

MARCEL
KANCHE
VERTIGES
DES
LENTEURS.



Marcel Kanche

★★★★

Vertiges Des Lenteurs

DE LU ELECTRIK

Spirit of a vampyre: veteran French singer takes it slow for those long, cold nights.

For his fifth album, France's moodiest *chansonnier* has produced the sort of record you wish Leonard Cohen made more often: sparse, languid, poetic ballads "sung" with a mature baritone growl that should melt women's hearts at 30 metres. Oh, and he knows it, even lapsing into English (do the French find that sexy?) on *Nos Membres Sont Lourds* ("Were you here... when the corn wrapped around her thighs?") If there is such a thing as *Nosferatu* chanson, Kanche is its *Max Schreck*,

offering darkness, shadows and memorable images rather than eternal life. Translating the titles reinforces an atmosphere of fatalism – She Has It In For Me, If I Should Die, Nothing Will Be Like Before – though the singer's voice carries an air of "What did you expect?" that heightens the effect.

David Hutcheon

Welcome

★★★★

Sirs

FAT CAT

Syd Barrett fronting Pere Ubu, perhaps?

This album, the debut from an apparently patient quartet whose first line-up coalesced some 10 years ago, is a mutant breed, seldom spotted in the heard-it-all noughties, which has you genuinely scratching your head wondering if you've ever heard the like before. Fundamentally, you're hearing the acid-fragmented, Brit-psych of early Floyd and The Creation, filtered through the dissonant perspectives of No Wave and post-hardcore. Yet, somehow, the opening Syd-voiced clamour of *All Set* feels like the freshest, weirdest, most unlikely pop song of 2006.

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