Ariane Moffatt - Tous Les Sens (2008)



1 La Fille De L'Iceberg 2 Briser Un Coeur 3 Je Veux Tout 4 Tes Invectives 5 L'Équilibre 6 Éternel Instant Présent 7 Réverbère 8 En L'Air (Intermède) 9 Tous Les Sens 10 Jeudi, 17 Mai 11 Perséides 12 Hiver Mile-End Bass – François Plante, Jean-François Lemieux, Marie-Pierre Fournier Cello – Annie Gadbois Chorus, Guitar – Joseph Marchand Drums – Jean-Phi Goncalves Electric Piano – Ariane Moffatt, Franck Deweare French Horn – Jean-Philippe "Bada" Magny Guitar – Joseph Marchand, Jean-Phi Goncalves Harp – Sara Pagé Keyboards, Tambourine – Jean-Phi Goncalves Synth, Piano – Ariane Moffatt Trombone – Jean-Nicolas Trottier Trumpet – David Carbonneau Tuba – Philippe Legault Viola – Ligia Paquin Violin – Mélanie Bélair, Mélanie Vaugeois Vocals – Ariane Moffatt

Ariane Moffatt has built a career based on the sweetness of her voice and the novelty of her compositions. In the U.S., she's certainly less well known (though an appearance on a 2005 Putumayo compilation brought her a bit of recognition), but could be fit into the market of highly capable female singer/songwriters with a bit of novelty and quirk to their sounds. Moffatt can tinkle like Feist; she can croon like Sara Bareilles; she can put together a loping beat that simultaneously comes across as both stylishly effortless and highly crafted. Moffatt is vocally strolling and strutting, not just walking. There's a fairly wide stylistic range available here, from softer, more standard-format ballads to an electro-thump title track that uses a whisper and something close to a Rachid Taha motive to clear some surprising territory. Moffatt earned her keep on the Canadian charts with this one. ---Adam Greenberg, AllMusic Review

Tous les sens - all directions. Ariane is all over the pop universe on this one. From the purely acoustic honkey tonk jazz of Briser un Coeur to more eclectic and electric arrangements, you'll

hear strings, brass, quirky sound effects, multi-tracked voices, playful Pink Floydian psychoses, techno beats, ethereal music with just a pure lone voice ... but the standout track is a rocker, notably, Réverbère. When you hear this one you'll be back on the Grande-Allée, belly full'o poutine and St-Ambroise noir, flying overhead like some comic superhero, tattered Nordiques sweater flapping in the wind, the elements howling in your face. Only this is no grade B movie. The street lights may be shining on your feet but the Northern Lights are still way overhead, shimmering like electric fleur-de-lis and reflecting back at you from far down below in the St. Lawrence's effervescent brilliance. ---Bud Tristano, amazon.com

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