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DRIVE Magazine

Shannon Sweeney

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DRIVE

MAY 2008

IN GOOD COMPANY: Bonnaroo! * The Ultimate Weekend * America's Best Roller Coasters

FROM THE EDITOR

As graduation approached, I started looking back on my favorite experiences from the past four years. After a bit of thinking, I realized that my fondest college memories all included the same thing: Road trips.

Many of these trips involved travelling to see bands with my best friend Drew. I remember each concert vividly, whether it was the quick drive to Rochester to see Jose Gonzalez or the 16-hour drive to Tennessee to attend the four-day Bonnaroo music festival. Other trips centered around my family, which includes my parents and three younger brothers. Camping in places like Maine, North Carolina, Rhode Island, and along the St. Lawrence River made me appreciate being outdoors much more than I ever thought I would. Yet, other trips stemmed from love, like the 10-hour drive I made with my brother Sean and "fourth brother" Ryan to visit my boyfriend Steve in Cape May. My excitement to see Steve, combined with riding with two of the funniest people I know, made the drive down so much more than just a drive. And then I took other trips, namely those with my roommates Sarah and Jess, that were fun simply because they weren't focused at all. It never mattered if we ended up sleeping in a \$250 Jacuzzi suite or in the back of a diesel truck. The fun was not knowing.

So I created this magazine as a way to both celebrate, and remember, my favorite college memories. But really, to celebrate the people who made them my favorites.

Shannon Sweeney





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Street Cheats

How to win popular car games

THE GEOGRAPHY GAME

Someone names a country (some people include cities and states as well). The next person names a country that starts with the last letter of the previous country.

Stump Others: Italy, Iraq, Norway, Palau

Save Yourself: Qatar, Uganda, Vietnam, Yemen, Zimbabwe

Works Both Ways: Uruguay, Vanuatu, Vatican City

20 QUESTIONS

One person thinks of a target (animal, vegetable, or mineral) and everyone else uses YES or NO questions to guess the answer.

Tip #1: Ask the person if she's thinking of a unique thing in the world or a class of things. There's a big difference between a pair of hands and Edward Scissorhands' hands.

Tip #2: Use the terms 'usually' and 'especially.' If you ask "Do nuns use this?" and the target is a motorcycle, the person can say yes. Some nun somewhere rides a motorcycle to the convent. Ask "Do nuns usually use this...?" instead.

Tip #3: Ask questions of comparison, rather than degree. If you ask "Is it soft?" the person can almost always say yes (along with "that's what she said") without lying. The Rosetta Stone is still softer than a diamond. Ask "Is it softer than...?" instead.

THE BAND GAME

Each person names a band or artist in ABC order, looping back to the beginning after Z. The person who finally fails to think of a band loses. Unlike the "I'm going to Grandma's, and I'm packing..." game, this relies on knowledge instead of memory.

Q: Queen, Queen Latifah, Queens of the Stone Age, Quiet Riot

X: Xzibit, XTC, X-ecutioners, X-Ray Spex

Y: Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Yes, Yeasayer, Yardbirds, Yo La Tengo

Z: ZZ Top, Ziggy Marley, Zebrahead, Zombies, Zutons *



LUCKY STREAK

The game everyone wins

When someone spots a car with one missing headlight, he or she hits the roof of the car and shouts "padiddle!" The last person to hit the roof loses an article of clothing. Accessories, including jewelry, hats, scarves, gloves, and socks, do not count as articles of clothing. A pair of shoes counts as one article. Rules allow for a driver to wait until a stop light or pull over to the side of the road.



The highway's jammed
with **broken heroes** on a
last chance power drive.

"Why think about that when
all **the golden land's** ahead of you
and all kinds of unforeseen events
wait lurking **to surprise you** and
make you glad you're alive to see?"



Abe said, where do you
want this killing done?
God said, **out on Highway 61.**

Buy some **candy and cigarettes** and we'll get in my car,
we'll blast the stereo and we'll drive to **Madagascar.**

Into the great wide open,
Under them **skies of blue**
Out in the great wide open,
A rebel without a clue

I was born in **the back seat** of a
Greyhound bus, rolling down Highway 41.

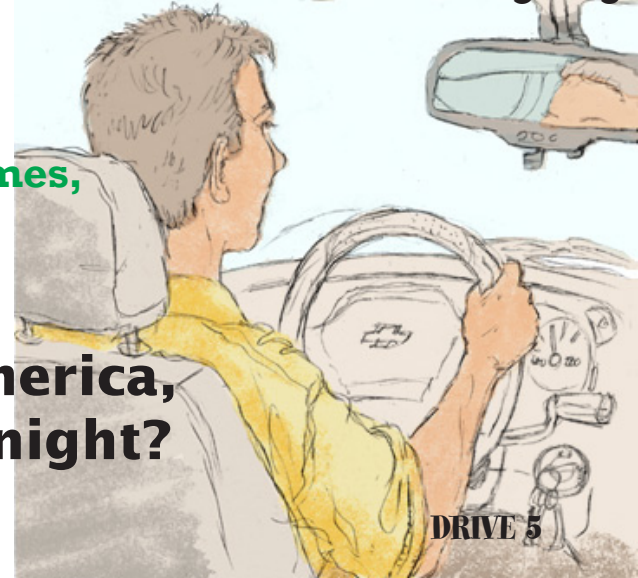
**Got no time to for spreadin roots,
The time has come to be gone.
And tho' our health we drank a thousand times,
It's time to ramble on.**

Whither goest thou, America,
in **thy shiny car** in the night?



