**OREGON MUSIC** DIG RIVALRY MINDERS IN NY ANGELL DVD **EC EVENING GEOFF BYRD** 

# History of Portland ROCK IN The Big Rewind

I Salazar was one of the first to respond to the demand for bigger venues, opening the Pine Street Theatre, at Southeast Pine and Sandy. Formerly housing a Church of Scientology franchise (as well as the 9th Street Exit), the building was a three-story honeycomb of small, run-down offices and larger meeting rooms, which encircled the expansive main hall. Salazar hung an extensive collection of antique

When the Psychedelic Furs played a gig at the Pine Street on their first US tour, the volume and pressure of their sound was such that it set the lamps and chandeliers to swaying ominously above the audience.

One of the first local bands to exploit the Pine Street stage was Theatre Of Sheep. Led by mercurial vocalist Rozz Rezabeck-Wright, the Sheep were an imaginative, if sometimes sloppy quintet, which by Jim Wallace of the Odds). They lent symphonic support to Rozz' mostly extemporaneous songs and unpredictable antics, which might include his hiking a long, skinny leg over the mic stand—easily a height of six feet. Theatre Of Sheep rapidly rose to prominence within the alternative community, achieving especial success among underagers; such that their popularity rivaled that of even the Unreal Gods in that demographic.

Across town, Larry Hurwitz opened Starry Night on Northwest 6th at Burnside, With a capacity of 850, the club posed a serious challenge to Tony DeMicoli's ability to book La Bamba. D'anse Combeau chose to enact their gala Christmas 1982 pageant at Starry Night instead of La Bamba (a show that was thwarted, mid-show, by an anonymous tip to the Fire Marshall concerning overcrowding). The Unreal Gods elected to follow suit for their New Year's Eve celebration. Such upheaval certainly caused hard feelings. A feud

## "Rockabilly revivalists the Rockin' Razorbacks, featured Chris Miller on guitar and former Upepo bassist J. Michael Kearsey on bass."

swag lamps and crystal chandeliers from the high ceiling in the main room, scattering among them the outstretched skeletons of massive birds of prey. Upon the walls around the area, Salazar mounted an eerie array of animal skulls. All in all, it created quite a disjointedly appropriate atmosphere. always made superb use of the talents of lead guitarist Jimi Haskett (late of Film At 11) and classically trained keyboardist Leslie Arbuthnott; along with the efforts of the rhythm section of drummer Brain Wassman and bassist John Clifford (later replaced



erupted between Tony and Larry, whereupon a litany of pranks ensued. A call to the fire marshall here, a smashed toilet and plugged sewer line there. Veiled threats everywhere. It was an exciting time.

Following the lead of their predecessors Quarterflash and Johnny and the Distractions, the top bands of the day continued to release albums, singles and EPs, though they were expensive to make and the results were seldom very satisfying. But vinyl was the sonic currency of the day, and every band worth its chops was releasing something. Slowtrain, Paul DeLay, Nu Shooz and the Unreal Gods had popular releases in 1982. Boom Chuck Rock Now featured many of Billy Rancher's best, most ingenuous songs, though the album failed to capture the monumental Elvis-like appeal he generated on the live stage, prancing around in his signature leopard print pajamas and cowboy boots.

Hair bands prospered in that era as well, with Sequel leading the charge from the outer Westside suburbs toward the Last Hurrah, Zack's and to Tippers in the outer Eastside suburbs— followed closely by Movie Star, Kashmir, Fire Eye, the Storm and the Choir Boys, which were both comprised of members of the Checker Brothers, Legend and Rising Tide, oddly enough. poppier bands such as the Bachelors, No Ties, and Mr. Nice Guy also found refuge in those venues as well.

The blues contingency was anchored by Paul DeLay, Robert Cray and Terry Robb. Rockabilly revivalists the Rockin' Razorbacks, featured Chris Miller on guitar and former Upepo bassist J.



A victim of rampant urban renewal, Tony Demicoli was forced to close La Bamba, allowing the owners of the building to convert it into a quaint mini-mall on the edges of the permanent Saturday Market space under the Burnside Bridge. Euphoria closed and reopened as a sports bar. The Met folded. Tippers changed hands. The Fat Little

Precinct opened on Southwest 13th near Taylor, providing a space for punk and alternative bands such as Poison Idea and Final Warning or the Usual Suspects and the Van Goghs.

The Van Goghs, vocalist bassist Lee Oser, guitarist (and heir to a cheese fortune) Kevin Kraft on guitar and drummer Charlie Maurer, levied a sound somewhat akin to U2, without a vocalist like Bono.

The Usual Suspects, guitarists Haroon Tahir and Phil Royer, percussionist Tom Haythorn and bassist Michael Hornburg were a serious and arty band who often played the music for plays and even backed a dance troupe for a few performances. The Usual Suspects eventually moved to San Franciscowhere Hornburg later penned the underground novel Bongwater.

Cafe Oasis attracted a more bohemian crowd, spearheaded by loyal followers of Ed and the Boats. The PC&S on Southwest Morrison at 10th, long a quiet Jazz bar, became a vehicle for Billy Kennedy's trio Special K. The Rock Creek Tavern, way out in the western forty, welcomed Les Clams, the Beaver Trail Boys and the Rasco Brothers.

With the demise of Trigger's Revenge, Hank Rasco formed a new band, the Rasco Brothers, with fellow former Revengers bassist Don "The Rock" Weiss and guitarist Al McLeod, along with drummer David "Lonnie Broadway" White. And once again the lone Wasted Ranger was back on the boards with his own band, revving out a mixture of rockabilly and old fashioned rock 'n' roll.

While Tony DeMicoli moved his operations

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"Descended from the legendary Pleasure, Cool'r was the greatest funk band ever to play the local circuit. Bassist Nate Phillips, drummer Bruce Carter and guitarist Doug Lewis logged ten years and seven albums with Marlon McLain and Pleasure, developing a superior level of expertise as musicians"

Michael Kearsey on bass. The White Eagle in North Portland stood as a blues stronghold, as it does to this day. But Last Hurrah and Beckman's, which superseded the Faucet space in the Southwest, were amenable to the blues as well. So was Key Largo. Opened in 1978 by Hollywood pitch man Tom Nash, Key Largo, located at Northwest 2nd Avenue and Couch Streets, was to become a fixture in the local music scene.

Cyclic by nature, the Portland music scene swung toward a nadir in 1983. Bands broke up, reconfigured or simply hunkered down as clubs closed and public interest waned. Flames of disillusion consumed all but the most faithful. Or those that were poised to sign big contracts.

Rooster became the Barley Mill Pub and replaced its stage with pool tables.

The remaining clubs catered to the fashions and trends which were being dictated by a new and powerful force in the music and consumer industries: MTV. Metal bands disappeared. Hair bands were as scarce as pandas. Blues bands played the White Eagle. New wave ruled the day. New wave bands were booked into every major rock club in town. Men at Work and a Flock of Seagulls were the role models.

Still, out of the ashes, new clubs sprung to life. The roots of some are still growing today. Others only came briefly to the fore, before dying off; but sustained less-fashionable musical styles. The 13th

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'ell, I'm headed up to Cartersville Georgia for church on Sunday this weekend, you see it's the only place those crazy ministers still handle snakes for the Sunday sermon. I'm working on a video for the band using a new number called "Redneck Riviera" and I'm thinking what better place for some footage. Funny thing is I found a 100-year-old church

out side of Atlanta about 35 mins that books live music, so I'm shooting the rest of the video there. With our first Atlanta shows coming up the last weekend in September I'm busy hooking up with our local music papers, radio stations and assorted scenesters here and working the material with the new band. The group

is sounding simply amazing and it's strange to sit in a room with 9 new musicians and go over the old songs and new the songs and think that folks like Tim Ellis, SP Clarke, Buck and everyone that helped me back in Portland still have an impact on the band and the way the band sounds. For me

tympani drums for a song we were recording at the old White Horse studios setting there, when a guy came in with a dog and the damn dog lifted his leg and started spraying those babies down, watching Dave Friedlander's face was a moment now etched into my mind forever. The thing that's still great about being a bandleader of 10-14 people is being able to play for people and watch them have the best time they could. Now I know selling lots of CD's would be super and having checks come in the mail for songs I wrote 7 years ago is fantastic, it still moves me in a way that nothing else ever has,

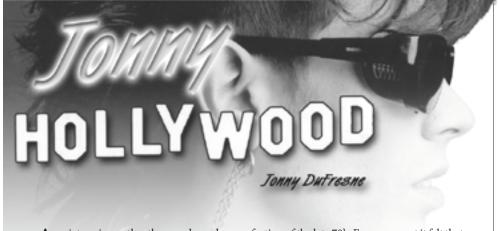
well not counting the night when I booked "The Lick Sisters" to perform with the band and watching them show me backstage what they wanted to do with these bananas during the show. The band's first show is at The Star Bar on September 23rd in an area called Little Five Points, all the alt bands, hippies, dope smokers and

hipsters hang out there and then we do a show Saturday night the 24th at CJ's up in Buckhead, I just cant get use to saying Buckhead, it's the upper middle kind of place, new cars, lots of money, \$8.00 drinks and all. I gotta tell ya I love the south and everything thing about it, what a place. This past

"Jesus Presley is sounding simply amazing and it's strange to sit in a room with 9 new musicians and go over the old songs and new the songs and think that folks like Tim Ellis, SP Clarke, Buck and everyone that helped me back in Portland still have an impact on the band and the way the band sounds."

the best part about all this is not only the journey but the past also, sitting here thinking that almost 9 years ago the band was just something we did on Sundays to have fun, play some music and hang out at the Mt. Tabor while it was closed. One thing always comes to mind when you do something you love, it never gets old. It sure is strange to be the new band in town, but on the same side Portland bands get more press here than they ever did there. After listening to all of the CD's the band recorded now for the past 8 weeks over and over and over again during rehearsals, I have to say that even though the bands recordings didn't sell as well as my bank account wanted, everyone of the people that played in the band, helped the band or recorded the band I will always be in debt to forever. I can still remember renting this set of

two weeks has been a real step forward, I didn't use my map one time to get where I was going, and this place has traffic that not even LA can top. So as I speed down the road at 85, listening to radio stations that just flat out rock. It just makes you so happy being here, it just makes you want to pull over and stop at the waffle house for a quick meal, cause man these people eat down here. I'm getting ready to start this new line of Jesus Presley edible underwear to sell at the shows that are Biscuits and Gravy favored, hey it's all about merch. So it took 15 weeks total. I packed up, drove cross country, moved to a place I never really spent more than a day or two in, found a place downtown to live, got a job, put the band together and booked some shows, now if I could just find some go-go dancers it would all be good cause I'm about to git r done...



picture is worth a thousand words, or in the case of this article, you get both a picture and a thousand words. A while back I receive these long forgotten shots from Dennis Jones, my old band-mate (and Two Louies contributor). A time capsule freezing a moment forever, circa Winter 1981. Dennis and I shared a common rock-n-roll dream in band called Casev Nova (a man, a band, a way of life, I used to say). That's Casey upfront and center singin' and songwritin', his heart on his sleeve, Dennis is the bloke on bass who looks like he just stepped off The Yardbird's tour bus, Scotty Farndon on Drums and yours truly on leeaaadd git-tar, Dude! These shots were taken at the White Eagle (the only constant in 25 plus years of Portland music history) on a night when management decided to give the blues a brief respite; letting us "New Wavers" bounce some new sounds off these 100-year old brick walls. It looks like it was quite a night. I wish I could remember it.

