

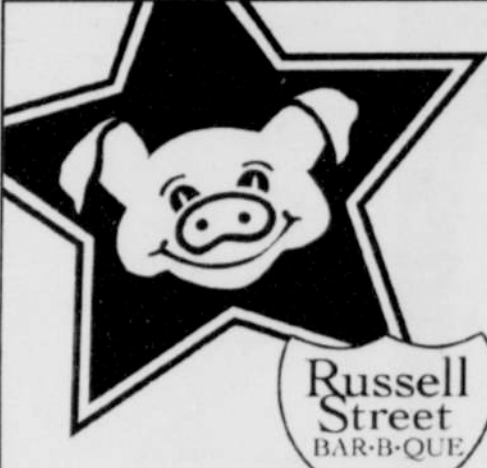
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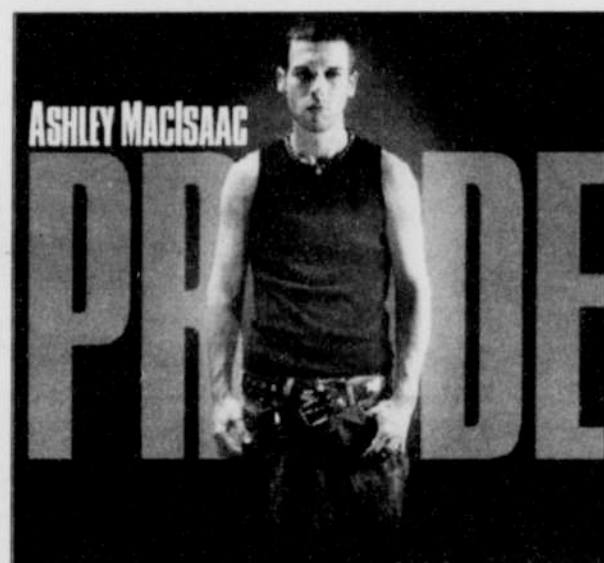
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music

Face the Music

Get to know these up-and-coming queer artists

by Jim Thompson



Pride

Ashley MacIsaac • Linus Entertainment

Ashley MacIsaac's *Pride* could easily be renamed *I'm Very Proud of My Abs*. No less than five pictures prominently displaying said six-pack grace *Pride*. One of these photos also shows MacIsaac sullenly giving the double-middle-finger salute to...whom? You, the CD buyer, perhaps expecting more of the traditional fiddle music for which MacIsaac is known, or perhaps the host of ex-boyfriends and girlfriends he thanks in the liner notes for providing "lyrical fodder."

Speaking of lyrics, MacIsaac's tread the fine line between criminally insane and just plain stupid. "I wanna kill you because I love you" and "you have to be this way just because you're gay" are just a couple of rank examples.

Musically, MacIsaac is exhilarating. The first six songs come at you fast and furious, "Bitch" kicking things off with a bang and a distortion-drenched request ("I need access to your closet"). "Love 'Em" is what happens when old-school R & B collides with New Order guitars. The streamlined, adrenaline-spiked punk of "High Times Living" wouldn't sound out of place on a Warped Tour compilation. "Revolution" abruptly shifts gears at track seven for some speedy country folk, and things get bizarrely eclectic from there, particularly on "A Man Like You," a tender, soulful ballad that I can't hear without thinking about how ideal it would be for *American Idol* winner Taylor Hicks.

MacIsaac concludes *Pride* with another blazing rocker, "Sick of Rock & Roll," which begins with

praise for Patti Smith and all the other women who changed the face of rock music, and then spends the next couple of minutes railing against the current state of it. This is just another example of the mixed messages that proliferate on this equally exciting and perplexing release.

Pride could easily widen MacIsaac's fan base, but I can't imagine it will increase the number of folks willing to date him, unless they're suckers for psycho musical dudes with killer abs.

Her Love Is Real... But She Is Not

Edie Sedgwick • Desoto

When The Cult sang "Edie (Ciao Baby)" in 1989, I bet they thought they were issuing their final farewell to Edie Sedgwick, the former Warhol accessory, Dylan companion and professional drug addict who OD'd in 1971.

Imagine Cult frontman Ian Astbury's surprise and bewilderment at the phoenix-like resurrection of Sedgwick in the gender-transformed body of Justin Moyer (former member of Dischord Records bands El Guapo and Antelope) and the release of her debut, *Her Love Is Real...But She Is Not*, among the most annoying albums I've listened to in my 32 years on this planet.

Manhattan-based drag queen Sedgwick's idea to create an album consisting entirely of songs named after and devoted to actors was a clever one. It is the musical results that are lacking. Take the abrasive electro-pop of The Faint and Ima Robot, add vocals that sound occasionally like Perry Farrell but more frequently like a deranged yet hyperliterate cheerleader on helium and you're getting an idea of the aural pain that awaits you on this record.

Lyrical Sedgwick uses thinly veiled cinematic references (example: Tom Hanks' Fed Ex employee stranded on an island in *Cast Away*) as a springboard for stream-of-consciousness rants about the imminent collapse of modern civilization. However, a few songs give me faint hope that a follow-up might be more consistently rewarding. "Robert Downey Jr." is side-splitting in its repetitive simplicity: "Relapse, recovery! Here's a guy doing what he should."

The triumphant trio of "Martin Sheen" ("I love living in the U.S.A. when Martin Sheen is president"), "Molly Ringwald" and "Sally Field" are more sleekly songlike than anything else on this audio abomination and should be the musical blueprints for any further outings, which will hopefully include better-crafted offerings dedicated to such big-screen luminaries (and giant kooks) as Winona Ryder, Tom Cruise, Angelina Jolie and, of course, Charlie Sheen.

Socialize

Metal Hearts • Suicide Squeeze

Metal Hearts would be the perfect name for a nonironic band playing hair metal for all the right reasons. Alas, Metal Hearts is already