We were somewhere around
Barstow on **the edge of the desert**
when the drugs began to take hold.

The **great thing** in this world
is not so much where we stand
as in **what direction** we are going.



NOISE SOLUTION

A six-hour drive across the flatlands of South Dakota gets pretty dull without some music. Rather than suffering through a round of 99 Bottles of Beer, bring your own tunes. Use this guide to find the right iPod accessory for your car.

Griffin – iTrip Auto FM Transmitter for Apple iPod **Best Buy, \$74.99**

Buy this one if: You have no auxiliary jack in your car. The iTrip uses empty FM frequencies from 88.1-107.9 to let you play your iPod through your car stereo system.

Biggest complaint: Static interference. When you travel through different cities, previously empty frequencies pick up local radio stations.

Compatible with: Any iPod with a dock connector, including 3rd generation iPod with touch wheel and buttons, iPod mini, 4th generation iPod with click wheel, 4th generation iPod with color screen, iPod photo, iPod nano, 5th generation iPod with video

Where it connects to car: Cigarette lighter

Where it connects to iPod: Dock connector

Charges iPod: Yes.



Griffin – Accessory Kit for Select Apple iPod Models **Best Buy, \$29.99**

Buy this one if: You have an auxiliary audio jack, usually found in newer cars. This kit provides the smoothest direct connection of the three.

Compatible with: iPod models with a dock connector, iPhone

Where it connects to car: Auxiliary audio jack

Where it connects to iPod: Headphone jack

Charges iPod: Yes, if you use the PowerJolt SE adapter included in the kit.



ROCK THE ROAD

Born to Run, Bruce Springsteen
Radar Love, Golden Earring
Sweet Child 'O Mine, Guns N' Roses
Immigrant Song, Led Zeppelin
Paradise by the Dashboard Lights, Meatloaf
Bohemian Rhapsody, Queen
Black Betty, Ram Jam
I Can't Drive 55, Sammy Hagar
Born to Be Wild, Steppenwolf
Break On Through, The Doors
Runnin' Down a Dream, Tom Petty
Runnin' With the Devil, Van Halen

Belkin iPod Mobile Cassette Adapter
Target, \$21.99

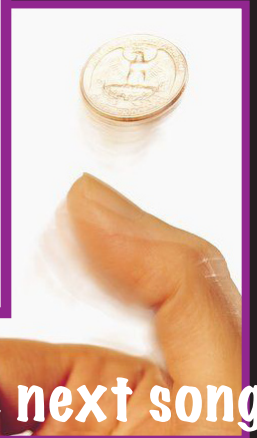
Buy this one if: Your 1994 Buick Century has a cassette player. Although an iTrip would also work with your stereo, the cassette adapter doesn't pick up radio stations as you drive.

Compatible with: Any iPod, MP3 player, or CD player

Where it connects to car: In-dash cassette player

Where it connects to iPod: Headphone jack

Charges iPod: No. You'll need to buy a car charger (\$18.99, Target) if you want to keep your iPod alive through long drives. *



Who picks the next song?



JOY RIDE

GREED FOR SPEED



Over the course of three and a half months, roller coaster enthusiasts Mike O'Shea and Clarisse Miller traveled 17, 800 miles across country to visit amusement parks. By the end of the summer, they visited 69 parks and rode over 250 roller coasters. They also spent over \$15,000.

If you want to quench your thirst for speed, without spending a semester's tuition, check out this amusement park guide. It features three of Mike and Clarisse's top 10 parks, all located within an 80-mile radius of each other.



1

Hershey Amusement Park

A large, well-run park that features 60 rides, including 11 roller coasters. Some of the coasters include Lightning Racer, which consists of two wooden dueling coasters, and Sidewinder, a steel coaster that completes its first run and then returns to its starting point in a "boomerang" style. Unlike some parks, prominent rule displays appear at the entrance of each attraction.

One of a Kind: The developers laid out Hershey like a roller coaster enthusiast's dream, with the park's 11 coasters intersecting each other and other rides.

New This Summer: Hershey just finished building Fahrenheit, a vertical lift inverted loop coaster with the steepest drop in the United States. It ascends 121 feet before dropping at a 97 degree angle.

STORM RUNNER: A steel launched roller coaster that uses over-the-shoulder restraints. As the train leaves the station, riders listen to the steady sound of a heartbeat. All of a sudden, a horse neighs and the coaster catapults riders from 0 to 72 mph in two (yes, two) seconds. The train then climbs up 150 feet before shooting straight back down 180 feet into a gully. The ride also includes a cobra loop, barrel roll, and "Flying Snake Dive," which consists of a 360-degree roll followed by a vertical plunge.

Mike Says: Simply a massive amount of fun.

Clarisse Says: Radical dude! The acceleration on this mo'fo' is sick!

