

## :: Wolf Eyes ::



'96 to '98: Wolf Eyes begins life as a single individual residing somewhere in the sprawling Metro Detroit labyrinth. Nate Young *is* Wolf Eyes, generating noises with electronics, programming, voice and whatever instrument he can (re)construct. Aaron Dilloway releases a few near-extinct cassettes of this initial Wolf Eyes incarnation on his Hanson imprint then he joins the group full-time, generating noises with guitar, tapes, electronics, horns, mouth and whatever instrument lies within an arm's reach. Wolf Eyes (as two) tour and record incessantly. A steady stream of quick-to-vanish cassettes, split LP's, lathe-cut records, and CD-R's, flows into the general population.

'99: Wolf Eyes become a fully integrated industrial-hardcore-noise hybrid generating waves of broken guitar riffage, boiling electronic percolation, blasts of feedback like black boots snapping bone, and Young's animalistic howl. It is absolutely the *toughest* sound emitted from a human's mouth since John Brannon's. Check out the Wolf Eyes/Nautical Almanac split LP (Hanson), *Fortune Dove 12"* (Bulb), and Wolf Eyes' self-titled CD (Bulb), to hear what I am talking about.

'00: Young and Dilloway relocate to Brooklyn, and Andrew Wilkes-Krier joins Wolf Eyes. His exact role remains unknown. *Vice* magazine publishes a photograph of Wolf Eyes (as three) but little else is known of this short-lived phase. New York's concrete and bullshit prove antithetical to Wolf Eyes' larger evolutionary concerns. So, Young and Dilloway head back to Michigan while Wilkes-Krier remains in New York and becomes a successful motivational speaker. Wolf Eyes (as three)

return to Wolf Eyes (as two). Then, with the release of the *With Spykes* CD-R (Hanson) a hulking, sweaty figure called Spykes (AKA John Olson, manipulating tapes, electronics, horns and more) emerges as Wolf Eyes' perfect third collaborator.

'01: Olson's effects on the group are dramatic. Wolf Eyes (as three again) dramatically increase their recorded output. In just under a year, the hyper-productive Olson releases over 20 Wolf Eyes cassettes and CD-R's via his American Tapes imprint including their first major statement, the *Dread* LP (Hanson/American Tapes). By this stage, Wolf Eyes have evolved into a single super-organism. A rich tapestry of wires and pedals inextricably link Young, Dilloway and Olson, and their respective towers of homemade electronics, guitars, horns, gongs, etc. It all has fused into a single, monolithic machine-entity. Wires even slither up into their mouths for sonic purposes just like that old bitch from *Superman III* who is turned into some freaky fucking cyborg by Richard Pryor's totally out-of-control self-conscious super-computer.

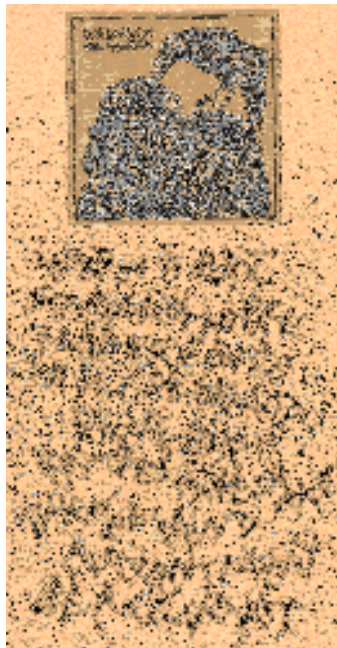
'02: Olson releases dozens of Wolf Eyes cassettes and CD-R's. Dilloway releases the ultra-lean *Slicer*, and the Troubleman Unlimited imprint releases the lavish *Dead Hills* picture disc LP. Wolf Eyes are now traveling without a map. Every new release reveals new forms comprised of pounding inner-space reverberations, snippets of slowly crackling "sub-atomic" feedback, and glass-shattering shrieks that slowly rise and fall until a rattling pulse clobbers the tops of sweaty heads and hundreds of flailing fists puncture the air in compliance with Wolf Eyes' commands: THE WOLF EYES RULE.

'03: Dilloway releases the *Mugger* CD-R (Hanson), a small cadre of indie labels releases the expansive Wolf Eyes/Panicsville "Stabbed in the Face" split 12", and you know how busy Olson is. Wolf Eyes' distinctive *stomp* dissolves into sheets of microscopically crafted feedback like lightning bolts shattering immaculately blown stained glass. It is over-amplification of the humming spinal cord and the chatter of a billion cells sharing information.

