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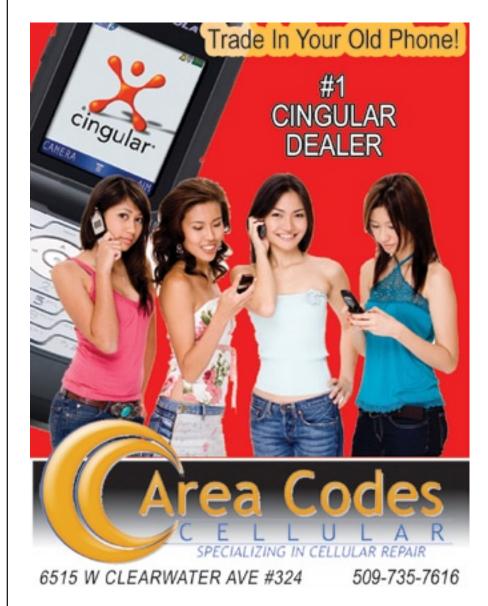
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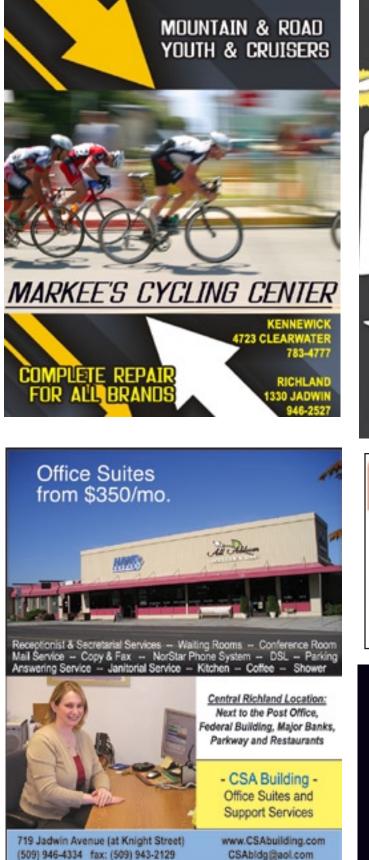
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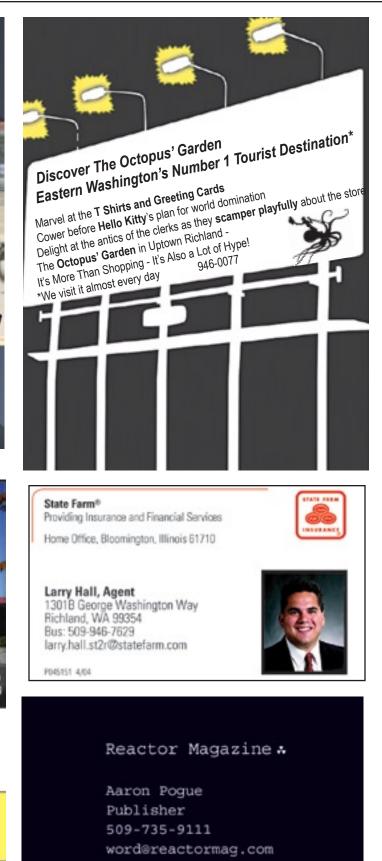
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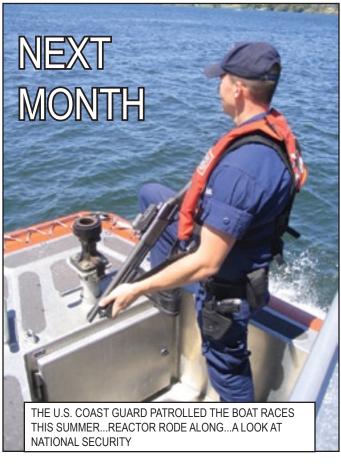




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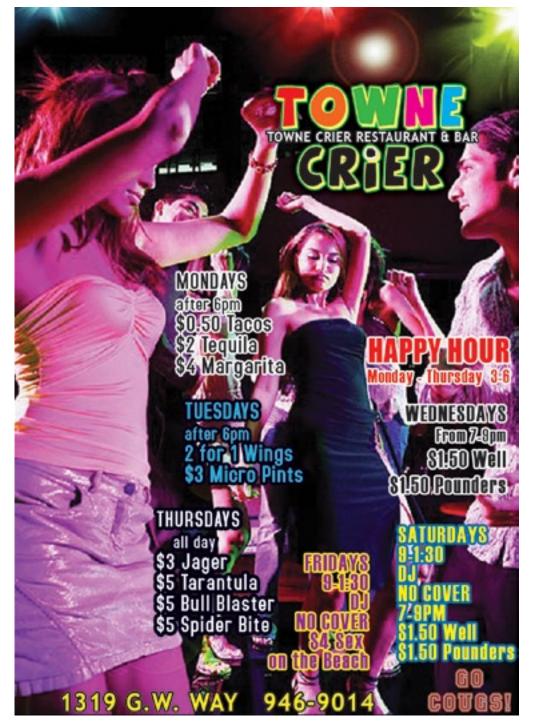
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REACTOR*

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College Bound

by Jessi Wyse

(Jessi has been writing for Reactor since the magazine's debut. Since she's going off to college now, this is supposedly her farewell article.)

As a hardworking and independent seventeen-year-old, the idea of college didn't scare me. I was used to making new friends, being self-sufficient and being assigned homework that kept me up far into the night. The truth is, by the time I entered my senior year in high school, I was far more psyched about getting on to higher education than going to football games or voting for prom court. The real world was waiting for me, and I was ready to embrace it with big, open arms.

The problem was, I hadn't really put together exactly how all of it would work. In my teenage mind, I had this vague delusion that college sort of rode up on a stallion and whisked you away into the sunset. I soon figured out that if anything, getting on your way to school was more like a fox hunt—a ton of work put in with no guaranteed luck.

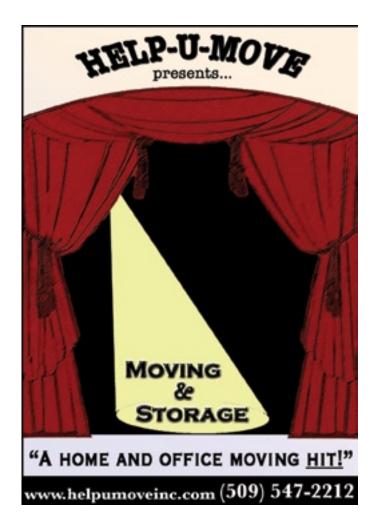
First of all, in selecting a school, one must take the (rather obvious) step of deciding which colleges sounded most enticing. I didn't really figure this would be much of a problem. By May of my junior year, I was being bombarded with a daily barrage of fliers and view books from colleges all over the country. I knew that my GPA, SAT scores, essay-writing prowess and activity list would be enough to get me into pretty much any of them. I had options, and my mother and teachers were convinced that this would be a good thing when it came to college hunting. So was I—until I realized that I might actually have to try and figure out which of the many fliers depicting happy, diverse students under trees actually connected to somewhere I might want to spend the next four years.

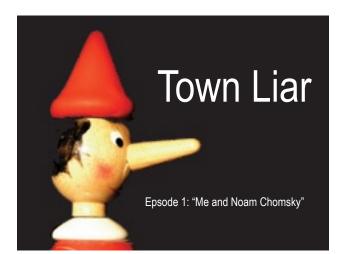
The fact that every school looks virtually the same on paper inevitably leads to the next step—college visits. After narrowing down my list of prospective institutions, I attended a few of the "Fall Campus Days" that most colleges advertise to high school seniors. These can be anything from the school rolling out the red carpet and providing lunch, classes and even entertainment, to (in one case of mine) showing up to discover the campus office is closed on Saturdays, despite the alleged tour taking place. The student guide almost always looks like they just rolled out of bed, and you usually discover that the school doesn't have as many trees, brick buildings or happy, clean-cut students as you originally thought. Some of my visits proved strikingly informative, while others seemed fake or unnecessary. At any rate, they were all a lot more informative than a flier or view book.

Finally, with my top schools chosen, I began the application process. Very quickly, I learned that private school applications were not for the faint of heart. I completed the online common application, which, to my glee, was supposed to mean I could fill out one application for all four private schools. As it turned out, not only was the common application about as extensive as four applications in itself, but most colleges also wanted a supplement filled out that was tailored to the desires of their school and, (in the case of Reed College,) about as long as the initial application. In the end, it would have been just as much work to separately apply to each one. The essay prompts most colleges suggested were mind numbing at best and gave less of an insight into my character than my gym locker. I did my best to muddle through and prayed I didn't come across as stupid as I felt.

One tends to assume that after everything's sent in, the stress is gone. Au contraire—waiting to receive responses and financial aid package, (and even, sometimes, receiving them,) can be just as bad as writing countless hapless essays. I became a regular at my mailbox and checked the college web pages several times a week. The responses finally started rolling in around mid-March. I was pleased to see that all but one of my schools had graciously accepted me. However, as my high school counselor had done her best to reassure me I would have no problem paying for college, I was pretty upset upon receiving my first financial aid package to discover this was far from the truth. Despite having applied for a good nine local scholarships, I'm still concerned that I'll probably be up to my eyeballs in debt for the rest of my young adult years. But hey—that's college.

After nine months of research, visits, essays and waiting, I have finally sent in the deposit to confirm my studenthood at the University of Puget Sound. The process definitely wasn't easy, and I wouldn't exactly call it fun, but I'd have to say it was a good lesson on what to expect from the real world. Gone are the days when life will come riding up on a stallion to whisk me away. It may take some getting used to, and I know some people will have a hard time adjusting. But, as for me...I'm ready for the fox hunt.





It's been a good week since I foiled those terrorists' plot to blow up Sears, but mall folk still applaud when I walk by. People love a hero and I've been getting all kinds of questions like, "Where did you find the courage? Do you get a 'reserved' parking spot outside? Are you single? Did the Clinique, Mac and Lancome girls really grapple to give you their phone numbers first?"

People! I say. Please! Let me breathe! If you really want to thank me, buy me an Orange Julius and a corn dog with a side of curly fries, or onion rings if they're fresh from the fryer. Otherwise, I've got some shopping to do if you don't mind.

But there is one question that I've been getting a lot that I just can't decide how to answer: "Would you have acted so heroically if it had been Wal-Mart?" To which I have to ask, "Which Wal-Mart? The one in Pasco, Kennewick or Richland?" They say, "There's a Wal-Mart in Pasco, too? Why, that'll kill the economy!"

