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Dollar **Ramen**
WHO RE



DOLLAR RAMEN WHORE

Its the story of a house, and three zines that came out of it. Cody/Austin/GM does "I'd Buy That For A Dollar." Sierra/Hank/Jesse X does "Ramen City USA," and Lyra/PBR does "Plasma Whore." The house comes to an end, and we all decided to do a farewell to Eugene by combining three stringent flavors into one. Furthermore, we asked some Blitzhaus irregulars to contribute something, so there are a few things by those folks too.

Eugene is the center of this all. There are a few articles, one on crushes based on that new wave "88 Lines about 44 Women" kind of idea, and one on Eugene memories, that we all wrote about in our various ways. And there are also some other things that ended up in here.

Thanks to all who made the Blitzhaus possible. If it weren't for all the empties you left here, we would not have the strength to get up and sell our plasma for a dollar's worth of ramen. At least, I think that's what the title means....

--Hank

stuff

"Hold Onto Your Guns"--Captain Morgan
"Blitzhaus Mythology"--Chris the Pirate
"Whatever Floats My Boat"--Ransom
"Stickboy"--The Lord of Darkness

All other stuff by above-mentioned zine nerds. Cheers!

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Example of magnificent Norton Commando Interstate with five gallon tank - a ten footer

I don't know why it is... but Eugene has always seemed to have an abnormally large population of crazy people. Just think about it. It seems like every time you get on a bus or walk to the liquor store, there's one or two of the established Eugene crazies to brighten your day.

Everybody in Eugene has their favorite crazies. The guy who sits downtown and barks like a dog at pre-pubescent girls is okay, if you for that kind of entertainment I mean, but he's not my personal favorite. The native american lady who always wears prom dresses and garish amounts of face make up is kinda cool, but not the best, in my opinion. We all know how I feel about the Fifty-One Santa Clara Bus Guy, and he's not gonna be making any favorite list of mine unless he kicks off. Speaking of which... I miss Zeus, Although I don't miss him fucking with me when I'm dosed.

One day, Scary Cure Fan Girl came up to me, gushing and blushing over how a "really cute hard core punk guy" had been hitting on her on Thirteenth Street. By this time, me and Scary Cure Fan Girl's friendship was very strained, to say the least, and I figured that this really cute hard core punk guy lived in the Niagra Falls area, if you get my drift. Everybody who hit on her seemed to live there.

For once, Scary Cure Fan Wasn't lying. There was a guy who liked her, although to say he was a hard core punk might have been stretching the truth a bit. I found all this out when it came to my attention the Shady Past also knew this alleged crusader for the lass war. His name was Cole, and that name might strike fear into the hearts of those who were around in the summer of 1994.

Cole was a shaved ape that had been wrapped into a kilt, boots, and Warhammer-like leather shreds of some sort. He was a shaved ape that bore the unmistakable physical signs of fetal alcohol syndrome. His skull looked like somebody had raided a Leaky family dig site and shoved the missing link on top of an aesthetically challenged viking's neck. But appearances are just that... appearances. The real terror came when Cole started talking, or yelling, or singing, or doing whatever in your general direction while staring at you with that "you pretty girl, you give Cole many babies" look. So very creepy.

One of the funniest things I ever heard about Cole was the stomping and singing. Apparently, somebody saw Cole stomping down the street, singing/screaming a song about how nobody wore real Docs and all the Docs were made by the Guess company and the kids should rise up and do something about the fake Docs. He went to see The Business one year

and scared EVERYBODY, the band included, with his wild antics and shennanegins. He chased Scary Cure Fan Girl down the street, screaming at her that he wanted to marry her. He cornered me outside The Glenwood and tried to get me to take him over to Kelp Boy's house so that the three of us could "have some fun." He accosted Philosophy Bitch outside of Safeway on 18th street and tried to force feed her jojos from the deli, and convince her to move to England with him.

As scary as Cole was, he was no match for Steve. You see, although Cole hit on me occasionally, he was holding a candle for Scary Cure Fan Girl. Steve loved me, and me alone.

I met Steve upstairs at The Glenwood one night. He was sitting alone in a corner, and it looked like he was dosed cuz he was kinda tweaking out. All of a sudden, he got up and came to sit next to me. He grabbed me by the shoulder and told me that he knew me from Lake Oswego. I just figured he was dosed, so I didn't freak out, but the next night he was back at The Glenwood, repeating that he'd met me in Lake Oswego.

Soon, I was lucky enough to hear stories about how Metallica was breaking into Steve's head and using his personal experiences as themes for their songs, and not giving Steve any of the royalties from their albums (Steve was really pissed about that). Steve graced me with the story about how he battled a demon who shot out of his head one night in Pioneer Square in Portland, then asked me to marry him so we could live in Lake Oswego together. Steve also told me that god was making his teeth hurt cuz he refused to be a christian, and the people at White Bird were in on it with god.