'04: The machine-entity that Young, Dilloway and Olson, have brought to life sprouts limbs and runs roughshod across America. The recently released "Stabbed in the Face" 12" (Sub Pop) scratches, tears, rocks, claws and *moves* with the precision and clarity of quantum uncertainty. Their new full-length for Sub Pop, *Burned Mind*, will molest you. That is statistically for certain. But, you can say nothing of the *how* and *when* until it actually happens — unpredictability by design. Wolf Eyes' trademark boil-bursting *thud* has evolved into the roar of a lithe panther with rattling jackhammers for claws. Agility and quickness are now this beast's most lethal attributes. Placed on the evolutionary charts, *Burned Mind* appears as the progeny of Throbbing Gristle's *Heathen Earth* sound-model. But, the complex of muscularity and emotional range found in Wolf

Eyes' new sound-model has rendered its apparent ancestry slow, clumsy and rather limited in comparison. Fuck, man, cite all the top-shelf noise and power electronics bands until you're blue in the face —Whitehouse, New Blockaders, Nurse with Wound, whatever — but none possess the *internal being* of Wolf Eyes. The former were performance artists flirting with the dire circumstances of the human condition *in the abstract*. But, Wolf Eyes just fucking ARE the dire circumstances of the modern human condition. Ever watch a movie about the future and the future is so oppressively grim, violent, foreign and insipid, that even a romance with nihilism seems way too quaint and inappropriate of a response? And then you realize...*We* live in drastic fucking times, and *Burned Mind* is drastic fucking music.

--Justin F. Farrar

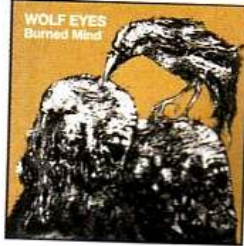


*Burned Mind* was recorded from October 2003 through June 2004 primarily by the band themselves. Parts were recorded at Key Club in Benton Harbor, MI by Bill Skibbe and Jessica Ruffins. Mixing help came from Brendan M. Gillen.

'05: Halfway through the century brings change to Wolf Eyes. With Aaron Dilloway relocating to Nepal, the band decided to scoop up Mike Connelly of noise kins Hair Police to pick up the slack. Connelly has been in the game since around 2000 with his own tape label Gods of Tundra and sound assault group Hair Police. He moved up to Michigan at the end of 2004 and has been jamming with Olson and Young in various projects, leading up to his introduction into Wolf Eyes. The band's recent shows have been a return to a much more primitive and raw approach to the bands own version of armageddon (which includes brews and Negative Approach's "Ready to Fight" on repeat). New recordings like "Deranged" and "Droll vol. 19" highlight Wolf Eyes' current state of mind, while new songs like "Leper War" tear it all to pieces. Its going to be a gnarly year.

# :: Press ::

## Kerrang ::



### WOLF EYES BURNED MIND

(SUB POP)

**KKKK**

**HELLISH NOISE FROM MICHIGAN  
ULTRA-EXTREMISTS.**

**UNLESS YOU** already own the entire Merzbow back catalogue or have a fondness for hanging around pneumatic drills, 'Burned Mind' is going to be the most unpleasant set of sounds your ears are exposed to this year. Using power electronics, guitars and vocals (although you'd be hard pressed to pick out individual instrumentation from the resulting din) this Michigan trio have breached the pain threshold in nauseous style. Not just on account of their sickly humour (sample track title: 'Stabbed In The Face'), but because they've given their hateful assaults a brutal dynamic often missing in noise. Indeed after three (!) tracks of silence, closer 'Black Vomit' sounds like the end of the world.

**DOWNLOAD:** 'Urine Burn'.  
**FOR FANS OF:** Merzbow,  
Aphex Twin.

**CATHERINE YATES**

## Mojo:: album of the Month

**UNDERGROUND**  
BY ANDREW CARDEN

**ALBUM OF THE MONTH**

**Wolf Eyes**  
★★★★★  
**Burned Mind** SUB POP  
Michigan horror-electronics boys bring the noise.

**THEIR TRAIL** littered with innumerable homemade CD-Rs, cassettes, vinyl oddities, and the most ear-damaging shows this side of anyone you like, Wolf Eyes' underground rep has been building steadily for some time. Their profile boosted by Sonic Youth and Sub Pop, for this, their most available release to date, they've pulled out the stops with this fantastically vicious work — a masterpiece of controlled electronic violence. Armed with a battery of homemade noise-making equipment, tapes and rewired devices, the Ann Arbor trio cross the black analogue bile of Throbbing Gristle and Foetus with a Swans-like hardcore thrug-lurch. Where Stabbed In The Face and Village Oblivia waltz stomach-spasm frequencies to fist/face-pounding rhythms, Dead In A Boat and Rattlesnake Shake spew forth caustic, broken glass sound-clouds. Pretty it ain't, but who needs pretty when ugly sounds this damn good?

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For Live booking in Europe contact [ned@littlebig.org.uk](mailto:ned@littlebig.org.uk) / 0044(0)7773394348

