

# Locals no longer 'anonymous'



Nathan Sturgess Clackamas Print

(to right) Wesley Mason, Bryan Edmiston, Ryan Antoine and Paul Paresa (not pictured) comprise the band called Known as Anonymous.



By Erik Andersen  
Co-Editor-in-Chief

New Orleans is known for many things: Hurricane Katrina, Mardi Gras and jazz, to name a few. Musicians such as Buddy Bolden, "Jelly Roll" Morton and Antoine "Fats" Domino paved the road for jazz in Louisiana, making the state a national icon for the genre. But every once in a while, we see a shift in where talent is produced. Who would have thought that place was about 2,000 miles northwest of New Orleans, right here in Oregon City?

It would appear that Mardi Gras came early with this band. Known as Anonymous is a band currently attending Lonnie Cline's Vocal Jazz Ensemble class, adding the instrumentals to the talented group of Clackamas Community College students.

Playing together for close to five years now, Ryan Antoine (drums), Wesley Mason (guitar), Paul Paresa (piano/vocals) and Bryan Edmiston (bass) perform outstanding rhythms that I can only describe as being the offspring of jazz and swing, should they get together and elope.

Known as Anonymous puts together a mix of sounds so smooth and lively that not dancing to the music is hard to do. Paresa plays the piano with such perfection that the vibe is actually not much different from that of Jelly Roll Morton's "Honky Tonk Blues." Antoine drums like Bernard "Bunchy" Johnson, putting emphasis to the Southern-style jazz. Mason plays guitar with

rhythms sounding shockingly like Little Freddie King, and Edmiston strums the bass and looks like a back-in-the-day beatnik, adding a flavor hard to find in mainstream music today.

If this were a group of older, experienced performers I would not be that taken aback by their skill. The fact is, though, this band just graduated high school. That's right; this is their first term at CCC, and they already have the sound of experienced musicians.

At this point, the band tells me that they are still trying to perfect their recordings and sound and do not yet have anything other than their demo. You can hear one of their very, very early songs "We Don't Play" by searching for Known as Anonymous at youtube.com, but I must stress that the video does not do justice to the work you would witness today.

"I have this mixer that I came across and we use that. It's pretty decent for just a home place, amateur thing. It gets the job done," Antoine said.

"We are working on a lot of recordings," Mason said.

Now although there is no easy way to listen to this group of reincarnated jazz/blues/swing Louisiana musicians, you have a chance to hear them live at the Roseland Theater this Saturday, Feb. 19 at noon when they perform for the Next Big Thing Tour.

So if you're looking for something to do this weekend, make sure you stop by to support your fellow classmates by checking out Known as Anonymous.

*- If you or someone you know is in a band or performs any type of music in Clackamas County or at Clackamas Community College, Erik would love to get in touch with you. Feel free to e-mail him at chiefed@clackamas.edu.*

Show starts at noon at the Roseland Theater on Feb 19, located at 8 NW 6th Ave Portland, Ore.

For more information go to [www.roselandpdx.com](http://www.roselandpdx.com)

## 21+: Sake - discover appreciation for a long-lived favorite



By Joshua Baird  
arts & Culture Editor

When you think of sake, what do you imagine? Dragon-headed men running down a street in a festival? Yakuza men in movies preparing to show the world of organized crime who the bad mama jama's are? Whatever it is that comes to mind, sake seems to be at the heart of Japanese culture for the western mind in more than sushi, karate or ninjas. Sake is referred to as a rice wine, though this is very much incorrect translation from Japanese. Sake is no more a wine than a beer.

After all of the stuff I've seen on TV and in the movies, I have to admit I was kind of freaked out by the idea of drinking sake. I remember seeing Christopher "The Highlander" Lambert choking on it in "The Hunted," and then groaning one word, "Sake?" The idea has always freaked me out to be honest.

I poured a glass and, as I always do, I smelled it first, but there was no aroma to speak of. The cold sake looked like a goblet full of water at some fancy restaurant, like Olive Garden or anywhere that they don't serve up your drink in a mason jar. I am starting to see how people get so easily fooled by the appearance.

To make matters worse, I was told the brand I bought, Gekkeikan, was a horrible one and that it was good for nothing except cooking, like table wine but worse.

Hesitantly, I lifted the glass to my lips and took my first taste. There was a surprising sweet and bitter flavor to it. I was impressed, so I had more. After the initial bout with my fear of sake, I have to say that for a cheaper bottle (\$7) it wasn't terrible. In fact in some ways I would consider myself a fan.

So after all of this I decided that if I am going to really learn to appreciate sake, I should probably try another brand. This time



Joshua Baird, Clackamas Print

I went with Hakutsuru, which retails for \$9 a bottle. I poured a glass and took a deep breath, this time there was a much more

present aroma, almost floral in nature. The first sip was smooth and sweet with no bitter flavor at all.

### Saketini

- 2.5 parts gin
- 0.5 parts sake

Shake or stir with ice in a cocktail shaker, then strain into a cocktail glass.

So much for sake being an acquired taste; this took me all of three sips of two different types to acquire a taste for it.

Is it just me, or does every culture refer to the alcohol native to their homeland as either "The drink of the gods," or as "water of life"? Sake is no different. Though sake can be traced back about 4,000 years to ancient China, the Japanese were the first to polish the grains of rice to create the refined sake we know today.

According to Asianartmall.com, "The earliest 'polishing'

was done by a whole village: each person would chew rice and nuts and then spit the mixture into a communal tub - the sake produced was called 'kuchikami no sake,' which is Japanese for 'chewing the mouth sake.' According to me, that's freakin' nasty.

So now what do I do? I plan a trip to the sake distillery in Forest Grove to check out the facility (to read the web-exclusive story, go to [twenty1plus.com](http://twenty1plus.com) after Sunday, Feb. 20.)



**Disclaimer:** We at *The Clackamas Print* do not encourage drinking to excess or underage drinking of any kind. Remember to drink responsibly.