

A rainy evening with The Shins

Liz Travers
The Clackamas Print

On Feb. 21, *The Clackamas Print* sent a staff writer and a photographer to the Crystal Ballroom to see The Shins perform. The following is a log of their evening.

6:30 p.m. Andrea and I are on our way to The Shins concert. We chat incessantly.

6:45 p.m. We find parking in a nearby structure and run up to the doors in the rain. A security guard opens the door for us while I explain who we are and why we are here. He then informs us that he doesn't have the list and we have to wait until the doors open.

6:45 to 7:30 p.m. As we walk outside to get in line, Andrea sees two friends from high school who we sit and chat with until the doors open.

7:35 p.m. We finally get in — actually, I get in. The list only has my name on it, so the head security guy tells me to wait on the second floor couches to talk to The Shins' tour manager.

7:40 p.m. A Fred Flintstone look-alike storms up, and I stand and introduce myself, extending my hand with a smile. He scowls as he takes mine and promptly informs me that I am the only one on the list. I tell him that my editor had spoken with Michelle (The Shins' manager), and she had promised that my partner and I were guaranteed entry.

8:00 p.m. The tour manager finally wraps up his rant by telling me, "I will let your friend in because I don't want to be responsible for someone being left out in the street and doing something stupid." I swallow my

pride and thank him for his help.

8:03 p.m. I fetch Andrea from outside and yell the whole way back in about my fun experience with Flintstone. She tells me that sucks,

but her friends are already inside and they have spots right next to the stage. Cha-ching!

8:04-8:59 p.m. We wait with the fan-boys, and Andrea sets up the camera. I tell her we may as well take the shots since they aren't going to let us do anything else.

9:05 p.m. The first band, Vive Voche, starts their set. I'm surprised at how good they sound considering they are comprised of just a boy (drummer, acoustic guitar, vocals), and a chick (lead guitar, tambourine, lead vocals).

9:45 p.m. The Shins walk to the stage. We are so close to the stage that we can even smell them. They start out with the first song off their new album, "Sleeping Lessons."

10:00 p.m. When they start playing "New Slang," the crowd gets even louder than I thought possible. Every couple of minutes, Andrea pulls off more shots of the band. Fan-boy #2 is dancing with me. This is so awesome.

11:00 p.m. They play a few songs I don't recognize, but I don't care because this is the best live show I have ever seen.

11:35 p.m. The last song they play is "Caring is Creepy." The crowd flips, and we instantaneously all start dancing. The band's energy is infectious.

11:40 p.m. Andrea and I leave as The Shins finish with their encore. Although it was a pain in the butt, this was the most kick-ass concert I have been to.



Photo Illustration by Andrea Simpson and Adam J. Manley Clackamas Print

'Black Snake Moan': More than just a strange title

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Black Snake Moan is one of the films that people won't know what they're getting themselves into when they first sit down to watch it.

Fifteen minutes into the film, viewers may start to think, "Hey, might have just figured out where this movie is going." Then, you're hit with another plot twist. Reminds me of a non-violent *Fiction*.

Samuel L. Jackson plays Marcus, an ageing, god-fearing, former blues player in Tennessee, who is going through a divorce from a cheating woman when he stumbles upon Christina Ricci's character, Rea, beaten and bloody on the side of the road.

Ricci plays a redneck town girl with serious mental problems. When Jackson's character finds out that she is the town whore, he decides that it is up to him to cure her of her wicked ways.

Never thought Hollywood could come out with a movie featuring a black man chaining a white woman and not having a problem with her. It's just not something you see much in today's movies.

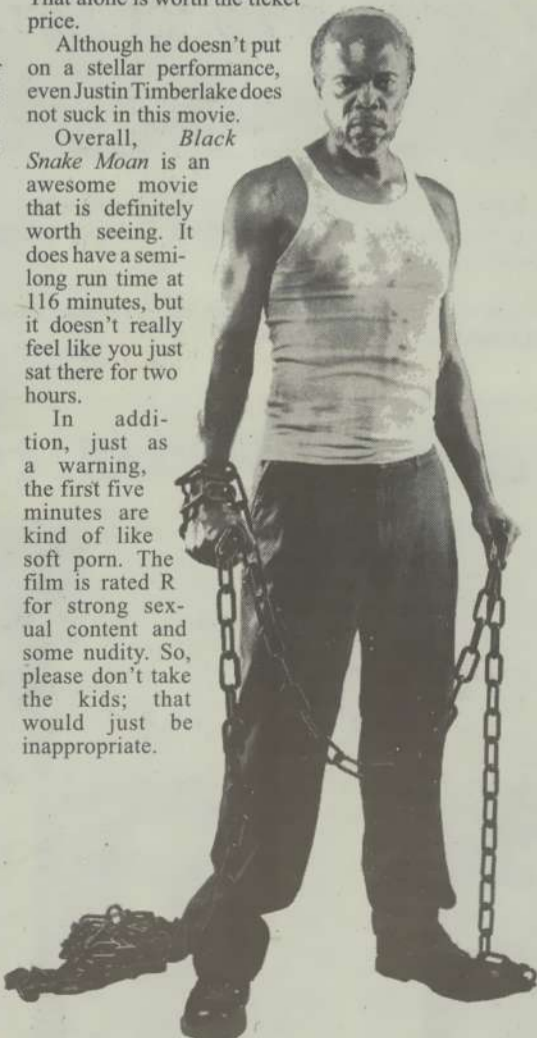
Sam Jackson is freaking great in this movie, but hell, he is good in all of his films. He can even play the blues pretty well. I mean, would think he can play the guitar, let alone the blues? Ricci is awesome; she spends

half the movie in her panties. That alone is worth the ticket price.

Although he doesn't put on a stellar performance, even Justin Timberlake does not suck in this movie.

Overall, *Black Snake Moan* is an awesome movie that is definitely worth seeing. It does have a semi-long run time at 116 minutes, but it doesn't really feel like you just sat there for two hours.

In addition, just as a warning, the first five minutes are kind of like soft porn. The film is rated R for strong sexual content and some nudity. So, please don't take the kids; that would just be inappropriate.



Internet Photos

TOP LEFT: Justin Timberlake stars as Christina Ricci's estranged boyfriend.

BOTTOM LEFT: Samuel L. Jackson plays the blues.

TOP RIGHT: Christina Ricci chained to a couch.