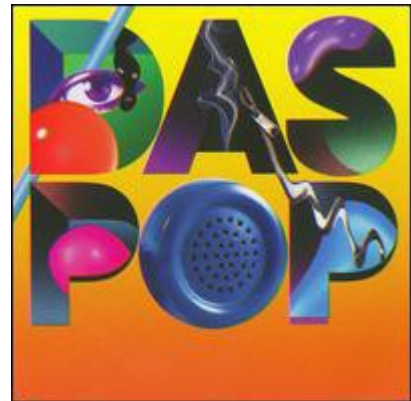


## Overzicht van CD's gekocht in 2010.

### Das Pop – Das Pop

1. Underground
2. You Don't Wanna Know
3. Wings
4. Saturday Night Part 1
5. Never Get Enough
6. The Last Thing
7. Fool For Love
8. Try Again
9. Let Me In
10. Saturday Night Part 2
11. Girl Be A Man
12. September
13. Feelgood Factors



### Never Can Say Goodbye – Trijntje Oosterhuis

#### NEVER CAN SAY GOODBYE

Trijntje  
Oosterhuis  
Leonardo Arnedo  
op gitaar



1. Never Can Say Goodbye
2. Baby Be Mine
3. Music & Me
4. Lady In My Life
5. I Want You Back
6. One Day In Your Life
7. I Just Can't Stop Loving You
8. Don't Stop Till You Get Enough / Working Day & Night / Wanna Be Starting Something
9. Can't Help It
10. Rock With You
11. Human Nature
12. Gone Too Soon
13. I'll Be There
14. You Were There (Tribute to Sammy Davis Jr.)
15. Smile
16. She's Out of My Life

### Home – Geike Arnaert & Tom Helsen

Single ten voordele van Music For Life (Studio Brussel)

TOM HELSEN GEIKE ARNAERT

#### HOME



## Hallelujah (Vancouver Wintergames 2010) – k.d. lang



hét hoogtepunt van de openingsceremonie!

During the opening ceremonies of the 2010 Winter Olympics in Vancouver, k.d. lang delivered a show-stopping performance of Leonard Cohen's classic song "Hallelujah," a superb example of a Canadian artist bring out the best in the work of a Canadian songwriter. This EP features three different performances of "Hallelujah" from k.d. lang: the version from the 2010 Winter Olympics, a studio recording that appeared on her 2004 album *Hymns of the 49th Parallel*, and another live take from the 2005 Juno

Awards broadcast.

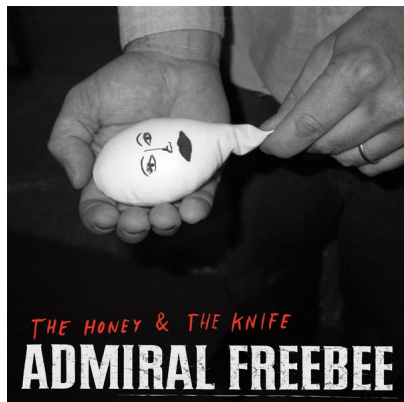
## Sinner – Joan Jett & the Blackhearts

Apart from the Japanese-only *Naked* in 2004, Joan Jett hadn't released an album of all-new material in over a decade when she released *Sinner* in summer 2006, an amazing gap of time considering how vital and flat-out rocking she sounds on the album. Many rockers of her age and stature might have been content to just throw out a safe and innocuous record to help fill up the merch stalls on the state fair circuit. Not Jett. Her honesty and unyielding toughness has given her enough cred to headline a major alt-rock festival in 2006, and *Sinner* has both those qualities



and then some. Her last album, *Pure and Simple*, was a step away from the glossy pop/rock her career had devolved into; *Sinner* is a huge leap toward total honesty, earnestness, and hard rock. The record contains a couple of good-time rockers reminiscent of her glory days ("Tube Talkin'," "Turn It Around"), but even the requisite glam cover, Sweet's "A.C.D.C.," deals with sexual confusion, albeit playfully. Elsewhere Jett delves into heavy or quite personal subjects; she hits on politics on the Bush-sampling "Riddles," raw sexuality on "Fetish," but mostly seems to be wrestling with issues of privacy, self-image, and sexual orientation on tracks like "Naked" and "Five." Luckily for the listener who just wants to rock, she wraps these introspective lyrics up in a tough and punchy style very similar to the classic Joan Jett sound. Even the ballads, like the achingly romantic "Watersign," have gloriously loud and gritty guitars and Jett's voice hasn't lost an ounce of power. There are a few slight stumbles like the catchy but overly earnest and simplistic "Change the World" and the cringe-inducing "Fetish," which seems to have snuck in from a totally different album. Actually it did, since the song first appeared on a 1999 collection called *Fetish*. In fact, ten of the songs on *Sinner* first appeared on *Naked*; only four appear here for the first time. No matter, really, as the album is new to most people, and it hangs together well, resonating both with those listeners who can relate to Jett's struggles and issues, as well as kids of any age who just dig good old hard rock & roll. Hopefully it won't be another decade before the next Joan Jett record, for with *Sinner* she's restaked a claim as an important artist and it'd be a real shame if she disappeared again.

## The Honey and the Knife – Admiral Freebee



...

## Recollection – k.d. lang

Since 2006's *Reintarnation* chronicled k.d. lang's alt-country beginnings, there was a need for a compilation that focused on her smoky prime, the recordings from *Ingénue* on, the recordings that turned her into a crossover star. *Recollection*, available as either a double-disc or a deluxe set that expands that pair with a disc of live recordings and a DVD of music videos, does just that, painting a portrait of lang the modern-day torch singer. In doing so, it repeats a little of *Reintarnation*, but even those tunes don't quite possess the wild, almost campy retro-swing of lang's early years. Nothing about *Recollection* is camp: this is all smooth and assured, accentuating lang's nuance if not her range, and if this winds up being a little too streamlined, at least it offers a better overall introduction to lang's music than her previous compilation.



## Special Delivery – Michael Bublé



Michael Bublé's six-song *Special Delivery* features a handful of ballads and two uptempo numbers that make the most of his supple crooner vocals and winning charm. Included here are such standards as "These Foolish Things (Remind Me of You)," "Dream a Little Dream of Me," and "Mack the Knife." Longtime listeners of Bublé's will be pleased with the big band and symphonic ensemble arrangements that have become the singer's stock in trade. Although this is a short release, likely intended as a pleasant side-car to Bublé's 2009 full-length *Crazy Love*, *Special Delivery* is nonetheless a must hear for fans.

