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EXPOSURE



WYTESA

Forging a unique sound page 4

Just sing the song

From the Editor

by Dara Tucker



Full disclosure here: I am not within MTV's target demographic. It's been a few years since I became fully immersed in a soul-compromising season of "The Real World," and I can't remember the last time I waited with bated breath 'til 3a.m. to catch my favorite music video — remember those?

So, at the risk of sounding like an old codger, lamenting the glory of days gone by, I've got to say that from where I'm sitting music ... just ain't what it used to be.

While scanning through some classic pop performances on YouTube.com recently, it became increasingly apparent to me that musicianship and dedication to one's craft are no longer prerequisites for a successful career in the field of pop music.

From pyrotechnics to descending stages, to 'contortionists-as-background-dancers,' with Cinemax at 3a.m. choreography, music has gotten a little mired in the showmanship bog.

Now don't get me wrong, performers of yesteryear like Madonna, Prince and Michael Jackson certainly knew how to put on a show — just ask their modern-day imitators, Britney, Usher and Justin.

And the days of yore are certainly not without their offences to the gods of song — I'm fairly sure a blood sacrifice was required to atone for "867-5309-Jenny."

However, somehow the art of

skillful vocal presentation and a simple-but-honest delivery is more and more becoming a thing of the past.

Case in point: I present to you my theory on the composition process for a prime offender: Cassie's "Me&U."

Honchos at Bad Boy Records: "Diddy needs a new pair of shoes. We need to make some cash, quick! Go grab Beyoncé wannabe #53. First writer to come up with a song gets a 'Vote or Die' T-Shirt!"

Writer Ryan Leslie: "I can come up with something for you, boss. I just put about \$75 into this hot new Casio keyboard I spotted at Target. I haven't figured out what the black keys do yet, but I let my nephew play with it last night and he came up with a hook that is off the chain! I can put some lyrics to it and have it ready for you in, say, an hour?"

Honchos at Bad Boy Records: "You, my son ... are the picture of dedication."

And how is this lack of musicianship compensated for in this glorious "kudos season" where ubiquitous award shows require that these "artists" present their trite offerings for our visual consumption? You guessed it ... boob show!

The modus operandi of these vixen-handlers seems to be, 'when in doubt, use props; lots of props.' Snakes, helicopters, Japanese Geishas — whatever. Just create a diversion.

Then have your ingénue lip-synch over a pre-recorded track. You wouldn't want to run the risk of confusing her by requiring that she both hold a mic and sing simultaneously. The snake may sense her fear.

And if all else fails, and it usually does, have her flash the audience like a back-alley streetwalker in desperate need of a hit.

I'm guessing the powers-that-be are operating on the assumption that if they throw us enough

visual stimulation, we won't realize that we're being slowly lulled into a 'hook' induced coma — unable to judge the infectious from the inept.

To be sure, there are exceptions to this industry glut: Algebra Blessett, John Legend, Sarah McLachlan, John Mayer and Liz Wright certainly give one reason to hope. There are just, quite frankly, too few of these anomalies.

Now, I'm no prude. I love a good club-burner as much as the next gal. Dr. Dre has the uncanny ability to produce such hits without giving the listener that post-traumatic, "I-can't-believe-I've-fallen-for-a-lame-one-hit-wonder" feeling. There's a right way and a wrong way to do it.

The issue is not so much about musical snobbery as it is a demand for musical integrity. We pay these people a lot of money in downloads, ringtones, CDs and cable TV subscriptions to create the soundtrack of our lives. Our capitalist ethos demands that we should expect more from our suppliers.

Think of it this way: the people who serve you Big Macs should not possess a higher level of aptitude in their chosen profession than people who are paid millions of dollars to come up with shining gems like, "Baby, tell me if you like (Tell me if you like it) It's me and you, now (Yeah)?"

In the aforementioned trip down memory lane via YouTube, I waxed nostalgic while savoring the gospel-infused soprano of Whitney Houston, who for my money, was the world's greatest pop singer in her pre-Bobby prime.

I sat mesmerized as she made her way through one of the many hits she racked up in her heyday — a heyday she earned by demonstrating what an amazing vocalist she was.

She interpreted the lyric, and made you feel something. Simple as that. I sat transfixed as she sang. No whining; no growling or grunting. No trapeze acts. Not one ounce of hype. Just singing. And big eighties hair. That, and the singing. ♦

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EXPOSURE STAFF

And the Award goes to...

