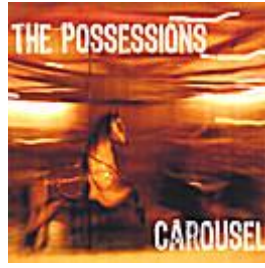


Mp3 The Possessions - Carousel



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The Possessions are a Brooklyn-based, soul/R&B/rock outfit whose sound fuses the earthy, raw grooves of 60's and 70's soul music with the crunch of classic rock. 12 MP3 Songs in this album (48:58) ! Related styles: URBAN/R&B: Southern Soul, BLUES: Blues-Rock People who are interested in The Black Crowes Joan Osborne should consider this download. Details: If the mid/late-90s invasion of old-souled female rockers, like Sheryl Crow and Joan Osborne, wasnt enough, Amy Winehouse, K.T. Tunstall and a new legion of soul queens have rendered the genre of throwback female soul-rock a tired idiom, mostly because it is a style that is as easy to approach as it is to botch. There are, after all, a hundred Shanon Kurfmans for every Sharon Jones even if casual fans sometimes cant tell the difference. Thats why its hard to get too excited over any act that uses adjectives like old school, soulful and early-70s while describing their sound; an assessment that would be true of the Possessions, another female-fronted, Brooklyn-based soul/rock outfit, if they werent one of the few that actually followed through on their billing which they do emphatically on Carousel, their debut album. In essence, the Possessions is vocalist Tracy Eisenberg and guitarist/songwriter Frank Schiazza, who work together like many of the male/female front duos of years gone by: Delaney Bonnie, Lindsay and Stevie, Marvin and Tammy, etc. Unlike their freewheeling predecessors, however, who made entire careers out of being restless and impulsive, Eisenberg and Schiazza are polished and grounded; their songs as reflective as they are raucous. In the literal sense, Carousel is a concept-album: a 12-song set of songs that with the exception of the thinly-veiled sexual plea of Wanting (What I Aint Got), and Sweet Marvin, an abstract song about a dead lover, set to a hard-funk beat, reminiscent of Tower of Power at their gritty best deal with the cyclical nature of love and loss. The band doesnt play up the concept album angle too strongly, however, and instead works to make each song stand on its own; a wise move, since the real allure of the album is the

relentless barrage of knockout-song after knockout-song. On the opening cut, Ill Be Gone, the band fuses the vocal approach of Delaney Bonnie with Steve Winwood keyboards and a burst of Van Morrison horns, to create a sound that harks back to a time when soul-rock horns were hip, and loveless bravado was all the rage. Once that part of me dies/Ill say well, its been nice/wipe one last tear from your eye/and then Ill be gone Eisenberg sings, toeing the line between detachment and desire. Carry Me Through, finds the band locked into a reggae groove that builds to a mammoth, sign-along coda, not too unlike those made famous by late-90s, pre Harijuku No Doubt. Carousel, the title track, updates the crunch of mid-90s rock with a rollicking chorus, and some soulful lead breaks by Schiazza and guest keyboardist Ben Laufer. Always the Same, a brilliant Schiazza/Eisenberg compilation, sounds like a long-lost Goffin/King gem a song of love and helplessness, set to a minor-key backing that is as gorgeous as it is brooding. Eisenberg sings from a place deeper than her soul as she nails the crescendo (Talking all that same old trash again/the same kind of trash I really love hearing/yeah, its the same thing), then bellows the chorus on repeat as the song fades out amid a sea of brass and cellos. The band takes some stylistic chances in the middle of the album, trying their hands at funky dance pop (Wanting), straight blues (Any Way I Can) and even 80s synth-pop, with the static, grandiose Let it be Tonight. With each, the band succeeds, impressively claiming each stylistic departure as its own meaning they are not departures at all, but rather a band that can float seamlessly between genres. Even on Fallin Down is Easy, the only true simple pop song on the record, the Possessions hit the mark, establishing a groove thats light and playful, while Eisenberg sings like a grown-woman, thrust back into the helplessness of adolescent heartbreak. One little puff and Ill fall, she sings, before turning to the only person she has left for support: mama. The albums best track, however, is All Alone in Your Arms, a slow, burning soul ballad that could easily have been recorded by Aretha Franklin at Muscle Shoals Studio with Jerry Wexler at the helm. Schiazza, finally given a chance to stretch out his fingers, turns in a mammoth lead break one of the highlights of the album, and glaring evidence that he is among the most skilled and tuneful guitarists in the business. The closing track, (Youre Gonna Be) Mine, Someday is another Brill Building work-out, with production that is gloriously Spectorian, and an Eisenberg vocal performance that is gloriously melancholy. As the song fades, Eisenberg can be heard crying youre gonna be mine someday/no matter what you do or what you say, and, with a soaring string melody and crashing cymbals as her backdrop, you wonder if shes screaming at a distant lover, or legions of unconverted fans that have yet to hear this

band. With a debut as strong as this, theres no doubt that, to whomever Eisenberg was calling, they will answer.

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