

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, XBXRX), 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, Reynols, 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 Panicsville
- 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)
- Kiling 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)

press clippings

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The ungodly sounds of the Minneapolis enigmas

By George Chen

onsider this litmus test for a blind date can your intended tolerate, let alone enjoy, grown-ups notling around a SoMa warehouse making an ungody racket and staring down a string of Christmus 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 work.

Since 1994 the Minnespolis group have been charming our legandary live shows, barsh collisions of midair molecule displacement. Maybe it's the atmosphere of desperation and awareness of how ridiculous it looks to wor a tinfoil track and writhing on the floor with a contact trac on sheet metal, but their about confidence comes off as chatzpah — it's more like Chris Elliot's Ger a Cife than Jackies. My first exposure to them was a snippet on the Au High and Left of Centre video completion (you can rent this at Aquarias 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 hand — which includes Errill Hagstrom, Matt Bacon, Flyse Percz, and Kaeko Passmith, as well as Rat Bastard on this tour — put in their peass releases or an their With 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 allows too.

Cock E.S.P., The Pride of North American Noise

(Breathmint/Carbon/Ecstatic Peace/Ignivornous/ SurShip) Yes, it took five labels to put this 2001 disc tigother. Stomping on your face with a bost of overdriven signal cranch, feedback busits, and inhuman accounts, the trio also let in some clarinet. violin, and a termix job by equally prank-minded grime fierals V/VM. The 18 tracks seem to blend together, but there are some gradations: "Fired in the Byo" sounds like a radio execumbing to a deep free, while "The Pain 1 Feel Inside" sandpapers a dead tock riff into dost.

Various artists, Blockboan's firsty Little Secret (Blackbean and Flacentin Tape Club) Sandwiched between the cut-up assault of Bastard Noise man John Weine (in the guase of Story Spacek) and the waiting ethereal fermie vocalists of Charalambides, the two-minute waik of Cock E.S.P. is a mated attempt at substery bookended by the trademark sound burst. Male and female voices cycle through static filters, sounding as though they're corning through an apartment wall, which just makes the ending all the more abrupt. BSPTC head Mike Landucci loads this corny up with other randoms like Gang Wieard, Nosagi, Reynols, and Aube.

Various artists, Why he Anything Forbidden? A Tribute to No Limit Becards (Deathbomb Anc.) The ambitious, and perhaps just wrong, project from independent label Deathbomb Acc supposedly pays tribute to another indic empire, Master P's No Limit Becords. Amid remises and covers from southern Californium like Radio Vago, Books on Tape, and Squab, the contributions of Cock E.S.P., with the beretofore unknown Df Enormous Gmitta's, and the most confusing. Some chepped-up beat samples are run through a biender on "puree" and given a pist-bath of freeback and granular purmed on the defiant "(Never Conma) Bounce." Oddly enough, this over treatment seems like the most sincere mode the group can master. *P.

Live, bare bottomed, and over in five minutes

By Will York

he lest time Cock E.S.P. played San Francisco vas June 2, 2000, at the now-defunct Clit Stop on Howard Street. Back then it was harder for weird bunds 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 distence, often to the point of confusion — it was common to see a free juzz group, a noise rock hand, some Mills College-schooled chestonic improvements and a costumed performance artist or three in the space of one long, exhausting night.

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

Meanwhile, the rest of the crowd slewly 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 liastard was sprawled out on top of a stop sign - which he proceeded to hump and convulse upon aggressively, amplifying it all with the contact microphones on his fingers - while the third member was doing something with an amplifur and possibly a guitar. Within a minute, they were all piled up on top of one another, weestling in the middle of the room bloe degenerate preteen siblings, causing half of their equipment to come unplugged, and somehow also tearing their gaudy, 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 manutes, 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 occouch; since then, they've appearably revarged their approach and are a little less immediately decoractive.) Clearly, they were having an on night, and the cumulative effect was somewhere between repellent, hilarious, and just plain ridiculously stupid.

