

Pro wrestling is actually cool; worth paying to see

MARGARET ADAMS

Page Editor

It's impossible to put into words how crazy Tuesday nights in St. John's at Sandy Barr's Flea Market really are; Tuesdays are Pro Wrestling Night! Every Tuesday, a two hour pro-wrestling event takes place in their dirty warehouse also known as The St. Johns Sports Arena.

During the day, the warehouse serves only as a flea market specializing in used mattresses. You can also find chandeliers, individual markers and hubcaps. Seating is not a problem and there are restaurant-style chairs lined up around the ring.

It costs \$8 to get in, and steep as that is, it is well worth the cost, plus it's family friendly so you can take your baby brother.



Lil' Nasty Boy gets nasty on opponent William Bonnie. Bonnie limped around most of the match due to a leg injury brought on by Nasty who entered the ring wearing a pink sparkly boa.

Photo courtesy of Robin Adams

The wrestlers totally get into it. Cedric was first, sporting "custom" sunglasses and a steaming bald head. He was a flaming whiner. His tag team partner, Lil' Nasty Boy, is a midget with a di-hawk. Nasty got real mad at the ref and claimed his opponent was cheating every five-and-a-half seconds. Their team wore black tights with silver piping and their names embroidered down the side. Cedric fought some big guy named Vargus with a red ponytail who was unexceptional and forgettable but won.

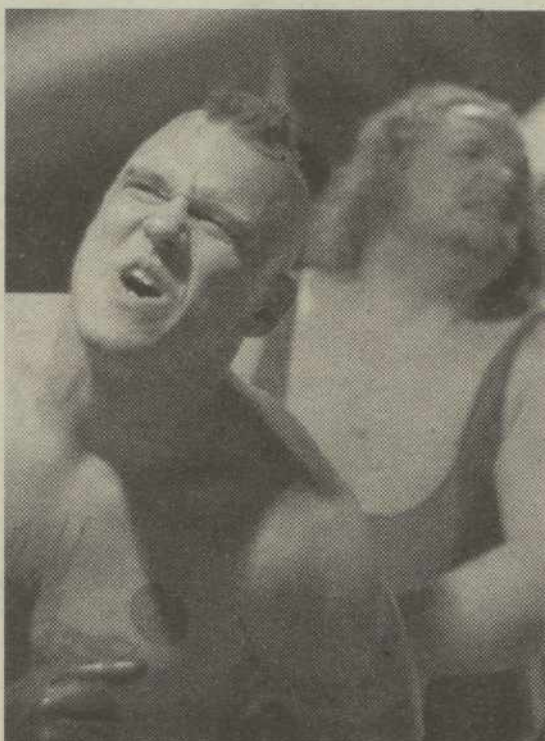
Another tag team wore matching American flag button ups, Wranglers, cowboy hats and modified cowboy boots. One known as "Outlaw" had his wrestling name tattooed on his stomach with flaming letters and his hair style was a bleached undercut. His partner William Bonnie limped around and covered his face with a handkerchief.

Dr. Kliever shaves his pits and had his green singlet pulled down so it looked like shorts. He wore black gloves, sported a Mohawk, and was super into himself. He's apparently the boss and had one of those wrestling champ belts. Luckily Dr. Kliever got to keep the belt after pinning his opponent.

He fought this weird, quiet guy named Exile. He was the biggest of all of them; he wore a green singlet and black samurai pants. Although he had a Superman tattoo, he lost and then he gave a speech

about "next time" when, apparently, he's going to be the champ.

The Tag Team champs were the cowboys. They were the oldest of the crew and had balding heads and ponytails. Lone Star wore a Speedo with his name on the back and a leather vest. His partner, Tex Thompson, had his name sewn on the bottom of his tights. You can only hope they'll be wrestling on the night you show up, but there are more wrestlers than you'll see on

