Mp3 Mikey Manville - Broken Arms



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He seduces you with ritual and chant. His humor, sorrow, rage simmer between the surface of every note. 13 MP3 Songs FOLK: Folk-Rock, ROCK: Adult Contemporary Details: He storms across the stage as if crazed by his musical incantations. Who is this sorcerer? Ladies and gentlemen, introducing Mikey Manville - a minimalist solo realization. As a versatile singer/songwriter, Manville turns from soulful, folk-rock troubadour to a maddening front man in the psychedelic, blues-infused quartet, The Manvils. With every performance, Manville continues on his rocknroll pilgrimage in the name of his heroes, from the pioneers H. Williams Sr., J.Cash and M. Haggard, to the moderns, S. Earle, E. Smith and Marah. Vancouver-based and native Torontonian, Mikey Manville has spread his intense musical sermon across North America. Connecting three times in three years with Chicago Producer and fellow tunesmith John Akred, multi-instrumentalist Manville is set to release his much anticipated sophomore solo record, Broken Arms in the summer of 2007. Mikey Manville Broken Arms Sandbag You all know The Manvils, right? A tight lil rock machine - probably the highest-calibre radioready rock in Vancouver, actually. Frontman Mikey Manville is charting himself a serious star path, but this solo album, his first, surprisingly isnt riffy at all! Its gentle, man-with-guitar stuff. Sappy, pretty, whiny and weary. Broken hearts, cushy love darts. Beatlemania looms large; lead track My Old Days is dragged along by gorgeous descending McCartney chord changes, immaculate back-up vox, and snappy strumming. Youd swear theres a string orchestra too, but thats just John Akreds luminous production. Horns, organs, keys, pedal steel courtesy of Bob Egan (Wilco/Blue Rodeo) slippin in and glistenin out as gentle as a Durex, ultra-thin, Manville wisely stroking his instrument like a woman, not his cock, purring not pumping, making Broken Arms is own private candlelit dinner. Happiness is a beaut. Almost Radiohead, a distorting drone (organ bass set on cello?) throbbin away, the snare sounding like a shovel of dirt, circus organ spookin it up. Otherwise,

13 consecutive sad crooners makes for one long haul, but get in the mood and rewards are plenty. - Dave Bertrand

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