What struck me about these pictures most (other than the feeling that I had just recovered from amnesia, re-remembered some forgotten past life) is the innocence captured in these images. Wide-eyed clarity, smiles that hold nothing back, semi-certain determination (cool clothes too). Rock-n-roll had recently reinvented itself in the form of punk and new wave. The Police, The Clash were cutting

edge and the Sex Pistols were already immortal. It was a world of possibilities where freshness was favored over overwhelming musicianship and studio perfection of the late 70's. For a moment it felt that even pipsqueaks like Casey Nova had a chance.

When I say innocence, I don't mean that we were personally innocent (check out the pitcher and glasses, we could certainly put the stuff away) but our lives, at that moment in time, revolved around the love of rock-n-roll, being in a band and playing our own music without much expectation. Collectively, we were doing it all for the first time. Every gig, rehearsal, photo shoot, hell, even our midnight poster runs, were adventures (Quadrophenia meets Jackass!). I cannot think of a time when I was ever sooo much on the edge of breaking through to all I had been dreaming about to that point in my life (artistic acceptance, public recognition, girls, the musician's life). I was being guided to my destiny by some unforeseen higher order. I completely surrendered to the process, following a chain of events so serendipitous that no amount of human intellect could ever strategize such an outcome. Though I hadn't a clue what lay just ahead when the shutter was snapped, six months after this humble night in the winter of 1981, I would have my picture in the Oregonian and was soon opening shows at the Paramount Theater.

One night in the spring of '82

Casey Nova was playing another Thursday night at The Long Goodbye. The continuity otherwise uneventful night was shattered when a beer bottle exploded as it collided with the wall inches above drummer Scotty's head. In those days throwing a beer bottle at the band could be construed as a display of punky approval. Billy Rancher was in the house. It was his Little League trained arm that fired the bottle with respectful accuracy. After the show, Billy came up to me and said "good guitar" or something to that effect. My response was "what ever". Not that I was unimpressed with Billy, quite the opposite. When I saw Billy for the first time the previous summer, I said to myself that if I didn't end up in a band with Billy, I might as well leave town. In my opinion he was a true original. However at the time The Malchicks were going strong and brother Lenny had the guitar spot all sewn up. I hadn't a chance. Or, so I thought. One thing led to another and soon this unknown from Hillsboro had aced a spot in the hottest band in town; Billy Rancher and The Unreal Gods. The rest is history as they say. One thing is for sure, the genie was out of the bottle and there was no going back to the purity of that night at The White Eagle.

OK, I know some of you might need to check your insulin levels about now. Yes, the sacrine IS getting a bit sweet. However, most of you who have had any success know what I'm talking about. You can't deny the first taste is the sweetest. Also, you know how much this success has changed you. Those of you who may have not had the "success experience" yet, know where you're at is golden. It's one of the reasons why us seasoned vets want to help out the up-and-comers'. We get to recapture a bit of that of which we have lost.

Thanks for letting me indulge in this bit of personal nostalgia. What I have come to learn in the years since is that there are many of these breakthrough moments to be had. However, we never know when we are having one till in retrospect. Inno
cence is lost, only to be regained only

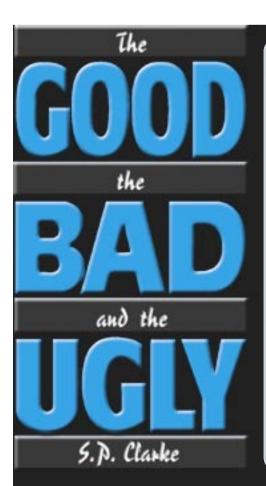
to be lost again. The point is to always appreciate the moment and know you are exactly where you are supposed to be. Peace!

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"It was a world of possibilities where freshness was favored over overwhelming musicianship and studio perfection of the late 70's. For a moment it felt that even pipsqueaks like Casey Nova had a chance."

Casey Nova, Jon DuFresne, Dennis Jones, Scotty Farndon.

Photo: Clay Frost



Private Player In Concert DVD- James Angell and Private Player Mandible Productions

bout two and a half years ago, James Angell, former lead singer for the seminal Portland rock band Nero's Rome, released his first solo album, Private Player; after several years away from the Portland music scene. That stunning album, painstakingly recorded in his kitchen (with the aid of former NR mates Tony Lash on drums and guitarist Tod Morrisey, as well as legendary bassist Phil Baker, drummer Steve "Thee Slayer Hippy" Hanford, Todd Chatalas on acoustic guitar and Daniel Riddle of King Black acid on electric guitar), instantly brought to Angell a profusion of public and critical acclaim.

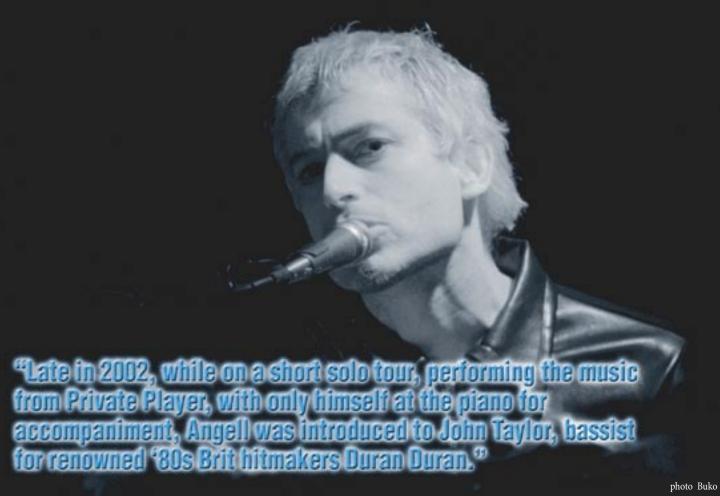
Late in 2002, while on a short solo tour, performing the music from Private Player, with only himself at the piano for accompaniment, Angell was introduced to John Taylor, bassist for renowned '80s Brit hitmakers Duran Duran, after a show at the Fez club in New York City. (Coincidentally, Courtney Taylor-Taylor, [who became the drummer for Nero's Rome when Tony Lash left to form Heatmiser] and his band the Dandy Warhols, have a connection with another member of Duran Duran, keyboardist Nick Rhodes- who produced the Dandy's Welcome To The Monkey House last year).

With the album given to him by a "mutual friend" (Courtney? Another fan David Bowie? Or perhaps Paul McCartney?) John Taylor admitted to being an huge admirer of James' music and proposed that the two of them play together soon. Inspired at the prospect of realizing the albums' more intricate production elements on a live stage, Angell quickly assembled a stage band, to be named after the album, which consisted of Lash and Riddle, another King Black Acid member, Sean Tichenor on guitar, and another former member of Nero's Rome, Kevin Cozad, on keyboards.

Along with Taylor on bass, the band recorded what was only their second concert ever at the Aladdin Theatre on March 14th, 2003. For that show, the band captured all but one of the eight songs from the album, as well as a couple of new pieces. The resultant DVD (the first DVD ever reviewed in Two Louies) is a fine representation of that performance.

The video concert begins with "Hiding in Plain Sight," a new song, with a rumbling

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The progressive lifestyle of the Willamette Valley includes a lot of time supporting the arts. It's important to get out there and see the folks. Buy the art, see the show, patronize the restaurants, give to arts in the schools and keep the creative side going. What will happen to art if Bush is reelected? Isn't everyone

aware how dire the situation is? Do we realize that we're dumb with fear? It starts at the top. The reality

and humorous pieces. I thought about it later and although I know some tortured artists, I'm not one. I can't help but feel happy and grateful most of the time. I know the job is tough and the politics suck, but there's no reason to complain it you ain't feeling bad. I want to create from all sources of emotions.

> I think creating from sadness or frustration tends to make the work just that. Is it wrong to be a happy artist?

is that people are

so used to the abuse that when it's not there we miss it.

My pick of the month is Bob Dylan and Patti Smith. Bob Dylan because all I've been listening to is Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid record repeatedly in my car. It reminds me of the outlaw in me and I say, "Viva la difference!" Patti Smith has her new album out and she's playing at the Crystal Ballroom on the 18th August. I'm going to try and make it.

The Miniature Show at Mark Woolley Gallery was a hit. I was on a major learning curve and am trying to be as objective as possible, but it was an honor to be a part of it. Being swept along with a large group of artists is such a great way to be introduced to a major gallery. It was a crash course in the hard sell and I now know how difficult it is to stand in front of your work and explain the process. I'm reaching place of understanding when it comes to the work and to the business. Artists build on a foundation of acceptance and knowledge and then keep they have to keep on going. In other words, don't wait for permission to do what you want to do, because you will not get it. So follow your passion and don't take "No!"

Anne Graich

Anne Grgich did a fantastic job curating a very eclectic group of artists to make up the

"Late into the night musicians, artist's writers and the like all poured into Philoxeni, a hot new Greek restaurant owned by George and Eleni Touhouliotis of Satyricon fame...at one point our waiter had to tell two beautiful women at our table that he enjoyed watching them kiss each other passionately, but he had to insist they stop."

was happy. I looked around and sort of agreed but

A dear friend kindly explained that my work | Miniature Show. Twenty-five artists from around the world and it showed. Anne has gone out of I did feel that Walt Curtis has some very cheery her way to include artists that bring something

unique to the table.

Portland's glitter were all there and it was as much fun as I've had since I can't remember. The outrageous behavior and wild abandon of the guests proved to me that it was happening enough that it promoted freethinking and action en masse. Late into the night musicians, artist's writers and the like all poured into Philoxeni, a hot new Greek restaurant owned by George and Eleni Touhouliotis of Satyricon fame. After the opening it was who's who at every table and our table of silliness was the icing on the cake. I can't name names, but at one point our waiter had to tell two beautiful women at our table that he enjoyed watching them kiss each other passionately, but he had to insist they stop. I was enjoying the grilled calamari myself, but when I looked around the restaurant, all eyes were riveted on our table. We had an entourage coming and going and the entertainment was non-stop.