## A\*\*hole – Gene Simmons

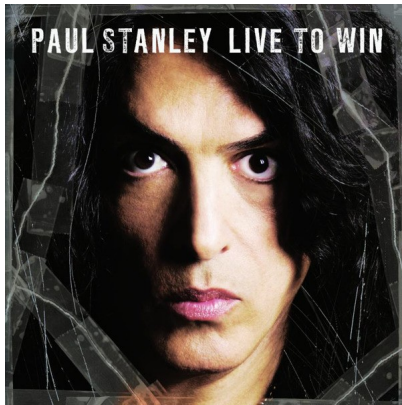
"Sweet & Dirty Love," the rocking kickoff to \*\*\**HOLE*, could be one of the lesser tracks on *Kiss' Double Platinum*. It rocks, it's simple, it's what Gene Simmons is best at, but it doesn't hint at the mess of an album to follow. The can't-believe-it's-so-faithful-to-the-original cover of Prodigy's "Firestarter" is the first clue that the album is an indulgent mess. "Firestarter"'s sampling/composition credit means that the Breeders' Kim Deal will receive royalty checks because of its inclusion on \*\*\**HOLE*, and that's brilliant in anyone's book. That's the thing about \*\*\**HOLE*: you don't listen and engage with it as much as sit back and marvel at it, as in "how does he get away with it, and on such a grand scale?"



How the God of Thunder can think a faithful cover of a techno song is a good idea for anything but the next throwaway soundtrack you're offered is just one of the fascinating blunders on the Simmons-produced, totally Simmons \*\*\**HOLE*, but that's not what cripples it. Some outside help would have noticed that the album's cyclical layout makes listening to it in one sitting a chore. The pattern goes two or three rockers that all sound like big statement, album openers followed by dreamy, Beatlesque "every night I wonder why" ballads. Gene Simmons singing ballads with a chorus of "oohs" behind him is something easy to take potshots at, but you can tell he cares about what he's doing for a change. The ballads find Simmons sounding as earnest and inspired as he did delivering "A World Without Heroes" or his first solo album's "When You Wish Upon a Star." It's a side he rarely shows, and boy is it freakish. Just as weird is the fact that Bob Dylan sat with the Demon and co-wrote the very plain "Waiting for the Morning Light." That tops the bit of trivia that Lou Reed once co-wrote with Simmons, but it doesn't outfreak the fact that "Black Tongue"'s writers' credit reads Simmons/Zappa (that the fabulous, glittery photographer David LaChapelle was hired for the cover is freakout number three). Why Gail Zappa handed over some old tapes of Frank to Simmons is anyone's guess, but he builds an almost worthy rocker around the bit of Frank-on-tape, and the Zappa kids seem to be having a lot of fun singing backup. It's almost infectious, but more so is the singalong title track, even better on the edited version of the album since all the naughty "A" words get replaced with a ridiculous sheep bleat. "Whatever Turns You On (Turns Me On)" is the other singalong, but this time it's groovy with a near jam band feel. Former playmate Shannon Tweed and her family are in the chorus just to make it extra freaky. The rest of the album is just elaborate sludge and fluff with ho-hum music and lyrics that Simmons must think "clever" and "provocative" ("If I Had a Gun": "If I had a gun/I'd have me some fun/I'd shoot everyone who pisses me off today/So don't piss me off today"). There's no way a new artist could have gotten away with an album so over the top, so gonzo, and so misguided, but at least Simmons takes more chances on his own than he does with Kiss. It just beats buying the remastered *Kiss Unmasked* if you're a member of the Kiss Army and have finished paying off your Kiss Kasket. Everyone else who is merely curious should wait till it hits the cutout bins, get the edited version for the sheep bleats, and be happy that Kim Deal and Shannon Tweed are getting paid.



### Live to Win – Paul Stanley

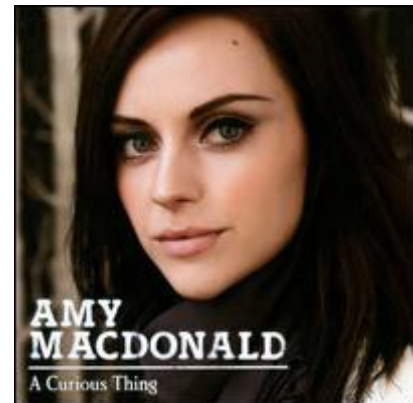


Despite what some may believe, *Live to Win* is not Paul Stanley's solo debut. That honor goes to 1978's Paul Stanley (which was released in conjunction with solo releases by the three other Kiss members), an album so Kiss-like that the singer's full-time band could have easily stamped their logo on it and issued it as the studio follow-up to 1977's *Love Gun*. Nearly 30 years later, Stanley is ready to step out on his own again, and this time around, it's not the arena anthems you'd expect. In its place is a modern-day mainstream pop/rock production, which effectively smoothes out all the rough edges. In fact, the title track would sound perfect sung by an *American Idol*

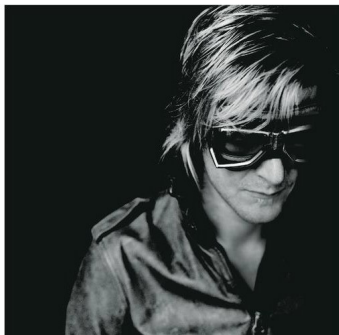
finalist (or wouldn't be out of place in an episode of *Fame*), while the ballad "Loving You Without You Now" treads dangerously on Barry Manilow territory. Elsewhere, mainstream pop/rock reins suprem

### A Curious Thing – Amy MacDonald

Amy MacDonald herself is a curious thing, an adult alternative singer/songwriter operating in a netherworld between indie and the mainstream. Naturally, she edges toward the mainstream — the polished production has a way of sanding down any edges — but her throaty growl gives this a heart unruly enough to prevent *A Curious Thing* from flowing too easily. Subtract MacDonald's passionate vocals from the equation and *A Curious Thing* flows plenty easily, its surfaces gleaming with precision and its melodies sweetly lilting whether it's a ballad or an understated folk stomp. If the production is the clearest signal that MacDonald is gunning for a larger crossover audience with her second album, her songs also show some signs of a swift sophomore sequel — she writes about her brushes with fame just a bit too often and bluntly, an affectation that doesn't wear well no matter how well-executed the music is. These acknowledgments of MacDonald's burgeoning European fame hinder *A Curious Thing* but don't detract from its essential appeal as soft and shiny AAA pop with a bit of a thumping heart.



