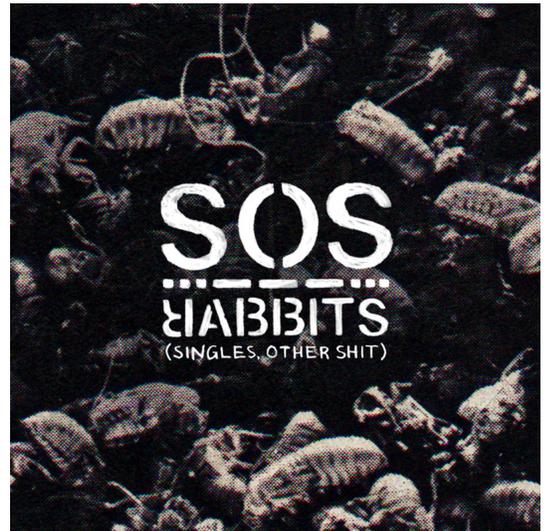


RABBITS

RABBITS is at it again. Steadfast in their determination to not give a shit what you or anyone else thinks, they burrowed deep into their own rabbit hole to scrape together a mish-mash of down-and-dirty tracks from every corner of their sorry-ass storied past. Leftover studio bunk, basement gunk, and practice space junk from their ten years together (yeah, they've been around that long) assembled into the blistering 15-song cry for help **SOS (Singles, Other Shit)**, a disturbing and dissonant distress signal from the underground featuring unhinged versions of six original songs and in-the-red covers of nine punk and hardcore classics.

RABBITS formed circa 2003 with the intent to marry Spacemen 3 droned-out minimalist psych with Man Is the Bastard powerviolence—Spacemen Is the Bastard, if you will. (We will.) The early years found the trio taking up residency at the bare-bones “venue” Food Hole (R.I.P.) and the neighboring happy-hour haunt Tube in Portland's Old Town, mercilessly subjecting audiences to physical and psychic damage with full-frontal attacks of art-damaged hardcore and noise rock, causing at least one person to ask, “Are these guys from New York?” (whatever that means). In 2005 their self-released 7-inch “Sloth vs. Bees” and split 12-inch with comrades Under Mountains on upstart local label Eolian (now run by **RABBITS**) coincided with a plum opening slot on the Liars west coast tour; but at the time their brutal feedback laden assaults alienated audiences rather than gaining them new fans. Undeterred, those sly fuckers pressed on, doubling down on their relentless kill-all-the-time offensives to carve out their own brand of “earthquake-heavy brontosaurus rock” (*Portland Mercury*) combining simple minimalist chords and off-kilter beats into unusual and complex arrangements with strange hidden melodies and damned-if-those-aren't outright hooks. Their perseverance, infamously wild live sets, and string of short, raw releases eventually led to higher profile shows and two critically acclaimed—and unceremoniously slammed—LPs: the “twisted riff-fest” (*AV Club*) of *Lower Forms* on Relapse Records in 2011 and the “crushing, grooving madness” (*American Aftermath*) of *Bites Rites* on Good to Die Records in 2012.

SOS (Singles, Other Shit) brings together disparate recordings of songs from 2006 to 2013, including bonus tracks from LP sessions, 7-inch tracks, unreleased demos, radio performances, alternate versions, and practice space jams. With few overdubs and mostly single live takes, these tracks capture **RABBITS** doing what they do best: cranking out bludgeoning full-throttle hardcore noise rock until your ears are ringing and you see stars; pummeling drums, gnarled guitars, maniacal vocals, and deranged solos. The A-side comprises six original songs of serious mayhem and downright fuckery, while the B-side collects nine covers of their favorite 80s punk and hardcore songs, mistreated as if their own, no doubt to piss you off. Please help them. They clearly need it.



RABBITS SOS (ELN 20)
cassette + digital (out December 3, 2013)

A-side ORIGINALS: 1. Wooze, 2. No (More) Depth, 3. Riff Fuck Reap, 4. Slow Mars, 5. Lungs, 6. Bees Revolt

B-side COVERS: 1. Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing (Discharge), 2. Hard Times (Cro-Mags), 3. One and All (Rudimentary Peni), 4. Rebel Girl (Bikini Kill), 5. Evacuate (Negative Approach), 6. I'd Rather Be Sleeping (D.R.I.), 7. Think Twice (Poison Idea), 8. Straight Edge (Minor Threat), 9. Wasted (Black Flag)

RABBITS SOS
(ELN20, Eolian Empire)
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“Portland trio **RABBITS** is nothing less than incessantly punishing. Ranging in approach from sludgy-as-all-fuck (*a la* Buzzov*en) to violent, old-school hardcore (think Negative Approach) to aggressive noise-rock (Unsane come to mind), if you're brave enough to stick your head down their rabbit hole you can expect to have it bitten off, chewed up and spat out.”

— Terrorizer



RABBITS is from Portland, Oregon, and comprises Sethro (guitar, vocals), KG (drums, b. vocals), and Booze (guitar, vocals, lyrics). The trio has been called all sorts of things (usually not to their face, mind you), mostly hyphenated permutations of noise rock, hardcore, punk, sludge, and (incorrectly) metal. **RABBITS** has shat out a slew of releases since their first self-released 7-inch in 2005, scattered across formats and labels, including the loved/loathed 2011 LP *Lower Forms* on Relapse Records (“crude, brain-damaged, and cacklingly mean-spirited... a twisted riff-fest of almost Jesus Lizard-ish proportions” —*A.V. Club*) and the 2012 LP *Bite Rites* on Good to Die Records (“brilliant storming shitrock... like some mean, ratty pissed off uncles of Fu Manchu from up north of the redwood/good-bud curtain” —*Your Flesh*), both of which ended up on many a discerning year-end list. **RABBITS** plays their hometown often and tours seldom, sharing the stage with the likes of Red Fang, Big Business, Yob, Black Cobra, Rorschach, VAZ, Arabrot, Burmese, and Helms Alee. **RABBITS** has been compared to Melvins, KARP, Jesus Lizard, Cows, Flipper, Butthole Surfers, Harvey Milk, Brainbombs, and many other excellent bands but really doesn't sound like any of them. And their name is not stupid.

“one of Portland's most enjoyably brutal bands... so awesomely fucked” (*Portland Mercury*)
“driving tunes that will disturb you and make you jam out at the same time” (*CVLT Nation*)
“in time, one could see this making a lot more sense, as with all groundbreaking endeavors.” (*AllMusic*)