Location: Hershey, PA

Admission: \$47.95 for single day admission

Parking: \$8

Summer Season: Starts May 21, 10AM-8PM M-Th, 10AM-10PM Fri. & Sat., 10AM-10PM (or later) starting May 30th

Where to Stay: Travelodge, 1043 E Chocolate Ave., \$59-\$99 a night before June 30th, two miles from the park, 877-912-5179

Location: Allentown, PA

Admission: \$35.99 for single day admission (if you buy online)

Parking: \$10

Summer Season:

Starts May 24, 10AM-7:30PM
M-Th, 10AM-10PM Fri. & Sat.
10AM-10PM every day starting
June 13th

Where to Stay: Quality Inn, 1715
Plaza Lane, Allentown, Pa
\$69 a night, six miles from Dorney,
610-435-7880

Dorney Park & Wildwater Kingdom

An old park that lacks in character compared to Knoebels, but makes up for it with four fantastic roller coasters. These include Laser and Talon, which consist of multiple inversions and heavy forces; Thunderhawk, a wooden coaster with notable pops of airtime; and Steel Force, which makes a 205-foot first drop at 75 mph. "While there are a few coaster lineups that are better," says Mike. "This one is pretty fucking good."

One of a Kind: Instead of playing unbearable pop music like most corporate parks, Dorney plays an eclectic mix of REM, B52s, Coldplay, and the Talking Heads.

New This Summer: The suspended impulse coaster Voodoo, which consists of two dueling towers in a U-shape. Voodoo propels passengers up a 90 degree vertical ascent before dropping them down 175 feet. The train then hits up to 70 mph and races passengers backward up the reverse spike.

TALON: The longest, tallest, and fastest steel inverted coaster in the northeast United States. After ascending a 135-foot lift hill, you drop 120 feet into a vertical loop. The ride includes more loops, an inclined spiral, and a corkscrew. Sit in the back seat, at night, for the best ride.

Mike Says: This suspended action monster is flawless. Simply flawless.

Clarisse Says: This ride is so intense that I grayed out in the back seat.



3

Knoebels Amusement Park



Knoebels, a family-owned and run amusement park since 1926, lies nestled in rural Pennsylvania, covered in trees. The staff avoids bright and often obnoxious themes like Six Flags, instead opting for a simple, rustic feel. Ticket clerks sell rolls of raffle tickets, instead of charging admission. Knoebels rides mimic those of a traveling fair, including a whip, a flyers ride, an antique carousel, bumpy bumper cars, and an old-haunted house. The park also features two great wooden roller coasters, the Phoenix and the Twister. "All this adds up together to lead one to feel like they are re-experiencing their childhood at Koebels, at the small park on their corner," Mike says.

One of a Kind: Knoebels specializes in classic carnival confections, including cheese on a stick, taco pizza, funnel cake, ice cream on hot waffles, and giant banana boats.

New This Summer: Knoebels just finished building a classic wooden ride called "Flying Turns." In this ride, you sit in a train and roll down a wooden track, much like a bobsled run. *



THE PHOENIX: A traditional wooden roller coaster built in 1985. The coaster, after climbing up a chain lift hill, reaches a height of 78 feet and a maximum speed of 45 mph. What the Phoenix lacks in height and speed, compared to steel coasters, it makes up for in upward acceleration, or airtime. Ride in the third seat on both trains for the best airtime.

Mike Says: 5 out of 5.

Clarisse Says: This ride rocks! It's the holy grail of the park.

Location: Elysburg, PA

Admission: Single tickets for each ride, ranging from .70 cents to \$2.20. Or, a Ride All Day pass for \$37.

Parking: \$0

Summer Season: Starts May 21st, 10AM-6PM most weekdays, 10AM-9PM Fridays, 11AM-10PM every day starting June 18th

Where to Stay: Knoebels Campground, \$36 for tent site with electric & water, 570-672-9555

CRUISE CONTROL



Mud Brothers

Take the dirtiest spring break trip imaginable with Syracuse's men's Ultimate team.

A college guy in a wet T-shirt and mesh shorts strode past our car. "Maybe we should ask him where to find Sean's team," my 17-year-old brother, Devin, said from the backseat. The guy in question walked a few feet further, stopped at a nearby tree, and started taking a piss. "Or not," Devin finished.

"Oh yeah, that's not awkward," chimed in my 13-year-old brother, Bryan, from the passenger seat. I craned my neck to look through the rain-streaked back windshield, just in case Urinating Guy felt uncomfortable with some girl and two teenage boys staring at him through the windshield of a Dodge Caliber. Over 200 tall, lanky guys swamped the fields behind us, sprinting and leaping and diving for white discs amidst the 25 mph winds and downpour. My 19-year-old, 6'1 brother, Sean, who wears black shirts and a black bandana, tends to stand out in a crowd. Well, except a Frisbee crowd.

The night before, Devin, Bryan, and I drove 383 miles from Syracuse to Salisbury, Maryland to watch Sean play with Syracuse's men's team, Scooby Doom, in an ultimate Frisbee tournament. Every summer, Sean coaxes everyone he knows within a 20-mile radius into playing ultimate in the field across from our house. Now, even when Sean's at college playing on Doom, his obsession somehow still spreads to the rest of the family. The younger boys and I wanted to watch Sean play in a real college tournament. And the fact that my parents planned a trip out west, leaving me in charge, made for good timing.

Ultimate started in 1968 with a group of Columbia High School students in Maplewood, New Jersey playing in their school's parking lot. The small-town game gained popularity, and after 40 years, developed into a sport played in 42 different countries, with over 100,000 players in the U.S. alone. But ultimate, like the rest of the sports' industry, gained spectators as well as players over the years. In the past five years, over 75.3 million U.S. adults traveled to attend an organized sports event, with 84% as spectators. This annual March tournament, called Huck of the Irish, included 58 men's college teams from around the country. For each tournament, Syracuse's 30-man team, which receives little university funding, carpools and then piles into two or three cheap motel rooms. The team left Friday morning, eager to play.