I might as well come out with it. This conversation about Wal-Mart is actually between myself and my friend Noam Chomsky. He's a little miffed because I just whipped him at tennis out on my private country club/wildlife refuge. He blames it on the fact that he's nearly eighty-years-old, but I remind him it's because he wears those ridiculous Velcro shoes. I mean, what a joke! The only place you can buy those anymore is, well, Wal-Mart. Payless Shoe Source doesn't even carry them. Noam says, "Yes, but your fancy sneakers equipped you with substantial advantage."

"Shut up, Noam!" I yell and smack the back of his head so his glasses slide down his nose. He sort of blushes and we're walking past Victoria's Secret. I shoot a glance inside and see the woman of my dreams, Naomi, is working today. Slender, sassy, busty, whoah!

"Hold on, Noam," I say, "Here, listen. Do something for me here. Clutch your chest like you're having a heart attack – Of course Noam has to question me, "But whatever for?" So I summon every shred of patience I have for the dimwit and I wrap my arm around his shoulder and whisper my plan into his ear, like we're old friends – which we are.

Noam gets down on the ground and starts squirming around, gasping and wheezing and clutching his chest. A good minute passes before Naomi even notices, but when she does she comes jogging toward us, a touching look of genuine concern in her spectacular green eyes! "Omigod, omigod," she's saying.

Me, I'm already on my knees, pumping on Noam's scrawny chest to revive him. Naomi squats down right next to his head and I swear Noam gives me a little wink before he turns his eyes toward Naomi's creamy knees. Me, I have a higher perspective. She's so worried about coddling poor Noam that I immediately see she's wearing last season's ice blue beach house hugger bra, which was designed for situations just like this: more form than function.

By now a crowd has formed and Naomi starts to cover up. Noam groans and I act fast. "Go on Naomi," I say. "Give him CPR." She says, "What do I do?" I say "Give him some mouth-to-mouth." "But I don't know how!" "Sure you do," I say. "Come here, I'll show you; it's easy." Naomi leans over with her eyes half-closed, her lips slightly parted. I gently wrap my hand around the back of her delicate head and bring her face toward mine. From this close, I can see how expertly she applied her make-up, flawless, with a trace of glitter that reminds me of my villa in Cancun, which I'll tell her about later. I press both my lips to just her one voluptuous bottom lip, then give it the slightest little bite. She's obviously very young because she melts, and when I peek through my closed eyelids I see she is entranced. I give her a good solid smacker, in case it's my last chance, and say, "Okay, there you go." Naomi immediately takes Noam's head in her hands and plants the most delicious kisses on him. I lay off the pumping action so he won't be distracted. A regular mob has gathered now and the young dudes in the crowd are hooting and clapping. They may think Naomi is the hero, but Noam knows it's me, you know it's me, and I knew all along.

By the time mall security and the paramedics showed up, me and Noam were chomping on hot buttered popcorn over at Carmike, taking in a little *Superman*. We're the only ones in the theater, because, despite the fact it is opening night, I arranged a private showing for me and the distinguished Professor Chomsky. We may have to skip out a little early, though, to meet Ani DeFranco and her bosom buddy Madonna. We've all got a table for 4 at ______(your restaurant here for \$239) at 9.



LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the very nice and well written article about Ganzel's barber shop in Richland. Looking at the pictures and reading about the history of the shop brings back pleasant memories of my growing up years.

Sometimes on Friday evenings after shop hours my mother would drive my brothers and I to the shop where Aaron, my father, would cut our hair. While waiting for our turn we would explore the shop as much as Dad would allow, always being careful to stay out of the other barbers' stations. Giving each other rides in the empty station chairs, begging for change for the gum ball machine, and giving each other "shoeshines" in Otis' shoeshine stand were some of the things I remember doing.

At one time there was also a putting green at one side of the shop for waiting customers which became my favorite activity. I attribute my usually good miniature golfing scores to the practice I got at the shop as a teen.

Oh yes, and I knew Otis too. We called him Otie. I was somewhat intrigued by Otie since he was the first black person I remember having interaction with. He was a very kind and gentle man who enjoyed teasing us kids as he went about his business sweeping up yet another pile of hair. These memories of Ganzel's, and the time I took my own children there, will be forever etched in my mind.

Thanks again for your article, and for giving me the opportunity to spend a few moments strolling down memory lane.

Sincerely, Patty Hines Wells in Oregon now

[Dear Reactor]

Thank you for the article on Ganzel's Barbershop in the July 2006 issue of Reactor Magazine. In the article, you have a picture of the barbershop staff from 1950. If you look at the back row, fourth from the left, you will see my father, Ira Linn. Dad worked at Ganzel's in the 40's and 50's until he opened his own shop in the Westgate Shopping Center.

Thank you,

Kevin Linn Richland

[Dear Reactor]

I am a fan of your magazine, Reactor, and I wanted to pass on my compliments in the form of an haiku (yes, I used "an" before the "h"--I am literary):

Nothing happens here Yet wiping is easier Your mag by my john.

Matt Pasco

Hey, Reader...send your letters here: letters@reactormag.com

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor

Last week I spilled my coffee while trying to make sense of your article about dust bunnies. I had just reached the part about how you overcame your paralyzing fear of dust bunnies when the accident happened. As I tried to mop up the mess using the Reactor I realized two things. First, the Reactor is not very absorbent and is not suited for most household chores. I think this is something you should really work on. Second, it is impossible to finish reading a wet, soggy, coffee soaked paper. Consequently, I need to know if you are still afraid of looking under beds.

Dear Concerned Reader,

I would recite a list of other publications that are far more absorbent, but why tout the competition?

Besides, your letter exceeds the word limit clearly printed on page 5, or did you slop coffee on that page, too? I'll bet you did. I'll bet this whole coffee spilling sob story is your clever way of squirming out of the word limit so I'll print your letter anyway.

Damn, you're good.

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A Concerned Reader
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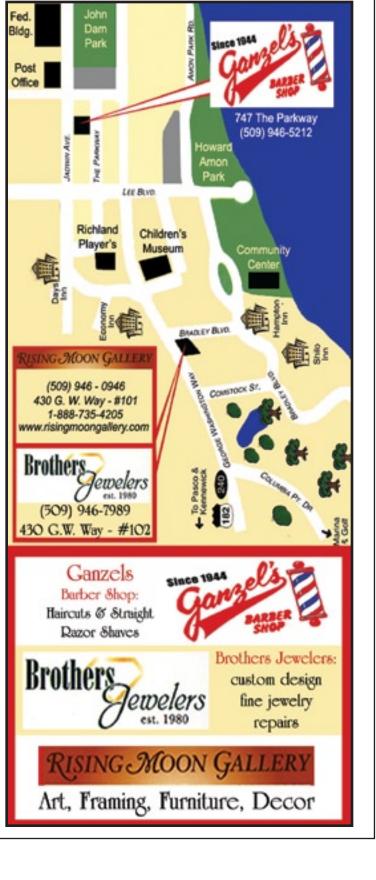
509.946.7777 430 George Washington Way



TRAFFIC REPORT

The City of Richland is reconstructing the south end of George Washington Way and a portion of Jadwin Avenue to improve the flow of traffic to and from Highway 240 and I-182.

Up-to-date project information is available 24 hours per day on the city's web site - www.ci.richland.wa.us - or by calling 942-7738. The web site includes a detour map and a project phase map.

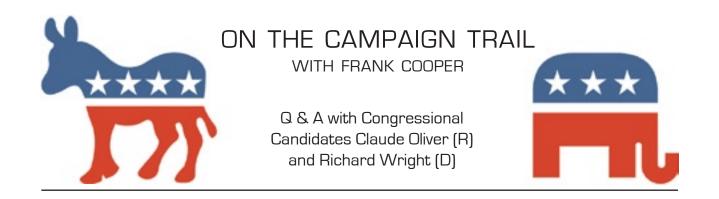


Traffic may slow down on G.W. Way for a while, but that doesn't mean business has to slow down for the shops along the construction zone. On the map below are a few businesses that invite you to take the detour and visit their stores.

REACTOR

SEPTEMBER

2006



Q: THE WAR IN IRAQ, WHAT IS THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE?

<u>Wright:</u> Extreme instability in the region is exaggerated by desperation, fear, poverty, and the destruction caused by war. We can help by rebuilding infrastructure and setting the country back on its feet in terms of basic needs – clean water, electricity, and essential services. But it is up to the Iraqi people to take charge of their own destiny and to make their government work.

<u>Oliver:</u> The USA must have a consistent energy policy that builds capacity, particularly nuclear power capability. Until there is a significant move away from dependence upon middle eastern oil imports, this country will continue to spill blood for oil reserves. This is a sad commentary.

Q: WHAT IS YOUR OPINION ON EXIT STRATEGY?

<u>Wright:</u> I support our brave troops in Iraq. I believe we owe it to our troops and to all American taxpayers to articulate a clear exit strategy. An openended occupation is not in the best interest of the United States, the Iraqi people, or stability in the Middle East. Indefinite presence in the country sends the wrong signal about American intentions. <u>Oliver:</u> Work is ongoing to assist in the formation of an Iraqi government that can become self-sustaining. Until Iraq can manage its own internal security the USA is obligated to assist in the transition to democracy and self-rule.

Q: EXTREMIST ISLAM OR ISLAMIC FASCISM?

<u>Wright:</u> We must face the reality of more governments being overtaken by extremist hate groups if populations in certain regions continue to suffer desperate poverty and continue to lack quality education and basic economic and political stability. We need to re-evaluate our actions so that the positive relations we have had in Islamic nations can become stronger. We can work to decrease instability by assisting countries to form democracies and by encouraging economic growth.

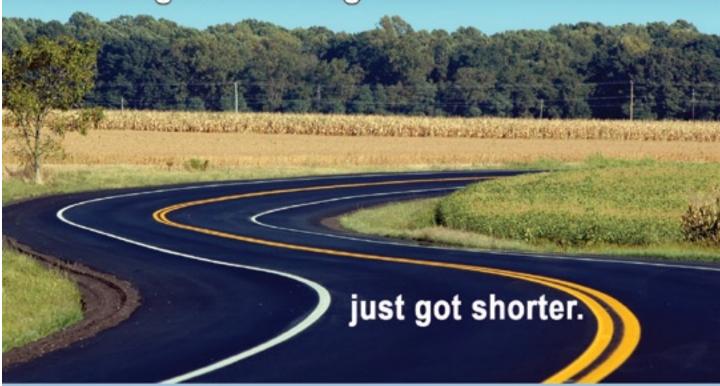
<u>Oliver:</u> Extremist Islam fosters hatred against "non-believers", and requires strict adherence. Even though the current definition of Fascism does not point to Extremist Islam as an example, history will undoubtedly shine the light of radical totalitarianism upon them.

