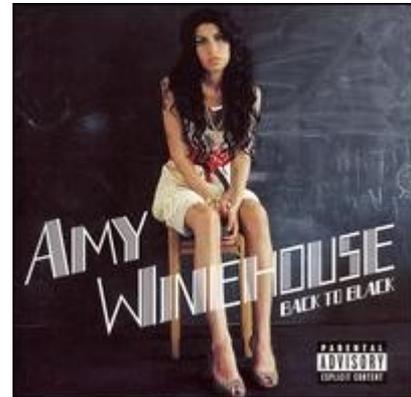


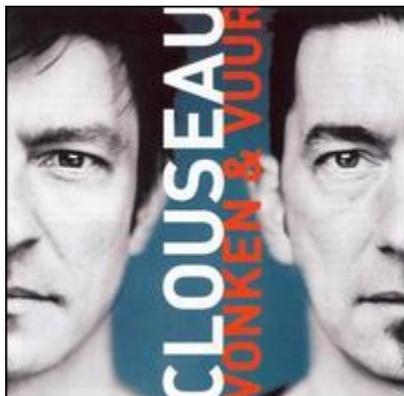
Overzicht van CD's gekocht in 2008.

Back To Black – Amy Winehouse

The story of *Back to Black* is one in which celebrity and the potential of commercial success threaten to ruin Amy Winehouse, since the same insouciance and playfulness that made her sound so special when she debuted could easily have been whitewashed right out of existence for this breakout record. (That fact may help to explain why fans were so scared by press allegations that Winehouse had deliberately lost weight in order to present a slimmer appearance.) Although *Back to Black* does see her deserting jazz and wholly embracing contemporary R&B, all the best parts of her musical character emerge intact, and actually, are all the better for the transformation from jazz vocalist to soul siren. With producer Salaam Remi returning from *Frank*, plus the welcome addition of Mark Ronson (fresh off successes producing for Christina Aguilera and Robbie Williams), *Back to Black* has a similar sound to *Frank* but much more flair and spark to it. Winehouse was inspired by girl group soul of the '60s, and fortunately Ronson and Remi are two of the most facile and organic R&B producers active. (They certainly know how to evoke the era too; Remi's "Tears Dry on Their Own" is a sparkling homage to the Motown chestnut "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," and Ronson summons a host of Brill Building touchstones on his tracks.) As before, Winehouse writes all of the songs from her experiences, most of which involve the occasionally riotous and often bittersweet vagaries of love. Also in similar fashion to *Frank*, her eye for details and her way of relating them are delightful. She states her case against "Rehab" on the knockout first single with some great lines: "They tried to make me go to rehab I won't go go go, I'd rather be at home with Ray" (Charles, that is). As often as not, though, the songs on *Back to Black* are universal, songs that *anyone*, even Joss Stone, could take to the top of the charts, such as "Love Is a Losing Game" or the title song ("We only said good bye with words, I died a hundred times/You go back to her, and I go back to black").



Vonken & Vuur – Clouseau



Never Enough – Roland Van Campenhout

Na zijn muzikale uitstapje naar Afrika dat in 2005 de zomerse plaat 'The great atomic power' opleverde, is Rolands nieuwste plaat een terugkeer naar zijn eigen habitat, een kleurrijke speelplaats waar pop, folk, rock, blues, jazz en chanson samen leuke dingen doen. Zijn *compagnon de route* is ditmaal Tom Van Laere, die de plaat produceert en hier en daar meeschreef aan de muziek. Zelf noemt Roland zijn nieuwste een plaat die heel dicht in de buurt van zijn ultieme plaat komt.



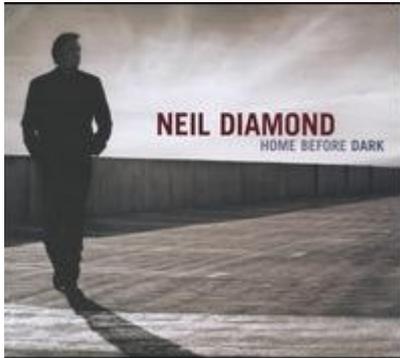
Opener 'Hissing o' the heath' is alvast een voltreffer: Roland zet een geloofwaardige Robbie Robertson neer en in de tweede strofe repliceert Van Laere met een al even cool parlando. Het nummer mondt uit in een bezwerend refrein waar heel wat aanstormende groepjes vast een carrière rond zouden bouwen. Straf spul. Ook in 'It all has to do with it' drapeert Roland als een soort Tony Joe White op testosteron zijn diepe stem over enkele moddervette riffs.

Maar de man uit Boom overtuigt op deze plaat vooral wanneer hij zijn jasje van singer-songwriter aantrekt. 'Male prostitute' is een knap verhaal-in-een-song. 'Officer, kiss me please' is een jazzy en luchtige toonzetting van een gedicht van een van de Beat Poets. En 'Fire in the morning' en 'Almost home' (met heerlijke backings van Nina Babet) hadden wellicht niet misstaan op 'Blood on the tracks' van Bob Dylan. Ook 'Never enough' (met mooie dobro-intro) ademt een zelfde tijdloze klasse. 'Midnight star' blijft iets onder het niveau van de plaat steken (wij waren niet echt kapot van de centrale tekstregel '*Under the midnight star, I'll show you my scar*'). Geen schandvlek, veeleer een driesterrensong op een viersterrenplaat.

Maar we hadden het nog niet over het hoogtepunt van de plaat: 'In my time', dat drijft op een mooi pianootje van Van Laere, met daarboven een prachtsong waarin Rolands stem de zen-achtige weemoed benadert van Leonard Cohen op diens 'Various positions'. Een vroegtijdig afscheid van het schone leven lijkt het wel: '*Now I hide in the shadows and let the others shine - I loved a lot in my time*'. *Chilling*, jongens en meisjes.

Naar genre en klankkleur ligt 'Never enough' grotendeels in het verlengde van wat Roland al zijn hele carrière lang doet, maar met deze plaat bewijst hij definitief dat hij behalve een podiumbeest en een muzikale kameleon ook een begenadigd songschrijver is. '*I'm almost home*' zingt Roland op het einde van de plaat, maar wat ons betreft hoeft zijn levenslange muzikale ontdekkingsreis hier zeker nog niet te eindigen.

