

# Freedom-Zine America

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## Community Reports

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[www.cepiaclub.com](http://www.cepiaclub.com)

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**Club News :** The Cepia Club House on Main/Fourth Street in Centuria, WI was closed November 30, 2008. Manager Tim Krenz, as some of you might have been aware, had to have some significant surgery in December and he decided to forgo renewing the lease into 2009. As for Tim's status, the matter is under care, and while the nature of the tumor is not conclusive at this point, Tim is spending the winter of 2009 reorganizing the Club. If all goes and there is no need for further treatment, The Cepia Club LLC will re-establish in St. Croix Falls in the spring. In the meantime, Tim extends thanks and gratitude for many good-will and well wishes from all who were concerned.

**ANNOUNCEMENT:** The Cepia Club Lives (!) on-line at [www.cepiaclub.com](http://www.cepiaclub.com) and in the aether-real free-ware net "Underground" of Western Wisconsin. Contact us via Emails, phone and P.O. mail address.

## Groovin' on a Big Breakfast

### Notes From the Underground

January 6, 2009

by Pi Kielty

The Troll's Haus in the Polk County, WI, "Underground" on Friday, January 2, 2009, featured the rural exurbia Hoodie lyra rap of the group "Breakfast." And it was tamed beatished in vibrations of youthful words of view, done to some fantasa-rageous beats of the backup, pickup crew. Led by the power-conjoined twins named "The Good Seed" and the "J of No Return," the performance mixed a reggae rap with selectric sounds of mix, bass and electro-phononic guitars, and sub-real drummin'.

Joined by all the members one might find in a favorite "Squib" band—those unusually likely suspects of "Trucker Tim," "Dyna-motic Dan," "E-at-the-speed-of-Bob," and "Flayin' Flyin' Bryan" on Drums—the group also included the Quiet Men of the Seventh Generation, "Just Tom," and "Plain Shawn," the last "who is a really nice guy."

The music arrangements, and especially

the twenty minute improv drives, was simply superb for my first time hearing them. The Skoll lounge, filled with the hopping Bones of the rural hoodie, added to the luster of the concert. As everyone familiar with our Underground knows, Friday-tag in Winters Night is the night to watch bands in the lounge. Sheen in rustic panel around the chalet stone fireplace, the warm room lends itself to the emotional distance from the band, which is perched in a crow's nest stage high above the floor. The setting preaches that however apart everyone is, one is attached to the society in which they dwell. Something does connect. And in the bright trimming holiday lights around the stage nest, the band lords above the night crowd, providing the life of the "body party," like the Olympian gods of audio nectar and feelful ambrosia. And there it goes, for one cannot but be grateful for the life of the solar sun, even though looking into it makes one sneeze; and so it went that the audience pays penance for a week of life in the effort to look above at art in action one cannot quite approach to close enough. The bands at Troll's Lair accidentally have a Syd-like Wall, symbolic of the loneliness otherwise

forgotten for a fun evening rap with friends.

And still there was the music. . . . In some tunage, Breakfast had a dreamy Jeannie bop-diddly outburst, a bridge to other sound tomes like when the close of the beginning set rambling—beautifully—into the improv "Baloney Sandwich." Tweren't baloney at all, but passable, remarkable word dance. Like the Beatles and local fav bands everywhere, it stupefies what a group of talented musicians throw into a mix, like baloney and bread with bacon, lettuce and tomato: An odd, but faintly amusing, sort of "Underground" Club sandwich.

Yes, long-anticipating to see the show, your pikey narrator enjoyed it, as well did other frolickers at Troll. The band made a deeper Breakfast than heretofore enjoyed; a far, far better thing they did than ever wrapped in rap in Polk County. In the end, Breakfast performed a tasty funk and magnetic coil of homemade jam, for breakfast, the way the trippy cool blue-haired Grannies made jellie while on drugs in the 70s, lip smacking, finger tapping good.

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