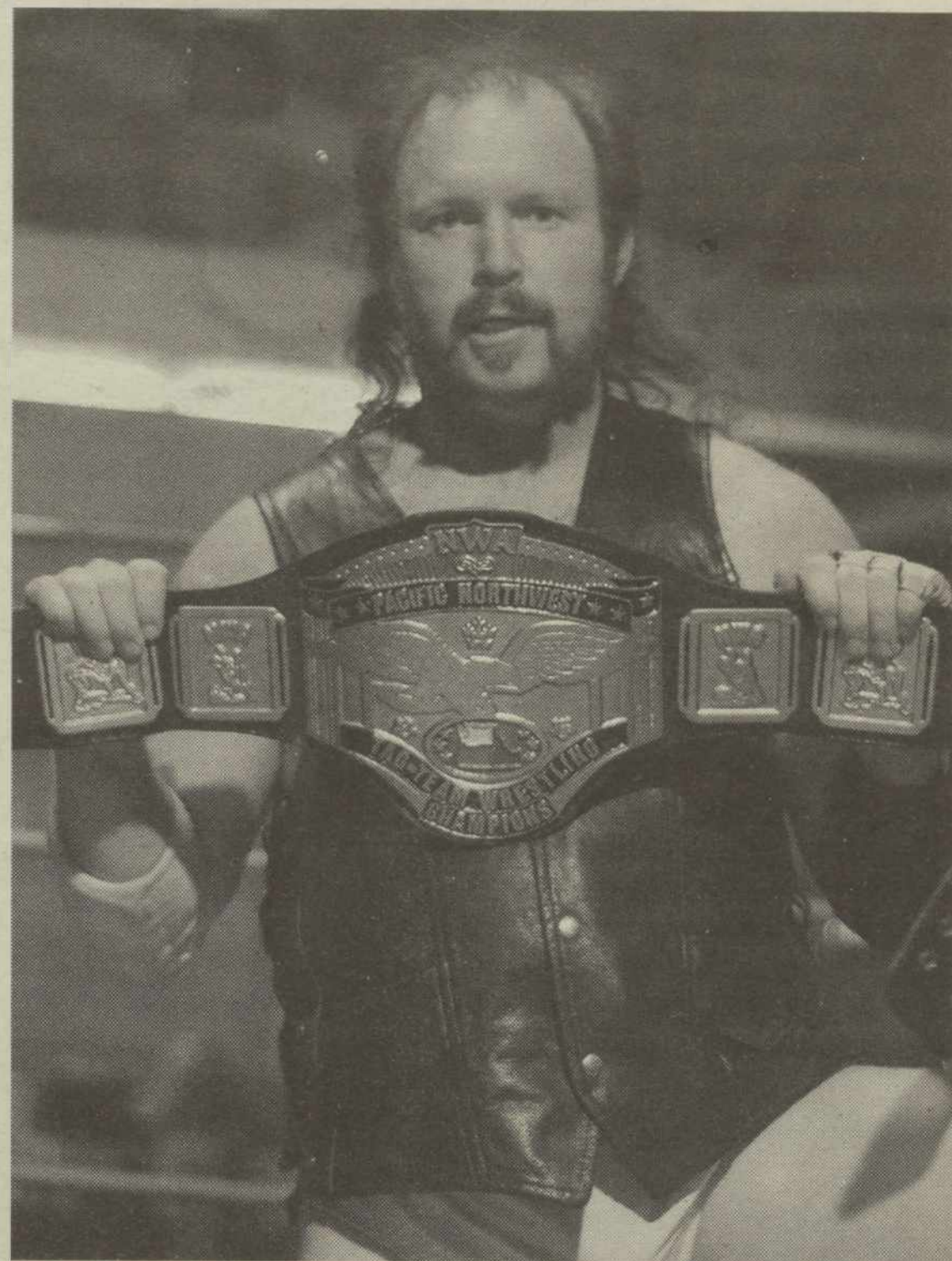


Dr. Kliever is put in a difficult position by his opponent. Despite these rough times, Kliever came out on top and got to keep his champions belt.

Photo courtesy of Robin Adams

a single night, they rotate from week to week, so you won't necessarily see the same guys I did.

The crowd at Sandy Barr's Flea Market is really bizarre. There were no more than ten people, composed mostly of women and two men: one bailed halfway through, and one was napping. On average, about 12-25 people show up. The crew all seemed to be either regulars or family members



Lone Star poses with the sought after tag team champion belt, which he won with his partner Tex Thompson. Matches are held every Tuesday night at the St. Johns Sports Arena.

