

Blindside: Great Indie Hard-Core Music

By Brad Moist
Capital Times Staff Writer

The Swedish band Blindside is back with another aggressive hard-core album. *A Thought Crushed My Mind*, on Solid State Records, is the follow-up to their 1997 self-titled American debut album.

Blindside's music, called "new metal," is a fusion of hard rock and traditional hard-core with melodic and passionate blends.

Blindside rehearsed the songs in a tiny room in Tumba, Sweden near Stockholm, and then brought in producer Andre Jacobson to record the tracks.

Fans might be surprised with what they hear on this new album.

For instance, producer Jacobson brought in accomplished folk musicians to create the haunting string sections on "As You Walk" and others songs on the album.

But it's still aggressive. Guitarist Simon Grenehed said, "A Thought Crushed My Mind is stretching more towards hard-core."

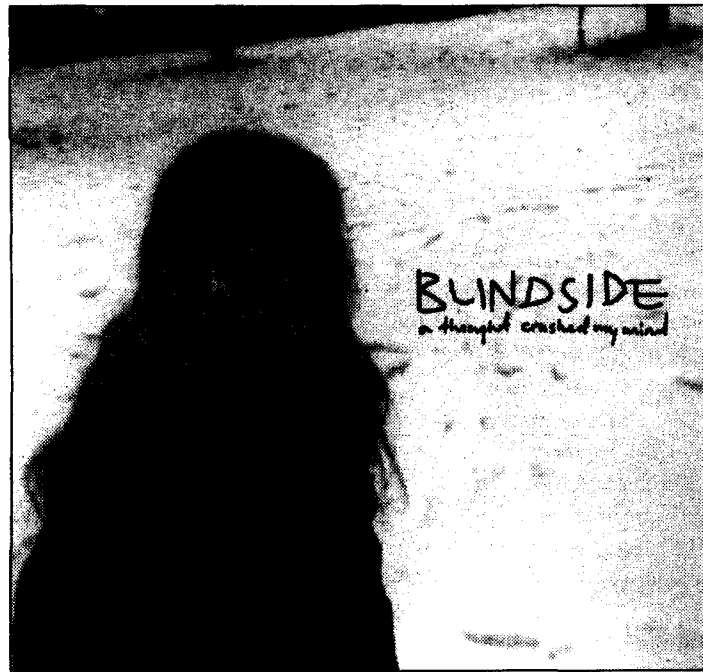
Another cut from the album, "Silver Speak," embraces some rap-core influences. Singer Christian Lindskog doesn't rap but instead lets his words flow with the music.

"Nothing But Skin" is an incredibly eerie track. It starts off with a basic electric guitar lead, before being blended with haunting strings. As Lindskog starts to sing peacefully, he is met with an acoustic guitar that mixes beautifully with the continuing strings.

The lyrics on *A Thought Crushed My Mind* are honest and are about "connecting through the pain," said Grenehed. "All music is about expressing feelings, but we still feel like that little garage band who's learning to play."

So for anyone who is willing to enter into the realms of independent hard-core music, Blindside is great place to start.

For more info on the band go to www.algonet.se/~blindside or www.solidstaterecords.com.



Scam at the Chameleon

By Justin Anthony Lutz
Capital Times Staff Writer

I have been to many punk rock shows in my life, but I have never been to one as disappointing as the Jets to Brazil show Feb. 3 at the Chameleon Club in Lancaster.

Two of the bands on the bill — Piebald and All American Radio — canceled the night of the show.

This left Jets to Brazil and the Zentraedi as the only two bands to play the entire show.

The show started at 7 p.m. and ended at 10 p.m. This amount of time is unacceptable for an \$8 cover charge.

I almost left. I think they should have canceled the entire show and rescheduled. Instead the show went on, ignoring the audience's grievances.

The Zentraedi opened and played an hour of melodic, hard-core emo.

They did sound good except for the whining vocals of the female lead singer. The shrieking of her voice was unpleasant to my ears as well the ears of others. At least the band knew how to rock out.

During intermission a local band, The Americans, played a small set of progressive hippie rock. This band didn't fair well with the audience. They were only called upon to fill time and space.

Once The Americans were done, Jets to Brazil took the stage. They play a style I define as melodic, emo punk rock.

They played a fair set. The

songs had a weird melancholy sound that made you either want to cry or laugh. If you like soft punk music, then you will like these guys.

Jets to Brazil, the headliners, should have played more than an hour to compensate for the unexpected shortage of bands, but they didn't.

This complete disregard for audience loyalty in staying and not asking for refunds was disappointing.

