

Album illuminates rock

Alicia Collins

Assistant Features Editor

After three years without so much as a single release, Yellowcard is back in the spotlight with its new album "Lights and Sounds."

A far stretch from its last album, "Ocean Avenue," this one has a more mature sound that is less nasally and with a lot less violin. Both are very positive developments.

When "Ocean Avenue" was released, Yellowcard's target audience leaned toward teenyboppers, evident through its lyrics.

That album's signature song "Ocean Avenue" says, "If I could find you now things would get better / We could leave this town and run forever," which doesn't exactly leave room for much imagination. Luckily, this album moves away from shallow lyrics and into the deep end.

The album, "Lights and Sounds," starts out beautifully with the slow, soothing sound of a piano and violin – and that's all. This particular song doesn't have any vocals, but it is OK because the composition is satisfying nonetheless.

The band leads the listener directly into the second song, "Down on My Head," which is the listener's first glimpse into the band's amazing new sound.

This song's upbeat rhythm makes it a particularly enjoyable song, despite the lyrics: "You're gonna find out you're already dead, and I was the world coming down on your head." Although "Ocean Avenue" for the most part was bouncing about love, this album seems to focus more on the loss of love and the aftermath.

"Sure Thing Falling" begins with an annoying, almost computer-game sound, yet quickly moves into the lyrics, and hope in the song is restored.

The lyrics are amazing, saying, "One of them saves you from this, the other one steals you, and then, sure, things fall, and all sure things fall." Overall, the song is definitely one of the best on the album.

Moving into the next song



Yellowcard released its first album in three years, "Lights and Sounds," in January.

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isn't that much of a transition for the listener because "City of Devils" and "Sure Thing Falling" have very similar sounds and equally amazing lyrics.

This song is about a guy attempting to find the perfect girl in a city of failures, with the lyrics saying, "Boy you gotta love someone more than yourself, I can feel the fire of the city lights burn, it's hard to find angels in hell."

"Rough Landing Holly" is one of the

less-than-amazing songs on the album. The sound is extremely rough – go figure – and it simply doesn't appeal to the ears. The lyrics are OK but nothing like the previous songs.

Actually, after getting to No. 6, give it about five seconds,

and the point of the song is evident. "Two Weeks from Twenty" is about a young man who didn't fit in and decided to join the war, and the lyrics repeat again and again, "No, there's still no shame, and we're all to blame." The song isn't awful, but it won't find itself on any top-10 lists any time soon.

Skip to No. 7, please.

"Waiting Game" has a sound that's between those of "Two Weeks from Twenty"

and "Rough Landing Holly." It isn't a lullaby, but it's mellow enough that listeners aren't reaching for the volume dial in an attempt to save their hearing. The lyrics are cynically sweet, making it obvious that the singer has been hurt but is

still in love, saying, "More than ever I need to feel you / More than ever I see the real you."

The next song, "Martin Sheen or JFK," seems to be following in Fall Out Boy's footsteps with absurd, seemingly meaningless song titles.

However, the song itself is actually quite good and luckily is much better than the previous three.

"Space Travel" is almost too mellow to listen to. It is definitely lullaby material.

The lyrics might have been good, but who knows? Boredom strikes at about 10 seconds into the song. Next, please.

Thankfully, the next song, "Grey," starts off with a bang, probably to wake up the listener. If listening carefully, the violin can be heard, as in its previous album, but this time it adds to the song instead of annoying listeners. The lyrics are mediocre, but the song's sound is enjoyable.

The album moves from an overpowering instrumental sound to an almost conversa-

tional tone in "Words, Hands, Hearts." A definite improvement, this song is probably the best on the album since "City of Devils," with its lyrics saying, "I hear open mouths, and I see open hands / Like the blinded and silent, I can't understand."

"How I Go" begins with a beautiful sound much like that of "Lights and Sounds," with the lyrics speaking of how much a particular girl means to the singer.

The final song on the album, "Holly Wood Died," ends the album appropriately, with a conversational tone beginning the song and a perfect mixture of the song's instrumental sounds quickly moving in. The lyrics are exceptional, as is the song itself.

Although many of the album's songs sound incredibly similar, it is a definite improvement from their previous album, sound and lyrics.

"Lights and Sounds" definitely scored a point for Yellowcard.

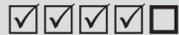
Music Review

Yellowcard
"Lights and Sounds"

Label: Capitol Records

Genre: Rock, punk

Release: Jan. 2006



Growing up robs youth of cool status



Lisette Metz Grulke
Assistant Photo Editor

Hey, Lawrence, Kan. Can I call you Larry?

Look, Larry, we need to talk.

