

live show reviews

YEAH YEAH YEAHS

Aug. 22 @ The Mayan

An ethereal vibe welcomed the Yeah Yeah Yeahs to downtown Los Angeles. The sounds that first emitted from the lobby's sound system in the sold-out, smoke-filled Mayan were those of old, generating a longing for the new and unseen.

It was dark, but the black lighting that illuminated the dark setting seemed to brighten only what was important, creating an intense mood for the set that followed.

Singer Karen O welcomed her shrieking fans with a toss of her light-catching, silver tinsel boa that heightened the drama of her entrance on stage. The songstress' words flowed with ease as she slithered around the stage in spandex, seducing fans with contortionist-like moves.

After rocking tracks off their new *Is Is* EP, the trio surprised fans with a special acoustic version of their long-time hit "Maps." Accompanying the serenity of O's voice and the acoustic guitar were the many tiny reflections of a large disco ball scattered amongst the small theater, thus capturing the intimacy of this one-off show and the incredible versatility of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs.

—Ryan McWhorter

BIG BAD VOODOO DADDY

Aug. 24 @ Hollywood Bowl

Remember that time in the late '90s when swing music was all the craze? Angsty grunge rock had gotten old and the nation was swept up in the energetic big band music of pinstripe suit-wearing groups like Big Bad Voodoo Daddy.

Well, here we are, a decade later, and BBVD can still fill up an almost 18,000 capacity Hollywood Bowl on back-to-back nights. Apparently swing music is back and not going anywhere.

Backed up by the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, BBVD pounded out their

most popular songs off of their self-titled and initial hit album. Songs like "You & Me & The Bottle Makes 3 Tonight (Baby)" and "Go Daddy-O" came to life with the Hollywood Hornets, a local group of swing dancers whose performance added an extra level of entertainment to the entire production.

"Minnie the Moocher," with its call and response chorus of "Hidey-hidey-hidey-ho," displayed singer Scotty



Christina Johnson
Scotty Morris of Big Bad Voodoo Daddy

Morris' clean and classic voice. Morris pulled off the dark and swanky moods of some jazz-inspired songs, while still barreling out up-tempo, energetic dance-along melodies to other songs, and not to mention the occasional scat.

Members of the semi-choreographed brass section took turns doing solos, exemplifying why the seven-piece group is self-proclaimed "the world's best little big band."

The night finished off with a colorful fireworks show synched up to the all-time classic swing song "Sing, Sing, Sing" performed by the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. Though the evening made many references to the past, BBVD definitely put their own contemporary twist on everything they did, potentially ushering in yet another swing trend in popular music.

—Christina Johnson

SLAYER/MARILYN MANSON

Aug. 24 @ Verizon Amphitheatre

When I walked into Verizon, Tom Araya was belting out "God Hates Us All." I had arrived.

After taking my seat, I was eye to eye with the most dangerous man on the planet with a guitar, Kerry King. He sounded amazing and as tough as your first ass kicking. Half way through the set the stack of speakers transformed into two upside down crosses of Marshall stacks.

The crowd was trying to get going; apparently venues care more about their insurance policy than a pit. But after Slayer finished "Angel of Death," the crowd went nuts. Live music can move most, but when Slayer is onstage it's like nothing you've ever felt before.

Not to be outdone, Marilyn Manson took the stage in a cloud of fog. From one perfectly smooth song to the next the sound's intensity grew. Pain was written across this man's face. He meant every word.

Manson is more of a show than a band. It's great, but on a very different level than Slayer. This pairing was just a matter of numbers.

If Manson is supposed to be the most evil band ever, who else could possibly play with him?

Take out Slayer. They are only doing one more album after this tour, and then they will say goodbye.

Who will we have left? Slipknot, System of a Down has an album coming out, Rage is back together ... and then they aren't, and then they are. There's Metallica, God willing, but they are just as old as Slayer.

There is a serious void out there in the rock world; some are starting to heed the call, but they're very far and few between. It's like everyone got scared because of 9/11 and made emo the most important thing ever.

It's OK. Time to come out of your shell, America. The world is crazy, but that just makes music that much more fun.