Oscar shines light on Latin filmmakers

Reid Conner

Staff Writer

Although the winners of this year's Academy Awards won't be announced until Feb. 25, a major victory has already been won in the recognition of Latin filmmakers. From major awards such as "Best Picture" and "Best Actress," to technical awards like "Best Art Direction," Latin filmmakers can be found in almost every category of this year's nominations.

There have been many great, if not underappreciated, Mexican films and filmmakers over the years. This year, today's greatest filmmakers from south of the border have all simultaneously released some of the best work of their careers at the end of 2006. Guillermo del Toro's "Pan's Labyrinth," Alfonso Cuarón's "Children of Men," Alejandro González Iñárritu's "Babel" and Pedro Almodóvar's "Volver" were all rated among many critics' best of the year.

"Babel," tied with "Pan's Labyrinth" at six nominations, is up for "Best Picture" and González Iñárritu has been nominated for "Best Director." The film is González Iñárritu's final entry in his "death trilogy" which also includes "Amores Perros" and "21 Grams."

Driven by its multiple storylines, "Babel" has also been nominated for its art direction, cinematography, makeup, original score, original screenplay and Latin actress Adriana Barraza received a nomination for her supporting performance. Brad Pitt's performance in the film has also been critically acclaimed and many feel he should have been among the "Best Supporting Actor" nominees.

Del Toro's "Pan's Labyrinth" is a fairy tale set during the Spanish Civil War about a young girl, Ofelia, who escapes into a fantasy world to forget the harsh realities of life around her. Definitely not for children, this Spanish-language film is graphically violent in its portrayal of

Ofelia's struggle to find happiness under the watchful eye of her militant stepfather while her sickly mother is struggling to get through a pregnancy.

The film's haunting fantasy sequences effectively blend with the dramatic struggles of Ofelia's reality and create an amazing piece of work. Without a doubt, "Pan's Labyrinth" is a lock to win this year's "Best Foreign Film" award. The film will also be a strong contender in the art direction, cinematography and makeup categories because of its amazing visual work. Gustavo Santaolalla's musical score and del Toro's original screenplay have also been nominated.

Cuarón's "Children of Men" may have missed out on all the big nominations, but was recognized where the film shines the brightest: its cinematography. Under Cuarón's direction, Guillermo Navarro's numerous single-shot sequences are simply amazing and have to be seen to believe. Even without the camera tricks, the gritty photography perfectly captures the atmosphere of a futuristic urban wasteland. "Children of Men" has rightfully earned nominations in the cinematography, editing and adapted screenplay categories. If the "Best Director" category wasn't already filled to the brim, Cuarón's name could have been among the other nominees.

Although "Volver" somehow missed out on being nominated for "Best Foreign Picture," the film did earn Penélope Cruz her first Academy Award nomination. She is

up for the "Best Actress" award, a great achievement because she is nominated for a Spanish-language performance. In a role specifically written for her, Cruz plays an energetic, emotional woman who is vis-



Photo courtesy of Picturhous (above) and Sony Pictures Classics (below)
Above: "Pan's Labyrinth" by Guillermo del Toro joins several other films by Latin American filmmakers in this year's Academy Awards ceremony.

Below: Penélope Cruz was nominated for her first Academy Award for her starring role as Raimunda in Pedro Almodóvar's "Volver."



ited, along with her sisters, by the spirit of her dead mother who has returned to fix what she wasn't able to when she was alive. Although her performances in American films are often criticized, Cruz proves that under the right direction she can be an effective actress.

No matter who comes out a winner on Oscar night, these directors have made extraordinary films that not only saved a rather dismal year in film, but will also stand the test of time. Cuarón and del Toro have both set the bar high for themselves and they will only continue to grow as filmmakers. Who knows where they'll take us next? ♦

Oscar

He's been called by many names (Weekly Variety once tried to dub him "the iron man") but to us, he's Oscar. The statuette itself is 13.5 inches tall, weighs 8.5 pounds and is made of gold-plated bronze.

What no one seems to know is where Oscar got his name. One of the most popular theories is that former Academy executive Margaret Herrick named the award while working as a librarian because it resembled her Uncle Oscar. No one's ever been able to prove it, though.

Regardless, if you ever wanted one for yourself, the statuette costs \$330. Want a specific actor's award? Be prepared to dole out \$100,000 or more for it.



