Dashboard Odometer Reads High
Dashboard Confessional delivers an audience-pleasing performance

By Harmony Liff
Staff Writer

In a time when new bands are constantly hitting the scene, Dashboard Confessional has been a force consistently pleasing its fans. On Sept. 5, MTV-2 and K-ROCK presented an evening of emo/punk rock bliss featuring headliner Dashboard Confessional and opening bands MXPX and Brand New. A line wound its way from the doors of New York City’s Roseland Ballroom, where bags were being searched and tickets scanned, to the very center of the area reserved for moshing and crowd surfing. Along the edges of the room, the fans were more subdued and relaxed. Some fans sang along, while others waited until Dashboard Confessional came on.

People were being pushed and several small fights broke out due to the complete lack of space. Yet the moment Dashboard’s lead vocalist and guitarist, Chris Carraba and his band entered the stage, the pushing stopped, replaced by cheers and ear-piercing screams.

Dashboard kicked off the set with songs from its newest album, *A Mark, A Mission, A Brand, A Scar*, then played some of its older popular songs from the albums *The Place That You Have Come To Fear The Most* and *Screaming Infidelity*. The crowd sang along with several praises from Carraba himself on the singing.

The lighting display was simple but well-designed, consisting only of a starry backdrop with blue, purple, green and yellow spotlights, which complemented the ambiance and captured the relaxed, intimate mood of the atmosphere.

Several times, Carraba just backed away from the microphone and let the crowd sing to him. Throughout the show, he displayed undeniable stage presence and charisma. One man, bearing a mohawk, with a guitar and a crooked smile, simply standing at the edge of a stage, was able to cause a huge room packed with fans to go insane with screams and cheers.

The entire set did not last much longer than an hour. When the band had left the stage without playing their most popular song of the moment, “Hands Down,” the crowd broke out in a chant, demanding an encore. Just as it seemed he would not come back out, Carraba and his band entered the stage once more.

The band played five minutes of just guitar and drums before breaking into a song off of the new album. Then Carraba said, “I hope you guys like this one. It’s about the best day of my life,” and broke into an energy-filled version of “Hands Down,” complete with much of the New York City audience singing backup.

Music-lovers of this genre would undoubtedly been in awe of the show. From the opening bands performances to the shaky wave Carraba gave just before his final exit from the stage, the show was consistent with its greatness. It was easily one of the best concerts of the summer, “Hands Down.”

Red Hot Chili Peppers rock the Tweeter Center

By Jared Vichko
Sports Editor

When dogs get older, they are said to have bark but no bite. Last Friday night at the Tweeter Center, an old dog still had plenty of bite to go along with its bark, as the Red Hot Chili Peppers performed the latest leg of their tour.

A group that has been around for almost twenty years (yes it’s been that long) performed with the same zeal and fervor of an opening band still trying to make a name for themselves.

After the opening bands French Toast and the Queens of the Stone Age were finished, it was showcase time. The set opened with Flea, drummer Chad Smith and guitarist John Frusciante performing on their respective instruments, joined shortly after by lead singer, Anthony Keidis.

They jumped right into “By The Way,” the title track off their latest album and followed that with “Scar Tissue” which featured an awesome guitar solo from Flea, one of his many of the evening. His other solo during “Californication” was truly for the fans, as he knelt down from the stage and let someone from the mosh pit reach out and play his guitar.

Singing almost every one of their famous songs, such as “Give it Away,” “Around the World,” and “Otherside,” the band stayed sharp all night. There were no long breaks or times of silence, which can generally upset the crowd.

The lighting was good, not particularly great, but the quality of the music more than compensated for it.

For the encore, Flea came out and played a solo, not with his typical choice of instrument, but rather a trumpet. After the solo, with the crowd calling for “Under the Bridge,” the band did not disappoint. From the first row of the mosh pit to the last blanket on the lawn, the crowd provided a 25,000 voice chorus, singing in almost angelic accord with the group.

Fans of ages ranging from 15-50 all enjoyed themselves equally. The majority were college students, some coming all the way from Maryland and Virginia. Although the audience ages differed greatly, they all sought a great performance from a great band, and they did not leave disappointed.

The Peppers played for about an hour and a half, taking the stage around 10:15 and ending the final song at 11:45. As they displayed all night, an old dog can still do new tricks.