

DEAR INDUGU

Acoustic/Electric Indie Rock



"Don't lose yourself to the music. Find yourself to it."

Dear Indugu
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About

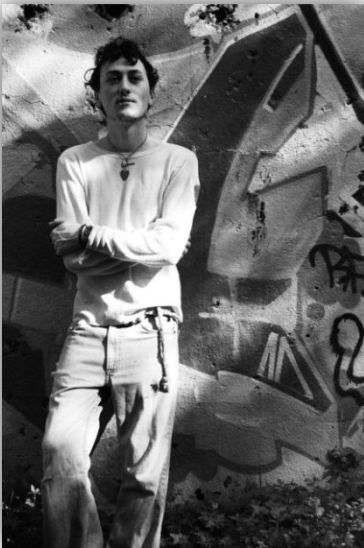
Dear Indugu is an acoustic/electric indie-rock band from Oakland, California noted for powerful instrumentation, potent lyrics, and rich vocal harmony. What began as a solo project of singer-songwriter Jesse Strickman, grew into a permanent four-piece, with an occasional live horn section. The name, Dear Indugu, is inspired by the film 'About Schmidt' and is a metaphor for the communication of one's innermost feelings to complete strangers.

The group performs regularly in the San Francisco Bay Area and has toured California, Oregon, Utah, Nevada, Idaho and Washington playing everywhere from coffee shops to outdoor amphitheatres. They have opened for national and world acts, such as Minipop, CAKE, Jay Brannan, Judgement Day and more.

Dear Indugu's music ranges from intimate folk solo songs to driving full band indie rock. With thoughtful lyrics, versatile instrumentation, and a firm commitment to originality and musicianship, the Bay Area based band delivers a unique and powerful sound. They are currently recording their debut studio release.



DEAR INDUGU IS:



Jesse Strickman is the lead singer, acoustic guitarist, and the main creative force behind DI. He is a versatile musician, having played lead guitar and drums in a variety of punk, thrash, and experimental rock bands. He studied guitar privately under local legend Jock Rockenbach, and attended Berkeley City College, studying American Sign Language.

Joshua Owings attended the San Francisco Conservatory of Music (SFCM), studying Classical Guitar with David Tanenbaum, and Guitar Composition with Dusan Bogdanovic. Aside from

playing lead guitar in the group, he composes, teaches music in Oakland and reads a lot of science-fiction.



Chris Nishimoto met Jesse in High School when they played together in an experimental-rock band. He joined DI upon returning to Oakland after attending UC Riverside. Besides being the group's drummer and percussionist, he is Locally known as DJ Moto (and nicknamed "Baby Dre") for producing beats for the Bay Area Hip-Hop scene.

Van Jackson-Weaver holds a bachelor's degree in Classical Guitar Performance from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where he studied Classical Guitar Performance under David Tanenbaum. In addition to playing bass in Dear Indugu, Van is a teacher, composer of guitar and electronic music, and performs as the lead singer and guitarist in San Francisco based rock band, Glass Gavel.



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Promotional and marketing strategies include:

- Email newsletter to fans
- Internet promotion via official website, Facebook, Twitter, YouTube, Myspace, and Flickr
- Placement of posters with venue, show, and artist information in target areas
- Submission of show info to local area radio stations and concert lists
- Submission of press releases to local area newspapers

Dear Indugu has performed at:

Stork Club, Oakland CA; Art & Soul Music Festival main stage, Oakland; Oakland Metro, Oakland; Starry Plough, Berkeley; Ashkenaz, Berkeley; The Gilman, Berkeley; Last Sundays Fest main stage, Berkeley; Rockit Room, San Francisco; Bottom of the Hill, San Francisco; Dark Room Theater, San Francisco; Luigi's Fun Garden, Sacramento; Viva La Vida Outdoor Amphitheater, Pioneer; Chico State University, Chico; Crepe Place, Santa Cruz; Queen Bean, Modesto; The Starline, Fresno; Audie's Olympic/Club Fred, Fresno; The Good Hurt, Los Angeles; Ruby Room, San Diego; Luckey's, Eugene OR; LaurelThirst, Portland; Mississippi Pizza, Portland; Studio on 4th, Reno NV; Grainey's Basement, Boise ID; Le Voyeur, Olympia WA; Blue Moon Tavern, Seattle; and many more.

Dear Indugu has performed with:

Minipop, CAKE, Jay Brannan, Judgement Day, I the Mighty, Rosie Burgess Trio, Jhameel, PK, Kellye Gray, Fighting the Villain, Picture Me Broken and many more.