> room where rumor has it that they went at it in a fury. Many moments later the girls returned to the table with smeared lipstick and glazed looks on their faces. When one of the beautiful creatures finally left with some young man, (who after buying all their drinks, was waiting patiently for her in his car out front) the other damsel started weeping at the table and cried, "I'm a lesbian. I'm a lesbian!" I replied, "Is that so wrong?" With a tortured looked she squeaked, "I love you!" That is when the table unanimously decided to confiscate her car keys. We walked her to her car and piled in to two vehicles and had a wild ride to East Moreland where we dropped the drunken, troubled lady

Anyway, the girls finally took it to the bath-

that attended the event. We all agreed Marne Lucas arrived looking gorgeous in a black and silver dress. I had to tell her so. Marne told me that her self-portraits (photographs) as of late are not too flattering. I told her she's so hot it doesn't matter. Marne is beautiful inside and

off unscathed. The entourage headed

back to 333 Studios where we had a

nightcap and discussed all the people

out. Other amazing notables were Ed from Ed & The Boats, Rick Warritz, Mary Smith, Mary Chris Mass, Eva Lake, Stephen Spirit, Carl Abramovic, Nancy Scharbach, Meta Jardine, David Milholland, Jennifer Stanley and so many more that I will run out of room. I was happy with all the support and although hanging your work on a wall and putting a price on it takes balls, I can't think of much else to do in this crazy world.

I have to give my friend Lauren Mantecon a plug. She'll be having a one-woman show at Mark Woolley Gallery in September. Check out her Touring the Void series of paintings.

Write to me: rosebud@teleport.com



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to Chuck's on Southwest Front, Key Largo began serving as a venue for many La Bamba orphans such as the Unreal Gods, the Results and Crazy 8s, as well as Nu Shooz. Eli's opened on Southwest 4th, providing a downtown stable for Pacific Talent impresario Andy Gilbert, whose strangle-hold on the B clubs of the region ensured their reduction to the lowest common denominator. Gilbert's gestapo-like technique was to groom bands toward homogenization into cheese— promoting the ultimate velveeta, packaged to sell. His sterile and myopic musical world view left an indelible mark on the local live music industry for many years to follow, permanently stunting its growth.

Despite these severe impediments, a few exciting bands were able to make their way from out of the fondue. The foremost among them was Cool'r. Descended from the legendary Pleasure, Cool'r was the greatest funk band ever to play the local circuit. Bassist Nate Phillips, drummer Bruce Carter and guitarist Doug Lewis logged ten years and seven albums with Marlon McLain and Pleasure, developing a superior level of expertise as musicians— an impeccable sense of timing and communication. The addition of keyboardist Jeff Alviani and lead singer Andy Stokes was the icing on the cake. Andy's suave, sensual vocals matched

the band's silken smooth artistry, nuance for nuance.

The Results were an arty, high-intensity new wave band which featured lead vocalist Joseph Loren and guitarist Leonard Marcel, backed by keyboardist Glenn "G-Ray" Reuger (formerly of Upepo) along with drummer Charlie DeFrank and bassist Mike Criss. Loren's gritty vocal presence often drew comparisons to Graham Parker, with a somewhat slicker delivery and a stage demeanor more akin to that of Jack Hues of Wang Chung.

Another interloper within the local picture, J. Isaac came to the game with a more stellar pedigree than Andy Gilbert. But his destructive predilection for retooling into precise molds the acts he represented, managed to ruin far more bands than it ever assisted. Isaac found immediate success grafting the husband and wife limbs of Seafood Mama onto the trunk of the rock band Pilot. He called it Quarterflash. Quarterflash

The Odds



photos Moran



flourished and prospered. And it was good.

Seeking to erect an empire, Isaac secured management contracts with two of Portland's most promising young bands, the Odds and the Balloons. The Balloons were a popular party band, led by singer/keyboardist Mike Fingerut, whose energetic sense of humor and soulful vocal prowess secured for the group favored status. His bandmates, guitarist Gerry Larson (whose occasional physical limitations were playfully demonstrated in their popular song "Do The Nerd"), bassist Greg Davis and drummer Bob Shotola acted as the perfect foils for Fingerut's animated antics.

Not long after signing with Isaac it was determined that the Odds should change their name— when it was discovered that there was a band called the Odds in nearly every state of the union. Inexplicably, the name Two Minutes Fifty (after a line about the perfect length pop single in a Who song) was selected replace the former appellation.

Shortly after that, drummer Kevin Jarvis accepted an offer to join Johnny and the Distractions. In a typically inbred move, Distractions drummer Kip Richardson took over the chair in 2:50. It wasn't long before Isaac conceived of another superband, this time wedding Mike Fingerhut's vocal skills with 2:50. And thus, Mystery Date was born, Ben Davis was the Odd man out. The Balloons were deflated.

Jim Wallace left Mystery Date to play with Theatre of Sheep and the band changed its name to

Arts and Crafts. Duane Jarvis left Arts and Crafts to help found Map Of France. With Map Of France, Jarvis appropriated the Result's rhythm section of drummer Charlie DeFrank and bassist Michael Chriss, as well as Result lead vocalist Joseph Loren. Leonard Marcel tried to continue the Results adding bassist John Mazzacco and drummer Scott Frost, but that project never really flew.

Eventually, Kevin Jarvis left the Distractions (replaced by Carlton Jackson) to rejoin his brother Duane in Map Of France, which displaced Charlie DeFrank. Mike Fingerhut's band became Man In

photos Moran

role of percussionist and background vocalist and tenor saxman Danny Schauffler was acquired from Crazy 8s. The Crazy 8s remained an ever-changing set of players, revolving around the founders, alto saxman vocalist Todd Duncan and trombonist Tim Tubb. The original and most memorable members of the band included Shauffler, Duncan, Tubb, guitarist Mark Wanaka, keyboardist Casey Shaar, bassist Mike Regan, drummer Ric Washington and percussionist Carl Smith.

As the New Year of 1984 drew near, the rumor

#### "Not long after signing with Isaac it was determined that the Odds should change their name— when it was discovered that there was a band called the Odds in nearly every state of the union"

Motion. About the time Man In Motion broke up, so did Quarter Flash. At that point J. Isaac went to work for the Portland Trailblazers professional basketball team, where his propensity for experimentation was perhaps better suited all along. A regular soap opera.

Throughout the dark year of '83, other bands metamorphosed as well, but more for artistic reasons than for product placement issues. Lead vocalist David Musser left Nu Shooz to become a chef. He was replaced by Mark Bosnian from Puzzle. Meanwhile Valerie Day was assuming the

of major label signings filled the air. Black and Blue, with former members of Movie Star, signed with Geffen Records. The Unreal Gods signed with Arista.

Meredith Brooks and the Angels of Mercy made their debut. Dan Reed, lead guitarist for Nimble Darts when they broke up, debuted his Princely new band, the Dan Reed Network, at Last Hurrah. The first Mayor's Ball was about to take place. The cycle which had swung so low in 1983 was about to take a decided upward turn.

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Crazy 8's- live at the Roseland Theater Aug 7th

aised hands waving back and forth was the initial view walking into the big room upstairs at the Roseland Theater. With a sort of hopeful praise, those hands reached toward the stage even from the back of the room as if the music filled air provided a physical connection between the band and the audience. That's how close the Crazy 8's pulled their fans in at their August 7th reunion show. They've hosted several reunions in the past and though it's been 20 years since their inception, they still perform with an inexhaustible supply of energy; giving a strong sense of how the Crazy 8's became a nationally touring band to begin with. Their talent and magnetism easily drew their fans straight back to the stage. A buzz that started at KBVR College radio at Oregon State University in the 80's helped launch them across the country, according to station manager Nick Lawrence, and now in a new millennium it was still charged and seemingly waiting for the band to step inside of its zone again. That same buzz, together with those waving hands, moshed the Crazy 8's kilted lead singer Todd Duncan across the room and answered the eternal question, "What do they wear under those things?"

The entire event had the feel of a Crazy 8's national convention with the

"With a "new rock" sound befitting the KNRK music profile, it was only surprising to hear them there and to learn of their frequent radio spins, because Crosstide is an unsigned, Portland group."

band accepting its nomination. Giant balloons hovered and bounced in permanent re-launch mode lifting off fingertips from around the room. They floated above as if on party air patrol. Arms thrown up in the air, swaying, yelling and singing replaced dancing for an audience unwilling to be distracted from all that was happening on stage both musically and physically. Even with a big stack of amps framing the band, there was the unmistakable rumble of lyrics being sung by an audience intimately familiar with the music.

The first thing that struck me hearing the Crazy 8's live was that they didn't sound like a dozen other bands. Horns...well sax and at least one horn, guitar, congas, keys, drums and bass are the instruments comprising their sound. It's rock with a uniquely indefinable edge that goes beyond the kilts. Even though I had never heard them prior to this night, they sounded like the Crazy 8's. Fabulous musicians and showmen both, there was never a lull in the intensity and because they were having so much fun, their stage show felt effortless.

The person taking the door said with resolute commitment that the band would be ending at 11:30 and no later, but just before 12:00 A.M. and midway through the 3rd encore it was clear that the event planners hadn't fully realized the potential impact of the Crazy 8's. There would have been an encore number four and probably even a number five had lead singer and sax player Todd Duncan not picked up his case and walked off stage, cheering a thankful toast to the audience as if his instrument was a glass of champagne.

Crosstide- Live at the Ash Street Saloon August 12th

aving heard this band on KNRK recently, expectations could be noth-**▲**ing short of super-sized. Crosstide's single, "Talk Radio," had been in rotation at the station due to both DJ and fan support. With a "new rock" sound befitting the KNRK music profile, it was only surprising to hear them there and to learn of their frequent radio spins, because Crosstide is an unsigned, Portland group. I've heard signed local bands barely able to get a stab at stations like that; one or two plays in a humiliating battle of the bands and it's over. Having never heard of them prior to this time provided a stark reminder of just how hard it is to be heard, even when you have an ever-present presence. After announcing the band, the DJ continued to say that Crosstide had just returned from

> their West Coast tour. Later in a private conservation, he said emphatically that they put on a great show. That was incentive enough for me to seek out the band.

> An anomalous open parking spot right in front of the Ash Street Saloon was like a glorious, personal red carpet rolled out just for me. The sidewalk in front of the Ash was crowded with fans and beer drinkers waiting for Crosstide to start.