Metal and mental collide for a new kind of



Kylesa is not the sort of band one can be satisfied to catch live only once.

Between the doom metal elements, the punk ethos and the evocative atmospherics, the band offered a lot to take in last Friday night at Nashville's Springwater club. It was my second time to see them, and doing so only made me eager to tuck on a third.

Unique as their sound is, here are some telling characteristics of the band in its current state: there are two drummers, two guitarists and a bassist. All three of the string-players also sing – or scream. Laura, the group's lone female, plugs her guitar into a bank of effects pedals two feet wide and two rows deep.

Such massive arrays of pedals, I learned that night, are critical in this branch of loud music because they provide a huge sound even when the music isn't technically overwhelming. This was the common denominator Kylesa needed to fit in between a pair of traditional doom – read: slow – metal bands descended from the likes of Black Sabbath.

The show was part of a national tour Kylesa is undertaking alongside doom kings The Hidden Hand; the latest project of Scott "Wino" Weinrich, an innovator in the genre for decades.

Friday's lineup also included local doomsters Sea Witch, which was easily the most epic band there. The show was kicked off by the punk group Symptoms, whose tight thrash metal chops reminded me of the band Municipal Waste.

Located within sight of Centennial Park on West End Ave., the Springwater proved an ideal venue for the show thanks to its laid back atmosphere, which permitted a refreshing degree of intimacy between the bands and their fans. "I can't believe Wino is just walking around

here,"
I overheard
one metal fan
saying.

Regrettably, this laid-back approach also meant the show went on late into the night – Kylesa, playing third in the lineup of four, didn't even take the stage until after midnight. "Springwater shows usually start two to three hours after they're supposed to," remarked one local punk.

That said, there are worse places to spend five hours on a Friday night. The jukebox has everything from extended Miles Davis tracks to 80's Metallica, and although I don't drink, I understand beer there is relatively cheap.

It didn't take a gigantic crowd for the place to feel full – I'd be surprised if it numbered more than a hundred – but the effect of this fullness on the general milieu was more cozy than stifling. Even the hecklers were benign as the band set up. "This is a nice wedge," Laura remarked of the stage's trapezoidal shape, before a fan called an odd request.

"Play that Pantera song 'bout respect," he jeered. The band joked along with him good-naturedly until it was time to begin.

Both of Kylesa's drummers are relatively new additions to the group, though upon their recruitment, the founding members said they had been wanting to perform with twin percussionists since their inception in 2001. I was somewhat skeptical of the change because it seemed unnecessary, but 20 seconds into the set I was sold on the pair. As if to quell any uncertainties on the issue, the band started with a percussive run-up demonstrating both drummers' full potential before ramping into the first track from their latest album, "Time Will Fuse Its Worth."

As I marveled over the group's balance of focused kinetic energy and primal heaviness, I had only begun to wonder what such noise might compel the audience to do when I was suddenly surged forward in a human wave toward the

stage.
Not eager
to mosh, I
was relieved
when the pit
quickly subsided,
but pleased to know
I was hardly alone in
my delight in the
band's inertia.

For all their raw power, the band isn't afraid to show a thoughtful and inventive side, either. Both times I've seen them, the band used a combination of samples and busy drum work to avoid stopping mid-set while the guitarists retuned. Nuances like these reflect the group's artistry just as well as their overt statements of it, with tracks like "Descend Within," an exercise in dynamic contrast between brooding tension and churning fury.

The band closed with – get this – a Pink Floyd cover: "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun." The only thing crazier was the audience, and I was not alone in feeling worn out by the time The Hidden Hand began at almost 1:30 a.m.

Artists and fans interested in sludgy guitar riffs certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Scott Weinrich for his pioneering work in doom metal, which began in the 70's with The Obsessed, and spanned such other bands as Saint Vitus and Spirit Caravan before his founding of The Hidden Hand in 2002.

If it's any indicator, his pedal count numbered into the double digits even

before he brought out a second board of them, and the group played an hour-long set that involved at least three changes of guitar and one song played with a slide. It was

an impressive performance by any standard, but I couldn't help feeling ready for bed by the end of it. In large part this was more due to sheer exhaustion and my forgetting earplugs. Yes, I know, I'm a wuss.

Having said all that, an interesting evolution in metal is visible when the two bands are placed side by side, as they have been on this tour, each representing a different generation. While The Hidden Hand represents a nearly direct descent from metal founders Black Sabbath, relative

newcomers Kylesa have appropriated certain aspects of that sound and recontextualized them, creating something still indisputably heavy but more adventurous artistically.

