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February 17, 2014

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April 16, 2014

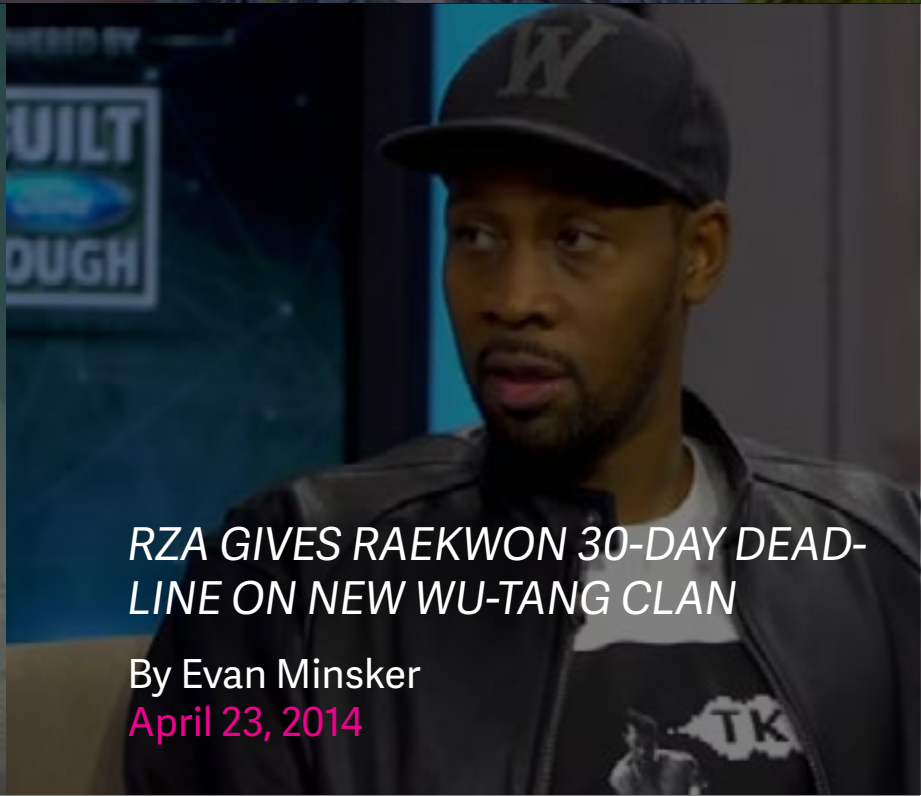


MANHATTAN NUCLEAR. FAMILY.

SIGUR RÓS' JÓNSI TO SCORE TV SHOW "MANHATTAN"

By Evan Minsker

April 23, 2014



RZA GIVES RAEKWON 30-DAY DEADLINE ON NEW WU-TANG CLAN

By Evan Minsker

April 23, 2014



ST. VINCENT RECKLESS PRECISION

by Ryan Dombal

February 17, 2014

Photo by: [Renata Rakshw](#)

Text : [Pitchfork](#)

At the beginning of her fourth album as St. Vincent, Annie Clark is running and sweating and naked and alone. Well, not completely alone. There's a coiled serpent closeby, shaking its tail—hence the running. “Rattlesnake” would be a perfect, panicked creation myth—a shock of metaphor and imagination—except for the fact that the song is based on utter reality.

While visiting a friend's remote cattle ranch in West Texas last year, Clark decided to step outside for a quiet walk to nowhere. There were no signs to mark her progress as she continued down a little dirt pathway, no cell phone service, nobody else around. Sensing a Walden Pond moment, she thought, “When am I ever going to be in nature like this? I want to release—I'm just going to take off my clothes.” As she kept walking, her whole body exposed to the Texas sun, she noticed small holes on either side of the path. Then she heard something.





“I thought it was the wind blowing, but the wind wasn’t blowing,” she recalls. “I turned and I saw a snake and I just took off.” With adrenaline pumping, she ran the mile or so back to the house. Then she had a shot of tequila. Then she wrote “Rattlesnake”. Clark calls the song “a new mythology,” one that’s not based on thousands of years of Adam, Eve, and Eden, but rather the blunt physical truths around us. “I didn’t come from anybody’s rib,” she says. “I’m just fucking terrified by a snake.” Here, she laughs a sharp, no-bullshit laugh.