### A Decade – Ozark Henry



## My Best Friend is You – Kate Nash

Kate Nash had a lot to live up to with her sophomore album. Her debut was clever and brash, a deeply personal record filled with wit and the self-made, oddball productions to match. Second album *My Best Friend Is You* initially sounds like a different artist entirely, almost akin to a Kate Nash imitator trying to fuse her close observation of relationships with an uptempo Northern soul of the [Amy Winehouse](#) variety. Both the opener "Paris" and the first single "Do-Wah-Doo" boast very busy but very trad productions, featuring plenty of brass and piano with insistent drumming and handclaps — all the hallmarks of a professional production. This is pure MOR, the driving Motown-derived pop-soul that's become *de rigeur* for 21st century hipness. Surprisingly, the second half of *My Best Friend Is You* is Nash at her best, biting and bile-filled, with productions that (finally) suit her songwriting. It's led by the jagged "I've Got a Secret," in which Nash puts on her best angelic school-girl show to drive her point home (very basically put: "You don't love me"). There are more highlights here, including "I Just Love You More," which is simple and successful, just a distorted guitar hook and Nash repeating the title until she bursts into screams for the chorus. Still, the aim over too much of this record seems to be simply getting Kate Nash airplay without worrying overly much about a musical backing that suits her songwriting.



## Undiscovered Soul – Richie Sambora



Richie Sambora's second solo album *Undiscovered Soul* is a more ambitious affair than [Stranger in This Town](#), finding the guitarist trying on a wide variety of styles. Not all styles are fit Sambora's bluesy hard rock foundation, but it's interesting him to try out blues-rock, power ballads, pop/rock, arena rock and [Stonesy](#) rock, even if he's not always successful. Sambora has a pleasantly bland voice and knows how to craft a hard rock song, even if he doesn't always come up with a good hook. The result is a respectable journeyman album filled with competent songwriting and fine guitar playing — just the kind of record that will appeal to his fans.

## **Hang Cool Teddy Bear – Meat Loaf**

*Hang Cool Teddy Bear* may not be an explicit sequel to [Bat Out of Hell](#) -- not in its title or in its composition, with Meat Loaf once again parting ways with [Jim Steinman](#), the architect of the [Bat](#) songs -- but it sure has enough bombast to trick anybody into thinking it's the fourth volume of [Bat](#). It's not, of course: unlike those three career-defining records, *Hang Cool Teddy Bear* boasts an actual narrative -- a hazy, unformed tale of a wounded soldier -- instead of merely being conceptual, a difference that should give the album shape particularly when married with [Rob Cavallo](#)'s crisp, bright production. [Cavallo](#) corrects all the errors of the heavy-handed metallic [Bat Out of Hell III](#) -- its slick, processed grind playing like an unfortunate artifact from the mounded and teased '80 Sunset Strip -- but the album fails nearly as much as that misbegotten 2006 sequel because it lacks [Steinman](#)'s unerring ear for the ludicrous. Plenty try to ape it -- notably, [Justin Hawkins](#), who made his bones with the parodic rock of [the Darkness](#), *American Idol* judge [Kara DioGuardi](#), [Bon Jovi](#) & [Desmond Child](#) -- but none achieve anything close, either pushing fist-pumping, [Springsteen](#) arena-anthems, or rockers bloated with too much room for guitar solos, both lacking hooks. Meat Loaf also gets assistance in the studio by a true motley crew -- [Steve Vai](#) and [Brian May](#) double-team on guitar, [Jack Black](#) sings backing vocals, and *House*'s [Hugh Laurie](#) pounds the piano -- and frankly, he kinds of needs it, sounding every one of his 62 years as he valiantly tries to scale the artificial peaks of this pomp, trying to sing a line as stupid as "I can barely put my dick in my pants" with some semblance of dignity. Not that dignity was ever that important to Meat Loaf, but the shallow spectacle of *Hang Cool Teddy Bear* lacks the absurd joy of his best: you can hear everybody involved working far too hard to achieve next to nothing.



## **The House – Katie Melua**



Vocalist Katie Melua's 2010 album *The House* is an atmospheric, romantic, and sometimes eerie album of arty adult alternative pop. While longtime producer Mike Batt is on board here, journeyman electronic producer William Orbit takes the main production helm. The result is Melua's most mature album to date and one that will certainly draw well-earned comparisons to such art pop icons as Kate Bush and Tori Amos. And while immaculately produced tracks like "The Flood" and "Twisted" do evince Bush's literate and operatic sound, they also bring to mind the grand, retro-leaning approach of guitarist/singer-songwriter Richard Hawley. Which isn't

to say that Melua hews closely to any kind of '60s pop; on the contrary, these are clearly contemporary songs with a modern point of view. But there is a bit of moody Nick Drake-style guitar work and the way the songs build and swoop, often with symphonic backing (the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra appears here), is very much in keeping with Hawley's particular Brill Building meets coastal British town grandeur. In that sense, the album is a bit of a grower and has an overall soft, reflective quality. As with most of *The House*, songs like the folk-inflected opener "I'd Love to Kill You," the Eastern-tinged "The Flood," and the yearning and pretty "Red Balloons," take time to build and grab you slowly with deft, biting lyrics and Melua's lilting, burnished vocals.

## Only By The Night – Kings of Leon

With 2007's *Because of the Times*, Kings of Leon ventured out of the garage and into the arena. Tracks like "Black Thumbnail" and "Camaro" were bold, anthemic rock songs that built upon the barnyard stomp of *Youth & Young Manhood*, and *Because of the Times* topped the U.K. charts upon its debut, officially crowning the Kings as rock & roll royalty in the process. *Only by the Night* arrived one year later, marking the band's fastest turnaround between albums; it also furthered the epic sound that *Times* introduced, flaunting a set of ringing guitars and radio-ready melodies that pushed the band away from the Allman Brothers' camp.

If anything, much of the album took up residence in U2's cathedral, particularly during the one-two-three punch of "Sex on Fire," "Use Somebody," and "Manhattan." Appropriately, *Only by the Night* became a U2-sized smash on both sides of the Atlantic, selling some six million copies worldwide while firmly pushing the band into the mainstream.