Home Before Dark – Neil Diamond



Home Before Dark is Neil Diamond's second collaboration with producer Rick Rubin. It follows the fine but ill-fated *12 Songs*, which was sabotaged by Sony's "Rootkit" program scandal: a nefarious bit of "copy protection" software that invaded the operating system of PCs and wreaked havoc. *12 Songs* had to be recalled from store shelves just as Diamond received better reviews than he had in a decade. Sony reissued it in 2007, but the damage was done. Diamond, disappointed but undaunted, sought out Rubin. Rubin enlisted Heartbreakers keyboardist Benmont Tench and lead guitarist Mike Campbell, studio guitarist/bassist Smokey Hormel, and former Chavez guitar slinger Matt Sweeney. There are no drums. David Campbell did some skeletal string arrangements, but that's it. In addition, Natalie Maines of the Dixie Chicks duets on the track "Another Day (That Time Forgot)." *Home Before Dark* is a more exposed Diamond than listeners have ever heard. He's out there, bashing on his guitar and singing from a position of extreme vulnerability; he's on a wire without a net. His musicians understand what is so dynamically and poetically evident in the songs, and use painterly care in adorning them. Diamond is not a young man anymore and, thankfully, he doesn't write like one — though he sounds lean and hungry for something just out of reach. "Forgotten" has a rock & roll progression worthy of his Bang singles. Its lyric reflects the travails of a protagonist whose heart bears hurt without the grace and wisdom that age is supposed to bring. The grain in his voice is fierce; it quavers just a bit in the refrain, and Sweeney's electric guitar nails it to the wall. It follows "One More Bite of the Apple," another rollicking rocker, but this one is about reuniting with his true beloved — songwriting itself.

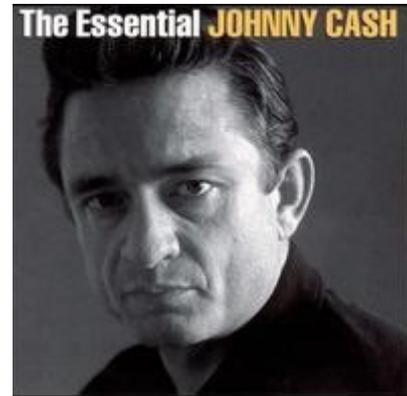
Home Before Dark contains some beautiful love songs, too. "If I Don't See You Again," the album's opener, reflects the bittersweet aftertaste of lost love. It's classic Diamond. His character converses with a reflection, a ghost. The gorgeously crafted instrumental bridge and the sense of loneliness in the protagonist's voice combine seamlessly. The album's first single is "Pretty Amazing Grace." Diamond sings a prayer of gratitude for rescue and restoration, whether to Divine Providence, his lover, or both; we don't know. His infectious, haunting melody is jarring, played in minor chords by fingerpicked steel-string guitars and anchored by a standup bass. Tench's piano adds tension just before the refrain where the guitars get punchy flamenco-style and break it wide open. Strings decorate the backdrop, as the lyric juxtaposes the present against the past, not as contrast but as progression. The duet with Maines, "Another Day (That Time Forgot)," has shadowy traces of the gentle but brooding intensity of the intro to "Holly Holy" in the chord progression. It's a joint confession between lovers who are lost to one another; the tragedy is they have no idea how they grew apart. Tench's piano improv fills the space between verses; he underscores the melancholy gorgeously. "The Power of Two," with multi-tracked, entwining acoustic guitar lines by Campbell, is an artful framework for one of Diamond's protagonists to realize that he finally has the ability and courage to embrace another fully, and to allow himself to become a part of love instead of remaining apart from it. *Home Before Dark* is a less "civilized" album than anything Diamond's done before. It is a stark and moving portrait of what an accepted artist found when he reached all the way down to face his

fear, doubt, and knowledge, and brought the discovery into his work. Diamond proves not only that he can still write great songs, but also that he can deliver them with toughness and grit as an expression of real beauty.

The Essential Johnny Cash – Johnny Cash

The Essential Johnny Cash is a double-compact disc compilation by Johnny Cash released as part of Sony BMG's *Essential* series. It was compiled to commemorate Cash's 70th birthday. It is not to be confused with the three-CD box set of the same name released by Columbia Records in 1992.

The double album concentrates mainly on Cash's first 15 years as a recording artist with Sun Records and Columbia, contains only eight post-1970 selections, and ignores Cash's work with Rick Rubin for American Recordings - as well as predates Cash's final hit single, "Hurt", by ten months.



Amongst the 36 tracks on the compilation are two songs that feature Cash prominently but never appeared on any of his albums: "Girl from the North Country" from Bob Dylan's 1969 album *Nashville Skyline*, and "The Wanderer" from U2's 1993 album *Zooropa*.

As a testimony to Cash's wide sphere of influence on country, rock, and other modern musics and his wide fan base, the liner notes feature testimonials and 70th birthday greetings from a wide array of artists - not only from friends and fellow travelers and collaborators like Willie Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, Tom Petty, ex-stepson-in-law Nick Lowe, and wife June Carter Cash, but from the likes of Keith Richards, Elvis Costello, Corey Taylor and Shawn Crahan of Slipknot, Metallica's Kirk Hammett, and Black Flag's Henry Rollins

Devils & Dust – Bruce Springsteen



Every decade or so, Bruce Springsteen releases a somber album of narrative songs, character sketches, and folk tunes – records that play not like rock & roll, but rather as a collection of short stories. *Nebraska*, released in the fall of 1982 during the rise of Reagan's America, was the first of these, with the brooding *The Ghost of Tom Joad* following in 1995, in the thick of the Clinton administration but before the heady boom days of the late '90s. At the midpoint of George W. Bush's administration, Springsteen released *Devils & Dust*, another collection of story songs that would seem on the surface to be a companion to *Nebraska* and *Ghost*, but in actuality is quite a different record than either. While the characters that roam through *Devils & Dust* are similarly heartbroken, desperate, and downtrodden, they're far removed from the criminals and renegades of *Nebraska*, and the album doesn't have the political immediacy of *Ghost's* latter-day Woody Guthrie-styled tales – themes that tied together those two albums. Here, the songs and

