



BIOGRAPHY

Cock E.S.P. draws on the most extreme, subversive and absurdist elements of both popular and experimental Twentieth Century music and performance art, creating abstract high-energy entertainment. Influences include punk rock, modern composition, improvised free-jazz, Japanese Noise music, hardcore industrial, 80's metal and electronica.

Although the group has dabbled in various musical styles and techniques over the years, the most recent and most successful has involved the showcasing and amplifying of mistakes and equipment failures. E.S.P. began to realize that such unintended sounds actually had a greater capacity for chaos and intensity than those sounds they actually wished to create. Thus, recent studio recordings were carefully edited to isolate and emphasize these sounds, creating an intricate web of pure noise.

The group's live performance has evolved drastically over the years, starting out as a standard recital of the recorded music, and eventually ending up as a drunken absurdist theatrical production utilizing homemade costumes, props and elaborate stage lighting set-ups; combining the worst elements of MTV's "Jackass" with a literally crippling level of ineptitude.

Cock E.S.P. is often noted for injecting comedic and absurdist elements into their music, however the group has also been responsible for some of the most powerful and inventive sounds produced by the harsh noise genre; the result of an ever-increasing level of hard work and professionalism. Despite releasing dozens of lo-fidelity demo cassettes in their early days, the group now embraces the highest possible production values, while continuing to avoid the pitfalls of many noise artists who take themselves more seriously than their music would suggest they deserve.

The roots of ESP date back to 1984, when founding member P.C. Hammeroids organized a metal-percussion noise ensemble called Grandpa Eats Goat Cheese. Over the next nine years, Hammeroids recorded and performed under several names, adding more and more electronic noise to the mix. In 1993 Hammeroids joined forces with E.W. Hagstrom, beginning the project which would soon become known as Cock E.S.P.

Hammeroids retired in 1996 and was replaced later that year by Matt Bacon. Elyse Perez (Laundry Room Squelchers) became the permanent third member in 2001. Guest members over the years have included Weasel Walter (Flying Luttenbachers, XBXR), Rat Bastard (Laundryroom Squelchers, Scraping Teeth), Misty Martinez, La Persona (BunnyBrains, U Can Unlearn Guitar), Paige Flash and Kazko Peasmith (Insect Deli, Winter Carousel).

Cock E.S.P. has given more than 150 performances throughout the US and Europe in various rock and jazz clubs, punk houses, theatres, festival stages, art galleries, record stores and warehouse performance spaces. The group has collaborated with such artists as Thurston Moore, Merzbow and Aube; has played shows with such artists as Sonic Youth, Wolf Eyes, Hair Police, Borbetomagus, Stereolab, Impaler, Melt-Banana, Caroliner, the BunnyBrains, Illusion of Safety, Sudden Infant, V/Vm and the Nihilist Spasm Band; and has appeared on compilation releases with such artists as Andrew W.K., Derek Bailey, the Haters, Bruce Gilbert, Today is the Day, Reynolds, Harvey Sid Fisher, Bomb20, Jansky Noise, Quintron, The Locust, His Name is Alive, Jad Fair, John Oswald, Masonna, Hijo Kaidan, Lasse Marhaug and Free Kitten.

The group celebrated their 10th anniversary in autumn 2003 by releasing their second greatest hits collection, a remix CD, their first DVD, and by doing a three-week US tour. In early 2004 they released their third collection of greatest hits, and did a short tour featuring the "classic" Bacon/Hagstrom duo line-up.

In addition to Cock E.S.P., the members have played in a variety of intriguing side-projects. Matt Bacon has been a drummer, bassist and vocalist with a number of punk, metal and industrial bands including Zenith Flytrap, the Derks and Broke Box (which was once described by Peter Sotos of Whitehouse as being "Great!") E.W. Hagstrom is also a member of the free-improv ensemble WRONG, and the dark electro-acoustic project Origami Genitalia. Elyse Perez performs no wave and punk with such bands as the Real Band and Fancy & Stink.