Q: BORDER SECURITY- HOW CAN IT BE ACHIEVED?

<u>Wright:</u> Our port security issues have not been addressed adequately; in Congress, I will work to make sure this receives the attention it deserves. Our ports continue to be vulnerable. Our state ferry system is the largest in the nation. It could be a prime target for terrorism. While everyone looks to our southern border with Mexico, there is much more to border security that needs to be addressed and funded.

<u>Oliver:</u> There are good laws and good enforcement mechanisms in place. Congress must show leadership with oversight, guidance, and sufficient funding to enforce the laws both on the border and with employers.

The long and winding road





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REACTOR SEPTEMBER 2006



ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL WITH FRANK COOPER Q&A WITH AARON DIXON, GREEN PARTY SENATORIAL CANDIDATE

CAN WE WIN THE WAR IN IRAQ?

Dixon: There is no way to invade another country 3000 miles away. It's difficult to invade and win. We need to begin to withdraw & start to develop reconciliation between US & Irag: the Sunni, Shiite & Kurds. We need to provide resources to rebuild.

IS THE WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST A WAR ON TERRORISM, OR ISLAMIC EXTREMISTS?

Dixon: The catch word out of DC is terror. with Islamic Extremist under the banner. It's more about foreign policy past, present and future. We need to look at foreign policy to see what went wrong and adapt it to honor other cultures, and to rebuild and help provide resources to developing countries to become more stable. America's foreign policy is one sided, to gain resources from others instead of helping.

Islam sees our policy as what we can take rather than what we can give.

WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE SURVIVAL OF AMERICA FOR THE NEXT 50 YEARS?

Dixon: We have to stop being fear-based and develop a humanity-based world view. Right now we do everything in relation to fear: fuel, control of resources, immigrants and loss of jobs. We need to demand that industries be more environmentally friendly.

Basically, what can we do more humane?

The rest of the world is going to affect us, but we have the power to bring stability. Our foreign policy & practice is harming the environment & creating enemies. We need to focus on humanity, not just America. The question should be what we do to make humanity survive the next 50.

WHAT IS THE GREATEST THREAT TO THE SURVIVAL OF AMERICAN CULTURE?

Dixon: We have a moving culture. It's a lot different from 10 years ago. It's a culture based upon material, money & consumption. It's not like old culture based upon harmony and balance. The culture I grew up in, it was based on the family, elders, community. Now it's not based on those, they aren't sacred in our culture. We are losing our old tradition of culture. Our practices & foreign policy are helping to destroy other old cultures. We are letting go of our ancient culture...nothing is sacred anymore. Elders aren't first; they're in rest homes. Our children are not being educated; their money is taken for war... these are the biggest dangers.



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Out of War...and Into Our Communities

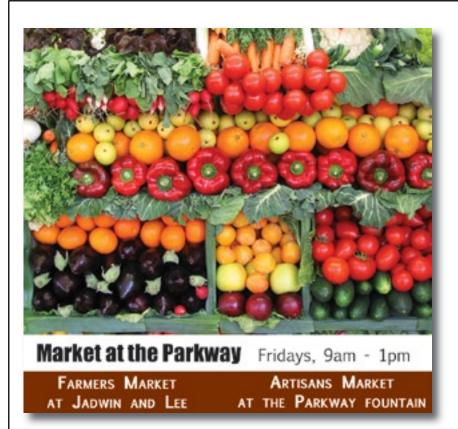
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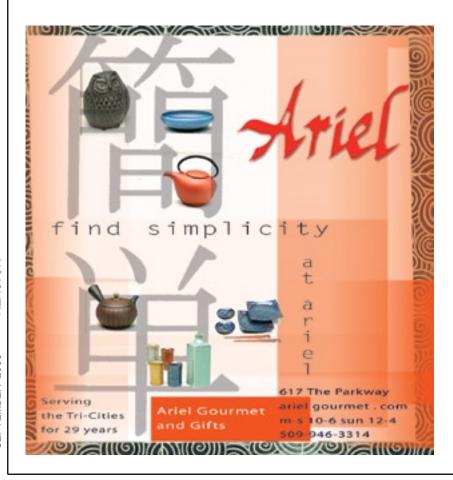
The Aaron Dixon for U.S. Senate Campaign is committed to ending the many unjust wars waged by our nation. We believe that peace and justice cannot be obtained through war whether it's the war in Iraq, the war on terrorism, or the war on drugs. We are committed to redirecting our resources for the rehabilitation of our communities here at home.

Aaron Dixon will be coming to the Tri-Cities soon.

> For more information: visit www.dixon4senate.com or call: 206-219-5178

Green







When I first envisioned this column I thought I would appeal to both sexes, however, after several discussions with my girlfriend, I have concluded that I am writing for guys and guys only. Sorry ladies.

In the last article I talked about the single male nerds I have met, the panic that sets in when they have opportunities to talk with attractive women, and some advice on how to break the ice.

This article covers the free aphrodisiac that WORKS.

When I say free aphrodisiac, what I'm talking about is a cocktail of personality traits that are desired by women. For women these things are called humor, confidence, a positive attitude, and intelligence. These are skills that you can learn if you do not all ready have them.

Polling my small collection of Playboy magazines between 2001 and present, here are the results of a small sample survey to see what the common listings are that make centerfold playmates turned-on:

Total number of playmate sheets reviewed: 42. Total number of playmates that listed humor, confidence, positivity, or intelligence as a turn on: 37. Hmm. That explains why I see gorgeous women with scruffy bikers. Looks aren't all that important!

19 out of the 42 centerfold sheets I reviewed listed humor as a turn-on. Some listed three of these traits all in the same sentence. For example, Stephanie Larimore, Miss June 2006 lists, "Eye contact, good manners, intelligence, confidence, a sense of humor, nice abs and a smile." as turn-ons. Scarlett Keegan, Miss September 2004 lists, "Intelligence, wit, sincerity, soulful eyes, optimism, sensitivity."

If you can make a woman laugh and keep her laughing she'll be hard put to turn you down when you ask, "So, how would like to go out for lunch? We can make

friends." "Great, what's your number?"

Confidence is a little harder to portray, but not much. Most of what women respond to is body language says David DeAngelo in his book, Double Your Dating. To display confidence keep your chin up when walking around and look people in the eve when you talk to them. Speak a little louder if you are soft spoken. People shouldn't have to ask you to repeat things. Introduce yourself first and offer your hand for a shake. When standing, keep your back straight and your shoulders pulled back. Confidence is also overcoming your fear of getting rejected, making those initial approaches, and trying again if you do get rejected. Just remember, a lot of women out there aren't interested in meeting guys for one reason or another. If you get turned down, don't take it personally. Move on and continue meeting new people.

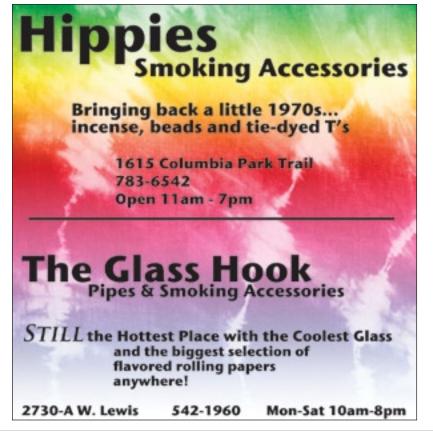
A positive attitude was another high percentage listing on the playmates turn-on attributes. Be open to new ideas and experiences and mean it. If you have a hard time having a positive self-image, picture yourself as you want to be and practice having internal monologues with yourself with emphasis on the positive traits you have, or want to have. Then, open your eyes and act in line with your vision.

Intelligence means learning and being able to apply knowledge about a subject or subjects. College is great for this if you are willing to put forth the effort. Whether you are in college or not, read a varied selection of books, magazines, or newspapers. Reading provides you with topics you can talk about when meeting new people or old friends. Libraries offer thousands of books in almost any topic whether its underwater basket weaving or rocket science, and usually have an array of magazines, not to mention some music, that you can check out for free.

So the next time you think your monobrow is keeping you from securing dates, think about what 88% of the playmates reviewed think is the real mojo: humor; confidence; positivity; and intelligence. Not even Dr. Evil can steal that!

Mark Pearson is twenty-nine years old and has just moved in with his girlfriend. In 2002 he received a Bachelor of Science degree in Mechanical Engineering. He is also a self-proclaimed writer and nerd.











Classic Beauty by Jennifer Irlam

Beauty Flashback: 1986 Twenty years ago in the world of beauty

Fashion always tends to look to the past for inspiration, and this season it appears designers spun the bottle and landed somewhere in the early to mid-1980s. If you haven't already seen leggings paired with a miniskirt on the pages of Seventeen magazine, just wait: the Pretty in Pink/Madonna wannabe/Totally Go-Go's look is already appearing at a mall near you.

Thankfully, some hair and makeup trends have not resurfaced since the 1980s, but check out what was popular—and is still popular— from twenty years ago in the world of beauty.

In 1986, Madonna claimed her favorite lipstick color was MAC "Russian Red." Wannabes scrambled to snatch up a tube in their fingerless-gloved hands.

Avon celebrated their centennial (1886-1986) and introduced BioAdvance products and Imari fragrance, which is still a best seller today.

Way Bandy, innovative makeup artist and author of groundbreaking makeup manual, Designing Your Face, died of AIDS.

Revlon introduced the "Custom Eyes" compact, the predecessor to the select-your-own-shade eye shadow customization that nearly every cosmetic company offers today. Popular colors included "Wisteria" (sparkly purple), which paired nicely with Revlon "Silver City Pink" lipstick.



80's kids

Christian Dior unleashed one of history's most polarizing fragrances, Poison, in 1986. Women either hated it or loved it, but one thing was for certain: Dior sold (and continues to sell) tons of it, securing Poison's welldeserved reputation as a bona-fide classic.

Liz Claiborne fragrance was popular with preppy high school students. Nearly everyone else in the population craved Calvin Klein's Obsession (or wore the generic Designer Imposter's version, Confess).

L'Oreal Studio Line, Dippity-Do, and the ubiquitous Aqua Net kept hair huge, while thousands longing for cheap spray-on highlights found the seemingly "natural," lemon-juice-and-peroxide-based Sun-In to be a one-way ticket to orange hair.

