



Bio information: **BALLOONS FOR THE DOG**
Title: **WICKED FORMS OF OLD SNOW** (Cuneiform Rune 3400)
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FILE UNDER: **ROCK / ART ROCK / NEW WAVE**

Balloons for the Dog were a widely acclaimed New Wave / Art Rock band active in Washington DC / DMV from the late 70s/early 80s. Wicked Forms of Old Snow features the sole single released in their lifetime as well as previously unreleased studio recordings from 1977-1981.

“They were too weird for punk, too raw for art rock, too theatrical for pop, too melodic for noise. **Balloons for the Dog** emerged from the humid chaos of **suburban Maryland, outside Washington DC**, in the late 1970s—part band, part brotherhood, part **Dada** experiment in the shell of a rock group.

No one quite knew what to do with them. Least of all themselves.

The songs were brilliant, biting, often absurd—sometimes operatic, sometimes just plain unhinged. Fronted by two shapeshifting vocalists—**Georgy Jett**, who had literally just walked across Africa, and his foil **Mr. Leo**, **Bill Kitsoulis**’s brother and spiritual instigator—they conjured a world filled with talking dogs, gray-car girls, metaphysical porters, insects at war, and “the dick.” It was half satire, half sacred incantation, and all of it was real.

I know because I played with them.

One night, I saw Balloons open for some ridiculous prog-punk band whose entire vibe collapsed the moment Leo tore off his shirt and the band launched into a song that sounded like **Bowie** covering **Beefheart** in a broken church. I interviewed them soon after. They joked, they pontificated, they argued. I loved them immediately.

Bill Longhorse, the composer and guitarist, was the band’s gravitational center—reluctantly, hilariously, masterfully. He was into **Mahavishnu**, **Stravinsky**, and **Sun Ra**, but also found space for fart jokes and musique concrète. The band practiced obsessively. Their gigs were chaotic. Their amps sometimes caught fire. They once played three nights in a row for an audience that never outnumbered the band.

But none of that mattered. Because what they were making—loud, brave, unsellable—was alive. Even now, decades later, you can hear it: the wild sincerity, the harmonic mischief, the deep yearning underneath the noise. As Georgy recently wrote, the greatest gift was the chance to transform, to become someone else, to be free. The music let him do that.

In time, Balloons became **Baltek**, then **Leather Balloons**, then myth. Some of us moved to New York. Others stayed behind. We got jobs, got older, kept going. But these songs—these glorious, vicious, deeply strange songs—never stopped haunting us.

This release isn’t a resurrection. It’s a recognition. A way of saying: **yes, this happened. This mattered.** And maybe, still does.”
– **Marc Farre**, reporting from Northern California, 2025

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"Balloons for the Dog is surely one of the finest rock groups in Washington, and its music has the potential for breaking into the commercial mainstream"
– *The Washington Post*, Nov. 18, 1979