

new performer magazine cell phone review!

Was anyone looking for a follow-up to No Doubt's "Spiderwebs," perhaps updated for the mobile age and performed by a girl who sounds as if she was playing with a not-entirely-full deck? If so, look no further than Nicky Click's *I'm On My Cellphone*.

This record fosters both initial and continued confusion. Nicky Click's voice is either precociously charming or hideously annoying. The songs are either insanely clever or inanely pointless. Nicky Click is such a little trickster that it is hard to decide one way or the other.

This record is entirely deceptive, mostly thanks to Ms. Click's bizarre vocal delivery. Her voice is comprised of a soft series of quirks, often multi-tracked into an army of Nickys. Most of the lyrical content seems pulled out of the wave of late '90s / early '00s wave of musical video games along the lines of Parappa the Rappa and UmJammer Lammy. Click seems like a character ripped from one of the sillier dance levels on one of these games.

When she celebrates the fact that "They didn't get my chocolate éclair," it is unclear as to whether or not this is some veiled sexual reference, or maybe just a not-so-veiled dessert reference. From the general tenor of the record, the answer is probably "dessert."

Click is refreshing on many levels, though. Her music lacks any sense of self-consciousness that may come with being the undisputed weirdest female person on the block. Click's performance is self-assured and confident, a twisted, hornier M.I.A. Click calls herself out by name multiple times on the record, raps over her own homemade beats, and more or less presents herself as the self-avowed creator of the until now unheard-of feminist DIY dance movement. Love it or hate it, you should at least hear the album that is no doubt perplexing music reviewers everywhere. (Crunks Not Dead)