“Heart-felt songs and personal experiences amplified, with loads of instrumental breaks and well-laid song lyrics.”
Jae Ho ‘Zeeek’ Kim, Monterey County Weekly

“Inside every human is a natural compulsion to the honest and the real. Oakland-based folk-rock band Dear Indugu embodies these primal desires in their lyrics and sound.”
Rosalie Atkinson, Alameda Sun

“The lyrics are really personal, which is good. You don't get that enough these days. Everything's flash and complaining about stuff, rather than talking about what really matters in life.”
Larry Kelp, Host of “Sing Out” KPFA 94.1FM Berkeley, CA

“The songs on the band's new EP are raw and unadorned, but well-crafted.”
Rachel Swan, East Bay Express

“These songs are beautiful. They definitely hit their mark, affecting me with both their general sound and sentiment as well as the maturity, insight, and complexity of the lyrics. I'm blown away.”
Morgan Tigerman, High School English Teacher and Hip Hop Artist, Redwood City, CA

“Jesse is one of the most mesmerizing, honest, talented singer/songwriters I have ever heard.”
Sonya Ziegler, Professional Artist, Sacramento, CA

“Another awesome performance and I can see the momentum gaining for you guys.”
Rob Jackson, RipStar Booking and Music Promotion, San Francisco, CA

Lyrics

Frame of Gold

I wrote this song lying in the attic that was my room growing up. As I reminisced on first love and warm childhood friendships I realized that I wished more than anything to return to those times in my life. The memories were “framed in gold” in my mind and perhaps if I could just shatter the frame, those past feelings would pour back into my life.

I swear that this attic looks warmer in memories
Back when this world was so vast,
I could barely see past it with eyes like these
Ones that are always blind
Caught in the headlights of her own
I froze in the paralyzed pose of an innocent

But I'll take this frame of gold
And throw it down
So all it holds
Is broken out
So let it seep back through my pores
I need life again
I want life again

I swear that this attic looks warmer in memories
To these sheets I cling tighter
Than anyone's ever held on to me
So I'll grip harder now
And sink just as fast as ever before
Cut me loose so I'll fall from this noose
That I've tied so tight

Because all I see is proof
In these bitter walls
They scream of truth
They tell it all
This lonely routine cries for a purpose
Does one deserve this?

No Pretender

The heart is untamable and uncontrollable.
Sometimes what it wants is tragically inconvenient. “No Pretender” is about leaving my girlfriend for my best friend and how difficult it was to be honest about true feelings, knowing they would hurt someone I cared about.

I'd rather suffer than hurt another
Especially those who trust in me
But when your heart pounds,
Free of all doubt, for someone else
It's gonna cause injury

But
A lie
To say we fit from the start
A lie
To say we were a work of art
A lie
To deny my heart and play the part

I wish I could mend the face I saw when
I broke all our plans and broke your trust
And I'm sorry, god I'm sorry
But what I said was true, the lie was us

A lie
To say we could've made it through
A lie
To say you weren't unfaithful too
A lie
To stay with you, you know it's true

You're no pretender
I'll always remember
You said, "There's three kinds of people on Earth
And you and me are number three"
Well, I agree
But we're not meant to be

The Outlier

Today's society is ridden with contradiction. We are taught to play peacefully growing up, and yet we go to war constantly. Some folks starve in the street while others have more money than they know what to do with. Honesty is universally valued and yet our media is full of lies and distortions. This song is a plea to parents to raise their children to think freely outside of society's false boundaries and to practice peace.

Please mothers save your sacred children
Protect them from the aimless humans
Run off to find sanctuary
Live in harmony and secrecy
Cease the lies that seep out through the screens
And pour with ink through printing press machines
Escape before more reach their ears
And exploit all of their hopes and fears

Don't sign their lives away on paper
Allow a life outside the cage,
Don't make a number out of nature
All that is, is existence,
We've gotta be our own savior

How is it pitch black suits in big glass buildings
Sit inside and make a killing
While others depend on sidewalk dealings
Just to sleep beneath a ceiling?
Now, words from men are starting war
Men who forgot what words are for
Many will lose their lives without need
'Cause many have lost their heads to greed

The machine won't learn to love
It spreads and burrows underground,
Soars and eats the sky above
So embrace the calling in your blood
Find the freedom we're all dreaming of
Be the outlier

Please mothers save your sacred children
Protect them from the aimless humans
Find them hope, find them release
Show them the meaning of peace

Hints From Yesterday

This song is a retelling of two simple stories from childhood, both of which taught me valuable life lessons. The first half of the song tells of how my friends and I threw rocks at cars; we knew deep down that it was wrong, but it took the voice of reason from a stranger to break our mob mentality. The second half tells of a youthful admiration for a girl and a spark that never became a flame; the simple moral being "don't let a good thing slip away".

Once as a kid, next to a bridge,
Me and some friends were throwing rocks
Aiming at cars and laughing hard
Until we saw one slow and stop
He opened his door, spoke through the roar
Of the passing cars he stood up for
He said, "It's all fun and games, no rue or shame
'Til someone swerves and hits the curb
And you are left with more
On your conscience than you bargained for"

That was then
We never threw at cars again
Just turned and hung our heads
We knew damn well before he said
That there were such high stakes
Some honesty is all it takes
And the mob breaks

Once as a kid I went to live out on an island for a week
Cannot forget a girl I met
And the sensation when she'd speak
Laying, we'd play and read
What came to be my favorite book
While she read, the words she said
Washed over me so blissfully
And how I held my breath
When she held my arm so gently

That was then
I never saw the girl again
A hint from yesterday -
Don't let a good thing slip away
I'll learn from my mistakes
A broken heart is all it takes
Learnin's easy when your chest aches