A swelling wave of keyboard strings hit the air just after 11:30pm. Ambient, huge and growing in intensity with each passing second, it lit the crowd up in a supportive roar of praises and clapping. The opening song, a charismatic, atmospheric ballad, was like an ocean with rising

and falling waves of energy. It was impossible to do anything but sink into the depth of this music. But that was a set-up; a ploy to settle your senses and prepare you for the explosion of up-tempo rock/pop that came in the next several songs and most of the remaining set.

Crosstide has a definite flare for a U2 band sound with gorgeous guitar delays, but is combined with a Smashing Pumpkins type of edge. Luscious vocals, guitars and keyboards creating amazing atmosphere is what Crosstide brings forth. With lyrical depth, fantastic arrangements and performance, they exceeded any expectations I might have had. They were enormously engaging and provided a full musical meal filling all of the senses.

Crosstide will be opening for Jem at the Crystal Ballroom on Sept1st.

Side Notes to the Ash Street Saloon: You guys need to take a bucket of Mr. Clean and wipe down the beer-splat covered ceiling. You can really see it when you're looking up through white stage lights. That black paint doesn't hide everything.

by Fran Gray

### The the & the COOD BAD UGLY Continued from page 12

solemnity that harkens to Radiohead as well as an updating of the Duran Duran/ Tears For Fears sort of sound the album conveys. It's a live performance, so there are a lot of well-edited shots of the band members in action upon a well-lit, set. "Who's Waking Me Up," reprises its spacey melodicism, given a harder presentation in this format. Similarly, its disturbing companion piece, the crazy waltz "Ed Blue Bottle," trucks along upon a truculently dominant bass piano figure- giving way to a film noir-ish middle section. Forceful.

Another new number "Ice Cream And Pez" rides on a moody piano chord progression in the verses, giving way to more open chords on the chorus. "Ooh Love," written for his daughter, Astrid Zora, dances childlike in the happy movie haze, with an undercurrent of latter-day John Lennon floating in the interstellar aura of paternal warmth and celestial connection. Riddle's gorgeously effected whalestar atmospherics on electric guitar add a cosmic depth and sheen to the mix.

The dark textures of "Treat Song" are augmented by Cozad's tight vocal duet with Angell and more of Riddle's shimmering pools of liquid guitar. James' child-like lyrics reflect his daughter's dreamy essence in their innocent precocity. The provocative lyrics of "Call Off The War" have even more meaning today than they did upon their public debut and are underscored by the dramatic reading given here- as the rockets of Riddle's ethereal guitar glare red in the imperial twilight of the subtle bombast of the arrangement. Riddle's stunning theme, introduced near the end of the piece, adds a separate, ghostly dimension to a powerful musical statement.

"Picture Perfect" is a mostly solo encore, pragmatically insightful and quietly philosophical, with a sort of Queen-like attention to operatic detail. Lash's haunting industrial loop creates the conveyor for the gloomy grum introspection of "Dear Dying Friend," whose lyric was penned by Steve Hanford. A cathartic chorus triumphantly rises above the knell. Cozad's choirboy vocal near the middle adds an angelic transcendence, as the song passes up through several more levels of heaven and hell before resolving within the former.

This lovely set puts each musician in his best light, most especially James Angell, who seems perfectly at ease singing while playing piano on fairly complex compositions. Familiar pop structures fall by the wayside, as Angell explores a lush, Gershwin-ian approach to rock music, leaving conventional constructions behind to achieve a new and unique alchemy, which stands far apart from the norm. This is music of depth and substance, power and splendor; which merits being heard (and seen) by wider audience.

Tony Lash's seamless editing of the video production (coordinated by TJ Civis), which nicely frames each member, while imparting a distinct sense of musical unity; with superb sound,

engineered live by Jeff Saltzman (mixed by Lash), coalesce into a fine showcase for the band. James Angell seems poised to receive well-deserved recognition for his work, at a time in his life when he appears best able to handle the attention-matured and stable. His deeply personal and intellectually honest music is certainly worthy of the interest.

#### Pocket Change Philosophy - Suckapunch Self-Produced

Tar from the realm of the ordinary and **◄** as challenging as anything currently playing in the rap/hiphop arena, Suckapunch combine the exquisite electronic machinations of Keith Schreiner, whose sonic architectures cannot be confined merely to groups such as Dahlia and Auditory Sculpture alone. Here he lends film scores to the dense and intense poetry of Mic Crenshaw (Hungry Mob). Crenshaw, who was the 2001 Portland Poetry Slam champion and a National Poetry Slam finalist, adds erudite, politically-charged verses which speak to the issues concerning Americans today. Subtly confrontational raps weave their way into the unconscious mind, as Crenshaw spits out his rhymes with incredible speed and dexterity. What could easily be a cultural train wreck, instead brings out the best in both musicians, with several home runs and extra-base hits among the thirteen songs, a remix and the three poetry pieces presented here.

Crenshaw's highly effected vocal is often hard to decipher on "This Is The Music," with gates placed on his rapid-fire rhymes, abruptly truncating his words. Schreiner's wraithlike backing instrumentation calls to mind that of Laurie Anderson on her song "Big Air" ("This is your captain speaking"); creating an unrelentingly sublime tension in the process.

Schreiner's Tchaikovsky-like piano power chords accompany Crenshaw's electronically lowered voice, while spastic hand claps keep the beat on the intro to "Graveyard Affirmations," as a

down some serious smack- "Prophesy for profit/ philosophy for pocket change/Lies explain the pain behind my eye sockets."

"87 Billion Dollars" is a badass nocturneplayed out on slick, noir, drama streets- one that digs deeply into the Iraqi war to find only blood and sand; gazing ruefully at the core of our nation to find only corruption and calamity. "Class war sparking up the economy/for as far as the eye can see/in an odyssey of poverty, hypocrisy and robbery/with the haves fuckin' the have nots/and that's all." One of the home runs.

A symphonically cinematic sample, working against a syncopated 808 beat, drives the wired energy of "Backs Against The Wall," a tale of drugs and waste. "Not Today" rhythmically plays 7s against 8s, while orbiting around a fat, skanky bass riff and some very odd clavinet loops, creating a sort of faintly reggae milieu. Strange, but hypnotic. A complex rhythm pattern and a couple of synths- buzzing and whirring conveyances- lay the foundation for "Genesis To Genocide," a gospel from a new bible, the logos of a new age.

A loop of an oud, or some other middle-eastern lute, lends exotic flavor to "Moves," while a rockier, bass drum propelled kit provides the beef; a tough orchestral hit on the keys the necessary spice, in the choruses. More lyrical gloss on this track wherein Mic espouses his propensity for the well-placed bon mot.

Schreiner creates a bit of a bass heavy mood on "Stop," while bones dance macabre toward a memorable chorus, vaguely reminiscent of Soul Coughing. "Just Like Me" is a blues-tinged number on which Crenshaw displays a fine singing voice in the chorus, before laying down a soulful, introspective rap in the passionate verses. A profoundly syncopated drum track, in something like 14/8 time, adds to the drunken dyslexic wobble at the core of this compelling number.

Suckapunch fashion a new form of electronic hip-hop that combine a lot of brains with a lot of

## "Suckapunch combine the exquisite electronic machinations of Keith Schreiner, whose sonic architectures cannot be confined merely to groups such as Dahlia and Auditory Sculpture alone."

bigger, hipper beat takes over in the verses. Another unique, uncharacteristic mood is created for the battle scene: "Power surge/Howitzers flash/Fifty caliber rounds bursting glass/Pound and smash/ Gas ignites, rebels strike out- clash and dash/The sounds of the fight resound through the night..."

A similar, low-key piano figure from Schreiner dances behind a big trip hop beat on "Awakening Poems," as Mic aptly depicts a truly bleak (and bleakly true) landscape: "Fornication and free basin'/damn near tore the nation apart/ Incarceration in broken homes/In the bustling' metropolis/ my folks is hostages/hustling' narcotics..."

"Politically Correct," plays off a flaky little plucked-piano motif, a big beat and percussive pedal point bass, and occasional noodly rubberized synth on the chorus passages, while Crenshaw lays heart. Mic Crenshaw displays a true knack for language, with a literary vocabulary; as well as an intrinsically acerbic worldview: at turns anarchistic, reverent, irreverent, socially conscious, fatalistic, boastful, humble and hopeful. But always insightful and honest Keith Schreiner indelibly frosts Crenshaw's observations with an array of sonic colors, contrasts and consistencies- at all times extending beyond the stylistic boundaries tacitly imposed by the dictates of contemporary popular music. This album at all times pushes the envelope, convening the strengths of two disparate musicians into an inimitable new variety, surely worthy of discovery by a discerning listener.

Continued on page 20

# ASTHE WORL

Lights, camera, rivalry...

Palm Pictures will release Director Ondi Timoner's **Dandy Warhols** documentary **DIG!** in theaters October 1st.

Entertainment Weekly (8/27/04) says it's a Must See..

"And we thought Metallica had problems. Behold the rocky friendship between Anton Newcombe of the Brian Jonestown Massacre and Courtney Taylor of the Dandy Warhols. Winner of the Documentary Grand Jury Prize at Sundance and a place on EW's annual Must List.

See a trailer for DIG! at http://www.dandywarhols.com/news.html

Gimme the keys...

Geoff Byrd is crafting success the old fashioned way, by kicking butt in your hometown market. That would mean winning the new 2004 Chevy Trailblazer offered as the grand prize of KGW-TV's highly promoted, local idol-making "Gimme The Mike" contest co-sponsored by KRSK 105.1 "The Buzz" and Murray Chevrolet.

The finals were seen in 50,00 households. Geoff won with his rendering of Elton John's "Sorry Seems *To Be The Hardest Word*" *The three j*udges each gave him a perfect "10".

What's a rig like that go for anyway? (about 28K) A year's worth of decent club gigs.

It won't be club gigs for long...

Byrd's high-powered Hollywood managers Dave Austin and Phil Ehart are shopping him aggressively. Last month they flew him to L.A. to audition for CAA agent Jon Pleeter ("An absolute Star!") and A&R reps from Geffen and Jive Records.

Look for Geoff on Conan O'Brien soon.

The next big showcase is at home in Portland at Dante's, Thursda<sup>y,</sup> September 2nd. A&R executives from **Universal** and Columbia are flying in for this free show.

Free is a good price to be part of history...

When it happens for Geoff, radio station KRSK 105.1 "The Buzz" should get some attaboys. Program Director Dan Persigehl put Geoff's "Silver Plated" in full-rotation and passed the album on to other stations and record labels. ("Silver-Plated" was co-written by Michael Page of the Superficials) Music Director Sheryl Stewart talks up "Candy Shell" on the air and has played several tracks from the album on her afternoon show.

