

Annie Clark, d/b/a St. Vincent, is astonishing, as I recently reported in my Posse posting on the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame ceremony, where she was one of the extraordinary women who fronted for Nirvana at the Induction. (For those of you with limited Posse RAM, they were Joan Jett, Lorde, and St Vincent.) Prior to that night, I had not heard of her, and when she sang, for some reason I had figured she was British, although I am not sure why I had thought so. It turns out she is from another country, Texas. She sure plays the hell out of her guitar.

This great Sasha Frere-Jones *New Yorker* review of her work is equal to the task, and again singles him out as the premier reviewer of contemporary music, even better than the *RS* stable of great writers. (Modesty, of course, prevails here as to my own small footprint in the genre.) Sample some of his writing at: <http://www.newyorker.com/online/blogs/sashafreerejones> . He calls her a “shredder,” a great turn of phrase for a great guitarist. If she were not already using a *nom de rock*, “Shredder” would be at least as good as “Slash.” And note the small shout-out to Prince: I will always be grateful to him for many things—great music, great shredding, and great Sheila Escobedo, d/b/a Sheila E.

I am getting St.V’s earlier stuff next time I land on Amazon.com, and I have been playing her today on YouTube.

Next up: The Zombies and Bruce (Houston) and Journey (in NM) soon. I just hope and pray the E Street Band does not feel the need to step to the mic and again thank Bruce, God, and their babysitters.

With the semester almost over, life is very good.

Michael

(PS—she also looks like a young Michelle Pfeiffer in this picture below)

Sasha Frere-Jones, Sneak Peak; St. Vincent’s stealthy magnificence, *New Yorker*, March 17, 2014, *New Yorker*, at 66-67

http://www.newyorker.com/arts/critics/musical/2014/03/17/140317crmu_musical_frerejones?currentPage=all