

# C.O.M.M.E.N.T.A.R.I.V.M.

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PRAEMITTO, SCINDO, SUMMO, CASUMQUE FIGURO,  
PERLEGO, DO CAUSAS, CONNOTO ET OBIICIO.

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If curiosity spurred you towards us, go away.

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"Black Industrial Grimoire - Arcani Vmbrarum Regni. SI.VM E. T A V VM (Silence is golden)". With Wildness Perversion [Mortuary Drape]. Grimoire XIII. | 2009.

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"The Chapel". Black Painting I, Black Painting II, Black Painting III, Black Painting IV, Black Painting V, Black Painting VI, Black Painting VII, Black Painting VIII, Black Painting IX, Black Painting X, Black Painting XI. | 2011.

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"Nature Unveiled". I pt. I, pt. II, pt. III, pt. IV, II. | 2011.

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"Hinthv Ritvvm - Riteet v Hinthu". With Astral Lueur [Lunurumh]. Maqlu Shurpu tablets [3], The Pyrgi Tablets -

pt. I [25 a H - as], The Pyrgi Tablets - pt.II [S 3], Carme Maleficia [E S 5], Liber Linteus [B 18 A - 4 + x p22AT], Chant [9 S c], Chant [P B S 6 ds c c 93 - A G - dS P A I], Chant [S 1], Etruscan Liver [x p 17 B AT - 3 c v a]. | 2011. | The Pyrgi Tablet pt. I [25 A O - HVS] - For voice Solo. Liber Linteus Zagabriensis - LLZ [Ao - 4MN c.P22AT +x ] - For voice Solo. | 2013.

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"Luzifers Abschied". With Lunurumh, Michel Doneda, Le Quan Ninh, Kasper T. Toeplitz, Antoine Chessex, Jason Van Gulick, Paolo Sanna. Eingang - Periode I-IV, Periode V-VI, Periode VII-IX, Periode X-XII, Periode XIII - Ausgang. | 2017.



[...] Well, somebody must dig this sort of thing. But there's literally nothing to review here. Third Eye Cinema.

[...] Tele.s.therion (T.S.T.) explores the void between art and noise and uncovers the essence of evil within the darkness. Even those who have walked the deepest catacombs of black metal's kingdom of fire and shadows, searching out the harshest creations by the most intimidating of the face painted disciples of darkness, will find themselves undone. Despite the manner in which T.S.T. have eschewed traditional song structures and cast aside the customary weaponry of electric guitars, in favour of other kind of instruments and enharmonic electric bass, nothing has captured the sound of the abyss quite like this. The sheer terror exuded in these chaotic sounds is beyond anything invoked by any black metal in the genre's history. The walls of reality fall away, revealing an endless labyrinth of unfathomable madness. Visually T.S.T. reveal nothing and this sense of absence and separation serves to heighten the unnerving experience of listening to their work. Bewildering, terrifying and all consuming... nothing you have experienced before... and nothing you will ever hear again. Imperative PR.

[...] There's absolutely nothing human in the music of T.S.T.. «Acousmatic Black Metal» is: first and foremost, it is not Black Metal; at least not in its generally known form. Yet, the imagery created by the music of T.S.T. is without doubt bound to the ultimate diabolic genre following the idea to spawn creepy presences everytime. The conception of rhythm gets completely twisted and (even without blast beats and high speeds) the feeling that it is chaos which directs this orchestra is plausible. but at the same time it does not allow to show how much the songs are able to create hellish, ritualistic and deadly scenarios, with infinite variations that depend largely on the listener. The contribution of the instruments in this case they are dedicated exclusively to the celebration of evil. T.S.T. could be considered difficult to those accustomed to Black Metal, because it is musically distant from the standard; on the contrary, the most daring listeners and lovers of the most experimental and atmospheric drifts of the genre, will have a whole world to explore: they will only have to create it through their own experience. Vlakorados | Aristocrazia.