But “Rattlesnake” is not a frightened song; it’s playful, funky, commanding. And during its climactic guitar solo—the kind of wet-socket jolt Clark has become known for over the last seven years

—it’s as if she’s using her fear as a weapon to squash anything and everything in her way. All across her new self-titled album, Clark harnesses her existential woes until they become empowering strengths. The 31-year-old singer has become an expert at navigating these sorts of the oretical schisms—turning depression into triumph, or fiction into reality, or calmness into brutal force—so much so that it can be impossible to tell where one ends and the other starts, which can be a source of intrigue, or bewilderment, or both.

“I thought it was the wind blowing, but the wind wasn’t blowing,”

“Are you sure you don’t want a seitan spider ball?” Clark asks me with a knowing smirk as we sit in the back of Angelica Kitchen, an organic eatery near her apartment in Manhattan’s East Village. She picked the place because it’s quiet and not necessarily because of its vast array of gluten-free selections. When I ask if she’s a vegetarian, she scoffs at the thought while shaking her head no. “I’ve tried being one,” she says, “but since I don’t cook, I would just warm-up the veggie patty and call it a day. I didn’t feel like I was actually getting the benefits of not eating meat.”



Slouching against the wall, Clark is casual chic in a black Margiela jacket, toothpick jeans, baggy sweater, and a grey hat that barely contains her mess of dyed curls, now the color of an overcast sky. She's soft-spoken, halting, judiciously eloquent. Her pronunciation is crisp. Based on her one-on-one demeanor, you might guess Clark was an especially fashionable second-grade teacher, not someone who made a nightly habit of throwing herself into the crowd and screaming her lungs dry while touring her last album, *Strange Mercy*.

St. Vincent live drummer Matt Johnson, who's played with Jeff Buckley, Rufus Wainwright, and many others across a 20-year career, had a unique vantage point for Clark's off-stage excursions, which found her crowd-surfing during the unhinged punk menace of 2012 single "Krokodil". "It was kind of scary," he admits. "I always thought she might fall on her head and break her top vertebrae or get her finger broken and not be able to play guitar, but she knows what she's doing."

"High stakes in art are essential, and setting up an expectation and then having it defied is what's interesting to me," says Clark, intellectualizing her most primal onstage behavior. "I wanted to risk something... like my limbs." This is not hyperbole.





While most of her intense trips into the audience went off without incident, there were indeed a couple of close calls. Like when she jumped down into the crowd from eight feet above (in heels) at Oakland's Fox Theater, breaking her left foot. Or when the 5'6", 115-pound singer started moshing with a crowd of "hulking, corn-fed tough dudes" in Indianapolis.

"As I jumped in, I remember immediately thinking, 'This was a terrible idea,'" she says, laughing, before quickly turning serious. "Out of the corner of my eye, I saw I this little girl at the front of the stage doubled over, just being crushed. And then I started to suffocate myself. I was like, 'Oh god, this is bad, this is bad, this is bad.'"

Johnson likens these extreme moments to "primal scream therapy—the idea that through convulsive catharsis you can allow some inner part of yourself to become exposed.

During shows, sometimes she'll turn around, come back to the drum kit, lock eyes, and just start screaming. It rips through your body because you're facing somebody who is literally embracing the process of pulling apart at the seams, in public, for the purposes of what that can do for a performance."

"I spend a lot of time trying to make things that aren't effortless look effortless,"

More often, though, Clark's artistic self is marked by an almost-unnerving serenity. It's there in many of her videos and press shots as she stares into the camera, looking like she might know a secret that could kill us all—but isn't telling.

It's there as she erupts into a wild solo onstage, seemingly putting in no more physical effort than an office drone. While some have interpreted this attitude as aloofness, the reality is more complicated.