Official website:
www.cockesp.com



DISCOGRAPHY

Albums:

- Maschienenwerk (CD, 1996) - with Aube
- Greatest Dicks (CD, 1996)
- Menasha Red Light District (CD, 1997)
- Cockworld (CD, 1998)
- We Mean It This Time (CD, 1999)
- Music for Man with No Name (CD, 1999)
 - with Merzbow
- If She Says That You Can Have It Tell Her No (LP, 2000)
- Excessive Size Punisher (CD, 2000)
- The Pride of North American Noise (CD, 2001)
- Greatest Dicks II (CD, 2003)
- Hurts So Good (remix CD, 2003)
- Last Train to Cocksville (CD, 2003) - with Panicville
- Greatest Dicks III (3-inch CD, 2004)

Singles:

- Music for Man with No Name (7-inch, 1994)
 - with Merzbow
- Cockfight (7-inch, 1995) - with Dogliveroil
- Our Embarrassment is Your Pleasure (7-inch, 1996)
- As If (7-inch anti-record, 1997)
- Wreck Small Cocks on Expensive Pussies (8-inch lathe, 1998) - with Harry Pussy
- Super Noise Penis (7-inch, 1998) - with Smell & Quim
- Don't Say We Didn't Warn You (7-inch, 2000)
 - with Noumena
- Monsters of Cock (5-inch, 2000) - with Evil Moisture
- After Everything Now Shit (7-inch lathe, 2004)
 - with Armpit
- Locked Grooves (double 7-inch, 2004)
 - with Mason Jones, Fellaheen, Ashtray Navigations

Videos:

- Making It Our Business (VHS, 1998)
- No Disrespect (VHS, 2000)
- Emotionally Stimulating Performances (VHS, 2001)
- Back in Black and Blue (DVD, 2003)
- 10th Anniversary Tour (DVD, 2003)

Compilation Appearances:

- The Japanese-American Noise Treaty (double CD, 1995)
- Easter, Puberty & Amplifiers (7-inch, 1996)
- Killing Has Muertes, Cuantas Veces? (LP, 1996)
- The Kulture Shot 2 (CD, 1996)
- Screw (double CD, 1997)
- Cooking How's & Why's (12-inch, 1997)
- Muckraker #8 (7-inch, 1997)
- RRR500 (lock-groove LP, 1998)
- Audio Terrorism Vol. 1 (CD, 1998)
- V/Vm Falco Tribute (double 7-inch, 2000)
- Popular Music for Popular People (CD, 2000)
- Wigs on Fire - B52's Tribute (double CD, 2001)
- Phi-Phenomena (CD, 2001)
- Why is Anything Forbidden?
 - No Limit Records Tribute (CD, 2002)
- Blackbean's Dirty Little Secret (CD, 2002)
- No Tribute - Music of the Nihilist Spasm Band (CD, 2002)
- Soun (7-inch, 2003)
- It's Fan-Dabi-Dozi! (double CD, 2003)
- Neon Meate Dream of a Octafish
 - Captain Beefheart Tribute (CD, 2003)
- Macska Leves (CD, 2003)
- Short Attention Span (VHS, 2003)
- Eye Candy (VHS, 2003)
- Zatsu Ongaku (CD, 2003)
- Relax (dbl LP + 7-inch picture disc + CD, 2003)
- Cataclastic Fracture Vol. II (CD, 2004)

Forthcoming Releases:

- We Would Be Happy - A Noise Opera (CD)
 - with Costes, Lasse Marhaug, K.K. Null, Richard Ramirez and Smell & Quim.
- Split with Waffelpung (CD)
- Six Years on the Road, 1997-2003 (DVD)



Club crawl: Cock E.S.P. are foiled again at Church/4th/Moist in May 2001.

Full-tilt Cock E.S.P.

The punk-avant noise combo only played for a few minutes the last time they rolled through town, but they made an impression that has lasted till today

The ungodly sounds of the Minneapolis enigmas

By George Chen

Consider this litmus test for a blind date: can your intended tolerate, let alone enjoy, grooves rolling around a SoMa warehouse making an ungodly racket and tearing down a string of Christmas lights for five minutes? If the answer is yes, skip dinner and buy a ring. Oh yes, and take them to see Cock E.S.P. this week.