Colored mascara and Pizazz spray-on hair color provided temporary glitz.



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The Towne Crier: A Brief History

In 1969, the Burkes brothers opened a restaurant and lounge called The Towne Crier. In 1985 they sold it to Willie and Jo Evans. In 2003, a guy named Paul, along with his brother Wayne and his friend Joe, bought the place and own it to this day.

TOWNE CRIER 101

BAR TRIVIA

1. Which of the following statements accurately describes the Towne Crier?

On Friday and Saturday nights the place is with packed with dolled-up young women who just want to dance, and about a million dudes who want to dance with them.

Weeknights are mellow and folks go to shoot pool, listen to the jukebox, or watch the game on TV.

The Towne Crier is famous for its broasted chicken.



All of the above



OWNER STATS: PAUL CHARTERAND

Paul is WSU alumni, and so are 95% of his friends. He considers his bar a Coug bar. He began his career at Towne Crier as a bartender. By age 23 he knew he wanted to buy the place. Charterand made plans with the Evans's to take over the business in 2007. Due to health concerns, the Evan's handed the bar over to Paul in 2003. He had to learn the ins-and-outs of ownership in only four months.

Mick: "Paul was already a good bartender, but I was surprised at how smooth the transition went."

Paul: "Most people expected me to run it into the around."

THE TOP 3 OBSTACLES TO RUNNING A BAR

- **1** The Liquor Board. There are endless, meticulous regulations that every bar employee must be aware of and obey. The board also requires a background check on every owner and/or financier of a liquor-licensed franchise.
- 2 Things break. Pipes burst, computers crash, dishwashers go kaput. "You get nickeled and dimed to death," says Paul Charterand.
- 3 Running out of stuff. Would you believe that 2 food vendors, 2 beer vendors, and 2 pop vendors stop by the Crier twice a week, and that a towel vendor and a cleaning supplies vendor come by once a week, and the Towne Crier still runs out of stuff? Says Paul, "If you've got something on the menu and somebody orders it, you'd better have it."

THE #1 MISCONCEPTION

Paul: "People think you're making money hand-over-fist because we're charging \$3 per beer. Or they think we keep the \$1.50 ATM fee." People forget about the cost of doing business: employees, L&I, repairs, sales tax, overhead, etc.



Cara, Cocktail Waitress

THE #1 CONCERN

1 Employees. According to Paul, employees make you or break you in the bar biz. He attributes the Towne Crier's success to high employee performance, which he has brought about through job specialization. At Towne Crier, specific duties are performed by specific employees and the lines rarely blur: servers serve, cooks cook, janitors clean, office workers do office things. In other words, cocktail waitresses don't scrub toilets at the Crier.



Owner Paul Charerand and Manager Mick Zeller outside the Towne Crier

BUS TRIPS

This Coug football season, catch the Town Crier Express charter bus to the WSU Cougar home games.

The bus departs from the Crier parking lot five hours before game time, leaving ample time to party at the Field House before kickoff. The bus voyage is no holds barred: no seating assignments and alcoholic drinks for all.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS:

Paul Charterand is a middle-school Computer Technology teacher. He also leads the 7th grade newspaper class.

Mick Zeller, who is now the manager, came aboard the Towne Crier as the DJ when he was 21.

The Towne Crier: 1319 G.W. Way Uptown Richland - 946-9014

the hard knock life story: Aaron Pogue photos: John Reed of Adam Grinder



Adam Grinder is best known as a fighter, a natural born brawler whose highest talent is the bareknuckle beat down. The fellow is about 6'2", lean, strong. He has the arms, hands and back of an ironworker, and before that a line driver, before that a truss builder, a tire breaker, and surely a ditch digger at one point. If you curl all that toil into a fist, what have you got?

The highlight Adam's rowdy high school days went as follows. In 1993, a crowd of 400 loiterers packed into what is now Westgate Center in Richland, and what was then a parking lot between Rocket Mart and 7-11. Tonight the Richland teen scene was here in full force because, word had it, Adam Grinder was going to fight Nick Hesche. Every high school has its bad asses: Heche was the baddest Richland Bomber, and Grinder was the baddest Ki-Be. When Adam showed up, Nick Hesche was waiting in the middle of the crowd. When Adam left, Nick was pulp and Adam checked into Kadlec for scrapes.

"I fell off my bike," he told the orderly.

Fist fights bounced Adam Grinder into and out of every high school in Tri-Cities. When you're

a brawler, people get to know your name, so when you're as 'bad' as Adam, you have a unique reputation to uphold. To stay bad, you've got to keep kicking ass, and so you do. For a while there , Adam was kicking every butt he could find. At a party, for instance, if some poor guy even looked at Adam wrong, Adam would pummel him first, then ask "What the f*** you lookin' at?"

"Everybody wanted to be my friend," Adam says, "so they wouldn't get pounded on."

Adam had lots of friends. He had lots of girlfriends, too, which brings us to the other side of Adam Grinder.

"They don't call me Adam 'The Gigolo' Grinder' for nothing," he says.

As if in wobbly tandem with all the butt whoopin', Adam was also scoring with the females. And why not? He's handsome enough, and has what grown-ups call "leadership qualities." Long story short, he simply looks and acts like a storybook hero just waiting for a dragon to slay. Heroic? At times. At others, scoundrelly. But if he is nothing else, he is confident... Today, Adam Grinder can walk into a bar and have any woman he wants.

"All I gotta do is give them one look."

Adam recalls last weekend, when he and some buddies were out at The Last Supper Club in Seattle. The gorgeous bartender comes over and Adam chats her up. He says, "Gimme a Bud Lite and your number." Apparently it worked.

Big deal, huh? But listen to this one: on the plane home from Arkansas last month, the two stewardesses onboard went goo goo over Adam. Sometime during the flight, while one of the girls served Adam an ice cold beverage, the other one – the gorgeous one – was watching him; she swooned at him and lovingly thumped her fist on her bosom to the beat of her heart, signaling her desire. Grinder took it all in stride, scrawling his phone number on a cocktail napkin and slipping it to the young lady.

Sure, that's only two examples, but Adam swears he gets the same results wherever he goes. If there is a woman in the room, he claims, she will turn her head and look, if not stare at him. What, is he cocky? Delusional? How can he be so sure all the women want him?

"I just know. I'm a big dude, curly hair, tattoos. Blessed with good looks. People notice me. You don't see a lot of guys like me who walk into a bar or restaurant with my head held up, total confidence. Not a lot of guys out there that do that."

Adam has to turn some of them away, even the gorgeous ones. Just the other night he was at a posh bar in Kirkland, drinking with buddies. As he was walking to the restroom, a sexy blonde brushed up against him and hissed in his ear, "You know what I wanna do?"

Fortunately for her sake, he refused. He told her straight up, "No, honey. I'm not even gonna put you through it. You will fall in love with this guy," and he points at himself. "You would fall in love with me." She walked off in a huff, and being the softie that he is, Adam chased her down on the sidewalk and got her number. But did he call?

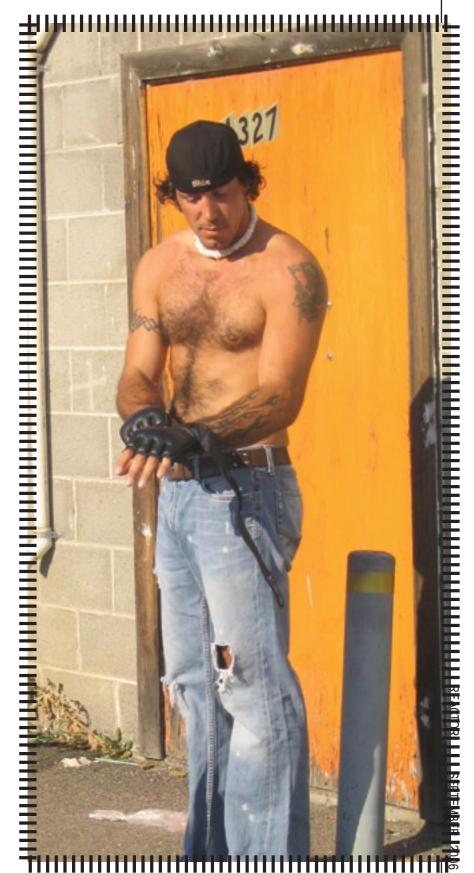
One thing you'll notice from these Casanova tales is that Adam is taking names and numbers, but not much else. He's just going through the motions. Come to think of it, he hasn't been in a good fight lately, either. In fact, the last scrap he got into was with his cousin Tony: they were drunk and Adam got his head cracked open on the pavement of some tavern parking lot, had to airlift him to Harborview for treatment.

It's beginning to sound like all the blows to the head have brought on Adam's mid-life crisis a little bit early, but the fact is, Adam finally got his own heart broke. You see, there was quite a lull in all that bruising and carousing. Adam actually settled down, so to speak, for a few years, learned a trade, got married, had kids, mellowed out. His priorities shifted from being a bad ass to being a man. Adam became friends with his father and younger sister, but as if by fate, Adam took on large construction jobs that had him out of town a lot, where the opportunity to ball and brawl was overwhelming. Adam hung in there, but like so many marriages do, his fell apart.

A single man again, Adam faced a few more years alone as The Gigolo, skating from job to job, bonking heads with other alpha males, squandering his union wages. Something was different, though: as a family man, Adam had experienced a taste of contentment which he had come to crave. One day, 1.5 years ago, Adam was finally in the right place at the right time. He fell in love with a beautiful young woman, C., and his whole life changed.

"Finally a chic who wouldn't bow down to me," Adam says. "She's stubborn as hell."

C. nurtured Adam's strengths – hard work, big heart, charismatic – and went about wiping clean his shortcomings – drinking, whoring, street fighting. Most likely she saw in Adam his full potential as a man; and so stubborn as she was, she didn't try to bleed him of his brawling habit altogether.



Reactor: Are there any disputes that fighting can't resolve? Adam: What do you mean? What kind of question is that?

With C.'s encouragement, Adam Grinder decided he was going to satisfy his God-given talents through Ultimate Fighting Championship. Up to this point, Adam had fought in a few Tough Man competitions in the area, but never met his match. But now he began to train seriously in mixed martial arts, particularly Brazilian Jiu Jitsu, and has recently thrown his hat into fancier rings and fighting for money.