Devin, Bryan, and I left a few hours later, eager to follow. Before picking the boys up from school, I packed five Wegmans bags full of food and a duffle bag full of Polartecs. At the last minute, I remembered to grab Bryan's huge stuffed chocolate lab, named Puddle. A steady torrent of rain followed us from Syracuse through the curves and construction of Pennsylvania's I-476, making it hard to see even the taillights of the car in front of me. My co-pilot Bryan, who won the 10-minute shotgun argument by

refusing to move, offered little help. "I can't read your handwriting," he said, each time I asked for the next direction. "I'm pretty sure it says 'porn' something."

The six-hour drive swelled into an eight-hour expedition through an unfortunate, yet exhilarating series of illegal U-turns, driving the wrong way on one-way streets, and a 45-minute accidental tour of Wilmington, Delaware's business district. Wilmington, as it turns out, houses many strip clubs, exotic dancers' bars, and, much to my brothers'

"I can't read your handwriting," he said. "I'm pretty sure it says 'porn' something."

amusement, a seedy motel called the Kum-On Inn. Just after midnight, we checked into the Comfort Inn in Salisbury and collapsed onto the two queen-size beds.

In the morning, we dressed in layers of hoodies, wool socks, and coats. Huge gusts of wind swept across the parking lot. As we settled into the car, I ripped the directions from Syracuse to Salisbury off my yellow legal pad and tossed the sheets on the dash. "Here," I said, handing the pad back to Dev over the seat, "The directions to the Old Mall Fields. Hopefully you can read better than your brother." I wound through the shopping plaza looking

for an exit to Route 13. But at the sight of Quiznos, Bryan insisted we stop, despite the \$104.93 worth of groceries crammed in the back.

I pulled into a parking spot and opened the front door. Sheets of yellow legal paper whipped out. "Oh motherfucker," I said, as I watched one billow up toward the Quiznos rooftop. The sheet circled like a seagull looking for dumpster food before disappearing altogether. "I think I see one over there in a bush," said Devin. He lunged after a sheet sweeping across the pavement before bursting into laughter. "You know, it's fine," I said, as we waited in line for Bryan's turkey sub. "I mean, we got here. We don't really need directions home." Devin stared at me. "Oh right," he said, smirking, "Because we got here so well." I grinned.

To everyone's surprise, we made the 10-minute drive to the fields without a single U-turn. And so we ended up there, a sea of ultimate players behind us, some guy taking a piss in front of us, and no Sean in sight. "Wait a second—" Devin started. A figure emerged from the mass of players and began jogging toward our car. "It's Sean!" I shrieked, pushing open the door. "What's up?" he said, smiling. "We're winning 5-3." Smears of mud covered his drenched white Doom jersey. His wet hair clung to the sides of his face. "Do you guys have any nail



clippers?" he asked. "They're messing up my grip." Devin rummaged in the cup holders before producing a pair. "I caught a goal," Sean said, talking as he clipped his nails. "Oh and dude, Devin. I got a D that was almost a Callahan that I threw for another goal."

Still talking, Sean led us down the muddy fields to the Syracuse-St. Mary's game. Black trash bags, full of dry clothes, cleats, and water bottles, littered the sidelines. I spotted Sean's best friend, Ryan, standing in shorts with his arms folded over his jersey, shivering. In shorts. We huddled together, watching the players fight against the wind. But after a few minutes, an older man crossed onto the field and started waving. "All games are cancelled for the rest of the day," he shouted.

So we returned to our hotel room, where Sean and Ryan continued to throw a disc, unconcerned each time it whizzed past the TV. After some deliberation, we decided to drive to Ocean City, only 30 miles east of Salisbury, in search of miniature golf. But I forgot to consider a tourist town's off season. We drove down the boardwalk, past empty Howard Johnson parking lots and a deserted Temple of Dragons mini-golf place, everything dark except the white lights of the crab atop Phillips Seafood House. We did, however, stumble upon Ledo's Pizza, a restaurant that my parents took us to every night when my family camped outside Ocean City three summers ago. After a few heaping plates of spaghetti and garlic bread, I whipped out mom's credit card, scrawled her signature, and we headed back.

Instead of sleeping, we became engrossed in watching Ninja Warrior, a women's obstacle course competition held in Japan. This soon resulted in Bryan leaping between the two beds, limbs flailing, yelling "I am the next Woman of Ninja Warrior!" When he came close to tumbling off the bed, Sean, mimicking the expression the Japanese announcers used when a women fell into the water, shouted "Oh no! Into the drink! Into the drink!" It took a considerable amount of prodding to convince Bryan to lie down, but once he did, he fell sound asleep.

PLAY BY EAR

Ultimate incorporates many of the basic principles of traditional American sports, including an offense's primary goal of trying to score in an end zone. But the game also involves throwing and catching maneuvers unheard of on a football field or basketball court. Use this list of terms to ease your sideline confusion.

BACKHAND- To throw the disc from the left side of the body for right-handed players (or from the right for left-handed players). This is the throw you see most non-Ultimate players using.

BID - When a player attempts to catch or block the disc, usually with a layout or sky.

BREAK (side, pass or cut) - The side to which the marker (defender) is trying to prevent the throw (or a pass/cut to this side).

CALLAHAN - When a defender catches an offender's throw in the end-zone for a score.