stories are loosely connected. Several are set in the West, some are despairing, some have signs of hope, a couple are even sweet and light. Springsteen's writing is similarly varied, occasionally hearkening back to the spare, dusty prose of *Nebraska*, but often it's densely composed, assured, and evocative, written as if the songs were meant to be read aloud, not sung. But the key to *Devils & Dust*, and why it's his strongest record in a long time, is that the music is as vivid and varied as the words. Unlike the meditative, monochromatic *The Ghost of Tom Joad*, this has different shades of color, so somber epics like "The Hitter" or the sad, lonely "Reno" are balanced by the lighter "Long Time Comin'," "Maria's Bed," and "All I'm Thinkin' About," while the moodier "Black Cowboys" and "Devils & Dust" are enhanced by subtly cinematic productions. It results in a record that's far removed in feel from the stark, haunting *Nebraska*, but on a song-for-song level, it's nearly as strong, since its stories linger in the imagination as long as the ones from that 1982 masterpiece (and they stick around longer than those from *Ghost*, as well). *Devils & Dust* is also concise and precisely constructed, two things the otherwise excellent 2002 comeback *The Rising* was not, and that sharp focus helps make this the leanest, artiest, and simply best Springsteen record in many years. [*Devils & Dust* was released only as a DualDisc, a disc that contains a CD on one side and a DVD on the flip. The DVD contains a 5.1 mix of the album, plus a 30-minute film containing interviews with Springsteen and footage of him performing five songs live in the upstairs of a house; in other words, it's a staged performance, not a concert. The interviews are enjoyable, if not particularly interesting, while the live acoustic performances are not strictly unadorned – "Reno" has pianos and synthesizers discreetly murmuring in the background, "All I'm Thinkin' About" has synths and backing vocals. It's a fine little film, but not something that merits frequent repeat viewings.

Q-Hits 2008/1 – Various Artists



Jij Bent zo – Jeroen Van der Boom



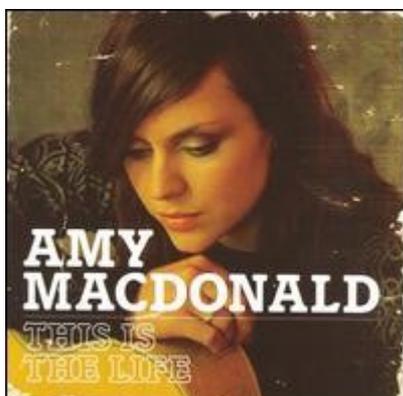
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Alive 35 – KISS

Dessel – Graspop Metal Meeting 2008.
Live opname van het concert op 28/06.



This Is The Life – Amy MacDonald



The debut album from Scottish singer/songwriter Amy MacDonald, *This Is the Life* achieved a remarkable feat – it entered the charts at number two. MacDonald admits that the song "Poison Prince," which received a limited release as a single, is based on the life of Babyshambles and Libertines singer Pete Doherty but the first nationally released single, "Mr. Rock & Roll," has nothing whatever to do with him. With a finger on the pulse of news items of 2007, she sings on "Footballer's Wife" about WAG (wives and girlfriends) culture, famous for nothing much more than their celebrity partners. The title track, "This Is the Life," reflects the lifestyle she had always wanted to follow since the early days of practicing the guitar and honing her songwriting skills; "Let's Start a Band" is exactly that, a song about being successful in the fickle career of pop

music, a theme that is further developed on the song "Barrowland Ballroom," named after a venue in Glasgow that many an aspiring artist wishes to play in. MacDonald captures the feelings of ordinary people in the crowd wishing that something exciting would happen in their lives ("I wish I saw [Bowie](#) playing on that stage"). There is a nostalgic feel to the album, conjuring up vocal images of [Kirsty MacColl](#), and even the album cover evokes the album art of the '70s, looking like the corners have worn away with age.

Magic – Bruce Springsteen

Hailed as Bruce Springsteen's return to rock upon its release in fall 2007, *Magic* isn't quite as straightforward as that description would have it seem. True, this does mark another reunion with the [E Street Band](#), only his second studio album with the group since 1984's *Born in the U.S.A.*, giving this a rock & roll heft missing from his two previous albums – the dusty, literary *Devils & Dust* and the raucous *We Shall Overcome: The Pete Seeger Sessions* – and unlike *The Rising*, the first [E Street Band](#) album of the new millennium, there is no overarching theme here. It's just a collection of songs, something that Bruce hasn't done since *Human Touch*, or maybe even *The River*. All the ingredients are in place for a simple, straight-ahead rock album, except for two things: Springsteen didn't write a lot of flat-out rock songs, and with his producer [Brendan O'Brien](#), he didn't make an album that *sounds* much like a rock & roll album, either. *Magic* is bright and punchy, a digital-age production through and through, right down to how each track feels as if it were crafted according to its own needs instead of the record as a whole.



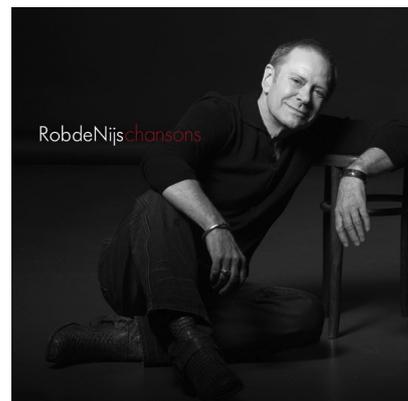
Underneath this shiny veneer, the [E Street Band](#) can still lift this music toward great heights, infusing it with a sense of majesty, but this is an [E Street Band](#) that was recorded piecemeal in the studio, pasted together track by track as the group fit sessions into their busy schedules. This approach gives the album a bit of a mannered, meticulous sound not unlike *The Rising*, but such careful construction was appropriate for Springsteen's cautious, caring 9/11 rumination; on *Magic* it tends to keep the music from reaching full flight. Then again, the songs here don't quite lend themselves to either the transcendent sweep of *Born to Run* or the down-n-dirty roadhouse rockers that cluttered *The River*. There's a quiet melancholy underpinning this album. It's evident even on the hard-driving "Radio Nowhere," whose charging guitars mask a sense of desperation, or the deceptively breezy "Girls in Their Summer Clothes," which grows more wistful with each passing chorus. "Girls" is also indicative of how *Magic* doesn't quite feel like classic [E Street Band](#), even when it offers reminders of their classic sound: like "Born to Run," it trades upon [Phil Spector](#), but here the band doesn't absorb the Wall of Sound; they evoke it, giving the song a nostalgic bent that emphasizes the soft sadness in his melody. This oddly bittersweet vibe that is shared by "Your Own Worst Enemy," whose baroque harpsichords – uncannily reminiscent of the [Left Banke](#) – are the biggest curveball here.