This is the first-ever local act in full-rotation On The Buzz.

\* \* \* \*

The most famous local mouse since Macheezmo...

Sez Rolling Stone's Jason Fine (7/5/04).

"Isaac Brock is twenty-nine, charming, smart and successful. He drives a metallic-gray Volvo V70 wagon and lives with his "totally not insane" girlfriend, Katie, and their slightly neurotic eight-month-old mutt, Sloan, in a neat bungalow in a quiet, gentrified, Portland, Oregon, neighborhood. He's got a live-in personal assistant, Richard, who runs Brock's errands by day and fetches beers for him by night. He's in negotiations for a lucrative music-publishing deal and, and he and Katie are looking to buy a house. Good News For People Who Love Bad News, the latest album by Brock's band, Modest Mouse, has sold 687,000 copies-more than all three previous Modest Mouse albums combined. And after eleven troubled years on the Pacific Northwest scene-years scarred by drug abuse, injury, mental illness, alcoholism, occasional homelessness and death- Modest Mouse have, improbably become one of the summer's breakthrough bands."

The RS profile identifies the Bonfire Lounge on southeast 28th & Stark as Brock's neighborhood hangout. "He comes in here all the time, but we do pretty well, even without him." says the bartender.

**Helio Sequence** drummer **Benjamin Weikel**, who played on Good News For People Who Love Bad News gets a mention as well.

\*\*\*

And the winner is: **Evanescense.** 

The Best New Group or Duo for 2004 sez radio trade publication New Music Weekly. The other nominees were **No Doubt, OutKast, 3 Doors Down, Sugar Ray and Sheer Bliss**. The awards show took place in Hollywood June 26th at the Key Club on the Sunset Strip.

Sheer Bliss is the Portland duo Chad and Rachel Hamar.

They weren't too bummed about not winning. "It's a blessing just to have your name in the mix", says Chad. Sheer Bliss made the cut on the basis of three singles off their album "Living On Dreams" that accumulated 121,000 spins over 160 radio stations nationwide.

Unfortunately, Chad & Rachel won't get the full benefit of the promo on their nomination since they have had to drop the name Sheer Bliss in a dispute with their indie label.

"We will now be performing as Evengate". Evengate plays the Heathman Hotel every Tuesday starting September 14th and is heading to the studio to record a three-song demo with producer Steve Sundholm, who also produced "Candy Shell" for Geoff Byrd.



## DTURNTABLES

#### BY BUCK MUNGER



Success is the best revenge...

In May of 1996, Willamette Week did a cover story on the local music business "Not So Everclear" subtitled-"Art Alexakis is the hottest rocker in Portland-and the most unpopular".

"Everclear *got* its start in 1992 opening for *local* groups such as Hazel and Heatmiser. Alexakis' relationship with these bands took a nose dive when he was arrested in 1993 for domestic assault; during an argument, he became violent and hit (Girlfriend Jenny) Dodson."

"The incident sparked a feud between Alexakis and Hazel singer and guitarist Pete Krebs, once romantically linked to Dodson, that continues to this day."

"Members of the local music community murmur that Alexakis is an opportunist who fled San Francisco in late 1991 to exploit Portlanders' trusting and helpful nature and to adopt the in-vogue regional style known as grunge."

The Willamette Week story hit the streets in Portland on Wednesday and two days later Everclear played to a national television audience on The Late Show With David Letterman. Art performed with the words "Most Unpopular" duct-taped in giant letters on his back.

Art went on the record in Addicted To Noise,

"We basically got every door shut in our face here in Portland. 'Cause we weren't from Portland. If you're not part of the clique it doesn't happen. And we did happen without any help from those people and they resent the hell out of us."

Writer Richard Martin's story was so down and dirty Spin Magazine quoted it liberally and made the "locals-jealous-of-Art's-success" theme the centerpiece of their own Everclear cover feature, referring to Willamette Week's sources as Portland music scene "Hipoisie".

What a difference a decade makes...

This month the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate John Edwards got his picture in the Rolling Stone (8/19/04) with the Oregon delegate from the third congressional district; Art Alexakis.

On the convention floor CNN had **Wolf Blitzer** chat Art up and the San Diego daily thought his performance on MSNBC was, "More interesting than the pro pundits..."

Today Richard Martin lives in Seattle and most of the bands that trashed Art in his story have slipped into oblivion. (Remember Jr. High?).

These days, **Marty Hughley**, the honcho music critic at the Oregonian refers to Everclear as "...arguably

the most successful rock band ever to come out of Portland..."

Everclear as a *real* band is history...

Bassist Craig Montoya played on every track of Glorious: The Very Best Of Everclear. Art and Craig founded Everclear and recorded the Tim Kerr album that attracted Capitol's attention in the first place. Craig and drummer Greg Eklund-who joined for the first Capitol album-quit Everclear the end of 2003.

"It all happened at once," Says Craig. "The last two albums were exploring our softer side and we just didn't want to do that anymore."

"Ten years is enough for me."

All the members of the band share in the writer's royalties so the revenue from the airplay on EC's Greatest Hits will continue to flow. "I just got a certificate from BMI for a million spins of 'I Will Buy You A New Life" says Craig.

In April Alexakis reformed Everclear with new musicians including the former EC drum-tech Brett Snyder, bassist Sam Hudson, keyboardist Josh Crawley and guitarist Dave French. He announced plans for a fall Everclear tour and new Everclear studio album in 2005.

Will that new studio album come out on Capitol? At the time of the breakup the street buzz was Capitol had dropped the band but maintained a publishing deal with Art.

Art ended up scrapping the solo album he made without Montoya and Eklund, eventually bringing them back in to re-record it as an Everclear album.

Any chance of that happening again?

"I'd say there's no chance of that happening."

How does Craig feel about Art going out as Everclear rather than the Art Alexakis Band? "What else can he do?" says Craig. "He owns the name, he can do it if he wants. Maybe he should change the name to 'An Evening Of Everclear".

Montoya's new band **Tri-Polar** with **Sweaty Nipples** vets guitarist **Scott Heard** and drummer **Brian Lehfeldt** plays Dante's September 4th. "I always wanted to front my own band, and Scotty and Brian and I are on the same page musically."

Greg Eklund has formed The Oohlas with his brother drummer Mark Eklund and female vocalist Ollie Tomato. They're shopping a three-song demo.

\* \* \* \*

Evening of ZZ...

I can't imagine Billy Gibbons going out as ZZ Top

Continued on page 21

TWO LOUIES, September 2004 - Page 13





had a blast at this years Blues Festival, hope you made it down for your best opportunity to learn about big stage and concert music performance and politics. I especially like to watch the rhythm sections do their thing, spot old or rare guitars and basses (Canned Heat wins this one with a nasty old 50"s Gold Top and a 70 SG Special), steel as many riffs as possible and look for old friends to bug.

I ran into Portland guitarist Jeff Barnes backstage near the Sani-Cans for the stars and he tells me he has a decent gig Thursday nights at Hoppers out on S.E. Division. I met Jeff when I was building guitars in the mid eighties, he needed a choice piece of fiddle-back maple roughed out or routed or something, anyway I saw the guitar after he finished it off and it was sweet indeed. If you want more info. On Jeff Barnes try jbarnes2@qwest.net or better yet go on out to Hoppers on Thursday nights!

I've taught a couple of people how to build guitars but they somehow got it right anyway! Speaking of custom guitars the folks at the Twelfth Fret on S.E. 24th and Belmont have been quite helpful with my latest curly-toped honey, I needed some odd hardware but Pete and the front counter crew made easy work of putting together the parts bag that sent me home smiling, thanks much!

When I was walking near the Guitar Center booth at the Blues Fest I noticed a young man sitting down, rocking back and forth to the open to the public jam gear that GC is kind enough to provide to any one that wants to test out their new

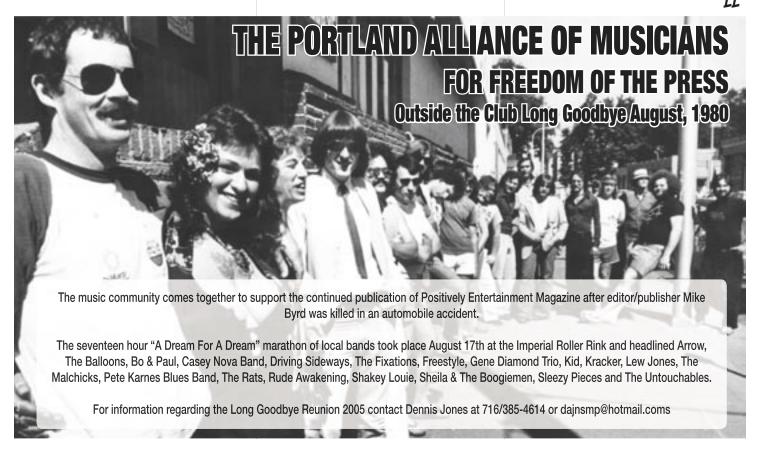
blues licks or just show off for some chicks like I usually do, anyway it didn't take long for me to realize that the young man rocking out to the music was in fact blind, but the big surprise was when his father sat down across from him and placed a sunburst strat down on his lap for his son to play, like most people play a piano with only the finger tips touching in between the frets, It was truly amazing to see what this young cat can do while on the spot to ad lib along with a bass player and another guitarist. As the crowd quickly grew despite the hot mid-day summer sun the chops began to cook as young Tony Blake showed all those of us who have the handicap of sight how to play the blues from the heart like it was meat to be played. After about forty minuets the backup band needed a break and as the crowd cheered in awe Tony quietly asked for the Fender Bass! And guess what he played simple, down and dirty scales lust Like Richard Cousins master of the Blues pocket bass feel. Look for Tony around town and rumor has it Jonny Lang may be helping Tony with a record deal.

Like most cities Portland has it's share of guitarist but one of my all time favorites is a cat named Billy Hagen, not only are his chops great but he's sort of an acrobat on stage. I played in a "throw together, last minute, no rehearsal backup band" for a Motown revue show last month and Billy and I shared the bass duty while the other one played guitar. When solo time came around Billy takes off for a well animated tour of the room and generally ends up on top of something. I don't know who invented the wireless but they must have

been thinking of a cat like Billy Hagen when they did. Billy does a lot of work around Portland and his list of band credentials isn't bad, Mel Brown, Chuck Berry, Jonny Limbo, Dave Fleschner Trio and so on. Currently Mr. Chops is busy doing an album at Red Carpet Treatment Studios called Dr. Mau, from what I've heard it's a very open ended format so Billy can improvise and play all other instruments needed. Studio genius Gavin Pursinger is carefully over seeing this sure to be masterpiece and his touch is often the difference between good and great. For more info. On Billy Hagen try hagen1@ispwest.com

Master keyboard man Norman Moody is at it again here in Portland, after fighting back health challenges yet again and, his house burning down, Norman is playing a little piano gig at the Empire Room on S.E. Hawthorne on Friday nights. Norman has a great 8 song CD called "Moody Waters" with help from Lloyd Jones, Duffy Bishop, Robbie Laws, Rick Roadman, A.C. Poter, Josh Fulero, Chip Douglas, Jeff Giamario, Pat Counts, John Beyer, Larry Duos and Mark Lum. For more info on Norman Moody try normanmoody@msn.

