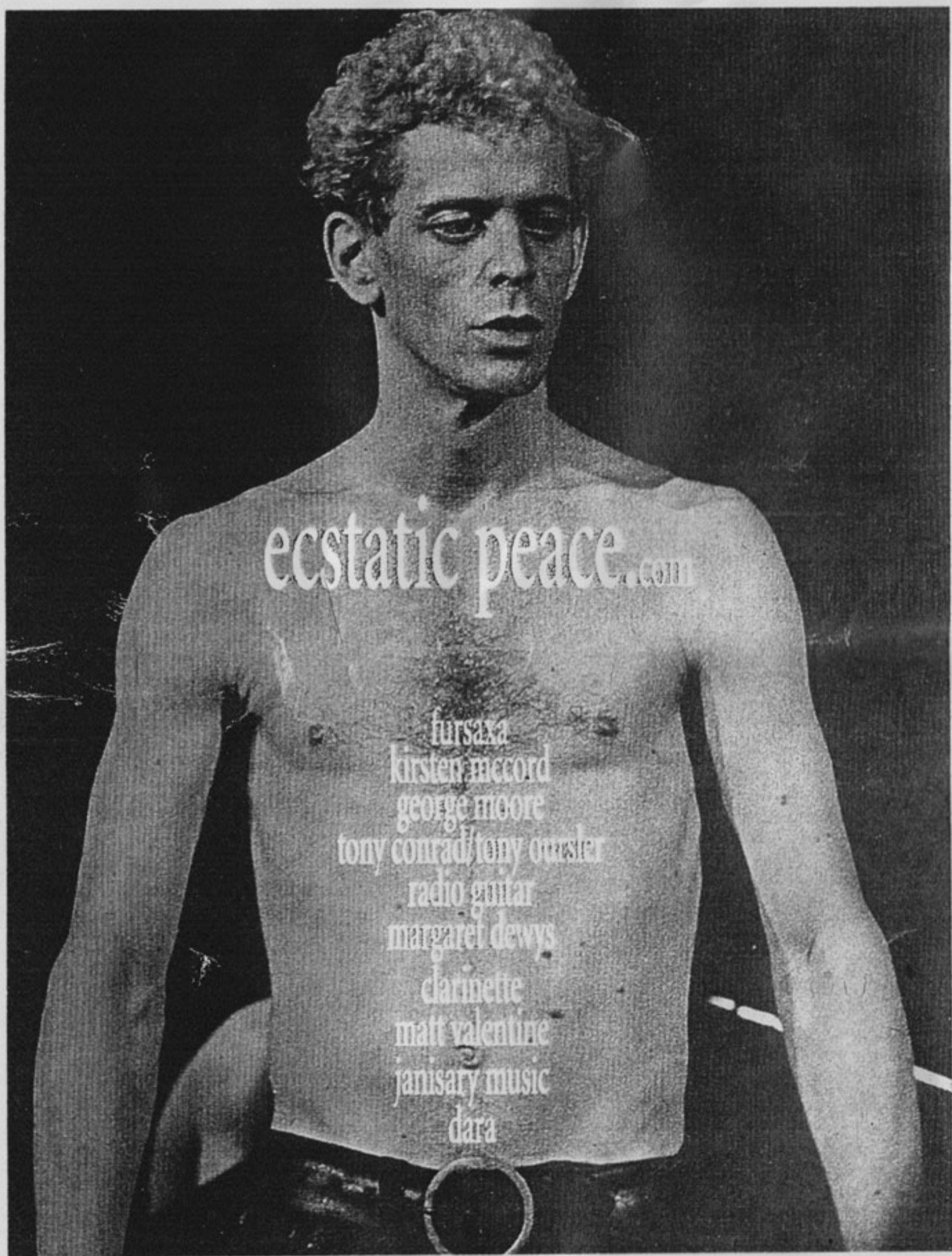


a 3 day celebration of
sight and smell

march 19.20.21 2004

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north six brooklyn, n.y.



ecstatic peace.com

fursaxa
kirsten mccord
george moore
tony conrad/tony ouster
radio guitar
margaret dewys
clarinette
matt valentine
janisary music
dara