DUMP - Player who stands behind the thrower in order to help out when the offense gets in trouble.

FORCE (or mark) - To make it as difficult as possible for the thrower to throw the disc in one direction (usually one side of the field) in an attempt to make (force) him/her to make a pass to the other side.

FOREHAND (or FLICK) - To throw the disc from the right side of the body for right-handed players (or from the left for left-handed players).

HUCK - A long pass; often nearly the full length of the field and high to a tall player in the end zone.

LAYOUT - When the player dives to catch or intercept the disc. Also referred to as "getting ho" (as in getting horizontal).

POACH - When a defender leaves the thrower open to try and make an interception on a pass to another player.

PULL - The throw at the start of each point that initiates play, like a kickoff in football.

SKY- Leaping and catching the disc at maximum height over an opponent.

STACK- An offensive strategy, in which the team lines up down the middle of the field and alternately makes cuts to the side.



THE F WORD: Stop using foul language. During an **Ultimate** game, players score points by passing a **disc**.

On Sunday morning, we followed the men's team, a caravan of five or six cars trailing down Route 13, to the fields outside Fruitland Primary School. A large residential complex lay at the back of the fields and a small church and graveyard to the right. Devin, Bryan, and I sat in the car, watching Sean's team warm up with stretches and sprints. Although the sun shone, the winds blew at 25-30 mph again and the temperature dropped to below 40 degrees. When the first game began, we ventured onto the fields. A white flag with the team's orange flame insignia, made out of a pillowcase, marked Doom's sidelines.

"Hey, Deuce's family!" one player greeted us. Sean's team, I remembered, called all their players by nicknames. "Yeahhhh Sunshine!" shouted one of the guys next to me. "Nice bid, Wu-Tang!" A constant round of cheers and encouragement emanated from the sidelines. When Sean came off the field, he ran over to show us a broken clip on his waistband. "Dude, I broke my pants laying out," he said, laughing. "I've been trying to keep them up for the past 10 minutes."

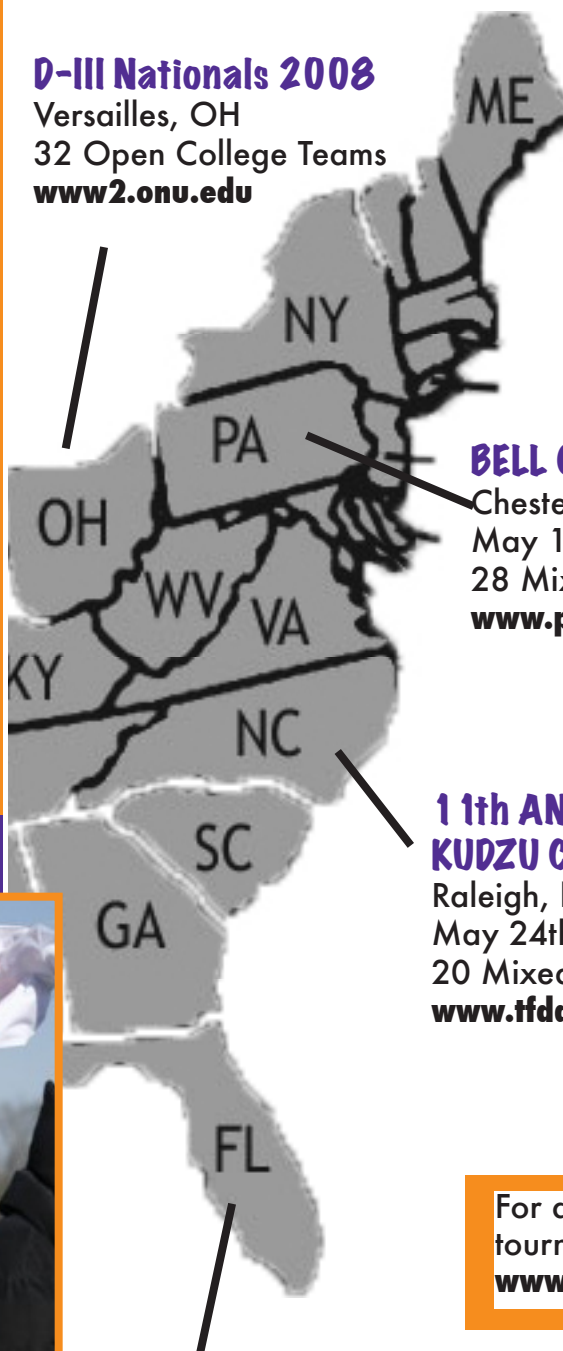
By the second game, Bryan sat on the ground, hidden underneath all the hoodies and jackets Sean's teammates kept piling on him. The captain, Jason, came over to offer us bananas and PBJ sandwiches, which rested in crates underneath the school's pavilion. "Oh and thanks for coming out to the shittiest tournament ever," he said to me, smiling. At the end of the third game, which Doom lost, the team crowded together, jumping up and down. "Yeahhhh Deuce Family Robinson!" someone shouted, and the team cheered us for coming.