—David Tobin

music

on the road | BY BRIEN OVERLY

WARPED TOUR 2007 BLOG

Currently with: My Backpack
and Duffel Bag

IT'S THE LAST DAY OF TOUR.

Finally. It's actually over now. I'm back home in Los Angeles, and I'm surrounded by friends I haven't seen in two months, and yet ... for all my complaining, whining and general emo-ness, I don't quite want to leave the dirty, disgusting, uncomfortable RV that's been my

2005 for whatever reason.

I talked to Shawn Harris of the Matches a few days ago and he lovingly likened touring to living a gypsy lifestyle, something that rang even more true after we had fleshed out the analogy. We get up every day, paint our faces, put on song and dance, sell our wares, then pack everything up on our camels to travel to the next town and do it all over again.

Everyone should get the chance to pick his brain, it's full of awkwardly quirky intellectual randomness, and I'll surely miss his impeccably dressed geekery everyday.

It's weird to think that I'm not going to see these same people every day anymore. That I don't have to be up at 7:30 a.m. tomorrow to load in, or that I don't have to live out of the two things I'm carrying right now anymore.

Today alone was more exhausting than any other day of the tour so far because I and everyone else has been running around like headless chickens. But now that the dust has finally settled after two months, I wish I still had more time left.

Now I get to be legitimately alone with myself for the first time since I left, to compose my thoughts and regain a normal schedule of bodily functions. Add some new



Brien Overly
The gypsy king himself, Shawn Harris of the Matches

home these last three weeks.

Today felt very much like the last day of senior year, trading contact info with people and reminiscing about the good times of the last two months all day long. No real work got done today, it was just our time to look back on what we'd all collectively been through together and pick up those last merch items from friends' bands that we had been eyeing for the past however many weeks.

The show itself was as chaotic as Warped can possibly get, this being the last one – and in L.A. no less – with a slew of surprise acts to make things even more interesting. For whatever reason though, a secret Avenged Sevenfold set just didn't get me stoked like I thought it would when I had old friends and new ones I'd rather give my time to.

Avenged was disappointing anyway and, dare I say, boring? I never thought it would be an applicable adjective for them, but they're either way out of practice or everything just seemed more epic in



friends on MySpace, tend to my new tattoo, maybe check out a club show or two. I've missed taking photos with indoor lighting. I suppose it's only a few months until Taste of Chaos starts up, but I want to be back on the road now [end whining]. ■

music dvd review

MAKING THE GRADE: A EXCEPTIONAL | B WORTHWHILE | C MEDIOCRE | D SAVE YOUR MONEY | F WILL BE ON HELL'S TV

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Vintage Reggae Bash: Brooklyn 1983

(MVD Visual)

As the title indicates, this material was recorded in New York City during a time that many consider reggae's golden hour. In 1983 Bob Marley had only been dead for two years, and the world was hungry for more of the great music that the superstar had introduced them to. Package tours like this one were still playing large venues (in this case, the Empire Roller Skating Club arena.)

The first half of the show features a couple of veteran performers; Max Romeo winds up the crowd Rasta-style with a version of "War Ina Babylon" while Ken Boothe, the Jamaican Al Green, waxes soulful with a few of his oldies and a cover of Bread's "Everything I Own." Delroy Wilson and the Blues Busters also play short sets as do brothers Tinga Stewart and Roman Stewart, who perform separately.

With a simple light show and singers who concentrate on singing as opposed to histrionics, most of the show is not



visually stimulating. That changes when Big Youth and his Roots Connection band take the stage for a nine-song set to close the concert.

Big Youth is quite the showman, delivering rapid-fire vocals in a Jamaican patois and occasionally wildly screaming out a line or two, all the while reggae dancing to the rhythm. When the band launches into "Dreadlocks Dread," Youth appropriately removes his cap and shakes his head until his lengthy dreads are flying around like a nest of angry snakes.

Some of the Big Youth songs are stretched into jams that include snippets of Marley or Marvin Gaye songs; when he's done improvising Youth merely turns around and waves his hand at the band members, and they quickly fade the song out. Similarly when the last song is finished, Youth simply stalks off the stage, and the show and the film are over.

Grade: B

—Kevin Wierzbicki

Vintage Reggae Bash: Brooklyn 1983 is currently available.