In June, Wild Horse Casino and Resort hosted a Sport Fight mixed martial arts tournament. Right there on the sprawling casino lawn, the organizers set up a raised boxing ring, then surrounded it with rows of chairs, bleachers and a beer garden. At \$25/ticket, it really was a bourgeois affair, and a successful one at that. Five hundred people stood there or sat there in the full sun watching the fights. Adam fought in the first match. He glided through the crowd, climbed the ring and slipped between the ropes. When the bell rang, Adam went to work. He threw his rock solid opponent flat on his back and pounded him senseless. Meanwhile, C. was front row – "Rip his fing head off!"

Adam Grinder had gone legit: a one-woman-man, a prize fighter. The hero's dragon had materialized into an obstinate and beautiful woman who demanded the best of him, and wholly praised what he did best: ground and pound.

"Easy come, easy go," Adam says.

Within a month of his Pendleton victory, Adam cracked his head open in a drunken fight with his cousin. His doctor, having examined Adam's brain, warned him that if he continued getting hit in the head, he would likely be paralyzed or killed. Bad news for a cage fighter.

But this was just the icing on the cake. As of late, C. had been turning on him. "You're going nowhere in life," she told him. "You're going to end up dead." He was losing his lover and his cheerleader, the two things Adam wants most, and he was losing his ball breaker, the one thing he needed most, and all of his needs were sadly wrapped into one woman, and she didn't love Adam anymore.

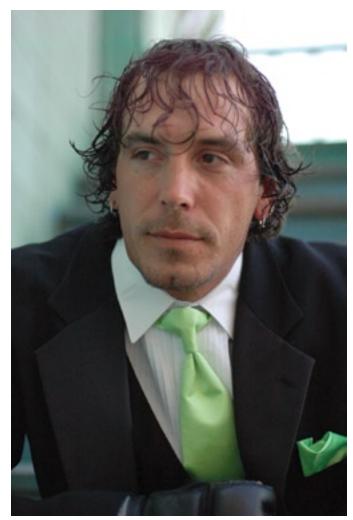
And that is where we find Adam today: chasing gravy ironworker jobs and training for the UFC, no women, just Adam, again, against the big bad world. At this moment he weighs 210, but he's beefing up to 240 to fight heavyweight. Two more amateur wins and he qualifies for the UFC. He is thirty-years-old.

"I want to take it up a level, to the UFC. I want to be on TV. I want that belt."

Over the month that this story was written, Adam's esteem toward C. has truly withered. And over that month, as Adam and the author try to decide on "the moral of the story," it becomes clear: Adam is a lady's man in a cage fighter's body, a valiant prince born a small town hood, a runner and a fighter, a winner and a loser. Adam wants it all.

"I'm a survivor," he says. "I made a name for myself...I don't know if it was a good one. I hurt a lot of people, burned a lot of bridges. I'm searching for greatness and redemption."

(Adam thanks everyone who <u>truly</u> loved him. He apologizes to those he has hurt. He dedicates his future accomplishments to Taylor, Dawson and Dallon.)



just Adam

Q & A

Reactor: How many fights have you been in?

Adam Grinder: Ballpark? A couple hundred.

Reactor: What makes you a good fighter

Adam: Like anything else, practice makes perfect. I've had a lot of practice.

Reactor: How do you hit?

Grinder: I'll throw a couple upper cuts if I have to. Mostly just jabs. I throw a mean jab. Usually in the face. The temple. I try to hit 'em in the head.

Reactor: What are your best moves/techniques?

Grinder: Grab and pound, man. Besides my wrestling skills, I like to grab you and pound away.

Reactor: wins/losses?

Adam: Honestly? I've never lost.

Reactor: Have you ever beaten someone bigger than you? How?

Adam: Size don't matter. It's flipping a switch. It's that killer instinct. You're either going to kill him or he's going to kill you. That's how it is.

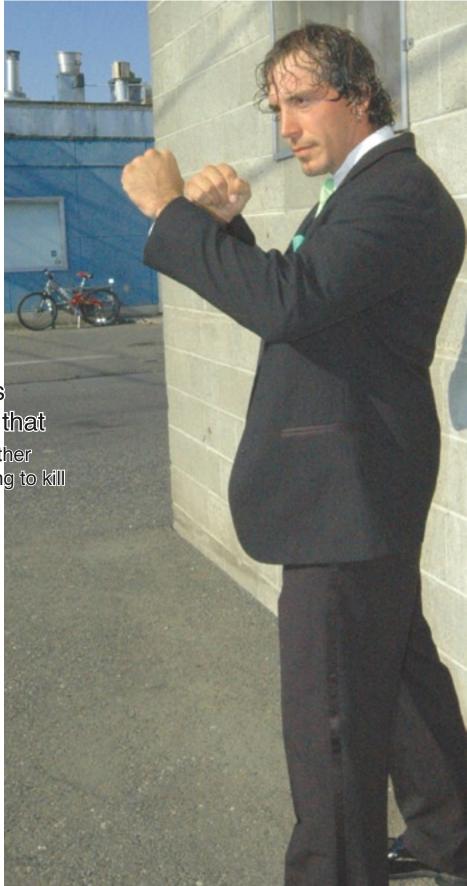
Reactor: Have you fought against someone with a weapon when you didn't have one?

Grinder: I've been beat with bats, crow bars, billy clubs, sticks, rocks. You name it. I've been hit with it. I've hit with them.

Size don't matter. It's flipping a switch. It's that killer instinct. You're either going to kill him or he's going to kill you. That's how it is.

At boat races 4 years ago I took on 8 guys. One guy had a personal vendetta against me, had a couple buddies with him. I started taking them one at a time, but then it was all of them at once. But when the first guy jumped in, this old dude at the park started hitting him with a spatula yelling, "One on one! One on one!" It ended up getting broken up by the cops.

....there was this other good one. A bunch of us went to the rodeo in Bickleton. Me and Shane were in the back of a pickup and all these guys jumped us, just kept coming out of nowhere. We were kickin' and punchin'....





SUBMISSION SHACK

Submission Shack, located on Aileron Rd., near the Columbia Basin Racquet Club, is <u>the</u> place to learn Brazilian Jiu Jitsu (BJJ), a unique martial art fighting style now hugely populuar in the Ultimate Fighting Championship circuit. Developed in Brazil by the Gracie family, this grappling style of self-defense is quick and effective, and if done right can end a physical confrontation within seconds.

BJJ started out as a way for smaller guys to gain some leverage over bigger guys, especially when the fight goes to the ground. Through a few succinct moves, a 120 lb. guy can put a guy twice his size in a complete submission hold, ending the fight without broken fists. Submission Shack instructs in stand-up styles of fighting as well, but because most fights do end up on the ground, grappling is essential to survival.

Owner and head instructor Matt Roberts makes sure everyone is learning the technique, getting a good workout, and having fun. The school is structured, but not intimidating. Students learn submission holds, striking techniques and grappling. They train constantly, repeating the tactics. "Repetition turns into instinct", Matt says.

Submission Shack invites men, women, and children to learn the style. They have classes for kids and adults. It is a good way to build strength, awareness, and confidence, as well as, gain flexibility, a strong cardio-vascular system, and learn all of the fundamentals of Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. The Shack is open for training Monday through Saturday. For more information contact: 554-8978



SEPTEMBER 2006

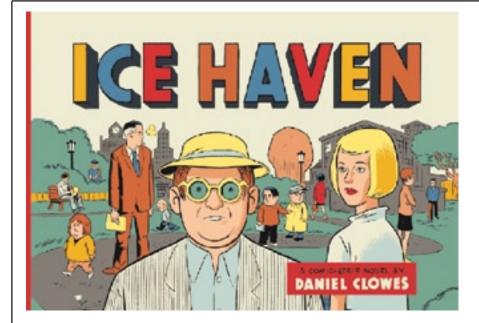
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Broken Spines: A Monthly look at Literature and Lost Classics By Ryan Watkins

Ice Haven By Daniel Clowes

Over the last year, publications like Time and the New York Times have written articles searching for the great authors of the last decade and lamenting the lack of candidates. Overlooked on their lists, and perhaps the best writer of his generation, is Daniel Clowes.

Clowes' work has run the gamut. In his first definitive work "Like A Velvet Glove Cast in Iron", the reader is swept into a Lynch-lan tour de force of psycho-sexuality and underworld intrigue. I can honestly say it is my favorite book to feature an orifice-less dog and carnal relations with a living potato woman.

Clowes is most famous for "Ghost World" (perfectly adapted into film of the same name). Perhaps the closest any recent writer has come to grappling the themes of teenage alienation since J.D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye." Clowes' high water mark, however, is "David Boring"; a strange but poignant tale of love as the world ends.

So why is Clowes overlooked? Most likely, because these novels are comic books. In recent years, comic books have gained credence in literary circles. Writers and artists like Alan Moore and Frank Miller turned the adolescent fantasy play of superheroes into darker, grittier, more adult fare in 80's. Underground fare like Peter Bagge's "Hate" and Harvey Pekar's "American Splendor" have used the medium to document the absurdity of everyday life. Despite the strong cult following and critical acclaim, comics remain ugly stepchild of modern literature.

Clowes, for his part, seems to be bothered little by his place in the literary margins. In his most recent work, "Ice Haven," he playfully laments this misunderstood forum. The book opens with Harry Naybors, a Comic Book Reviewer giving an academic justification of the medium, then decides that perhaps the label of comic books should be replaced with "Narroglyphic Picto-Assemblage".

"Ice Haven," however is not treatise on Comics, but instead a new visit to the ghost worlds of suburbia; the small lives that haunt homes behind closed doors. Set in a small town against the backdrop of a recent kidnapping; we meet the locals through a series of connected vignettes.

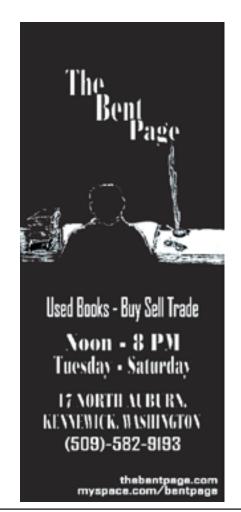
The residents of Ice Haven are each an example of loneliness and the desperate search for approval and acceptance. Local poet, Random Wilder's nostalgia for a non-existent golden age of the past leads to passive aggressive (and some simply aggressive) attacks against his neighbors. Teenager, Amy Van Der Platz, escapes her isolation and nightmarish suspicions of her new stepfather by daydreaming of running away with her secret boyfriend. Two young playmates, Charles and Carmichael, one obsessed with murder, the other is filled with filled with fear and sexual jealousy. The cashier at the Mom and Pop store, Kim Lee has such a disdain for the town, he pretends not to speak English.