I was actually pretty scared of Steve, because I figured he was schitzo and schitzo folks are the most unpredictable. He would follow me from table to table at The Glenwood, and would occasionally stalk me down to IHOP if I left The Glenwood. Crazy people have always been attracted to me, for some reason, so I was used to dealing with them. I did a lot of smiling and nodding when Steve was around. Honestly, I didn't want to do anything that would provoke him. Even when he followed me to IHOP one night with a teddy bear he'd dug out of a dumpster somewhere, begging me to marry him and talking about the decor in the smoking section of IHOP looked just like his mom's house in... you guessed it... Lake Oswego.

For more stories about crazy or retarded people who have become Eugene legends, please consult issue number seven of my zine "Plasma Whore". Thank you, and goodnight.
... PBR

POLLAR RAMEN WHORE'S OFFICIAL TOP 10 GAY PIRATE-ISMS:

- 1) Is that a peg-leg or are you just happy to see me?
- 2) Let's see if this little sailor knows his knots...
- 3) Wanna be in my new musical, The Pirates of Men's Pants?
- 4) Meet me in the crow's nest at first bell...
- 5) A coupla pints o' grog'll loosen ye up!
- 6) I'll give ye a jolly roger...
- 7) Betcha can't guess where my parrot is.
- 8) Arrgh, list a little more to starboard, lad.
- 9) It's time ye swab the poopdeck.
- 10) Man the mizzenmast!

Whatever floats my boat?

Is this why people keep telling me to see the movie Pi? I keep forgetting (or just failing) to choose metaphors for their likelihood of conveying a given idea to the audience at hand. Instead I find myself explaining that "it works like a randomly called 'find file' command" to the the occasionally amused but rarely illuminated subject, who might have been wondering how I arrived at the tangent I was attempting to explain. I am consistently surprised at how well some automotive or computer-based metaphor represents the machinations of the electrochemical soup inside my skull, BUT... I know a number of people more attuned to philosophy than myself, none of whom care to know a carburetor from a synchronizing ring (which is fine) AND... I know virtually no gearheads because (I think) they seem to lack souls because it hasn't dawned on them to wonder whether they have one. SO... My metaphors are really only useful in terms of what they allow me to explain to myself. Which, now that I think about it, may be more than I'd hoped for in the first place.

-Ransom

CRUSHES

- HANK

- * Small, plastic and angry--Airborne, my favorite G.I. Joe
- * The rebel who never talked in 7th grade
- * He taught me the word "hardcore" in 8th grade and pretended to be gay
- * Also never talked--I stole his art from the garbage can
- * I'd just read *Dune* and I thought he was the messiah.
- * We did acid together for the first time and he ended up in rehab
- * The only Libra I ever had a crush on
- * I tore my room up when he wouldn't go out with me
- * I didn't know that guy he lived with was only his brother
- * He looked like River Phoenix and always paid our way with a stolen ATM card
- * Birchtree pony lightning
- * So pretty everyone assumed he was gay--just married his only girlfriend
- * When he came to town it was the happiest three days of my life
- * Took me to Bruce Lee's grave and went on Springer pretending to be gay
- * My ideal come to life, and he didn't even know he was Polish
- * "We are suffering from the 'Secret Love'" he said
- * I dreamed he fucked me and turned into a ghost
- * He had a surprisingly deep voice and always wore a vest
- * I lied--he was a Libra too. He cut my hair. Teenage Supersugar.
- * Guitarlos, Guitarlos, Guitarlos, Guitarlos, Guitarlos
- * Swing-dancing bread-pirate from the moon
- * "Pants Boy"
- * He always played Modest Mouse, and he looked like one too
- * "'72 must've been a good year..."

WOMEN

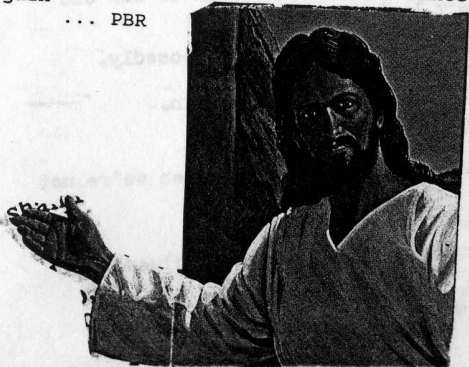
- AUSTIN

- She makes me feel old feelings I thought were gone.
- She tries to take advantage of when I'm drunk to win old arguments she already lost.
- She's now my roommate, ironically enough
- She won't even let me write her a letter, supposedly.
- She still writes me every so often.
- Me and a certain friend have this one in common.
- She went crazy and now goes occasionally.
- She was chased off by the one that went crazy.
- She lives in Portland and actually likes me when we're not dating.
- She was quiet and shy & didn't last long.
- She teases me without knowing it with cryptic clues I try to decypher.
- She gave me a fake phone number.
- She's confused about how I'm acting.
- She doesn't even know I think about her.