As they gathered their equipment, getting ready to head south to Savannah, the boys and I walked to the car. As I opened the door, Sean ran up. "Well I gotta say goodbye," he said. "You should text me when you make it home." I handed him a couple 20s I took out with mom's ATM card. "Yeah, and you text us some sweet beach pictures from Georgia," I said. I started the engine and turned to the boys. "So who remembers how to get home?" *

MAY MADNESS

D-III Nationals 2008

Versailles, OH
32 Open College Teams
www2.onu.edu



BELL CRACK COED CLASSIC

Chester County, PA
May 17th-May 18th
28 Mixed Club Teams
www.pada.org/bellcrack

1 1th ANNUAL CAROLINA KUDZU COED CLASSIC

Raleigh, NC
May 24th-May 25th
20 Mixed Club Teams
www.tfda.org/Tourney

For a complete listing of tournaments, visit
www.upa.org/tournaments.

SURF AND TURF 5

Destin, FL
May 17th-May 18th
16 Mixed Club Teams
www.emeraldcoastultimate.com







In Good Company



**A community of music
lovers rises out of
the hot Tennessee dust**



In Cajun slang, the word Bonnaroo means "a really good time." And every June, for over 80,000 music fans in Manchester, Tenn., the annual Bonnaroo music festival provides just that. For those fans, Bonnaroo means four days of camping, tent poles, Porta-Potties, and unwashed hair; four days of heat, Coppertone, sweat, and coolers full of melted ice; four days of drugs, booze, pot, and countless forms of acid. But most of all, Bonnaroo means four days of music, crowds, clapping, and catcalls. To see their favorite bands, music fans endure conditions that the average person considers unbearable and exhausting.

Two summers ago, Syracuse University juniors Matt Turner and Katie Reilly left Syracuse around dinnertime on a Wednesday, headed for the festival, which began on Thursday. They alternated driving throughout the night. Katie's longtime friend Amanda Goldstein slept in the back seat, squeezed between sleeping bags and water jugs. At noon on Thursday, Matt pulled their car from the highway, onto the main road to Bonnaroo, and into a line of cars that stretched for miles.

As they crept along, Matt spotted a gas station advertising cheap cases of beer. Since Katie brought her older sister's ID, she offered to get him a case. She wanted to run in, buy the

beer, and catch up with the slow-moving line of cars. But when she emerged from the gas station, she spotted Matt's car much further than anticipated. She walked fast, quickening her pace, but still failed to catch up. The sun beat down on her bare shoulders. The case became heavier and heavier. Then the handle broke.

Matt watched her in the rearview mirror. When he saw the handle break, he pulled over, forcing him to lose his spot in the line. He jumped out barefoot and jogged to grab the rack from Katie's sweaty hands. They got back into the car, and Matt restarted the engine. He dreaded trying to sneak back into line, knowing how long it might take. But after only a minute, one driver waved him in. People at Bonnaroo must be nicer than most, he thought.

He pulled into the front gates, where a welcoming man took his ticket. In exchange, he wrapped a sparkly green and black plastic bracelet around Matt's wrist. The man directed Matt to a campground. Every year, the Bonnaroo staff splits the 700-acre farm into two main sections, "Centeroo," which contains all the stages, tents, and vendors, and the campgrounds. To name each camping area, the staff uses movie characters from films such as "Star Wars" and "Dazed and Confused." The staff also labels the stages "Which" and "What," and the huge tents "This," "That," and "The Other," which, as anticipated, prompts complicated "Who's on First?" type dialogue between fans.

Matt and the girls set up their tent and started the 10-minute walk to Centeroo, weaving through tents and cars and people, eager to explore. After he passed through the Centeroo gates, Matt stood in awe. A Ferris wheel spun above him. A 20-foot fountain shaped



like a mushroom spurted water. A sculpture made of recyclables stood to his left. He found something new at every turn. After listening to a few smaller bands that night, Matt and the girls returned to their tent, falling asleep to the sounds of late arrivals settling in.

Drew Nelson, a friend of Katie's at Syracuse, also made the long trek to Manchester, stopping at his grandparents' house outside Knoxville before arriving late Thursday. He woke up at 7 AM on Friday. The morning sun turned his tent into an oven. He packed his backpack and headed for Centeroo. After a few early sets, he went to see Death Cab for Cutie, a melodic band led by Ben Gibbard, a newcomer to the festival.

Three young girls, the oldest 18 at most, sat in the grass in front of Drew. They talked excitedly, their words overlapping with each other, blending with Gibbard's voice. Drew watched the constant movement of their hands, which gestured toward the stage, the fans around them, and each other. One girl's fingers cradled the neck of a beer bottle. Another's held a lighter and bowl. They passed the bottle and bowl to each other again and again, around and around. They look like sisters, Drew thought.

One of them stood up. She raised her arms and started to dance. The blues and greens of her tie-dye sundress fluttered against her skinny legs. Her body swayed as her bare feet weaved between her sisters, their adoring eyes following her. She stopped in the center of the girls, throwing her arms above her and tilting her head upward to the sky. "I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere, I loved you," she sang along with Gibbard. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She threw her arms around the closest



girl. "I'm so happy," she said. "I'm just so happy." Soon they all stood up, singing and dancing and twirling in each others' arms. Drew smiled.

Are you ready to rock?" he asked the crowd with a grin. As if he needed to ask.

Before Death Cab's set ended, Drew headed to the main stage to wait for Tom Petty. The field in front of the stage held a sea of people, tie-dye, dreadlocks, cowboy hats, flowing skirts, and bare backs. Drew took it all in. As Petty's scheduled set drew closer, the crowd began to chant. "Pet-ty! Pet-ty! Pet-ty!" When Petty took the stage, the crowd erupted in applause and

noisy catcalls. "Are you ready to rock?" he asked the crowd with a grin. As if he needed to ask.

