

::: PROMORAMA ::: PRIORITY :::

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Artist Warmduscher
Title "Whale City"
Distribution Goodfellas

WARMDUSCHER "Whale City"

"These neon lights flow through my veins. And the bright red lipstick soothes my soul. A thousand broken dreams. A thousand souls on the bottom of my feet. Freedom has never felt so good. No small talk. No standing in lines. No candle lit dinners. Just the feel of freedom. The stench. The dirt. Love. Breathing it in. Letting it out. Straight to the top."

Welcome to Whale City. 2018.

The second album from Warmduscher. Survival of the fittest.

Let Warmduscher be your guide. Clams Baker: the man with the golden tongue. Fast-talking, no nonsense networker. The 'legitimate' front to the great rock 'n' roll swindle. No time for fact checking. No need for building regulations. Heading straight to the top. Consequence be damned. Lightnin' Jack Everett is his man on point. The rhythm. The brains. The brawn. Let's make lots of money. The Saulcano, Mr Salt Fingers Lovecraft and The Witherer operate in the shadows. The cogs. The machine. The bootleggers.

There is power in repetition.

Longtime Warmduscher biographer Dr Alan Goldfarb describes Whale City as "a rock opera so vast in magnitude that - were in not for my being strapped naked to a chair in a garage - could send a man hurtling towards the outer perimeters of uncharted space." It's difficult to argue with. The characters that inhabit Whale City are, as the title suggests, larger than most aquatic life forms. A cast of millions. Pretty Lilly, Whale Jimmy, Uncle Sleepover, Ice Cream Keith, Disco Minny. The people you walk by late at night with bottles in their hands and money in their pockets. The woman with bright red lipstick and straight razor smiles. Thrill seekers to a person. Powerful. Intoxicated. Intoxicating.

In the words of Clams Baker, Whale City is "a playground for the people that have stepped above and beyond their comfort zone." What are you waiting for?



tracklisting

1. Bright Lights 1:10
2. Standing On The Corner 3:00
3. **Big Wilma (1st single)** 2:05
4. 1000 Whispers 4:23
5. The Sweet Smell Of Florida 4:15
6. No Way Out 1:06
7. I Got Friends 1:57
8. Whale City 2:26
9. Straight To The Top 2:53
10. The Beginning 0:54
11. Summertime Tears 3:25

info

www.promorama.it



::: PROMORAMA ::: BIOGRAPHY :::

Warmduscher is:

Clams Baker (Mutado Pintado/Paranoid London)
Lightnin' Jack Everett (Fat White Family)
The Saulcano (Insecure Men, Fat White Family)
Mr Salt Fingers Lovecraft (Childhood, Insecure Men)
The Witherer aka Little Whiskers (Paranoid London)

Warmduscher

A brief introduction by Dr Alan Goldfarb

www.youtube.com/watch?v=ESJpqM_-OQM

Locally sourced fruit and vegetables often have a nasty aftertaste.

A column of salt, floating in the periphery of time collapses in silence... Silence.

'Twas the inception, the beginning, of Warmduscher. Cold in the salt-furnace, slithering in the morning light.

The wilds of Patagonia have birthed many enigmas over time, none, however, as enigmatically and physically disabled as Warmduscher vocalist and sonic master, Clams Baker Jr the Third. Born of strife and famine, Baker found his way to London after limited success running a rubber piping company that he started in Buenos Aires during the summer of 1976.

Similarly, son of three-time Emmy award winning actor, Dr Withers, operates the electronic swirls and analog twitches audible on any Warmduscher recording. Standing at an even 6'5", his origins are as mysterious as they are unknown. His oranges are ripe and delicious. His style and sound enhances the band somewhat. Others feel his presence unnecessary.

Now onto The Saulcano, as he is known. He was thrust into the band by the group of timberwolves which raised him. A cantankerous chest-scratcher, his musical prowess is unrivaled in this world and the next. He remains, to this day, a steadfast supporter of Salt Law.

Warmduscher's drummer, Lightnin' Jack Everett left the reputable Al Aqsa Martyr's Brigade to pursue life as a door-to-door pharmacist. He met with Clams and The Saulcano in 1986, during the summer of 14 whispers.

Two weeks after that fateful meeting, the three fostered a young orphan - discarded by the side of the road - another lost child, another grave. That child grew up to be Salt Fingers, Warmduscher's newest addition and bass tormentor. This is the roster, the brotherhood, the soft embrace of a universal mother.

Warmduscher's music went on to win hearts, minds, awards, trophy wives and daughters. The irrepressible weight of sound, it conjures a feeling of being bludgeoned to death, by a bag of soft, soft kippers. Bertrand Russell once said,

"If the Tigris was not a river, it would be a band. A band called WARMDUSCHER."

On Warmduscher:

"A thrill" - Lauren Laverne, BBC 6 Music

"At the point where personal hygiene ends and Kraut-garage begins lies Warmduscher" - The Quietus

"The offspring of a match made in hell between Fat White Family and Paranoid London" - Louder Than War

"Warmduscher are playing by their own rules" - Clash Magazine