IT'S ALL ABOUT GETTING FUCKED — PBR

- 1) It was horrible and I hated myself afterwards
- 2) It happened in the back of a truck, how good could it be?
- 3) First orgasm
- 4) I'm still kicking myself for this one
- 5) Mmmmm... Bloody
- 6) He got me into Joy Division
- 7) He let me dress him in drag
- 8) He blew me off, but came back seven years later
- 9) Horrible. Just horrible
- 10) He had a foot cramp
- 11) "Oh Oden... take me away !!"
- 12) Had to force him to wear a rubber
- 13) "Touch me... I'm real"
- 14) He was a victim of circumstance
- 15) I fucked him at his dad's house, then ran like hell
- 16) He took all of 1.5 minutes
- 17) I hear he's slagging me now. Nice.
- 18) He was a compulsive liar
- 19) She was everything I'll never be
- 20) She let me borrow her boots
- 21) I was deeply in love with him, and I still am
- 22) What a shit talking little asshole
- 23) I really regret not going out for Chinese food with him
- 24) He fucked me so much that I got sore
- 25) We fucked to Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables
- 26) I fucked him cuz I was too tired to fight him off
- 27) Number four wanted him, but I got him
- 28) He was AIDS paranoid, and I was his first one night stand
- 29) I only fucked him to piss somebody off
- 30) He's still one of my best friends, thankfully
- 31) He had a HUGE cock
- 32) Stupid, stupid, stupid
- 33) He denied fucking me
- 34) That boy sure loved Flipper !!!
- 35) He later raped one of my friends
- 36) She broke my life
- 37) He shaved his genitals and it was creepy
- 38) He have me scabies
- 39) I got spun and fucked him and it sucked
- 40) He was the first victim of the cursed bondage collar
- 41) Some of the best sex I've ever had
- 42) I blacked out, but apparently I gave a mean BJ
- 43) Surprisingly enough, he turned out cute
- 44) he killed himself on my 21st birthday
- 45) He broke my toe
- 46) It was some of the worst sex I'd ever had
- 47) He went down like a champ
- 48) New Year's Eve sex is not always good sex
- 49) He gave me my nickname back in 1993
- 50) I wanted him for six years and I finally got him
- 51) She was on the rag when it happened
- 52) He's actually number eight, but I wanted to count him again

... PBR



Homes:

The Basement. 30th & Willamette. Amber's Mom's House (1). Amber's Mom's House (2). The Basement (Again). Little Jon's Parent's House. Lyra's Apt. / Housesitting For Colin's Mom. Blitzhaus.

Jobs:

Work Study Program (LCC Copy Room / Denali). McDonald's. Wendy's. Bookstore (Continuous From Until The End While At Other Jobs). Temp Service. Hometown Buffet. Prezzelmaker. Taco Bell. HMT.

Girls:

[Interspersed With Thousands Upon Thousands Of Random Crushes]. Skinnhead Girl. Lyra Cyst. Amber. Merrit Badge. Lyra Cyst (Again). Major Dry Spell. Oakridge Girl. (Even Yet Still More) Lyra Cyst. Local Truckdriver. Miss Homrims. "I Was With A Girl / But It Felt Like I Was With A Boy." Disc Jockey Girl 1. Lyra Cyst (One Last Time). One Night Stand. Miss Doom. Honey Vizer.

Childhood:

Impossibly huge. Mythical. You only went to "town" every so often, so you had to make the trip count. Once a month, maybe. And it was always for shopping. You didn't live there; you couldn't. When you come from a small town, everything thing is lopsided when it comes to the rest of the world. This was no different. You could impress your friends if your parents had bought you something there. "Where'd you get that hat?" Pause. Relish the moment. "Oh, that? My parents bought it for me in Eugene." Stunned silence. "Cool," was always the response. It didn't matter if the hat was filthy. "Cool." The reality is they probably bought it in Springfield.

High School:

Goal. Destination. No other word for it, really. Nothing comes from fuckin' Cottage Grove. You had to get out. ANY MEANS NECESSARY. Record stores, book stores, malls, movie theaters. We didn't even know what there was to do at night but we knew that there had to be something. ANYTHING that was better than getting 75 cent coffee at the Vintage Inn. It starts to take on a life of it's own. Sort of a mythology. Everything will be better there. The food will taste better and the coffee will be stonger and the books will be more interesting and the jobs will be fun and everybody meets a girl there and the Minimals (born from the only CG punk band SOL 17), they sometimes get shows at Icky's in Eugene! Oh... heaven!