Like many big-sounding albums, *Only by the Night* is a polarizing piece of work, one that targets new fans at the expense of those who wish Kings of Leon had never shaved their beards or discovered post-'70s rock. To rope in the skeptics, the strongest tracks are pushed toward the album's first half. "Crawl" flexes the band's rock & roll muscle, melding Led Zeppelin-styled crunch with the experimental guitar buzz of U2's *Achtung Baby*, while "Sex on Fire" makes up for its goofy title with a meteoric chorus tailored to Caleb's voice. (He sounds fantastic throughout the record, even if his vocals continue to be garbled by some untraceable accent, as if he's auditioning for the Jodie Foster role in a Broadway adaptation of *Nell*.) Rounding out the hit-filled segment are "Use Somebody" and "Manhattan," where Matthew Followill cloaks his guitar riffs in reverb and bassist Jared Followill takes the spotlight sporadically, popping up for quick melodic fills before ducking back into the mix. While past Kings of Leon albums concerned themselves with alcohol, women, and other hedonistic themes, those two songs are nothing but pop/rock grandeur, and Caleb howls their hopeful lyrics like Bono's American-born cousin. *Only by the Night* focuses on textures and experimentation during the album's latter half, but most songs still deliver some sort of Technicolor melody, from "Notion" (one of the only tracks featuring piano) to the unexpected chorus of "Be Somebody." Taken as a whole, *Only by the Night* targets the audience that approved Kings of Leon's sonic shift in 2007, leaving older fans free to damn these tracks for their consciously grand approach. Yes, the album is often cheesy. Yes, some of the more popular songs lost their luster after endless months of radioplay. But *Only by the Night* remains a potent Kings of Leon record, and the guys have never defined their ambition so clearly.



## Sonic Boom Over Europe – Tour 2010 – KISS

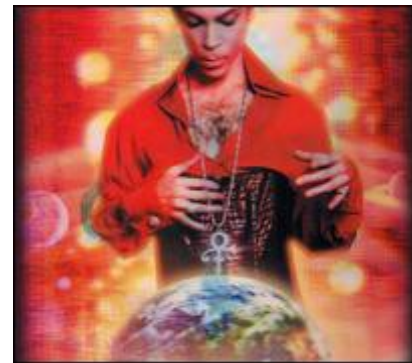


Live registratie van hun concert in Dessel,  
Graspop Metal Meeting op 27/06/2010

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## Planet Earth – Prince

Comeback accomplished, Prince now settles into a groove with 2007's *Planet Earth*, his 26th studio album and successor to the two deliberate comebacks, *Musicology* and *3121*. Those two albums were designed to storm the top of the charts but, more importantly, they were made with the intention of making Prince prominent again — a gambit that worked since Prince worked hard, stealing the show at both the Superbowl and the *American Idol* fifth-season finale and turning into an in-demand concert ticket once again. Both records were recorded with the expectations of making a splash, and *3121* even made some overtures toward modern music, most noticeably in the sleek electro workout of "Black Sweat," which suggested that Prince had heard the Neptunes, even if he didn't pay them much mind. In contrast to such grudging nods at his progeny, *Planet Earth* doesn't attempt to make concessions to contemporary music, although it does make a point of addressing the modern world, whether it's in the neo-apocalyptic warnings of destruction and God on the title track or his offhand reference to "this digital age" on the sweet slow jam "Somewhere Here on Earth." Such passing asides are enough indication that, even if Prince may belong to his own universe, he surely lives in our world, something that's also apparent from his move to give away the album with Sunday newspapers in the U.K., a move that infuriated record labels in Britain — since how can you sell something that's being given away for free? — yet makes some sense in terms of sheer marketing. After all, *Planet Earth* is the kind of sturdy, highly enjoyable music that needs some manufactured hoopla around its release; otherwise, it will fade into the artist's prodigious back catalog because of its very nature. This isn't a self-styled comeback, it's an album that showcases a still-vital veteran relaxing and playing music that's not surprising, not fashionable, but not stodgy or fussy. That may mean that *Planet Earth* isn't much more than a quite good Prince album, one that hits upon his most accessible personas — impish popster, funk-rocker, seductive balladeer, charmingly mystic weirdo — and doesn't go much further than that, yet it still offers plenty to enjoy, either as sheer music (some of the synths are a bit glassy, but nobody knows how to make a record sound warm like Prince) or as songs. If there are no classics here — or even songs that are as instantly grabbing as "Lolita" — there are no bad songs either, with the very funny, tightly wound rocker "Guitar," the



light, frothy "The One U Wanna C," and the NPG knockoff "Chelsea Rodgers" being as engaging as slow jams like "Future Baby Mama." There's no fluff and no fat, just ten strong songs delivered with just enough flair to remind you it's the work of Prince, yet strategically avoiding the indulgence that marginalized him throughout the '90s. Ultimately, *Planet Earth* is the sound of a working musician working, which makes it a bit of a passing pleasure, yet there's no denying that it is indeed a pleasure having him turn out solid records like this that build upon his legacy, no matter how modestly.

### **20TEN – Prince**



In België ge-released op 10/07/2010... naar aanleiding van zijn passage op Werchter Boutique ...

Once again abandoning retailers for U.K. newspaper giveaways — ever the eccentric, he's the only artist who's seized upon this unconventional distribution method — Prince continues his bold voyage into the past on *20Ten*. Its title may celebrate the present but the music is all about the past, continuing the retro-shock of the *MPLSound* segment of 2009's triple-disc set, reviving the synthetic funk of the pre-*Purple Rain* days while adding too heavy a dose of slow-burning grooves. The songs have more snap and polish than those on *LotusFlow3r/MPLSound* —

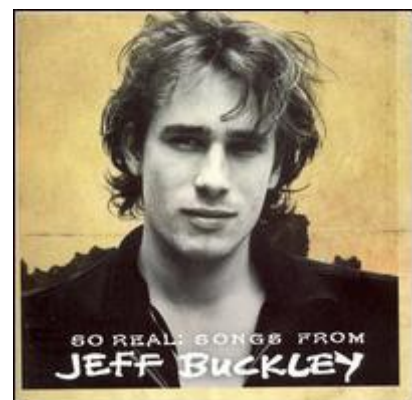
enough of a shape to be attractive from a distance, not enough to withstand closer scrutiny. Everything on *20Ten* exists on the surface: hooks don't sink in, funk jams are stuck in low gear, sensuality only simmers, the rhythms are somewhat stiff, and Prince's deliberate mining of the past only highlights how he's stripped the freakiness out of his entire persona. What's left behind isn't bad — he is a master musician luxuriating in his comfort zone so naturally that there's some pleasure to be had within *20Ten*, but it's a passive pleasure and one that is forgotten within a day, so perhaps it's fitting that it was packaged with a newspaper.