Katie and Amanda sat in the middle of the field, taking swigs from their vodka-filled water bottles, and singing along. Partway through the set, the teenager next to Amanda started rubbing his hands on her back. "I need to touch someone," he said. "I just really need to touch someone." Amanda's entire body tensed. "What the hell," she mouthed to Katie.

Katie sensed Amanda's uneasiness. But the boy explained that he needed human contact to steady his sense of reality, so Amanda let him rub her back. The two began talking to the boy and his friend. They came to the festival from Kentucky, a caravan of four cars trailing each other down the highway like a

BONNA-FIDE GUIDE

Even non-festival goers know to bring sunscreen, bug spray, and comfortable footwear to outdoor events. So we gathered the best veteran-tested tips to help make first timers' experiences unforgettable.

ON THE ROAD

There aren't gas vendors on festival grounds. **Fill your gas tank** before getting in the Bonnaroo line of traffic. Hit the pumps again when you leave. A gallon of gas in Manchester currently runs 13 cents lower than the national average.

LEAVE YOUR MARK

Finding your tent among thousands of tents, especially in an altered state of mind, is hard to do at the end of the night. Bring something to **mark your campsite**, such as a large flag, kite, or even parachute. Make sure it flies high enough to see above campsites. Avoid flags with pirate skulls, pot leaves, and Bob Marley, unless you want to wind up at a neighbor's tent.

NIGHT LIGHTS

Between the performers and the fans, Bonnaroo features an impressive light show every night. **Bring glowsticks** to dance with, especially if you plan on watching Kanye's set, which falls during his 'Glow in the Dark' tour. The glowsticks also double as flashlights for nighttime bathroom trips and walking back to your tent.

BED BUGS

Some bands play until as late as 6:30 AM. If you want a good night's sleep before hitting early afternoon acts, **bring ear plugs** because a late night Tiesto set will carry to even the furthest tents.

CAR INSURANCE

Losing your only set of car keys at 'Roo means finding and paying a locksmith to make a new one. **Bring a spare key** with you. You can make a duplicate copy at places like Wal-Mart, Lowe's, or Home Depot. Keep the spare in a well-hidden place in your tent or give it to one of your friends.

mother duck with her ducklings. Then the group spread out, some milling around the campgrounds, others among the crowd, enjoying Petty's set.

Further up in the crowd, Drew stood between a young couple and a family sprawled on a blanket. The sun sank lower, dipping below the horizon. When Petty finished the third song of his encore, the crowd waited, hushed in anticipation. Drew felt the energy. Electricity flowed through the summer night, like a streak of lightning before the thunder.

When Petty struck the opening chords of "American Girl," the crowd exploded. Arms and legs shook. Fabric swished against bare skin. Fans tossed their heads back, long hair rippling down their spines. "Oh yeah, all right, take it easy baby, make it last all night," Drew shouted with Petty and the crowd. After the set, Drew stumbled back to his tent and fell asleep.

Drew woke up early on Saturday. He packed his backpack with six water bottles, sunscreen, and a few granola bars, before walking over to the mainstage gates. By 11 a.m., almost 50 Radiohead fanatics stood lined up at the gates, eager to rush onto the main stage field. When security opened the gates half an hour later, Drew and the other fans sprinted toward the main stage. The fastest runners claimed the patches of ground along the front railing, so Drew chose another spot as close as possible. Four rows of people sat in front of him. He stood for a minute, surveying the scene, and then sat down cross-legged on the ground. The sun beat down on him. Sweat trickled down his forehead. Only nine hours until Radiohead.

As the day wore on, the crowd grew bigger. The man next to Drew urged his girlfriend to sneak out and buy water and French fries. When she weaseled



her way back through the crowd, nearby fans eyed the food. But many refused to risk leaving their spots. Other fans snatched free patches of ground the second they opened. Despite how hot and cramped he felt, Drew refused to budge.

Farther back in the crowd, Katie and Amanda stood, eager to see Radiohead after hearing a day's worth of good bands. A man carrying a jug full of yellow liquid above his head brushed past them. "Watch out," he said, smirking. "You really don't want me to spill this on you."

When Radiohead took the stage at 8:30 p.m., the crowd roared. The deafening noise sent waves through the crowd, like ripples after a stone hits the water. The lead singer, Thom Yorke, waved to the crowd before striking the first note. Drew pumped his fist into the air,

**"Watch out," he said, smirking.
"You really don't want me to spill
this on you."**

yelling and screaming. The crowd settled in for a two and a half hour performance.

In the middle of the set, Drew felt a thump against his shoulder. He looked down to see a tube-shaped glowstick lying in the dirt. He turned around to see where it came from and gasped. Hundreds of glowsticks flew through the air above the crowd, like popcorn kernels cooking in a kettle of oil. The glowsticks flashed red, green, and yellow. One whizzed onto the stage, nearly hitting Thom. A smile spread across his face. He picked it up and flung it back into the crowd. Soon more fans started throwing glowsticks onstage, clapping as Thom playfully



dodged them. "For a minute there, I lost myself, I lost myself," the crowd sang along with Thom. Flashes of red, green, and yellow shot through the darkness.

In the Radiohead crowd, Matt stood with his friend Milan Ninkov, a fellow Syracuse University student that he met up with at the festival. The two jumped, sang, and threw glowsticks. The band's having just as good a time as we are, Matt thought.