College:

Acceptance. Rebirth. LCC. Floors to crash on so I could go to a Community College. Meeting Kiisu and Colin, people who never mocked me when I made a mistake, didn't laugh when I revealed I liked something no one else did. My first real job, trying to ballance school, taking care of my brother. Complete mental collapse. Pick up the pieces at my dad's house in Oregon City. Eugene friends meet CG friends. Instant static. Confrontation. I asked Brandon to quit fucking with the stereo or to leave. My CG friends filed out the door.

Oregon City:

Longing. Depression. Writing long, incomprehensible letters to Kiisu and Colin. They had a band. They had a town with energy. I screw up in Oregon City. Chantal & Kiisu come to the rescue. Salvation.

First Contact:

Wide-Eyed Wonder. Shitty hours for dirt pay in fast food. I was in a band! I was dating girls! I was taking lots of acid! Drinking gallons of coffee! Spending every waking moment with Colin eating Nutter Butters and drinking Mountain Dew. Writing songs and listening to that "Pablo Picasso" song by The Burning Sensations. Walking, walking, walking, walking for hours at night. Every moment was your last. Desperate longing on the nights Colin couldn't hang out. Crying myself to sleep when things were going wrong with girls. I never wanted to leave. I hated every minute of it.

Phase Two:

Settling in. The desperation starts to take over. My girlfriend, first asks me to move out of the house, then out of her life. No one left to lend me money. Trying to get my shit together. Spending nights furiously typing away on Kiisu's computer. Sleeping away the mornings trying to forget reality. The Industrial Accident That Is My Life. I lose the basement. I lose Jon's house. Everything's fucked.

Blitzhaus:

I move in for a month and stay for three years. I Learn to drink, go to bars, go to shows, flirt with girls, make new friends. Colin stabs me in the heart. The long Truck Driver mindfuck. Gallons of beer. Promotions at work. Trying to hold it together. The revolving door roommates. Girls, girls, girls. Exhaustion. Frustration. The Mass Exodus. Escape! We'll start over. Begin anew. Rebuild in Portland.

I could go on and on about What Eugene means to me, and what I think of when I think of Eugene, but that's all bullshit. Eugene isn't about wistful memories and old photos. Eugene is a living, thinking, feeling entity that either lives inside you or doesn't live at all. You either have it or you don't, and once you have it, you have it until the day you die. It's like herpes.

In keeping with my theory about Eugene, I'm gonna honor this town like only I can do. I'm gonna tell the quintessential Eugene story. This story is all you need to know in order to understand how I feel about this town.

So... It was September of 1994. Kelp Boy and I had just had our little falling out, and I was pissed. I was seventeen, angst-ridden, and looking for some more warm flesh to fill empty space. In short, I was in my normal headspace.

Goth Housekeeper Girl had just started dating a new boy, Bones On Jacket Guy, and it turned out that the two of them were both Virgos. In fact, their birthdays were only a few days apart. The two of them, in a fit of unbridled cuteness, decided to have a joint birthday party and take acid. That was fine with me. The two of them sent me down to The Glenwood to bring everybody back to the party.

Now, I had volunteered for the job because I had an ulterior motive. In fact, I had just hours earlier let Goth Housekeeper Girl pierce my navel in the hopes that it would make me sexy and attract mojo for the task at hand. There was this boy, let's call him Rebound Guy, who I had it bad for. He was cute, and he had that somehow eccentric charm that all the summer-on-the-patio Glenwood folks had. I'd been chatting him up for about a week, and I figured that I would drag him to the party, we'd get drunk, and we'd fuck. Simple, huh? Yeah right. Nothing in Eugene is ever simple.

So, I went down to the Glenwood. The same old faces were there, but tonight there was something different. I stepped out on to the patio, and somebody called my name. I turned to look, and saw Ramones Song Girl. I knew her from my 1991 stint at Sacred Heart Adolescent Drug Recovery Program, SHARP to those in the know. Back then she had been a very chubby, very cool provider of smuggled cigarettes and general bringer of goodwill. She joked to me that she'd been named after a Ramones song cuz her mom lost her virginity to a member of the band. Honestly, this girl had been cool. She was one of the reasons I didn't off myself in that SHARP hellhole.

So we screamed and hugged, and jumped around for a while. Turns out she was indulging in a tall cup of iced coffee with her boyfriend, SCA Viking Guy. Ramones Song Girl had lost a lot of weight, in fact, she was downright skinny. She and her boyfriend were looking quite cute, and affectionate, so I decided that I was gonna invite them to the party. They were excited to go, and I waited for them to finish their drinks.

While I was waiting for them to finish their coffee, Rebound Guy showed up. I batted my eyelashes at him and invited him to the party. He grinned at me, and said that he'd be happy to come. I took a second to do an inward touchdown dance, and lit up a cigarette. I had a plan.

