



Cascadia Frontier Wrestling Show #4

February 28th

Astoria Elks Lodge #180, Astoria, OR



A night and day of heavy fog on Columbia River and Youngs Bay gave way to bright afternoon sunshine in windy Astoria, Oregon. After being cooped up much of the past week, the town was lively - the breweries and shops that lined their downtown were overflowing with Portlanders, locals and out of towners enjoying this rare chance at February sunshine - ready for Spring to become reality.

The Astoria Elks Lodge is 103 years old this year, opened in 1923 and upon entering, one is met with a sense of real history in Oregon's oldest city and the Fraternal Order's role within. Old portraits line the walls, awards, a few animal heads and an ornate American Renaissance style make the somewhat dilapidated building still feel far too fancy for a Pro Wrestling show.

People trickle in slowly and they hear voices upstairs. Taking the wide wood-and-tile stairs up, the sounds get louder. A local Fort George Brewery vendor, located just down the street, is set up outside the door with a selection of beverages for purchase. Upon entering the top floor meeting hall, it feels different than the last 3 shows. The ring fits in the room, but barely. There doesn't appear to be enough chairs. The crowd is the most mixed it's been. If Portland was something hip, Salem was something for true wrestling fans and Eugene was a bit of a party - this feels like a tradition in the making. The crowd, starved for good live wrestling for 50 years, are ready.

This room, not usually open to public events, has not seen a crowd like this for anything, perhaps in all of its history, and having a ticket to this show feels special. Astoria is far away from Interstate 5 and there is

no doubt this is the smallest crowd of any of CFW's shows so far, either due to publicity, or the size of the space. As the room is typically set up to host small member dining events and gatherings, the sound of "Doom Town" coming out of a speaker, clearly brought into the venue by the promotion isn't overwhelming like past shows. It takes a minute for the crowd to recognize this is the beginning of the show and take their seats. Despite the winter weather, the room feels a little stuffy and someone opens a couple of windows. When everyone is seated, a voice, still mysteriously absent of body, announces through the speaker. "Astoria - this is Cascadia Frontier Wrestling. Thank you for being here, it's been a dream of ours to perform here. We hope you like it"

1. RULE 1: Stay off the ring.
2. RULE 2: Stay out of the way.
3. RULE 3: No racism. No sexism. No homophobia.
4. RULE 4: Buy drinks. Please do not drink too much.
5. RULE 5: This is Cascadia Frontier Wrestling. YOU are Cascadia Frontier Wrestling.

"Now get loud!"

The crowd cheers and a small handful of people who traveled from Portland to attend begin to chant "SEE EFF DUB SEE EFF DUB" as "Doom Town" ends.

The lights dim a little bit, though they do not have the ability to go dark with a spotlight focus like other venues. The sound of loud, exotic, horror movie screams emanate from the speaker, followed by the unforgettable notes of "Voodoo" by Chris Isaak. The crowd realizes there is only one door into this room, and a small curtain has been set up there. Pushing the curtain aside, Tor Kamata enters the room to boos, looking absolutely crazed and psychotic. He walks towards people in the room, he makes weird sounds and plays up the lunatic islander card. This man who has bitten chunks out of Bad Dude Tito and attempted to injure Thunder Sugiyama is booed by those who know who he is. Everyone else avoids eye contact.

"The Ultimate Destroyer" by Lair of the Minotaur blasts through and distorts through the small speaker, unprepared for the riffs of the song and out steps the undefeated Erik Hammer. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd much, but he looks ready to fight, with perhaps his toughest and least predictable challenge to date.

Erik Hammer def. Tor Kamata via referee stoppage (9:48)

Being in there with a true technical grappler for the first time, Kamata shows one of his first signs of intelligence and approaches Hammer with caution. The two feel each other out, both throwing low kicks. During an attempt at a single leg takedown by Hammer, Kamata uses his low center of gravity to just sit on top of Hammer, taking control - a rare instance of mistake from Hammer. Kamata attacks the back and neck with fists and chops, slowing Hammer down, before going for his leg. He stomps it, twists the knee, grinds his own knee into the calf and tries to break down the muscle tissue. Hammer tries to get away, but Kamata's underrated strength keeps him in control.