That revening, Cock ESE also ruined the whole old-achieol "noise" genes, in my mind, by taking it to its most (fillogical extreme and having on room for others to take things any further. Now what are they

Cock E.S.P. play with U Can Unicorn Surby and Macierne Chao Hed/13.



press clippings

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Remember that song where Anthrax and Public Enemy got together and cried, "Bring the noise?" Well, the noise will be officially brought to Jay's Upstairs via Cock e.s.p., Madame Chao and Pop Culture Rape Victim. Loud'n'sacry wins the racel 10 PM. Cover TBA. Call 728-9915.

COCK E.S.P. WITH U CAN LEARN GUITAR, LAUNDRY ROOM SQUELCHERS, OCCASIONAL DETROIT, BURNING STAR CORE AND PRANTERSHIFTER

Malone's

A Midwestern Noise music "institution" of sorts, Cock E.S.P. has built their legend around not only their surrealistic musical trajectories, but also via line performances that, while you never know exactly what to expect, can resemble a

Sunday . Sudsy

violent backyard wrestling video. They've also gained notoriety for playing five-minutesand-under shows. And they have been known to wear distorting face-

masks. While watching a Cock E.S.P. show, one thing that is for sure is there will be questions zooming in and out of your brain for hours. Is this guernilla performance ant? Am I on a hidden-camera TV show? Am I just stupid for not "getting It"? Are you fucking kidding me? These are all normal reactions and seemingly a part of the grand concept that the E.S.P. ers have been pimping for a decade. Fans of the more extreme side of experimental music [particularly the Noise afficionados) swear by the group's severe yet diverse sound, a fader-pushing, kitchen-sink mix of scraping electronics, jacksammer clatter, found-object utilization and

random samples, which is either bound together by rhythmic pulsations or spewed forth peripusly. But, on a broader level, Cock E.S.P. is just having fun. Turned off by the "seriousness" of some experimentalists, the group interjects a refreshing sense of sandonic wit into their many absunctst activities. The group is in the midst of a three-release year, including a "greatest hits" package and a bewildering remix album, Hurts So Good, which features 99 do-overs by 99 different like-minded freaks (including a spin by Cincinnet's own Burning Star Core), On an earlier Cock E.S.P. track,

"Soundcheck," you get a good idea of where they're coming from, as well as the bemused reactions they cajole. As a soundman does a line-check before a performance (fretting about mics and D.I. boxes), an E.S.P. member politely chimes in. "The. uh, bass is actually not a bass," he says, "it's more of a big sheet of steel." And then the soundman's head explodes. Or maybe that's just another instrument. (MB)

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A MIND OF ITS OWN, COCK E.S.P. CHANNELS CHADS OCT. S.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31

Phi-Phenomena Festival featuring Cock E.S.P. and nine other bands at the Fold in the Silverlake Lounge.

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CRANK STURGEON, COCK E.S.P.

IO P.M., Tarantula Hill, 218 W. Pratt St., www.heresee.com, \$6. Maine's Crank Sturgeon and Minneapolis' Cock E.S.P. haven't quite become footnotes in the subcultural encyclopedia (à la Merzbow or Whitehouse), but not for lack of effort or notoriety. Frequently performing in fish-head costumes, Crank Sturgeon's ragalike collage of soundspooge and electronics abuse can come across like Saturday Night Live's Land Shark sodomizing a Radio Shack store, but it's a very pretentious act of sodomy, so there's that. Cock E.S.P.—a band fond of clamorous wit celebrating its 10th anniversary—tends to have actual songs, albeit intentionally abrasive (if not dreadful) songs. But the proof is in the performance pudding, where the group presents its own riff on Paul McCarthy's scatological shitegeist. Bonus: Tonight's but an aperitif for the real terror of Jean-Louis Costes at the Hill Oct. 13. (BM)

NOVEMBER 7

Now, how can you pass up seeing a band called Cock E.S.P.? The simple answer, the one you would have offered if you were sober, is that you can't. These longtime Minneapolis noise merchants dress up in ridiculous costumes, make sounds that will automatically loosen your stool and throw household appliances at each other. Does that not sound like a hot time in the young town tonight? This festival of deconstructed silliness—also featuring Madame Chao and U Can Unlearn Guitar—takes place at 9:30 pm at the Lion's Lair. Call them at 303-320-9200.

