

Music Review

Presets: neo-New Wave twosome perfect for your favorite indie bar

by Matt Rutherford
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When people think of the “newly” trendy two piece bands, famous moguls like the White Stripes or Air come to mind. Now, I don’t claim to not enjoy touting my music that no one on Earth has ever heard of, but, I think its time I let you all in on a little secret called the Presets.

Hailing from Sydney, Australia Julian Hamilton and Kim Moyes make up this multifaceted twosome. Both of which have many side projects, including being a part of a band that includes Daniel Johns, frontman for Silverchair. Their music is reminiscent of the Faint’s sound on *Wet from Birth*, yet with a greater amount of bass and drive. Its the perfect music for a drive to the clubs or your favorite indie bar.

Beams, the Presets first album debuted on Modular Recordings, last September, but has only recently received the attention it deserves. The most notable tracks are, *Are you the One?*, *Girl and the Sea*, *I Go Hard, I Go Home*, and *Beams*. In between each of these songs and the others I haven’t listed is always an interesting instrumental interlude, that displays the Presets more quirky attitude. Usually, new artists wait to reveal these things until a fan base has really warmed up to the group. Kudos for for being brave Presets.

Are you the One?, is the second track on the album,

Beams. The track is a vibrant euphony with catchy lyrics begging to blared over huge speakers. The lyrics beg, asking, “Are you the one to dance with me?”, meanwhile guitars screech and electronic noises fly.

Girl and the Sea, is slightly different from the rest of the album, save the last track. It echoes more of a early 90s Depeche Mode. This isn’t exactly a good song for any dance floor, but its definitely a good transition for one to run to the bar between drinks. Maybe even catch that cutie’s eye you see on the platform near the biggest speaker.

I Go Hard, I Go Home, is the zenith of the album-an obelisk among mere spires. The bass and drive in this wordless, guitar laced, bassy, piece would bring even the most dancing inept to the floor. I personally enjoy the drum solo.

Last, *Beams*, reminds me of Groove Armada’s album, *Goodbye Country, Hello Nightclub*. Particularly the track *Edge Hill*. *Beams* and *Edge Hill* start out with an ambient sort of feels, no words, just a slow sort of groove. Later the an entire orchestration comes out of nowhere and blows you away with its precise syncopation with the original beat. This is wonderful driving music and great ending to an album, but it hardly backs up the hardness of the album’s core.

Buy this album, or listen to it on my iTunes, my username is You’re not Worthy, give it a try-you won’t be disappointed.

Martinis are Deceitful by Risa Dimond

In old movies we see glamorous, made up women drinking elegant stemmed drinks and smoking cigarettes hanging off of long sticks. Their fingers gloved in black and adorned with monstrous diamond cocktail rings. The hand holding the drink is posed with their tiny thumbs and dainty fingers placed upon the stem of the crystal glass, pinky stiff and pointed out.

An olive impaled by a straw, marinates in the vodka with a touch of vermouth. But do we ever see the fancy women

take a drink?

For I can

imagine

that if

they

did,

their

faces

would

pucker.

And

after

four

drinks

their

perfect

hair

would

come

undone

and the shape

of their rings would

be imprinted onto their

foreheads after passing out on

their fancy Chinese silk covered chairs.

Chiaroscuro now taking submissions!

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