DISSOLVE AND DIE - LIE THROUGH YOUR TEETH - SEVER CONNECTIONS WITH THE PEOPLE YOU KNOW... ACCEPT-
ING THE FACT THAT THESE MASSES, THESE PERPETUAL BOURGEOIS NEVER LEAVE THEIR HAPPY HOMES IN THE
SUBURBS AND REFUSE TO LEARN NEW IDEAS, THEY STILL DESIST ME. DO I BELONG? YOU SEE THEM LAUGH -
THEY LAUGH AT THEMSELVES AND CALL IT COMEDY. THEY LAUGH AT EACH OTHER AND CALL IT SATIRE. THEY
LAUGH AT CRIPPLES AND CALL IT CRUELTY. MASS-MIDDLE-CLASS LAUGHTER, PERMEATING EVERY CONVERSATION;
THEY KEEP THEMSELVES IN SWITCHES AND THINK THEY ARE HAPPY, THESE MASSES. DO NOT FEAR EXPERIMENT-
ATION. DO NOT FEAR THE NEW. MUST NOT LET THESE BOURGEOIS CONTROL THE FACTORS OF YOUR LIFE. WHAT
DO THEY KNOW, THESE BOURGEOIS. BIGOTS, BUSINESSMEN, BROOMPUSHERS BABIES, BASTARDS, BREATHERS, BATH-
ERS. BIG PEOPLE, BRAINS, BELLY- BORN... BLEEDERS, BLACKS AND BLUES, BOYS, BITCHES, BRING THE BOTTLE,
BUT, BUT... I DARE YOU BOUR- GEOIS BASTARDS! TRY ANOTHER MODE REVOLT AGAINST THE RULES AND LAWS
YOU MADE! LEAVE YOUR LIVES BEHIND WHEN WILL YOU LEARN? WHEN WILL YOU LISTEN? THIS IS THE ANSWER
THIS IS HOW IT GOES: DESTROY THE WORLD AND DEplete THE POPULATION. USE EVERY NUCLEAR WEAPON YOU CAN
GET YOUR HANDS ON. BLOW UP ENT- IRE CITIES - LEVEL BUILDINGS. BURN BODIES... ERASE THE BASTE OF ALL
THE PROBLEMS... CLEAR OUT THE MASSES AND EVERYONE ELSE. IF YOU KILL YOURSELF BY ACCIDENT, WELL, THAT'S
OK BECAUSE YOU WILL AT LEAST HAVE A HAND IN REMOVING THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD. THIS IS THE ONLY ANSW-
ER... THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE YOUR LIFE WORTHWHILE IS TO DISSOLVE... BEPRIVE THEM OF YOUR WISDOM. YOU WILL EV-
ENTUALLY BE DESTROYED. DO NOT DE- LUBE THEM WITH YOUR FALSE HOPES OF SALVATION OR HUMANITY. BURN THE
BOOKS OF POETRY FOR THEY ENCOURAGE HOPE. DO NOT GIVE THEM PURPOSE FOR THEIR EXISTENCE; DO YOU WISH
TO LEAVE YOUR LEGACY FOR THEM TO PROLONG THEIR WASTED...? NOW LISTEN TO THE FERVENT CRY OF THE BOUR-
GEOIS SELF DESTRUCTION. WATCH THEM DRAIN THEIR HOPE AND MISSION. DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - JUST A TE-
MPORARY COMBATIVE SEIZURE...? I HAVE RESPECT FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS. I HAVE RESPECT FOR THE MUNDANE
I RESPECT THE MIDDLE CLASS I KNOW I AM ONE OF THEM... AND THEY NEVER LET YOU SCREAM.

BLEASCUJUDGE

Friday March 19th

Burning Star Core

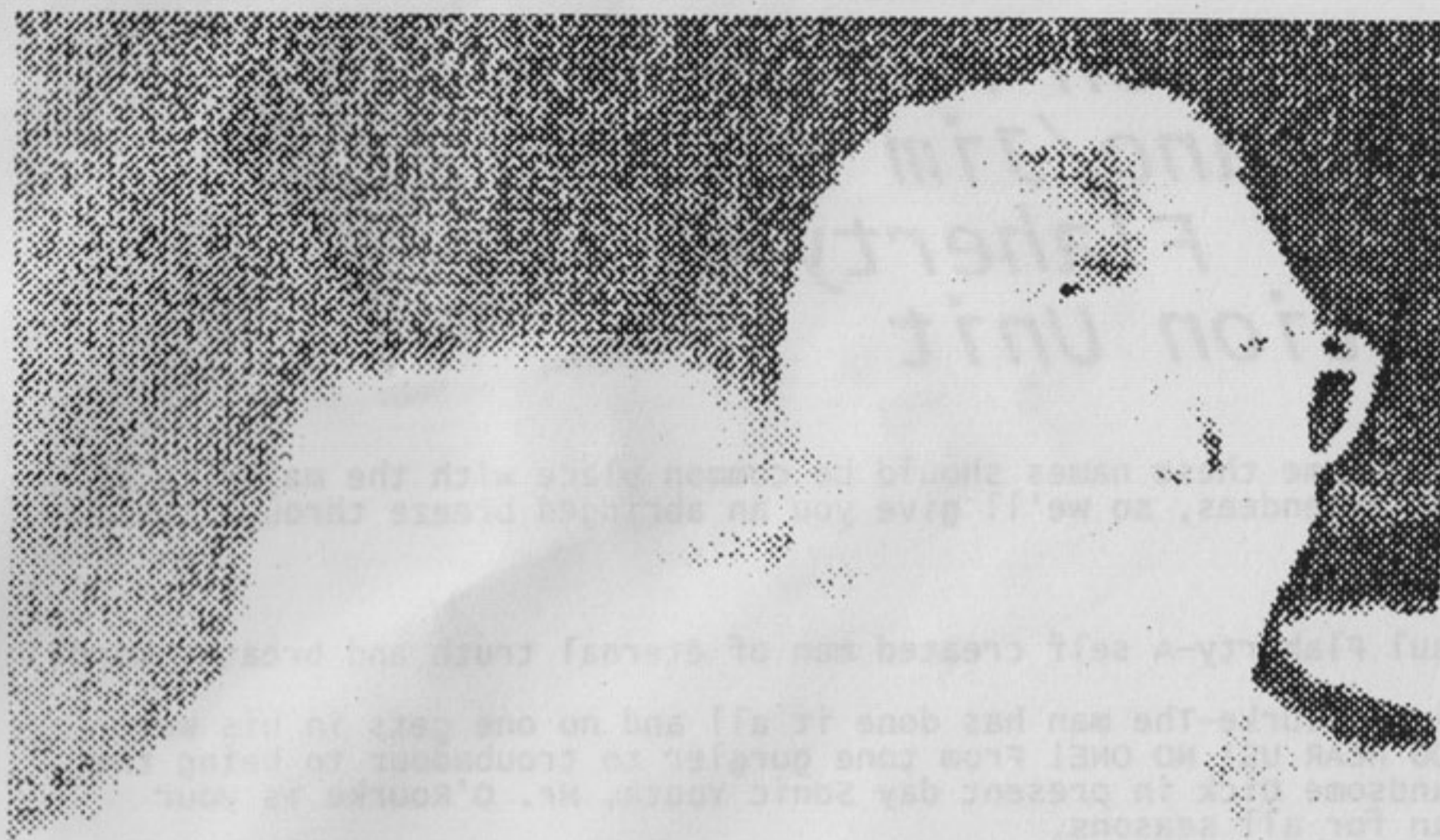
Burning Star Core has been the somewhat solo project of Ohio resident C. Spencer Yeh since the mid-nineties. Earlier BSC material came on like a skewed electro-pop outfit, but Spencer's desire to perform more abstract and hallucinatory sounds has manifested itself over the past few years with miraculous results. Evidence to this fact lies in 'A Brighter Summer Day', Yeh's full-length vinyl debut released on the Thin Wrist label a year or so back. Coming off like Tony Conrad raised as a midwestern metalhead, the sustained sounds created by Yeh's violin and electronic devices are both muscular and meditative, with plenty of malicious intent to spare. Tonight Spencer will be performing in a trio setting with Robert Beatty (electronics) and Trevor Tremaine (percussion) and we are sure it will be an appropriate start to the next few nights of bone rattling sound here at the NFF.

