

Punk show spreads awareness

Mike Guidice
The Clackamas Print

On Tuesday, Feb. 23, the Take Action Tour hit P-town with tremendous force. The concert was held at the new Meow Meow on 320 SE 2nd Avenue and included well known national acts as well as unknown punk bands.

The concert was a huge success from the beginning, building anticipation and excitement for the closing acts of Hawthorne Heights and Sugarcult. Two lesser known bands, Plain White T's and Hopesfall were decent opening acts. Plain White T's could be compared to the sounds of Jimmy Eat World, a more pop/punk-type sound. Hopesfall was a lot more hardcore and has been touring for almost two years straight with the likes of Coheed and Cambria and The Ataris. Anberlin, a Christian band, brought yet another style to the stage and performed very well. Lead singer Stephen



Internet Photo

Sugarcult headlined the Take Action Tour's Portland leg at the Meow Meow on Feb. 23. The tour is an effort to spread suicide awareness.

Christian has a great stage presence and everyone enjoyed their performance.

Hawthorne Heights was a huge hit and has really come to the forefront of the "screamo" hard-

core punk scene. Hawthorne also implements a rare triple guitar attack that isn't seen among too many other groups.

The main event of the evening was definitely Sugarcult. Their highly anticipated performance sent waves of excitement through the air creating an electric environment. With songs that everyone could sing along to, the crowd involvement reached a climax when lead singer Tim Pagnotta called upon a member of the audience to come onstage and sing the hook to "Bouncing off the Walls."

Overall the concert was a blast, and if you've never been to a punk show, I'd highly recommend you check one out. The show people were able to get autographs and meet the members of the bands and see them down-to-earth all the time. All my prior experiences were predominantly rap and you never even got enough to yell at the performer so I really had an appreciation for the performer/fan interaction.

This tour was particularly significant because it was an effort for the National Suicide Prevention Network that supports people who have issues with suicide and mental health. So not only did we get to enjoy some great music and hear a variety of musicians, one got to support a good cause. So if you're a fan like myself and have an open mind, you most definitely should attend some punk show. They just might surprise you.

Fancy vittles at student prices

Isalah Creel
Editor-in-Chief

The vintage, menu and ambience at the Portland City Grill are fancy enough to warrant a suit and tie, but during happy hour even broke-ass college kids can afford to dine with the powerful elite.

Are you single? Do you have a significant other? Are you at least 21 years of age? Do you own a shirt, pants and shoes (socks optional)? Is your girlfriend tired of eating BK's value meal No. five in the passenger seat/garbage receptacle of your two-toned 1989 Honda Prelude? Do you yearn for the high life, but settle for the PBR life?

If you answered "yes" to any of these questions, the Portland City Grill could be the answer to your

prayers and/or social woes.

The Portland City Grill, located conveniently on Fifth Avenue for exceptional bus access, takes up the entire 30th floor of the Unico/U.S. Bancorp Tower. The view is incredible and the atmosphere elegant, but don't be put off by an elegant atmosphere, you poor slob. I got in, after all, and I can't tell the difference between a salad fork and a meat grinder.

I can, however, use chopsticks, which is more than I can say for the hoity-toities who add that special bit of class (distinction) to the restaurant. The wait-staff wear tuxes for Chrissakes but the patrons use two frickin' hands for one pair of chopsticks!

Regardless of the gentry's total lack of sophistication (ironic due to

their social status) the Portland City Grill's happy hour menu provides foodstuffs worthy of what *Restaurant & Institutions Magazine* calls "one of the nation's top 50 restaurants."

Prices for the happy hour menu go no higher than \$3.95 for delicious items such as: Kung Pao calamari, Dungeness crab & bay shrimp bruschetta, flatiron seared blackened Tombo tuna, yakisoba stir fry and teriyaki chicken rice paper spring rolls (to name just a few).

A \$1.95 drink order is mandatory, but you're saving so much money on food that you can splurge on that Saki-Tini (a martini made with sake and vodka) with a clear conscious.

Happy hour starts at 4 p.m. on Sundays and goes until closing, but if you want a table, it'd be best to get there at 3:30 p.m. and endure a bit of waiting. Even if you do get a table, be prepared for vultures circling and salivating over the foodstuffs you are enjoying whilst they stand dejected.



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Indie film lacks entertainment

Sam Krause
Contributing Writer

In order to find the proper independent film to critique, I made my way to Movie Madness on SE 43rd and Belmont in Portland. For the person who thinks they have seen every movie known to man, this out-of-the-way video rental store is a sinful dream come true.

The film I found is called "A Day Without a Mexican". It is a satirical and honest movie. In it, the entire Mexican population disappears from California. What is shown is the entirety of the day with bits of retrospective news clips about the situation.

Throughout the movie Writer/Director Sergio Arau plants little bits of factual information that present a sympathetic of a Mexican's plight in America. A Mexican's plight is shown as a constant degradation despite their large contribution to America and especially California. He

points out over 90 percent of all produce picked in California was by Mexicans. On top of which, he refutes the idea that Mexicans take away billions of dollars each year from the system. In all actuality, illegal immigrants may take away about 26 billion dollars each year from government-run programs, but they contribute 91 billion dollars to the economy each year. The message that Arau is trying to make clear is, without Mexicans or illegal immigrants in America, much of California's and America's economic stability would be in jeopardy.

However important the message is, Arau fails to create a solid movie. There were too many instances where I was lured into something that may be funny. My only reaction was mere annoyance with a lack of original writing and decent acting. What is supposed to be viewed as witty social commentary turns into sad representations of ignorance. Not only are white people stereotyped, so are Mexicans. White people live in beautiful homes with gardeners, painters, nannies and the like played by Mexicans. Even when

trying to show Mexicans as the better people, Arau fails and turns them into meager vacuums of all that is pure about American society making them thieves of jobs, thieves in general, and thieves of the American Dream.

But the acting and the writing weren't the only weak parts. One of the worst elements of the movie was the editing. There were many instances when the angle of the camera would change and so would the color of the light in the scene. Shadows were disgustingly different; it was hard to tell if some scenes took place during mid-day or at sunset. Whether on purpose or not, the film visually comes off as a project without the full attention of its creator: choppy, lost, and weak. Documentaries usually fail without insightful research, but Arau checked his insight at the door.

With an interesting beginning and premise, "A Day Without a Mexican" becomes disappointing and is only worth watching for half an hour.

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