### **So Real – songs from Jeff Buckley – Jeff Buckley**

Because Jeff Buckley died after having only released one official studio album — and a fantastic one at that — fans and friends were unfortunately left to wonder what could have been instead of being able to see it first hand.

Fortunately, Buckley had other recorded evidence of his immense talent besides the ten songs on *Grace*. He was a live performer as much, if not more, as he was a studio musician, and his Monday-night residence at New York's now-defunct Sin-é in the early '90s lent itself to an EP and an extended two-CD set, and other bits of shows were captured on the various other releases that peppered record shelves after the singer's untimely departure. The closest thing we got to a second album was

1998's *Sketches for My Sweetheart the Drunk*, which, as the title indicates, was not necessarily a complete work, though most of the songs in themselves are finished-sounding and exciting enough to be interesting. What this means, of course, is that there's more than enough material to compile a "greatest-hits" collection, which is, in essence, what the *Mary*



Guibert- (Buckley's mother) and Tom Burleigh-compiled *So Real: Songs from Jeff Buckley* is. Unfortunately, it also claims to be a little more than that, with exclusive tracks and pictures not heard or seen elsewhere. In reality, most of the 14-song record is taken from *Grace*, specifically the 2004 Legacy edition, which had included a bonus track, "Forget Her," as well as alternate versions of songs like "Dream Brother" and "Eternal Life" — the latter of which has hard-edged electric guitars that reflect the grunge that was happening contemporarily — and Buckley's arguably two "biggest" songs, "Last Goodbye" and the fragile cover of Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah." The Sin-è sessions are also given a brief nod, with live cuts of Edith Piaf's "Je N'en Connais Pas La Fin" and the lovely "Mojo Pin," as is *Sketches*' ("Everybody Here Wants You" and "The Sky Is a Landfill"). The biggest attractions then, for fans who already own these albums, are the two previously unreleased cuts: the live acoustic version on "So Real" and live in-studio cover of the Smiths' haunting "I Know It's Over," on which Buckley manages to conjure up the presence of Moz while still making it very much his own. Both of these should be of no surprise to a serious fan — "I Know It's Over" is even attached to the end of "Hallelujah" on the live album *Mystery White Boy* — but it is nice to have all these tracks together at once. This is Buckley at his strongest and most affecting, and while *Grace* itself probably acts as the best introduction to the late musician, *So Real: Songs from Jeff Buckley*, still offers a good, honest portrayal of everything he was and all that he had.

### **Blue Alert – Anjani**



Anjani Thomas has been writing and recording since the 1980s after graduating from the Berklee College of Music. A skilled jazz pianist, her break came from her mentor, Leonard Cohen (who she has been working with since 1984), when she sang on "Hallelujah" on Cohen's 1985 *Various Positions* LP and was such an integral part of his 2004 recording, *Dear Heather*, where she sang, played keyboards, and co-wrote two of the songs. On her *Blue Alert* Columbia debut, Thomas co-wrote and/or finished previous fragments of his unpublished poems, lyrics from songs, and pieces in his notebooks and journals. He

produced the album. The result is a sultry, smoky, spiritual record, where flesh and heart are not separate entities but intertwine and whisper together. The record begins with a soft yet pronounced exhale and a piano chord by Thomas, and she sings, "There's perfume burning in the air/Bits of beauty everywhere/Shrapnel flying/Soldier hit the dirt/She comes so close you feel her then/She tells you no/And no again/Your lip is cut/On the edge of her pleated skirt/Blue alert." It's a song of desire run amok and the disappointment of that desire thwarted: "It's just another night I guess/Another night of nakedness/You even touch yourself/You're such a flirt...."

This is torch singing on an entirely new level. Her piano playing is carved in Bill Evans harmonics, and the melodic invention that comes simultaneously from George Shearing, Ahmad Jamal, and even Vince Guaraldi. Yes, the music is inherently sexy, but that's only the surface. Skin is the gross vehicle that is easily witnessed and categorized; spirit is the house it comes from. In "Innermost Door," with an easy, skeletal blues frame, she brings home the real grain and hope of heartbreak. How many singers can get away with "I must go

back to the place it began/To the place where I was a woman/And you were a man/If you come with me/I'll never begin...." Right, this is a journey; it goes deeper and deeper still. There is no straight line — this music is the place where, as the old Portuguese proverb states, "God writes straight with crooked lines." Sex, sin, redemption, love, revelation, regret, gratitude, and the coming together and breaking apart of human relations as the spirit grows or shrinks or hides are emboldened to endure and transform according to circumstance because nothing is coincidence.

The beautifully spare instrumentation on this album is a wonder. On "Half the Perfect World" she plays a beautiful jazz figure, gently swinging, on the classical guitar, underscoring a most beautiful song of memory and loss as absorbed in the present. In "Blue Alert" there is a baritone saxophone; on the country-tinged lounge tune "Never Got to Love You" Thomas' piano waltz is accompanied by the lap steel of ace studio musician Greg Leisz and Danny Frankel's soft touch on the drum kit. There are strings on "Crazy to Love You" and a clarinet and electric keyboards on the amazing "Thanks for the Dance," one of the most startling songs on this set — and which also closes it. The sparse arrangements and instrumentation are important because Thomas' voice is an instrument in itself. It goes beyond the words and the melodies that carry it to the fore; it's a voice from the belly, not so much deep as full and in its disciplined way a primal spirit voice.

"The Mist," another waltz, sounds like a Celtic folk song sung from the face of the hills into the sea: "As the mist leaves no scar/On the dark green hill/So my body leaves no scar/On you, nor ever will/As the many nights endure/Without a moon or star/So we will endure/When one is gone and far...." Finally, there is "Thanks for the Dance," an old-timey lounge tune. It feels like closing time on love, but love endures and is acknowledged as something so much deeper that cannot be understood in the moment: "And there's nothing to do/But to wonder if you/Are as hopeless as me/And as decent/We're joined in the spirit/Joined at the hip/Joined in the panic/Wondering if/We've come to some sort/Of agreement...." The agreement, the partnership between Thomas and Cohen, is thus the blossoming of a brave artist who dares to work with one of the greatest artists of the last and current century and establish a voice unmistakably her own: profound, unfettered, sensual, spiritual, and wonderfully, poetically impure — in other words, both elegant and tattered, spiritually drunken. Above all it is a truly honest voice that articulates the heart's sometimes rough, often confounding, and always cryptic language, with elegance and a grace that only reveals the terrible and beautiful truth of itself in the emptiness of waking at three a.m. alone. Highly recommended.