The audience consisted mostly of young punks with nothing better to do on a Thursday night. They didn't seem to care that they were being ripped off except for the occasional yelling of "you suck!" I guess they were having more fun shouting derogatory statements.

The over-21 group, including me, looked at the situation from a whole different perspective. We were upstairs in the mezzanine complaining, drinking and complaining some more.

We weren't really tolerant of the situation. But, once the bands started playing and the intoxication set in we didn't seem to care anymore.

I guess the alcohol was the only solution to sitting through this upsetting display of punk rock.

Overall, I felt that the show was a sick joke even though the bands put on good performances. On a scale from 1 to 10, I would give it a 6.

From Cool Desert Night to Hot Spot

By Eddie Capozzi
Capital Times Staff Writer

When I left you last, I was walking through the desert in search of life and had found an oasis. But, once again my journey finds me lost in the barren streets of Harrisburg.

It was Sunday night, and it felt like Sunday night. The streets of the desert were deserted. I felt I was in that TV commercial, you know the one, "Where is everybody?"

The city looked like a ghost town. As I walked down Second Street, I swear I was almost run over by a tumbleweed.

Then I saw a tree. It was adorned in red lights as if it were the burning bush. A beacon in the distance. Once more, I had discovered life.

It was the Firehouse. A restaurant inside, surprise, a former firehouse. My first thoughts were, "OK, another firehouse restaurant with the usual firehouse theme of axes, helmets, hoses, and Dalmatians."

I couldn't have been more wrong. As I walked through the door, a wave of excitement came over me. I thought I had entered the Twilight Zone and landed in New York City.

The place was smokin', right down to the stylin' wait staff. By

the way, this is not a restaurant review, only a review of a restaurant (even though the food is awesome).

I sat at the bar and ordered the house specialty, the "Sour Apple Margarita."

So... I'm hanging out, and I start checking the place out. There was a nice mixture of people, young and old, out for a good time.

As I gazed around I noticed six large wall sculptures. At first I said, "Hmmm, pretty cool, this place is like a mini art gallery."

I took a closer look. Each three dimensional sculpture, with various flame like shapes, was modeled after historical Harrisburg fires, complete with actual newspaper clippings covering each fire.

They were really interesting. These pieces appeal not only to art lovers but to history buffs as well.

Being both, I wanted to take one home, but Don, the owner, would have none of it. He told me two former waitresses had made them and that they would never be for sale. They are permanent fixtures of the Firehouse.

So be it. Make it a point to see them. If you're feeling a bit burned out and want to check out a hot spot, stop by the Firehouse!

1001 Black Inventions

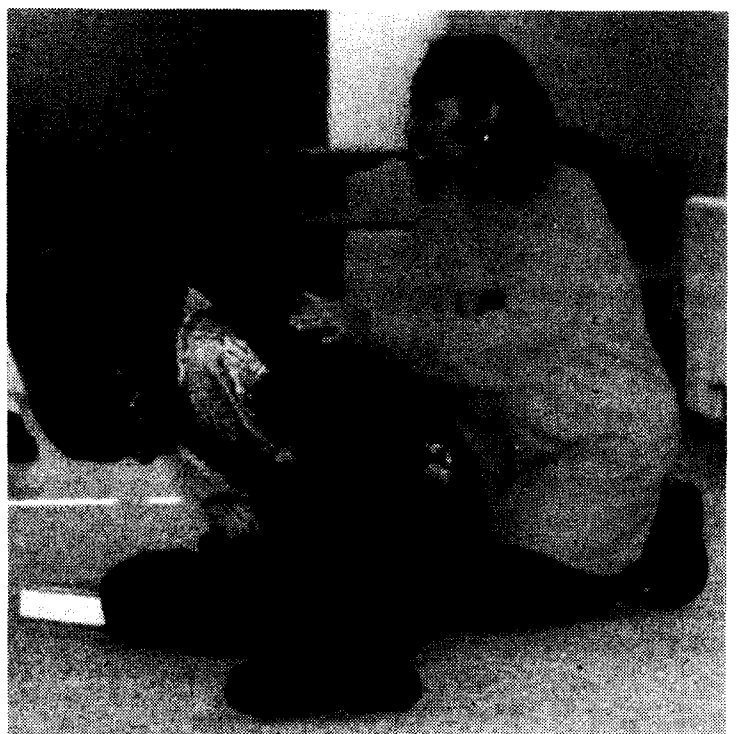


Photo by Nicole Burkholder

Members of Pin Points Theatre presented "1001 Black Inventions" on Feb. 9 in the Gallery Lounge.

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Deadline: February 21