



Valley of the Giants



arts & crafts

track listing :

Claudia & Kids
Westworld
Cantara Sin Guitara
Beyond The Valley
Waiting To Catch A Bullet
A Whaling Tale
Back To God's Country
Bala Bay Inn

valley of the giants :

Anthony Seck (shalabi effect)
Brendan Canning
(broken social scene)
Sophie Trudeau (godspeed you!
black emperor, a siver mt zion)
Charles Spearin (do make say
think, broken social scene)
Diedre Smith (squarewaves)
Rameau Kaspard

produced by Anthony Seck
www.arts-crafts.ca/valleyofthegiants

The album stretches out like manifest destiny: country-blues ballads, spaghetti-western sound bites, warped folk dirges, gypsy strings, and mariachi melancholy. A new myth of the old West, blowing through the ghost town between your ears. – MINNEAPOLIS CITY PAGES

A Canadian post-rock supergroup comprised of members of G.Y.B.E!, Broken Social Scene, Shalabi Effect, and the like, Valley make spooky, atmospheric, primarily instrumental orchestrations heavy on strings and high lonesome steel guitars. Recommended listening for long, lonely drives on deserted highways late at night. – THE VILLAGE VOICE, NYC

Valley of The Giants proves to be an oblique, atmospheric explosion of sound. As you might imagine given the tenure of the band's members, not a track on the album clocks in at less than five minutes, with the bulk of songs taking their time to explore the sonic canyon between intimacy and cacophony. – FFWD

Here's how it happened: Lanark Highlands, Ontario. An old cedar farmhouse with a brand new 4-track. It was the dead of winter. Outside the window a black goat with devil horns stared up from the blinding snow. Ivan calls those four green walls at the top of the stairs the 'happy room'. It was where the songs were born. A dream of a white griffin appeared suggesting the fuzzy music be turned into an album. Sophie and I talked about recording for years. Brendan and I talked about recording for years. Raul insisted we not overkill the preparation. We had one rehearsal, and all five musicians including Charlie fresh off the train, met for the first time in the studio. Deirdre and Scott just bought the Micheal Crichton film Westworld. We sat back on the couch watching Yul Brynner all in black, with lifeless eyes and jingling spurs strutting across the mechanized psycho-desert landscape. Deirdre pulled out a pen and began to write lyrics based on the lonely murderous robot cowboy. There you have it. – Anthony Seck, 2003