WEDNESDAY 10

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ILASHIREAKER *97 The best MMA showeverse, but are address bill of apetiter analysis of the neck is actually acc on MMA showeverse, but are address bill of apetiter analysis governering to present a property interesting a pounds. Headlinest Cock E.S.P. are a heavy local aggro-aciac outfix who just relevant Mande intel (home of post-apoxalygid: rawer Crash Worship). It's a handsome settlant has oursing a seem of letterprose cards and a fear-can CD collaboration with Jupanese independent Auber together they shape and layer noise of various colors into a collage full of round and fary signifying ... well, I haven't decided yet. But abcrement it's not. Wrong is the college of the college of the college will of the college of the college

COCK E.S.P. (U.S.A.) og

Ashtray Navigations (U.K.) *******

COCK E.S.P spiller Industrial jozz electronice metal naine. Ducen Cock E.S.P for sider today 90 tell skapt belgin i det alternative weståk miljest i USA nad danse blacarra og flumoriskise blanding or notes og andre stilerter.De har spilt sommer med band som Sonie Yaufs, Mel-Bannan, Einstursende Neubscuten og Stereolok. Ere er de en vink opplierelse, resel koniscentiels Einst Hagelton som frontliger. Sondet spiller mye på inen og skeptick komedy. Cock E.S.P. har gjort at titalk sameer i USA, men dette er deres første europativen.

ASHTRAY NAVICATIONS for Singlend med Phil Todd i spisses spiller for lit glar drawrack, og har siden midsen av 90 follet bygget seg opp er sald fandstas gjannan stelling je konsenter og plansstgivilast. Den med hjente er 30 febr. Expenhigger Gultara Del amerikanska Stilleresan-som likk svært gad britikt. The Wins. Auftrop Homgetions musikk or forarkent i den engeligiet trolliginen av avensede antisent gibrands follandet med elektrionica. Bandet her i England kunsen med likide Pasenenn og Sonir Todh, og gjorde i for er langre USA-tures. Dette er fande gang de heneger seg på denne siden av konden.





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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 Mezzocco

Cock E.S.P., the self-appointed court jesters of noise, have made a decision that should be music to the curs of everyone they've pissed off own the years-including audience members who've been struck with bits of sheet metal during their performances, disb owners who have som their chairs and stages bushed 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 complete ly eclipse their sometimes rhythmic, sometimes harsh noise music, punctrated by samples of goofy dialogue and given low-brow titles like Too Miveb Cook and Cook Up Your Life for good measure.

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



accidentally, have had to sit through a set from what is afternately 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 date gerously imore show of animal masks, drunken antics, equipmentand no-holds-burred wrestling on the road one last time.

The Minnespolis-based band is bronching by final U.S. rour, "Jurk-Noise Rising," from Chicago on Sunday, splitting on so a Columbus stage at (where clos?) MadLab the following night, August 20.

Extil Hagstrom and Mart Bacon have fashioned themselves as a port of Lauerl and Hardy-meets-Extreree Championship Wrestling noise band since 1996, when the two became the core of Cock ESP's somewhat flexible line-up (some version of the band has existed since 1984, and Hagstron and Bocon have played with numerous guests over the years). They've built a reputation for wild live shows that droning equipment grates the air These chaos-given-form shows

aren't always well-received (blurbs from riviews posted at coclesp.com include "A sad bunch of twats," "A bunch of crap and a waste of time" and "Lisely to appeal to heavy-drinking idiots"), but members of the duo's anti-fan base have been able to take some consolution in the fact that the shows are usually extremely brief, with the herage set ending in three to five minutes.

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

"It just happers, no matter what," Hagstrom said of the brief sets. Things brook down after a few minutes. And with bursh 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 on," said Mike Shiflet, one holf of Columbus noise/performance outfit Noumens and the proprietor of Garneboy 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 spouring in the midst of the threshing 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 Laundrysoom Squelchers will join Cock E.S.P. for their summer tour, but Hagstrors docan't expect the presence of a lady onstage to dampen the violence quotient any

"She actually impires [the violence," Hightrom said. "She doesn't really care. She's more violent than WE STE

If Cook 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," Hagstom, 28, said. Which isn't to say the partners are through with the world of music. Hagstrom sees himself is a producer or manager, while Bacon, 29, will likely continus with his noise-flavored rock band. Zenith Flytrap. "It's run its course.