So while I hope not to have to wait two decades to see Kylesa again, if they're still around then, it will be interesting to see what young upstarts have invented in turn by borrowing from them, as they have from the tradition behind The Hidden Hand.

Doom Metal

So, what exactly is doom metal, anyway? Doom-metal.com describes the subgenre as "filled with heaviness, darkness, sadness, depression and melancholy." Think emo, but instead of wanting to cry its eyes out, it wants to kick you in the face. Definitely an improvement, as far as we're concerned.

Most doom fans claim metal progenitors Black Sabbath as their influence, Kylesa is no exception. The claim causes a lot of arguments among metal fans, leaving the rest of us standing around confused – not to mention deaf.

Where do we go from HERE?

Ruben Hunter

Staff Columnist

"Where do we go from here"...are the lyrics of a recent R&B song. However, the reality of the Hip-Hop Generation (HHG) is that we don't know.

In American society as a whole, the same reason for our predicament is the same for our strength.

For example, our mode of economy; where capitalism does breed good acts like self-sufficiency and sovereign behavior, there is also an ever-widening social and economic gap. I guess the question is how long I must be strong.

Moreover, if I sooner or later cut down on the "long" will this be the end of my strength? If we as Americans were to rid the country of all capitalist conduct and the bad which it implicates, will this spell the demise of autonomy?

Bakari Kitwana, Hip-Hop author, activist, and aficionado spoke on the MTSU campus around this time last year, saying of the HHG's many problems, "we don't know how to organize on a political front."

He made reference to the Black Panther Party, founded by fifteen-year-old and native Chicagoan, Fred Hammond.

Hammond, along with Co-founder Huey P. Newton started this organization mainly in response to police brutality.

I don't dispel the facts; these men were young when they started, but brutality will make anyone begin an organizing effort, and just as violence was the focal point then, socio-economics most impact our communities now.

Point being, the HHG is making organizational strides - just in another forum. Minority-owned businesses work and others fall by the wayside. I dare not discredit the Panthers, for they were great for the women's

rights and African-American civil rights movements, but how many organizations just like them were never heard of and pronounced as worthy?

In the "Information Super-Age" a person can do pretty much anything they want to do. If this assertion is true, this also means you can do whatever you don't want to do as well!

For instance, can a person truly say, "I don't have the resources for post-secondary education?" The only way a "no" can be answered here is if you don't know how to get those resources. That's completely different than declaring, "There are none here to get."

For example, a young lady that has an untimely pregnancy can no longer lay blame to her situation for being the culprit for non-attendance of college, university, or trade school. In fact, the government will pay for a person with children to do so.

Not to mention childcare assistance and tax credits. In these circumstances, the old adage rings clear; "Knowledge is Power."

Getting back to the much maligned HHG: do we keep ourselves at a standstill? Is Dave Chappelle correct in pronouncing, "There is a time when keeping it real goes wrong?"

Better yet, is Rap music reflecting life, or is life reflecting Rap music? How do we keep our same identity and at the same time establish a "newer" one?

There is a dichotomy present as it relates to the status of the HHG. This dichotomy has now led to the "Bermuda Triangle Effect." The now educated populace of the generation must not only walk a tightrope with the powers-that-be, but additionally, they must wade through the muck and mire of our misguided "HHG" comrades.

Continued on page 7

February 1 - 11

TODAY

Acoustic Nights in the 'Boro featuring Jenn Franklin, Derreck Perry and Mallory Boyd @ Bluesboro

FEB. 2

Strictly Social Drum and Bass featuring Mayhem and Bulletproof @ the end
Ronnie Bowman and The Committee @ The Station Inn - 9 pm
Umbrella tree, Forget Cassettes and Courtesy Tidwell @ the Mercy Lounge 9 pm (18+)
Biff's Deville, The Carter Administration, and The Punk Rock Party Band with DJ Bawston Sean @ Casa Burrito 10:15 pm

FEB. 3

St. Joseph's Parish benefit variety show featuring: Lane Brody, Tom Bresch, Tommy Cash, Jimmy Fortune, Tim la Roche @ Pope John Paul II High School, Hendersonville 6-9pm
Open Mic Writer's Night hosted by Def Kat Music and Alexis Thompson @ Blue Coast Burrito 8 pm. Artists must sign in by 7:45 to play 3-5 songs.
The Basement anniversary party featuring: The Explorer's Club, Lone Official, Altered Statesmen, Spring Hill, Spider Party, Tim Chad and Sherry, Justin Earle and The Swindlers @ The Basement 8pm (21+)

