



What folks are saying about I See Hawks in L.A.

"Southern California is a land of strange, dangerous and beautiful contrasts. A mountain lion prowls outside the tract home bedroom of a teenage girl while she talks, oblivious to its existence, on her cell phone. A rattlesnake slithers across an empty shopping mall parking lot on a hot summer night while the employees count up the days profit and turn out the lights. While paparazzi chase the latest talent free celebrity, a talented, literate bunch of soulful musicians create honest and wise roots music for the ages. I See Hawks are indeed one of California's unique treasures." - *Dave Alvin*

"There is an overall joy that emanates from the Hawks' music. Acoustic guitar progressions accentuate Celtic fiddle melodies on some songs while the melodies of others are carried by a rock guitar reminiscent of James Burton's work with Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris. The lyrics display a wry sense of the situation we find ourselves in while remaining hopeful about our future as a species. Other songs display an equally wry approach to the ups and downs of love. This is the music the 1960s counterculture was meant to produce in its brightest hours. The fact that it appears now some forty years later in a world arguably more hopeless is a sign of hope in itself. Despite the echoes of that lonesome whippoorwill, I See Hawks In LA wipes away those tears we are sometimes too blue to cry." - *Ron Jacobs, COUNTERPOINT*

"'Slash from Guns N' Roses' doesn't just mock L.A. life--it bitch-slaps the entire concept of West Coast pop, and 'Barrier Reef' is the best anthem to Cannabis sativa since 'Humboldt' (from the previous Hawks record, Grapevine). These guys even have the cojones to snipe at the Lone Star State in the form of 'Houston Romance' (which they swear is mostly true). And, really, who could disagree with a lyric like 'Texas City, Corpus Christi, it's not the humidity, it's the humanity / it's not the insensitivity, it's the insanity / Corpus Christi, Texas City?' Seldom has there been an album with such joyous music-making, such corrosive, acid-etched lyrics. Way cosmic." - *WM Smith, NO DEPRESSION & Houston Press*

"Possibly the city's premier roots band marks the release of 'California Country,' an album that's pure in sound and progressive in spirit, with songs about hippies' children, fatal attractions and other meaty topics."
- *Richard Cromelin, L.A. TIMES*

10-pack of top tunes (10 songs that really stood out to me in recent random listening): 1. Slash from Guns N' Roses/I See Hawks in L.A.: "Nothing like a good story song, and this is quite a tale: the saga of dueling Slashes appearing at rival L.A. parties in trendy Beachwood Canyon, with plenty of deliberate guitar

cliches leading into an epic faceoff to determine which Slash is the imposter. And if you're wondering where this fine alt-country/rock band comes up with this stuff, I'm told it's based on a real incident.”- **Ken Barnes, USA Today**

"Do two great groups constitute a, you know, scene? Along with Beachwood Sparks, the Hawks have updated Southern California country rock. Their music, driven by the fine steel guitarist Paul Lacques, is sinewy yet poetic--more nihilistic than decadent, with an urban-desert poetry all its own."
- **Richard Gehr, Village Voice**

"2006 was the year of Gram Parsons, for many strange reasons, and I See Hawks, a Byrds/Burritos blend of brainy talent, benefited from all the posthumous attention paid to Parsons. It's also one of the best post-Byrds roots records since Gene Clark's No Other." - **Bob Gulla, Boston Phoenix Best of 2006**

“Hawks newcomers might be tempted to write off California Country as a comedy album. With novelties like “The Donkey Song,” the tongue-in-cheek “Houston Romance” and the folksy “Slash From Guns N’ Roses,” the band’s humor is front and center (as opposed to the gentler, more laconic lyrics on its 2004 effort, Grapevine). But this doesn’t make its musicianship any less impressive. With steel guitar, fiddle, acoustic riffs and electric licks, a rock ’n’ roll drummer and Rob Waller’s plaintive, Merle Haggard-style vocals, the Hawks continue to channel Gram Parsons’ easy-goin’ demeanor and affinity for good times on their third release, which features Chris Hillman—the Grievous Angel’s old bandmate—on mandolin.” - **Andria Lisle, PASTE MAGAZINE**

"I See Hawks in L.A. is all about state pride. The quartet’s latest CD, California Country (Western Seeds), mixes the cosmic-cowboy sound of Sixties L.A. (former Flying Burrito Brother Chris Hillman guests on mandolin) with Americana, traversing the landscape of the Golden State like Didion on horseback. It’s a divine fusion of humor and twang that’s definitely high, but not that lonesome." - **Audra Schroeder, Austin Chronicle**

“Los Angeles is a desert, both geographically and culturally, but those of us who pay rent here occasionally find an oasis in the Capital of Crap. I See Hawks In L.A. blew on the scene like a hot Santa Ana with their debut album in 2001. They blend country and psychedelia with soaring three-part harmonies that leave the poseurs of alt-schmaltz dust choked. Lead singer Rob Waller and lead guitarist Paul Lacques co-write most of the songs, smart and wry tone poems about mayhem and mortality and sing-a-long anthems that hoist the freak flag high. “These guys are the house band for a revolution that isn’t over yet. Some of us are growing marijuana, some of us are psychedelic country rockers, and – as the Hawks suggest in “Raised By Hippies” – some of us are being born. On that rare smog-less day, you can see us flying over the L.A. basin, proud and free.”
- **Michael Simmons, HIGH TIMES**