

No more fellas for Ella's: a legacy dies



Nichole Sheppard / Staff Photographer

Spokane's jazz club, Ella's Supper Club, is closing.

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Usually Ella's Supper Club, located in the Odd Fellows building on First Avenue, was alive with a special downtown vibe, being the area's only venue dedicated solely to jazz and the culture associated with it. With old movies being screened on the side of the Fox Theater, exceptional drinks, dinner, and a uniquely warm atmosphere, Ella's Supper Club truly stood out as a Spokane rarity.

The music at Ella's Supper Club is what makes it most unique. Already the only jazz club in Spokane, the venue draws musicians from local high schools and colleges, and also seasoned performers from the Inland Northwest. More famous acts, such as Sid Jacobs and Jimmy Bruno, have also graced Ella's with their shows.

Today, a somber mood of mourning fills the air. Signs up the towering staircase read "Yes! Ella's is open for goodbyes!" It is a final farewell to the establishment that has shown Spokane the more sophisticated side of music.

Ella's Supper Club and CenterStage needed to raise \$40,000 by the end of August, but in order to stay operational through January, \$125,000 had to be made.

"Maybe the miracle stork will come bombing down with a bundle of cash!" Leslie Ann Grove, music director, said.

Although a daunting task, the community rose to the occasion in attempts to keep Ella's Supper Club alive. CenterStage's landlords offered rent abatement, and small donations filtered in. Another generous offer was made by Washington Trust Bank, who have pledged \$10,000 if Ella's Supper Club could generate enough money.

However, the future still looks dim for

Spokane jazz.

The demise of Ella's Supper Club was not an unforeseen event, despite the shock which has surrounded the incident. A sign of early stress was that no events were booked in the Grand Ballroom for July. Since the future of the establishment is murky, events planned for September and October have also been canceled, leaving a shortage of incoming money. CenterStage has historically had trouble raising sufficient funds for its lease from Spokane Partners LLC, making CenterStage and Ella's Supper Club truly non-profit.

Not only does this mean another spot off the map for Spokane, it also means the closure of a special outlet for talented musicians.

Now there are almost no places for jazz musicians, who slave for hours learning scales and complex chords, to share their passion and joy for jazz music.

"As a musician, I am always sad to see another jazz venue dry up." Ryan Taylor, a recent addition to Spokane's jazz scene, said. "Ella's was a welcoming, supportive, and encouraging venue for jazz musicians to gather, and I think the closure of Ella's sadly reflects the state of jazz in our country at this time... there simply isn't the interest, or support, to keep jazz clubs up and running."

"I think we're seeing an end of a wonderful musical era," he continued. "And the beginning of a new one that doesn't seem to have the patience, respect, nor sophistication... to truly enjoy the music I like to call 'jazz'. My hope is that the younger generation will have the privilege to be awe struck by the sometimes elusive beauty of jazz, just as I was...and that it will inspire them to become ambassadors of this truly great American art form," he added.

The end of an era has been marked.

Summertime... and the music was awesome

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Summer is over—its warmth, laziness, possibility, and lack of school all gone with it. But, as many a sappy song has taught us, the music is never gone.

While summer has departed, the music released over the summer is one way to keep a bit of summer throughout the year. Here's the best of the summer—the music that deserved to blast out of car speakers all over, traveling out windows, through sunroofs, and wherever the summer takes us.

"Fleet Foxes" by Fleet Foxes (5/5)

The angelic voices of Fleet Foxes, a band hailing from Seattle, are their greatest instrument. Their 4 and 5-part harmonies, reverb-laden over acoustic strumming, echo out like calls from ancient ghosts.

Indeed, all of their music sounds ancient, and yet only capable of being produced in this age. The label thrown around often with Fleet Foxes is "baroque pop," but to call it that is to understate the sound they have achieved. Their sound is as indescribable as their wide appeal.

