



Simon Bookish
Everything / Everything
Tomlab



One evening in 1977 David Bowie and Steve Reich climbed the great peak of mount minimalism. At the summit the heroes struggled day and night, their blood flowing down the mountain in a ruby torrent. Where it leaked into the soil new heroes sprouted - Talking Heads, Tears for Fears, Supertramp. As dawn rose on the nineties, the struggle reached its apotheosis, the two great warriors falling exhausted upon one another's blades. Right at that moment a young shepherd tending his flock came upon the tableau. Blinded by the glory, he fell to his hands and knees. That young man rose, changed. His name was Simon Bookish.

This is a wonderful album, unselfconsciously referential and delightfully obsolete. Although sharing the classical influences, pop sensibility and polysyllabic lyricism of Andrew Bird and Patrick Wolf, Bookish is as likely to produce scores for Brecht dramas, or uber-pretentious London radio station Resonance, as lovingly crafted pop music. Don't get the wrong impression, no one is likely to be singing along to 'Il Trionfo Del Tempo' in Whelan's any time soon. However, for fans of Philip Glass, Joanna Newsom and Owen Pallett, looking for thrillingly affected classical pop, *Everything / Everything's* syncopated simplicity, and Bookish's caramel baritone could hit the spot. **Gareth Stack**