

Features

BANDS BATTLE IT IN THE SERENDIP

Ty Eppsteiner
STAFF WRITER

7:09 p.m.

"When is this supposed to start?" says Cullen, drummer for Hazy Days, the second band scheduled to play.

"Now..." says James, the group's guitarist.

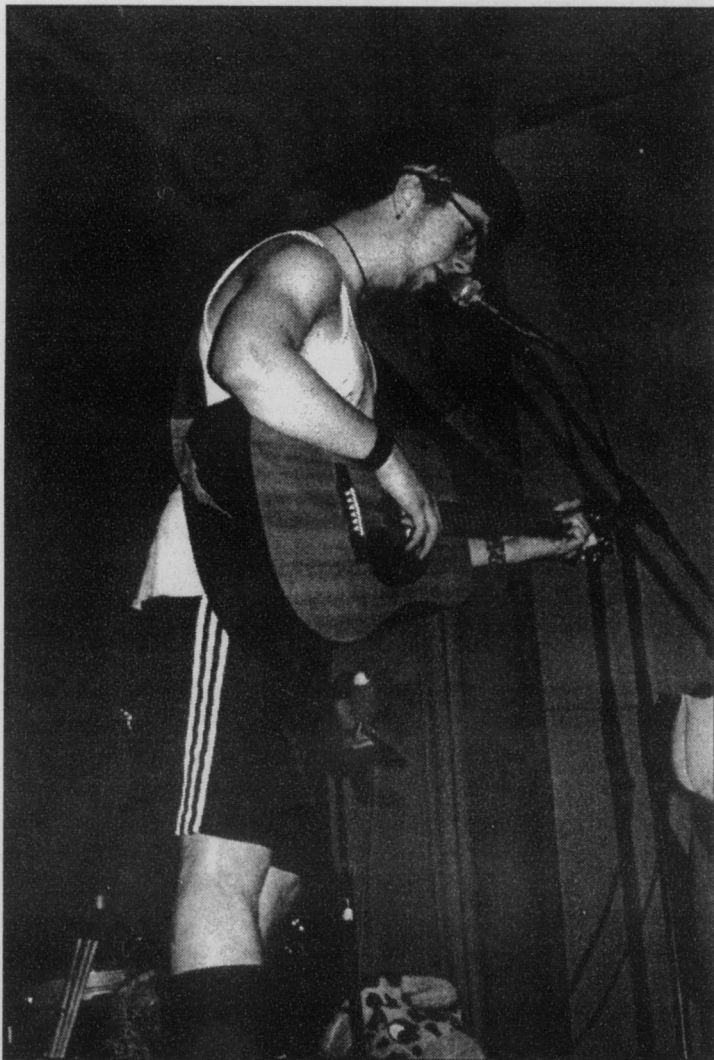
But there is no audience, and the stage is bare.

Dave, drummer for the Jazz Giant's, the first band scheduled, can't make it till ten.

"We may have to go first. Maybe some of us could disappear, that way we wouldn't have to play..." says Cullen.

7:20 p.m.

The auditorium is still empty. Hazy Days has just pushed a lone piano to the front of the stage. James saunters up to it and begins to move through jazzy piano riffs, slightly crude, yet mood effective. Patrick, the group's harmonica and back-up vocals comes from behind the curtain to squat against the side of the stage near James and grooves



And, of course, what would any Guilford rock show be without the antics of Little Brother and the Spoiled Siblings' frontman, Tim LaFollette? Doesn't he look so sweet and innocent here? But HA! We all know better.... He's crazy.

in.

7:25 p.m.

12 people in the audience. "We have no rhythm section," says Clay, the Jazz Giant's saxophonist, to Ben Shelton, the group's bassist. They both laugh. The stage is quiet and disheveled.

7:42 p.m.

A few more people have begun to straggle in. Ted, the "Freundt's Jazz Giants" pianist has taken over the Baldwin grand; he switches moods between George Winston and Bill Evans. Cullen has been chosen to fill in for Dave. The Jazz Giants begin set-up.

7:50 p.m.

Freundt's Jazz Giants take the stage. The first song, they claim invented on the spot from the horns of Jon Moore [trumpet], Clay Steinwister [sax], Ted Fetter [piano], Ben Shelton [bass], and Cullen, culminates in avant-gardesque call-and-response between the horns and funky licks in the rhythm section. They mix all the ingredi-

ents of a "bitch's brew" yet at times feel like a mish-mash of music with no plot. Their second tune, written by Horace Silver, entitled, "Song for my Father," is a more traditional piece that flows on a deep tight undercurrent groove.