### **Band of Joy – Robert Plant**

*Band of Joy* was the name of Robert Plant's Black Country psychedelic folk group of the late '60s and his revival of its name and spirit in 2010 is of no small significance. Certainly, it's an explicit suggestion that Plant is getting back to his roots, which is true to an extent: the original *Band of Joy* was unrecorded outside of a handful of demos, so there is no indication of whether this 2010 incarnation sounds anything at all like the '60s band but the communal vibe that pulsates throughout this album hearkens back to





the age of hippies as much as it is an outgrowth of *Raising Sand*, Plant's striking duet album with Alison Krauss. Such blurred borders are commonplace on *Band of Joy*, where American and English folk meld, where the secular and sacred walk hand in hand, where the past is not past and the present is not rootless. Assisted by co-producer Buddy Miller and a band of roots iconoclasts highlighted by harmonist Patty Griffin, Plant finds fiercely original music within other people's songs, nabbing two songs from slow-core stalwarts Low, cherry-picking relative obscurities from Richard & Linda Thompson and Los Lobos, digging back to find forgotten songs from the heyday of honky tonk and traditional folk tunes not often sung. Some of these songs feel like they've been around forever and some feel fresh, but not in conventional ways: Low's "Silver Rider" and "Monkey" feel like ancient, unearthed backwoods laments and the riotous "You Can't Buy My Love" feels as if it was written yesterday. Much of the wonder of *Band of Joy* lies in these inventive interpretations but the magic lies in the performances themselves. Never as austere as the clean, tasteful impressionism of *Raising Sand*, *Band of Joy* is bold and messy, teeming with life to its very core. It's as a joyous a record as you'll ever hear, a testament that the power of music lies not in its writing but in its performance.

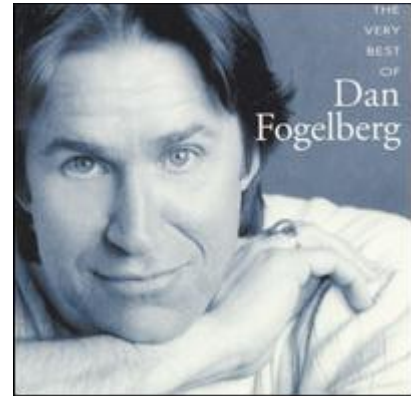
### **Going Back (Deluxe version) – Phil Collins**



Like any baby boomer Phil Collins is no stranger to Motown. Arguably, he has a deeper connection than most, having scored a hit with a cover of the Supremes' "You Can't Hurry Love" back in 1982 and then proving he was adept at writing his own Tamla bounce with 1988's "Two Hearts," so devoting a full album to Motown songs is not a huge stretch, but 2010's *Going Back* -- his first studio album since 2002's *Testify* and only his fourth record since 1990 -- is nevertheless mildly surprising in its fidelity to its source material. Collins hired three of the surviving Funk Brothers as instrumental support and set about replicating a bunch of Motown classics -- 18 in its standard edition, a whopping 25 in its deluxe edition -- in a studio in Switzerland. Replication is not an exaggeration: these are not interpretations but re-creations of the original arrangements and productions, the only difference being Collins' vocals. He is too in love with the originals to change even tiny inflections but he's also enjoying the process of making music with some of his idols. For a listener, this can be a shared fun, particularly when Collins explores some of the lesser-known songs, like "Girl (Why You Wanna Make Me Blue)," "Some of Your Lovin'," "In My Lonely Room" and "Something About You." Most of *Going Back* is devoted to the tried and true, though, the hits that remain staples on oldies stations across the globe, and whenever Collins is singing "Heatwave," "Uptight," "Papa Was a Rolling Stone," "Jimmy Mack" or "Going to a Go-Go," the album inches away from being a labor of love and into pure nostalgia trip, but even then the album is pleasant enough that it's hard to complain.

## The Very Best of Dan Fogelberg – Dan Fogelberg

Although nine of the ten songs on Dan Fogelberg's 1982 release *Greatest Hits* also show up here, this is a definite improvement on that prior disc. It has more songs (17), and extends its chronological reach all the way up to 1993. A few post-1982 chart singles are on here that weren't on *Greatest Hits*, though only one of them, "The Language of Love," was a big hit, and it could be argued that Fogelberg's most popular and familiar material is adequately summarized by *Greatest Hits* anyway.



## Hitarchief Top 2000 – Vol. 2 – Various Artists



uitgebracht ter gelegenheid van de tweede uitzending in 2010 ...

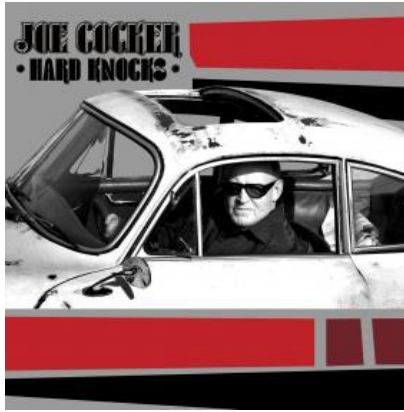
## Mean Old Man – Jerry Lee Lewis

Jerry Lee Lewis made his first Steve Bing-produced comeback in 2006 with *Last Man Standing*, an all-star duets album that packed a surprising punch. With Jim Keltner replacing Jimmy Ripp as co-producer, Bing leads the Killer through the same basic formula for 2010's *Mean Old Man*, even retaining many of the same all-stars from before -- Keith Richards, Mick Jagger, Ron Wood, Merle Haggard, Robbie Robertson, Ringo Starr, John Fogerty, Kris Kristofferson, Willie Nelson and Kid Rock all return because who wouldn't want them all to return for seconds? -- but the vibe on this record is a little more subdued, with Keltner favoring a welcome muddy Sun murk over the crisp snap of *Last Man Standing*. So, there's nothing that rampages like his take on Led Zeppelin's "Rock N Roll" -- although "Roll Over Beethoven," with Ringo and John Mayer in tow, comes close -- but the slower tempos suit the 74-year old Killer, letting him dig into the contours of the songs and he gets into the nitty-gritty of the Stones' "Dead Flowers" and "Sweet Virginia" (the latter cleaned up so Jerry Lee is cleaning the shine off his shoes), sounds invigorated to be singing gospel with Solomon Burke and finds an ideal harmony partner in Gillian Welch, whose presence elevates "Please Release Me" and "I Really Don't Want To Know." On these last two, Jerry Lee Lewis doesn't quite sound like the *Mean Old Man* of the title -- old, yes, but sorrowful not spiteful -- but the record does find the Killer reviving his old snarl thanks to the title



track, the Kid Rock and Slash-graced “Rockin’ My Life Away” and, best of all, a terrific reading of “You Can Have Her” featuring Eric Clapton and James Burton. With each track designed as a showcase for the featured guest, Mean Old Man winds up playing a little like a collection of moments but it’s hard to complain when the moments prove that you can still be vigorous and vital at the age of 74.

