

FRONTBUTT :: PRESS

GETTING DOWN IN OUR TOWN

Published September 12, 2002, in issue #32 of the Hook
Frontbutt at Outback Lodge September 7

BY DAMANI HARRISON

Charlottesville is a relatively conservative city. I'm sure some would disagree with that statement, considering our neighbor to the south is Lynchburg. Compared to Jerry Falwell's burg, Charlottesville is a simmering cauldron of sin in the bowels of hell. Nevertheless, I am inclined to call any city conservative that shuts down before midnight on a weekday and/or has deserted streets on Sunday.

Some time had passed since I'd seen the proverbial "hair let down" in this town. So I was pleased to see the hair let down, the skirts hiked up, and the shirts come off at the Frontbutt show at Outback on Saturday, September 7.

If you don't know Frontbutt, then it is about time you make their acquaintance. Why? Because not only do they boast the largest repertoire of '80s and '90s hip hop and rap songs of any local band, but they bring them to life in a way that demands that audiences go berserk.

From the first notes of House of Pain's "Jump Around" to the last notes of TLC's "Waterfalls," they played with unfettered energy. Classic after classic poured from the speakers as Frontbutt remade, remixed, and revamped our generation's new standards into funky rock.

No rap artist was safe, no song could hide. "The Humpty Dance," "O.P.P.," "Insane in the Brain," "La Di Da Di," "Wild Thing," "California Love"... on and on and on they went, nailing hit after hit.

Shell-toed Adidas jumping all over the stage, big gold chains, sunglasses, and jogging suits rounded out the spectacle until the defining moment of the evening. The invite was sent to the audience to truly get buck-wild to one of the most controversial songs to hit the media circus: Sir Mix-A-Lot's "Baby Got Back."

The only controversy that night was who got to shake what their momma gave them in front of video cameras there filming the show. All the while, the members of the band never lost their cool. Even with 10 women doing what some have come to refer to as "the nasty" on stage, they still kept their shades on and their Adidas tied.

When it was all over I drove home to my apartment on Tenth Street, only to be startled when getting out my car by the sound of eight gun shots about 200 feet from my house. I stared out my window and thought about my evening: a Frontbutt show and gunshots at 3am.

What would Jerry (Falwell) think?