Since 1994 the Minneapolis group have been churning out legendary live shows, harsh collisions of midair molecule displacement. Maybe it's the atmosphere of desperation and awareness of how ridiculous it looks to wear a tinfoil mask and writhing on the floor with a contact mic on sheet metal, but their absurd confidence comes off as chatpah — it's more like Chris Elliott's *Get a Life* than Jackass. My first exposure to them was a snippet on the *An High and Left of Center* video compilation (you can rent this at Aquarius Records) and apocryphal stories about them recording a live album that continues to roll tape after they've packed up all the equipment and left for home in their van.

Everything the band — which includes Emil Hagstrom, Matt Bacon, Elyse Perez, and Kazko Pasmith, as well as Rat Bastard on this tour — put in their press releases or on their Web site seems like a put-on. They have just dropped a handful of compilation tracks on the unsuspecting world. It's worth revisiting the group's last studio album too.

Cock E.S.P., *The Pride of North American Noise* [Breathmint/Carbon/Ecstatic Peace/Ignominious/SunShip] Yes, it took five labels to put this 2001 disc together. Stomping on your face with a boot of overdriven signal crunch, feedback bursts, and inhuman screams, the trio also let in some clarinet

violin, and a remix job by equally grank-minded grime fiends V/V/M. The 18 tracks seem to blend together, but there are some gradations: "Hed in the Eye" sounds like a radio scurrying to a deep fryer, while "The Pain I Feel Inside" sandpapers a dead rock riff into dust.

Various artists, *Blackbeard's Dirty Little Secret* (Blackbeard and Placenta Tape Club) Sandwiched between the cut-up assault of Bastard Noise man John Wine (in the guise of Sissy Spacek) and the wailing ethereal female vocalists of Charalambides, the two-minute wail of Cock E.S.P. is a muted attempt at subtlety bookended by the trademark sound burst. Male and female voices cycle through static filters, sounding as though they're coming through an apartment wall, which just makes the ending all the more abrupt. BBPTC head Mike Landucci leads this camp up with other randoms like Gang Wines, Nisagt, Reynolds, and Aube.

Various artists, *Why Is Anything Forbidden? A Tribute to No Limit Records* (Deathbomb Arc) The ambitious, and perhaps just wrong, project from independent label Deathbomb Arc supposedly pays tribute to another indie empire, Mister P's No Limit Records. Amid remixes and covers from southern Californians like Radio Vaga, Books on Tape, and Squab, the contributions of Cock E.S.P., with the heretofore unknown DJ Entomias Grutails, are the most confusing. Some chopped-up beat samples are run through a blender on "puree" and given a pinch of feedback and granular pummel on the defiant "Never Gonna Bounce." Oddly enough, this cover treatment seems like the most sincere mode the group can muster. ♣

Live, bare bottomed, and over in five minutes

By Will York

The last time Cock E.S.P. played San Francisco was June 2, 2000, at the now-defunct Clit Stop on Howard Street. Back then it was harder for weird bands to find places to play in the city, and as a result, the Clit Stop — one of the few alternatives at the time — tended to be overgenerous with its booking, often featuring six acts in one night.

On top of that, its bills were really diverse, often to the point of confusion — it was common to see a free jazz group, a noise rock band, some Mills College-schooled electronic improv ensemble, and a costumed performance artist or three in the space of one long, exhausting night.

I can't remember who else played with Cock E.S.P., but do I know that it was late and that, by the time they took the stage, the guys in the band (or at least one of them) reeked of alcohol. They began their set with guest member Rat Bastard blowing a sustained, unbearably high-pitched saxophone note through a guitar amp. Within seconds half of the people there were rushing out of the room with their fingers in their ears and horrified looks on their faces, and Clit Stop audiences weren't easy to shock.

Meanwhile, the rest of the crowd slowly inched forward, eyeing the band with the same kind of morbid disbelief that causes people to stare at car crashes and other disasters.