Many, many thanks to Myrrh Larsen, Steve Diamond, Bob Shoemaker, Kevin Anderson and Juana Camilleri for help on a great and successful family shindig at the old and gracious Two Louies Manor. Myrrh and Steve are working hard promoting "Unstrung" Myrrh Larsen's debut CD, Bob continues to share his gift of Delta Blues with those of you who are lucky enough to catch one of his shows locally, Kevin plays bass in several great bands including "Higher Ground" and the "Bossa Boys Steel Band" as well as his own solo stuff, and of course Juana Camilleri continues to write, perform and host in the singer songwriter scene, thanks again!



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with Donny Osbourne, Inkspots, Patrick

Lamb band, Andy Stokes, 5 Guys named

Bar of the Gods 4801 SE Hawthorne 503-232-2037

Moe, Al Perez.

Barracuda
9 NW Second
Portland, OR
503-228-6900
Top 40, House, Fusion
Booking: John Plew
Capacity 930
Equipment:Avalon sound, Lights, Misting
Skid Row, Lit

Berbati's Pan
231 SW Ankeny Street
Portland, OR 97213
503-248-4579
503-417-1107 (fax)
Format: Acoustic, Alternative, Funk, Jazz,
Blues, Rock
Booking: Anthony: 721-0115
Capacity: 350
Equipment: PA, lights
Headliners: National, Regional and Local acts

Billy Ray's Dive 2216 NE MLK Portland, OR 97212 503-287-7254

Bitter End West Burnside Portland, OR 97204 503-517-0179 Booking: Joey Scruggs

Brasserie Montmarte 626 SW Park Portland, OR 97204 503-224-5552

Beulahland 118 NE 28th Portland, OR 97232

Buffalo Gap 6835 S.W. Macadam Avenue Portland, OR 97201 503-244-7111 503-246-8848 (fax) Format: Soft Jazz, Folk, Rock'n Roll Booking: Mary Capacity: 85 Equipment: sound system Headliners: Craig Carothers, Jon Koonce, Reckless Kelly

Burlingame Acoustic Room

Cafe Lena

620 S.E. Hawthorne Blvd.

111 SW Ash St.
Portland, OR 97204
222-2215
Format: Acoustic, Jazz, Blues, Swing, Alt-Country, Jam Band, Folk
Booking: Jon Self 503-730-4287
Capacity: 175
Equipment: sound system/engineer
Headliners: Pye North, Billy Kennedy, Nicole
Campbel, Foghorn Strig Band, Micharl
Hurley, Scott Huckabay.

Portland, OR 97214 503-238-7087 Format: Open Mic, Folk Acoustic Booking: LeAnn Capacity: 50 Equipment: none Headliners: Billy Kennedy, Lew Jones, Lorna

Candlelight Cafe & Bar 2032 S.W. 5th Avenue Portland, OR 97201 503-222-3378 Format: Blues Booking: Joe Shore 246-4599 Capacity: 150 Equipment: none Headliners: Norman Sylvester, Linda Hornbuckle, Jay "Bird" Koder

Cobolt Lounge 32 NW 3rd ave Portland, OR 97209 503-222-9066

Conan's Pub 3862 SE Hawthorne Portland, OR 97214 503-234-7474

The Country Inn
18786 S.W. Boones Ferry Road
Tualatin, OR 97062
503-692-2765
503-691-2675 (fax)
Format: Blues
Booking: Sunny
Capacity: 150
Equipment: none
Headliners: Paulette & Power, Cowboy
Angels, Steve Brodie

Crystal Ballroom 1332 W. Burnside Portland, OR 97205 503-225-5555

Dante's Inferno 1 SW 3rd Ave Portland, OR 503-226-6630

Dublin Pub 6821 SW Beav. Hill. HWY Portland, OR 503-297-2889

Duff's Garage S.E. 7th & Market Portland, OR 503-234-2337 Format: Bluegrass, Blues

Fez Ballroom 316 SW 11th Ave Portland, OR 503-226-4171 Format: Any Booking: Blaine Peters Capacity: 300 Equipment: PA/lights Headliners: Dead Pres., Asylum Street Spankers,, Little Sue, Dr. Theopolis, Zen Tricksters, System Wide, Motet, Zony Mash.

Gemini Pub 456 N. State Street Lake Oswego, OR 97034 503-636 9445 503-636-9445 (fax) Format: Blues, Jazz Booking: Randy Lilya 503-556-0405 Capacity: 170 Equipment: lights Headliners: Robbie Laws, Curtis Salgado, Leon Russell, Jim Mesi

Goodfoot Pub & Lounge 2845 S.E. Stark Portland, OR 503-239-9292

2280 N.W. Thurman Street

Green Room

Portland, OR 97210 503-228-6178 503-228-5068 (fax) Format: Acoustic Folk, Rock, Bluegrass Booking: Declan O'Connor Capacity: 100 Equipment: PA, 8 ch. board, monitors, 1 mic Headliners: Buds of May, Sweet Juice, Little Sue, Jim Boyer, Billy Kennedy

Imbibe
2229 S. E. Hawthorne
Portland, OR
503-239-4002
Format: Alt-Country, Bluegrass
Headliners: Pete Krebs

Jasmine Tree 401SW Harrison Portland, OR 503-223-7956

Jimmy Mak's 300 N.W. 10th Portland, OR 97209 503-295-6542 503-279-4640 Format: Jazz, Blues Booking: Jimmy Capacity: 95-165 Equipment: none Headliners: Tony Starlight, Pepe & Bottle Blondes, Ben Fowler, Art Davis Quartet, Thara Memory

Kennedy School 5736 NE 33rd Portland, OR 503-288-2477

Format: Roots Rock, singer songwriter

Booking: Jan Haedinger Capacity: 100-150 Equipment: PA provided

Headliners: Craig Carothers, Gary Ogan

Laurelthirst
2958 N.E. Glisan Street
Portland, OR 97232
503-232- 1504
Format: Blues, Folk, Acoustic Rock
Booking: Bill Leeds: 236-2455
Capacity: 100
Equipment: PA
Headliners: Belmont Street Octet, Jim Boyer,
Little Sue, Plumb Bob

Level 13 NW 6th Ave Portland, OR 503/228-8888

Biddy McGraw's 6000 NE Glisan Portland, OR 503-233-1178 Format: Irish, Blues, Folk, Country

Meow Meow 527 SE Pine Portland, OR 503-230-2111

Metropolis 311 S.W. Washington Portland, OR 97205 503-223-7515 Format: 70xs & 80xs Retro Booking: Rami Capacity: 500 Equipment: PA, lights Headliners:

The Mississippi Pizza 3552 N. Mississippi St. 503.288.3231 Format: All Styles Booking: Philip Stanton Capacity: 80 Pub 175 Ballroom Headliners: Tom McNalley; Vagabond Opera; Cam Newton. Equipment: PA

Mississippi Studios 3939 N. Mississippi Portland, OR 503-753-4473 Format: Singer-songwriter, Folk, Blues Booking: Jim Brumberg

Continued on page 18

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Continued from page 17

The New Paris Theatre

SW 3rd & Burnside Portland, Oregon 97204 503-224-8313 Booking: Senor Frogg (503) 236-7745 Format: Punk/Gothic/Industrial/After Hours

Headliners: Syx; Spare Lead; J five 9; Dayton; Defiance; Voodoo Machine; MRP; 36 Crazyfist

Nocturnal 1800 E. Burnside

Portland, OR 503-239-5900

Ohm

31 N.W. 1st Avenue Portland, OR 97205

503-223-9919

Format: Blues, Jazz, Acoustic, Pop, Alterna-

Booking: Dan Reed

Capacity: 250 Equipment: SA PA system, lights, soundman Headliners: Slowrush, Imogene, The Sensual-

Produce Row Café 204 S.E. Oak Street Portland, OR 503-232-8355

The Rabbit Hole & Mad Hatter Lounge 203 S.E. Grand Avenue Portland, OR 503-231-2925 Booking: Bill Leeds (503) 236-2455 Format: original acoustic Equipment: PA Headliners: Fernando, Luther Russell, 44 Long, Kaitlyn ni Donovan

The Red & Black Café 503-231-3899 Booking: Morgan

The Red Sea 318 S.W. 3rd Avenue Portland, OR 97205 503-241-5450 503-224-6570 Format: Reggae, World Beat Equipment: PA

Billy Reed's 2808 NE MLK Jr. Blvd Portland, OR 97212 503-493-8127

Format: Jazz, Soul, Reggae, Blues, Latin Booking: Fred Stevenson

Capacity: 250

Equipment: sound system

Headliners: Ron Steen, Norman Sylvester,

Cannonballs

Roseland 8 N.W. 6th Avenue Portland, OR 97209 Website: www.doubletee.com Format: all musical styles Booking: Double Tee/David Leiken 503-221-0288 503-227-4418 (fax) Capacity: 1350 Equipment: PA, lights

Roseland Grill 8 N.W. 6th Avenue Portland, OR 97209 Format: all musical styles Booking: Double Tee/David Leiken 503-221-0288 503-227-4418 (fax) Capacity: 400 Equipment: PA, lights Headliners: Local, Regional and National acts

Headliners: Local, Regional and National acts

Sabala's at Mt. Tabor 4811 S.E. Hawthorne Blvd. Portland, OR 97215 503-238-1646 Format: all styles Capacity: Main Room 339 Film Room 72 Equipment: PA, Lights Headliners: Jerry A DJ Matt Bastard, Ezra Holbrook.