FEB. 4

The Hotpipes on Fascination Street, WMTS 88.3, 8-10 pm

FEB. 5

8 off 8th writers' night @ the Mercy Lounge 9 pm (21+)

FEB. 6

Evan Hydzyk from Chicago, Baby Teeth Thieves and Young Wife's Reunion Show @ The Acid Living Room, 210 Tyne St., 9 pm
Dimensions of Sounds presents Cage, Yak Ballz, Slow Suicide Stimulus, Cupcake, and DJ Kidsmeal @ The Rutledge, 9 pm (18+)
karaoke contest @ Bluesboro, 10 pm (21+)
Ladies Night all night

FEB. 7

Nothing! (Yet)

FEB. 8

Acoustic Nights in the 'Boro @ Bluesboro

FEB. 9

The Go Show @ Liquid Smoke
Left Can Dance presents "Locals can DJ" featuring members of

Turbo Fruits, The Features, Plex Plex, Plastic Clap, Tigers con Queso, Jensen Sportag and The Northridge Rangers, all of whom will be taking turns DJing all night @ the end (18+)

"The Jungle Book" @ The Arts Center of Cannon County, 7:30 pm

Glossary, The Tumcoats, The Bucket City Darlin's @ The Boro, 10 pm

FEB. 10

TPAC's Family Field Trip featuring "Strings of Fire," South American and Cuban music by Ramon Romero @ TPAC, 1 pm

Open Mic Writer's Night hosted by Def Kat Music and Alexis Thompson @ Blue Coast Burrito 8 pm. Artists must sign in by 7:45 to play 3-5 songs.

Bumblebeast, Social Junk, Mugu Guymen, Pony Bones, Kissy Kiss-a-lots @ The Acid Living Room, 210 Tyne St. 9 pm

FEB. 11

Live interview with Rick Vito on WMTS 88.3 "I Love the 80s, 10am-Noon



'Labyrinth' entraps viewers

Daniel Potter

Staff Writer

"Pan's Labyrinth" is an emotionally draining movie to watch.

This is because, for a movie that suggests fantasy by its very name, it rests a surprising amount of its weight in reality — specifically, the brutal reality of Spain, 1944, when the anarchists still fighting the civil war there had turned to guerilla tactics in their losing struggle against the powerful fascist regime.

In part also, the movie is tough to watch because the camera follows a good deal of the action from the perspective of its young protagonist, a bookish girl name Ofelia.

The presence of Ofelia's young eyes renders all the more shocking some positively gruesome and disconcerting violence in the movie, which involves a preponderance of facial disfigurements. Such horrors do, however, provide needed contrast to the movie's genuinely tender moments.

The movie opens with a charming assortment of artistic flourishes from writer/director Guillermo del Toro. Vivid colors set tones for early scenes, concordant to emotionally evocative music. The realistic sound effects of soldiers' squeaking boots are matched by equally realistic sound when the camera pursues a flying insect.

This seems to reflect a directorial

desire to afford viewers plenty of details, perhaps as a means of conveying magical realism. Neither side feels skewed; just as the camera is unflinching in its portrayal of violence, we are given ample opportunity to study fantastic creatures like faeries and a faun. This is to the movie's advantage, as such beings do not feel like gimmicky special effects here, but genuine characters.

For all this clever direction though, the movie seems eager to establish such stylistic motifs early on, so we can quickly accept them and thus become more effectively engrossed by the story. And thanks to the deft performances of a talented cast, this strategy succeeds, as before long the film begins to buffet us between sublime fantasy and cruel reality.

An interesting tension ensues in which we find ourselves longing to escape the monsters of civil war, and retreat into the fairytale, where monsters still exist, but are at least somewhat less scary, and a lot less familiar.

As the film progresses this cycle intensifies. The horrors of the war mount, while the respite offered by the faun grows less and less consoling. At one point I honestly believed I'd wasted seven dollars on a movie that had done a brilliant job of making me feel like dirt.