They released their first album, self-titled, through Sub Pop Records this past June to wide acclaim, and for good reason. The album starts small with a little mountain tune sung a cappella, before the guitars swell and drums pound in "Sun Rises." "Sun Rises" fills any room it plays in, while other songs like "Your Protector" are hushed in comparison—a single

voice crying out above a lonely acoustic guitar.

Their versatility is hidden behind a sound so identifiable their songs sometimes seem indistinguishable. But enough listening reveals each song's differences and unique qualities, together combining into the best album of the year yet.

"Með suð í eyrum við spilum endalaust" by Sigur Rós (4/5)

Sigur Rós come from a little further away, namely Iceland. And they sound Icelandic, embracing an earthy, analog quality that celebrates using classical instruments to create modern music.

Sigur Rós embodies the Icelandic spirit best, with full orchestras in many songs blasting out celebratory anthems for their Atlantic kingdom. And they sing in falsetto. This is not the manly music-of-the-eighties falsetto, but more of a castrati-singing-birdsong-on-helium falsetto. Maybe after being punched in the groin, too. Oh, wait. Castrati. Right.

Their newest album's celebratory qualities are not diminished, but the pomp and circumstance with which they are delivered has been dialed down at times. The album's highlight is "Gobbledigook," a song that is catchy enough to become a major hit. As guitar percussively strums and drums pound, the song's name starts to make more sense when the lyrics appear to be, in fact, nothing but gobbledigook. The lyrics aren't quite that (they're Icelandic), but they're not what matters. This album, like previous Sigur Rós albums, is about the bombast. The falsetto

gibberish is just eccentric-icing on the weird-cake.

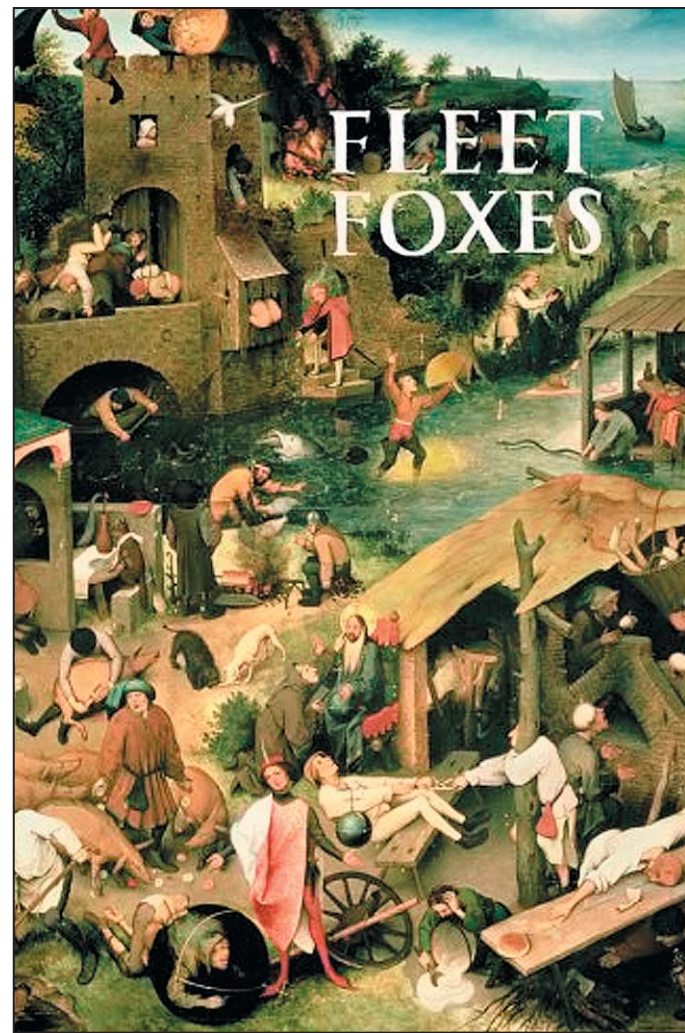
"The Globes" by The Globes (4.5/5)

Formerly For Years Blue, and formerly a high school band, The Globes have finally given us the fruits of their labors since their westward move to Seattle. As a band, they've grown their atmospheric pop into an identifiable and unmistakable sound that's all their own. With the release of their new EP, *The Globes* are finally beginning a long trek from a cute, freckled high school band to a mature, if still young, working band.