The Jazz Bar at Sweetbrier Inn 7125 SW Nyberg Rd. Tualatin, OR 97206 503-692-5800 503-691-2894 (fax) Format: Jazz Booking: Denny 425-454-4817 Capacity: 50 Equipment: Piano, PA Headliners: Mary Kadderly, Dana Lutz, Jean-Marilyn Keller, Johnny Martin

Tonic Lounge 3100 NE Sandy Blvd. Portland, Oregon 97232 503-239-5154 Format: Rock, Alternative, Goth Booking: Devon Equipment: Headliners: American Girls, Asthma Hounds, Feller, Mel

Tillicum 8585 S.W. Beaverton Hillsdale Hwy. Portland, OR 97225 503-292-1835 Format: Blues, Jazz, Rock nx Roll Booking: Cindy Capacity: 200 Equipment: none Headliners: Lloyd Jones, Norman Sylvester, Jim Mesi Band, Midnight Blue

Tug Boat Brewery 711 S.W. Ankeny Street Portland, OR 97205 503-226-2508 Format: acoustic rock, jazz Booking: Megan Capacity: 50 Equipment: mixer, speakers and mic. Headliners: Creative Music Guild, Rob Blakely

Trails End Saloon 1320 Main Street Oregon City, OR 97045 503-656-3031 503-656-7872 (fax) Format: Blues Tuesday-Saturday Booking: Randy Lilya (503) 556-0405 Capacity: 150 Equipment: P.A., lighting Headliners: Little Charley, Paul DeLay, Duffy Bishop

Twilight Café & Bar 1420 S.E. Powell www.twilightcafebar.com

Vic's Tavern 10901 S.E. McLoughlin Milwaukie, OR 503-653-9156 Booking: Lynn Format: Original music-Rock Capacity: 100

White Eagle 836 N. Russell
Portland, OR 97227
503-282-6810
503-282-0842 (fax)
Format: Various (no punk/techno)
Booking: McMenamins/Jan 503-249-3983 x 497
Capacity: 110
Equipment: 12 ch board, 3 monitors, 6 mics, Lighting, Some in-house sound assistance
Headliners: Buds of May, Steve Bradley, Jerry
Joseph & Jackmormons,
Jeff Trott, John Bunzow

VENUES Salem, Oregon

**Boones Treasury** 

888 Liberty NE

Tommy John's

Salem, OK 503-399-9062 Format: Roots Rock Booking: Jan Haedinger Capacity: 75 Equipment: PA, 4 mics, 2 monitors, 1 amp

248 Liberty Street
Salem, OR 97301
503-540-4069
Format: Rock, Alternative, Funk
Booking: Dennis Ayres
Capacity: 150
Equipment: 6 channel PA, no mics, lighting
Headliners: Xing, Jesus Presley, American
Girls

Westside Station 610 Edgewater N.W. Salem, Or 97304 503-363-8012 Format: Classic Rock Booking: Donny Capacity: 100 Equipment: PA, lights VENUES Corvallis, Oregon

The Peacock Tavern
125 S.W. 2nd Avenue
Corvallis, Or
541-754-8522
Format: R & B, Alternative, Acoustic
Booking: Randy: 503-556-0405
Capacity: 350, 275
Equipment: PA, lights
Headliners: Linda Hornbuckle, Rubberneck

VENUES Albany, Oregon

The Venetian Theater
241 W. 1st Avenue
Albany, OR 97321
541-928-6733
Format: all musical styles
Booking: Robert Connell
Capacity: 685
Equipment: PA, lights, soundtech,
Headliners: Calobo, Floater, The Daddies

VENUES Eugene, Oregon

Good Times

375 East 7th

Eugene, OR 97405 541-484-7181 Format: Blues jam tuesdays & special events only Booking: Dog House Entertainment, Brendon Relaford: 541-342-7743 Capacity: 250 Equipment: PA, lights, sound tech Headliners: Body & Soul, The Daddies.

John Henry's 136 East 11th Eugene, OR 97401 541-342-3358 Format: alternative, hip-hop, funk, etc. Booking: Bruce 541-343-2528 Capacity: 300 Equipment: PA, lights Headliners: The Daddies, Floater

Wild Duck Music Hall

169 W. 6th
Eugene, OR 97405
541-485-3825
Format: all musical styles
Booking: Dog House Entertainment, Brendon Relaford: 541-342-7743
Capacity: 500
Equipment: PA, lights
Headliners: Charlie Musselwhite, Calobo, John Hammond

The WOW Hall
291 W. 8th Avenue
Eugene, OR 97405
541-687-2747
541-687-2746 (fax)
Format: all styles: music, dance, theater
Booking: Allison Carter
Capacity: 400
Equipment: PA, lights, soudtech, stage
manager
Headliners: Greg Brown, Vassar Clements,

NoMeansNo.



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## Continued from page 12

Something More - Sidestar

didestar are a young quartet who have been together for about a year and a half. The die was cast in June of 2002 at the Mt. Tabor Pub, when singer songwriter Ryan Andrews, then playing in a group called Blindlight, shared the bill with another band, The Spaces- which featured twin brothers Thad Rask (guitar and backing vocals), his bassist brother Ted, and drummer Aaron Brown. Andrews liked the sound of the backing trio and when the two separate bands fell apart, a new band emerged from the wreckage.

The band members are capable enough if a bit innocuous. Andrews' lyrics contend, with the barest of emotional detail, with interpersonal relationships, often gone wrong. Andrews gives voice to adolescent sentiments in his songs, with recurring melodramas playing out like daily soap operas. Earnest. Superficial. This is not to say that Sidecar are not a good band- they show a lot of promise, especially lead guitarist Thad Rask. But clichéd, self-involved scenarios, delivered with a bevy of vocal ticks and affectations, frequently undermine well-conceived, if somewhat predictable, instrumental arrangements- in a colossal victory of style over substance. In essence, this is a good band with nothing in particular to say.

"Take Me Out" sets the scene. Andrews displays a reedy, slightly tortured vocal affinity with Live's Ed Kowalczyk. A good hook for a chorus, helps to make the song memorable, if empty at its core. Thad Rask's chiming guitar drives "East L.A.," a song wherein Andrews lays down a bit of the baited breath, halting bravado that has made of Lord Sir Adam Fredric Duritz a household name; before demonstrating an excellent falsetto that sets him slightly apart from those whom he would mimic. He duplicates that feat on "21st Floor" and "Leaving You Behind." He should use that falsetto more often (if judiciously) in trying to find a sound of his own. This is another well-wrought piece if not particularly involved lyrically: "She says boy you're my star/I know exactly what you are/And then she, then she wraps her arms around me, yeah/She says she don't understand/Why I am the way I am/And when she says she wants a little space/I just give her what she needs." Skimming the surface of love of and attraction.

The intro to "Lose Ourselves" sounds like something from Spin Doctors, if they lost all sense of humor. Inexplicably, the ballad "My Everything" almost seems to quote Richard Marx' piece of '80s dreck, "Right Here Waiting For You." One shudders to think. "Sweet Letting Go," again evokes Spin Doctors crossed with Better Than Ezra- as Andrews utilizes his falsetto in a memorable fashion. Incorporating a familiar vocal device (singing the first verse an octave lower than the succeeding verses) simulates intensity in "She's Gone." "I'm a little angry/Just trying not to let it show/So I'm giving you the best of me/Just thought you'd like to know/ After all the lights have gone away/You can hear the words I say/That I want something more/Just want things to be just like before/You know that I know." A line drawing of real feelings.

With "Somebody New" and more overtly with "Back To Life" (where the reference is openly direct), Andrews wraps himself in his lyrics as completely as the inimitable Adam Durwitz. Sidecar have a lot in common with Counting Crows, whom they seem to be trying particularly hard to emulate (when they're not emulating Live or Better Than Ezra): a solid backing band in support of a singer who is totally lost in the sound of his own voice.

keyboardist, Howard Gillam, to the fold and thus was born the true PLP.

PLP would seem to draw their inspiration from a number of experimental/avant/noise sources, including Japanese bands such as The Boredoms, Ruins and Melt Banana, as well as seminal prog-rockers Van Der Graaf Generator, occasional references to Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band and the Screamers, the late-'70s LA punk band whose only album, In A Better World (recently re-released on Xeroid Records), still stands as a milestone paean to rage and frustration. At other times, PLP can sound like the raw edge of Nine Inch Nails or even like Greg Lake singing "21st Century Schizoid Man" with King Crimson The three-part vocal harmonies on "Leaving You on their groundbreaking 1969 release, In The Court

"Clichéd, self-involved scenarios, delivered with a bevy of vocal ticks and affectations, frequently undermine well-conceived, if somewhat predictable, instrumental arrangements- in a colossal victory of style over substance. In essence, this is a good band with nothing in particular to say"

Behind" are very nice and also give hope to a future direction for the band.

Sidecar have all the tools to be a hit band. On the surface of their songs, they are a hit band. But, dig a little deeper and there is no deeper there. The songs presented are disingenuously pretty. Vacuous. Well-played. Derivative. Safe, unimaginative and shallow. They are one-dimensional. The amplified static hum of two fashion models studying their own reflections in each others' eyes.

Songwriter Ryan Andrews needs to open a vein and contemplate the bleeding for a while. He would be wise to think more about the rest of the world and perhaps not so much about himself. Sidecar could be the next big thing for all I knowthey could easily appeal to fellow adolescentswhom would seem to be the target demographic for songs such as this- and be off to the races. But they could be a vital band, capable of much more, if each member were to put just a little more effort into what they are doing, instead of taking the easy way every time. That extra effort could make of them a great band instead of one that is merely adequately competent.

7" Single - Point, Line, Plane S-S Records

s their name aptly implies, Point, Line, Plane are a band that is about motion and dimension. They are a band of abstract perpendiculars. Their music is a theoretical shadow of their collective, threedimensional, cubiform *being*. *They have* reached the planar, after first undergoing a period (so to speak) as two points in search of a new direction: ex-Sensualists vocalist/keyboardist Joshua Blanchard initially fell in with drummer Nathan Carson (ex- Witch Mountain), first performing at a Satyricon "New Band Night" show in January 2002. At the end of 2003 the duo added a second

Of the Crimson King.

PLP's instrumentation are two keyboards and frenetic drums. No guitars to add linear clarity. No bass for structural stability. Merely the smudged buzz and the muffled vibrating hum of an electronic onslaught. Soft Cell this is not. The sound can be best described as that of a head-on collision between two eighteen-wheel semi-trucks transporting shipments of high explosives, while small arms ordnance burst, wildly flare, in the subsequent sonic fireball. Amen.

And that accounts for the just the first thirty seconds of "Curse Chorus Curse," a sort of fucked-up "ABACAB" for the radical prodigal children of Phil Collins. Blanchard's abrasive vocal mechanism shrieks viciously through the verses, before segueing into a more "melodic" chorus, where vague synth lines, ala NIN, add coloration to the onslaught. A spacey transitional section leads back to the top where the terror begins anew. A more subdued instrumental section leads the song out of darkness into the greylight gloom of doomed day.

