



Wild Wild Geese *Are You A Baby?*

Odessa Records ODE- 07 Digital EP

Release Date: September 15th 2009

Radio Add Date: September 29th, 2009

Rob Dipatri (Guitar, Vocals) Nathan Toben (Guitar, Keyboards)

Kent Howard (bass) John Jaquiss (Drums, Vocals)

Song Listing: 1. In My Head 2. Feeding Frenzy 3. Ladders 4. Nathan's Lament

* Debut release!

* Recorded by William Evans of Raleigh-based wunderkind, Whatever Brains

* Band is currently at work on their full-length record, tentatively titled "Forgetting to Take Out The Trash, Remembering to Ruin our Lives"

*Digital EP is available only through Odessa website, which will be offered for free for first week of release.

*Rob and John are both former members of Spider Bags, while Kent is a current member of Americans in France, and Nathan has his own band, The Toddlers.

* For fans of: Dinosaur Jr., The Replacements, Johnny Thunders, Reigning Sound

*FCC warning on track 3, the word "shit", though it is almost inaudible

* Recommended Track: 1

* For all radio inquiries please contact
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I remember days driving up and down the hilly, treacherous streets of the Atlantic Highlands in NJ, taking turns fast, the station wagon car stereo blasting Mudhoney or Dinosaur Jr. To one side, decaying gray stone walls covered in graffiti that read "The Doors" (in the correct font of course) or more curiously, "Marshall Tucker Band." Gray walls beset upon by the vines that formed the many cracks within them - and above, the tall trees that formed the perimeter of an impenetrable dark forest. A forest where it was said the feared "metal skaters" dwelled. The other side of the street was the far more dangerous. Below the road and far down the cliffside, far past the dumped washing machines, tires, and burned out Chevys, is the Sandy Hook Bay and further still, the Atlantic Ocean.

It was a ritual passed down from older generations - drinking beers in the car, listening to loud music and taking turns too fast. My older sister's generation did the same thing but their cars were muscle cars like Monte Carlos and they were listening to Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. They also drove a bit faster, drank a little more (it was legal then) and didn't all make it to graduation.

I can imagine my nephew's generation still making these same drives to nowhere - maybe a little more cautious with the beers, but still taking those sharp turns fast enough to get that feeling in their stomachs. They would be thinking about girls, smoking cigarettes, and listening to loud rock music. They probably don't have tape players in their car but maybe CD players or even ipods. I'd love the thought of hearing them listening to Wild Wild Geese on that ride, and listening to these four songs over and over again, for I can certainly imagine it.

Wild Wild Geese is a four piece - two Guitars, Bass, Drums and vocals. The songs and their inherent intensity live in that zone where they could be from yesterday or tomorrow. The lyrics are simple, but somehow still manage to cut you to the bone. Simple truths and observations that seem so obvious, yet so hard to articulate. The bass playing is lyrical, the drums propulsive and full of character - the guitars intertwine and twist in the vein of some of my favorite players - J. Mascis or Johnny Thunders instantly come to mind. But this is a group of four individuals coming together to be more than the sum of their parts. It's at once classic and familiar. These songs sound in some ways from any time, but they are very clearly of *this* time.

From the plodding, bass driven opener "In My Head," where the singer intones, "*That's why I called, That's why I asked you to stay. Wake up in the morning and die, die in the day.*" through the fast, off the rails feeling of "Ladders" and the mournful carnival-esque closer of "Nathan's Lament," Wild Wild Geese succeed in looking backward with respect and inspiration while keeping their feet firmly planted in the here and now. And I hope - no, I *know* that some kid, somewhere will be playing "Ladders" in his car taking turns too fast with a feeling of elation and singing the lyrics out loud. "*I look down at you, you look down at me, slinging shit standing atop ladders, one of us is bound to fall!*" As the beat up little car careens around the turn just as the wash of Dipatri's fuzzed out guitar lead flies in, the driver pulls the car steady and takes another crazy turn with ease. And it's still fun.



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