The EP kicks off with the guitar-driven "Killers/Saints." It, like most of The Globes's songs, eventually abandons singing altogether and devolves into pure sound. But *The Globes* are no longer using a cookie-cutter template for every song they write. "The Glower," the EP's standout track, keeps things quiet and contemplative, always threatening to swell into something more, but never quite reaching it. What results is a tense and tight song whose open sound allows its intricacies to come to the front—unusual from a band with such a full sound.

The Globes's EP is also notable as the best recording of *The Globes's* songs yet. Finally, given a full studio, *The Globes* can show off their full abilities. They can only hope someone in Seattle is listening.

In "The Glower," Erik Walters sings fitting lyrics: "Somewhere, I'd like to be ... a little glower." It all makes sense—with output like this, *The Globes* are destined to shine.



Lu-ow! That food was hot! Aloha Island Grill never fails to please



Ciara Totten / Staff Photographer

The Aloha Island Grill offers a wide variety of tasty Hawaiian food sure to please all ages.

ERICA AMES
Staff Writer
MEAD

Your mouth waters, you lick your lips and practically taste the sweet tang of teriyaki.

You're beside yourself craving Hawaiian-style chicken. When catching the next flight to Hawaii isn't an option, satisfy your longing with the delectable tastiness of the Aloha Island Grill.

Menu items range from the famous Teriyaki Chicken Rice Bowls (\$4.15) to the frequently over looked Island Prawns (full plate: \$10.50). Serving sizes start at personal half orders and escalate to family style servings of five to ten (\$61.75-\$75.50).

Second time customer Kelly Doty said, "I came on Friday for the first time and am back again on Monday."

Doty enjoys lunch with work associate, Alice Irven.

"Always good, hot and friendly," Irven said. The small, mostly lunch oriented restaurant is on the corner of Monroe and Augusta at 1724 N Monroe Street. The curb appeal is very low and seating is little to none.

The setting includes the honking of busy, arterial bustle. The only seating inside is a two-person table; the rest of the seating is unfortunately outside facing heavy traffic and parking lots.

One bite and this is all made up for. My personal order consisted of the Portabella Mushroom half plate (which is plenty) dripping of heavenly teriyaki sauce, with fresh veggies

and macaroni salad on the side. A large variety of drinks are also available: exotic lemonades such as kiwi and black cherry, along with your basic Pepsi products.

The low atmospheric rating is soon forgotten upon entering the grill. Customers are greeted by the irresistible scent of kalua, teriyaki, and macaroni salad (an island favorite).

Alsogreetingyouatthedoor,arethesmiles of Pat and Lori Keegan, proprietors of the hot lunchspot. With no prior cooking education under their belts, Pat and Lori's first experience with Hawaiian cuisine was buying the Aloha Island Grill.

"We learned how to cook from feeding five hungry kids," Pat said.

Four of the Keegan family kids still work at the restaurant. The family regularly cooks for family reunions and large parties. The food network is a daily favorite in the Keegan household. Pat adds the family likes to experiment with different foods.

"Just last night we tried Sheppard's pie, which was stunningly good in this heat and topped it off with peanut butter and jelly donuts," Pat said.

Pat and Lori work hard and are good at what they do. I don't have to tell you, just ask the multitude of returning customers.

The Aloha Island Grill is in the process of looking for another location. It is open on weekdays 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. and on weekends it closes early at 3 p.m. Call in orders at (509) 327-4270.