014/10/03/chrome-feel-it-like-a-scientist/)

Chrome – Feel it Like a Scientist

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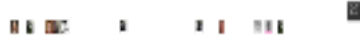


(https://heathenharvest.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/10/chrome-feel-it-like-a-scientist.jpg)

Feel it Like a Scientist

Listen up, all of you UFO nuts with your conspiracy theories about the Earth having been or being visited by extraterrestrials, whether it be the Greys, the Annunaki or those nameless ancient aliens who visited the Aztecs, Mayans, and Egyptians, because I'm here to tell you that, *yes*, we have indeed been visited by an unearthly presence, but that it actually began in 1976 when a particularly strange individual named **Helios Creed** joined up with fledgling San Francisco acid-punk outfit **Chrome** and made his presence felt via a strange recording called *Alien Soundtracks*.

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Since that fateful day, Creed has graced us with his presence via Chrome transmissions across three distinct periods of time—from that initial 1976 period until 1983's *Third from the Sun* LP, after which point band founder **Damon Edge** (<https://heathenharvest.org/2012/10/12/october-obituaries-category-viii-damon-edge/>) departed for Europe where he resided until his untimely death in 1995, then from 1996's *Third Seed from the Bud* until 2002's *Angel of the Clouds*, and right now from this brand new recording, *Feel it Like a Scientist*, onwards.

Just previous to this album there had been an appetiser in the shape of an album of unreleased early Chrome tracks featuring both Edge and Chrome, *Half Machine from the Sun – The Lost Tracks from '79-'80*, the joyous reception of which may well have been a partial catalyst toward Creed reactivating the Chrome name for one more jaunt around the solar system.

Sure, there have been Creed-less Chrome recordings in between—during Edge's years in Europe—and Chrome-less Creed recordings aplenty, but Chrome never sounded quite like *Chrome* without Creed's acid-fried cosmic axework, and, to some extent, vice versa. None of those recordings, good as they were, quite managed to catch the deeply weird and wired vibe that permeated the band's *meisterwerk*, the timelessly warped *Half Machine Lip Moves*, a record so far ahead of its time that we haven't even managed to catch up to it yet.

It was a curious beast, made up of Stoogeified guitar gnarl, heavily effected leads, utterly tweaked tape cut-ups,



(<https://heathenharvest.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/10/chrome.jpg>)

strange
dubbed-

Chrome

out ambiences and jittery weirdo vocals with the overall feel of being not unlike a garage rock album made by Venusian cyborgs from some adjacent dimension, and the question is: could such a thing ever be captured again?

Well, in a way, yes it can, as *Feel it Like a Scientist* falls squarely into the pocket of “classic” Chrome and is most certainly located in the same galactic quadrant as *Half Machine Lip Moves*—albeit significantly cleaner in sound and smoother in execution.

With Creed taking on both vocal and guitar duties, joined by a motley crew containing raw recruits as well as long-serving Chrome members ex-**Farflung** and **Pressurehed** keys man **Tommy Grenas** and drummer **Aleph Omega**, the sound is expansive but still manages to retain that claustrophobic edge—no pun intended—of paranoia that Chrome always seemed to carry and, of course, those **Stooges/MC5** raw guitar tones that Creed dubbed acid-punk.

Feel it Like a Scientist is chock full to bursting with Chrome goodness, from opening sci-fi stomper “Nephilims (Help Me!)” through to closing creep-out “Nymph Droid”, and is very much—as the saying goes—*all killer, no filler*.

Opening strongly, Creed and crew manage to ramp it up even more with blistering second track, and first single, “Prophecy”, the perfect showcase for this shiny new Chrome and the blueprint for the more rawkin’ tracks scattered across the album.

Elastic electronics and heavily treated voices warp into earshot, stuttering cut-ups unspool across backward guitars. Then the track itself kicks in with that trademark cosmic garage riffing and some baritone mumbling from Creed, and we have lift-off! Grenas adds layers and waves of undulating synth, **Ann Dromeda** provides ethereal backing vocals and Creed provides the icing on the cake with sinuous wailing leads, dripping with unearthly FX. It’s damn good to have ‘em back for a return trip.

The teched-up garage vibe is felt most strongly on “Six”, on which a particularly rampaging bassline makes its presence felt amidst the cosmic daze and the rather

Chrome – Feel it Like a Scientist amidst the cosmic slop and the rather groovy “Lady Feline”, with its odd vocal treatment and surging waves of guitar scree.

Much is generally made of the influence of Chrome on the nascent industrial rock/metal scene, with **Ministry** and **Nine Inch Nails** usually mentioned out front, but to my ears the circuit-bent garage rock of **Brainiac** and the angular Krautisms and aggressive avant-punk of the criminally underrated **Six Finger Satellite** are the most obvious logical outcome of Chrome worship as that sense of rigidity that comes with the rockier end of industrial just doesn’t feel very “Chrome” to these ears. Having said that, though, “Big Brats” has that crunching industrial jackhammer

beat but feels very much like an anomaly here, putting me in mind of drum machine-lead **Blast First** act **Big Stick**.



