

--advertisement--



Last shop order this year for the UK is 21 Dec, for international is 14 Dec...

Here's our [Xmas Countdown Bonanza](#) [#5](#). It's a free pipe charm necklace from Vibe Harslof!

Happy Holidays!

Blog: [Letter of the day!](#)

 

Rachel Grimes
Book Of Leaves

Label: Ruminance



MySpace
Website

When the weekend was named after the outside world; Saturday is so called after Saturn, the Roman God of agriculture and harvest, while Sunday is about the sun. (Who'd have thought!) Advocating a brisk solo hike around the chilly autumnal countryside might be overstretching it, but there is more to weekends than hangovers, misjudged choices of bedfellow and biting your tongue when the other half spills coffee on the sheets. There's a whole world out there, city dwellers!

This is where Rachel Grimes pushes the shutters open. Her music, as the composer for indie chamber group Rachel's and on forthcoming solo release *Book Of Leaves*, invokes a bold exterior landscape of brown hues and patched fields from the dark interior of the piano. Opening with the staid block chords of 'Long Before Us', its strange cadences circling the confines of the internal world, *Book Of Leaves* moves ever outward into the pastoral. 'Every Morning' is an urgent call to abandon navel-gazing and step outside, recapitulating towards the end with 'Every Morning, Birds', the original theme accompanied by the overheard conversations of songbirds, captured on tape during an outdoor recording session.

There's an unapologetic intimacy to Grime's work that conveys quiet thought and feeling, without ever straying into sentiment or becoming overbearing. Her music is at its most frantic when drawing on the human world. 'My Dear Companion' crunches past at furious pace, while the natural world offers respite in the sunspeckled 'Mossgrove' or the stasis of 'Starlight'.

The harvest of Rachel Grimes is of a different kind to curtains closed before the silent collisions and collisions of a thousand human couplings. Hers is an autumn with doors flung wide and minds seeking solace in frostbitten, sunny weekends – one that we all should consider. - **Hazel Sheffield**