That is, it's the biggest specific curveball outside of the overall feel of *Magic*, which is far too somber to be called just another rock & roll album. The solemn, sepia-toned picture of the Boss on the cover is a pretty big tip-off that there may not be a whole lot of good times coming on

Magic, but it's a surprise that this is not only not as joyous as *We Shall Overcome*, it doesn't have as many moments of sunny relief as *The Rising*, which had "Waitin' on a Sunny Day" and "Mary's Place" among its quiet, artful grief. Here, the joy and the sadness are fused, skewing such otherwise lively numbers as "Livin' in the Future" – which otherwise sounds like it could sneak onto the second side of *Born in the U.S.A.* – toward the sober side. Springsteen also targets war and politics throughout the album, either through metaphors (the title track, where the audience is suckered by a con man) or blunt declarations ("Last to Die"). All this toil and tension doesn't make for a very fun album, but 2007 isn't a very fun time, so it's an appropriate reflection of the time. The thing of it is, despite some fine moments of craft – both musical and lyrical, whether on "Gypsy Biker" or "Long Walk Home" – the songs aren't written with the keen literary eye that made *Devils & Dust* play like a collection of short stories. Like the music, the words just feel a shade too deliberate, rendering *Magic* just a bit too overthought – hardly enough to make for a bad record, but one that isn't quite grabbing, even if it is helped immeasurably by the *E Street Band* in old pro mode. And what's missing comes into sharp relief as the album draws to a close with "Terry's Song," a quickly written and recorded tribute to Terry Magovern, Springsteen's longtime friend and assistant. Compared to the rest of the album, this simple tune is a bit ragged, but it's soulful, moving, and indelible, immediate where the rest of the album is a shade distant. After hearing it, it's hard not to wish that Bruce would record this way all the time.

Chansons – Rob de Nijs

1. Wieringerwaard	4:47
2. Eeuwig Jong	3:33
3. Zwanenzang	2:33
4. De Zee	3:18
5. Voor Eén Nacht	3:44
6. Schrijf Me Niet	3:50
7. Één Melodie (This Melody)	4:22
8. 8Parijs Ontwaakt	3:00
9. De Schone Slaapster	4:22
10. Vogelniveau	4:14
11. Geef Mij Een Plaats	3:26
12. De Stier	5:14
13. De Achterdeur	3:47
14. De Nuttelozen Van de Nacht	3:52



Rob de Nijs is one of the most well-known Dutch singers of the post-war era. Following the turn of the century his commercial successes were few, but he remained one of the ten most-played Dutch artists on Dutch radio. In 2001, he received the Radio 2 Zendtijd Award – an award presented to Dutch artists with lasting influence on Dutch music. DJ Frits Spits once called de Nijs "the embodiment of the history of Dutch pop music."

Robert de Nijs was born in Amsterdam on December 26, 1942, during World War II. An asthmatic child, he started playing the accordion when he was just eight years old. De Nijs wanted to go to acting school but was too young. Instead, he went to an HBS high school. Barely out of high school, and before he even entered his twenties, de Nijs decided to compete in a talent show with his band Rob de Nijs & the Lords. He won, and the first prize was a recording contract. His

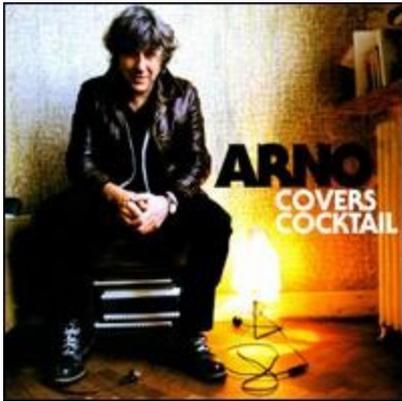
first two singles failed to make a dent, but the third single, called "Ritme van de Regen" and released in 1963, became a massive success, selling over 100,000 copies. In that same year de Nijs was the Dutch entry in the Songfestival competition.

In 1965, Rob de Nijs & the Lords split up. After a few years as a solo artist, de Nijs retreated from the stage and started working in a circus. He also became co-owner of a few clubs. At the end of 1969, de Nijs returned in the popular eye, this time as an actor. He was first seen in the show *Oebele*, and from 1971 to 1976 he played the role of Bertram Bierenbroodspot in the popular TV series *Kunt U Mij de Weg Naar Hamelen Vertellen, Mijnheer?* During these TV years, de Nijs cashed in on his regained popularity and co-wrote an album with text writer [Lennaert Nijgh](#) and producer [Boudewijn de Groot](#). In May 1973, de Nijs charted the first of a few of the collaborations, "Jan Klaassen de Trompetter." Other hits included "Zuster Ursula," "Miralle," "Hé Speelman," and "Malle Babbe."

The two albums made with [Nijgh](#) and [de Groot](#) were crowned in 1976, when de Nijs was pronounced most popular Dutch singer by the NIPO. The end of the '70s were the glory years for de Nijs, both critically and commercially. In 1980, de Nijs married [Belinda Meulendijk](#). [De Groot](#) had retreated from their working relationship, and when [Nijgh](#) followed suit, [Meulendijk](#) became de Nijs' principal text writer. Over the course of the '80s and '90s, de Nijs had a prolific output, releasing an album almost every year. In Christmas 1985, de Nijs and [Meulendijk](#) scored their biggest success: "Laat Alles Wat Ademt," a typical end-of-the-year peace song that stormed to the number two position. It took de Nijs more than a decade to right that wrong: in 1996, he finally gained a number one song with "Banger Hart" – his first in 35 years as a recording artist. In late 1996, de Nijs released *De Band, de Zanger en Het Meisje* for EMI Records. During the '90s and the beginning of the new century, de Nijs toured constantly, both in theaters and in bigger venues. He steered his musical style toward more rock-like territory. In 2000, de Nijs was made a knight, and awards kept coming; in 2002 de Nijs was awarded an Edison Award for his entire oeuvre.

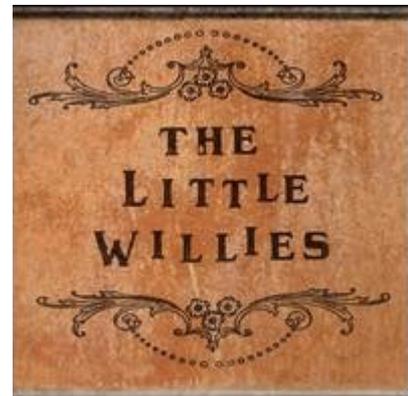
Ten years later, in 2006, de Nijs and [Meulendijk](#) announced their divorce. Suddenly, de Nijs was without a lyric writer. He recorded a cover version of the evergreen "For Once in My Life" for the soundtrack of the heist movie *Dennis P*, and his next full-length was a covers album, consisting of translated popular French songs and appropriately titled [Chansons](#) (one of the songs was translated by [Meulendijk](#)).