[...] The entire opera of T.S.T. wafts through your mind turning



its contents upside down. There is indeed a semblance of a structure to it all but it requires a mind that is capable of withstanding what might not otherwise pass off as metal music. It's dark ambient with black metal ideology to an extent, and those who're remotely into it will probably feel rewarded after listening to even one of their tracks. There are noticeable albeit not drastic changes in the mood and rhythm and that's what makes this fascinating. So plunge right in if you want to experiment with music that will most likely end up giving you nightmares – and I mean that in a good way, of course. Tometal.

[...] The realization of aural experience, using the veil of sourceless material, in order to promote a deeper experience of sound on its own terms. These concepts stem from the Pythagorean silence and the limiting of visibility in order to better see and comprehend with an inner light. Blind performers working in isolation on their own; nothing but a concrete score without notions of thematic elements or traditional musical notations. They are brought together as organic elements in a greater scheme only to be realized later after the individual improvisational performances are carried out in the

silence of isolation. These ideas, in this instance in the context of the creation of an aural experience, hearken to the very inner nature of cosmic creation. Blind individual elements combine in strange swirls, molded and mutated by unseen forces. This is the fire that Heraclitus mentions churning in the depths of the void that spark that ignites a violation of the stillness of precosmic slumber. T.S.T. overwhelms with a dense monumental structure of cosmic orchestral proportions. The sounds of the unseen overflow from above and below, striking and overwhelming the core of one's being. The initial setting required a type of shaking of the organism, the shock of cracking and bursting the floodgates allowing the rest to do their jobs without resistance. Throughout the piece, the veil of Pythagorean silence holds true. The sources of the sounds are difficult to pinpoint they seep into one without distinguishing perceptions to block their effect. There are a few vague recognitions, but are drowned by the sounds of the unknown, the veil that allows only key glimpses here and there. The control over the veil of silence is key here. This is a journey of light, an illumination in blackness that takes one through the tears of creation seep-



ing from the tombs of the earth and dripping from the stars above. T.S.T. is not to be overlooked, a work of great importance for these circles of sound art and experimentation and music that defies the need for classification, save for the unifying principle of blackness and darkness. Blake Viola.

[...] Performing a truly unique style of music that they refer to as 'acousmatic black metal', T.S.T. have created something dark, terrifying and unlike anything most listeners will have encountered before. The 'acousmatic black metal' term used to describe the work of T.S.T. may lead devotees of the black metal genre to believe they know what to expect, that they are prepared for what is about to unfurl. They are not. The sheer terror that exudes from the chaotic sounds is beyond anything invoked by any black metal band. T.S.T. explores the void between art and noise, casting traditional song structures and instrumentation aside. By using a recording technique where every artist involved recorded their parts separately, improvising, with only a bass track for guidance and no reference to what each other were playing T.S.T. have tapped into something elemental, something chaotic and dark, something that

sounds a lot like the essence of evil. T.S.T. is challenging, bewildering, frightening and yet utterly absorbing. It's a ride into the heart of Hell's labyrinth with no promise of return. To walk a path you have never taken before, to see sights you have never seen before, to step over the threshold... into the black. Imperative PR.

[...] It is certainly quite different to anything else I have come across. But, this isn't an album of music as such, and the instruments are there just to have their sounds ripped apart and distorted into something that is probably the closest to evil I have ever heard in an aural form. This is not music in any normal sense of the word, but something that belongs as a soundtrack to the most horrific nightmare of a film ever made. It would be perfect to be played on a ghost train ride, but only if the owner wanted the punters to be terrified out of their skins. This is only for those who deem themselves to be musically adventurous. T.V. Mlwz.

