

ULVER



BLOOD INSIDE

HOM 033

WHEN I THINK OF ULVER'S *BLOOD INSIDE*, I think of being a young teenager. Much like now, I was a rampant music fan, but the world was new, bright, and full of opportunity. I hadn't heard much outside of metal when I heard Agalloch's Don Anderson cite Ulver as an influence, but with streaming music not really being a thing in 2005 and my own technical lack of understanding preventing me from illegally procuring the album, I just had to imagine what they might sound like. It wasn't until I discovered The End Records' free download page (remember those?) that I happened upon Ulver's "Christmas" from the newly-released *Blood Inside* record.

What was I listening to? I was terrified, but entranced. I showed it to many of my friends, saying it was like having a bad trip. They (suburban heshers and punks) weren't convinced, but I loved it, and when I was finally able to I purchased as much Ulver as I could. Mind you, this was in a time before I had the lexicon to really express and understand music like this, but what I did know was that I loved it. Trip-hop? Electronic music? What are these things? Suddenly, a new world was opened to me to which I'd never been exposed.

This was my first Ulver experience. Not *The Trilogie*. Not *Perdition City*. I was too young to really experience those albums in their heyday, but *Blood Inside* just happened to find its way into my ears at this perfect time when I was discovering that I had a more eclectic music taste than my peers at the time. I was a black metal nerd in a black metal band (and, yes, I did hear *The Trilogie* pretty soon thereafter, which albums are absolute staples in my taste as an adult), but the world is vast and full of alternate understandings of sound and art. Ulver shifted the paradigm, and I owe so much to both them and *Blood Inside* as a result.

Wolves evolve, and I am a wolf.

— JONATHAN ROSENTHAL



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