"Sh-Boom" rather reverses the process- with Blanchard coming on melodic in the verses, before degenerating into anguished screams in the chorus-"You try, try, try to erase the place." Well, there it is, after all. Meanwhile, Nathan Carson pounds out a jackhammer heartbeat in a dead cold adrenaline rush, while the synth maelstrom rises and subsides in a winedark whirlpool fugue.

Point Line Plane take their aggressions out on the unsuspecting world in a fairly passive way: by attempting to subdue the masses with great rumbling magnitudes of sound clouds. While this might not be the stuff of a first date, there is something exhilaratingly cathartic about their angst smitten tesseracts, their inculcations of primal torment. Ah, the gathering storm!

#### RLD TURNTABL AS THE W

Continued from page 12

without Dusty and Frank.

David Leiken at Double Tee figured it was better to pay the band the deposit and cancel the gig than go on with the August 5th ZZ Top Show in St. Helens. "We thought we could do 4 thousand people easy but the advance sales just weren't there", says David.

ZZ fans get another chance in Bend, September

The concert industry as a whole is in serious trouble.

"You know there's a problem when you have trouble selling tickets for Eric Clapton," says Leiken "He doesn't go out that often."

"Clear Channel has ruined the industry with all the service charges. People just won't take it anymore."

Promoters of the Taste Of Beaverton "Summerfest" concert July 16th took a hit from Kenny Loggins with his 50K paycheck and AWOL following. Bartenders at Summerfest went through 9 kegs of beer.

Across the river in Vancouver that same night Lover Boy and Sequel drew 4 thousand paid and sold 44 kegs of beer.

\$ \$ \$

Wrinkled, but not broken....

They were a group of young musicians from Portland who got a chance to make an album for Imperial/United Artists and went to Hollywood to live the dream. They were named by a superstar, revered by the recording community and eventually became career casualties of the Viet Nam conflict.

The Oregon band Wrinkle.

When they arrived in Hollywood Charlie Greene of Greene & Stone Productions, producers of the **Buffalo** Springfield, tried to recruit songwriter Allan Gunter to replace the departing **Stephen Stills**. Allan passed.

The group got their name "Wrinkle" from Who bassist John Entwistle, who said he and Keith Moon had thought about using it when they retired from the Who, but that it was more appropriate for a band with a young lead singer that sang with the soul of an old blues artist.

Current interest in the Wrinkle story peaked after Pierre Ouellette's film "The Loser's Club" about Jim Mesi and Steve Bradley screened in local theatres. Mesi was a member of Wrinkle and his story of riding into the Hollywood fast-lane as a passenger on a Vespa, has become legendary.

The Losers Club will air on OPB (Ch. 10) in

Wrinkle spent a year in Hollywood recording an album before the drummer Jim Graziano and songwriter/bassist Allan Gunter were drafted. Label policy | hit. was to immediately drop the band and the remaining members; vocalist Jim Dunlap, keyboardist Mike Parker and guitarist Mesi came home to Oregon bringing L.A. drummer Bob "Crusher" Metke with them.

The re-organized Wrinkle continued touring the northwest through the 70's until keyboardist Gregg **Perry** left to become the bandleader for Johnny & The Distractions.

Filmmakers Michele Kribs and Ned Thanhouser have started shooting former members of the band in concert and interview settings. The crew recorded segments of the Seymour Oaks Park picnic concert August 14th. The footage will be used in a DVD featuring the original Wrinkle album, new performances of the old material, interviews and archival footage.



The legendary Wrinkle on ImperialRecords. (l to r) Mike Parker, Jim Dunlap, Jim Graziano, Jim Mesi and Allan Gunter. Photo: Chuck Boyd

"It's a very timely story. Artists under stress in a time of war - and the music it produces."

Michele Kribs is a Moving Image Preservationist at the Oregon Historical Society and Thanhouser owns his own company Thanhouser Company Film Preservation. Kribs says she first became aware of the story when she met Wrinkle songwriter Allan Gunter in the 90's as a member of the Oregon Rock Allstars softball team.

"He pitched and I was the mouthy catcher." Says Michele.

\$ \$ \$

Homey...

Nice to see Jimmy Buffett finally get a #1 record after 34 years. License To Chill sold 238,597 copies for the week ending July 18th, and debuted at the top of the Billboard albums chart.

Our careers have been intertwined since I took over his desk at Billboard in Nashville when he quit to take another stab at being a recording artist.

It took him 3 more years to get his first Top 40

I was hired by Hal Cook, the publisher of Billboard because of the success of my magazine in Los Angeles; Recording Engineer & Producer but in the office pool, especially compared to Buffett's rising star, I was just another west coast music business carpetbagger.

The desk Jimmy & I shared was in an office with George Broadhead, a Marine Silver-Star winner from the Korean War who was prouder of the fact he was having an affair with Roy Acuff's daughter-in-law than he was of being a war hero. George must have still had the jar-head's death-wish since Roy Acuff was the most powerful man in Nashville with his music publishing empire Tree Music and top billing on The Grand Ol' Opry.

In the next office resided the esteemed Bill

Williams, "Southern Editor" of Billboard Publications, and the man most responsible for the development of the entire Nashville music market. Prior to his reign at Billboard Bill served as the Promotion Director of WSM's nationally syndicated Grand Ol' Opry. Bill had great early stories of Colonel Tom Parker using the lobby phone of WSM as his "office" in the days before signing Elvis Preslev.

Everybody in Country Music owed Bill Williams a favor. He lobbied BMI and ASCAP to open offices in Nashville. He organized and promoted the Country Music Hall of Fame and the Country Music Museum. He served on every charitable board.

In those days Billboard was documenting the worldwide

explosion of the Country Music culture. The Grand Ol' Opry was allowed to tour the USSR even with the Iron Curtain still firmly in place.

Billboard's Nashville office was in the Penthouse at 1719 West End Avenue, across the street from the West End Holiday Inn-choice of the visiting music professional, within walking distance of Music Row on 16th Avenue South and just blocks from Ireland's, the official bar of the Chet Atkins-Marty Robbins-Johnny Cash- music industry and home of the famous "Steak & Biscuits".

The all-night coffee shop at The Holiday Inn was the official after-hours destination of Nashville's studio cats and Opry stars. The place to find a new bus driver, or bass player, or supply of those little white drivin'-allnight pills...

Next month: The Nashville BB buzz on the debut album by a former studio janitor and helicopter pilot named Kris Kristofferson.

TWO LOUIES, September 2004 - Page 21

"Joanna Bolme is the sensuous, soft-spoken bass player who also gigs with Stephen Malkmus' band The Jicks. She being a native, I get to ramble on about Everybody's Records, Billy Rancher, Chris Newman, Club Long Goodbye, blah, blah, blah...she kept nodding and I kept remembering my rock and roll past."



Martyn Leaper with his Two Louies at the Bug Jar. The Minders at The Bug Jar, Rochester, New York

Monday, August 2, 2004

photo Jones

"You can't be a star until you rock the jar". Finally a hot August Night and according to the paper a Portland band called The Minders will be at our local underground/independent/cool rock bar... The Bug Jar. I pilot my loyal black Ranger towards city center and engage auto-pilot.

The door guy tells me that the band isn't around so I grab a green plastic chair and sit along busy Monroe Avenue awaiting the arrival of a band member. I can't help but notice the numerous twenty-something females smoking and cavorting around the entrance to the club. From the Internet I remember that band lead/singer/songwriter/guitar/guy Martyn Leaper is a British citizen who started the band in Denver nine years ago and is affiliated with the Elephant 6 label. Suddenly a guy walks out the door with short blond hair and a pair of Buddy Holly eyeglasses. "Are you the Minders?" I blurt out. Yup, it's Martyn and we begin to chat.

I do miss Portland and I do enjoy hearing about people's lives and experiences there. Luckily Martyn was very easy to talk to, cheerful and willing to jump in and out of subjects without missing a beat. Fessing up to being a "transplant" he tells me that he moved to Portland to experience the truly large music scene populated by youthful people and less expensive living than found in Denver. Unfortunately I am told that jobs

are now hard to find the result being that Portland has the second highest unemployment rate on the coast...and that the average house now costs \$140,000.

I forgot to ask what the band's name was taken from or what it means (a book title?). I did find out that the Minders are on a 13-date tour in the space of 15 days and that it was put together by Erik Carter, a Bay Area agent now working in Texas. Last night they played at the Beachland Ballroom in Cleveland with Ken Stringfellow of the Posies. Tomorrow they are off to Boston to play upstairs at the Middle East. We chat a bit about the Coney Island B, Aladdin Theater, Mt. Tabor Pub, Portlandia and The Blackbird when out comes the next band member.

Joanna Bolme is the sensuous, soft-spoken bass player who also gigs with Stephen Malkmus' band The Jicks. She being a native, I get to ramble on about Everybody's Records, Billy Rancher, Chris Newman, Club Long Goodbye, blah, blah, blah...she kept nodding and I kept remembering my rock and roll past. Then Joel the drummer pops out to say hello. You can't smoke in bars in New York so the street is the place to meet and greet.

We smile, shake hands and part company. Cool people hittin' the road bringing the sounds of Portland to my hometown. Now stars, cause they rocked the Jar. www.theminders.com

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ON THE COVER: Geoff Byrd drives off in a brand new Chevy Trailblazer winning KGW's "Gimme The Mike" contest. His indie lp "Candy Shell" is all over "The Buzz" and A&R heavies from Universal and Columbia are coming in to see him September 2nd at Dante's.(photo Pat Snyder)

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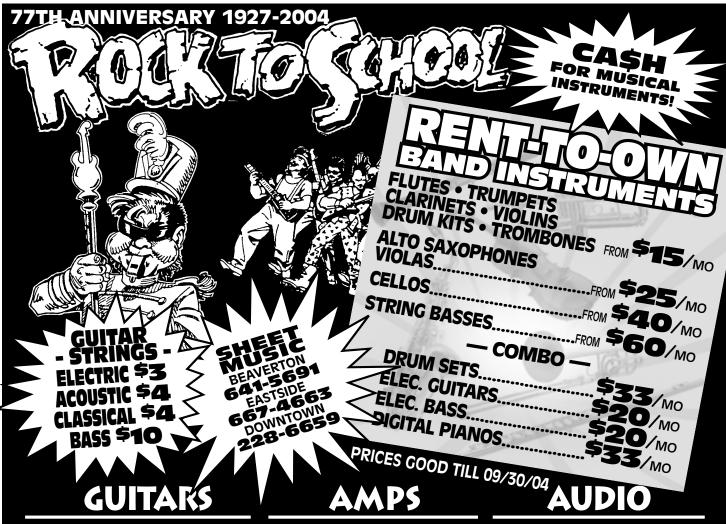
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