Photo courtesy of Robin Adams

and they all knew who to heckle. One lady (look for her: glasses, curly hair, Seahawks jacket, 4'10", can't miss her) hollered "GAR-Y COLE-MAN" and "BALD HEADED GEEK" over and over at Cedric (who was definitely not psyched on this.)

The whole thing is an experience you would have to be lame to pass up. Yeah, it's weird and sort of confusing, but sometimes Tuesday nights are slow and West Linn doesn't have anything to offer as

far as pro-wrestling goes. Mapquest this: 7219 N Leavitt Ave, Portland, OR, 97203. Doors open at 7 p.m. (Not so sure why.) and bell is at 8 p.m. Go in through the back door, through all the U-Haul trucks in the chain-linked fence and buy your ticket from "DJ Marr." Also, Sandy Barr is working MySpace so check his page at www.myspace.com/Sandy_Barr. If you have any other questions, call them at (503) 283-0124. Get out of your hood and open your eyes already.

We'll pop your culture: Pointless movie sequels

JOHN CAMPBELL & MIKE GORGONE
Columnists

If you've stumbled across this column while meandering through our humble publication then your eye has probably been caught by one of two things, either the picture of the devilishly handsome men above or just the title alone. Or maybe you're just reading through the whole paper and we just happened to be in it. The truth is we're the print equivalent of a buddy cop movie. Campbell walks the straight and narrow, while Gorgone's the loose cannon and together we're cleaning up the streets of pop culture.

We all have our favorite

blockbusters, "The Lion King," "Jaws" and "Caddyshack" but in the world of film there is no bigger travesty than a great movie dragged through the mud for a pointless sequel. Hollywood can't seem to realize that sometimes one is enough. Sure there's the draw of the all-powerful dollar, but is that extra few million really worth the risk of a bunch fans in clock towers with rifles? Some would say yes, we, on the other hand, have far more respect for human life than the average movie producer.

With the recent release of Universal's "Hannibal Rising" our worst fears have come to fruition: the ultimate unnecessary movie tie-in. Don't get us wrong, "Silence of Lambs," "Hannibal" and "Red Dragon" were all great movies but does anyone really care to see the origin of a cannibalistic serial killer? We get it, he eats people; not much explanation is needed. This is not to say that all origin movies are bad, look

at 2005's "Batman Begins" or the recent "Casino Royale." Both of these prequels to established franchises were well put together and delved into the pre-existing relevant plot points. "Hannibal Rising," on the other hand, is just a poor excuse to milk more money out of a trilogy that had already reached a satisfying conclusion.

Even worse than a pointless sequel to a good film, is a pointless sequel to a pointless movie. Perhaps the best example of this is the classically terrible "Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo," the sequel to the critically ashamed motion picture "Breakin'." And who could forget the infamous four film masterpiece that was "House Party?" But the bad sequel that all other bad sequels are judged by is "Weekend At Bernie's II." No one wanted the original and yet there are now two films and, we shudder to say this, there is a third one currently in

development. C'mon we get the gist; he's dead and they think he's alive. Hardy-har-har!

Of course, then there are the redundant sequels to movies that didn't need sequels. "The Lion King" and "Jaws" are prime examples of this. Both were movies that, at their time, were considered cinematic masterpieces and both movies were visited by a number of sequels and spin-offs that served no more purpose than to pump money out of the fan base. "Jaws" huge box office success lead to a sub-par sequel, only to be followed the craptastic "Jaws 3-D" and then came the ultimate travesty, "Jaws: The Revenge." In this clunker the son of the shark from the first film comes after the family of the man who killed his father. A shark?! Seeking revenge?! What kind of two-bit, half-assed, sell-out of a screenwriter would come with this over-the-top plot? And how did they get

Michael Caine to be in this? These are the questions we all must ask ourselves when we're faced with something as terrifically bad as "Jaws: The Revenge."

One of the most beloved movies of all time, full told it ran in theaters for a number of years and it still holds the title of the best selling home video of all-time, with 55 million copies sold. Praised by critics and the winner of two Academy Awards, "The Lion King" is one of the best animated features ever to be released by Walt Disney Pictures.

However those greedy bastards couldn't resist releasing some god-awful straight-to-video sequels. Four years after the original's release, "The Lion King 2: Simba's Pride" came stumbling drunkenly into video stores.

We'll pop your culture!

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