

Land of Talk

The road has latterly become Elizabeth Powell's second home since Land Of Talk began to enjoy nuzzling acclaim of its debut EP, *Applause Cheer Boo Hiss*, a delicious cocktail of brittle buzz-saw guitars chiming with nagging melodies and crackling emotion, honeyed and broken. It didn't take long to draw audiences spellbound by their barbed and fierce live performance.

With the release of *Some Are Lakes*, in 2008, the band continues to showcase their powerful dynamics, raw musical and Powell's vocal convictions, which Time Out NY called, "a voice that flits between come-hither and go-fuck-yourself."

There's a narrative at work here and this isn't some paint-by-numbers pop. It's simply a continuation of the internal conversation Powell has been holding with herself since she began this musical lark, more than a decade ago, with a 14 year-old's creaky-voiced acuteness, spouting the uncomfortable truths of a woman thrice her years and many, many, times more guarded.