

Rob Walmart

Everybody Hurts
(Marriage Records)

Portland heavyweight juggernaut ROB WALMART throws down the gauntlet with EVERYBODY HURTS Triple LP plus Bonus mp3 LP.

Marriage Records is pleased to present EVERYBODY HURTS, ROB WALMART'S most focused and accessible release to date. Discarding much of the experimentalism of previous work, ROB WALMART'S EVERYBODY HURTS shows that experimental music collectives CAN become successful at penetrating new indie market streams.

Hailed by Pitchfork as "One of assumedly quite a few avant-music collectives in Portland," ROB WALMART has hired Terrorbird Media to penetrate deep micro-niche markets, as well as uber-indie buzz momentum management. Tours with more famous, more accessible experimental indie buzz bands and prime spotlight showcases at SXSW 2010, as well as band-created viral marketing videos to be released and pushed hard on every known blog on the internet have been planned for the months prior and immediately

after the release of EVERYBODY HURTS.

With a chaotic, anarchic approach to creation, both live (via remote cargo van performance actions) and on record, ROB WALMART saturates your demographic and multiple market arena.

100% improvised and culled from over 200 hours of sessions in the Marriage Studio, EVERYBODY HURTS pushes the extreme edge of electronica for the Queen's pleasure. Also there are drum machines that make that shit fucked up and hyphy/crunk/jerkin'.

The Cube:

Much like Friends Forever did back in the early 00's ROB WALMART often performs from a mobile unit packed with gear, but Rob's is a boozier and more poorly planned ordeal. It is not uncommon to see all types of people (homeless spirit questers, dapper homo nightclubbers, dudes from other bands...) grab a microphone or a keyboard and join ROB WALMART in live exploration of sound. Rob does not "play a set" or "scheduled slot"



at the indie approved bar/venue/all-ages club. Rob rolls up in a Lionel Richie head emblazoned Chevy '03 CTWY EXP equipped with a massive reggae sound system that slaps you while you take your smoke break. The juggernaut of Rob can't stop until the cops come, the party starts to suck or some drunk girl won't give the microphone back to Tom. This can go on for hours, under blue chase lights with underage drinkers dancing and making out on the roof. It's like a sideshow when ROB WALMART goes dummy and ghostrides that whip up to your venue.

Pathetic fifth generation watered down indie band playing songs about some bullshit through your crappy PA you bought with your Paypal card: You are no match for the mighty, forceful and indefatigable power of a ROB WALMART curbside van sound take-down.

www.myspace.com/robwalmart
www.marriagerecs.com

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