

ARTIST: THE FRUITING BODIES  
RELEASE: WILDERNESS PILL 7 INCH  
CATALOG #: SSM031  
UPC: 781444911311  
FORMAT: 7 INCH VINYL / DIGITAL  
RELEASE DATE: 06/12/2012  
RECORD LABEL: SUBURBAN SPRAWL MUSIC  
LABEL EMAIL: CONTACT@SUBURBANSRAWLMUSIC.COM  
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Plainly stated, The Fruiting Bodies are a 5-piece instrumental post-rock band, mixing Touch & Go-style post hardcore with modern, heavy psychedelia.

Initially, the band was known for the excessive and oppressive use of volume in its live shows. As anyone who has ever rock and rolled knows, it's fun and quite a thing to experience from time to time, but when the volume becomes obfuscating instead of illuminating, it is time to move on.

Instead, The Fruiting Bodies are focusing on what they do right. Unlike many so-called noise-rock bands, they embrace consonance, celebrating not darkness, but The Light.

For the most part, the sound speaks for itself. Hawkwind might come to mind. But this reference is more of a conversation starter with men of a certain age than a reflection of the band's individual record collections. The Fruiting Bodies grew up worshiping at the altar of DIY hardcore, but even as children they were secretly consuming a steady diet of spacy and blissful rock. Consequently, the group has no aversion to wah wah guitar or other classy modulation effects.

The band's early recordings have never quite been "officially" released. The Wilderness Pill seven inch is the first proper offering by the band, put out by a real record label, a record label with an actual office.

The A-side deals with the complete opposite of all of that. No offices, no manufactured goods, no press releases, just the concept that a person in this country can drop out and live like a recluse. That strangely American entitlement, the right to swallow the wilderness pill.

A close friend and benefactor of the band exercised that right recently and the song is a tribute to his exhaustion with the pressures, obligations and frustrations with modern life. Though, let it be noted that the members of the band themselves are for the most part, conventionally upstanding, productive citizens.

The B-side, Battle Stag, plays a more ambiguous role, paying a vague debt to the Classical Trojan Horse, while acting as a vehicle to exercise the band's communal desire to fucking rock hard on fucking hard riffs.

The records themselves, pressed at Detroit's historic Archer Pressing Plant, are a tribute to the home state of all the band members, and former city of residence for a few. They are packaged in black envelopes printed with silver ink. The inserts were made at Kinko's and cut by hand. All 500 of them. So you know what church the band still attends.