Covers Cocktail – Arno



The Little Willies – The Little Willies

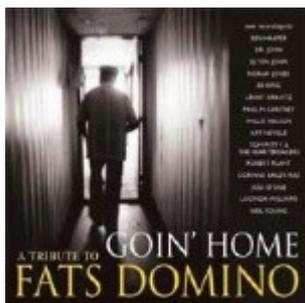
The Little Willies could be called a supergroup if they had more than one star in their lineup. Instead, the quintet is a group of five New York musicians – highlighted by pianist/vocalist [Norah Jones](#), but also featuring her regular bassist [Lee Alexander](#), guitarist/vocalist [Richard Julian](#), guitarist [Jim Campilongo](#), and drummer [Dan Rieser](#) – who originally came together to play a one-shot gig in 2003 at the Living Room, and soon came to play the venue regularly, which eventually led to an eponymous album released in March of 2006. It's a casual, appealing collection of country covers, spiked with four originals from various members of the band.



It's so relaxed and low-key that it could be argued that *The Little Willies* wouldn't garner much attention if it weren't for that one star in its midst, [Norah Jones](#), who became a superstar in part because her 2002 debut, *Come Away with Me*, recalled the mellow, burnished vibe of classic singer/songwriter albums from the '70s. A big part of that sound was built on country-rock and both of [Jones'](#) albums had an undercurrent of country, so the honky tonk and Western swing stylings of the Little Willies aren't a big stretch for her. In fact, their album has an intimate, relaxed feel reminiscent of the nightclub aura of *Come Away with Me*, but that shouldn't suggest that [Jones](#) is the star here. If anything, the Little Willies are led by [Richard Julian](#), an N.Y.C.-based singer/songwriter who has released four albums since 1997. He not only takes lead vocals on just as many songs as [Jones](#), but he has a hand in three of the four originals (the [Jones](#)-sung "It's Not You It's Me," "Easy as the Rain," and "Lou Reed"; the other, "Roll On," was written by [Alexander](#), though it's also sung by [Jones](#)), all of which fit well among such standards as "Roly Poly," "I'll Never Get Out of This World Alive," "Streets of Baltimore," "Tennessee Stud," and "Night Life." But to suggest that there is a leader to the Little Willies kind of misses the point – this is a group that got together for a good time, and accordingly there's very little ego to be heard in the music itself. But where some jam sessions can veer toward the indulgent and insular, this is warm and friendly, unassuming and unpretentious, even when it gets a little jokey at the end with "Lou Reed." And while the Little Willies don't mess around with the arrangements of these familiar tunes at all – "Roly Poly" begins just like [Bob Wills'](#) original, [Elvis'](#) "Love Me" gets backing vocals patterned after the [Jordanares](#) (and the vocalists are punningly called the

Ordinaires on the back cover) – it doesn't matter, because the band is not only good, but there's a palpable sense of enjoyment in their performances that comes through even though the music is decidedly low-key. Yet that relaxed nature is the very thing that makes *The Little Willies* a gentle surprise – maybe this isn't a major record, but it's thoroughly likeable record that doesn't lose its charm on repeated plays.

Goin' Home (a tribute to Fats Domino) – Various Artists



Sinds begin oktober ligt de dubbelaar *Goin' Home: A Tribute To Fats Domino* in de schappen. Het is een behoorlijk indrukwekkende verzameling van nummers van Fats Domino, vertolkt door een keur aan bekende artiesten. Denk aan *John Lennon*, *B.B. King*, *Paul McCartney*, *Dr. John*, *Robbie Robertson*, *Neil Young*, *Norah Jones*, *Lucinda Williams* en *Willie Nelson*. Dat zijn alles bij elkaar toch niet de minsten. En als je al die namen combineert met de songs van Domino dan moet dit toch wel eindigen in een lekkere cd. Zet u neer en luister (en huiver als u wilt!).

Indrukwekkende songs en dito artiesten

De dubbelaar kent in totaal 30 tracks, ten gehore gebracht door even zoveel artiesten. Namen zoals eerder vermeld werkten allemaal graag mee aan dit eerbetoon. De nummers van Fats Domino zijn op zich al juweeltjes. Toch is het leuk om te ervaren hoe de diverse artiesten deze nummers naar hun eigen hand hebben gezet, zonder de kwaliteit van het origineel te verliezen. Wat te denken van *Blueberry Hill* door *Elton John*. Je zou het niet achter hem zoeken, maar het is een geslaagde versie geworden. *Dr. John* brengt het nummer *Don't Leave Me This Way*, een bekende klassieker en ook in de deze uitvoering een goed nummer. Het karakteristieke stemgeluid van *Willie Nelson* is te horen in *I Hear You Knockin'*.

Niet alleen mannen werkten mee aan het album. Neem het warme stemgeluid van *Norah Jones* en combineer dit met de track *My Blue Heaven* en je hebt een geheel nieuwe 'Fats'. En waarom ook niet... een vrouwenstem kan net zo warm, donker en intrigerend zijn als een mannenstem. Domino's muziek is echt niet alleen voor mannen geschreven. *Theresa Andersson* doet ook een duit in het zakje door het wereldberoemde *When The Saints Go Marching In* te vertolken.

Het gaat te ver alle nummers hier te noemen; daarvoor zijn het er gewoon te veel. En gezegd mag worden dat geen enkel nummer onderdoet voor een ander. Ze zijn stuk voor stuk met succes opnieuw ingezongen.



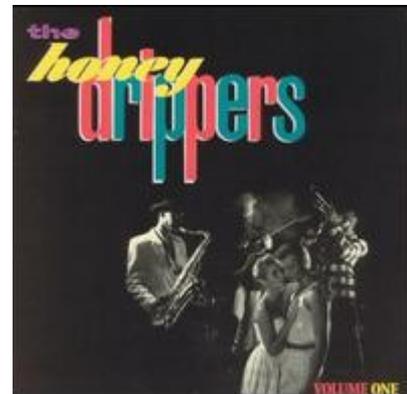
The Master himself - Fats Domino

Katrina

Het is inmiddels alweer twee jaar geleden dat orkaan Katrina huishield in New Orleans; hometown of Fats Domino. Zijn huis ligt aan puin en dat gaat velen aan het hart. Daarom werd besloten deze dubbel-cd uit te brengen. De opbrengst moet eraan bijdragen dat het huis (en de daarbij behorende historie) van Fats Domino weer kan worden opgebouwd. Van puin tot huis, van muziek tot klinkende munt. Het is altijd mooi als je met het kopen van een cd een goed doel steunt. Naast de opbouw van Domino's huis wordt de opbrengst ook besteed aan een project ten bate van de aanschaf van muziekinstrumenten voor schoolkinderen en een Community Centre voor het zwaar beschadigde stadsdeel Lower 9th Ward. Als luisteraar krijg je een mooi stukje muziekgeschiedenis in handen, en tegelijkertijd krijgen de inwoners van New Orleans weer middelen om hun stad en bestaan weer verder op te bouwen. Wat wil een muziekliefhebber nog meer?

