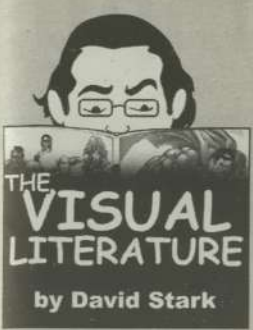


Two-man band rockin' out



The story of a boy, a childhood and a galaxy.

Can anyone tell me what the 25th of May is?

Here's a hint: What happened on May 25, 1977?

Give up? Good. May 25th is the 30th anniversary of *Star Wars*.

Ah yes, beloved *Star Wars*, which has influenced two generations and counting of nerds, with no sign of quitting.

I remember back when I was little and saw the movies for the first time. With amazement, I watched as a blue-eyed farm boy saved the day with the help of a scoundrel, a princess and what I thought at the time was a big monkey.

I spent the following months pretending to be Luke Skywalker, stopping the evil plans of the Empire, lightsaber in hand. Being a blue-eyed farm boy myself, the similarities, at least in my mind, were remarkable.

And then in 1993, I read my first *Star Wars* novel. It was Timothy Zahn's *Heir to the Empire*, and it kindled a lifelong love of reading. The book and its sequels were devoured, and I found myself wanting to know more about the adventures of my hero. Every time a new *Star Wars* novel came out, I insisted my parents take me to the book store in order to get it.

The opening night of *Episode I* was an experience. Clad in homemade Jedi robes, I sat with my parents and watched as a new group of characters took my story (at the time, I believed *Star Wars* to be a property belonging solely to myself) and changed it. No longer was there a heroic farm boy, a lovable scoundrel, a courageous princess, a furry sidekick, or a martyred mentor. They were replaced with an annoying slave, an almost-Jedi, a young queen who I didn't care for and the best example possible of George Lucas' declining mental health. Oh, but he kept the martyred mentor.

That's not saying I don't enjoy the prequels; I do, mostly. Ewan McGregor as Obi-Wan is a worthy tribute to Sir Alec Guinness, and Ian McDiarmid is simply fabulous as Palpatine. The problem is that they weren't legends; they weren't viewed through the rose-tinted lenses of my youth, and they weren't the legends they could have been.

So, like many others out there, *Star Wars* will always be a part of my past; and hopefully also my future. When the anniversary celebrations do arrive, millions of hardcore fans will be dressing as Jedi. But for those who have a less extreme view of fandom, just get out the movies and maybe let a bit of childlike magic back into the world.

Sam Krause
Co-Editor-in-Chief

I can't say no to a free concert, especially if it's local indie-rock gods The Helio Sequence.

They showed up in a rec room at Lewis & Clark, and proceeded to make every other one of their past shows I've seen pale in comparison.

The band is comprised of Brandon Sommers and Benjamin Weikel. Together they make music that is trippy, but not just for dope-heads.

A crappy emo band opened for The Helio Sequence, making their show all the more anticipated. It's been months since The Helio Sequence played an all-ages show in the Portland area, and that's why 150 skinny Portland minors showed up.

The emo band finished their lackluster set (I could have

sworn the lead singer forgot some words, but whatever), and within 20 minutes, The Helio Sequence was ready to play.

Smaller venues have always been a personal favorite of mine, from the Crystal and the Roseland to the Wonder Ballroom and the old Meow Meow. This rec room, dubbed the Rusty Nail, held its own against other Portland concert venue mainstays.

The Helio Sequence started the show the same way I've seen them start for the past three years: "The Harmonica Song" from their 2004 release *Love and Distance*.

As the show progressed, Weikel, who plays drums and manages a computer that has pre-programmed beats and sounds, was a river of sweat. He plays the drums like a true showman, giving it his all and never missing a beat.

Even more important than the sweat pouring from the drummer was the crowd. I have never seen a mosh-pit that had people club dancing in the middle. I also never thought I would see people grinding each other while trying to knock over others. It was a weird scene.

Communication between the band and the audience was amazing. People kept smiling wider and

wider, and The Helio Sequence just kept playing harder and harder.

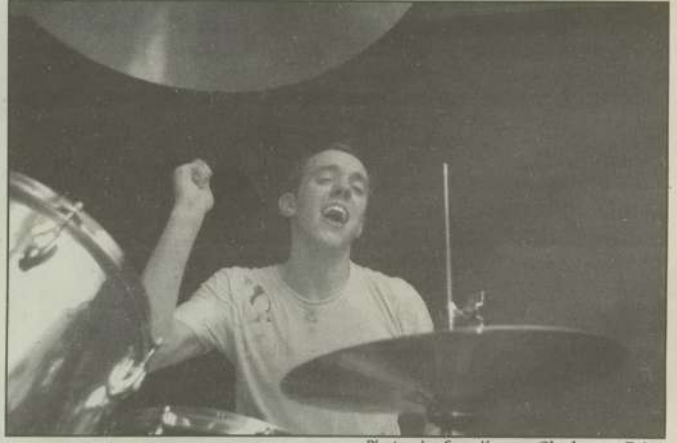
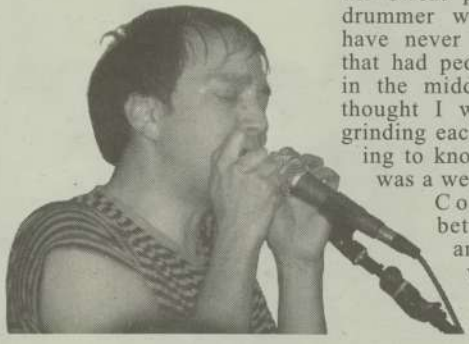
Of course there were requests yelled at the stage. I must confess that I was only three feet away from the drummer and cried out for "more old music!" - meaning I was hoping they'd get to a track from their 2001 debut album *Com Plex*.

