

# Eye on Entertainment

## On The Road to Some Fun Filled Festivals

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Sunscreen, bottled water, bug spray, and blankets fill the trunk of your car. The floor underneath the seats is littered with pages of Mapquest directions, burned CD's filled with tracks suitable for road trips, and empty McDonald's, Wendy's, and othergrease-stained fast food bags. Look around the car: you're with a few friends. This rules out a family vacation, and the lack of hygiene lets you know you've been driving for at least a day or two. It's okay to be a bit disoriented, that type of thing is common with music festivals.

Tis' the season of sold out tickets and saving paychecks for gas money. Warm weather signals the swift approach of the music festival season, and two prominent events are really mixing things up this year. Bonnaroo, the four day campout/musicfest in June held on 700 acres of farmland, has been inching closer and closer, but in the lead is Bamboozle, which is generally held the first weekend of May. Both have gained quite the reputations over the past decade or so, but as with the case of evolution, both are gradually shifting gears from the originality that gained them such fame in the first place.

It is easy to associate the two aforementioned gatherings with college students and counterculture, but in a society where counterculture continues to become more mainstram, thus defying its own name, these two festivals feel no need to exclude popular acts like Bruce Springsteen, No Doubt, Snoop Dogg, Third Eye Blind, etc. Now, most elitists will simply throw this paper away, shocked that the music the masses listen to is invading "their" three or four day music festival experience, but change is usually for the better. For instance, who doesn't love rocking out to the Boss, and remember when No Doubt was all about "walking in spiderwebs" when you're trying to call them and being the coolest band, before Hirajuku overtook Stefani's image? And it is safe to say, after watching the movie "Old School," it'd be pretty cool to see Snoop Dogg and his velour suits in person, hanging out in a field with his entourage. And Bamboozle, not to be outdone, has

arranged for a musical to be performed. Not Broadway of course, but a specific band, Forgive Durden, has written a musical to be performed in its entirety at this festival, and there are hints it will feature Bamboozle veterans such as Chris Conley, Max Bemis, Shawn Harris, Brendan Urie, Casey Crescenzo, Greta Salpeter, and others.

The line-ups are still not finalized for either event, but as of now, Bonnaroo will cater to even the most picky musical appetite with acts such as Phish, Beastie Boys, Wilco, Band of Horses, Coheed & Cambria, of Montreal, Jenny Lewis, Nine Inch Nails, and many more. Bamboozle, though not famous for eclectic line-ups, has many popular bands such as Fall Out Boy, Lydia, Gwar, Cartel, Bloodhound Gang, Bayside, and many others. Looking for a solid way to let loose after finals (or, irresponsibly, a few days before as the case with Bamboozle)? Then head to either bonnaroo.com or thebamboozle.com and grab some tickets, because they are notorious for selling out. Then, let the planning commence for a road trip and an unforgettable way to kick off Summer '09. And if you think it is way to soon to start planning for May and June, you'd be surprised. Waiting until April to get tickets is just as risky as embarking on one of these multi-day events with no bug spray. So as winter loses its hold on the weather, and spring starts elbowing its way back into our lives, see some new sights, because I am a firm believer that hanging out with Snoop Dogg or No Doubt is much better than being surrounded by little kids on the beach for a weekend.

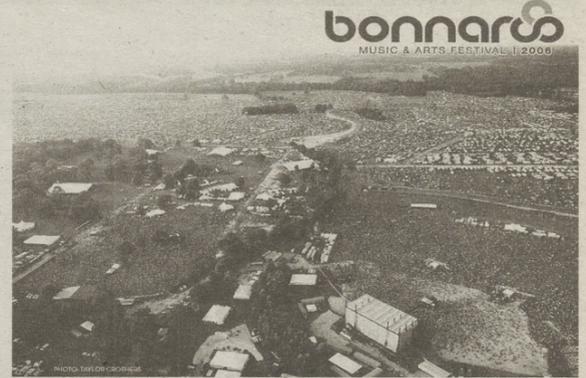


Photo of Bonnaroo Festival 2006  
Courtesy of ohmpark.com

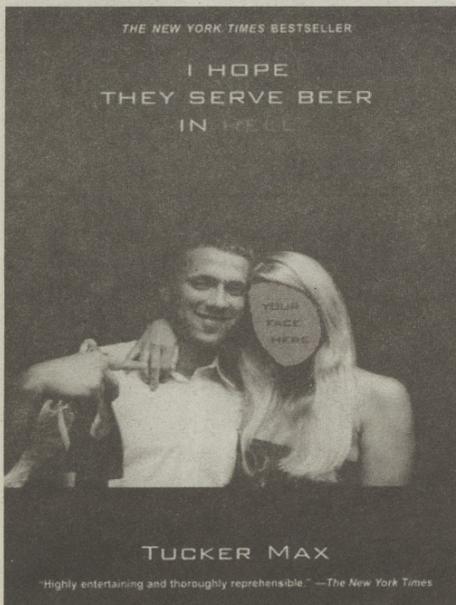
## Book Review: I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell

By Shawn Addison - *Lion's Eye Staff Writer* - sda025@psu.edu

Think of the rudest, most disgusting, ridiculous, crude, disloyal, terrible, despicable, vile, and offensive man you could ever come into contact with and now also imagine him being probably the greatest man ever, EVER. A book only meant for the mature, or just your regular immature young adult male, I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell is the journal of hated and loved Tucker Max. Each chapter is just a little piece of his ridiculous and completely unsafe lifestyle. He is everything everyone would like to be but our "morals" get in the way. Every person has the little voice in the back of their head that says, "No, no, no this is absolutely wrong." However Tucker Max has seemed to have found a way to strap his down to a cold metal chair and then locked it in the sordid janitorial closet located deep in the dead center of his crooked mind, which is seeping in a stinging cloud of alcohol. The words sobriety, abstinence, responsibility, and rationality do not apply here. Tucker Max is the most offensive man you could possibly come into contact with.

Tucker Max attended the University of Chicago where he received his B.A in 1998. He then attended Duke Law School on academic scholarship where he graduated with a J.D in 2001. What Duke doesn't know is that while in his last two years there he didn't buy any text books and, while still enrolled at Duke, was living in Cancun with his "daddy's girl" girlfriend. As he describes each of his egregious adventures he creates names for his friends in order to keep each person's identity a secret. He uses names such as slingblade, drunk girl, golden boy, and the list goes on.

If you were looking for a nice book to sit down by the fire, or electrical heater for some of us, then this book is not for you. Granted that this book is utterly hilarious and immorally educational, it is not for the opinionated. You must have an open mind as soon as you pick up this modern day man bible. To best leave this book review at an end, I believe I must leave the words of a true hero for the sheepish man. "I get excessively drunk at inappropriate times, disregard social norms, indulge every whim, ignore the consequences of my actions, mock idiots and posers, sleep with more women than is safe or reasonable, and just generally act like a raging dickhead. But, I do contribute to humanity in one very important way. I share my adventures with the world."



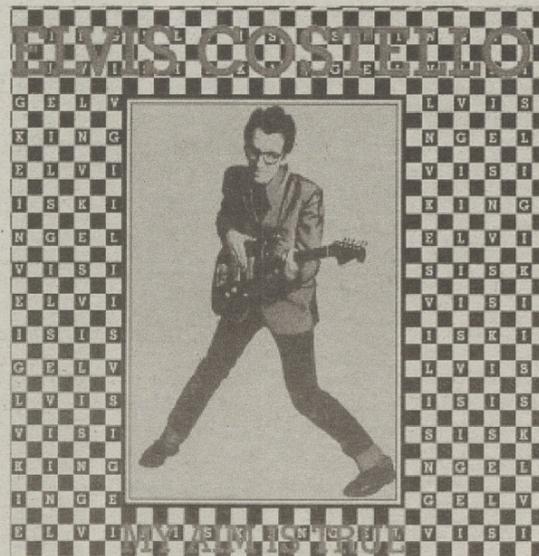
Cover of "I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell" - courtesy of amazon.com

## From the Vintage Bin: Elvis Costello

By Caitlin Olszewski - *Lion's Eye Staff Writer* - coo5024@psu.edu

As the needle on my record player lets out a soft crackle Elvis Costello's sweet crooning fills my speakers and my heart with joy. In an unheard of twenty-four hours the album My Aim Is True was recorded and produced. In this 1976 debut album, Costello borrows Buddy Holly's black glasses and geeky style and blends it with the satirical bitterness of a love-scorned man. In the first lines of the first song Costello plants his tongue firmly in his cheek and it remains there throughout the entire album. In a time when bands like The Ramones and Joy Division were gaining popularity, Elvis Costello released this twelve-track beauty and created a unique marriage of the angry bitterness of punk and the melodic sensitivity of the sock-hop jukebox. The album as a whole is a mix of new wave, punk, and sixties pop that's so sugary it will leave you with cavities.

Most of Elvis' songs deal with the fear of connecting with someone else. With lyrical intellect he belts about love lost, heartache, and teases. In the dance along hit Sneaky Feelings Costello sings "Sneaky feelings, sneaky feelings/You can't let those kind of feelings show/I'd like to get right through the way I feel for you/But I've still got a long way to go".



Elvis Costello's album, "My Aim Is True" - Photo Courtesy of www.springsteenlyrics.com

No Dancing could easily be the slow "doo-wap" song played after a fatal chicken race in a James Dean movie. One of the best songs on the album, Blame It On Cain is an ode to the legacy of Cain and the hypocrisy human nature. Another delicious track on this album is Less Than Zero. An upbeat killer, Costello takes charge on British politics and Politian Oswald Mosley while singing "Calling Mister Oswald with the swastika tattoo/There is a vacancy waiting in the English voodoo." Overall My Aim Is True holds the rawness and edginess of a debut album while collectively remaining sensitive and heartfelt. Every song on the album is relatable and this album could easily be considered a life soundtrack.