Rubber-O-Cement

By most accounts, Rubber-O-Cement are a gnarled branch on the big crazy Caroliner family tree. They recently put out a very scrambled CD of densely edited synthetic brain noise on the Oakland based Toyo label entitled 'High Speed Electronic Cardboard'. Ours came packaged inside an issue of Clive Barker's 'Hellraiser'. Maybe yours did too. All we know is we can't wait to see the giant bass playing spider.

Carlos Giffoni/Dylan Nyoukis

In celebration of their recently released collabo CD ('Chewing Smoke' on the Invated label) infamous partier Carlos Giffoni will lock sonic horns with infamous haggis diddler Dylan Nyoukis. Carlos is a member of the Miami-cum-Brooklyn sonic power trio Monottract, plus he's been known to share a stage with anyone from Jim O'Rourke to that noisy little pipsqueak Newton. He also creates his own impenetrable sounds which can only be described as 'OW'. Dylan and his stepsister Lisa started making crude cut-up/layered noise collages under the guise of Prick Decay (now known as Decear Pinga) somewhere in the mid-nineties. They quite rapidly became the king and queen of an almost self-sculpted generation of young people unconcerned with black clothing or sexual repression. They more or less opened a whole new chapter on noise making, creating many limited tape/vinyl/CDR beauties on their own Chocolate Monk label. Their watershed (and long gone) LP 'Guidelines for Basement Non-Fidel' is considered 'The 'Reign In Blood' for all homemade alien aktions' by none other than wolf Eye's John Olson. Recently, Dylan has collaborated with Sun City Girl Alan Bishop and Finnish avant folkers Kemiälliset Ystavat. What exactly Dylan and Carlos have up their sleeve is anybody's guess, but it will more than likely be a ham shaving delight of the dopest order.



Arthur Doyle Electro-Acoustic Ensemble

Arthur Doyle began performing music in his hometown of Birmingham, Alabama back in the mid-sixties where he would often back Gladys Knight on his sax. After said backing, Arthur moved to NYC, where he proved himself to be a pretty genre blind dude in the twenty odd years he lived in the town. Blowing his sax as if it was Vanessa Del Rio herself, Arthur played with Free Jazz titans like Milford Graves, as well as being in the OG line-up of the high octane/NYC fueled improv trio, The Blue Humans. In the mid-nineties, Arthur gained notoriety in non-Jazzbo circles with a series of intensely personal home recorded solo albums released on such labels as Ecstatic Peace, Audible Hiss and Ain-Soph. These records (recorded on a walkman with just vocals and sax) made a generation of post-indie/punk rock record collectors searching for the jewel encrusted bottlecap of truth sit up and take notice to the man. Arthur moved back to group improvisation in the mid-nineties and has since played with everyone from old pal Sunny Murray to Takashi Mizutani, founder of the of the legendary Japanese avant psych combo, Les Rallizes Denudes. Tonight Arthur will be leading his highly unpredictable electro-acoustic ensemble through the line of fire. As of presstime, we are told Pennsylvania born rhythm behemoth Ed Wilcox will be involved, as well as Leslie Q. and Nuuj, a sometimes member of the Rochester Based improv group, Pengo. As far as any other names, we're at a loss. We just recommend you stay low and wear a tarp.

Thurston Moore/Chris Corsano/Jim O'Rourke/ Paul Flaherty Dream Aktion Unit

We assume these names should be common place with the majority of NFF attendees, so we'll give you an abridged breeze through their tulips...

Paul Flaherty—A self created man of eternal truth and breath. word!

Jim O'Rourke—The man has done it all and no one gets in his way... YOU HEAR US! NO ONE! From tone gurgler to troubadour to being the Handsome Dick in present day Sonic Youth, Mr. O'Rourke is your man for all seasons.

Chris Corsano—This bald beauty not only fills your orders at the Ecstatic Yod collective, but he's a hummingbird of thud/bang/wallop. watch him play tonight and imagine the cross breeding of Eddie Prevost and 'wacko' Rob Hunter. Just do it, okay. Check him in his new and excellent duo, Vampire Belt.

Thurston Moore—was in Even Worse.


Pita

For about a decade now, Austria's Peter Rehberg (AKA Pita) has been changing the landscape of digital electronic music both as a Performer and as a co-founder of the Mego label. In 1999, Rehberg Released 'Get Out', an exquisite work that changed the expectations of electronic music for the upcoming century with it's lush orchestral tones and power-electronic aggression. Since then, he's collaborated with a horse choking amount of underground geniuses to create a dizzying legacy in sound. Although Pita's work has had an important influence on America's electronic scene, his live appearances on these shores are all too rare. For this reason, his set here at NFF will surely be one for the books.

And in the downstairs Lounge...

Life Partners

Life Partners are an air filled syringe of buzzing energy. Their debut CD released on the Twisted Village label last year was a garish and crud caked attempt to revive your scrawny ass, but you were too busy stroking your chin and/or dick. Here's your chance to redeem yourself.