### Hard Knocks – Joe Cocker



Teaming up with Matt Serletic, a producer who made his name via his work with Collective Soul and especially Matchbox Twenty, Joe Cocker comes up with a clean, shiny machine on *Hard Knocks*. Despite Cocker's trademark soulful rasp, this isn't an especially warm album. It's bright and bold, as hard and shiny as stainless steel, but there isn't a meanness to it: it's professional to its core, each note polished til it gleams, not one song outside of Cocker's wheelhouse. He pours his passion in, which may not be enough to liven up this buttoned-down upper-crust soul, but it is enough to keep things pleasant.

### Hitarchief Top 2000 – Vol. 1 – Various Artists

uitgebracht bij de eerste uitgave in 2009 ...



### Fly Me To The Moon (The Great American Songbook – Vol.5) – Rod Stewart



Rod Stewart has been mining the Great American Songbook for the better part of a decade, so it would only make sense that he would get a little bit better as time goes by. And, by some stroke of fate, *Fly Me to the Moon* -- the fifth installment in this never-ending series and first since 2005, as Rod spent the back half of the 2000s taking songbook detours into rock and soul -- is Stewart's best album in the entire series. Some credit must be due to producer Richard Perry, who returns to the project after a few records off, but what distinguishes *Fly Me to the Moon* isn't precision but relaxation. Rod is cool and loose, comfortable with the contours of these standards, which he should be after singing them for ten years. Standards still may not be suited for Stewart's particular gifts -- unlike the rock and R&B numbers of his early years, he has absolutely no interest in rearranging the tunes

or doing something unexpected with them, so he simply wraps his soulful rasp around them, sometimes sounding too ragged for the surroundings -- but he knows how to make his flaws work in his favor. He sounds like he's having fun swinging through the tunes everybody knows by heart, and that's the difference on an album that's otherwise interchangeable with what came before: usually, the *Great American Songbooks* sound obligatory, but here there's enough spirit coming from Rod to make this the best album in the series.

### **In and Out of Consciousness – Robbie Williams**

A three-disc set that is expanded even further in accompanying CD/DVD editions, *In and Out of Consciousness: Greatest Hits 1990-2010* presents no less than 59 examples of what made Robbie Williams a fascinating millennial superstar. Seemingly all things to all pop fans -- ambitious and self-deprecating, sensitive and boorish, dynamic and introverted -- Williams never lacked for people with a strong opinion of his work (although the number and force of the detractors seem at least equal to that of the supporters). Unlike his previous compilation, *Greatest Hits*, which was six years old in 2010, *In and Out of Consciousness: Greatest Hits 1990-2010* presents a much richer picture of Williams' discography. All the hits are here plus, for the first time, a wealth of album tracks capable of supplementing any casual fan's understanding of what made Williams occasionally great, sometimes infuriating, and nearly always worth hearing. The collection proceeds from newest to oldest, beginning with a pair of new songs (both of which are Gary Barlow co-compositions; the two were famously at odds during their *Take That* days) and ending over two hours later with tracks from his debut album plus the *Take That* single "Everything Changes" from 1994. (The very unhappy Williams was invited to leave the group one year later, although *Take That* management contracts prevented him from releasing solo material for nearly two years.) The compilers have chosen well, taking slightly fewer songs from infamous duds like *Escapology* and *Intensive Care* (although those tracks appear on the first disc) and spending more time on his precocious, entertaining '90s albums *I've Been Expecting You* and *Life Thru a Lens* (plus the non-album single "Freedom," a George Michael cover that out-performed the original on the British charts). The compilation even finds time for four tracks from *Swing When You're Winning*, his standards side project, and the new track from his previous *Greatest Hits*, "Eternity." In the end, whether listeners want *Greatest Hits* or *In and Out of Consciousness: Greatest Hits 1990-2010* (or the original albums themselves) will depend mostly on the amount of time and money they're willing to spend, but *In and Out of Consciousness* certainly offers a full portrait of Robbie Williams, the greatest pop star of the '90s and 2000s that few people appeared to respect but everyone enjoyed.





## Crazy Love (Hollywood Edition) – Michael Bublé

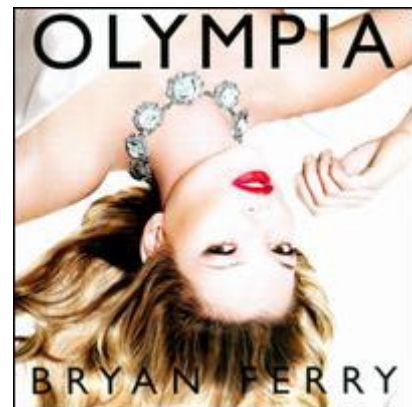


re-issue with three extra tracks ...

## Olympia – Bryan Ferry

There are two headlines for *Olympia*, Bryan Ferry's 13th solo album. The first is that it's Ferry's first collection of primarily original material since 1994's *Mamouna* -- of the ten songs only Tim Buckley's "Song to the Siren" is from another author -- the second is that among the many collaborators here are Brian Eno, Phil Manzanera, and Andy MacKay, all original members of Roxy Music, their presence suggesting a return to the chilly art of Roxy's earliest records. Neither headline tells the real story:

*Olympia* is Ferry's most seductive album since *Avalon*, a luxurious collection of softly stylized sophistication. Instead of pushing into new territory, Ferry focuses on refinement, polishing his signatures -- primarily songs so slow they seem to float, and also the occasional high-end piece of pristine pop-funk -- until they're seamless, the textures shifting so subtly that when the chorus of "Heartache by Numbers" turns eerie, the change in atmosphere is almost subliminal. Such command of mood is a tell-tale sign of a quiet perfectionist, but *Olympia* doesn't feel fussy; it's unruffled and casually elegant, its pleasing familiarity reflecting the persistence of an old master honing his craft.