Clowes portrayal of these characters can be both

dark and humorous, but he never dismissive. Through all the insecurity and sorry states, Clowes gives them a clear voice, perhaps the world may not understand them, but the reader will. The writing is only half of Clowes' brilliance. The artwork bears his distinct style that's been seen on movie posters (Happiness), and record covers. The colors muted, his characters are not drawn with an obtuse and formless style. Beautifully understated; he is master of subtle depiction of imperfection. A perfect synergy between the visual and personality of the character.

This all puts Clowes at the head of a growing list of visionary comic artists (Charles Burns, Chris Ware) who are blending art and literature and giving new life to the medium.

Ryan Watkins is the propieter of Bent Page Used Books located in Downtown Kennewick. He can be reached at thebentpage@charter. net.



REACTOR

It's the Little Moments that Matter

a book review

Wendy Christensen's book of homespun daily affirmations is chock-full of her own recipes for achieving love and happiness. The spiral-bound book by the local author is entitled, "It's the Little Moments that Matter; 26 Simple Steps to Enrich Every Moment of Your Life!" In it, Wendy draws upon her experiences to give practical advice for living.

The book is outlined in 26 chapters, each one represented by a letter of the alphabet. In the first chapter called Act with Love, she advises the reader to experience love by acting lovingly toward others. She even gives specific examples for acting lovingly at the grocery store, such as putting away your grocery cart or letting someone else ahead of you in line. In another chapter, she recommends simplicity, and writes. "For starters – fix an egg salad sandwich". And then, goes on to give her recipe for an egg salad sandwich.

She places emphasis on the little moments of life and how much they matter; things like hugs and hugging. Wendy's sense of humor shines through, especially in the chapter, Wooing, where she recommends keeping the love alive by going to the local thrift store with your loved one and buying outrageous outfits together, then wearing them out to dinner.

Her book begins with action and ends with action, and is an effort of complete sincerity. It took Wendy several years of collecting and recording her thoughts on love, life, family, friends, and God, to bring this book to completion. You can find your own copy wrapped tenderly in a handmade pouch adorned with a single rose at Vintage Treasures in the Uptown Shopping Center.

EVENTS

Kennel Club Dog Show September 21 - October 01, 2006 Kennewick, WA, USA Email: riverwinddachshunds@clearwire.net Info Phone: 5093768991

The Great Prosser Balloon Rally September 22 - September 24, 2006 Prosser, WA, USA Email: kelly@prosserballoonrally.org Website: http://www.prosserballoonrally.org Info Phone: 5097864134 Hot air balloons launch each morning from the Prosser air port Sept. 22-24 (weather permitting) Night Glow show at the Art Fiker Stadium features Hot air balloons anchored and illuminated against the night sky Sept. 23 (weather permitting)

Grapefest September 30, 2006 Kennewick, WA, USA Email: tdalton@downtownkennewick.org Info Phone: 5095827221

Word of the Month

potash |ipätia sh | noun an alkaline potassium compound, esp. potassium carbonate or hydroxide. ORIGIN early 17th cent.: from pot-ashes, from obsolete Dutch potasschen, originally obtained by leaching vegetable ashes and evaporating the solution in iron pots.

Passeggiata -

What is it, and how do you pronounce it?

Passeggiata (pronounced pah-she-gee-ah-tah) is an Italian event that encourages an evening stroll. We are borrowing on this tradition locally. After your meal, suggested at one of our local restaurants, window shopping is encouraged or you can sit and chat with friends while being serenaded by singing gondoliers dressed in full Italian costumes. Quaint bistro tables adorned with red and white tablecloths in front of participating business, draw visitors along while they sip their espresso or other treats. Singers and other musicians provide music featuring well known Italian favorites that will have you humming long after your visit. New lyrics have been composed and combined with old familiar songs to highlight the event. Top off the evening with a family movie provided by the Richland Library staff. The outdoor movie is located next to the fountain on The Parkway - so it's best to bring a blanket.

The first Passeggiata took place on August 7 and the response was very positive. DawnAnn Johnson, owner of Things Worth Keeping on the Parkway, said "These people are good at this Passeggiata thing! They strolled, they saw,

they were seen...they are telling their friends and coming back next time! It was quite the party atmosphere".

Passeggiata, held the first Friday of each month, includes businesses at The Richland Parkway, as well as Westgate Center and Tri-Art Gallery on Van Giesen. Pick up a map at any participating businesses or go to www.threeriversarts.org. You can also call 946-8160.

2006

THE REACH MUSEUM

The Flashcube building, the Blue Bridge, the Playground of Dreams – are these the structural landmarks defining the Tri-Cities? Perhaps, but in a few years the Tri-Cities will be able to showcase and celebrate its identity through a modern museum, known as the Hanford Reach Interpretive Center Museum, or "The Reach" for short. Its purpose will be to educate and exhibit the history, prehistory, cultures, plant and animal life, and geography of the area. Although, the project is still being developed, the location for the museum has been chosen and the facility has been thoughtfully designed, both inside and out.

The site for the Reach museum is Columbia Point South, and is like a living testimony to the museum itself. Existing at the confluence of the Yakima and Columbia Rivers, this particular site was chosen because it felt most central to the Tri-Cities. The Point is a beautiful, 116-acre expanse of grass and wetlands with its own history and geographic importance, especially to local Native Americans. Of the 116 acres, only 4 would be devoted to the Reach, with the rest being preserved and restored to its native flora and fauna, with a few trails leading down to the water. The land is owned by the City of Richland, and in the mind of museum supporters; it is better the land be kept for public use rather than scourged by greedy developers.

The ground at Columbia Point is fragile made up mostly of cobbles and gravel. Reactor was

able to speak with Ron Hicks, project manager for the Reach. He believes because of the Point's rockiness, it is an unlikely place for burial grounds. This is a topic of sensitivity with the project. Archaeological discoveries point to the significance of this region in Native American history, and the unearthed burials at the Chamna Golf Course (not far from Columbian Point South) have proven that fact. However, according to Hicks, a survey using ground penetrating radar detected no human remains at the Point. Still, the museum will be built on fill dirt, and Reach designers will take care not to disturb the land.

The Museum will be a 61,000 square foot facility designed by architects, Jones and Jones; the same team who designed the National American Indian Museum at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C. The designers spent several days surveying the Tri-Cities area, and assembling the drawings. The style and look they came up with is popular in the Northwest; resembling a ski lodge with sharp geometric angles shaped by various structural slabs and timbers. It is very different from the Smithsonian structure and more similar to Anthony's Home Port Restaurant.

The front of the interpretive center will open into a great hall. From there, visitors will be ushered into the White Bluffs Theatre where they will find themselves completely surrounded by images showing the entire geological history of the region. The film will be projected on the ceiling, walls, and floor to give the viewer a sense of complete immersion. Afterward, visitors can explore the 4 main galleries, each one showcasing a specific historical aspect of the Tri-Cities area.

The Living Land Gallery will feature plant and animal life, as well as, the historical significance and long-time livelihood of Native Americans in this region. In a conversation with Reactor, Armand Minthorn, spokesperson for the Umatilla Reservation, mentions the anticipated involvement of the Tamastslikt Cultural Institute, who will help to interpret Native American history and pre-history for the gallery.

The largest of the four galleries featured at the Reach will be The Land Transformed Gallery. It will recount the more immediate history of the Tri-Cities, with a large portion of this gallery devoted to B Reactor – the world's first nuclear reactor. Like the Umatilla, members of the B Reactor Museum Association, will contribute 3-D models and their expertise on the subject.

The Reach Museum anticipates 30,000 visitors each year that will come to be entertained and learn more about the Tri-Cities from the Ice Age Floods to Plutonium 101 (one of the permanent installations). Fundraising for the project is the final big step, with groundbreaking not slated until 2008, and 18 months of construction to follow. In this fast-growing community dissected by highways, rivers, county lines, and history, having a museum of this caliber may prove to be a binding thread.





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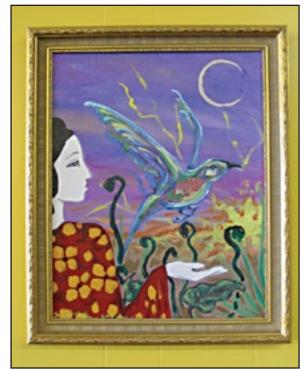
Jessica Frost Featured Artist

By Alethea Hall

The moon, the sun, and a solo female figure are depicted in almost every vibrantly-colored painting in a series by local artist Jessica Frost. The series can be found on display at Von Gogh's Piano Shop in downtown Kennewick. Step into the shop and your eyes will be immediately drawn to the handsome and austere grand pianos lined up side-by-side, each one commanding your respect. But relax your gaze, your mind and you notice something colorful and sweet adorning the golden-yellow walls. These are the paintings by Frost. And, like a songbird, the series is a natural and unassuming accompaniment to the grand pianos.

Just as unassuming as her paintings, is Jessica herself. Now 28 years old, she has been on her own since age 14. As a self-taught artist, she has been drawing since she can remember. Eleven years ago the artist felt compelled to pick up a brush and acrylic paints. She enjoys expressing herself through the use of paint, and confesses to approaching the canvas with a color and a feeling in mind, not knowing what will become of them by the time the painting is finished. This may explain why her paintings are strongly surreal, with rich contrasting colors.

The betting room at the Sports Page Tavern in downtown Kennewick seems like an unlikely place for an artist, yet that is where you will find Jessica Frost. She waits tables and tends bar to support her and her family. Jessica and her son moved to the Tri-Cities from Port Orchard, WA two years ago to help take care of her mother and sick



"The Light of Dawn"



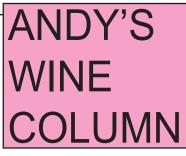
"Mista Whiskas"

grandmother. Like many artists, she creates to escape the quagmire of every day life, and in the process, gives the world some insight on the human condition. Many people can easily identify with the stories she tells through her paintings. In one of her paintings, "Life Is What I Make It", the scene depicts a solitary, goddess-like figure sitting on the edge of a fountain in what could be a Greek garden. The images are expansive and sensual, yet cool, giving the viewer a sense of peace and liberation.