The Honeydrippers Vol.1 – The Honeydrippers

A telling thing about Robert Plant at his peak is how he would sneak on-stage with Rockpile and sing Elvis songs, or how Swan Song signed Dave Edmunds when his retro-rock was about the furthest thing from the monolithic Zeppelin of *Physical Graffiti*. Plant always harbored deep, abiding love for early rock & roll, a fact that was often obscured by his restlessness, too, a side that he indulged on his first two post-Zep solo albums – glistening, modern albums with a heavier debt to Robert Fripp than Little Richard. Two albums in, he switched tactics for the EP detour *The Honeydrippers, Vol. 1*, an unabashedly retro-rock project that hauled out five golden oldies from the pre-Beatles era and served them up authentically, or at least as authentic nostalgia. There is a certain sense of pastiche here, particularly in how "Sea of Love" is drenched in oceans of strings, far more than on the Phil Phillips original, which manages to evoke the era of lily white pop covers in a way that no straightforward cover could, but that's part of the charm of the record. Some may find this kind of pastiche a bit distancing, even campy, but there's a genuine warmth in Plant's performance, and his ad-hoc group of Honeydrippers – including Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page in uncredited cameos – have a great time running through these handful of oldies, particularly "Rockin' at Midnight." It may not be much more than a lark, but it's truly fun, even if it might have been slightly more fun making it than it is listening to it. [A remastered expanded version of *The Honeydrippers, Vol. 1* was reissued as part of the 2006 box set *Nine Lives* and was then reissued as a separate disc the following year.]



Time to Swing - Helmut Lotti

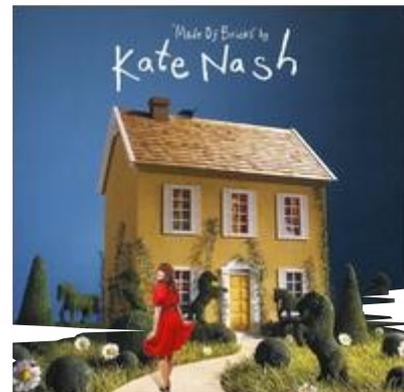


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1. Mack The Knife
2. That's Life
3. Fly me to the Moon
4. Danke Schön
5. Heavenly Match On Earth
6. Cabaret
7. King of the Road
8. La Mer
9. Perfidia
10. In the Arms of a Stranger
11. Ti Guardero Nel Cuore
12. Fever
13. Around You
14. L.O.V.E. (Duet with Clare Teal)
15. Bad, Bad Leroy Brown
16. Reet Petite
17. Time to Swing
18. Mackie Messer **BONUS TRACK**

Made of Bricks – Kate Nash

On a first listen to Kate Nash's debut *Made of Bricks*, it's easy to hear the similarities to her contemporaries (Lily Allen, the Streets, Amy Winehouse) and influences (Björk, Robbie Williams). Her most popular songs are both intimate and confrontational, using brief portraits and slang-conversational vocals to illustrate the larger issues going on – the dinner party that exposes a crumbling relationship on "Foundations" or the futility of using "Mouthwash" as a defense against feelings of low self-worth. The music is explosive and sample-driven, but with plenty of ties to contemporary pop, such as



the frequent piano runs and occasional chamber brass or woodwinds. Spend time with this album, however, and Nash is revealed as much more than the sum of her parts. First, she's an excellent songwriter who illustrates her tales of romantic woe and inadequacies with grace and many subtleties. (It's easy to see why Allen saw Nash not as a rival but a fellow artist, and how the two quickly became friends.) Nash's frequent sing-speak vocals and rather, erm, direct manner on some songs ("Dickhead," "Shit Song") are what most naysayers immediately point to, but her quiet rage on the former track is tremendously effective. Still, what impresses the most about *Made of Bricks* are her deft sketches of deteriorating relationships, whether they're being loudly destroyed ("Foundations" again) or wryly and tenderly closing ("Birds"). Nash has plenty of maturation to do as a songwriter and performer, but she shows considerable promise on this debut.

Black Ice – AC/DC

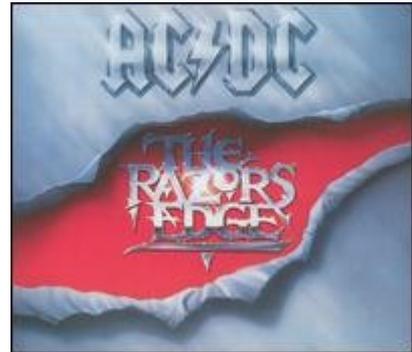


Unlike any other band of their stature, AC/DC truly don't care about the world at large. They see no triumph in their longevity, they long ago dismissed not only the idea of artistic statements but the very notion of artistic growth: they aren't good or bad, they simply *are*. They have nothing left to prove, so perhaps it shouldn't be a surprise that their albums lack any sense of urgency or motivation. AC/DC never rush to cut a record; they wait until Angus Young has collected enough riffs to hammer out an album's worth of songs, then they file in one by one to lay down their tracks with a big-budget producer, who inevitably gives them a clean, mammoth sound that's no different than the what came before. Rick Rubin couldn't change this pattern on 1995's *Ballbreaker* and Brendan O'Brien can't change it on 2008's *Black Ice*. He encourages the band to add a bit of color here and there, so they grace "Stormy May Day" with some sloppy slide guitar and turn "Rock N' Roll Dream" into an expansive neo-ballad cousin of Bad Company's "Rock N Roll Fantasy," but O'Brien's crisp, colorful production only emphasizes how AC/DC could stand to be a little less careful on record.