By the time the band left the stage, the crowd was in a frenzy. Some people were too fucked up for me to make heads or tails of what they said. I'm sure "Praay Feebid!" loosely translates to "Play Free Bird!" or "I'm a drunk college

student yelling at a concert!" and "Wool!" means "I'm having a good time; please play more music," which the band did.

During their encore, the band finally played something from *Com Plex*. Sommers, guitarist/vocalist, let himself go for the last song. There was a quaint sloppiness that one can only find at a concert. It felt good. He was in a delirium, but the audience had caused it, so they got to take the brunt of it - and that's a good thing.

Between Weikel's frenetic talents and Sommers' seemingly easygoing playing style, the show was a hit.



Photos by Sam Krause Clackamas Print

LEFT: Guitarist Brandon Sommers on the harmonica. ABOVE: Benjamin Weikel enjoying himself on the drums.

'Blades' goes for the carotid, arterial spray ensues

Megan Koler
The Clackamas Print

Who knew that the greatest figure skating movie ever made would be accompanied by countless penis jokes, street fighting, incest, Shakespearean caliber insults and Olympic gold medalist Sasha Cohen purposely smelling Will Ferrel's jockstrap?

No one could have guessed, but *Blades of Glory* is here, and it is skating sharply across the exposed jugular of its competition.

The movie starts out with skaters Jimmy MacElroy (Jon Heder) and Chazz Micheal Micheals (Will Ferrel) tying for gold in the film's equivalent of the Winter Olympics.

MacElroy is the adopted son of a billionaire, as well as being a fine-tuned, classically-trained ice skating machine with a closet full of sparkly aqua clothing. On the other side of the spectrum, Micheals is a self-described lone wolf, improvising his sex-fueled routines while clad in leather and shooting off pyrotechnics.

Their polar opposite personalities clash when they are forced to stand on the same level of the award podium. A fight ensues, and the event mascot gets horribly mutilated.

Consequently, they are banned from male figure skating for life until they end up joining forces as

the first male-male pair in figure skating history. They discover the loophole thanks to MacElroy's stalker, Hector, hilariously played by Nick Swardson.

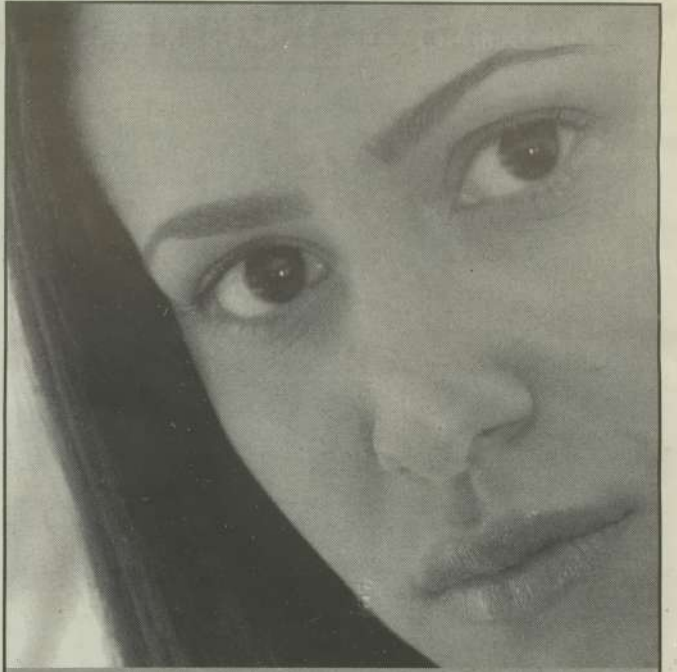
This film uses the old Ferrel formula again; a man on top of the world gets knocked down, gains a lesson in humility and rises to the top, once more sharing the spotlight.

It is an overused formula, but Ferrel continues to make it work. He did it with *Anchorman* and gloriously with *Tallegda Nights*, and even though *Blades of Glory* uses the same structure, it is sparkly and special in its own way.

Obviously a big draw to the film is the novelty of seeing two people of the same sex (especially men) figure skating as a pair. They definitely have fun with the topic, i.e. a routine entitled "Fire and Ice," skated to Aerosmith's song "I Don't Want to Miss a Thing."

It seems that all a pair routine needs is one strong person and one light person, so why aren't there more same-sex figure skating pairs out there? I commend Ferrel for again being so extremely socially conscious and progressive.

Some people who see this film will probably say it smells like taco meat and aftershave, and maybe they are right. However, that is not the stench of a loser - it is the pungent aroma of a winner.



Unplanned Pregnancy? You Deserve to KNOW:

- ...Are you really pregnant?
- ...Have you explored all your options?
- ...Are all your questions answered?

Nurse Consultations. Pregnancy Tests. Ultrasound to Verify if Intrauterine Pregnancy is Viable. Respectful. Confidential.



MILWAUKIE
14419 SE McLoughlin Blvd
Milwaukie 97222
503.659.3336

All Services Free
Convenient Hours
No Appointment Necessary

Pregnancy Resource Centers www.prcofportland.com
Beaverton • Gresham • Tigard • Lloyd Center • Milwaukie • SE Portland