

GOD LOVES FAGS



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Artist: **GOD LOVES FAGS**
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Glenn Breda Vocals, Bass, Guitar
Marco Crosina Guitar, Synth
Michael „Koko“ Eberli Elektronik, Guitar
Tim Frey Drums

PROJECT

Not everyone saw this record coming. Most of the band probably thought they were just going to jam for a fortnight in the Catskill Mountains, Upstate New York. One band member wrapped it up when he said: «We just wanted to have a good time». When GLF got off the plane in NYC it was about 50 degrees Celsius, more probably, when the train to Woodridge broke down and the band got stranded on a gigantic empty parking lot somewhere in America. On their sun struck way to the recording studio in Woodridge near Woodstock they remember passing a sign by Baptist priest's Mike's Church of Little Green Men. It sad: «God Loves Fags.»

Once securely plugged in and taking up some oomph, the band sounded like Krautrock. Like rootsy, synchopated Krautrock. And Shellac and Sonic Youth. The music was rolling through the woods, sometimes taking the shape of pop songs, then stoner rock or a film score. By now, the band was working in shifts, 24/7, felled trees and killed rabbits in the breaks. Inspiration for rife: The boys cite the muscle tattoo gays that sold them their weed or the tiny crocheted bikinis the landlady wore as crucial influences. But we'll never know for sure. Maybe it was all a weird dream during a power nap in the S-train to Rümliang. (Text: Yvonne Kunz, UK)

RELEASE

With an enormous palette of instruments and influences, GLF succeed at carving out their own sound without settling into categorisation.

In opener „Akshak“ assorted elements form, float, decay and mutate over the base of the loping time signature. Insistent guitar layers yield to a temporary synth wash, and we drift along in psychedelia... before everything recedes into a primitive funk-driven breakdown.

„Frequencies“ grabs with a spiky cosmic synth pulse, peppered with nagging guitar riffs. But what's this?! Cold Teutonic automata appear to have taken over, and shifted the emphasis to something like an organic post-industrial electro tip... Warbling, malfunctioning electronics threatening to dismantle the core.



A	Tracklist	B	Tracklist
1	Akshak	1	Glen Wild
2	Frequencies	2	Vulture
3	Pale Saints	3	Zufallskomposition #6

A grubby breakbeat wipes the slate as we enter „Pale Saints“, but is itself re-routed by guitar jangle from indie's peak heyday... rounded off with an assured lead vocal returning to the haunting refrain: “it's just in your head” – by which point the track already is deeply lodged.

There's only one way to go: deeper and into darker territory, as „Glen Wild“ sets out its stall as a prime chunk of space grunge. The unforced lyrics lend weight and integrity to the headbanging force of this stoner jam, before we bridge into a cavernous breakdown with exquisite rattling textures. The track collapses under its own weight into an atmospheric meditation and a change of pace to an overdriven doom riff. Heavy.

„Vulture“ becomes, therefore, absolutely necessary as light relief – a completely pure, naïve and beautiful acoustic guitar cycle channelling all manner of folk rock epics in the most compact possible package. A bitter coda to lost love and an isolated exploration of one line from a lost song, iterated and extended until it takes flight and leaves all traces of its form completely obliterated. Strange and compelling.

„Zufallskomposition #6“ is a series of fragile interlocking tones with evolving timbres, a haunting nursery rhyme. There's something alien and morbid within the beauty – tones that threaten to collapse into their own harmonics and settle again. A stunning and surprising way to end, sending us outward instead of back home. (Text: Guy Veale, UK)

Musical Influences:

Can / Neu / Sonic Youth / Coil / Shellac / Grauzone