



Chris Robley

woven around them a melodic tapestry that can simultaneously remind you of The Shins, Chris Isaac, Ani DiFranco, Donovan and the soundtrack to *Twin Peaks*. The music is visually tangible. I feel like I am hallucinating when I listen to this album. I can't remember the last time something this artsy didn't annoy the crap out of me, but I guess that's what happens when those rare, golden people who offer substance over self-congratulation make albums. Bless them. Chris Robley plays with DoublePlusGood at 10 pm Monday, March 19 at the Downtown Lounge. 21+ show. — Adrienne van der Valk

Gourmet Ear Candy

The bad person in me indulges in a few gleeful moments of mean-spirited anticipation whenever I'm about to listen to an artist currently enjoying "little darlin'" status. "Abundant in imagination and vision?" I snark to myself as I pop a lovingly produced promo EP into my CD player. "I'll be the judge of that." If I had a moustache, I'd totally

be twirling it at this point. But then performers like **Chris Robley** come along and ruin all the fun. Portland-based Robley's first solo effort, *This Is The*, has been resoundingly endorsed by critics for both its lyrical depth and instrumental qualities, but what sold me on this album is how ecstatically *different* it is than anything else out there right now (and yes, I have heard

every album that has ever been produced in the history of recorded sound, so I can say this with complete confidence and authority). Robley and his rotating band of merry men and women (dubbed The Fear of Heights) have assembled an unselfconscious collection of ten simple, folky songs (ranging in content from love to wooden legs to dictatorship) and

Pickin' and Strummin'

At the end of my sophomore year of college, I drove off to Boonville, Mo., for (I kid you not) the Big Muddy Folk Festival. Yep, I used to love a lot of fiddlin' and a lot of banjoin', a lot of that high-pitched, high-paced pickin' and strummin' loaded over vocal tracks. If **Robin and Linda Williams and Their Fine Group** had been near Boonville, they would have fit right in at the Big Muddy with their bluegrass/country/folk blend. Linda on banjo and guitar, Robin on guitar, both of 'em on vocals, they stride out from their house deep in the Shenandoah Valley to spread the word of close-har-

got that swing

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