After Radiohead's set, he and Milan went to see Dr. John, a veteran blues performer. Having downed a few beers, they decided to stop at the Porta-Potties first. Matt and Milan snaked their way through the crowd. As they neared the Porta-

Potties, the grass beneath them turned slushy. Milan let out a yelp. "Awwwww man! Dude!" He raised his leg to get a closer look at his foot. A dark liquid coated his bare skin. Even without seeing Milan's sandals, Matt could guess what Milan stepped in. This struck Matt as so funny that he burst into laughter. Milan shot him an angry look.

After Matt managed to contain himself, the pair made their way to the nearest water station. Milan stood next to a middle-aged man, who tried to turn on one of the faucets. "I just stepped in a pool of feces and the water's not even working!" he growled.

Matt erupted in giggles once again. He turned his back to Milan and the older man, attempting to hide his laughter while the two fiddled with the faucets. After a few unsuccessful tries, Milan decided to give up. He and Matt headed to Dr. John despite Milan's reeking sandal. But a few songs into the set, the nauseating smell forced Milan to find fresh water and clean his sandal. When he returned, he found Matt lying in the grass,



BONNAROO 2008

Pearl Jam * Metallica * Jack Johnson * Kanye West
* Chris Rock * Robert Plant and Alison Krauss
featuring T Bone Burnett * Phil Lesh & Friends *
My Morning Jacket * The Allman Brothers Band * The
Raconteurs * Willie Nelson * Death Cab for Cutie * Tiesto *
B.B. King * Sigur Ros * Levon Helm and the Ramble on
the Road * Ben Folds * O.A.R. * Cat Power * The Bluegrass
Allstars * M.I.A. * Umphrey's McGee * Iron and Wine *
Stephen Marley * ... for the complete lineup, visit
www.bonnaroo.com/artists.

drifting asleep to the psychedelic lights of Dr. John's set. After a few more songs, the two of them decided to go back to the campgrounds and get some sleep.

After Saturday night's climax, the festival goers basked in Sunday's afterglow. Katie and Amanda lounged in the grass, watching thick smoke circles float through the sky. Matt went to see Phil Lesh & Friends, joining a hippie Conga line that looped through the crowds. Drew sat in the air-conditioned movie tent, sipping lemonade.

At dusk, Drew packed up his tent and made the two-hour drive back to his grandparents' house. He planned to wait until morning to finish the 14-hour drive back to Syracuse. When he reached his grandparents' home, he headed straight for the shower, despite his growling stomach.

He looked in the bathroom's full-length mirror. His sunburnt cheeks and nose already started to peel. Dirt, caked on from the past four days, covered his legs. He ran his hand through his hair and felt his fingers become slick with grease. He stuck his hair straight up in oily spikes. Before jumping into the shower, Drew debated whether to cut off the green plastic bracelet, but decided to leave it in place.

For the next month and a half, the bracelet remained wrapped around his wrist, a constant reminder of sun and crowds and dirt, of a community of music lovers that came together for four days on a dusty Tennessee farm. When he took the bracelet off, Drew noticed the circle of white skin it kept hidden all that time. Today, the bracelet peeks out of a "Route 66" shot glass on Drew's bedroom shelf. Whenever he notices it, he remembers "a really good time," and smiles. *

INSPECTED GADGETS

The beauty of Bonnaroo lies in its low cost. Unlike city festivals like Lollapalooza and Austin City Limits, the \$230 'Roo ticket covers four days of music, camping, and parking. You can collect almost everything you need, such as a tent, sleeping bag, and tarps, from your own stash of camping equipment or borrow it from a friend's. But if you can afford to spend a little cash, here's the gear worth buying:



H2O Ripcord Hydration Daypack **Target, \$29.99**

Bonnaroo medics treat more fans for dehydration than any other ailment. Rather than lugging around a backpack full of bottles, or paying vendors a fistful of money, buy a camelback. This one holds two liters of water, which you can refill at one of the free water stations. Use the extra pockets to hold sunscreen, small snacks, and the festival schedule.



Trail Chair **L.L. Bean, \$19.95**

The staff only allows low-seated concert chairs, which sit less than a foot off the ground, into Centeroo. If you want to sit and relax for a couple sets, this chair provides back support and ground cushioning. It's also lightweight and portable, so you can carry it around easily.



Cool Zephyr Window Fan **Coleman, \$27.49**

The Tennessee sun makes it impossible to sleep past 7 AM each morning, which kills your sleep schedule if you live for late night sets. This fan, which attaches to a tent window using magnetic plates, reduces heat by pulling cool air inside. It runs up to 20 hours on HIGH or 40 hours on LOW using a 6D battery pack.

DETOURS

The sun remains below the horizon line for **65 consecutive days** in Barrow, Alaska.

On South Dakota's I-29, **186.4 miles** lie between rest stops.

Rough, bumpy pavement accounts for **71%** of Kansas City's major roads and highways.

DON'T FORGET ...

Pennsylvania contains **58 state parks**.

Sea nettle jellyfish in Chesapeake Bay grow up to **24 stinging tentacles**.

The state of Florida includes **27 toll roads**.

A littering fine in Georgia costs up to **\$1,000**.

Battle Creek, Michigan, known as "Cereal City," produces **5.5 million boxes** of Kellogg's cereal.

EXIT RAMP



SIGNING OFF



TRIP'S OVER!

This drive provided by the honors department