Magick Markers

With the Darby Crash meets 'Hello Dummy!' era Don Rickles stage presence of vocalist/guitarist Elisa Ambrogio and an egoless abandon for slash-and-burn improv rock, The Magick Markers have quickly established themselves in the 'scene' (A word used for lack of better ones, we assure you) as a major force to reckoned with. Many limited self made releases have come and gone since their inception in the Spring of 2001 and a full length LP entitled 'New Riot weapon' will be released on Ecstatic Peace 'as soon as it's done'. For now, be sure to be down in the basement once the M.M.s' start up and be sure to wear eye protection. Those whammy bars have been known to fly.

'3 Legged Race

Straight outta Kentucky comes a rare east coast appearance from the solo project of Robo B, Hair Police's resident master of heavy electronics. We promise it will be gnarly and psychedelic, and we're not just talking about his hair.

Miscarriage

Miscarriage is a very new and frightening 'supergroup'. Playing the roles of Clapton, Winwood, Grech and Baker this time 'round, we have John Olson and Aaron Dilloway (Wolf Eyes) Mike Connelly (Hair Police) and Gray, the proprietor of the excellent Michigan based noise label, Chrondratic Sound. Apparently the boys will have some sorta limited edition vinyl action going on for the festival, but for now, we have no actual concrete indication of the quartet's brutality. But we here at Blastitude will personally lick the men's john here at North Six clean if it doesn't sound/feel as pleasant as your last debowling.

Saturday March 20th

Laundry Room Squelchers

The Laundry Room Squelchers has been a constantly swelling and shifting project of Florida based ladies' man Rat Bastard for quite some time now. Whether surrounded by a guitar army of babes or Emil Hagstrom in a glittery head band, this former To Live And Shave In L.A. member always leads his frequently fluctuating line-up right into the middle of the shitstorm for maximum intensity. As you would expect, we have no idea in the god damned world who or what will be performing around Rat tonight, but we swear it'll be a good time for all that enjoy booze, broads and Joe walsh.

Hair Police

These three maniacs from Louisville, Kentucky take the velocity of suburban hardcore, smash it into a wall of psychedelic noise and bring it to the stage with a mix of body slamming and insane prayer revival antics that actually lives up their credo...make every show like it has to be New Years' Eve.

Nmperign/Due Process

It would be damn tough to think of another more original avant-garde duo to emerge in the past few years than New Englanders nmperign. Consisting of saxophonist Bbob Rainey and trumpeter Greg Kelley, they explore the extremes and parameters of their instruments while almost defiantly avoiding the 'blasting' techniques which have become almost traditional in the past two or three decades of sound. Due Process is Ron Lessard's long-running group project. Ron is best known as Emil Beaulieu (America's Greatest Noise Artist) as well as being the founder of RRR, this country's longest running proprietor of extreme sound. The line-up for Due Process in this collabo setting will be Lessard, Jason Lescalet and drummer walter wright and apparently the two groups will focus on the music of Captain Beefheart for tonights performance.

Gert-Jan Peris

We here at Blastitude are truly gooey in the salamander at this wild dutchman's appearance here at the NFF. Gert-Jan Prins was originally a percussionist first and foremost until his circuit bending and unholy rewiring approach to electronics got the best of him back in 1998. Since then, he's produced a healthy clutch of recordings in both solo and collaborative settings that are nothing short of breathtaking. The sounds he squeezes from his homemade transmitters are the aural equivalent of being ripped apart by a speeding bullet train and laughing hysterically about it for hours afterwards. GJP stateside appearances are all too rare, so be sure to check it outs and (of course) bring plenty of cotton.

HEY SAILOR!

If you wish to dip your wick further into the
witchy wax of sound presented here @ the NFF,
We suggest cruising the following presences--