[...] If you think that you've already heard music that could be the most bizarre, evil and in an obscure way the most ludicrous ever, than think again if you haven't heard what this mysterious band named T.S.T.



has to offer. Pure blackened ritualistic madness. In a way the borders between art and chaotic sound are concealed to the extremes. This is one of the most disturbing, maybe also the most perverse albums that I've ever heard. On T.S.T. you won't find any metal, even though that this music catters to fans of black metal, but it's not, maybe some of those fans of the genre who are deeply into the most occultistic and ritualistic proclamations, will find some joy in the madness that T.S.T. has to offer. On the other hand a release like this could find its worshipers among those who like the most perverse sort of ritual ambient stuff, it might also appeal to some of you who are searching to be taken with the sound of darkness into deepest shadows of hell. In here is absolutely no light, only pure and immense darkness, but still, if you try to deliver yourself from everything and just listen to the music, if we can even mention this word here, than many different elements and strange sounds can be found. There are no guitars, no rhythm, no melody, just absence of anything real. This experience, I can even say a sonic path into madness, is very intense from start to finish, it's a hermetic bizarre mentally damaged opera of the wrenched one and in a strange

way. It's an acoustomatic black sound that has hints of free jazz, it's pure experiment in darkness, terrifying and light consuming kind of echoing blackened improvisation. No pathos, no line, no flow, just immense insanity and darkness. Terrarelicta.

[...] Who is T.S.T.? Is it a person, a collective, a band name? The absence of visual input mean to make you concentrate the more on what you are hearing. T.S.T. have applied this concept musically. Give the whole thing an ominous black metal vibe and the result is an improvised work like no other. The music is a dark, sweet morass of low frequency drones, subterranean (stygian even) rumblings, metal scrapings, and subliminal sound. Given the recording process, huge credit has to go to the editing: everything is perfectly balanced. There's an incredible sense of depth and clarity, everything has its place in what feels like a very three-dimensional sound picture. Fine details continually arise from the abyss only to fall back under the next wave of cleansing distortion. There's ultimately something quite compelling at work here. Immerse yourself... if you dare. Ajazznoise.

[...] Even though there is mention



of black metal in their self proclaimed genre, it is practically nonexistent. I would sooner classify this as an avant-garde classical or jazz piece of music than I would metal. Whatever may be the case, the sonic aura of T.S.T. is dark and mystical. The result is a very welcome addition to anyone looking for anything even remotely "metal". I found the experience quite engrossing and interesting in its own right, giving bleakness form and shape. It certainly opens the door for new interpretations of that sort of poly-improvised material, or acousmatic music, as they say. For one, I'd like to hear something that is closer to actual metal! However, as it stands, T.S.T. have a unique musical approach that deserves attention and should export itself to new brains. Can this even be called music. Dave Tremblay.

[...] T.S.T.'s music has elements of metal but that's tempered by the actual results being far more avant garde or experimental than your average black metal album. Metal tends to stick to a fairly rigid template whether it be speed metal, black metal or death metal (probably why we have so many metal sub genres). T.S.T. stretches the definition of metal to quite a length. If you get past all the

hyperbole and actually listen to the album what you get is probably quite simple in its construction but nonetheless pretty effective. Somehow it manages to create an atmosphere and feel that captivates you and keeps you listening. **Musique Machine.**

[...] Its almost as if they are impressionistic tone-poems on the idea of black metal. **Musique Machine.**

[...] T.S.T. is the soundtrack of the way to the Depths. Speakers in front and behind me, very loud, I can only recommend this extraordinary experience. The ground collapses under the weight of the universe in free fall. The path of the abyss is revealed, and it is not easy to place one foot in front of the other without shivering. The creatures around you are chimeras without faces. And yet this anguish has a delicious taste of mystery. The sound stops, and the silence that follows it is all the more unreal. Because everything is consumed. T.S.T. will take you into the most disturbing and intriguing acoustic magic you've ever seen. Prepare yourself, because the Apocalypse is personal, and this recording is an explosive zest. **Monumental. Abet Cuces.**

[...] **Ferali. Anonymous.**



[...] Black as the dimension in which the listener is transported from the hell set to music to reconstruct as faithfully as possible the mournful and arcane atmosphere of the ancient mystery songs related to the cult of the dead. Despite the simplicity of the aesthetic form, the feeling is that of having to deal with a decidedly cryptic and dense music with hidden meanings, in which to get lost as in an unhealthy vortex. I challenge anyone to make this descent into the abyss surrounded by the most complete darkness, lit only by the faint light of a few candles, without feeling more than a shiver of terror down my spine. Teleth! Sigelion! Therion! Blackmetaliskrieg.