What happened next was a blur. I know one of the other two guys besides Rat Bastard was sprawled out on top of a stop sign — which he proceeded to heap and convulse upon aggressively, amplifying it all with the contact microphones on his fingers — while the third member was doing something with an amplifier and possibly a guitar. Within a minute, they were all piled up on top of one another, wrestling in the middle of the room like degenerate preteen siblings, causing half of their equipment to come unplugged, and someone also tearing their grady, reflective silver-foil backdrop off the wall. Additionally, I got a generous glance of one of the guys' butt cracks during the chaos; this obviously wasn't planned, but he didn't seem very concerned with pulling his sweatpants back up.

It was a complete mess, and it was all over in five minutes, which for them is — or at least was — a normal set length. (They supposedly once drove 16 hours nonstop in order to play a set that lasted 27 seconds; since then, they've apparently revamped their approach and are a little less immediately destructive.) Clearly, they were having an on night, and the cumulative effect was somewhere between repellent, hilarious, and just plain ridiculously stupid.

That evening, Cock E.S.P. also ruined the whole old-school "noise" genre in my mind, by taking it to its most (C)logical extreme and leaving no room for others to take things any further. Now what are they

Cock E.S.P. play with @ Can Unknown Garbe and Madame Chao Road 13.



This amp humps to 11

Noise rockers Cock E.S.P. don masks and bloody themselves for the sake of not taking noise too seriously

by J. Caleb Mezzeo

Cock E.S.P., the self-appointed court jesters of noise, have made a decision that should be music to the ears of everyone they've pissed off over the years—including audience members who've been struck with bits of sheet metal during their performances, club owners who have seen their chairs and stages busted by the band, the blues bands they've tricked into playing shows with them only to try to spray them with urine, and the various music critics who, either intentionally or

has at times threatened to completely eclipse their sometimes rhythmic, sometimes harsh noise music, punctuated by samples of goofy dialogue and given low-brow titles like *Too Afraid to Cock* and *Cock Up Your Left for good measure.*

These shows usually consist of Bacon and Hagstrom, disguised under donkey and rooster masks, back flipping into, rolling around on, wrestling and humping their equipment and each other, while contact mics pop and crackle and

on," said Mike Shiflet, one half of Colorado noise/performance outfit Nounisms and the proprietor of Gameboy Records, which has released a couple of Cock E.S.P. tracks. "It just wrecks immediately."

Such shows have occasionally ended with one or both of the duo unconscious, or with bloody wounds spouting in the midst of the thrashing about. For "Junk Noise Rising," there will be one more thing on stage to bump into—Elyse Perez.

The 23-year-old former member of Laundryroom Squelches will join Cock E.S.P. for their summer tour, but Hagstrom doesn't expect the presence of a lady onstage to dampen the violence quotient any.

"She actually inspires [the violence]," Hagstrom said. "She doesn't really care. She's more violent than we are."

If Cock E.S.P. fails to work the last of their violence out of their systems during their last U.S. tour, they may have one last shot if they follow through with plans for an upcoming European tour in the winter. And then it's all over for Cock E.S.P.

"We're just getting tired," Hagstrom, 28, said. "Which isn't to say the partners are through with the world of music. Hagstrom sees himself as a producer or manager, while Bacon, 29, will likely continue with his noise-flavored rock band Zenith Hytrap. "It's run its course."

That course has included some harsh parody of the world of noise music in addition to the creation of some harsh noise music.

For all the knees bloodied, bones contorted and amps violated, Cock E.S.P. are more than just a couple of idiots wreaking havoc for the edification of the world's decidedly tiny noise fan base.

"We try to make fun of noise in general," Hagstrom said. "Some people take themselves way too seriously for such a specialized and obscure kind of music."

And as Cock E.S.P. has eloquently proved throughout their career, it's hard to take anything too seriously when it includes someone in a donkey mask humping an amplifier.

quick takes

on topics you care about

Weird-noise bands

Art or nonsense?