www.dronedisco.com

www.forcedexposure.com

www.hansonrecords.com

www.yod.com

www.toyorecords.com

www.flippedoutrecords.com

www.fusetronsound.com

www.pinktoes.net

www.monotract.com

www.heresee.com

www.carbonrecords.com

www.doubleleopards.org

<http://qbic.web.planet.it>

www.ecstaticpeace.com

www.dragcity.com

www.mego.at

www.apostasyrecordings.com

www.freedom-from.com

www.loadrecords.com

www.sinkhole.net/pehome

www.eclipse-records.com

<http://www.rrrecords.com>

<http://snse.net>

www.twistedvillage.com

www.squelchers.com

www.gjp.info

www.slippytown.com

www.collectable-records.ru

www.terryriley.com

www.wfmu.org

www.wprb.com

www.king-crimson.com

www.italianprog.com

http://nowave.pair.com/no_wave

<http://necros.net>

<http://members.aol.com/rutler.index.htm>

homepages.nyu.edu/~cch223/mainpage.html

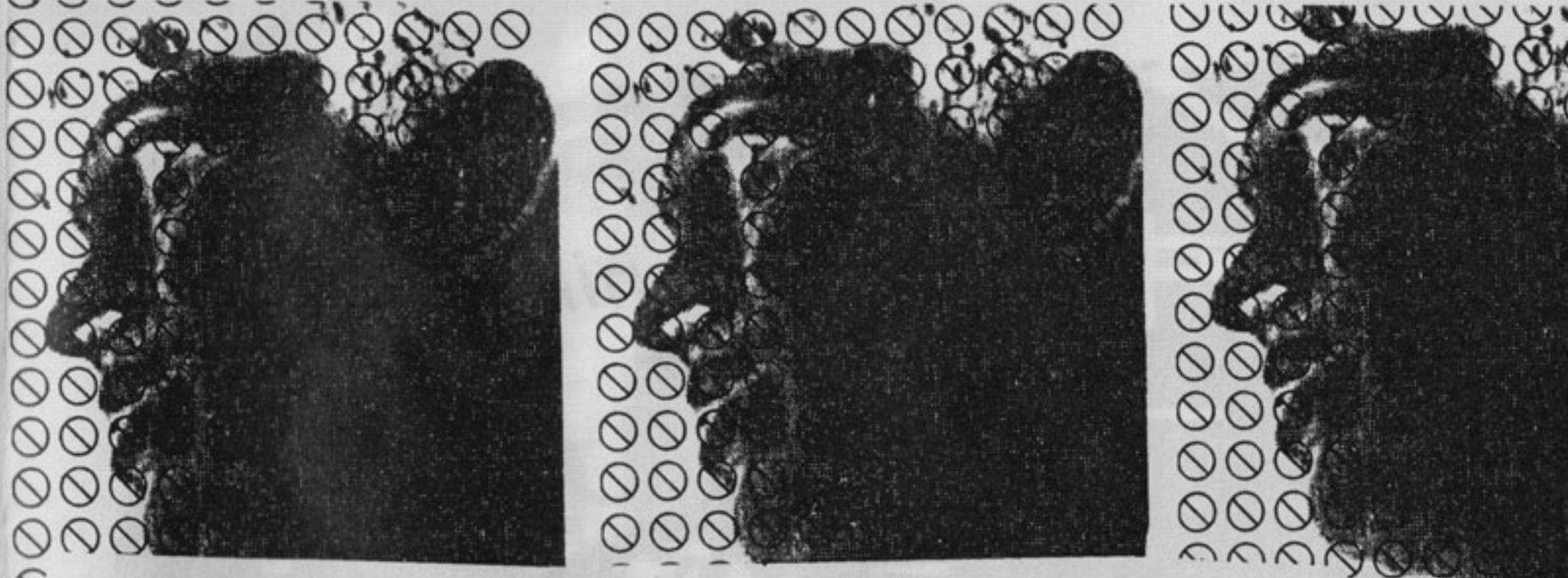
Alan Licht

Alan Licht is a true renaissance man, stocked to the brim with a knowledge of screen, sound and wrestling that is simply staggering. He has been an unavoidable presence on the underground scene ever since the late eighties when his writing crept into the pages of *Forced Exposure* and pre-cruddy *Black To Comm* (then known as *Pfudd!*) Since then he's ridden a well greased toboggan of opportunity, playing in two excellent though underappreciated rock units (*Love Child*, *Run On*) collaborating with a who's who of post-rock avantdom and writing for everyone from *The Wire* to the woefully missed *Cimmaron Weekend*. He currently makes quite a racket out of sound installation and plays in *Text of Light*, an improv unit that includes *Lee Ranaldo* and *DJ Olive*.

with a bizarre need to blur the edges between pretenious blowhardom and juvenile pranking, Alan's solo live sets are always something to talk about. Like the time he played along to a *Captain Beefheart* record, or manipulated a *Donna Summer* loop into hair pulling oblivion, or how about that set in Philly a long time ago that went for like an hour and a fucking half? Jesus...what Big Al has goin on tonight is a mystery to us, be we sure hope it's *Misfits* covers.

