



## HIGH PLACES

It's not that Brooklyn's High Places remind me of a lot of things I like already -- minimal, bleary indie pop like Beat Happening or Young Marble Giants; subaqueous psychedelia from Ricardo Villalobos to Martin Denny exotica; girlish nursery-rhyme vocals; New York City; heavy syncopation; pentatonic scales; kissing -- it's that I usually only get to have them all together when I'm dreaming. High Places sing about dreaming. They sing about dreaming and evolution and writing letters -- to Mars, I think! -- and even though they sing about the haze of falling in love on "Head Spins", the closest they come to sex is watching hermaphroditic banana slugs swap sperm while clouds roll overhead. This all happens in about nine minutes. Sure, they have a handful of other songs that they play live, but High Places are a relatively small, embryonic band, literally and metaphorically. There are only two members, Rob Barber and Mary Pearson. They clink on glasses and hit hand drums and adorn them with spare guitar figures before sending everything through basic effects processors. - Mike Powell/Pitchfork.com