

AZALEA CITY PENIS CLUB
THE COFFIN YEARS



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DREAMBOAT RECORDS

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AZALEA CITY PENIS CLUB

“THE COFFIN YEARS”

Digital-only release on Bleep.com
(<http://www.bleep.com/?label=Dreamboat>) and iTunes

Release date: May 21, 2007

The Coffin Years is 45 minutes of noise-sludge-metal-kraut-prog-rock, mastered by Tony Goodfellow of Bristol noise institution Geisha out on Dreamboat Records on May 21, 2007. It will be exclusively available as a digital-only release on Bleep.com and iTunes.

Taking their name from John Fahey's *How Bluegrass Music Destroyed My Life*, Azalea City Penis Club is the studio project of three like-minded Bristol-based musicians. Drummer Dave Collingwood, and guitarists Simon Grant and Robin Allender have played together in a variety of different groups: Grant and Collingwood both played in well-regarded post-rockers The Signal, with Collingwood going on to join Immense (Fierce Panda), Kiska and eventually Gravenhurst (Warp). Allender is also a member of Gravenhurst, and performs and records as a solo artist (Dreamboat). Grant has engineered Geisha (Blood Red/Crucial Blast), Rose Kemp (One Little Indian), Men Diamler and Map of Hell, among others.

The trio came together to write and record *The Coffin Years* in summer 2006. The album was conceived as a reaction against the seriousness of much experimental guitar music. It features comic Beefheart-esque interludes, deadpan lyrics and a gleeful and unashamedly indulgent approach to metal, krautrock and art rock. Influences as varied as Pere Ubu, Red House Painters and Boris can also be heard in the Club's bewildering, intense and, most importantly, fun m el e.

PRESS

'The Coffin Years' is an album that suffers from multiple personality disorder, unsure as to what exactly it is that it wants to be, but delighting in the schizophrenic carnage that unfolds across the 8 tracks as it tries to work it out. Take 'Coconut Calypso', a rollicking 10-minute ride that sounds like Slint doing stoner rock. It works on the quiet / loud dynamic or rather, lurches between lovingly stroking your hair and whispering sweetly in your ear, and attacking you with a nail-spiked chair leg, ending on a pounding, tribal drum solo from the exceptional Collingwood. 'Still Dead After All These Years' is a similar beast, but without any of the niceties, just rammed full of monolithic metal riffs that fellow Bristolian psychedelic noise-niks' The Heads would be proud of. The schizophrenic nature of 'The Coffin Years' is most apparent on the vocal songs like 'Bridges', which starts out as bewitching wyrd-folk, before freaking out, Mr Hyde-style, into Black Sabbath rawk, complete with an evil, mutated vocal. Another highlight is 'Pictures', which morphs from C86 jangle and twee Belle and Sebastian vocals, into more jagged, distorted riffing. The band wrote the album as a reaction against the serious nature of the majority of experimental guitar music, and I think they have succeeded in their mission. Inevitably, it's all rather self-indulgent, but I'm happy to let them off, in exchange for the sheer adrenaline rush and visceral thrills offered by the music they've created.

— thewhitenoiserevisited.co.uk, May 2007

Easy listening ballads are grafted to shouty vocals then drowned in weighty guitar, hissy cymbals and precipitating drums. Ambient washes are slipped under King Crimson workouts, to be eaten up by electronic 'zzzzt'. Folkish meanderings are hijacked by classic 70's rock guitar and post rock flutterings are thrust into distorted hedges.

— rottenmeats.blogspot.com, May 2007

"Theirs is the grizzliest, most unashamed LA bar-room rock in the whole dang state, more than enough to make one proud of one's membership. As it were."

— John Stevens, Venue (Bristol), April 2005

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