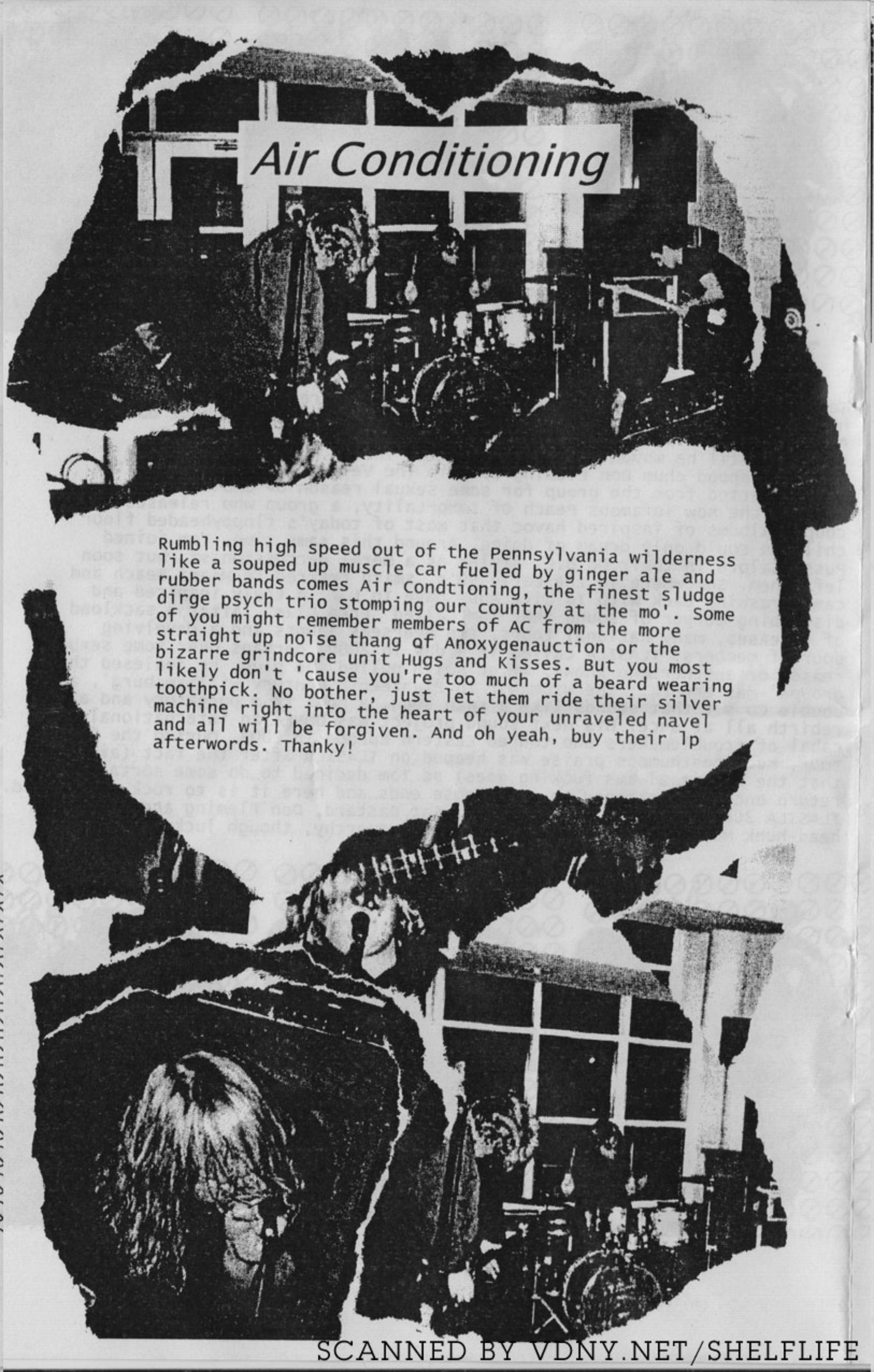
Kim Gordon and The Sweet Ride

The trio of *Ikue Mori* (*DNA*) *Kim Gordon* (*Sonic Youth*) and *DJ Olive* cut an eponymous record in the year 2000. way back in *Blastitude #1*, we called the interplay between Mori's drum machines and Olive's turntables 'free-flowing urban technogush' and described the record as 'free-pop-bobby-sox-and-pink-hair noise music' And we still stand by every hyphen. We can only predict that the addition of the beyond-seasoned *Jim O'Rourke* will make matters heavier, and give Ms. Gordon a pretty large space to do pretty much anything she wants.



To Live And Shave In L.A.

Tom Smith started his performing career a mere three decades ago in his homeland of Georgia, where he started the much talked about but never heard group, Boat Of. But Tom's ball didn't really start-a-rollin' until he moved to Washington D.C. in the 80's and hooked up with childhood chum Don Fleming to join The Velvet Monkeys. Soon after being ejected from the group for some sexual reason or another, Tom started the now infamous Peach Of Immortality, a group who released a couple albums of inspired havoc that most of today's floppyheaded floor children could only dream of doing. Around this same time, Tom joined Pussy Galore in their OG D.C. stylee as a metal percussionist, but soon left them. Somewhere in the early 90's, Smith retired to Miami Beach and came crashing back with To Live And Shave In L.A. a truly inspired and disturbing merger of sound that Tom called 'Free Glam'. After a sackload of releases, many national tours, two overseas jaunts and a revolving door of members, TLASILA called it a day in 2000, perhaps over some sexual reason or another...who knows. After Smith pulled the plug, he released the groups' masterwork, 'The Wigmaker In Eighteenth Century Williamsburg', a double CD set that sounds like a swan song, a howl from purgatory and a rebirth all at once. His next sound project was OHNE, an international cabal of troublemakers who toured Eastern Europe in 2002. During the OHNE tour, much posthumous praise was heaped on TLASILA after the fact (ain't that the way it always fucking goes) so Tom decided to do some sorta TLASILA return once he tightened up some loose ends...and here it is to rock your world. TLASILA 2004 will feature Tom Smith, Rat Bastard, Don Fleming and Sightings head-hunk Mark Morgan. Consider yourself unworthy, though lucky...



Air Conditioning

Rumbling high speed out of the Pennsylvania wilderness like a souped up muscle car fueled by ginger ale and rubber bands comes Air Conditioning, the finest sludge dirge psych trio stomping our country at the mo'. Some of you might remember members of AC from the more straight up noise thang of Anoxygenauktion or the bizarre grindcore unit Hugs and Kisses. But you most likely don't 'cause you're too much of a beard wearing toothpick. No bother, just let them ride their silver machine right into the heart of your unraveled navel and all will be forgiven. And oh yeah, buy their lp afterwards. Thanky!

Aaron Dilloway

Aaron Dilloway's resume reads like some sorta history of Michigan 90's No wave skronk. Couch, Galen and Hercules are some of the out rock wonders that have considered themselves lucky to have Aaron in their ranks. After his residence in these ensembles, Aaron turned his attention to inventing electronic devices that emit drilling tones and abrasive rythms. As both one third of electro-heavies wolf Eyes and solo, Aaron creates brutal but engaging landscapes from his secret creations. He has released many solo CDR's and cassettes varying from blinding power electronics to subtle tape loop manipulations. His solo live set is mug-hoisting kick in the ass that makes most of the black cloaked electro extremists seem tired. Horns up, Dude.

Humectant Interruption

Originating in New England circa 1997, Humectant Interruption is The brain baby of Joel St. Germain, proprietor of the esteemed Spite label and a collaborator with the likes of Evil Moisture, Crank Sturgeon and Ron Lessard. Over the years, Joel has stepped out from the normal confines most 'noise artists' limit themselves to and come up with some damn worthy (and of course super limited) Cassettes and CDR's that mix gnarled and sparse sonics with a Bizarre unclassifiable warmth that is literally all his own. Tonight is a rare performance from this reclusive boy wonder, so Be sure to be there to bask in his oozing glow.

Go To Sleep

Go To Sleep are a new and exciting sound collective based out of Washington D.C. and features members of Dischord recording artists, Black Eyes. Expect windy drones, throbbing Kraut-like bass lines and hypnotizing beats.

Dead Machines

Dead Machines is the recently founded sound duo of John Olson and Tovah O'Rourke. After O'Rourke moved to Michigan to take Olson's hand in holy moley matrimony, the two decided to form the ultimate maximist homemade electronics duo to top all maximist homemade electronics duos. Fluctuating between sounding like Keith Emerson warming up in the middle of a tire fire and a three a.m. static storm, these two are one of the most anticipated performances of the NFF and shouldn't be missed for anything. Except for maybe a DYS reunion.