Eventually, Hammer is able to use his other leg to kick Kamata off. He stands up, ready to strike and start over, but he's wounded and has an obvious limp. The two circle each other and Hammer is able to sneak in some strong strikes to Kamata's face. Kamata tries to push Hammer to the ropes, but he drops down, picks an ankle, tripping Kamata into them. Hammer holds onto the ankle and wrenches it with force and anger before the ref comes to break things up. He releases the hold and pounces on Kamata as he gets free from the ropes. He's on top of him, elbows and punch attempts to the face.

Kamata rolls a shoulder and pushes Hammer off. This is the least controlled Hammer has looked. Kamata backs up against the ropes and Hammer rushes him, still with a limp before grabbing him with insane speed and pulling him away from the ropes with a belly to belly suplex, knocking the wind out of Kamata. He grabs his nearby arm into an armbar, but Kamata fights it and Hammer cannot get it locked.

The two continue at it, fiercely, Kamata starting to take shortcuts, Hammer looking truly worn down. In a standing, feeling out moment, Kamata delivers a swift kick to the damaged leg of Hammer and winds up for a Tongan Death Grip, but Hammer spots it coming, grabs the wrist just in time, pulls Kamata in and nails him with a short-arm clothesline. He maintains control of the wrist, rolls Kamata over and locks in a Fujiwara armbar. Kamata yells and laughs and begins to foam at the mouth as Hammer continues to pull on it. He won't submit. Hammer rolls him out of it and locks in a triangle choke and Kamata still won't submit, but he begins to fade. The referee checks on him before calling it right at the cusp of him fully passing out.

Hammer drops him and gets up, celebrating. He thinks about attacking after the bell but thinks better of it. Kamata takes a moment to come back awake, but once he does, he still looks crazed (and dazed) and heads to the back.

After a few moments "Ilguciema Velns" by OGHRE eeks out of the speaker all distorted. Wielding his chain but not swinging it as crazy as normal, due to room constraints is Gianni Valletta. The crowd boos and the people who have been to multiple shows laugh at him for being winless. Valletta enters the ring and maniacally paces back and forth.

["Crossroads"](#) by the man himself crackles over the speakers and out steps Thunder Sugiyama. The crowd gives a sharp intake of breath at the state he's in. He doesn't look like he could possibly be cleared to fight. Bandaged around his thigh, his midsection and his throat after the near-death beating he took last week in Eugene. He hobbles to the ring, looking angry and ready to fight, but perhaps foolishly.

Thunder Sugiyama def. Gianni Valletta via pinfall (8:21)

Valletta, realizing the state that Sugiyama is in, attacks as soon as the bell rings, showing a ferocity he has lacked thus far. He targets all the parts that are taped and damaged, going so far as to choke him in the corner with his own hands, using his thumbs to push down into the nerves before being pulled off by the referee.

Sugiyama coughs, sputters, looks defeated before the match can really start. But he shows his experience and as Valletta runs toward him to hit him with a jumping low dropkick, he moves just in time, causing Valletta to crash. In a flash, he's on top of Valletta and in control with punches, headlocks and traditional pro wrestling.

The match continues back and forth but is not pretty and it's not much. Sugiyama is SURVIVING, but Valletta isn't as blood thirsty as he should be. He uses underhanded tactics including a rope-assisted roll-up but is caught by the referee. While arguing the no-count, Sugiyama tries a roll-up of his own for 2. When Valletta pops up to argue once again, Sugiyama stands, waits and demolishes Valletta with a lariat as he turns around, knocking him flat on his back. He goes to the ropes, climbing backwards and delivers a top-rop elbow drop to the mush for the surprising 3-count.

