The Hiss return to Atlanta after touring with Oasis

By M. ichael Sprinkler Contributing Writer

In my listless nights in smoke-filled dives and low capacity rock clubs, The Hiss was a band that would periodically find their way into conversations about the local music scene. From the fragmented garble put together from my eavesdropping, I could tell that this band had a sound that left people with an extremely favorable opinion. They were the kind of band that whether or not you owned their c.d., you would find yourself singing along amongst one of their shows. When given the opportunity to review the music of a local band that I knew was achieving a level of acclaim, I enthusiastically snatched the c.d. and threw it into my car stereo.

The first track, “Clever Kicks,” opens with an oscillating trenolo bar guitar solo, reminiscent of something one might hear on a classic Sonic Youth album. After a few seconds, the drums kick in on top of guitar feedback. I immediately knew that I was going to like the remainder of this album. In a musical climate ripe with Clear Channel-generated playlists and pop icons produced on a mass media assembly line, the threat of imperfection in the recording process has been lost. It is seemingly inappropriate to print an album where the guitar player inadvertently breaks his palm on the high “E” string in the forty-second measure of song two.

“The music scene is definitely more rigid here in Atlanta… I believe our shows are a bit more diverse.”

Adrian Barrera Vocalist/Guitarist for The Hiss

institutionalized de facto system of fan base segregation, a band that can break down these barriers is a welcome change.

If a dynamic and worldly new sound were to come from anywhere, it would not be likely that it would come from a town where the local music scene is largely divided between different genres, leaving musicians to struggle for a fan base. According to Barrera, “The music scene is definitely more rigid here in Atlanta. I know, there’s the rock and roll kids that come out to see us. I believe our shows are a bit more diverse than anything else. I see, like, just music. I don’t like one genre or another of music. The music scene doesn’t blend as much as other bands, but, like little by little, I think all of those lines will start to fade away.”

“We’re just finished a tour of Germany with Oasis and a giant vagina,” “Panic Move” will be released in mid-August preceded by the “Clever Kicks” single that will debut on July 28.

Haven for the buzz from 4 Am Marshall Amplifier finagles its way onto the final cut. The 115赚 musical Vandelay.

The Hiss produces a rough vintage sound conglomerated from classic British rock and late seventies punk. Imagined as Zepplin mixed with The Clash with a dash of The Ramones and a pinch of The Rolling Stones for flavoring. This eclectic mixture yields a set list that is sure to appeal to everyone, not just a tic mixture yields a set list that is sure to appeal to everyone, not just a

The Hiss is currently putting the finishing touches to its debut album to be released on Looe Polydor Records in the United Kingdom and Europe this summer. The band will be laying down the tracks with producer Owen Morris (Tbhe Verve, Oasis) named after an obscure sixties art movement featuring “the staged murder of a rabbit and a giant vagina.” “Panic Move” will be released in mid-August preceded by the “Clever Kicks” single that will debut on July 28.

Christina Aguilera’s concert proves to be emotionally rollercoaster

By Chelsea Paxton Contributing Writer

After the shuttle ride from hell (apparently there are driving laws in Las Vegas and medians are just there for show), and a quick switch from the Hilton to the Hilton Grand, I collapsed in my stall. I was too exhausted from either the heat or the interminable that I am in an amusement park for adults. I have been sent to interview Christina Aguilera for her portion of the “Justified and Stripped” Tour.

At this point I am still awaiting a call from RCA (Christina’s label) telling me exactly when and where this alleged meet and greet will be taking place. I have, however, already heard from Q 100’s promotion director assuring me one again, that I will be receiving a call from a guy named M.Ike. I try not to let my skepticism get in the way of working on questions for this rare meet, just in case it was to actually take place. Christina Aguilera has come a long way since 1998’s “Gee nie in a Bottle.”

Amidst near constant reports of her clothing (or lack thereof), hair color or sexuality in general, people tend to forget that this woman, still only 22 years old, has a Grammy to her name, and that her second album, Stripped, is not only the best work of her career but also communicates a positive message, especially to her main audience of young women. Perhaps more time should be spent focusing on her lyrics as opposed to her look of the moment. That is the work of forced pop culture, we need someone like Christina Aguilera, whether we like it or not. She does not hesitate to speak her mind and encourages the world at large, much of whom are still too scared to consider issues like addiction, homosexuality, and abuse, to venture out of their own place of reality. And it is undeniable that Aguilera has one of the strongest voices in today’s music scene.