When everybody was ready, I dragged the whole crew up to Bones On Jacket Guy's house a few blocks off the campus strip. Everybody was drinking when I got there, so I mixed myself a deathly strong vodka coke and planted myself on the floor next to Rebound Guy. He was looking fairly pleased, and I was feeling the same. Ramones Song Girl and SCA Viking Guy were drinking and looking quite enamored with each other.

Some who know me don't believe it, but I can put the muthafucking smack down when I feel like it, especially if I've been drinking. That night, I was in rare form, folks. The alcohol and the recent navel piercing were combining to form some pretty fucking hefty mojo. I was talking with Rebound Boy, leaning in and smiling and flashing my patented sex look like nobody's business. All of a sudden, all the alcohol hit like a tornado, and I had to run to the bathroom.

It's possible that I was in the bathroom for ten minutes. Sometimes, things just happen that way when you've been drinking vodka (or coffee). I finished my business, checked my make-up, found myself sexy as ever, and went back out to go in for the kill. Nothing could have prepared me for what had taken place.

In the ten minutes I had been in the bathroom, Ramones Song Girl had gotten in a huge fight with her boyfriend, and he'd stormed out. She and Rebound boy were sitting on the floor. She was sitting in my spot. I watched from across the room, horrified, as the two of them locked eyes and both vehemently professed their joint love for Soixsie And The Banshees. It was all over. They were attached at the hip for the rest of the night. I proceeded to drink myself into a blackout.

I blacked in on Philosophy Bitch's floor in the morning. I was hung over as all fuck, and I had a navel piercing, but there was no boy next to me. Damn !! Just another Eugene night.

By the way, Rebound Boy and Ramones Song Girl are still happily together, in fact, I think they might be married now. I know for a fact that they had a kid, a girl, as I recall. The thing that kills me is that I looked at Ramones Song Girl that night on the patio, and knew that she was serious competition. The only reason I invited her was cuz I thought "She has a boyfriend... She's no threat to my sinister plans for Rebound Guy." That's the price you pay for being catty. I learned my lesson.

And that's all there is to say about Eugene. That sums it all up. A potential one night stand was stolen from me in less than ten minutes by a girl I was in rehab with when I was fourteen. I'm going to Portland now.

... PBR

Mythology: — BY CHRIS THE PIRATE

Nietzsche wrote that a society without myth loses its spiritual horizons. In his first book, The Birth of Tragedy, Nietzsche wrote about Greek tragedy as the perfect synthesis of the opposing forces of the human mind and spirit: the Dionysian urge to destroy and revel in chaos and the Apollonian drive to compartmentalize, separate, and define. Nietzsche believed that modern society, driven by scientific culture and unbelieving of myth or religion (side note: when Nietzsche wrote "God is dead" he meant that the concept of Christian religion no longer held any significance for modern western culture, that it no longer provided mythic or spiritual sustenance for society. He wasn't defining himself as some kind of Satanist anti-God force), was meaningless. He concluded that the world, starting with Germany, needed to recreate and reinvest myth with meaning.

This all seemed pretty silly to me at first, but then I thought about it some and I realized a few things. My world is choked with myth. I think the world of my friends is as well. The principle of our myths is laughter. That the world is absurd and funny isn't a startling idea at all—I have felt that way for many years and I think most of the people I care about agree with me. We sit in smoke-filled rooms with bottles of schwill across the floor and laugh about almost literally everything while the world outside commits itself to cross-training in the jumping-through-hoops competition that is America. I don't mean to say we're any better than anyone else, nor am I implying that we don't have to play along to a greater or lesser extent. It's just that the whole thing seems pretty funny to most of us.

(CONTINUED) →

So the Blitzhaus is dissolving. No more stumbling home for me down 13th on rainy streets, car lights bright blurry smudges rocketing past at 2:00am. No more security in knowing that a significant percentage of all the people I really care about in the world is sitting in the same room every single night above Cafe Soriah, the carpets getting dirtier and the property value dropping. The heartening thing, and the reason that I feel OK about the end of the Blitzhaus, is that our myths won't die. Even if we end up scattered over the globe (which seems unlikely since no one really escapes Oregon) the memories will be real and vivid and the myths that sustain us will live until we get Alzheimer's and drool ourselves to the grave. This is my attempt to define the Blitzhaus pantheon as I understand it:

CROM: War God, best invoked when drinking heavily and/or something really neat happens. There has been talk of blood sacrifice but everyone's too lazy to actually do it.

RAMMSTEIN: War council of Crom, sent to do his bidding. Best invoked when summoning robot legions and/or the undead to take over the world.

SCULLY: Goddess of sex and skepticism. She thinks that's impossible, Mulder. One of these days, if Cody and I are really good, she'll just take off her clothes and stand around for an entire episode.

NOMEANSNO: Gods of bass virtuosity, keepers of THE TOWER. Best invoked in tones of extreme reverence. True believers will spend eternity in Canada, drinking Labatt's blue and watching hockey.