Valletta kicks out right after the count, and can't believe it. The elbow drop itself seems to have taken as much out of Sugiyama as Gianni and he is slow back to his feet. Valletta notices and attacks, continuing to target the already injured bodyparts. The referee tries to insert himself but Valletta is relentless, like he's lost it.

And then Tor Kamata runs out and joins the fray. Looking battered from nearly passing out, his scent for blood wins out and he joins Valletta in decimating Sugiyama. Sugiyama is bleeding and the mat is covered in blood in the corner where he is slumped before Kintaro Oki runs out and runs the mad men off, wielding a chair. He checks on Sugiyama and asks for medical help.

Sugiyama wakes up and waves them off despite their protestations. He gets to his feet, wobbly kneed, ready to enact murder. Oki helps him to the back.

An unannounced intermission takes place as the lights are raised a little so that the crew can clean up the ring. People mill about, let out a collective sigh after the brutality of the first two matches. The Astoria crowd didn't quite know what to expect and some look energized, while others look scared. Undoubtedly, a handful of people grab their jackets and leave. The mysterious voice comes on the P.A. for a moment with a declaration.

“Next week. Portland, Hawthorne Theater, you're going to want to be there.”

The lights dim again before “Atrévete-Te-Te” by Calle 13 comes on and out walks Negro Casas to a solid response. He looks confident, cool and ready to continue his winning streak. The crowd, like all crowds, sort of look in awe at having a legend amongst them. He stands in the ring, stretching and checking his wrist tape.

The unforgettable intro of “Saturday Night's Alright (For Fighting)” by Elton John starts up and the crowd sits up, not knowing who to expect. Casas, for his part, looks perplexed as well. This is someone new, someone who hasn't been around.

Out walks San Francisco Bay Area legend, Pat Patterson to rapturous applause. He smiles, he nods, he puts his hands on his hips and claps some hands as he heads the ring. Casas smiles in the ring, ready for the challenge of another excellent wrestler.

Negro Casas def. Pat Patterson via crossface submission (14:44)

The two men shake hands and Casas smirks, as Patterson plays to the crowd a little bit. There is respect, but Casas' resolve is never shaken.

A lengthy feeling out process is present, a match that feels more like an exhibition than any so far in CFW. There is no cheating, no blood-letting, but there is more than 10 minutes of excellent grappling. It takes the crowd a minute to adjust, but once they do, they are enraptured.

After a sequence of headlocks, roll-overs and positioning, Patterson nearly steals the match with a surprising, out-of-nowhere inside cradle, but Casas is able to kick out just in time. The match resets and Casas moves towards striking. Kicks to the legs, chops to the chest and punches to the gut. A rope-run dropkick gets Patterson off his feet, sending him all the way to the floor. He follows up immediately with a suicide dive through the ropes that sends both men into a family sitting ringside. They check on the family after recovery and head back to the ring.

More back and forth on the mat and in standing holds, before Casas is able to trap the arm of Patterson when he attempts an overhead chop, deliver a headbutt and drag him down the ground, wrenching his arm into a Fujiwara before sitting into the hold and grabbing a crossface. Patterson fights for a few seconds, but Casas wrenches it, causing the tap and a large applause from the crowd.

Casas stands up and nods, Patterson shakes out his neck, head and elbow and gives a little clap, nodding back at Casas. Casas exits the ring, leaving ANOTHER crowd in awe of his ability. Patterson waves to the crowd and tells them he'll be back soon.

Like a shotgun blast, the poor quality speaker starts with “Over the Mountain” by Ozzy Osbourne at absolute full blast, causing people to sort of wince as it starts. As the crowd looks to the entrance, unaware of who will be entering, they are met with the hulking figure, almost inhuman in shape of none other than Nathan Jones.

Jones looks angry, like he is harboring embarrassment at the absolute domination he received against Shibata two weeks ago. His ego has ceased but the violence remains, you can almost see steam coming from every hole on his face. He meanmugs the crowd and stands in the ring scowling.

