December 2011

KURE Fest 2011

John Lonsdale  
_Iowa State University_

Emerald Klauer  
_Iowa State University_

David Derong  
_Iowa State University_

Follow this and additional works at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/ethos

Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the Journalism Studies Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/ethos/vol2012/iss1/8

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ethos by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact digirep@iastate.edu.
An hour after KURE Fest 2011 ended, rapper Kreayshawn, dressed in pajamas and a large bodyguard, walked up the stairs by the M-Shop and stared at us. She just stared like she wanted us to say something to her. Maybe she was hoping we had a joint or just needed a light.

“Hey,” we muttered.

“Hey?” she said and then walked away in a confused shuffle.

“What just happened?” we all said.

Then it was over. Kreayshawn, the pajamas, the good vibes – it was all over until next year.

Local acts Parlours and Tires opened the event. Lines curled up to the next story of the building when the room reached capacity.

“I can’t believe we left to pee,” said someone in the back of the line. “It’s fucking Kreayshawn!”

The one-in-one-out policy wasn’t all bad. It was the best waiting line any of us had ever been in. Every type of person was in that line. The smell of Jack and sweat and Panda Express wafted together and finally the waiting line got in the M-Shop when there wasn’t any “Gucci Gucci” left in Kreayshawn’s swagger.

Urban Outfitter darlings Neon Indian took the stage and the room’s pulse started beating again. It wasn’t a Lupe Fiasco show in Hilton, but it was something special. No inhibitions. No games. Just some good music and good times. And the beat dropped.