

# FEDERATION X

## BAND INFORMATION/BIO SHEET • BAND INFORMATION/BIO SHEET • BAND INFORMATION/BIO SHEET

Surviving on acorns, unhealthy doses of café bustelo, and single serving pouches of top cigarette tabacco an unusiably stable and angrily optimistic squirrel burrowed his way out of his home into a cold october morning. The light and honesty of the morning sun showed the squirrel's eyes grown wide with wonder. The squirrel had had a vision. It was a most powerful vision, or perhaps a spectre, he had seen late in the night admist the neurotic wood grains of his piney novel. For our furry friend life had dawned anew.

Upon his first viewing of the spectre he was a blurry fellow, more of an idea really, that would whip in and out of his vision with the wind in his mind. The squirrel wracked his brain, wiped his eyes furiously, and tensed his furry paws into fists to see the spectre more clearly. That first night he could see the spectre only in part, and only after serious concentration did the squirrel begin to see a federation of elements within it's full form.

Federation X he named them: the left index finger, right eye, and upper lip of the fantabulous spectre. Armed only with a vague understanding of what he had seen and heard late in the murky midnight he stole a '77 Chevy Impala. For the next 7 years the squirrel travelled the vast wastelands of America and Europe appearing before the fear surprised eyes of their peoples in hundreds of appearance of irreverent guerilla evangelsim. Dreams and fire would whip through his mind and pour out of his eyes as he spoke, and sounds of thunder shot out of his fingertips. At the end of each attempt at public communication of his vision his fur was wet and matted, his blood vessels permanetly enarleged, popped, and pulsing left him sweating in the corner, his beady eyes searching for the next town and opprotunity.

Times were sometimes hard for the young squirrel and he often had to depend upon the kindness of strangers. One day a king the next day a pauper. One day a visionary the next day a fool, the squirrel learned the rules of the road, and pleaded with the spectre to enable him to negotiate every situation with the grace of a twig on the shoulders of mighty stream. With every month the voices grew louder and the squirrel was soon surrounded by friends and comrades who had heard them too. Often these acquaintences were made by knowing glances across smoky rooms. "I too have heard the voices. I too have seen the pillars of heaven shake!" These conversations were then often carried late into the night into living rooms and empty barroom dancefloors long after the "boom, boom, boom" of the night had ended. These conversations revealed to the young squirrel, who we can refer to as "Randy", a family of spectres who had, like his own, been named.

It was at this point that the spectre took full form and revealed himself to Randy. They became the best of friends laughing late into the night smoking cigarretes and joking till they cried on the highways of midnight under the grimy din of the Impala's dome light. The spectre became so fully realized that often he took his turn at driving and operating the car's tape player, rotating the map in his ghostly fingers guiding them to their next destination. It was on one of these nights that the spectre suggested that they record the next "happening" in an effort to hold on to the vision and learn from the night's swellings before they disappeared into the eardrums of those around them. Randy knew of no better place for the sounds to be poured into, but the eardrums of all around them, but he also understood what the spectre meant. They made several of these "Recordings" and named them: FED X/ROX split single (molasses manifesto), FED X full length (molasses manifesto), FED X "Nighttrain" single (Tapes), FED X/FLESHIES split single (molasses manifesto), FED X "American Folk Horror", "X PATRIOT", "RALLY DAY" estrus full lengths, and FED X "budgie cover single" (wantage usa).

Randy had long ago decided that the spectre that had appeared to him so long ago and had since grown into a constant companion who had led him to so many terrific and wonderous places was indeed a friendly and good spectre and he was glad that he had met him.

**FOR MORE INFORMATION AND HI-REZ DOWNLOADABLE BAND PHOTOS VISIT OUR PRESS SITE: [WWW.ETRUS.COM/PRESS](http://WWW.ETRUS.COM/PRESS)**

**ETRUS RECORDS • PO BOX 2125 • BELLINGHAM, WA • 98227 • 360-647-1187 • [WWW.ETRUS.COM](http://WWW.ETRUS.COM)**