

# The taste of Success

SHOW REVIEW

The Used brings its brand of hardcore punk to the Russell House

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**WESLEY WILLIS**

The Used's lead singer Bert McCracken, center, reaches out to the crowd during the band's performance last night.

**THE USED**  
Russell House Ballroom  
★★★ out of ★★★★★

BY DENNIS MING NICHOLS  
THE GAMECOCK

The Russell House hardly seems like the venue for mosh pits and crowd-surfing, but last night, Carolina Productions introduced The Used to the USC campus.

Bert McCracken, The Used front man and Kelly Osbourne's boyfriend, and his droogs destroyed the Russell House Ballroom with verbal assaults, hardcore punk and soft-core nudity.

"The sign on the door says 'no nudity or profanity.' F—k that! Who wants to see my ass?" said McCracken, as he dropped his pants. Although McCracken's tele-

vised relationship with Kelly on MTV's reality series "The Osbournes" might be a media ploy, The Used proved it can rock just as much as it can advertise. The band performed its radio hit "Buried Myself Alive," as well as more aggressive and energetic album cuts. The music was satisfactory, the performance superb, and the energy created by the band incredible.

The most memorable moment was when a thong-clad man with "sexy bitch" scrawled across his chest rushed the stage and tried to hug McCracken and guitarist Quinn Allman. McCracken was more than happy to hug the half-naked man; Allman had to be chased.

Adding to the crowd energy was opening act S.T.U.N.

This quartet embodies the roots of punk and grunge. Lead singer Christiane J. threw himself on the ground, jumped on wobbly amplifiers and ended the set by destroying the band's drum set. The tantrum was comparable to the early club shows of the Sex Pistols or Nirvana.

During the group's set, I even noticed a USC cop banging his head, with fisted bullhorns high in the air. Mike Ardaiole, a second-year media-arts student, said, "S.T.U.N. has that raw energy that most punk bands are lacking today."

Other bands that performed were Denver progressive-hardcore band Faux and power-pop band Coheed and Cambria.

Faux performed energetically, while its long-haired members

banged their heads. Unfortunately, the three-guitar assault created an unintelligible sound, and the band's impressive light show outdid its music.

Coheed and Cambria was the most melodic band of the evening. The highlight was vocalist Claudio Sanchez, who sounds like a male Bjork.

Although there were mosh pits, kids rushing the stage, flying water bottles, industrial-weight dodgeballs whizzing through the air and mass hysteria, nobody in the crowd erupted into violence. Carolina Productions did a great job of assembling big-name groups and a great time.

Comments on this story? E-mail gamecockmixeditor@hotmail.com

## Conroy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Weenies — to his futile struggle for affirmation from his father, readers are walked through both Conroy's inner thoughts and his outward actions.

The work candidly depicts the stresses of cadet life at The Citadel, but also captures the ex-

hilaration of success, the honor instilled by being a team member, a classmate and a loyal friend.

Certainly, some readers might be turned off by Conroy's sports diction, but beneath the bounce passes and lay-ups lies a truly exceptional work.

It is a sports memoir, but more importantly, it is a reflection on life and change. Conroy attributes many of the lessons he's learned to basketball-related action; he evidences that the passions we pursue and the worlds in which we

immerse ourselves ultimately alter us in ways we could never imagine.

Conroy's tangible characters compel readers to root for Conroy and company in their personal struggles as well as their basketball games. Readers meet callous characters such as Coach Mel "Don't shoot, Conroy" Thompson, whom Conroy desperately tries to understand and respect. Conroy also writes candidly about his father, the "Great Santini" — the title character of a previous Conroy

work — evidencing the lasting effects that his father's abusive nature impressed on him.

Although laden with sports-oriented scenes and scoreboard statistics, Conroy's "My Losing Season" keeps a universal appeal — the rough-edged eloquence of his words turns the otherwise mundane into poetry.

Comments on this story? E-mail gamecockmixeditor@hotmail.com

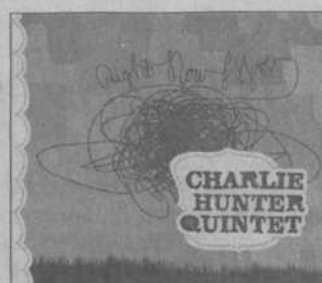
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## 'Right Now Move' easy to like



**"RIGHT NOW MOVE"**  
Charlie Hunter Quintet  
★★★★ out of ★★★★★

BY JUSTIN BAJAN  
THE GAMECOCK

Maybe you've heard of Charlie Hunter.

He's the guy who invented the eight-string guitar: a mammoth instrument that fuses the bass and electric guitar.

Two years ago, he featured Norah Jones on his album "Songs from the Analog Underground" before she was winning Grammys

and amazing music fans. And, oh yeah, he also recorded seven albums for Blue Note Records, the biggest jazz label in the history of the genre.

Hunter's latest release, "Right Now Move," on Ropeadope Records, is his 10th album, and the 35-year-old shows no signs of slowing down.

Instead of playing it safe and sticking with a formula, Hunter expands his band to a quintet, with John Ellis on tenor sax and bass clarinet, Derrek Phillips on drums, Curtis Fowlkes on trombone and the omnipresent Gregoire Maret on the chromatic harmonica. Maret and his harmonica becomes a staple on "Right Now Move," harmonizing with the other instruments and even doing some extended solos.

The whole album is very groove-oriented, with Hunter taking a back seat on most of the songs to his band mates. You'll hear him blending in with a sub-

tle bass line and occasionally standing out with a solid guitar solo. The album takes you to the porches of the Bay Area on "Oakland," a funky, slowed-down piece that includes the laughter and chatter of the quintet in the background.

"Right Now Move" never really moves outside of the listener's comfort zone, ostensibly soothing the listener's ears rather than challenging the mind. And that's OK; music was created for people to enjoy, and this album, just like a good concert, makes you feel good. Whether it's Hispanic-spiced tunes like "Changui" and "Mestre Tata," or the soulful offerings of "Try," "Wade in the Water" and "Whoop-Ass"; Hunter makes the listener smile with music that's easy to enjoy, saving intense instrumental complexity for later.

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