

TRUCKASAURAS

TEA PARTIES, GUNS, AND VALOR

featuring DJ Collage and remixes by Plan B, Copy, Ghostbait,
Dutty Larry, Jerry Abstract, Basic, ER Don

Released by Fourthcity Records, Seattle WA & The Journal of Popular Noise, Brooklyn NY

RELEASE DATE: MAY 27TH, 2008

QUOTES:

"A trio of Larry the Cable Guy devotees who would spit Skoal in your eyeball after kicking your hipster ass for no good reason." – Chas Bowie, Portland Mercury

"I have seen the future of techno, and it is Truckasauras." – Philip Sherburne, pitchforkmedia.com

"One of the summer's most talked-about releases" – Jonathan Zwickel, Seattle Times

WEBSITES:

<http://fourthcity.net>

<http://popularnoise.net>

<http://myspace.com/teapartiesgunsnvalor>

<http://myspace.com/popularnoise>

<http://myspace.com/fourthcity>

ABOUT TRUCKASAURAS

Fueled by an inhuman amount of Maker's Mark and whatever kind of beer they can get their hands on, a bunch of self-proclaimed gear nerds have accumulated more firepower than Donald Trump. Armed with an arsenal of vintage Roland drum machines and synths, all sequenced by a modded first-gen Gameboy, Truckasauras create analog electro loops that skitter over starkly minimal drums; a sound (is it techno? is it hip-hop?) that straddles the chasm between goofiness and sincerity, and does so with aplomb. Citing influences ranging from Aphex Twin to 2 Live Crew, it's next to impossible to pigeonhole the group into any one genre.

The Truck's debut album, Tea Parties, Guns and Valor boasts 9 original tracks, a cover of the theme from "Airwolf," and an array of remixes by some of the Northwest's biggest names in electronic music: Copy, DJ Collage, and Jerry Abstract all try a hand at reworking the group's signature sound.

The true Truck experience, however, is through their live sets. Fishing vests, trucker hats emblazoned with bald eagles, and American flags-as-capes are the fashion de rigueur for this crew, who stand in front of a projected VHS mashup of monster truck rallies, helicopter explosions, and homoerotic WWF matches. A pseudo-patriotic A/V extravaganza punctuated by megaphone squeals and synchronized (if unintentionally) head-bobbing, the foursome weave in and out of each other's way, tweaking knobs over here, pushing buttons over there, all the while making the crowd go nuts with their quirky mix of white-trash sensibility and all-out musical mastery. - BAILEE MARTIN



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