The stabbing horns and funk groove of High Society Orchestra’s “Yama to Mizu” follow and for the second time tonight, out steps the tough and hard-headed Kintaro Oki.

Nathan Jones def. Kintaro Oki via pinfall (6:18)

An ugly match. Jones’ anger and demeanor makes his wrestling even more chaotic and awkward, but while Oki shows superiority and toughness, Jones seems unbreakable. Oki busts him open with a headbutt, Jones knocks him down with elbows and knees. Oki staggers him with a gut shot, Jones nails Oki with a lariat. It’s all big blows and hardly any holds. The crowd loses interest for the first time of the night, despite the nastiness of the shots.

They gain interest once again around the 6-minute mark when Gianni Valletta stalks out from behind, quietly but looking like a pure psycho with bugging out eyes, looking around. The crowd boos as he slowly approaches but doesn’t get into or really get close to the ring. In his own frustration, Oki spends a second too long looking at Valletta on the outside before Jones clubs him in the back, knocking him down. Jones sends Oki hard into the corner turnbuckle, face first. As Oki falls back toward the center of the ring, Jones grabs him, shoves his nearly limp body between his legs and lifts him into an awkward powerbomb before dropping him down on his shoulder and neck. The three count follows. Boos follow after that.

And then Valletta pounces. He slides in the ring as Jones scowls and attacks Oki. He grabs his throat with his hand and begins bouncing his head into the mat. Oki struggles to stay alive, to fight - but the crowd awakens with a loud cheer as who comes out from the back, barely able to walk and taped up?

Thunder Sugiyama.

Valletta and Jones laugh but Sugiyama enters the ring anyway. He’s immediately attacked, but with his resolve and determination he tries to fight back. He even gets some headbutts and kicks to the men that stagger them back. They struggle to keep him down and his anger boils over. Oki writhes and writhes and starts to stand.

But hobbling from the back is Tor Kamata.

Tor goes ballistic and the 3 psychopaths gain the upper hand, blood starting to form on the heads of both Sugiyama and Oki. Officials are at ringside, fans are booing and trying to intervene.

Finally, running down the short aisle with a chair is none other than Erik Hammer.

He slides in, swings the chair wildly at Valletta, knocking him straight in the face, blood spattering as Valletta falls to the mat and rolls outside. He dodges a Kamata kick before lighting him up with a high kick of his own and then steps up to Jones, face to face. Jones looks like a comic book villain. Hammer looks infuriated, he tries to grab Jones, but Jones pushes him off and slides out of the ring. Kamata, Jones and Valletta walk to the back with the crowd trying to attack them as Hammer and the officials check on Sugiyama and Oki.

It takes a while to clean up the ring, the crowd looks mixed with emotions, both aghast and angry. As before with the last heinous attack, a handful of people have left the room, never to return.

As things settle and a moment is given to allow for that, the crowd anticipates the main event.

“Demon Cleaner” by Kyuss starts up and at that first guitar riff, big ol’ Bad Dude Tito enters the ring to applause. He looks pumped, he looks angry and he does the Sid-style fist bumps as he makes his way to the ring.

In a song he’s all too familiar with, “Cold As Ice” screeching out of the speaker, Tito seethes, clenches his fists, remembering his fight with Billy Graham last week and more importantly, the disrespect he was shown when Graham spat on him after the pinfall.

This time, it’s Gino Hernandez who enters first and in gear. He flips off the crowd who boo him mercilessly. He laughs at women and old men and above the noise you hear him yell “It smells like SHIT in here!”

Graham follows behind him, not in gear, and more calm than we have seen him. He smirks in the direction of Tito. As they get closer, Graham mimes gathering loogie in his throat and spitting and laughs toward Tito.

This sets Tito off and he jumps out of the ring toward both men. It’s all fists and kicks and Tito throws Graham into the crowd and jumps on him and pummels him before Gino grabs in a sleeper and punches him a few times before dragging him to the ring and throwing him in. Graham shakes the cobwebs and his cool demeanor is gone, he’s beet red, but he stays outside the ring and yells to Gino “Kill him or I will”.