Taking the stage alongside a rooster cutout, Minneapolis' Cock E.S.P. might be called underground or perhaps performance art, but is more likely a joke played on you at 10 p.m. tomorrow at Monty's Krown, 875 Monroe Ave.

The music, such as it is, is built around various oscillating electrical tones and reciprocating squawks, further enhanced by two guys in bizarre costumes (including what appears to be a silver donkey head) throwing around chairs, an ironing board and each other. One is a fairly beefy fellow who displays an impressive plumber's crack whenever he bends to pick up something else to throw.

A videotape was supplied by John Schoen of Pengo, a Rochester noise-art band also performing on this promisingly bizarre night along with the local Coffee and Brooklyn's Kyle Lapidus. The Cock E.S.P. duo is shown being thrown out of a club after a spat of musical-chair throwing as perplexed patrons watched, not knowing what to make of the mess.

Monty's Krown owner Will Taggart says he will charge you only \$2 to witness this event. "I believe," he says, "in keeping the music accessible to the masses."

This is a 21-and-over show. Call 371-7650.



Cock E.S.P. + Madame Chao
(Promid Givv, Sat 7) Cock E.S.P.'s 100th live appearance (no, silly, not just in NYC) is something of a minor miracle: that the Cocksters have survived their own eardrum rupturing, amputating shenanigans this long has baffled top scientists. They're souped, they're loud, and tonight, they're joined by many more talented friends, including Madame Chao and his sound and vision insanity.

24. Freitag



Cock E.S.P. Music, die du bist nicht bereit! Wenn ich gegen dich bin wie Deinon die Gumbelbier, die wie der Fluchttag ist. Ich bin Hagen gett. Dann nach unten. Teils die waschen Kopen nicht zu lang kommen, selbst die waren ohne CD-Poker. Ich habe eine Performance für alle A-Ch, die ich nicht in Kombination für alle getrennt. Mein zweites A! (Gott, 22 Uhr)

Cock ESP

NOISE Cock ESP is probably as close as noise music has ever come to the performance art of Paul McCarthy. The duo manages to cram huge quantities of guitars, violences, and humor into its characteristically short live sets. The end result, if you make it that far, is a borderline-beautiful display of human endurance. Of course, this kind of art doesn't come without its physical consequences: after just one gig of the duo's "forever" tour, Cockster Emil Hagstrom found himself laid up in a Chicago hospital with a strained neck. The Rochester show will go on, however, with the audio video over-shoulder view of Brooklyn's Kyle Lapidus, Rochester's own homegrown hard-core rocker Pengo, and, most likely, a performance by Cock ESP 2, a tribute band in the tract sense. All of this and probably more will transpire in what's sure to be the longest show of 2001, at Monty's Krown on Saturday night, August 25. Info: www.cockespp.com.

Nihilist Spasm Band + Cock E.S.P. + VVM + Ashtray Navigations + Thurston Moore

Knitting Factory
Tuesday, October 26

In a world full of music alternatives, London, Ontario's long-running Nihilist Spasm Band is just about as wholly other as it gets. None of the group's six members plays a conventional instrument—they've built their own, which approximate traditional ones but do not and cannot be made to follow any scale or be tuned to each other. The "guitar" has frets but no fingerboard; the "bass" has no frets and three and a half strings—and then there's the giant electric kazoo. Freely improvised music played with willful audacity by nonmusicians on instruments that speak total Esperanto may sound like a mess, but these people have played together so long that NSB is the tightest non-noise band you'll ever hear.

If Extreme Championship Wrestling were a noise band, it would be Cock E.S.P. Band members Emil Hagstrom and Matt Bacon can match anybody or earth for sheer volume and intensity but they also embrace the humor of what they do, adding searing electronics and field recordings of bar fights to their recordings and full costumes and comic violence (mostly between each other) to their live shows. Noise, techno, black metal and teeny bopper pop all get pureed and spat in the audience with glee.



Cock E.S.P.

accidentally have had to sit through a set from what is alternately described as "the most evil band in the universe" and "the worst band on the planet."

Cock E.S.P. is calling it quits.