That course has included some hinth parody of the world of noise music in addition to the creation of some hards noise music

For all the kness blooded, been consumed and arrest violated. Cook E.S.P. are more than just a couple of idiots wreaking havor for the edification of the world's decidedly timy noise fan base.

"We try to make furt of noise in general," Hagerom said. "Some people take themselves way too sectorally for such a specialized and obscure kind of muste."

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

quick takes

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. tomerrow 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 Cincluding 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, 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 271-7650.



Cock E.S.P. + Madame Chao

(Avernit Civit, Set 7) Cock E.S.P.'s. 100th live appearance (no, silly, not just in NYCI is something of a minor miracle; that the Cocksters have survived their own eardrum rupturing, amponucking shenarigans this long has befiled top scientists. They're stupid, 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 ESP

NOSS DOKES IN the probability or close as make music beautiful facilities that were current to the performance and of heal Micharthy. The doc manages to cream hage quantities of got those, voluments, and manner into the characteristrication when the vests. The east result, if you make it that the, the boated fine-beautiful shipley of human versibage. Of course, this time of surdices of when without the play of all consequences rather just one ging of the other "fereigned" but, Cockrate final Rigidism found thereof and in the Rigidism found with a characteristic state. It is a feeling to the over the consequences and the consequences and the consequences of the origin of the course of the consequences. with a shattered aintle. The Rachester show will go with a clustoned unite. The flacing the riches will go on, however, with the audia villes over shreal-time of Brooklyn's light Laplace, for become shreal-time grown hardfolder busser Reggs, and, most likely, a perfusionner by Gate ESP Z, a tribute hand in the transit series. All of this and probably more will tran-upline in what have to be the stranger transport of 2001, all Morely it know on Sanaday right, August 25, Links were, carbonvecods, care.

Nihilist Spasm Band + Cock E.S.P. + V/VM + Ashtray Navigations + Thurston Moore Knitting Factory: Tuesday, October 26

n a world full of music alternatives. London, Ontario's long-running Ni hilist Spasm Band is just about as wholly other as it gets. None of the group's six members plays a conventional instrument-they're 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 "base" has no frets and hree and a half strings-and then there's the giant electric lazoo. 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 free roise band you'll ever hear.

If Extreme Championship Wrostling were a noise band, it would be Cock E.S.P. Band members Emil Hagstron and Mart 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 ben fights to their recordings and full costurnes and comic violence (mostly be tween each other) to their live shows Noise, techno, black metal and teeny bopper pop sill get pureed and spat a

the audience with glee.

press

press clippings

page 4 of 4



Noise Annoys

Elchard Moule

➤ when • where

A No Music Festival CD Release Party with The Nilhilist Spasin 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 Celtis downtown.

hea Matt Bacon first heard "noise" mane 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, arrending neise. With so-obvious conventional searchers like hyrics, sarkedy or rhythm, there was nothing remotely matical about it. Thes Matt Bacon, one half of the himmapolis improvenium that. Cock ESP, heard lobs Zorn's Niked City in 1993. This 1991 landmark free-just necording is notable not only for its doort, caterwording, musical explosions, but for the blood-curding cries of Japanese throst-rippet. Yamatuska Eye, Niked City bese Bacon's mind and he quickly hooked late the Japanese neise.

scene, led by proneers like Masami Akita taka. Merabow), the prolific and undisputed king of power electronics.

In 1996 he joined Midwest most metatric Cock ESP, Led by kindred spirit Emil Hagstrem, who began pressing his vision of meeting dissonance in the said \$0s, Cock \$SP in the principal concern size 1993.

So you would think then that Bacon would speak

Landly of his Japanese noise forebearers.
Particularly since Cock ESP's latest abbait,
Cuckworld, contains many "noise" trademarks;
unmitigating waves of faedback, distortion and
high-pischod looped wheres that will crack your
speakers even at low solutie. Or because the band
had taken its naire from a song site from the first
Hamaturashi abban, a sentiaal early file Japanese
proup. "Not so," says Bacon.

Feeting Cooky: Matt Bacon and Emil hagstrom zone out with the pasty paneake make-up.