When the film brings us to this breaking point, it seems tempting to simply leave the theatre before things can get any worse, but by this stage del Toro has us

Spanish Civil War

The Spanish civil war was a devastating conflict between the Republicans — a wide range of people that included liberal democrats and anarchists, capitalists and communists — and the fascist Nationalists under Francisco Franco, who launched a coup d'etat against the weak Republican government.

The war is often viewed as a prelude to World War II, with Nazi Germany and fascist Italy supporting the Nationalists, and the Soviet Union and other international groups aiding the Republicans. Ultimately, Franco crushed the Republicans, declaring victory on April 1, 1939 and ruling Spain until his death in 1975.

The war decimated Spain, leaving much of the country in ruin. Even today, the impact of the war is still felt on the country's politics, economy and people.

spellbound, and he instills in us hope that redemption will come. In this manner, the trial the film imposes on its audience reflects a similar trial in Ofelia's life.

Ultimately, I found myself surprised by the ending, but satisfied. It took a bit of reflection to reconcile myself with enjoying something that seemed cruelly inclined to bounce from splendor to horror and back every five minutes, but then, such is life.

I think that's what del Toro was going for.

"Pan's Labyrinth" continues its run this weekend at various Nashville theatres. The movie is in Spanish with English subtitles. ♦

"Hip-Hop" continued from p. 6

Comedian Chris Rock said it best. "You can get more love getting out of prison than getting out of college!" Speaking of Rock, I maintain his approach on the aforementioned topic of how reflective Rap is of its core culture: "I'm tired of defending it."

For some reason, Americans don't understand that Rap is a perfect example of the Ying and Yang of Asian philosophy. Good and at the same time Evil.

It's what Cee-lo of Gnarles Barkley and Goodie Mob fame calls, "Perfectly Imperfect." Basically, those "wrongs" are in place for a purpose. They're not just unbridled pain. Furthermore, if Dick Clark's assessment is true, that "music is the soundtrack of our life," then Rap and the Hip-Hop Generation are merely going through a maturation stage with more growth to come. ♦

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WMTS 88.3 SHOW SCHEDULE

Okay, what exactly are you listening to, anyway? Everyone here at *Exposure* thought we'd help you answer that (because we care) by providing you with this handy schedule. Enjoy, and don't worry... you can thank us later.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
MID - 2AM	Ebony & Ivory	Less Whales, More Music	At the Club with Brandon Whal	Electronically Confused	A Bare Bodkin	Satellite of Love	The Urban Bump Suite
2AM - 4AM	Chalice Have to Burn	Country Nights	The Vegetable Kingdom	Two Hours With Duke Thompson	AUTOMATION	The English Major's Radio Show	The Wax Museum
4AM - 6AM	AUTOMATION	AUTOMATION	Cruise Control	AUTOMATION	AUTOMATION	AUTOMATION	AUTOMATION
6AM - 8AM	The Embryonic Journey	The Best of the Best in Music	AUTOMATION	I Scream, You Scream	Waves & Wires	Magnets & Airwaves	AUTOMATION
8AM - 10AM	Old Dude Radio	What the Funk?	Hot From Main Street	MTSU Sports Talk	Film Fanatics Radio	Soundwave Tsunami	Miles' Request by Streetlight
10AM - NOON	I Love the 80s	London Calling	Bum Ditty	The Kickback	Serotonin Levels	Eclectic Cuts	Easy Street
NOON - 2PM	Obsolete Vernacular	Shaking Your Cheeks With Dr. Meeks	The Evening News	Top Spin/Back Spin	Pesante	Slow Education	Lost on the River
2PM - 4PM	Merry-Go-Round Broken Down	Dead Air Radio	Your Favorite Mixtape	From the Right	The Upper Room	Reform the Planet	Jump, Jive, and Jazz
4PM - 6PM	Zero Continuity	Bumper 2 Bumper	Bumper 2 Bumper	Bumper 2 Bumper	Bumper 2 Bumper	Bumper 2 Bumper	Snoop Dogg Uses a Bidet
6PM - 8PM	Rebel Grrrls Radio	The Pit	Psychotic Reactions	Yazoo Streams	Hang the DJ	The Andrious System	Under the Influence
8PM - 10PM	Fascination Street	Kult Classics	Langiappe	The Red Velvet Couch	Mermaid Cafe	Just Listen	Ziggity Pow
10PM - MID	Late Night Live	Heathen Forest	Space/Time Transcension	Sorry Bout Yr Centaur	Leisure Room	Flight 420	Necropolis

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