[...] T.S.T. is one of those journeys without return to Hell, in which ritual drone - music, concrete, post industrial music and avantgarde tout court go hand in hand, merged into a single esoteric - hermetic block. Starting from this melting pot of influences and suggestions, also mindful of the acousmatic technique (Francesco Giomi writes - has the ability to create imaginary sound spaces, virtual places with which to stimulate the abilities "interpretative" of the listener; [...] a music that, if on the one hand it is produced and fixed in the study

of electronic music, is on the other hand capable of generating an imaginative flow in the listener, a "place" of stimuli, references and multisensory associations that the English composer and theorist Simon Emmerson defines as "something halfway between the synaesthetic experience itself and a larger set of auditory, visual and emotional stimuli") give life to a truly remarkable work, able to coagulate around the idea of black masses, indeed very black, filming live the apotheosis of the evil one or scaravent go into cosmic spaces where the echo of the Big Bang continues to resound, with sidereal odyssey that recall electrostatic nebulae. A psychodrama built on the stark contrast between grim clashes of white noise, filtered demonic screams and crushed ultrasounds. T.S.T. is thus a journey back to the origin of Evil, where fear is a black and white frame projected against the surface of the soul. Francesco Nunziata.

[...] I see textures, but not objects. I hear machines and voices, but I don't know their intentions. The pounding of metal surfaces. The wail of uncoiled joints and seams. The groans of overlain incantations. T.S.T. refers to itself as "acousmatic black metal" One function of the acousmatic experience is to remove the preconceptions that



are built by any visual element, allowing an appreciation of sound that remains unblemished by context and expectation. With T.S.T., this function is explored for its ominous potential. What if the atonal, serrated aesthetic of black metal is taken further: beyond a rejection of harmonic alignment to a rejection of material limits, pooling in the imagination without the tempering awareness that guitars and drums are at the source of it all? The bass rattles tunelessly, the string loose and wobbling, too low to register at an audible pitch. Woodwind babbles and whimpers across the margins between discernible pitches. Meanwhile, the voices whirl uncontrollably, all pressing beyond the limits of familiar, civil human form. Have these players forgotten how to perform? I imagine a band trapped in a gigantic cave. Shut away from human interaction, from culture, from the nourishment of the light. Musically, they cannibalise themselves; devoid of inspiration from the outside, they have no choice but to degenerate, to subject themselves to contempt, to demolish everything they have. Attn. Jack Chuter.

[...] T.S.T. has a lot of madness, and you don't have to take that as a metaphor. Let me say that T.S.T. can ruin your nerves. It is not a

music in the sense of entertainment, but rather a sonic journey to the limits of the bearable, where only the most courageous survive, but in a state of illness in this obscure labyrinth of acoustic disgust, strong experiences can be found. Maybe not musical, but certainly artistic in the true sense of the word. Sicmaggot.

[...] I love avant-garde black metal. How you take the conventional and turn it into something twisted and most often beautiful. I love how Celtic Frost went from straight in your face to being an entirely different beast, yet so enjoyable. I love how Mayhem went from doing what is the most influential black metal album to being what they are today. I have been aware of T.S.T. for a while now but never had the chance to really delve deep into their universe until this new album dropped in on me. Back in the 90s I was hugely into the ambient scene and one of my fave pets back then was Abruptum. Listening to the opening track on this album is like being brought back to that time. Some would say that this is not really music, just pure noise. I will not make that judgment. This is to me like being right in the middle of a nightmare. The sonic terror that this infuses in me



is the equivalent of being trapped in a horror movie. And since I like a really good horror movie I find pleasure in listening to this even though it is nothing close to either Celtic Frost or Mayhem. Battle Helm. Anders Ekdahl.