TOM WAITS: Creator of everything cool. Tom Waits is not unlike Ptah of the Egyptian myths, who stepped out of the primordial chaos in the pre-creation and who exists parallel to reality as we understand it, outside the bounds of space and time. Tom Waits.

resides in Hell. He advised us on the night of communion "if you're in Hell...keep going."

MOE: God of booze. A very, very powerful god. Invocations are unnecessary...Moe probably doesn't care and he's a snake handler anyhow. Celebrations in His honor are carried on constantly regardless.

JEAN CLAUDE VAN DAMME: God of ass-woopins. God of inner strength. Jean Claude is invoked when one is in dire need of reserves of strength normally unavailable to mortals. The mantra: "must...be strong...like...Jean Claude van Dammel!"

WILLY: Patron spirit of Scotland. In situations involving haggis Willy is the only God with any relevance.

SATAN: The Devil, Prince of Lies, The Deceiver, The Adversary, Lord of Flies, Son of Light, The Morning Star. Not really all the bad. Invoked in times of duress. So far all petitions for so-called "soul exchange" programs in which the soul is "sold" for enormous worldly power and wealth have yielded exactly NOTHING. Best worshipped with a White Zombie CD.

RATTY RATTY PIPER: A dark spirit, aligned closely with Satan. Only Sierra and Adam have yet found a way to calm this malignant eating force.

THE DEEP DICKIN'/POON TANG: A force, perhaps the elemental force, behind the waxings and wanings of fortune and happiness.

MOJO: The essential "quality" needed to get consistent quality Deep Dickin'/Poon Tang. Mojo is a character trait, not unlike agility or charisma, but somehow more fluid. Mojo is sometimes thought of as being synonymous with "magic" and indeed it appears that Mojo somehow reflects both a person's ability to interact with other people and deeper reserves of power. Cody is the only known human to possess enough Nerd Mojo to get laid wearing pink polyester pants.

Individual pantheons vary with all Blitzhaus inhabitants and hangers-on. The point is that the myths of the Blitzhaus keep the essential blood-thirty focus intact, and no matter where the members of the elite special forces unit end up the myths will keep the collective mojo together.

EUGENE

by Sierra

from Greek *eugenēs*, "well born"

I grew up in Pleasant Hill, a few miles southeast down Highway 58, and for us Eugene was "town." As in "we're going to town." Pedestrian as that statement was, it would elicit some slight envy from fellow kids who would be "stuck out in the country" that day. Despite the fact that most of our parents worked in Eugene, and the links between Pleasant Hill and Eugene were far from cursory, to be "in town" was an ideal that we aspired to. The highschool freshman girl with bleached hair and a bit too much make-up would casually announce on the schoolbus [passing sheep, the occasional deer] that "I'm going to try and transfer to South next year." Her statement was greeted with the expected envy of her peers. South Eugene High epitomized all that was Eugene about Eugene. Everyone knew about Andy Dobie, the kid with the purple hair; hell, he was even in the Register Guard for it.

There wasn't a complete lack of zany new-wave fashions at Pleasant Hill High in the mid-80s, although the few that sported them were usually tough chicks that were left alone on the principle that they could kick any jock's ass. I got to know one of these wavvos my first term at Pleasant Hill, when Drea and I had the same drama class.

The switch from junior high to high school was made all the more cosmopolitan by having an obviously gay drama teacher [the first gay person I'd ever seen in real life] and a class full of high school actors and wavvos. Drea was the most ostentatious wavvo at Pleasant Hill, with a big fluffy multi-colored mohawk, Egyptian eye make-up, industrial jewelry. She would tell me tales of Eugene, about keg parties where bands with names like Modern Laundry played while skaters skated in dried-out swimming pools. My art teacher would also tell us about small gallery showings he went to, where a band called Johnson Unit [named after the hospital's crazies' ward] played while the hosts handed out carefully tacky snacks with warped 78-speed records as trays. It all sounded impossibly dionysian and unsupervised. Drea would teach me about music too: "there are these new wave bands, and they have names like Depeche Mode, the Circle Jerks, the Cure and TSOL." I tried to imagine this music, being a fan of Falco at the time, and pictured it as so amazingly fast and bleak that it practically melted ghetto blasters' speakers if played at any audible volume. I soon learned that there were some subtle distinctions between, say, the Exploited, and Echo and the Bunnymen.

I think the first new wave record I bought was from Drea as well. She was selling off her records so she could go to SF for spring break, so I bought her copy of Depeche Mode's "Some Great Reward" lp. It turned out that she planned to run away for good, and we didn't see her again until nearly a year later, pregnant and not sure where to go next.