Whether it is painting, writing, sewing, or drawing Jessica says she always has to be creating - it is what makes her life complete. She derives most of her inspiration from images in her mind, but does find the work of Frida Kahlo to be beautiful and courageous. Currently, Jessica is working to capture the landscape of this area, so different from that of Port Orchard. Come this fall, she will be attending CBC, but hopes to find time to paint the velvety-softness of the surrounding hills and the orchards near Vantage, which she finds especially beautiful. Her current series can be viewed at Von Gogh's throughout the month of September. For more information contact her by email: jessikafrost@aol.com



Jessica Frost



by Andy Plymale

Recent Tastings of Note

Helix 2003 Pomatia (Columbia Valley, \$20) - From Reininger Winery's Helix label, this cabernet-merlot blend with 16% syrah was sourced from grapes from Walla Walla and elsewhere. This is a rich wine that belies it's price tag -- an excellent value, and a cute snail on the label (the French escargo snail, Helix Pomatia). Production: approximately 2,000 cases.

Alexandria Nicole 2004 Grenache (Horse Heaven Hills, \$30) - From Alexandria Nicole's Destiny Ridge vineyard estate-grown grapes, this unusual varietal gets one's attention with it's black-pepper overtones and mineral finish. Think red meat. www.alexandrianicolecellars.com

Morrison Lane 2003 Barbera (Walla Walla Valley, \$24) - An excellent Italian varietal from an up-and-coming vineyard-turned-winery. Only 100 cases were produced, so don't deliberate. When in Walla Walla, stop by the funky/ artsy Morrison Lane tasting room, in the old hotel adjacent to the swanky 26 Brix restaurant. www.morrisonlane.com

Places to Go

Katya's Bistro & Wine Bar, George Washington Way at Bradley Landing, Richland. Katya's is a great place to discover great new wines without taking a day trip to Walla Walla. Grab a seat at the bar and see what's being poured by the glass. Phone 946-7777.

Tagaris Winery, restaurant, and patio bistro, Tulip Lane, near the intersection of 182 and Queensgate. The "Taverna" restaurant is a bit pricey, but more economical fare can be had on the patio, which houses a large grill offering kabobs and so forth. A distinguishing offering at Tagaris is year-round barrell tasting, with new releases served directly from the barrell by the glass or by the pitcher. Live music weekends. (Inquire about plate smashing.) www.tagariswines.com

Going Vertical! September 1-4 (Labor Day weekend). Vertical tastings at select Yakima Valley and Red Mountain wineries. www.wineyakimavalley.org

Catch the Crush, September 23-24. Celebrate the fall harvest at Columbia Valley wineries with live music, food, juice tastings, etc. www.columbiavalleywine.com

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EAGER IS MY DESIRE





D.L. NOBLE GUITARS

by Nathan Shoemaker

On a brisk Sunday afternoon, I was invited to leisurely loft about the D.L. Noble guitar custom shop for a few hours with Mr. Duane Noble himself inquiring every aspect of his musical venture. The humble workshop behind his homestead was a virtual wonderland paradise. To an acoustic guitar enthusiast it would be the Baskin Robbins 31flavors at their disposal. Every preferred

tonal wood at our builder's grasp. Any grained tonal flavor of the musical rainbow are here for us, try it be, the quilted maple, Honduras mahogany, Hawaiian Koa, Indian Rosewood, Engelmann spruce, Redwood cedar, and Sitka spruce to top the numerous species on the list. Whatever desired sound the player would acquire was within this shop. The almighty question might be "what is the perfect sounding acoustic guitar?" Well that is subject to the

individual's ear whom asks the question... Mr. Noble's ideal combination is a solid Redwood cedar top with a Madagascar back and sides for a balanced tone.

A genuinely kind and hospitable man, Mr. Noble was right off the bat as he partook in this interview. After conducting the series of questions he left me quite enthralled with the mere notion that I would only have to go as far as Richland, WA to purchase such an exquisite instrument of this calibre to amuse my eardrum.

In 1998, Mr. Noble began as any great luthier might - guided solely by the passion for creating such an instrument of divine musical pleasure. He had been seeking a harp guitar for his collection from other reputable guitar builders throughout the U.S. (which consequently is not as popular an instrument unless you are of the 19th century decent). After meticulous research on the musical device he sought to construct it himself. The harp guitar was displayed majestically within his domicile and I had the pleasure of performing a few chords on it. Humbled by its craftsmanship, I held onto it like it was an artifact of an ancient era.

Since Mr. Noble's first creation, he has found solace in constructing guitars and has built four other body styles which are much more popular in this current era of acoustic guitar playing. Mr. Noble not only builds a harp guitar but a Baritone guitar (down-tuned 6-string type), a grand concert (smaller bodied), a dreadnaught (standard acoustic), and a parlor guitar (a half-sized guitar) all of which serve a purpose in the scheme of so many varieties of guitar music from finger picking to jazz to folk to flamenco to experimental. All walks of life can pass through this custom shop with their requests.

And how does a mere mortal learn how to build such creations? From a fellow luthier or through an apprenticeship? Consequently it was only by way of book smarts on the subject. He did also become

a member of Guild of American Luthiers, the Association of Stringed Instrument Artists and he does attend the appropriate conventions that are held annually.

Having initially answered to building a harp-guitar, I questioned further into

style it's well balanced. With the baritone (tuned lower than E standard tuning), it is 16" bout which allows for more bass projection and more interior space and acoustic volume... Now as for the small concert... the story goes, I had this fabulous piece of walnut that was six inches wide. Well, gee, I'll build a parlor guitar out of this. And that was the only reason but I kept the schematic for that particular guitar. A 12" lower bout, a single ought, and to get rid of that "plunky" tone and give it that sparkly upper mid sound. For a gentleman that plays a lot of jazz doesn't necessarily want a guitar that needs a lot of sustain because they just want to attain those quick little runs. And that in a nutshell is why I only have the four models... I cover the entire basis for a guitarist's requirements."

the construction of the following models: a dreadnaught, a baritone, a small

concert 12 and a small jumbo as listed on his website, www.dlnobleguitars.

com. Mr. Noble leapt into the anticipated answer. "The small jumbo-l've

always liked the body style, it's comfortable to perform on. Due to the body

During his first guitar project, what really spurred him along was the two-handed technique on the finger board as performed by local legends, Carl Tosten and Michael Hedges; a finger style that Mr. Noble himself acquired over many years of playing. Of course, it is all over the map that he builds, and takes requests for longer andshorter, wider and thin fret boards. It fulfils him to have variety. He is not punching out the same guitar every single order. Whatever neck profile the performer wants, he can cater to. He, after all, has a neck jig and can spec out to the particular player's profile as they might request.

But then again, Mr. Noble occasionally likes to build what he prefers. About half of what he builds is noncommissioned and what ever does not sell on his website he takes to reputable guitar shops such as Dusty Strings in Seattle, and more locally, Music Machine in downtown Kennewick WA. Where they can be viewed and played more intimately. These two outfits always welcome whatever he brings in... It is, after all, conceivable that the

individual player might not be able to find his crafted acoustic guitar anywhere else in the world.

With the many variables involved and however many details we may add to a single instrument for its construction, there are many man-hours involved. Well this does account for everything including the making of all carves, the scalloped bracing and curfling lines. For the more ornate commissioned instruments Mr. Noble does his own inlay work on the headstock and fret board. The guitar building to the finishing process is approximately 120 hours... Wow, that is a lot of hours! The finishing touch to a well-crafted acoustic musical instrument is a thin coat of nitro cellulose lacquer.

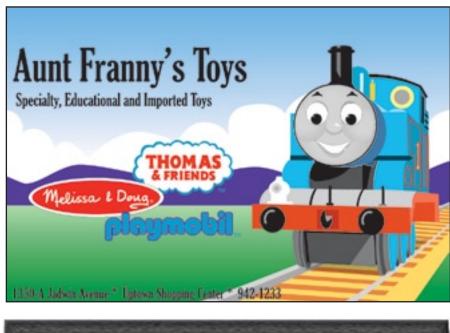




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It allows the guitar to age appropriately and lets the combined woods open up over time, which will sound so wondrously as the years progress.

Having designed the four basic models of D.L. Guitars for the world to lavish, there is, as he stated, a sense of gratification and with that comes the sagacity knowing that others are playing on these guitars out there across the US and Canada. So how can one obtain one of these finely crafted acoustic instruments? Well, just email Mr. Noble through www.dlnobleguitars.com. He can customize your acoustic guitar to however you desire; the wood combinations for tonal desire, as well as, the ornate inlay work that you might see fit for a masterpiece of your very own.



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Rock, Rock, Rock, Rock, Rock and Roll Day Camp!!!



"Sleeping bag?" "Check!" "Bug spray?" "Check!" "Marshall half stack?" "Check!" Okay, now we're read

Okay, now we're ready to head to summer camp, but not just any summer camp mind you. This is "Rock and Roll Camp," from the heart of Eastern Oregon. You heard right. Rock-and-Roll-Camp!!! And we're not talking 'bout singing Kumbaya round a weenie roast fire here either.

Teenagers and musicians from across the northwest descended upon our friendly neighbors to the south in Pendleton, Oregon for a week full of music lessons, jam sessions, concerts, and aspects of do-it-yourself music culture know how. Held at the Pendleton Arts Center, from August 7th to the 11th, it was the brain child of northwest art guru Peter Walters and education director Liz Scheeler. Best of all, it was free.

The orientation on Monday night consisted of a performance by local Pendleton post-hardcore rockers Ex-Post Delay, a songwriters round/ discussion featuring Hoptow (a.k.a. Rian Beach, also from Pendleton) and Kind Of Like Spitting (better known as Ben Barnett from Portland) and free pizza for all.

"We never had anything like this growing up," said Rian Beach while addressing the audience from on stage. "It's nice for these kids because they are getting such a leg up on what to do. Getting structure. Not that rock and roll necessarily goes along with structure..."

Not your usual summer camp, eh?

Each day consisted of a morning session of instrument tutorials, ranging from guitar to bass, keyboards, vocals, and percussion, then another session devoted to subjects like how to make promotional fliers and even song writing hosted by Barnett. "It was more of an open discussion on songwriting," said he, "like how there's no wrong way to write a song, and how you should always keep a journal." After a lunch break the kids were encourage to form rock bands of their own and practice for the rest of the day, receiving input from which ever councilors were available to them. By Tuesday afternoon most of the campers had assembled into groups that ranged from a shred metal outfit to a twee-pop girl group.