It's the eternal AC/DC paradox: at its core, their music is brutal and primitive, but their records are slick, overly cautious and bloated, stretching out to 15 tracks when they should be no longer than 10. AC/DC haven't lost their knack for great, simple rock & roll and *Black Ice* is graced by a few terrific tracks. In fact, as it opens with the "Highway To Hell" boogie of "Rock N Roll Train," the stuttering "Skies on Fire" and "Big Jack," it seems that *Black Ice* might be the great latter-day AC/DC record the group has yet to deliver, but as the next 12 tracks spool out over the next hour, the album slowly slides into a too-comfortable groove, fueled by too-tight rhythms and guitars that sound loud but not beefy. This polished precise rock & roll is good enough, at least in small doses, but *Black Ice* delivers a whopping dose, puffed out to nearly an hour, running so long it all kind of washes together - a problem that is endemic to all AC/DC albums after *Back in Black*. This shift can't be placed on the shoulders of Brian Johnson, who may never have been able to match Bon Scott no matter how much he mimics the man, but it's simply a symptom of the band's massive popularity, where they have no compelling reason to release a record every other year, so they make albums twice a decade, inevitably spending too much time sculpting their recordings when they'd be better off bashing them out. At their peak, AC/DC recorded their albums quick n dirty and the music felt that way too. Age has turned their tasteless insurgence into vulgar tradition but that's not the problem, nor is it the band's refusal to change because, let's face it, when a band does one thing this well there's no need to change. AC/DC still can sound invigorating - and make no mistake they do here, as much as they ever do on a latter-day record - but they just need to tighten up, cut back, crank it up and sound a little rude again. After all, what's the point of being the filthiest band in rock & roll if you're going to make albums as polite as *Black Ice*?

Razor's Edge – AC/DC

Although AC/DC's popularity had decreased by the early '90s, the band still had a lot of life left in it. Arguably the Australian headbangers' strongest album in over half a decade, *The Razor's Edge* is quintessential AC/DC – rowdy, abrasive, unapologetically fun metal full of blistering power chords, memorable hooks, and testosterone-driven lyrics. Lead singer Brian Johnson sounds more inspired than he had since 1983's *Flick of the Switch*, and lead guitarist Angus Young isn't about to take any prisoners on such hard-hitting material as "Shot of Love," the menacing title song, and the appropriately titled "Got You By the Balls." Although not quite in a class with *Back in Black*, *Highway to Hell*, or *Let There Be Rock* – all of which would, for novices, serve as fine introductions to the distinctive band – *The Razor's Edge* was a welcome addition to AC/DC's catalog.



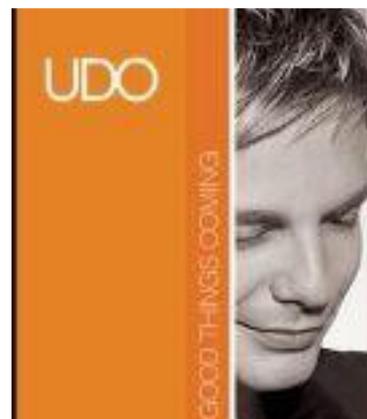
Wit Licht – Marco Borsato



1	Was Mij	4:14
2	Dochters	4:30
3	Stilte Voor de Storm	4:17
4	Voor Eén Lach	3:19
5	Doe Wat Je Altijd Deed	3:45
6	Wit Licht	4:05
7	Dans	3:10
8	Liefde Wint	5:13
9	Nu of Nooit	3:59
10	Stop de Tijd	4:42
11	Ik Hoor Bij Jou	2:55
12	Wit Licht (acoustisch)	4:05

Good Things Coming – Udo

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And Winter Came – Enya



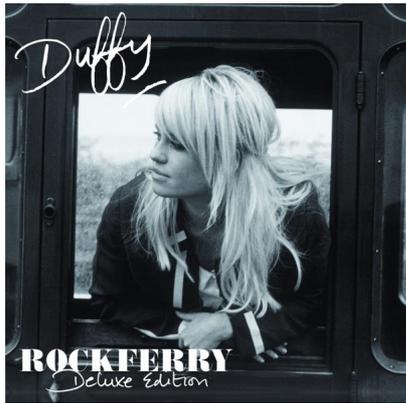
In 2006 Enya released her most subtle and song-oriented album to date. *Amarantine* may have paled in comparison to *Watermark* or *Shepherd Moons*, but its under-produced (in Enya-world) balladry was a small leap forward for the reclusive Irish superstar. 2008's *And Winter Came* follows in the same footsteps as *Amarantine*, but it hints at the grandeur of earlier recordings, specifically 1994's *Christmas EP*. Enya's ferociously multi-tracked recording style lends itself well to the season, filling in the simplistic lyrical holes with small avalanches of vocal harmonies and the dated but reliable keyboard patches that have come to define the singer/composer's work over the years. Enya, lyricist Roma Ryan, and producer Nicky Ryan have crafted a pleasant little snow globe of an album that sounds exactly like one would expect from the longtime collaborators. For the most part the formula is intact, boasting a soft *Edward Scissorhands*-inspired intro, copious amounts of secular and non-secular ballads (all original), and two or three upbeat, midtempo jams to break the stillness. Of the former, the lovely and reverent "Come, O Come, Emmanuel" is the most effective, while the galloping "White Is in the Winter Night" leads the pack for the latter. There are copious amounts of "stars in the skies" and "bells ringing," and even a surprising left turn (maybe even a complete u-turn) near the end on "My! My! Time Flies!," a straight-up "Beatlesque" pop tune with drums and a screaming guitar solo that sounds like something off of a late-'60s Bee Gees record. As usual, Enya fans will be pleased with the results while non-believers will find that the same arguments against her are still valid, but in the end *And Winter Came* is an undeniably welcome addition to the holiday season, if only for its effortless, white, spray-painted pinecone elegance and potpourri-scented, gift shop comforts.

