

## YES, PLEASE

### 11.10 HEAT/ HANK/ PUSSY @ LINCOLN THEATRE



This show is like using a flame-thrower to light a barbecue: It's not whether it's hot enough, it's whether the fucker is going to burn down. Baptized in rockabilly and drunk on rock 'n' roll, this bill runs the gamut. Reverend Horton Heat's guitar cuts like a Ginsu in clean, deep lines of scalding country-tinged rock. Hank III is a perpetually bus-bound maniac

living a fifth-gear lifestyle and writing a no-holds barred story on the back of his eyelids while lighting it up with an outrageous blend of country, punkabilly and in-your-face hardcore. Nashville Pussy is a band of white-trash muggers lying in wait at the intersection of swamp-punk boogie and cock-rockabilly. \$22.50-\$25/ 8:30 p.m. —Chris Parker

### 11.09 WEEDEATER @ VOLUME II

Wilmington's Weedeater live is being kicked in the face with a red-clay-caked leather boot and loving every minute of it: Led by the thunder bass thuds of vocalist "Dixie" Dave Collins and the cymbal punishment of a dreadlocked

drummer named Keko, Weedeater puts the fiery belly of Southern rock belief back in stoner metal. 10 p.m. —Grayson Currin

### 11.09 WALTER SALAS-HUMARA @ SLIM'S

Walter Salas-Humara, the one constant in the Silo s' 20-plus years and quite possibly the co-missing link (with past collaborator Alejandro Escovedo) between Hank Williams and Lou Reed, will be there. Alongside him will be go-to multi-instrumentalist Drew Glackin, and Dos Chicas Caitlin Cary and Lynn Blakey are promised. What more do you need? 7 p.m. —Rick Cornell

### 11.14 ENON @ DUKE COFFEEHOUSE

A four-year break between records cost Enon much of the momentum on which several of its art-indie and funk-punk peers capitalized in the interim, but the Brooklyn three piece's return, *Grass Geysers ... Carbon Clouds*, is a flexible synthesis of what they've done best: Write pop songs and bend them beneath beats that rumble above currents of noise. If you like Blonde Redhead of late, Enon's something to behold. \$7/ 9:30 p.m. —Grayson Currin

# HEARING AID

## THE GUIDE TO THE WEEK'S CONCERTS



## EH, WHATEVER

### 11.12 FAMILY FORCE 5 @ LINCOLN THEATRE

It's as if My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult ended in *Deliverance*, and the "Sex on Wheelz" resulted in five tow-headed hillbilly mooks with a gift for music that makes Andrew W.K. sound like Dylan. The chorus of "Love Addict" ("Hold on, wait a minute / Put a little love in it") would make Spinal Tap proud, which is presumably the idea for these Beastie-biting Boys. Their arch crunk-metal grooves leave such a greasy trail of Velveta in its wake it's hard to discern which is the pose, the goofy mullet party throwdown or the wink. \$10-\$12/ 8 p.m. —Chris Parker

### 11.11 IAMX @ LOCAL 506

A little like Rufus Wainwright leading The Rapture except much, much worse, IAMX is the post-Sneaker Pimps project of former frontman Chris Corner, who did not sing "6 Underground." Corner's bland electroclash beats sound like spice relative to his lyrics and vocals, overwrought and underworked musings on things like "the politics and war of ecstasy." You already have an education. You don't need this. \$10-\$12/ 9 p.m. —Grayson Currin

### 11.09 COLBIE CAILLAT @ CAT'S CRADLE

Colbie Caillat, a *TRL*-approved 22-year-old singer/songwriter from California, likes to compare her bubbly pop to classic vintage recordings by Fleetwood Mac and Carole King. If only! She's more like an adulterated take on Jack Johnson's surfer-boy charm, with a little Norah Jones "grace" thrown in for snooze-worthy measure. SOLD OUT/ 8 p.m. —Kathy Justice

## LAST WEEK'S PARTY

### 10.31 NADA SURF @ CAT'S CRADLE

Franklin Street's Halloween festivities meant some music fans roamed city streets rather than haunted rock clubs, but inside the Cat's Cradle, the party still popped. New York trio Nada Surf plied its infectious blend of cinematic sweep and punk-inflected jangle to a crowd eager to sing along. The band, despite earlier reports, came as Star Wars characters, inviting a night of jokes and laughs. But the real treat was the band's holiday trick, a Ramones-inspired karaoke session that sent arms waving and people moving. Even if the crowd members couldn't deliver lyrical perfection, the band stepped in to fill in the blanks like the old-school punk fans they say they are. —Kathy Justice



## INTRODUCING...

### 11.09 SOUTHERN LINE @ HIDEAWAY BBQ

Actually, Southern Line leader Steve Howell doesn't really need much of an introduction. Same for his bandmates: upright bassist Peewee Watson, guitarist Scott Miller, Grand Ole Opry vet Hugh Moore on banjo and Dave Burke on dobro. It's more like a reintroduction as, since the Six String Café closed up shop, these guys haven't been playing out much, at least not together. And while their name might be one letter removed from the title of an album by the Backsliders (a band co-founded by Howell), Southern Line doesn't play pumped-up honky-tonk or country-touched rock. This is a bluegrass outfit, and they play for fun and out of affection for the music. Everybody sings. \$6/ 9:30 p.m. —Rick Cornell



## SONG OF THE WEEK

In the 100 busy seconds of "Those Who Don't Blink," **ENON** (11.14, **DUKE COFFEEHOUSE**) puts the best characters of its sound—dissonance amid melody, swagger amid sweetness—forward. To download the song and read an interview with the band, see [www.indyweek.com](http://www.indyweek.com).



## THE POLYPHONIC SPREE

**FROM:** Dallas, Texas  
**SINCE:** 2000  
**CLAIM TO FAME:** The wardrobe they've since ditched

Frontman Tim DeLaughter formed The Spree after guitarist Wes Berggren's overdose ended Tripping Daisy. Drawn to the big '70s pop productions he'd heard as a youth, DeLaughter collected an orchestra for the symphonic, heartfelt pop he was writing. The spectacle of a 20-piece band clad in robes all singing and dancing with ecstatic smiles was almost impossible to resist emotionally, despite the suggestive cult quality. The Spree, a live explosion, survived inherent logistical difficulties to release a third album, *The Fragile Army*, its most fully-fleshed and realized effort to date, weaving occasional dark clouds into their usually sun-drenched pop. At **CAT'S CRADLE** with Rooney and Redwalls at 8:45 p.m. for \$15-\$18.

## VS. TUESDAY, NOV. 13



## FISHBONE

**FROM:** Los Angeles, Ca.  
**SINCE:** 1979  
**CLAIM TO FAME:** Pan-genre experimentation that produced rap-metal, for which they've apologized



A cornerstone of Los Angeles' music scene, Fishbone's ignorance of boundaries expresses the members' multi-cultural upbringing. Rap, rock, punk, ska, metal and funk are all diced into an energetic, horn-fueled sound. While music was constricted by genre straitjackets in the '80s, Fishbone broke free like a mental patient who sees the light. The band may never have received its due, but its eclectic, style-blending approach seems all the more prescient these days. Though just two original members remain in this live explosion, its latest album, *Still Stuck In Your Throat*, demonstrates plentiful spunk. At **LINCOLN THEATRE** at 8 p.m. for \$14-\$17. —Chris Parker