"I spend a lot of time trying to make things that aren't effortless look effortless," Clark says. This makes her think of a blowout basketball game she watched recently, where a bunch of rookies were thrown on the court in the meaningless final minutes. "They were expending all this extra energy—it was like they weren't just playing basketball but performing playing basketball," she says. "It takes a certain amount of athleticism to go on tour, and when you're young, you want to thrash around to prove that you're working hard. But people in their prime just make everything look effortless. Confidence is like leaning back. It becomes a grand sleight of hand."



“Pain and feeling unworthy is just as good a motivator of success as feeling like you’re entitled to everything.”

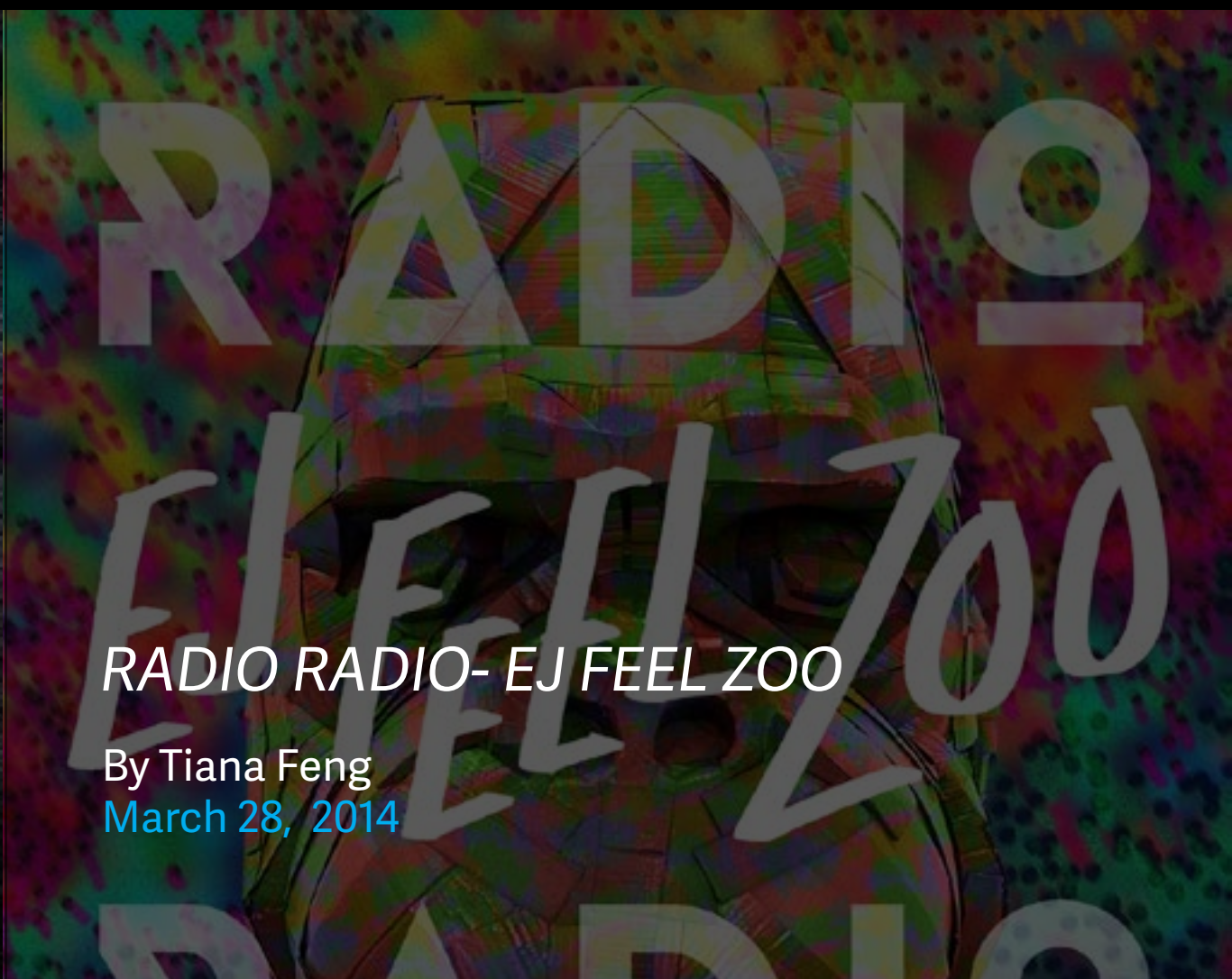
Annie Clark’s poise has only gotten more resolute over the course of her four albums, but her musical life began years before her 2007 debut, *Marry Me*. Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, she moved to Dallas following her parents’ divorce when she was three. Including step- and half-siblings, she has four brothers and four sisters, though she mostly grew up with her mom, stepdad, and two sisters. “It wasn’t like ‘The Brady Bunch,’” she quips. Though she’s loath to talk about her family with a recorder on—“That’s not anybody’s business”—Clark offers the following when asked about how her childhood may have affected her later accomplishments: “Pain and feeling unworthy is just as good a motivator of success as feeling like you’re entitled to everything.”

