

'Polite rock' and mild headbanging

NICK KHATTAR
ARTS CONTRIBUTOR

If you managed to skip mid-terms and start the weekend off on a Wednesday, you might have caught Laura Peek and the Winning Hearts, i see rowboats and, from the dark, sceney underbelly of Montreal rock, The Besnard Lakes on Oct. 17.

The doors opened at 10 p.m. By 10:03, The Marquee was swimming with 90 per cent of Halifax's trendy,

indie-art types, eagerly awaiting a good healthy dose of i see rowboats.

The Halifax quintet sure knows how to razzle and dazzle a crowd with their smorgasbord of sound.

It was hard to keep track of how many instruments they had, but they definitely knew how to use them. It sounded like they got their hands on a can of bluegrass and a little vile of funk and stirred it into a cauldron of mutagen.

The fiddle underlined slapping

snare beats and melodic, hypnotizing vocals.

Laura Peek and the Winning Hearts hopped onto the decrepit stage next. The three-piece from the heart of indie Halifax have a sound so soft and subtle, if there was a term to describe it, it would be 'polite rock.' It felt like they were going to say please and thank you after every captivating song.

Peek's unique, unrefined, delicate voice held the melancholy lyrics together.

Then came the main course of the evening - The Besnard Lakes. The music started and you couldn't help but sway like a willow in the wind.

The Besnard Lakes' music is touchy and grabs ya real tight between the legs. It reverberates like a dirty rendition of a bad Beach Boys tune. They dabble in psychedelic sounds, letting notes bounce up and down in a *Dark Side of the Moon* kind of way, making for music that's good to mildly headbang to on a Wednesday night.