But not before taking their dangerously insane show of animal masks, drunken antics, equipment-abuse and no-holds-barred wrestling on the road one last time.

The Minneapolis-based band is launching its final U.S. tour, "Junk-Noise Rising," from Chicago on Sunday, spilling on to a Columbus stage at (where else?) MadLab the following night, August 20.

Emil Hagstrom and Matt Bacon have fashioned themselves as a sort of Laurel and Hardy-meets-Extreme Championship Wrestling noise band since 1996, when the two became the core of Cock E.S.P.'s somewhat flexible line-up (some version of the band has existed since 1984, and Hagstrom and Bacon have played with numerous guests over the years). They've built a reputation for wild live shows that

dropping equipment grates the air with vibrations.

These chaos-given-form shows aren't always well-received (blasts from reviews posted at cockesp.com include "A sad bunch of twats," "A bunch of crap and a waste of time" and "[i]likely to appeal to heavy-drinking idiots"), but members of the duo's anti-fan base have been able to take some consolation in the fact that the shows are usually extremely brief, with the average set ending in three to five minutes.

Hagstrom doesn't find anything particularly weird about driving hundreds of miles to play a three-minute set, as he has little control over the length of their shows—their equipment, bodies and interest only hold up for so long, after all.

"It just happens, so neither what," Hagstrom said of the brief sets. "Things break down after a few minutes. And with harsh noise, it starts to lose its effect. In 10 or 15 minutes it just becomes white noise."

"They're like a car that goes 60 miles an hour as soon as you turn it



MUSIC



Richard Krome

Noise Annoys

when • where

A No Music Festival CD Release Party with The Nihilist Spasm Band, Knurl, Cock ESP and The Bellchamber Cosmic Slop Orchestra at the Forest City Gallery (795 Dundas St.) on Friday, December 11. Tickets to the show are \$5.00 and are available at the Forest City Gallery and Studio Celia downtown.

When Matt Bacon first heard "noise" music in the early '90s, he hated it. He didn't get it. For him, it was simply what it was, just a barrage of harsh, unending noise. With no obvious conventional structures like lyrics, melody or rhythm, there was nothing remotely musical about it. Then Matt Bacon, one half of the Minneapolis improv noise duo, Cock ESP, heard John Zorn's Naked City in 1993. This 1991 landmark free-jazz recording is notable not only for its short, cateringing, musical explosions, but for the blood-curdling cries of Japanese throat-ripper, Yamatoka Eye. Naked City New Bacon's mind and he quickly hooked into the Japanese noise scene, led by pioneers like Masami Akita (aka Merbow), the prolific and undisputed king of power electronics.

In 1996 he joined Midwest noise masters Cock ESP. Led by kindred spirit Emil Hagstrom, who began pursuing his vision of unremitting dissonance in the mid '80s, Cock ESP had been a going concern since 1993.

So you would think then that Bacon would speak kindly of his Japanese noise forebears. Particularly since Cock ESP's latest album, *Cockworld*, contains many "noise" trademarks: unrelenting waves of feedback, distortion and high-pitched looped whines that will crack your speakers even at low volume. Or because the band had taken its name from a song title from the first Hamamushi album, a seminal early '80s Japanese group. "Not so," says Bacon.

Every genre of music needs their court jesters. Those brave enough to step up and question the prevailing wisdom. In the loosely defined underground genre of "noise," Cock ESP has asserted its mantle of responsibility. While Cock ESP has released split-records with Merbow and played live with Melt Banana, they are not afraid of taking the piss out of what they see as the overarching seriousness of the Japanese artists. "I hate noise as a musical genre," proclaims Bacon. "I don't hate noise as much as I can't stand the musicians. They're just too serious. And it has gotten to be a cliché. It all sounds the same now. When I started listening to it, all the bands sounded different. I mean it definitely influenced us. I just don't listen to it anymore. We don't want to be known as being

too serious about this. We want to make fun of it."