Thursday, Portland neo-shoe gazers Point Juncture, WA (I already looked it up on the map, it doesn't exist, don't even try) made an appearance to lend a hand. Vibraphonist/keyboardist Victor Nash assisted in teaching stenciling, a spray painting technique that was used to create the artwork for the two records that PJWA self produced. "We're really into the arts and crafts aspect of music," says drummer Amanda Spring who also assisted with the percussion workshop. Guitarist/singer Skyler Norwood, who also operates Miracle Lake Studios in Camus, WA was on hand to introduce the budding rockers in recording techniques.

The week was wrapped up with a Friday concert with performances by the campers and councilors. The campers were

so involved that they even produced and distributed concert fliers and operated the lighting system. PJWA also threw together a recording set up to document the event. From the opening act of two campers performing a Weird Al cover tune, to Ben Barnett's captivating solo performance, to PJWA's gorgeous finale, the smiles on the faces of the councilors, campers and their parents proved the week to be a big hit.

A few days later Peter Walters was finally able to breathe a sigh of relief after a stressful summer of organizing such an action packed week. "It was a big success for everyone; the campers had a great time, got plenty of great experience and hopefully formed bands that will last them for awhile. Even the bands that volunteered enjoyed themselves immensely. Point Juncture, WA played a concert a few nights later and made it a point to brag to the audience about how great the camp was."

Could something like this happen in the Tri-Cities? Says Walters, "it could happen anywhere there are kids running around with electric guitars."

You can check out the aforementioned bands @:

Point Juncture, WA: www.pointjuncturewa.com Kind Of Like Spitting: www.myspace.com/wehaveacrushonamygoodman Ex-Post Delay: myspace.com/expostdelay Hoptow: myspace.com/hoptow



www.reactormag.com



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SEPTEMBER

2006

LOCAL LIVE MUSIC September 2006

Bookwalter Winery

bookwalterwines.com

Tuscany Lounge

Every Thursday at 7: Smoke & Mirrors (open jam)

Dax's Bar and Grill,

Every Thursday : Duncan Pryce : Jam Nite : 8-12 9/8 - 9/12: End of Summer Outdoor Celebration 9/8: Too Slim & the Tail Draggers: 8pm 9/9: Local Music

Parkade Bar and Grill - Kenn.

Every Wednesday: Open Mic w/ Tom Gnoza: 8pm

<u>Uptown Bar and Grill</u>

Every Tuesday: Open Mic w/ Tom Gnoza 8-11

<u>Kimo's</u>

9/2 : Chris Beard 9/15 : Junkyard Jane 9/16 : Colorblind 9/30 : Cheap Thrillz

<u>Tagaris</u>

9/1, 9/2: Doug Rice: 7-10 9/8 : Rachel Bade: 8-10 9/9 : Rachel Bade: 7-10 9/15, 9/16: Eddie & Café Blanco: 7-10 9/22, 9/23: Eddie & Café Blanco: 7-10 9/29 : Rachel Bade : 8-10 9/30 : Rachel Bade: 7-10

<u>Atomic Ale</u>

9/4 : Manchester (British Indy Folk Rock) 9/11 : TBA 9/18 : Romagossa Blu 9/25 : Badger Mountain Dry Band

SEPTEMBER						
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

CLUB LISTINGS

Dax's 1004 Lee Blvd, 946.4884

Coffee Guy Café 1257 Guyer Ave, 308.1930

Ivory Jazz 101 W. Kennewick Ave 586.4855

Atomic Ale 1015 Lee Blvd, 946.5465

Kimo's 2696 Col. Ctr. Blvd 783.5747

Ray's Golden Lion 1353 G.W. Way, 946.0606

321 Artspace 321 W. Kennewick Ave

Two Bits & A Bite 1424 Jadwin, 946.0505

Ray's Golden Lion

atomiccityrecords.com

9/14 : Punk Show : 9pm NO MEANS NO THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS

9/16 : Punk Show : 9pm : \$7 DEK THE MECHANICAL DOLLS THE ALL NIGHTERS

9/29 : Hardcore Show : 9pm : \$7 TAKEOVER CESTUS

9/30 : Rock/Punk Show : 9pm : \$7 THE RUBY DOE BLACK EYES AND THE NECKTIES

> 10/7 : Punk/Hardcore Show : 9pm : \$7 800 OCTANE

321 www.funkytonkrecords.com TBA Tuscany Grill & Lounge 1515 G.W. Way, 946-4121

Bookwalter Winery 894 Tulip Lane, 627.5000

Ty's 3880 Van Giesen, 967.3896

Uptown 1373 G.W. Way, 946.5330

Battelle Auditorium Battelle Campus 943.ARTS

Targaris Winery 844 Tulip Lane, 628-0020

Jack•sons 99 Lee Blvd. 946-8118

Club Paradise 2588 Col Ctr Blvd 737-0020

Red Lion Hotel 1101 Columbia Center, 783-0611



Advertise your band or venue here! 735-9111

SEPTEMBER 2006

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MUSIC FOR HIRE Local Band and Solo Artists Directory

- Black Cat Bone : D.B. Sticks Thompson : 946-1744
- Blue Is Cold : John Reed : 308-0552
- Cheap Thrillz : Delroy, 366-0607
- Colorblind : Buddy : 308-2514
- Duncan Pryce Band : 539-2355
- Jami Cooper : 947-1513
- Retread : Gus : 946-5292
- Romagossa Blu : Steve Cary : 366-6682
- The Shades : Bobby Nelson : 948-5877
- Vaughn Jensen Trio : Boone : 783-8743
- VooDoo Alley : Brian Tucker : 430-7062

To join this directory, please email word@reactormag.com cc: duncanpryce@charter.net



TOM GNOZA

V ou may have seen him in Dax's Downtown Tavern fronting his band Uncle Dirt Nap, spitting Tom Waits' "Jockey Full Of Bourbon" over a raging crowd of Friday night barflies. Maybe you caught him leading a rousing Irish pub song at the Parkade Bar and Grill on the open mic night he hosts. No matter where you saw him, Tom Gnoza is unmistakable in his pork pie hat, firey red goatee, and music that he plays. John Reed and I were able to track Tom down at the Uptown Tavern on a Monday afternoon to get to know him over a round of Cokes.

James Dean Kindle: So I understand you're a Tri-Cities native?

Tom Gnonza: I was born here in 65.

JDK: And are you the first musician in your family?

TG: No, I come from a musical family. My grandparents Hank and Betty DeMeyer moved out here when Richland was still called the Hanford Project. During the 40's and 50's they played in a band called the Stardust Trio; my grandfather played the drums and sang and a my grandmother played piano and sang a little. Around that time Hank Williams was really popular so everybody else was playing that kind of music. My grandparents were the only ones playing jazz so they got pretty popular around here. And of course my mom is a singer and into theater around here. So there are three generations of musicians around here.

JDK: How did you start playing the music you do now?

TG: That kinda came out of playing on the street in Seattle. I always loved the Dylan stuff with the acoustic guitar and harmonica. I always loved it but I never really incorporated it into any of my bands at the time. I was in a punk band in Seattle in the 80's called Thin Men, then another called Red Skeleton.

If didn't have a band I just had to play so I'd get up and play on the street. Nickels and dimes, ya know. It was like a fix I needed to have everyday. But at one point I was so poor I didn't even have cigarette money. Women would walk by with their little kids, dance around, giving their kid a dollar to run up and throw in my case. It was a great time. So I'd wake up in the morning, play till I had ten or twenty bucks, go get coffee and cigarettes and go about my day.

Around 94 I left my punk band because I was fed up with guitars. My friend Adam up there had a piano. It was this cool Roland electric piano like what Ray Charles played. We just clicked musically and have been best friends ever since. Miraculously he transferred down here for his job. I was still living in Seattle playing on the street at the time so I came back down here to form Uncle Dirt Nap about a year and a half ago and started doing open mics.

JDK: Was there much of an open mic scene when you came back here?

TG: Well there was only one which was at Dax's. Duncan Price who hosted it just took me under his wing and let me play there alot. Gave me the exposure that I needed to start running these ones. It's pretty cool. I owe him a favor for that one.



Tri-City native and lifetime musician, Tom Gnoza

JDK: Are your open mics like what you'd find in Seattle?

Not at all. Up in Seattle you get like three songs and that's it, you're done. And you really don't wanna go play covers. Over here, everybody gets 15 to 20 minutes depending on how good you are, your skill level and how many songs you have. Plus we get alot of new talent. It's great watching young artists evolve. They come on stage their first night with their knees shaking but after about six months they're right at home.

JDK: Hosting open mics is always something you wanted to do isn't it?

TG: Yeah. It kinda goes back to me being a Dylan freak. That's how he started playing these little hootenany jams where everyone would get together, swap song, drink, and play music all night. Playin' with the likes of Pete Seeger. I'd love to swap songs with him.

JDK: Swapped any songs with anyone around here?

TG: I've written with a couple guys around here. Duncan and I have been writting songs. I've also been writing songs with Jimmy and Adam, my band mates from Uncle Dirt Nap. As long as we three are alive we will always be Uncle Dirt Nap.

You can catch Tom's open mic nights at the Uptown Tavern in Richland on Tuesdays from 8 to 12, and at The Parkade Bar And Grill in Kennewick on Wednesdays from 8 to 12. Be sure to bring your guitars, voices, saxophones, basses, or whatever you have. You'll be happy you did.

RICARDO

Ricardo Gutierrez There is a Man Funkytonk Records 2006

22-year-old Ricardo Gutierrez's new LP, *There is a Man*, is 17 tracks loaded with energy and beauty. Ricardo draws from a deep well of creative influence, so it would sell him short to say, "Ricardo sounds more like the Beatles than Oasis ever did." (And by Beatles, we're talking post-*Revolver*.) But what Ricardo has that both of them lack is American grit. In the best sense of the word, the songs are gritty.

Ricardo's musical style is diverse and often sophisticated; ranging from Elliot Smith-esque love ballads to Ween-like howling (which Ricardo excels at.) Though he recruited other excellent musicians to sit in on the recordings, i.e. Joel Watrous and Andrew Zillar, the album also features songs where Ricardo performs all the tracks - guitar, bass, drums, piano, organ and vocals.

If you missed his performance at the Benton Franklin County Fair last month, watch out for little at 321. Above all else, go to Hastings right now and pick up your own copy of *There is a Man* before they are all sold out and before Ricardo is a big star.





When Choosing Where To Advertise, Know The Indisputable FACTS ABOUT TRI-CITIES PHONEBOOKS,



FACT The Mid-Columbia Directory is the Only Locally Owned & Operated Tri-Cities Area Phonebook. Being a local business means local service & attention to detail. There's a reason the Mid-Columbia Directory is the most complete directory in the market.

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