Every genre of masic needs their court jetters. These brave enough to stap up and quotien the prevailing wisdom, in the loosety defined undergound genre of "noise," Cock ESP has assumed this mantle of responsibility. While Cock ESP has accessed spit-macest with Merbow and played live with Melti Banama, they are not afraid of taking the pito out of what they are not afraid of taking the pito out of what they are as the overarching entousname of the Japanete artists. "I have note as a musical genre," proclaims Bason. "I don't have much as if our is stand the suscitans. They're just not serious, And it has genten to be a clicke. It all sounds the same now. When I started intering to it, all the bands counded different. I mean it definitely influenced us, I just don't listen to it asymptom. We don't want to be known as being

too serious about this. We were to make of fun of

If anything, says Bacon, he and Bagstrom would rather appeal to death metal blob than sement inverti of experimental master. To this each, for press photos, the data have appropriated the gothic imagery of death metal by deeming white paneabe mokenp, complete with grim ranger highlighting. "We use the imagery of metal but we don't play metal. Not because we don't want to, but because we're had resistant. If we could make metal, we would, but we don't know how." Along with a fascination for death metal, Cook ESP's musical interests have also been drawn some towards other forms of extension master, including hard-care techno and free jazz. But it is in the public anna, that Cook ESP have collivated their reputation.

To say that the due's performances are highly visual is to understate the point. To call them confrontational and potentially dangerrate not only to an armospecing audience, but to themselves would be more accurate. As if to send up the mosentials notion of an audience sitting and watching two men crouching beside effects pedals and twisting knobs or hanging on objects. Hagsmom and Bacon ham if up on stage and indulgs in public acts of idiocy and humilitation.

in their live video; Making it Our Business. the two spend more time solling and jumping on top of one another than they do whacking away on shoots of metal or pieces of wood. And they have the scars of honour to prove it. Several times during the video the (to) show off the curs and scraps they have inflicted on thomselves. When anked what the performance at the Forest City Gallery would entail,

Bucon cots right to the point. "It will be two people beating themselves with metal." And for how long? "We doe"! 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, beative destruction? The singlety pop of Sweden's Cardigans, materially. "People think we're tough," sometimes Boson, "But we're really wasses from the Midwest, And don't let assisted will you different."

Soundcheck

V/VM
"IT'S FAN-DABI-DOZI!"
WHITEST DEPAL IS CD.
BEH WATSON

I agretus i e si This 5 è assetu une" shore, un fer befrind 1 unet users 5to Hausen & Walkman everyone is in Teurgeschir. Two begitt memorits is a grim two hours; tracks by Solyace, who frink muscally suitable the monites frontbeat of chart pipe and eights love, unet Gock ESP's "Perisi-Asia" whose some bible is jobingly beneatful.

HAIR POLICE/COCK E.S.P./NEW FAGGOT CUNTS Local

trio the NFCs, having just completed their firstever toou, return to Springwater famiced by the
heaviest metal the Midwest can manufacture.
Minneapolis Cock E.S.P. sound a bit like
Radiobead—if Radiobead played an amplified
cement mixer and forced Thorn Yorke to shrick
indecipherable obscentites in a donkey outfit while
attacking his handmates. Lexington's Hair Police
are the coff 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. J.R.



Et hestetryne og en cowboy

his electrons, an designation trained and the billion appel in him



Marie Barrell Fra

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18

COCK—Part of 2 Gyrlz Performative Arts' Enteractive Language
Festival, "Language of the Cock" features, fittingly, musicians.

Birmpoowti Check out the insane performance art of Cock E.S.P., and the music of Madame Chao, U Can Unicarn Guita, and the music of Madame Chao, U Can Unicarn Guita, and technopulse rhythms and stream Evers in a week of maximum web phrase "speaking my language." Thanks, Ms.

Der Yellow Sawns. If you hit on amore there, please omit the phrase "speaking my language." Thanks, Ms.

Finally, it's "Language of the Cock" at P.S. What? on Monday. Cock ESP spurts hassh, lacerating shards of white noise with a torture-artist's malevolent sense of humor.

Madame Chao assembles contrifugal, 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 wall over staticky technopoles rhythms and streams of discordant anti-notes. Even in a week of maximum webdness, this might be the root.