[...] Get ready to plunge into the most viscous darkness, the one that is blacker than a moonless night and a boarded up tight basement. Where can you hear how rotten bodies crumble to dust, and saliva mixed with scarlet blood oozes from their jawbeating convulsions. Where everything is either already dead, or is still writhing in the agony of unbearable pain. Where rare glimmers of light blink, like lamps during power surges, giving only an epileptic seizure to tired eyes. Have you read? Now turn off the lights, put on your headphones, turn on the tracks and imagine it all. Unusual, strange, impressive and unforgettable music bands.

[...] From the opening moments you know you are in for an incredibly unsettling ride into the dark recesses of the unconscious, and the first thing that does come to mind is just how much this one, with its spooky hushed chanting over an ethereal wind blowing. This is certainly not the sort of

album to give a half - assed listen and thankfully I uploaded this to my player and a 7 hour coach trip meant I could really sit back, close my eyes and truly experience this with no distractions. It doesn't take long before I'm drawn into a subterranean lair of darkness, as the demonic gurgles and howling, resonating whispers swirl around my head drawing me further in to the pitch black abyss, taken through dank underground passageways where demons dwell and you kind of feel everything on Earth has already burnt to a crisp along with all of humanity and the rafters are gradually caving in as you dodge falling pieces of flaming wood. Oh, aagh shut up! Shut up! The voices, they are laughing at me, go away! GO AWAY! There is really no let-up, which just rattles and shrieks and sends all kinds of unsettling sounds flying around the atmosphere creating the kind of backdrop where evil can truly prosper and it truly leaps out at you and yells in your ear. T.S.T. has really conjured up a vividly terrifying imaginary sequence in my mind and has well and truly succeeded in what I am quite sure it set out to do. If you are wondering, there are no vocals as such on this album, more chants and gurgles and I really have to wonder how they create such sounds at



times it ventures into a kind of Mongolian throat singing and it's really quite incredible. This is perhaps the most fascinating piece of... music I have heard in a while, it has reached deep into my psyche and truly bonded with whatever demons are lurking in there. This isn't going to be for everyone, but I personally found it to be a thoroughly engaging, unsettling and terrifying ritual. If Hell has a soundtrack, this is unquestionably it! Luci Herbert.

[...] Moments of ambient clanking to horrendous and intense sonic feedback with alien like cries perpetuating the ghostly otherworld textures of the music. This is a soundtrack from an abyss where demons dwell; it is the sort of music that Cenobytes and things from Lovecraftian mythos no doubt would listen to as they relax after a hard day collecting souls. It is also great stuff to pick up a meaty horror book and read with it in the background. Sometimes there is little going on, at others you are mesmerised, always you are intrigued even if it is in an uncomfortable fashion. The 'black metal' tag is illusory really, this is much more in line with music evolving from Krautrock through to the likes of early Industrial Music. Perhaps the tolling sound

and the at times droning bombast may cross over into the likes of drone metal territory but there is nothing hipster about this sound at all. Perhaps it is best not to try and define it too much but just listen, I am sure this would be a very interesting trip on certain substances but even without them it musically takes you to a different dimension, maybe one you don't really want to find yourself pitched up on though. This 'chapel' is deconsecrated as far as I am concerned. This place is as black, the altar is smeared in faecal matter and the host has been corrupted with aids infested blood. After such blasphemy what on earth are they going to do with nature? Musically this is a bit like an inverted version of Stravinsky opus 'The Rite Of Spring' Nature here sounds like it is revolting against all known principles and mutating into horrible contorted creations. There are lots of words that one could use to describe this, it is again incredibly chilling and unsettling, it is also hypnotic and meditative and at times downright scary, the sound of a black mass. You would not want to do anything as stupid as to put it on as a soundtrack to a ouiji board session that is for sure, who knows what you would summon up to this necromantic dark rite? As this builds into a harsh crescendo it sets all



your nerves on edge and the abrasive tones hit sharp edges that tumble out my speakers and no doubt upset anyone in the vicinity, luckily they are too loud for me to hear anyone hammering on my walls. If this sounds like a musical nightmare to you, then avoid at all costs. If however you are looking for something that will take you on a trip to barren alien plateaus and through gateways to other dimensions these discs are great to explore. I have spent somewhere in the region of ten hours collectively trawling their depths and these will be listened to again over time rather than being cast aside to gather dust. I like music that is challenging and T.S.T. are that and then some, all hail their darkened masses. Pete Woods.

