



WEDNESDAY 14

Chris Cagle — After a decade-plus career that resulted in a couple of gold-certified albums and hit country singles from the sensitive “I Breathe In, I Breathe Out” to the nostalgic “Wal-Mart Parking Lot,” Chris Cagle is re-booting, in life and music. He wears a cowboy hat not just because it’s what country singers are supposed to do: Cagle owns a working farm and ranch in Oklahoma where he and his family reside when he’s not touring his brand of self-proclaimed “redneck rock ‘n’ roll.” A digital single, “Got My Country On,” was released on indie label Bigger Picture Group; a full album is on the way in 2012. *K. Oliver*

Jillian’s: 7 p.m., free; 779-7789.

Le Rex — There’s no song, at least on the fantastic *Le Corse*, better than “Ruby Deck” that encapsulates what Swiss brass quintet Le Rex is capable of doing: It kicks off with its players — saxophonists Benedikt Reising and Marc Stucki, tromboner Andreas Tschopp, tubist Marc Unternährer and drummer Rico Baumann — locked into a syncopated off-time announcement, with Baumann further adding to the stop-start pull with just-so punctuation on hi-hat and shakers. Then, out of nowhere, it warps into a savage funk groove, Stucki’s tenor sax digging hard into a crispy, rousing solo. Then, as quickly as it came, the groove evaporates back into the herky-jerk head, with Reising and Tschopp trading brief, romantic melody lines over Unternährer’s steady rhythmic pulse. The tune showcases the quintet’s unique and virtuosic tendency toward the groove and tight horn melodies, while at the same time displaying its knack for unexpected tonal and timbral shifts. Le Rex has energy and verve in abundance — even on the funeral “Irgendwo Häre” and the brief and guttural “Güd” — marking its tunes with bright, keen-ing leads and strutting rhythmic nods to swing and Balkan dance music. Recorded spontane-

ously as the quintet busked on the beaches and streets of Corsica, *Le Corse* is a complex array of dizzying pop grooves and brooding ballads that’s enhanced by the unexpected addition of stage patter and steady rain, chattering insects and bursting fireworks — a byproduct of its impromptu recording process, which makes for an altogether seamless listen, as songs flow in and out of found sounds. (Bonus points for a killer rendition of “Nothing Compares 2 U,” too.) Robust and adventurous, this is an ensemble not to be missed. *P. Wall*

Conundrum Music Hall: 7:30 p.m., \$8; 250-1295, conundrum.us.

Young the Giant — It’s odd that California pop-rock act Young the Giant is signed to heavyweight heavy metal label Roadrunner (home to Korn, Dragonforce and Nickelback, among others); the quintet’s breezy pop-rock is handsome and finessed, foregoing sledgehammer riffs for slick, seductive hooks and sing-along choruses. There’s not much that separates Young the Giant from its postmodern rock peers; the band seemingly swaps interlocking parts — Kings of Leon’s Southern twang for Golden State breeze; Vampire Weekend’s Ivy League erudition for beautiful, summery vacancy — from the cut-and-paste AAA-radio template, its songs predictable and formulaic. Still, it’s light and playful (Nada Surf for bros?), and rousing in all the right places. Now, the bad news: Sorry, but USC kiddies only. With *Death of Paris*. *P. Wall*

University of South Carolina Greene Street Intramural Fields: 7 p.m., free; cp.sc.edu.

FRIDAY 16

The Outdoor Protestant Blues Band —

The solo-slash-side project of Say Brother’s Mike Collins, The Outdoor Protestant Blues Band takes the stomp-heavy blues-folk of Collins’ other band and distills it into a gloriously fuzzed out one-man-band that makes a hell of a lot of racket. In the vein of Scott H. Biram or