Before she left, though, she would tell me about Eugene street culture, hanging out with street kids on the mall. It all

seemed torridly romantic, living in secret warehouses, with funny street names and ripped-up army clothes. I began to collect articles from my mom's magazines about run-aways, and even imagine a whole fantasy world where I lived on the street, and my friend would look after me. He was of course stoically handsome, with sharp cheekbones and icy blue eyes that would cut through any grown-up trying to tell us to go home; the fact that he appeared in my fantasies usually in an unbuttoned army shirt, baring his chest, or while discussing things with me while we were in the same sleeping bag is another story, for another day...

Eventually my friend Kaia got a car, and we would ride together to Eugene. We had no money, so we would just go sit on the brick wall in front of campus, or in front of the WDW Hall, but it didn't matter. We were in town. Our images of town were reinforced by what we saw: crazy punk kids jumping around, and even the older people looked weird. Kathy Molloy and Joe Preston were my images of the older generation, although I didn't know their names at the time. They had multi-colored hair, blue dreadlocks, and horn-rimmed and big black '50s glasses and wore weird thrift shop clothes, long before grunge became a marketable commodity.

As I began to realize that I was gay, the dichotomy between town and country was sharpened; Pleasant Hill was the town without pity, where jocks put a dead rabbit head on my friend's car after she appeared on tv in a pro-gay rally. Eugene, with its university, and young scene in general, was almost unbelievable. I'll get laid within a week of moving there, I was assured.

The fact that the only even-somewhat long term relationship I've had since moving here was long-distance just heightens the irony. But that, also, is another story.

So, like my ziney cohorts, I am compiling a few memories that when I think of the word "Eugene" are the first to pop to mind, because they symbolize something about this town, or what it was like to be young here from 1990 to 2000, the years that I lived here [excepting of course the year I lived in Hungary.]

1) The Red Towers. Up in the south hills there are towers, for tv or radio, or both, that are lit up with red lights so that planes don't crash into them and disrupt someone's *Ally McBeal* broadcast. They were somehow mysterious and remote, lending the image of a valley protected by strange sentinels on the hill. One night in my tender youth, when I could not find any LSD, I decided to take a mystic quest to find the towers. I set off randomly walking in the direction, and ended up on a road going through a pitch-black forest, spooky psychedelic music echoing in my head until I almost thought I was on LSD anyways. Finally I found the towers. By then I was tired, and there wasn't much to do but say, "There they are," and go home. I got lost on my way back, on the twisty illogical rich roads of the south hills.

That didn't end my fascination with the towers for some reason. One night Cameron, my first friend in Eugene, and I were on acid, and in my usual unbearably mythic state, I declared that they were the "Towers of Mercury," and that they were the sources of our magical power. Cameron concurred, for some unknown reason, and we discussed this. Despite the fact we were trying really hard not to let his sister Bethany know we were frying. "You guys are on acid, aren't you?!" "Nooooo!" Our fry-song we

sang walking down West 7th after a scary session at Larry and Kathy's Diner gave us away though: "There's speed in my acid/ And a worm on the ground," over and over...

2) It was the first snow of the winter, and of course it started at 3 am. It was light enough that it was obvious it would be molten off by the time the town awoke to its daily rituals, so I decided to go out and run around in it.

I lived on 14th between High and Ferry at the time, and I ran to the Circle K to get a Strawberry Crush [back when you could still find the damn things...], my favorite soda-pop, and the perfect way to celebrate a passing moment. As I came out of the Circle K, I saw a small group of people down the street, in front of the Party Naked house, looking up at the falling flakes and wobbling around drunkenly. The snowfall transformed the town into something new and alive, and I was drawn to see who else was enjoying this simple, though rare-enough event for Eugene. As I drew closer, I saw it was Sara, Alex Otto, and some other people. The snow charged the air with sympathetic electricity, and we smiled and hopped around. I decided to tell them about my secret song title: "Have you noticed that all bands lately [this was 1992, I think] have either the words "teenage," "sugar," or "super" in their names? So I was thinking of writing the ultimate pop song, one that would make you almost explode with excitement when you heard it, and call it "Teenage Supersugar." Alex got the same look in his eyes like he had the day I first met and mentioned offhand that the first Clash album was the greatest artistic achievement of the 20th century, that far-off prophetic gleam of unseen horizons. "Yes!" We hopped around, bopping the empty strawberry crush plastic bottle in time and yelling "Teenage Supersugar!" out loud at 3 am. Later, Sara told me that when she and Alex worked the same shift at Arby's, they would start the shift with an inspirational jump in the air, a double high-five, and yell out "Teenage Supersugar!" The song itself, by necessity of perfection, has never been written, only imagined, as the ultimate anthem to RIGHT NOW. The Superchunk song "Skip Steps 1 and 3" on the Throw the YoYo comp, and the Velocity Girl song "Crawl" on the Sassy magazine record are touchstones, but only that.