The Pleasure of Your Company – Born Crain

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Rockferry (Deluxe Edition) – Duffy



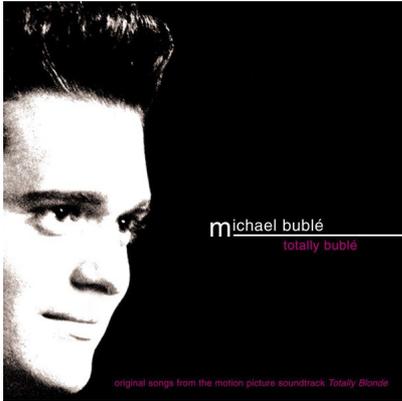
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The Katie Melua Collection – Katie Melua

With combined U.K. album sales of nearly three million copies, Georgian-born Katie Melua has quietly become one of the biggest-selling female artists of the decade. Without the media profile of [Britney Spears](#), the powerhouse vocals of [Anastacia](#), or the critical acclaim of [Dido](#), her success has been based purely on old-fashioned songs that have managed to have appeal beyond the usual folk-pop market. Indeed, just like her biggest influence, [Eva Cassidy](#), who appears here on a posthumous cover of "What a Wonderful World," Melua's soothing and jazz-tinged tones found an audience through repeated plays on [Terry Wogan's](#) BBC Radio 2 show. So the fact that the majority of *The Katie Melua Collection* never really moves past first gear shouldn't come as any surprise. But what her detractors may call dull, others may call refreshingly simple. Indeed, her back-to-basics approach sometimes works wonderfully, particularly on her two biggest singles, the naïvely charming "Closest Thing to Crazy" and the Celtic-inspired "Nine Million Bicycles," one of the most lyrically unique love songs of recent times. Elsewhere, "I Cried for You" showcases Melua's heartfelt, impassioned vocals to full effect, while the dramatic "Spider's Web" is a decent stab at a rock-led political song. However, the less-is-more production sometimes renders the songs so nondescript that it's hard to remember anything about them. And the likes of "Call Off the Search" and "Crawling Up the Hill" do little to dispel the unwanted [Norah Jones](#) comparisons. However, the three new tracks, Melua's first since her split with longtime collaborator [Mike Batt](#), suggest a different direction for album number four, with the jaunty big-band party song "Two Bare Feet" a particular highlight. Overall, this is a comprehensive roundup of a surprisingly successful, if fairly unadventurous, first chapter of her career. Without the aid of her chief songwriter, it will be interesting to see how she develops from here.



Totally Bublé – Michael Bublé



After the success of Michael Bublé's self-titled debut, DRG belatedly released this jazzy soundtrack from the 2001 film *Totally Blonde* in which Bublé had a co-starring role as a nightclub singer. Capitalizing on Bublé's newfound stardom, DRG basically ignores the music's connection to the film by altering the title and putting a shot of Bublé on the cover making it appear as if this was a proper Michael Bublé release. The slight misrepresentation was not lost on Bublé who has stated on his website that he did not want these songs released but that it was out of his control. In reality, the disc is not the complete disaster he makes it out to be, but buyers should be wary of the disc and understand what it is they are purchasing. The film's director, [Andrew Van Slee](#), wrote or co-wrote all of the songs on this short, energetic disc while an as-yet unsigned Bublé does his best to breathe some life into these imitation swing-style songs. As with the standards he interpreted on his debut disc, Bublé sounds in command and comfortable fronting these slight tunes, making the songs sound much more interesting than they really are. Throughout most of the tracks Bublé channels his inner [Sinatra](#) in a way that is complementary but not imitative, as in the swagger of the disc's opening number, "That's How It Goes," where his [Frank-ish](#) vocals get revved up and zoom into a final [Bobby Darin](#) growl. His youthfulness does show through on the ballad "Anyone to Love," a boozy ode to losing at love in which Bublé's vocals lack the experience needed to truly portray the song's older, depressed character, but that is his only vocal misstep throughout these seven audio tracks. Although one could understand why Bublé would not want these early recordings to sit beside his stellar debut in CD bins, he shouldn't be too concerned as *Totally Bublé* does show what this gifted vocalist can do with even second-rate material.

Viva La Vida – Coldplay

When Coldplay sampled [Kraftwerk](#) on their third album, [X&Y](#), it was a signifier for the British band, telegraphing their classicist good taste while signaling how they prefer the eternally hip to the truly adventurous; it was stylish window dressing for soft arena rock. Hiring [Brian Eno](#) to produce the bulk of their fourth album, *Viva la Vida*, is another matter entirely. [Eno](#) pushes them, not necessarily to experiment but rather to focus and refine, to not leave their comfort zone but to find some tremulous discomfort within it. In his hands, this most staid of bands looks to shake things up, albeit politely, but such good manners are so inherent to Coldplay's DNA that they remain courteous even when they experiment. With his big-budget production, [Eno](#) has a knack for amplifying an artist's personality, as he allows bands to be just as risky as they want to be – which is quite a lot in the case of [U2](#) and [James](#) and even [Paul Simon](#), but not quite so much with Coldplay. And yet this gentle encouragement – he's almost a kindly uncle giving his nephews permission to



rummage through his study – pays great dividends for Coldplay, as it winds up changing the specifics without altering the core. They wind up with the same self-styled grandiosity; they've just found a more interesting way to get to the same point.

Gone are [Chris Martin's](#) piano recitals and gone are the washes of meticulously majestic guitar, replaced by orchestrations of sound, sometimes literally consisting of strings but usually a tapestry of synthesizers, percussion, organs, electronics, and guitars that avoid playing riffs. Gone too are simpering schoolboy ballads like "Fix You," and along with them the soaring melodies designed to fill arenas. In fact, there are no insistent hooks to be found anywhere on *Viva la Vida*, and there are no clear singles in this collection of insinuatingly ingratiating songs. This reliance on elliptical melodies isn't off-putting – alienation is alien to Coldplay – and this is where [Eno's](#) guidance pays off, as he helps sculpt *Viva la Vida* to work as a musical whole, where there are long stretches of instrumentals and where only "Strawberry Swing," with its light, gently infectious melody and insistent rhythmic pulse, breaks from the album's appealingly meditative murk. Whatever iciness there is to the sound of *Viva la Vida* is warmed by [Martin's](#) voice, but the music is by design an heir to the earnest British art rock of '80s [Peter Gabriel](#) and [U2](#) – arty enough to convey sober intelligence without seeming snobby, the kind of album that deserves to take its title from Frida Kahlo and album art from [Eugene Delacroix](#). That [Delacroix](#) painting depicts the French Revolution, so it does fit that [Martin](#) tones down his relentless self-obsession – the songs aren't heavy on lyrics and some are shockingly written in character – which is a development as welcome as the expanded sonic palette. [Martin's](#) refined writing topics may be outpaced by the band's guided adventure, but they're both indicative that Coldplay are desperate to not just strive for the title of great band – a title they seem to believe that they're to the manor born – but to actually burrow into the explorative work of creating music. And so the greatest thing Coldplay may have learned from [Eno](#) is his work ethic, as they demonstrate a focused concentration throughout this tight album – it's only 47 minutes yet covers more ground than *X&Y* and arguably *A Rush of Blood to the Head* – that turns *Viva la Vida* into something quietly satisfying.

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