If anything, says Bacon, he and Hagstrom would rather appeal to death metal kids than earnest lovers of experimental music. To this end, for press photos, the duo have appropriated the gothic imagery of death metal by donning white pancake makeup, complete with grim reaper highlighting. "We use the imagery of metal but we don't play metal. Not because we don't want to, but because we're bad musicians. If we could make metal, we would, but we don't know how." Along with a fascination for death metal, Cock ESP's musical interests have also been drawn more towards other forms of extreme music, including hard-core techno and free jazz. But it is in the public arena, that Cock ESP have cultivated their reputation.

To say that the duo's performances are highly visual is to understate the point. To call them confrontational and potentially dangerous, not only to an unsuspecting audience, but to themselves would be more accurate. As if to send up the mesenial notion of an audience sitting and watching two men crouching beside effects pedals and twisting knobs or hanging on objects, Hagstrom and Bacon ban it up on stage and indulge in public acts of idiosyncrasy and humiliation.



Feeling Cocky: Matt Bacon and Emil Hagstrom zone out with the passy pancake make-up.

in their live video, *Making It Our Business*, the two spend more time selling and jumping on top of one another than they do whacking away on sheets of metal or pieces of wood. And they have the scars of honor to prove it. Several times during the video the duo show off the cuts and scraps they have inflicted on themselves. When asked what the performance at the Forest City Gallery would entail,

Bacon cuts right to the point. "It will be two people beating themselves with metal." And for how long? "We don't usually last more than five minutes. We're temperamental. We both have short attention spans."

So, what do these two gentlemen listen to on their down time after a hard night of dadaist, brutish destruction? The sugary pop of Sweden's Cardigans, naturally. "People think we're tough," summarizes Bacon. "But we're really wusses from the Midwest. And don't let anybody tell you different."

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18

COCK—Part of 2 Gyzyl Performative Arts' Interactive Language Festival, "Language of the Cock" features, fittingly, musicians. Brrrooow! Check out the insane performance art of **Cock E.S.P.**, and the music of **Madame Chao**, **U Can Unlearn Guitar**, and **Der Yellow Sawns**. If you hit on anyone there, please omit the phrase "speaking my language." Thanks. MS

Soundcheck

V/VM
"IT'S FAN-DABI-DOZI!"
SYM TEST OPTAL 13 CD
DDH WATSON

aggressively. It's "This is a massive 'art' show, way far behind 1 and 2, it's the 8th House & Mollman everyone is in 'language'." Two bright moments in a grim two hours: tracks by Salyse, who thinks musically outside the norm, and Cock ESP's "It's Fan-Dabi-Dozi!" whose noise bits is young beautiful.

THE WIRE 65

HAIR POLICE/COCK E.S.P./NEW FAGGOT CUNTS Local trio the NFCs, having just completed their first-ever tour, return to Springwater flanked by the heaviest metal the Midwest can manufacture. Minneapolis' Cock E.S.P. sound a bit like Radiohead—if Radiohead played an amplified cement mixer and forced Thom Yorke to shriek indecipherable obscenities in a donkey outfit while attacking his handmates. Lexington's Hair Police are the cock cops of screaming sonic agony. All maintain affiliations with the Minneapolis noise label/collective Freedom From. If you go, you'll likely see the year's most unforgettable club show—especially if the donkey gropes you. **JJR**



Et hestetryne og en cowboy

De skabte, en cowboy og en hest for The Minnepsop's debut. Se den store Soundcheck's koncert i 94 i Minneapolis!



...and a cowboy and a horse for The Minnepsop's debut. See the big Soundcheck's concert in 94 in Minneapolis!

Finally, it's "Language of the Cock" at P.S. What? on Monday. **Cock ESP** spurts harsh, lacerating shards of white noise with a torture-artist's malevolent sense of humor. **Madame Chao** assembles centrifugal, kaleidoscopic mixes of samples, sound effects and beats. **U Can Unlearn Guitar** plays cuckoo acoustic songs with the occasional fit of feedback. And **Der Yellow Swans** writhe and wail over staticky technopulse rhythms and streams of discordant anti-notes. Even in a week of maximum weirdness, this might be the most...well, most. **John Graham**