The bell rings and this is a slobberknocker.

Gino Hernandez def. Bad Dude Tito via tights-assisted schoolboy (9:02)

The rapid pace and Tito’s anger lasts for a bit, but Gino’s experience eventually wins out and he is able to grind the match down to a much more methodical pace, frequently working on Tito’s arms with wringers and wrenches and his neck with headlocks from every angle. It’s not exciting.

Until it is.

Tito’s frustration works in his favor and he hulks out of a side headlock, shoving Gino into the ropes, delivering an Earth-shatteringly hard shoulder block on his return. Gino hits the mat with a sick thud and gets up, shocked. He runs at the ropes again and Tito is on him, picking him up in a spinning spinebuster. Tito YELLS into the crowd, who comes unglued. Gino has the wind knocked out of him. Graham yells at him and approaches the ring and Tito gets distracted, kicking toward Graham.

This is all Gino needs for the moment, as he chopblocks Tito from behind, bringing him to his knees, followed by a nasty elbow to the back of the head and delivering his own kneedrops to Tito’s leg. The crowd boos, Graham feigns innocence. Gino chokes Tito on the bottom rope before the referee removes him. In the distraction, Graham punches Tito straight in the skull, knocking him back.

Gino is on the offensive again and is dismantling Tito with some basic but effective technical wrestling: arm drags, short arm scissors, headlock takeovers, firemans carry, and Tito’s exhaustion is starting to show, though he isn’t terribly hurt. He gets strikes into Gino here and there, his strength and anger causing almost double the damage of Gino’s, but Gino is relentless. Back and forth. Tito even gets a nice desperation backdrop in.

The finish comes as Gino has an elevated sleeper hold on Tito. Tito slowly begins to fight through it and make his way to the ropes, his face turning the color of a grape. As Tito reaches for the ropes to break the hold, Graham pulls the ropes away and Tito whiffs in his attempt. Gino drops down and rolls Tito up in a schoolboy pin, grabbing a handful of tights that the referee doesn't see for the three count!

Tito, gaining his breath back, hops up immediately and complains to the ref, turning his back to Graham and Gino.

Big mistake. Graham is in the ring and clubs him in the back before gloating. He stomps him a few times, more like a bully than a killer.

Someone makes their way down to the aisle, running. The crowd can't make out who it is. He slides into the ring, pushes Graham and Gino off and points at them.

Those who know, give a collective "OH SHIT" in the crowd. It's PERRO AGUAYO

Graham and Gino look at him, silent.

Perro, in heavily accented English says loud enough for the crowd to hear: "NO MAS. Me and you, right now!" and he points at Billy Graham. Graham nods and takes off his shirt. The referee acknowledges it and the crowd cheers. Perro rolls Tito out of the ring and Gino checks that Graham is sure about this. He is.

Billy Graham and Perro Aguayo wrestle to a double countout (2:23)

This is chaos. It's punches and kicks and no throws besides shoving each other to the ground and out of the ring. They bloody each other up, it's super macho. The crowd moves out of their seats and lets them fight. The referee is caught so off guard he doesn't even remember it's a real match and lets them brawl outside for over a minute before he realizes he's supposed to start counting. They make no effort to bring it back to the ring. They are counted out and the bell rings. Graham grabs a chair and THROWS it at Perro, who swats it away with his own chair. Officials are getting involved, fans are getting involved. It feels like a riot. Perro tries to escape, but is held back. Graham says he is going to fuck Perro up before Gino is finally able to grab him and drag him to the back. Both men are covered in spit, covered in blood. Tito is up and holding Perro back, calming him down.

With Graham and Gino out of the room, the tension finally starts to dissipate but there is no obvious end. Perro and Tito walk out, people clapping their shoulders and cheering them on.

The lights rise a bit as the announcer comes back and says "Next Week: the Return to Portland."

END OF SHOW 4