At the start, she wouldn’t play guitar and sing unless her family was talking amongst themselves in another room, though that shyness ended quickly.

The image shows the album cover for 'Reflector' by Arcade Fire. It features a dark, circular frame containing a white, classical-style statue of a nude figure, possibly a woman, in a dynamic pose. The background is dark and textured.

ARCADE FIRE - REFLECTOR

By Lindsay Zoladz
[October 28, 2013](#)

The image shows the album cover for 'Radio Radio-EJ Feel Zoo'. It has a vibrant, multi-colored background with a dense, abstract pattern of dots and lines. The title 'RADIO RADIO' is written in large, bold, white capital letters at the top, and 'EJ FEEL ZOO' is written in a similar style below it.


RADIO RADIO- EJ FEEL ZOO

By Tiana Feng
[March 28, 2014](#)

The image shows the album cover for 'Hot Dreams' by Timber Timbre. It features a black and white photograph of a house with a palm tree in the foreground. The title 'TIMBER TIMBRE - HOT DREAMS' is written in white capital letters at the top.

TIMBER TIMBRE - HOT DREAMS

By Nadine Marcu-Roy
[April 13, 2014](#)

The image shows the album cover for 'Salad Days' by Mac Demarco. It features a black and white photograph of a young man wearing a cap, looking upwards. The title 'MAC DEMARCO - SALAD DAYS' is written in white capital letters at the top.

MAC DEMARCO - SALAD DAYS

By Marc Hogan
[April 1, 2014](#)

The image shows the album cover for 'Serge Fiori'. It features a black and white photograph of a person's face, partially obscured by a large, stylized, white geometric shape that resembles a camera lens or a frame. The title 'SERGE FIORI' is written in white capital letters at the top.

SERGE FIORI

By Alain De Repentigny
[March 4, 2014](#)

ARCADE FIRE REFLEKTOR

by Lindsay Zoldadz

October 28, 2013

Photo taken from Pitchfork

Text : [Pitchfork](#)



9.2

Arcade Fire's lush, imaginative 85-minute fourth album, produced in part by James Murphy and featuring guest vocals from David Bowie, is a triumph, but not a victory lap; the band never sounds content enough for that. Instead, it's an anxious, occasionally downright paranoid album that asks big, barbed questions aimed not just at the man who may or may not be upstairs, but the more terrestrial gods of rock history, too.

Nearly a decade after *Funeral*, Butler still sings like everything is at stake. And while there's always been a physicality about the Arcade Fire's sound, the rhythm section has never popped on one of their albums the way it does here. It's limber and loose, as though the songs were performed live; the arrangements breathe, seethe, and sweat.

Reflektor sounds as if the Arcade Fire have ingested a bunch of the great art-rock records you're "supposed" to learn to appreciate in your formative listening years, and thrown them into the fire in an attempt to make new shapes from the smoke.



THE BEATLES CONSPIRACY

By Nadine Marcu-roy
April 24, 2014



AT HOME WITH CARRIE BROWNSTEIN

By Simon Vozick-Levinson
March 20, 2014



FUTURE

By Corban Goble
April 2, 2014



PAUL IS DEAD THE CONSPIRACY

by Nadine Marcu-Roy

April 24, 2014

Photo : [beatlesbible](#)

Text : [beatlesbible](#)

The 'Paul Is Dead' myth began in 1969, and alleged that Paul McCartney died in 1966. The Beatles are said to have covered up the death, despite inserting a series of clues into their songs and artwork.