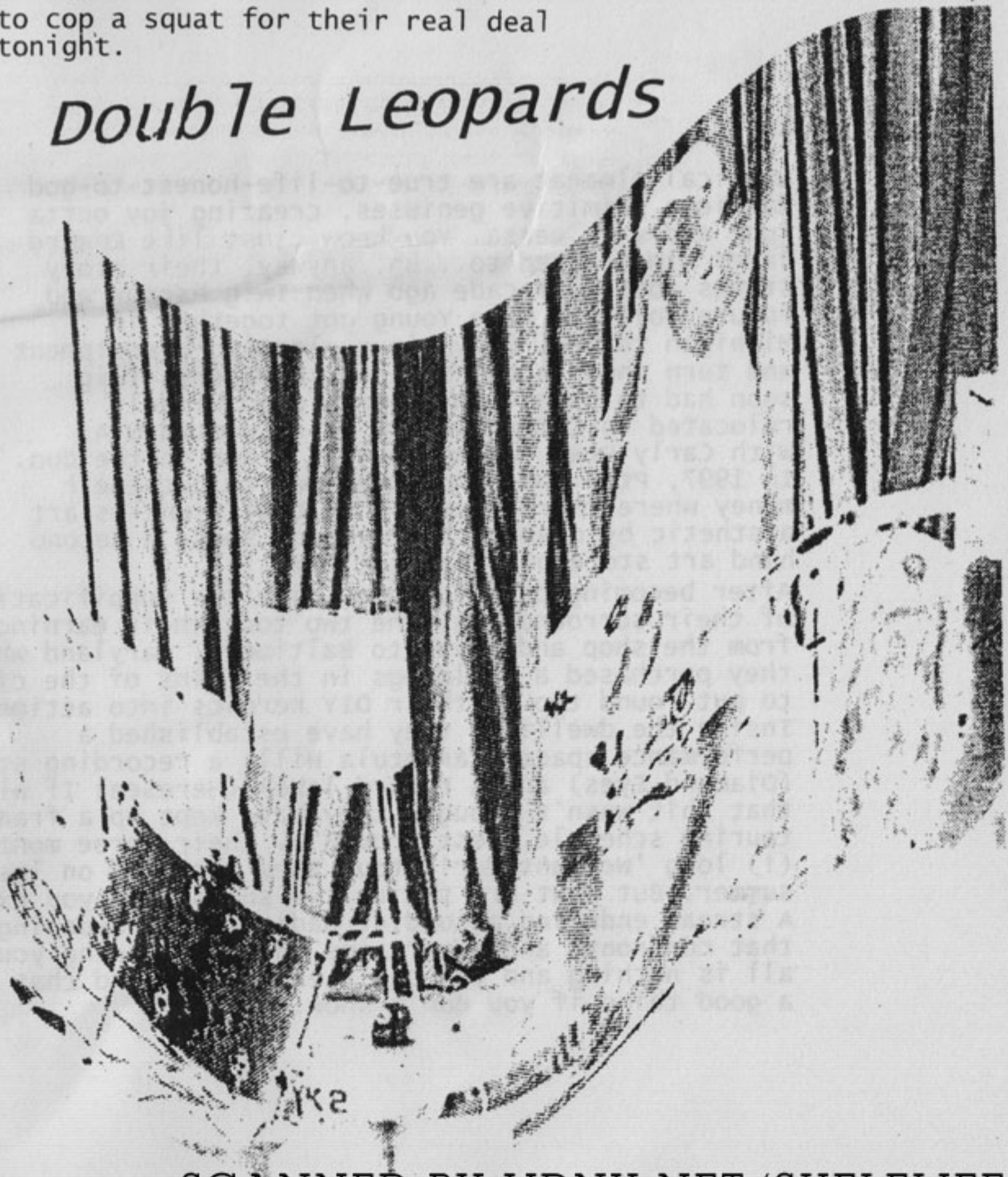
Lee Rana1do/Roger Miller/ William Hooker