The question is, where is she going with this amazing voice of hers? Is there a greater message behind her music, as songs like “Beautiful” and “Fighter” seem to suggest? Where does she see herself 10 years from now? These are questions I intend to ask, if I ever receive that phone call. By 3:30 Vegas time, I wonder if I am being “Funk’d.” I realize that if I haven’t heard anything by 4, I will start making calls to the appropriate people. My phone rings at 3:57 pm, and it is, indeed, a guy named M.Ike, who introduces himself as RCA’s VP of TPR 46.

He begins by saying that there is...
Christina

“...a bit of a problem” but hopefully we can “work something out.” Apparently Christina simply does not do “meet and greets.” But that's not the story of the day. She is considered to be quite the diva, so that's something of an anomaly with just myself and someone from a radio station in New York. According to Mike, Christina wasn't feeling well, so her publicist called to say that there would be no meeting or greeting going on today.

Mike is genuinely apologetic, alluding to his death and perhaps Chris-tina isn't feeling stellar because she partied a little too much at the after-party in LA the night before. I am slightly disappointed; after all, this was supposed to be the opportunity of a lifetime in my young career as a journalist. I am mostly relieved, however. My greatest fear was that she would turn out to be the diva that she is considered to be, and actually this no-show says more about her than I could probably unearth in a five minute interview. Mike tells me that RCA will send me and my pseudonym a ferocious show of skin that I've been expecting, simply because of her relationship with music. The lights go off and the falsetto scream of thousands of young girls are all around me. Maybe it's the glow sticks, but suddenly I feel like I'm at the circus. It is quickly evident that, despite her daunting vocal ability, Christina is not here tonight to entertain. T hedancing is amateur, the delivery unenergetic, and the props reminiscent of an high school production. I am more confused than energized at this point. 0 penny with “Fighter,” the crowd is momentarily captivated but before long, moving and lively about the arena. Christina is genuine in speaking with the audience, she does admit to being under the weather and is sincere in her encouragement to “be yourself and make up the rules.” My appreciation for the greater message turns back to confusion when she returns, strapped to an oversized, flaming X for an edgy rendition of “Genie in a Bottle.” I am further perplexed by what riding an amusement park-like motocycle has to do with the empowering message behind, “Can’t Hold Us Down,” her next single. Yes, there are provocative dance moves, hiding costumes and the gratuitous shows of skin that I’ve been expecting...

Perhaps more time should be spent focusing on her lyrics as opposed to her look of the moment.

Any bitterness fades quickly. I am content to be in this surreal city for the first time and excited about the concert I veered so much about. The MGM Grand, famous for years in my mind simply from television specials and award shows, looks like most Atlanta venues on the inside. It is considerably larger than the Fox, smaller than Phillips, and full of typical-looking concert-goers. There is the occasional mother and daughter combo and several groups of high school girls, decked out in Abercrombie’s shortest skirts and homemade t-shirts reading “I LUV JUST IN,” but mostly the audience is composed of men and women in their early 20’s, drinking Bud Light and socializing in the lobby. For a second I feel like I’m back in Atlanta, seeing any summer show, but I’m quickly returned to reality by the glow-sticks and Christina look-alikes (O ne girl, wearing a bleach blonde wig, is apparently the last one to know that Christina is now raven-haired). The lights go off and the falsetto screams of thousands of young girls are all around me. Maybe it's the glow sticks, but suddenly I feel like I'm at the circus. It is quickly evident that, despite her daunting vocal ability, Christina is not here tonight to entertain. The hedancing is amateur, the delivery unenergetic, and the props reminiscent of an high school production. I am more confused than energized at this point. The penning with “Fighter,” the crowd is momentarily captivated but before long, moving and lively about the arena. Christina is genuine in speaking with the audience, she does admit to being under the weather and is sincere in her encouragement to “be yourself and make up the rules.” My appreciation for the greater message turns back to confusion when she returns, strapped to an oversized, flaming X for an edgy rendition of “Genie in a Bottle.” I am further perplexed by what riding an amusement park-like motocycle has to do with the empowering message behind, “Can’t Hold Us Down,” her next single.

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