The story goes that at 5am on Wednesday 9 November 1966, McCartney stormed out of a session for the Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album, got in to his Austin Healey car, and subsequently crashed and died.

Somewhat improbably, McCartney was said to have been replaced by a lookalike, called variously William Shears Campbell or William Sheppard. William Campbell allegedly became Billy Shears on Sgt Pepper, while William Sheppard was supposedly the inspiration behind The Continuing Story Of Bungalow Bill (actually an American named Richard Cooke III).

In fact, the crash never happened. Between 6 and 19 November 1966, McCartney and his girlfriend Jane Asher were on holiday, travelling through France and Kenya. However, a couple of relevant incidents did take place. On 26 December 1965 McCartney crashed his moped, resulting in a chipped tooth (seen in the videos for Paperback Writer and Rain) and a scar on his top lip, which he hid by growing a moustache.

Additionally, on 7 January 1967 McCartney's Mini Cooper was involved in an accident on the M1 motorway outside London, as a result of which it was written off. However, the car was being driven by a Moroccan student named Mohammed Hadjij, and McCartney was not present. The pair turned up at McCartney's house on the evening of 7 January, and were later joined by Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Brian Jones and antiques dealer Christopher Gibbs. The party decided to head to Jagger's home in Hertfordshire, before moving on to Redlands, Richards' Sussex mansion (and scene of his later drugs bust). McCartney travelled with Jagger in the latter's Mini Cooper, while Hadjij drove in McCartney's Mini.

Hadjij crashed McCartney's Mini and was hospitalised with injuries. The heavily customised car was highly recognisable, so rumours began circulating that McCartney had been killed in the incident.

THE CLUES

The album cover shows an open hand above McCartney's head, which in some religions is a symbol of death, signifying that someone will die or has recently died.