8:20 p.m.

40 people in the audi-

ence. Hazy Days sets up. Cullen dangles his feet over the front of the stage. Isolated shouts and playful jeers sound from the growing crowd.

"Did you get it?" asks Ben Shelton, filling his next role as

"Cousin Jimmy's" bassist. He walks past Ben Many, one of the group's two guitarists, who sits in a side room backstage. Many rests, shaded by a white cowboy hat that shields him from the fluorescents.

"I got it." For emphasis, Many plays the country lick he has been trying to "get" for one their songs perfectly as Shelton glides past.

He continues jamming as Hazy Days begins their set.

8:25 p.m.

"We smile as the music hits us, because there is rhythm in our soul." Jack, on

guitar and vocals, sings above the bumper-cacophonous pulse. David Cloniger, Stephen Brinkworth, and Jon on percussion, Ted Fetter on keyboard, Patrick McDougal on harmonica, Cullen Poythress on drums, James Hart on guitar. They jam in the style of the Grateful Dead and the

Allman Brothers. They use dynamics to deliver the audience into states of hashess bliss or rollicking dance. Their playful stage presence accompanies the expanding emotions of the growing crowd.

nouncers, whose tongue is quickly loosening, asks the audience. "You can't tune a fish." And with that he breaks into beat-boxing, free stylin', "yo' momma" joke-telling, and dry-humping to appease the audi-

8:45 p.m.

135 people in the audience. Tim LaFollette, scheduled to go after Clutch Hound, shuffles back and forth backstage. His hands rest on his hips as he weaves through the

throngs of black instrument cases, amps, and drum sets. He has on a dirty "wife-beater" with the words, Weiner Bruder 1124601, scrawled in permanent marker on the front. Charlie Chaplin's face is tattooed to his left shoulder. Four soft dim lights barely light backstage casting most of

their glow on four white pillars positioned on the sides of the stage.

Garron Rogers, clad in jeans and a "wife beater," claps his hands before the curtain as if psyching himself up before heading into an interview. He shakes his head, pulls the side curtain open, and walks on stage.

8:55 p.m.

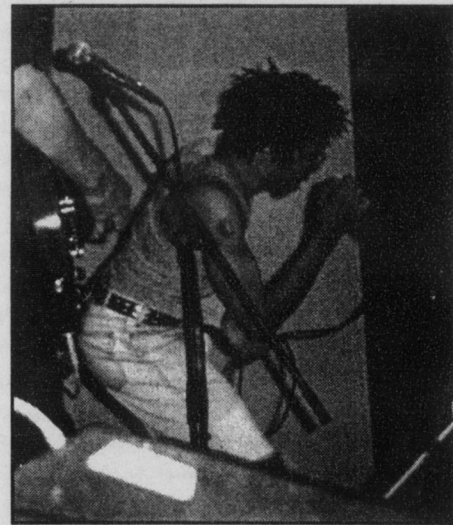
"Ya'll come a little closer," Garron invites. "You shouldn't be so far away."

Clutch Hound, Garron's band composed of feverish marauders shelling the audience with a barrage of guttural aggressive heavy-metal, lives up to its name.

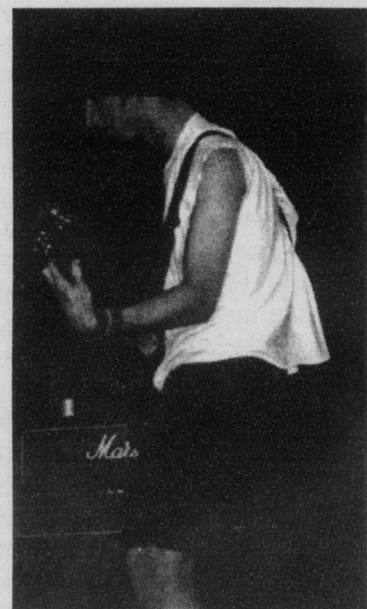
9:31 p.m.

211 people in the audience. "What's the difference between tuna and a fish?" one of the an-

nouncers, whose tongue is quickly loosening, asks the audience. "You can't tune a fish." And with that he breaks into beat-boxing, free stylin', "yo' momma" joke-telling, and dry-humping to appease the audi-



Garron Rogers of Clutch Hand sure knows how to keep a crowd busy. He wouldn't even stay still long enough for us to get a great rockstar picture.



Eric Mann of Little Brother and the Spoiled Siblings is nothing other than rockstar babe-alicious. Oooh yeah.

LYNDSAY ELIAS

DAVE SNOTT

LYNDSAY ELIAS