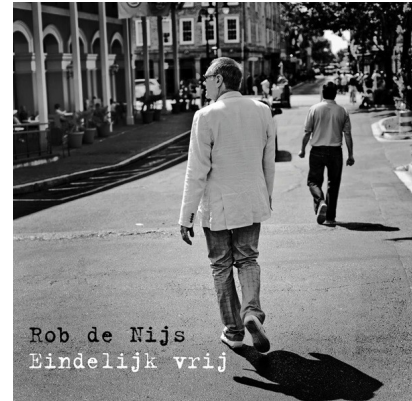
## Hvelreki – Ozark Henry



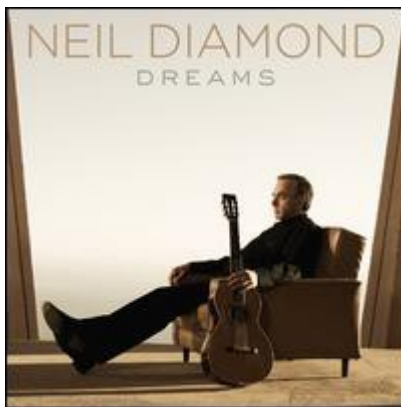
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## Eindelijk Vrij – Rob de Nijs

...



## Dreams – Neil Diamond



After two excellent collaborations with Rick Rubin, Neil Diamond can't resist taking the production reins himself for this collection of (mostly) covers. His liner notes claim these songs as some of his favorites from the "rock era" -- implying it's over. While this set is more intimate than most of his overblown production of the last 30 years, it is a step away from the simplicity of his work with Rubin, featuring full strings, chamber reeds, winds, and brass on various cuts. As a vocalist, Diamond's dramatic -- rather than involved -- authority is his trademark; he imposes it on almost every track. It works well here -- sometimes: the reading of Bill Withers' "Ain't No Sunshine" is excellent for this reason, more like a playwright's look than a lover's. The fiddle in Lennon and McCartney's "Blackbird" adds warmth to Diamond's declamatory vocal. Randy Newman's "Feels Like Home" is a set high point: it so intimate, naked, and desperate -- uncharacteristic of the ultra-private Diamond -- it can stop the listener in her tracks; it *feels* unintentionally included on this collection. The restrained narrative storyteller's presentation of "Midnight Train to Georgia" is, despite its simple delivery, more empathic than passionate. The reading of Leonard Cohen's transcendent "Hallelujah" is not definitive by any means, but it best illustrates Diamond's intention to pay homage to the song -- it's an excellent version to add to the bunch that already exists. Lesley Duncan's "Love Song" (Elton John's reading on *Tumbleweed Connection* is the classic) is quietly yet exotically treated with layered acoustic guitars, a spare piano, and King Errisson's imaginative hand percussion. Harry Nilsson's "Don't Forget Me," which bookends the album, is another high point with a celebratory horn chart underscoring the romantic world-weary irony in Diamond's delivery. Some tracks just don't work. Gilbert O'Sullivan's "Alone Again (Naturally)" sounds like the maudlin, trite novelty it is. Diamond's "I'm a Believer" is rendered with far more drama than necessary. Here it's not an iconic pop song. It comes from the back end of the story -- illustrated by acoustic guitars, cello, and vibraphone, its joy is displaced by resolve, as if the singer is trying to convince himself the song's lyrics are true. Like most covers sets, this is a mixed bag, and it's for the hardcore Diamond fan more than those who admire *Home Before Dark*, *12 Songs*, or his work from the '60s through the mid-'70s.

## This is the season – Trijntje Oosterhuis

Trijntje's eerste Kerst CD ...



## Dromen Durven Delen – Marco Borsato



## Endlessly – Duffy

eftly turning from Dusty Springfield-like ingenue to Kylie Minogue-ish diva in the span of one album, Duffy has produced an album, *Endlessly*, that is nearly everything its predecessor was not: where *Rockferry* was by turns melancholy and majestic, *Endlessly* is direct and forceful. Where the songs on *Rockferry* portrayed a young neo-soul singer too wounded to even look at the camera, *Endlessly* comes blasting out, right from the possessive opener, "My Boy," and fires several more aggressive shots across the bow of anyone who thought her too subdued on *Rockferry* (led by the single "Well Well Well"). Co-producer and co-songwriter Albert Hammond (father to the Strokes' guitarist and a singer/songwriter in his own right) coats the album in strings, similar to the last album's producer (Bernard Butler), but also allows plenty of clubby productions and up-front beats (some provided by the Roots' stickman Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson) to give this album a fine sheen of pop gloss (where *Rockferry* was akin to the throwback balladry of Scott Walker) Often, the collaboration hits a sweet spot, as on "Too Hurt to Dance," which is laden with Brill Building strings, but sounds up to the minute as well. Duffy's voice, however, has not improved with age, or simply isn't portrayed well here. She sings higher notes and sounds more pinched than before, and occasionally her vibrato sounds purposefully creaky, like a parody of her more infamous British soul rival, Amy Winehouse. (The rare moments where she holds back her vocals, like album highlight "Don't Forsake



Me," actually come off truer and more nakedly emotional.) From the beginning of her career, Duffy's voice alone was clearly not her most potent weapon. Here, she oddly attempts to build an album out of it, not succeeding with anything close to the power and elegance of *Rockferry*.

### **Anatomy – Born Crain**



### **The Memory of Trees – Enya**

No surprises here, of course -- Enya didn't achieve new age superstardom by challenging anyone's expectations. This album is every bit as hushed, lovely, and soulless as everything else she's ever done; like a perfect angel food cake, it's sweet, soft, and utterly lacking in nutritive substance. There's nothing the matter with angel food cake, of course, and there's also nothing really the matter with *The Memory of Trees*, though its Druidic theme does smell awfully trendy (nothing was quite so hip as neopaganism in 1995), and it steers so strictly the same melodic and textural course she's been following throughout her solo career that you're tempted to wonder why anyone would want to spend the money on what amounts to a complete rehash of her earlier work. While other cultural influences play a greater part in this album, the beautiful and brooding Celtic melodies she brought with her from her earlier work with *Clannad* are still the primary raw materials, and her skillful use of them is still the main thing that sets her apart from the new age pack. She also has a truly lovely voice, and there's no point trying to resist the gentle charm of "China Roses" and the incantatory power of "Anywhere Is." But so little of the album lives up to the promise of these and one or two other tracks that it's hard to recommend it very enthusiastically.