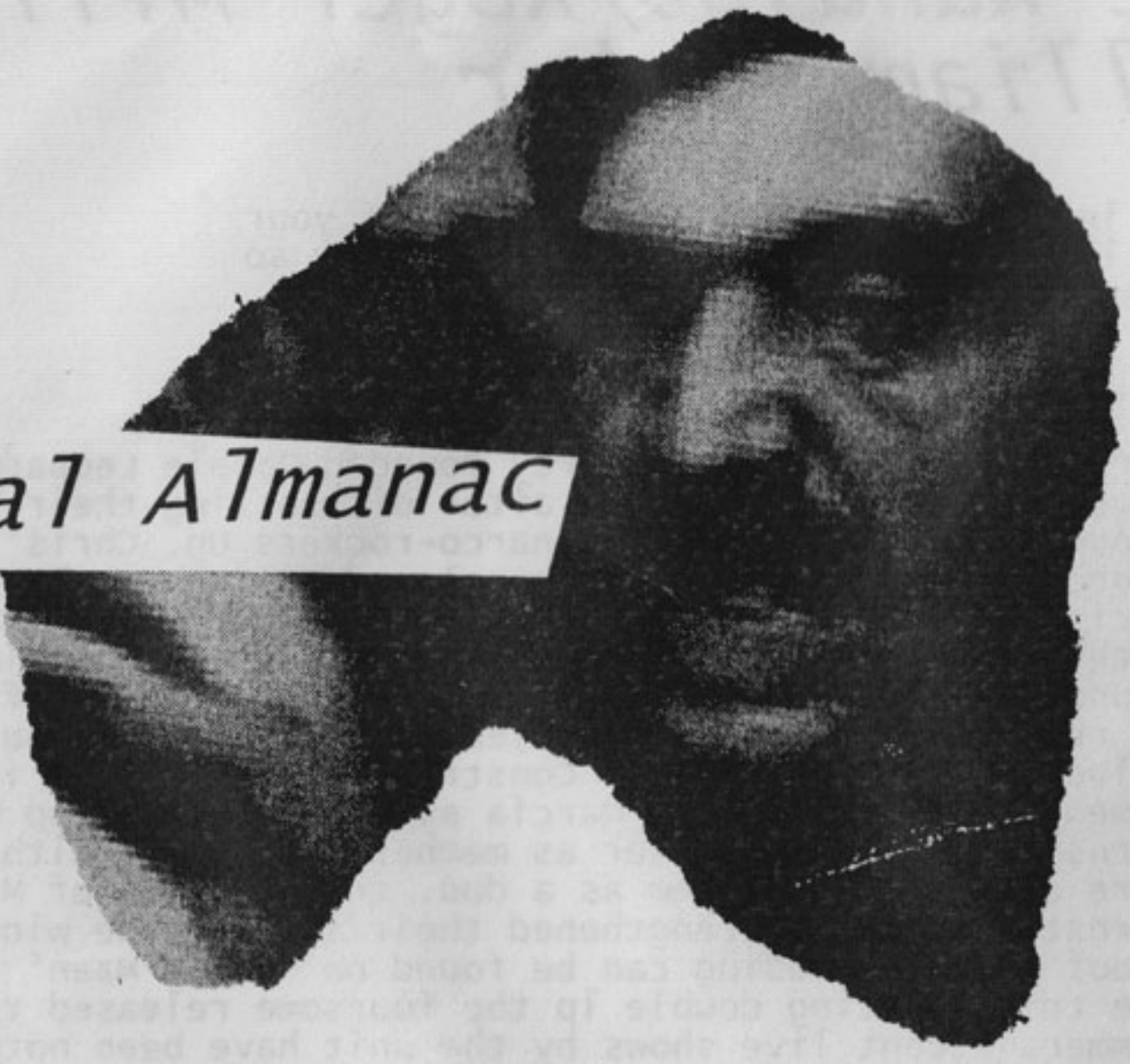
Three legends you know like the back of your leg will go...go...go...and then be gone, so be there or be fucked.

Marcia Bassett and Chris Grey founded Double Leopards in the later part of the nineties after dismantling their Philly based groups (Marcia's being the narco-rockers Un, Chris' was the thoroughly scuzzy wicked Finger) and moving to the NYC area. Chris and Marcia decided to take the more abstract elements of both units and create a disorienting and enlightening web of sound that immediately caught the ears and noses of many doped up record types when they released their vinyl debut 'The Ax Helve' on their own Heavy Construction label back in 2000. Somewhere along the way Marcia and Chris picked up Mike Bernstein and Maya Miller as members of DL and although DL were quite a dizzy item as a duo, the addition of Miller and Bernstein truly strengthened their sandy drone winds. The proof in this pudding can be found on 'Halve Maen' (Eclipse) the trip enducing double lp the foursome released this past summer. Recent live shows by the unit have been nothing short of pure white angel heat.

so be sure to cop a squat for their real deal mecca shit tonight.

Double Leopards





Nautical Almanac

Nautical Almanac are true-to-life-honest-to-god American primitive geniuses, creating joy outta junk and visa versa. You know, just like Edward James Almost used to...uh..anyway, their story starts about a decade ago when Twig Harper and future Wolf Eye Nate Young got together in Michigan to beef up various electronic equipment and turn them into artful noise makers. Twig soon had to bolt from MI and found himself relocated in Chicago where he re-booted N.A. with Carly Ptak taking Young's place in the duo. In 1997, Ptak and Harper decided to put their money where there mouth is in their junk-as-art aesthetic by opening The Mystery Spot, a second hand art store of great acclaim.

After becoming disillusioned with the yuppification of their surroundings, the two took their earnings from the shop and moved to Baltimore, Maryland where they purchased a buildings in the ruins of the city to put round two of their DIY heroics into action. Inside the dwelling, they have established a performance space (Tarantula Hill) a recording studio (Diamond Eyes) and a record label (HereSee) If all that shit wasn't enough, they have kept up a frantic touring schedule, best proven by their three month (!) long 'we want war!' tour they embarked on last summer. But what are their live shows like you axe? A streak enducing absurdist dada musick happening that confronts and entertains while reminding you all is nothing and you can't escape it. And that IS a good thing if you don't know...

And in the downstairs Lounge...

Japanese Karoke Afterlife Experiment

Breathmint recording artists.

Knifestorm & Unicorn Hard On

A collabo set from two new comers to the noisy noise noise scene.

Tan As Fuck & Newton

A year or so ago, the upstarts involved in the Nashville, TN based combo The New Faggot Cunts morphed into almost the same band (?!?!?) and christened themselves Tan As Fuck. They play loud ass bent circuit mysterio drone shit and they're hand done packaging can't be beat. They recently hooked up with Philly based noise pipsqueak (and NFF co-coordinator) Newton and cut a quartet CDR heavy on the sparse-to-dense space out electronix thing. Never ones to let sleeping logs die, TAF and Newton decided to get back together, pop some popcorn and let the sparks fly for you special NFF attendees.

Pengo

Pengo came together to thrash fascists and melt minds back in the summer of 1998. In their time, they've created a very weird and notable scene in their hometown of Rochester N.Y. by getting shows for traveling noise making weirdoes at a local club (The Bug Jar) and putting out records/CDR's/CDs'/etc. on their own Carbon Records label. Their sound is a bizarre mesh of a post-everything record collector's wet dream. Ham fisted riffage, found sound dimentia, plodding rhythms, etc. congeal into a ipecac like mixture that's Psychedelia at it's most non crystal clutchingness. Check their 'A Nervous Splendor' lp released last year on the Haoma label for further proof. For now, just drop a tab of dirt acid and carve an 'X' in your head to fully appreciate Pengo's flower city boogie.

FUCKED UP NOISE!!!



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