[...] Volumetric and heavy. dark atmospheres, almost physical low frequencies, metal attitude. Heinous. Anonymous

[...] It has been a while since I last heard from the strange and sinister T.S.T.. They play what is self described as 'music for loudspeakers' and to be experienced fully as an immersive experience to the listener. The simple question you are no doubt asking is can I enjoy this by plonking it on my stereo player, headphones or whatever

listening device you favour and simply listen to it and not worry about all this background noise? The answer is yes but it comes with a bit of a warning, prepare to be downright bloody well scared in doing so. The dissonant tones of black metal are easily found within this work too. Past albums have been very minimalistic in form and perfect for taking the listener into a stasis of trance induced meditational state. I probably would not advise that here although you can try as this is quickly identified as a pretty damn horrifying place. It sounds like we are dropped in a serial killer's torture chamber as things clank, pulse and throb with weird tentacles slithering away and invading mind in the process. A long elongated groan rises and this is down to what can only be described as the absolutely nerve shredding performance of Lunurumh (Astral Lueur, Chapter V:F10, Virvel Av Morkerhatet). Lunurumh puts on a performance like no other, like a tortured voice from hell, gibbering, wailing and cackling away throughout caustic layers of droning noise it's all very much not right in the head. Yes you can go out on a limb and play it on the best available equipment, take it into a hi-tech stereo showroom and ask to trial their top of line range and watch



them think you have opened a portal to hell. Huge percussive crashes reverberate as we move into the second segment and there is an expansion of form in the vocalisation, not quite forming words but like blood has been borne and vocal chords are expanding with them. There's even some operatic tones amidst the madness as the music tortures. Reminiscent of Hawkwind at their most psychedelic weirdness and offers no escape or respite as it continues to wring out mangled contortions of both voice and seismic sound spasms, forged in a devil's laboratory. If you have lasted this far you are now in for the long haul and are surely fully indoctrinated into the cult. That voice rises biting goblets of flesh out as snares crack and a mass of sound builds throbbing away with a peel of screaming sonic noise part deafening the listener. How does this all end, well hopefully you are intrigued enough by now to try and find out for yourselves, if not I cannot blame you for not opening this particular box, you may never be the same again. A startling work of utter madness and it feels like its composers have really channelled

something completely evil and forbidden in its disharmonic composition. If you are feeling brave go explore its ungodly terrain but be warned that once opened this is not something that can easily be shut, far less forgotten! Pete Woods.

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Necro + glossolalist reminiscent of Current 93, Abruptum, Black Pentecost, Darkness Enshroud, AB-RAXAS, Of Darkness, Martyrium [Plat-tenthal, Saxony], Reverorum ib Malacht [...] {((( l a u t i r k e a l b )))} „Tele.s.therion" is quite possibly the best example of modern necroglossolalia; being an effective combination of the musique concrète and musique acousmatique techniques of the Die Schwarzwald - Obskurantismus und Minimalismus »gloom« Bewegung (e.g., Kranivm, Flittering, Volavérunt, Verklaerungen, &c.), and the claustrophobic lo-fi morbid ambiance of Profane Grace, Jaquette Balam, Amaka Hahina, and the Les Légions Noires plague (e.g., Moëvöt, Aäkon Këëtrëh, Dvna-ëbkre, Satanicum Tenebrae, Vzaé-urvtre, etc.). | vVfaeph Sinucidere.

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