You really made me feel bad about myself when I came to your place a couple Mondays ago.

I had been looking forward so much to coming and enjoying a good solid bill of rock and roll at the Granada: Minneapolis' best dance band, Motion City Soundtrack; Chicago's

hipster darlings Ok Go; and cute young punks Plain White Ts.

I was looking forward to doing a bit of dancing, a bit of rocking and a good deal of having a good time.

But instead, you crushed my sense of self.

I've said it before, and I'll probably say it again: I am getting old. But this time, instead of me saying that with some sarcasm in my tone, you really made me feel it, Larry.

This might seem a little extreme, considering the fact that I barely have cleared the legal U.S. voting age.

It's downright preposterous, really. I am in the prime of my career as a member of the MTV target market, and, jeez, I mean, I consider myself hip. And who wouldn't? Seriously.

Larry, you sure doesn't think I'm hip.

In fact, you think I'm old.

Although, again, I'm not old enough to drink, I would almost place bets on the fact that I was, in fact, one of the oldest people in the joint.

Much to my dismay, this is not the first time this has happened to me.

My love of live music started around the age of 13, and I had become a somewhat regular fixture at shows by the time I was 15, but I was always, always, always the youngest person in the room.

This was the heyday of the musical genre most often disdainfully referred to as "emo," most notorious for acts including Dashboard Confessional, Hey Mercedes, Saves the Day, Pedro the Lion, and a lot of other artists whose 7 inch vinyl releases I am ashamed to still have sitting in a box at home.

Emo is the grunge of the new millennium. Starting as a small-venue phenomenon,

where a dirty room full of teenagers would sweat on each other, sway slightly and sing every word of every song, the Internet helped both the music and the subculture flourish with a vengeance.

Leading us to you, Larry, where 12-year-old girls spent the better part of an hour directly inside my personal space bubble.

Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against 12-year-olds. I spend a good deal of time with persons who have yet to hit puberty, and I have even less of a problem with them liking music.

However, when I was 12, I was not permitted to go see a bunch of heavy-drinking, rarely-showering rock-and-rollers by myself ever, especially not on a Monday night.

I'm still hesitant to let my 16-year-old sister loose at a show by herself, meaning that

I'm often found driving a minivan full of ninth-graders to see bands I outgrew long ago.

I obviously know pre-adolescents pretty well – having both been one for seemingly far too long and having spent too much time with them lately – and I know the obvious curses they bring upon any area they inhabit.

First, they shriek. They shriek repeatedly, shrilly and at the slightest thing. This is not limited to pre-teen females, as one might assume. The boys do it too. And nothing is more acerbating than a shrieking boy. Seriously.

Secondly, they all dress the same. Literally, the very same. On purpose. And whatever it is that they are wearing, it most certainly is far from enough fabric and far too much makeup.

Most importantly, they are too cool to dance.

They think they are too cool for basically everything, and they, in turn, despite your obviously greater knowledge of what is hot and what is not, make you feel like a huge idiot when you can't help but dance.

They make me fear for the future of music, really. They make me shake in my boots and cry a little on the inside about how uncool I have become.

But Larry, seriously. We both know that I have one major thing over those little brats: My dad isn't the one dancing four feet away from me, to the right of the stage center amp for everyone to see.

Thankfully, my dad never was that guy. I kept my love of music to myself until I was old enough to spare myself that humiliation.

Stop lying to yourself, Larry. You look exactly like that guy. There's no hiding, champ. Who's the loser now?

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Campus

Educational Seminar

"America's Torture by Proxy: Extraordinary Rendition," explains how the U.S. government gets around anti-torture statutes to collect intelligence information. The presentation will be from 8 to 9:30 tonight in the SUB Governors' Room.

Kick Off Event

The Community Bike Sharing Program is seeking sponsors. From 1 to 3 p.m. March 22 on the Quad, organizations can make a donation of \$10 to cover maintenance and program materials, and paint their own bike.

Local

Training Classes

Master Gardner training classes begin from 6 to 9 p.m. March 20 at the TCRC., 315 S. Franklin. Cost is \$95 per person or \$150 per couple. Classes are each Monday night.

Concerts

Music Extravaganza

The Sun, Stop, Thief! and Joe Moccia will perform at 8:30 tonight at the Dukum Upp. Cost is \$4 in advance, \$5 at the door and an additional \$2 for those younger than 21.

Friday Night Live

Expressway will perform at 9 p.m. tomorrow at the Full Moon Bar. Cost is \$3. Only those 21 years and older are allowed.

Free Concert

JSATI's, featuring Jimmy Stewart and the Instruments Random Enemy XVII, will perform at 6 p.m. March 18 at The Barn.