

Broken.Heart.Collector: five unique champions of undefined paths join forces, having found what was meant to be found - each other. Vocal artist and bass flutist Maja Osojnik, wellversed in traditional Slovenian folk songs as well as black metal grunting, performs in various outfits (Rdeča Raketa, Maja Osojnik Band, FruFru, Subshrubs); Bass clarinetist Susanna Gartmayer known from groups like Möström, The Vegetable Orchestra, and the manifold domestic improvisation scene; and there is also Bulbul - for years utilizing the classic rock line-up (bass, guitar, drums) and pushing it beyond its boundaries, releasing conceptual field-recordings and the most profound pig-rock-smashers in the sphere of the impossible.

Five strange creatures dedicated to the new challenge of shifting the frontiers of jazz, free improv, chanson, industrial noise landscapes, and a sense for perfectly tight rock adventures, all within their self-titled production "Broken.Heart.Collector". Upon the instrumental foundation, Maja Osojnik wails hypnotizing passwords that hold the reoccurring subtext of "I control you". Her voice now floating frigidly, then hissing like a mad child raised by wolves, and finally closing in around the group like a constrictor snake. Their instruments, often prepared as John Cage did to enhance the interest of a piano with palette knives, rubber bands, and other utensils. There's squeaking and rattling until steel string guitar, driving bass, tricky drums, and one hell of a clarinet trim it all into brutal layers, finally mutating into an undertow-like groove. In between there are chimes, roaring piano progressions, and snorting amplifiers. Vibrating bass flute sounds like an artificial respiration machine, or melancholy melodic passages recalling an organ's timbre. Dislocated echoes become perceptual distortion, alienating effects to fill ones ventricles. From strictly reduced passages to excessive shamanic space-trips with field recordings, recalling the works of Red Krayola's complex "Parable of Arable Land" and Moondog's communication with the metropolis. Suddenly you are on an overwhelming trip in the desert with Alejandro Jodorowsky, gliding through agavic spaces and oversized soundscapes above which rattling chains and twittering iron can be heard. Drifting far without getting lost: Broken.Heart.Collector always reclaims its pupils and cracks the whip when it's necessary.

"Broken.Heart.Collector" is an intoxicating stream of lava, guides along The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, unnoticeably passing owls whistling 'good-night' and wobbling shadow-realms dragging into disco beats. The whole journey is one solid piece. Not individual bricks layered on top of each other, but five individuals challenging each other, thriving in friction. Thus building a homogeneous and at the same time surprising sonic universe, Broken.Heart.Collector take your hand, guiding you into unknown territory where you'll meet pulsating giant heart-shaped jelly-puddings, drifting speaking pyramids, slowly rotating satellites, light beam transmissions from far dimensions, and tongue in cheek grinning organists whose cylinders have eyes blinking mechanically through the bizarre orbit.

You can trust Broken.Heart.Collector. It's good to have your heart ripped out by them - although you cannot possibly guess where it's being taken...