(<https://heathenharvest.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/10/chrome-2.jpg>)

Chrome

Another band that springs to mind while listening to the album is oddball cold-wave post-hardcore outfit **Milemarker**, and one of the standout tracks for me here is “Something in the Cloud”, which has much of their spiky iciness and glacial tone.

The ghost of **Public Image Limited** at their most wilful is conjured on the deliberately obtuse “Unbreakable Flouride Lithium Plastic”, and I’m not too sure who provides vocals for this one but they do a dead-on **Lydon** wail. Elsewhere there is the quirky galactic prog-surfare and chicken-clucking of “Brady the Chicken Boy”, the creepy-crawling backward rhythmic cut-up of vocal sample-driven “Slave Planet Institution”, and the dubby, drugged-out “Cyberchondria”, awash with spidery synth loops, arching guitar, and heavily treated muffled vocals.

The dirgier aspects of Chrome’s sound really take hold in the final quarter of *500*

Chrome – Feel it Like a Scientist
 really take hold in the final quarter of *Feel it Like a Scientist* and reach an apex with the oozing, brooding dream-state menace of “The Mind”—a thing of brittle, splintered guitar echo, drawled laconic vocals and a general air of undefinable torpor, the vibe of which spills over into following number “Systems Within Systems”.

All that is left to hear now is the moody, droning ghostly ambience of closing track “Nymph Droid”, slowly thrumming with distant swarms of Martian bees and other less definable sounds.

The unearthly jolt of adrenaline and lysergic thrust that began proceedings is now well and truly spent, and we’re left to marvel at how we ever thought anyone else could ever do it like this.

Helios Creed and Chrome has categorically proven that no-one can mind-fuck like they can.

Track List:

- 01) Nephilims (Help Me!)
- 02) Prophecy
- 03) Lipstick
- 04) Lady Feline
- 05) Something in the Cloud
- 06) Six
- 07) Unbreakable Fluoride Lithium Plastic
- 08) Captain Boson
- 09) Big Brats
- 10) Brady the Chicken Boy
- 11) Slave Planet Institution
- 12) Cyberchondria
- 13) Himalayanelimination
- 14) The Mind
- 15) Systems Within Systems
- 16) Nymph Droid

Rating: 10/10

(<https://heathenharvest.org/tag/10/>)

Written by: Paul R.

(<https://heathenharvest.org/tag/Paul-R./>)

Label: King of Spades Records (United States)


(<https://www.facebook.com/chromechronicles/>) / KoF402 / CD, 2×12" LP

Psychedelic / Industrial / Experimental
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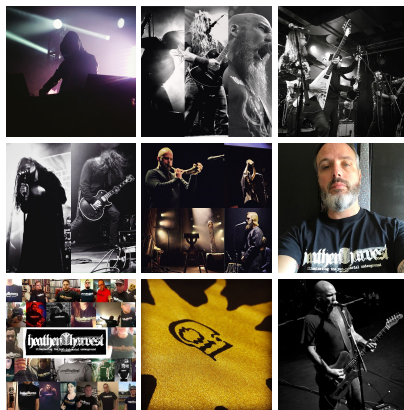


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February 5, 2017
(https://heathenharvest.org/2017/02/05/svartelders-

pyres-feels-like-funerary-ritual-final-days-true-norwegian-black-metal/)

Svartelder's "Pyres" Feels Like a Funerary Ritual for the Final Days of True Norwegian Black Metal

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Svartelder's debut, *Pyres*, is reminiscent of why "true Norwegian black metal" has disappeared. Neither a new **Behexen** nor an *Arctic Thunder* will revive that particular old flame, but Svartelder will try anything to breathe life into *Pyres*. Oddly, the quartet's malevolent grace can jolt "Devil of the Flesh" into life as fast as they'll slow to trundle through kraut-imbued heavy rock. *Pyres* quickly grows weary, but if you're thirsty for black metal—and why should you be with last year's bounty—you could certainly do worse than *Pyres*.



Per the *Encyclopaedia Metallum*, Svartelder was plucked from somewhere in Norway but claims to be from Indre Arna most specifically—a settlement in Bergen, the now-defunct black metal capital. The quartet's four pseudonyms are **Kobold**, **AK-47**, **Maletoth**, and **Doedsadmiral**. The band describes the lineup as, "Aside from founder and frontman Doedsadmiral, Svartelder's lineup comprises of Maletoth on bass and guitars, AK-47 on drums, and Kobold on keys."

Doedsadmiral appears to be the leader (painted up like **Hoest** on **Taake's Kulde**), having created Svartelder in 2005, which lay fallow until 2010 with the addition Maletoth. You'd think that the most recent members, Kobold and AK-47, were taken

on to bulk up the sound. Here are some