

THE MOJO FILTER

98 ALBUMS Fleet Foxes make magic, Coldplay search for the lost chord, My Morning Jacket go prog-disco, Eli "Paperboy" Reed catches soul fire.

ALBUMS

Shape-shifting magic from Seattle's wonderful Fleet Foxes, Coldplay getting serious with Brian Eno, Aimee Mann's latest masterpiece and hats off to new soul sensation Eli 'Paperboy' Reed.

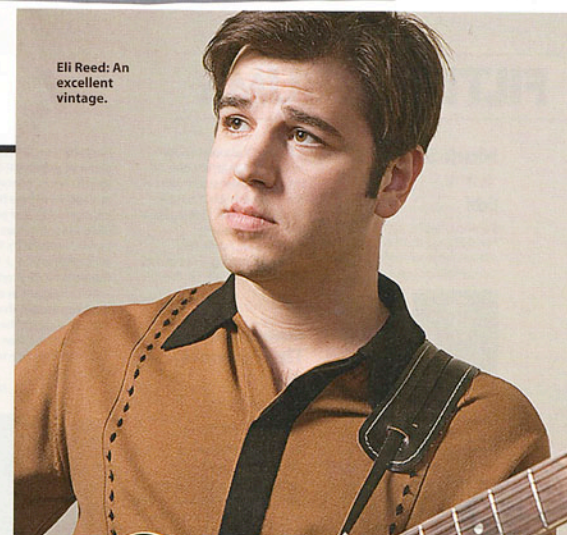
The good news

Excellent second album from 24-year-old college dropout turned soul brother Number One.
By Lois Wilson.

Eli "Paperboy" Reed & The True Loves ★★★★★
Roll With You

THE TIME is right for Eli "Paperboy" Reed & The True Loves' hollering, begging, bragging and a-screaming R&B, what with Amy Winehouse, Sharon Jones And The Dap-Kings and James Hunter making so many waves with their own takes on vintage soul. But Reed, despite his relative youth, is no "Johnny come lately", it's just that like Jones and Hunter before him, few people had their ears open to his early work. While Jones is fuelled by the blistering funk and smouldering soul sounds of the James Brown revue, and Hunter follows a smoother trail uptown, Reed travels the gravel road: at his core, the fiery gospel passion of, say, Sister Wynona Carr or The Swan Silvertones, the southern soul grit of Otis and Sam And Dave and the deep soul yearning of Luther Ingram. And then there's that signature soul scream, every bit as wild, thrilling and untameable as the Wicked Pickett's ragged own.

Reed, who was dubbed "Paperboy" after he took to wearing his grandfather's news reporter style hat,



Eli Reed: An excellent vintage.

learned the theory from his father, a music writer whose house breathed blues, gospel, country and soul music. At 13 he taught himself blues harp à la Sonny Boy Williamson II, at 16 he was busking with his guitar in Boston's Harvard Square. But it was on moving to Clarksdale, Mississippi aged 18 that he really put it into practice. Coached by drummer Sam Carr, a cohort of Frank Frost's and son of Robert Nighthawk, Reed thrilled the local juke joint circuit with songs unsurprisingly entrenched within the blues. Upping sticks again, this time to Chicago to study, he was taken under the wing of the Chess label blues and gospel shouter, the Reverend Mitty Collier, when he landed a job singing and playing organ and piano in her south side church. A year later, armed with everything Carr

and Collier had taught him, he headed back home to Boston and formed the seven-piece True Loves. Their first album, 2005's testifying Eli "Paperboy" Reed Sings Walkin' And Talkin' And Other Smash Hits was recorded in a day. Its follow up is equally raw, immediate and roughed up, but in the interim Reed has fine-tuned his songwriting skills. Opener Stake Your Claim shakes, shuffles and roars like a Sammy Cotton Okeh platter, the horn driven contemplation Am I Wasting My Time marries Otis to Eddie Floyd and The Satisfier is a good old fashioned jaw dropping soul vaunt. There are contrasting tender moments too; the stirring It's Easier and (Am I Just) Fooling Myself smite with the intensity of an O.V. Wright or James Carr ballad, I'll Roll With It conjures the mood of the early Miracles and Marvin Gaye. When delivered with such honesty and genuineness being retro doesn't come into it. Good music is good music and this is impressive.

