

5/30

SUB EK FEST III

5/31

DIVINE ANGEL AWAKENING SCRUMPER DON PARDO XUR
REMEDIES KING RAT BOUND SPRAY BOTTLE FEVER



NEWFARE FILM AND GENDER DEATH VALLEY SUN TROOPERS DEERNEST
WHY DON'T MEN WEAR THONGS? LOOTBUG SAMIZDAT MAGNIRA

₹ **THE MAXX, NEW MILFORD CT** ₹
DOORS AT 4PM | \$20 FOR BOTH DAYS | FOOD TRUCK & VENDORS
LIVE VISUALS BY DERICK NOETZEL
MUSIC IS ECSTASY IS REVERENCE IS DEVOTION IS LOVE IS NOW

MUSIC IS ECSTASY IS
REVERENCE IS DEV
DEVOTION IS LOVE
IS NOW MUSIC IS A
MEANS TO AN END

Vol. 1 - March C.E. 2026

Ascending Dwapara Yuga

@beheresound

beheresound.github.io

Background images by Edie | @edies_camcorder

With reverence to my Guruji Paramahansa Yogananda

& to all saints of Self Realization

MUSIC IS ECSTASY

Be Here Sound

April - May 2026

music shows happening



Apr. 1 - The Meetinghouse Lower Level
Sad Matt on Tour with Whalefall
& the Owenn Curtis Jazz Quartet

Apr. 4 - The Meetinghouse
Divine Angel Awakening, Dogheaven
& Mr Beast Death 2030

Apr. 11 - The Meetinghouse
Neanderthal Petting Zoo, Deernest
Clay (NYC), & Smog Moss (Boston)

Apr. 24 - The Meetinghouse
Waffle House of 1,000 Corpses (NJ)
Cohort B (NYC), & XUR

May 4 - The Meetinghouse
Supermarket Parking Lot (MA)
Why Don't Men Wear Things?
& Lootbug *first show!*

May 8 - The Meetinghouse
Margot Miller's Album Release Show!

SUB EK FEST III

The Maxx

Day 1 - May 30

Day 2 - May 31

I DID NOT SEE 100 GECS
OPEN FOR BROCKHAMPTON
THAT ONE TIME

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**ECSTATIC RELIGIOUS
EXPERIENCE**

**QUEER AS IN
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Cat Haiku

Hello, little cat
You are the whole creation
Can God be condensed?



MUSIC IS DEVOTION

Love is blooming everywhere pouring itself into and out of itself constantly regaining consciousness and always true. Living more and more from calm center within, the living light of Spirit engulfs me.

O Joyful Krishna, Joy Joy Joy. Life is a whirlwind of lithographs, scenes of yore painted onto stone slab and replicated through incarnations. Divine color painted on hard limestone, chiseled from a quarry in Germany, durable and fine-grained. Apt to repel negative space and fix a greasy image on new paper. It takes time, the artist is satisfied. As am I. In museum whirlwind of lithographs Krishna is set forever underneath the so-real-stone-slab of my finitude. He plays with the gopis by the river. He holds that flute forever and with Radha plays the Divine song. O Joyful Krishna, I see your joyous smile in centuries old lithographs from Calcutta in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, C.E. 2026. And imprinted forever on the so-real-stone-slab of this life made of love, love, love.

Saints of all religions, the river runs through my life again. O Radha, Radha, Radha, I am incorporated metronomic humanity. I am a ruined carpet in the monastery. River of life, sweep over tantric noumena, establish once and forever a crown to place my love for the world and bow down to her, the greatest illusion of all, O Kali, Kali, Kali! I bow to Thee everywhere, in the world fully, but not of it, never of it - where else does anything come from? I am not not this little wave of life, I am the cosmic ocean of bliss from which all things are made manifest. I am the ocean of bliss. I am, I am, I am.

MUSIC IS REVERENCE

**GIVE BACK TO THE
EARTH WHOSE AIR
YOU BREATHE FOR
FREE**

MUSIC IS LOVE

I don't take pictures anymore. I cleared my camera roll, I deleted my old Google account and smashed my hard drives. I hiked up Pine Mountain carrying my personal history on my back, and set it all ablaze on the bare rock. I smeared the ashes on my face and offered it in reverence to the wind, or to the Goddess. My history is clean, cuz it's not mine anymore, hear that? I've got nothing to do with it. I'm alive on this bare rock and nobody can change me. I don't have any references - there's no images to pull from, no pieces of writing left unfinished, no particles of humanity to smear and mold and abuse. I don't have any preferences - I just glance around. Is that alright with you?

**LISTEN LIVE CLOSE TO
THE GROUND DELETE SPOTIFY
DRIVE AROUND AT NIGHT
AND LISTEN TO COCTEAU TWINS
AND CRY AND LET
YOUR HEART BREAK INTO
A MILLION PIECES
SEE WHAT'S LEFT**

MUSIC IS A MEANS

TO AN END

The end is freedom

Be satisfied with nothing less!

Listen, you freaks and weirdos:

Don't ever stop expressing yourselves and singing and dancing and making bands and making art. Dress however you like, experiment with fashion and gender-expression, surround yourself with supportive people in supportive places. Sing together, draw together, dance together. When you dance, dance with your friends, dance with yourself, dance with this eternal thing, this nameless thing that surrounds the air and lives just behind your breath - go ahead, loop a thread in this decades-long, centuries-long song-string. Dip your toes in the waters of infinity - become fully submerged if you want to. The forms will change but the essence will remain. Get involved, be here, and when you come to these shows, know that I would burn the entire world for you freaks.

*The whole world might be wrong
Don't let anyone change you.*