DESROSIERS

By Lucie Hanachian
April 21, 2014



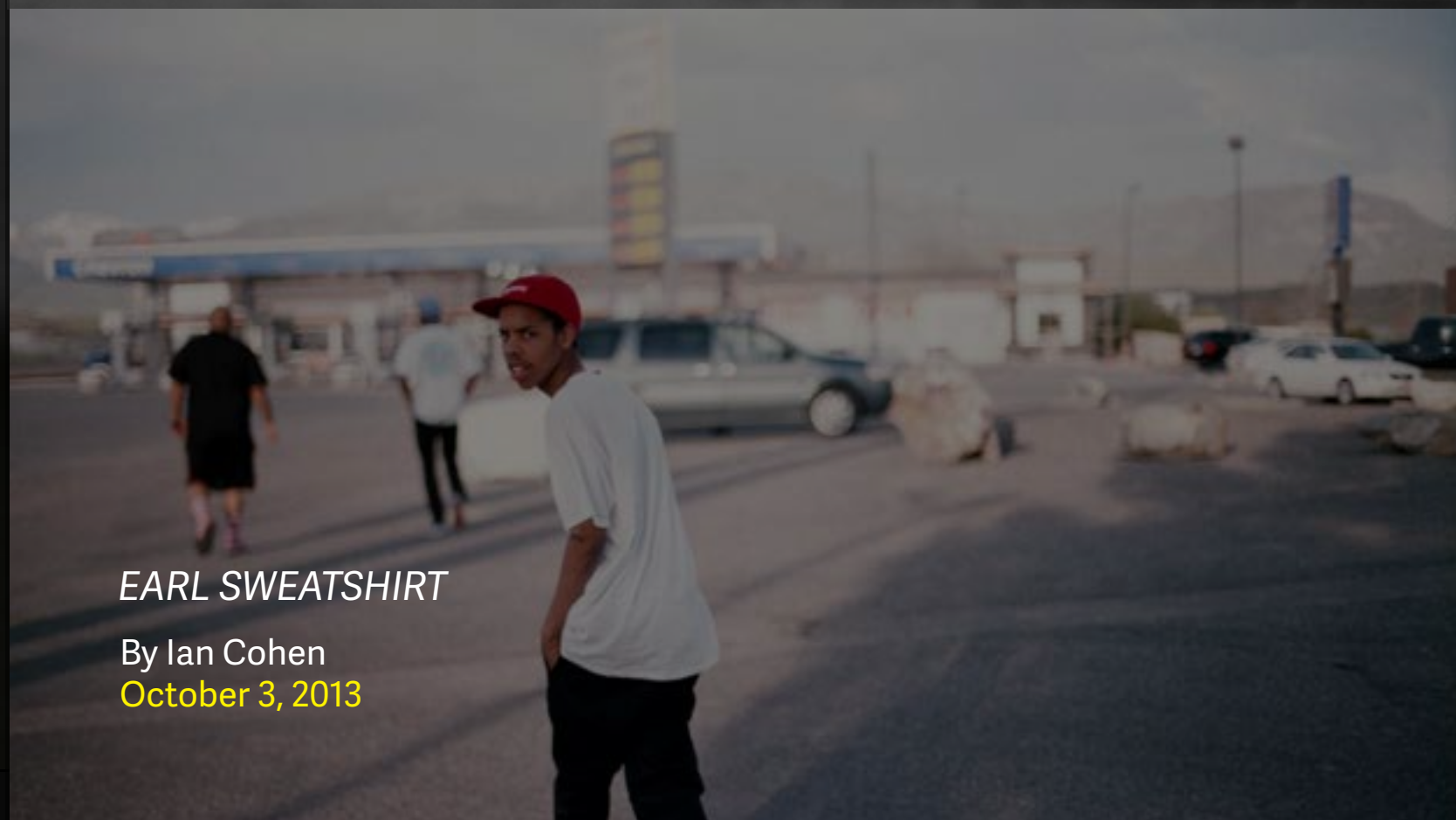
*PUSSY RIOT'S NADYA TOLOKONNIKOVA
AND MASHA ALYOKHINA*

By Lindsay Zoladz
April 10, 2014



EARL SWEATSHIRT

By Ian Cohen
October 3, 2013



DESROSIERS BRAND NEW START

by Lucie Hanachian

April 21, 2014

Photo by: [Luci Hanachian](#)

Desrosiers is a canadian-based composer and songwriter from Montreal. B.S in psychology and trained at Berklee College in Music for Film and Tv. Desrosiers did many detours and numerous jobs before settling down for good and doing what he love best: music.

This self-taught singer and multi-instrumentist songwriter invites you to celebrate his Album release party A New Start with friends and special guests, at Casa del Popolo on may 22nd at 8:PM. Below, a few questions we ask the artist lately about his dreams, inspirations and career as a musician.





Why A Brand New Start?

I toss it aside I have to admit because of social pressure and economic. By my mid twenties I realize my solo project began following my band's 2011 break-up. The band was called FWI (Frenchwestindies), a short lived but promising band in Montreal (myspace.com/fwi).

Almost a silent figure among the Montreal Sound for too long, I lately moved in a remote chalet in the woods of Quebec to regroup and put in place my previous years generative period. Out of this process, I wrote and recorded a dozen songs, pieces and instrumentals. Among them, my debut EP that goes by my name.

Do you prefer playing solo music?

Ever since I was a kid, my mum always told me that surrounded by good books and music I'll never be alone. I tend to believe she was right! Even though I'm a solo artist, I still see music as a mean of communication and a mean of choice for gathering.

Being solo allows me to progress at a pace that suits me better for the time being, but my doors remains open to new collaborations and improvisations of course. Doing all by myself means a whole lotta work, but in the meantime I keep the last word artistic vision.

What type of music do you play? Is there a similarity with known artists?

Hard to say. I can only mention what other said to me at first glance. Bon Iver, Radiohead, Patrick Watson, Feist to name a few came out often. I like to believe I have a strong sense of melody and a cinematographic view of music. Satie, Philipp Glass would come out as influences when it comes to piano pieces and instrumentals

“Doing all by myself means a whole lotta work, but in the meantime I keep the last word artistic vision.”

If you had the chance, which group would you choose to do their first part show?

