

Inverness (mp3 Album)



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Baroque Indie Pop: Foma's Fourth full length shows the San Francisco via Albuquerque outfit continues to explore themes of death, regret, and redemption. Soaring string arrangements, tense guitars, lush vocal melodies and harmonies. A long awaited follow 8 MP3 Songs in this album (24:06) ! Related styles: POP: Baroque Pop, ROCK: Space Rock People who are interested in Pavement Grandaddy Belle and Sebastian should consider this download. Details: Soaring swells of strings come to the forefront, providing effortless counterpoint to striking vocal melodies and varied instrumentation in the fourth release of San Francisco via Albuquerque indie pop outfit Foma. With Inverness, Foma departs from the story telling format of 2006s Phobos, but maintains the bands strongly motif driven approach to album making. Largely overlooked by the indie mainstream, the truly independent Foma seems to adhere to a hesitant, but relentless, exploration of frustration, regret, and death in its lyrical expressions. Yet, Fomas music tends to leave the listener with a strange sense of hope. Careful arrangements define Inverness, a long overdue album that proves Foma is band that continues to mature. There is a tension, often subtle, in Fomas music, and one would do him or herself a favor by giving it more than a cursory listen. Reviews of Fomas 2006 full length release, Phobos: from Skratch Magazine by David Barker: Foma can be summed up as the culmination of everything good from the '60s that was injected into the indie rock of the past two decades. Lo-fi, twee-pop, space-rock, and all the rest of the hyphenated, meaningless sub-genres aren't lost on this New Mexico-based band. PHOBOS is unpredictable, unrelenting in its desire to change direction, and really makes you wonder why Foma isn't getting hyped by the indie elitist press. Credentials include tours with Cat Power, The Decemberists, and Mates of State, by the way. If you're a Grandaddy or Flaming Lips fan in need of something to make amends for break-ups or AT WAR WITH THE MYSTICS, here's your chance. from Sentimentalist magazine: Phobos is a sensationally

imaginative release with its slight nod to our cover artists, Flaming Lips. The Cockroach Remains could have just as easily been a lost Lips B-side. The disc's production is top-notch, which allows the emotionally-empowered vocal melodies to breathe. Other outstanding tracks include Don't Burn Babies and the darkly poetic Another Day In Paradise from Luna Kaf, copyright 2006 Hvard Oppyen Foma's debut album, Icecaves, came flying by as a pleasant surprise. I therefore greet Phobos with a cheering, almost childlike glee. Phobos seems to be an album of the conceptual kind. Phobos means: 1. one of the two moons of Mars. And: 2. in Greek mythology, the son and of companion of Ares (the God of war), being the God of anxiety, panic, fear. Wow. A horror-theme record? Well, it seems like it's more of a Martian tale. Edward Burch (the Foma chief) and his gang (including Heather Trost of A Hawk and a Hacksaw, Isaac Bonnell of The Foxx and The Alarm Clocks, and Heath Dauberman of Nels Andrews' El Paso Eyepatch!) is up to more of their sweetly fuzzed, twisted and bent, but very catchy and charming indie-pop. Much in the vein or up the alley of (a mixture of) Masters of The Hemisphere (or many other Kindercore-related band), Summer Hymns, and Granddaddy, to pick but a few (and I could be very wrong). But the "first" track, the instrumental preface Don't Burn Babies - which works sort of as a taster, could've been something by the highly energetic and bouncy Swedes bob hund (or their alter ego Bergman Rock). Phobos is short, clocking in on 31 minutes. I'm a fan of short and efficient albums. The ten songs of this one brings us as far off as Mars. Yes, the two-part (not counting the preface) tale starts with an Introduction, ending with "Departure", before taking us to Dream One, which holds among others "Arrival" (no, not ABBA's...). The CD booklet present a robot which seems to be the leading character along the red thread of the story. The music is poppy, joyful, appysad, thoughtful, and dreamy. My favorite tracks are: "Kurt's Theme", the Granddaddy-ish "Arrival", the charming "Robot Exoskeleton", the 1-minute-20-secs-long perfectly slow/dazed pop song, and the sweet and quiet closing track "Soft Rains". I guess (I hope) will reach a bigger audience soon. One day. Buy their records, go see their shows. Love.

from UK Music Search: Crafting exquisite indie rock that careers between ramshackle noisewerk and delicate sentimentality, Foma are a New Mexico outfit reminiscent of both Joy Zipper at their most tender and Pavement at their brashest. Latest album, PHOBOS is an indie rock masterpiece just waiting to be discovered, a record brimming with charm, style and grace. From the opening guitar blasts of DON'T BURN BABIES, Foma set out their stall as a band just inviting you to love them. The tender croons and swoons of THE COCKROACH REMAINS finds frontman Edward Burch delivering his fragile, practically

whispered vocals over tender guitar scrawls. DEPARTURE indicates a shift towards noisier climes, the guitars clatter and crash over barrelling drum patterns, Burch singing like an even more cracked version of Wayne Coyne, though also injected with touches of Granddaddy's Jason Lyte here and there. The orchestral swells of KURT'S THEME find Foma moving towards a sound reminiscent of Stars or Broken Social Scene, a tender duet that tugs on the heartstrings and aims for the stars; ARRIVAL heaping more off kilter guitar noise around, YOU KILLED PRIVATE PYLE on the other hand featuring a swooning female vocal that against the indie rock noise brings to mind the delicious majesty of Joy Zipper at their best. ROBOT EXOSKELETON is an acoustic caress; Burch as sensitive singer/songwriter, FINAL SLEEP, a trippy Beatles-esque slice of psych rock barnstorming. The final song of the set, SOFT RAINS again pits Edward Burch as the acoustic guitar strumming troubadour - his fragile voice charming and beguiling you all over again, practically inviting you over to give him a big warm hug and reassure him everything's going to be alright. A gorgeous and swooning record, PHOBOS is a delicate alt-pop delight from start to finish; Foma the kind of band you normally only dream of. A delicious slumber party attended by Joy Zipper, Granddaddy, Stars, Broken Social Scene and Pavement, Foma are a band you can love, PHOBOS a record you can adore. Essential, dreamlike and unmissable.

from Venus by Bill Copeland:

The brainchild of Edward Burch, college radio favorite Foma is a six-piece band gathered for Burch's recording project. Their new CD Phobos features the band employing a mix of electric and acoustic guitars, cello, and synthesizers to create a science fiction musical story about a man who escapes post-industrial Earth and lands on a Mars moon only to find his new atmosphere too thin to breathe in. Burch and his band primarily concern themselves with the recording process and the storytelling format. As a result, the entire CD plays out like a soundtrack to a big budget sci-fi adventure film. Odd song titles abound. "Don't Burn Babies" is a neat blend of electric-acoustic pop with synthesizer melodies. It conjures up a sense of urgency like an action scene in Invasion of the Body Snatchers. "The Cockroach Remains" is a ballad sung in an ironic tone with ominous lyrics like "Don't worry / We won't be here for long" while a tense cello fills out the mood. Edgy guitars from Burch and Isaac Bonnell work well on "Arrival" and cellist/vocalist Ariel Muniz applies her sweet voice to the dark fate of "You Killed Private Pyle." Burch turns in his best performance on "Robot Exoskeleton," a melodic piece with a bright, smooth vocal that belies the bleak, urgent lyrics about a protective spacesuit deteriorating with our hero inside of it. Nothing here stands out as a hit single, yet the whole remains an engaging, entertaining musical journey. In the

end, Foma must be heard to be understood.

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