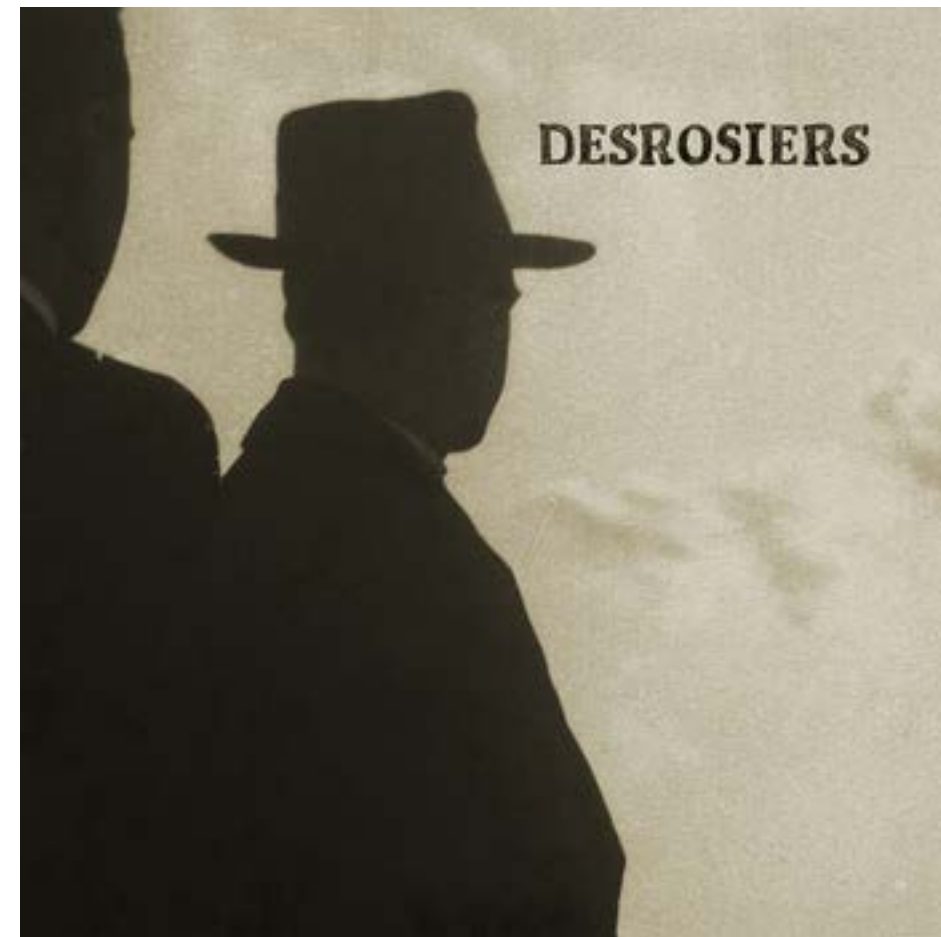
There is so many... Interpol, Arcade Fire, Bon Iver, Tragically Hips, Neil Young? At this stage, honestly, I wouldn't be so picky. As long as band sharing the stage is in the same ball park musically and are good to be with. If that band or artist makes it possible for me to travel the world and country, I'm totally ok with this.

A recurrent theme in your work seem to pop up often... This idea of “faith in one-self”. Why this topic inspire you the most?

My writings serve as catharsis. It's like a self-therapy and introspective journey one might say. To sum things up I like this line from Maxwell Maltz: “If you make friends with yourself you will never be alone.” By jotting down those thoughts on paper, I'm forcing subconsciously myself in a way toward the goal I set myself. Like sticking positives mantras on the fridge reminding you to keep optimism everyday, if you will ☺ It'll pay off one day, I'm sure.

What are your musical wishes in the near future?

Lot of gigs, a tour possibly in the states or in Europe this coming year. Meeting key actors active in the industry to help propel my career to the next level (management team, booker, publisher, etc). I'd love to place a few songs for licensing (commercials, movie, Tv & Film).



Desrosiers by Desrosiers

Available in stores:

[Archambault musique \(Berri station\)](#)

[Atom Heart \(364 Sherbrooke E, Montreal\)](#)

Online :

[iTunes](#)

[Bandcamp](#)

[Amazon](#)

[CD Baby](#)