3) No discussion of Eugene is complete without a nod to the dark side. And Eugene's psychic shadow looms more inkily and grandiose than most. Of course acid just magnifies it on a bad night, like when Cameron was turning into a werewolf, and we had to go to Andy and Aura's and all the blinking christmas lights in shop windows on the way there were "fry traps" set up by the police to trap people on acid into staring at them until the padded wagons came to take them away.

Such nuttiness is temporary, of course. You come down, go to bed, and all is well with the world. Eugene, however, has been well-stocked with perma-fried individuals whose sole duty is to roam the streets looking for young kids on drugs and scare the shit of them so they never want to do drugs again, seeing where they might end up. The best example was the Singing Guy. Jessica and I were frying, and we saw this homeless man with long hair and a long beard come up to us. Jess, in her usual gregarious way, said "Hi!" loudly to show him we weren't scared of him. He eyed us carefully, and then suddenly belted out in a loud baritone, "I walk in the shaaaaaadoooooooooows!"

"Yeah...hi," Jess repeated.

"....I waaaaaalk in the shaaaaa-dooooooooows!"

No matter what she said, he would only answer in a loud voice booming across the campus the same fragmented song. Jess started to panic. "What if he can't talk!" she whispered sharply to me. "What if he's done so much acid he can only sing!" The thought struck fear into our hearts. What if we end up the same way? We quickly ran off, his one-line song echoing off the rainy alley walls around us.

4) So many shows, so many bands, its hard to choose one to remember. The time Unwound played at the Snail House was one of the best. They were loud and young, and when they played "Dragnalus," it didn't sound like guitars and drums anymore, but echoed in overtones that made us all feel like we were inside of some massive factory with fearful machines surrounding us, crushing our puny human concerns. It was flat-out amazing. As the last strains of the last song died out, the dark basement was filled with beams of light. Were the aliens finally landing? No, it was the cops. Eusted on a noise complaint at 8:30 on a summer night. Poor Barry was left with a noise violation ticket he couldn't pay, and that was the end of Snail House shows.

The Monkey House was soon to sprout up though, and lots of memories crowd together and blend imperceptibly. Playing "blanket monster" with Ryan, the sexiest emo boy in the Pacific Northwest. Shouting "skate rock" with Sparky at KARP until they were forced to improvise a skate rock song for us (mostly pounding, and yelling "ride the ramp!!"). They accused Sparky and I of talking to them after the show only to try and get them in bed...aah, if only they knew....Scott Karp....

Shotmaker were great. Loomis Slovak had a funny singer who said "to hell with socialist punks, the working man's an asshole!" The singer for the New Mexico band Foss was a friendly fellow who told me stories about growing up in Nova Scotia and learning Gaelic in school. Another band from New Mexico, a punk-funk band, had a hippy bassist who played buck naked, a bit too much for reserved Eugene punks.

There were the people that hung out there too, Ben and Robbie, and Danimal/Danarchy with his robitussin habit and love of injecting Citizen Fish into every conversation. And of course, Ryan, who was sitting in the living room, with poppy-red hair and a blue t-shirt with white stars on it, eating a bowl of ramen, his eyes shining with emo innocence and Scorpio sensuality. Of course it was love at first sight, what else could it be?

5) Serena and I had our own band. We never played a show, never practiced, we never even had instruments. But running down the streets of Eugene after a long night at Hoots diner, we would make up songs. Our band had a name, several even. The one we both liked best was *The Peninsulars*, but there was also *Tin Broadsword*, named after a dream she had where she had to defend her family against Vikings, armed only with a flimsy metal sword. *Warn the Others*, the ultimate hip-hop band name. Even *Discount Scone Bowl*, from the summer everyone hung out at Baba Yaga's Cafe and survived off of day-old pastries. The name was pretty immaterial until we had instruments, but the songs were the focus. The main idea behind the band was that it was a Eugene band. The songs would be about Eugene things for the most part, obsessively local. When Serena got a job at AgriPac canning beans, she wrote "I Work in a Devo Suit." The weird hick who followed the waitress around at Hoots, blabbing that "These women that git abortions...I wanna park my car on them! And those

college kids...I wanna park my car on them too!" inspired our song "Park Your Cars on PEOPLE!" We had a few non-local-specific songs too, like "Do the Bee" about insect life made into sexual innuendo, and "The Polar Death Culture Cake-Walk," about Serena's theories that the predominance of Nordic culture was what was wrong with the world.

To make a long story short, the workers never seized the means of production, we never got instruments, and our songs stopped being sung on the sidewalks of this town. Even now just these few come to mind. Then again, the town doesn't feel quite as insular as it did then. Maybe it's just because I myself have been out of it more, for longer periods of time, and farther away. But Eugene is starting to feel more like another spot on a circuit than the center of the world.

HOLD ONTO YOUR GUNS

The Fall of Communism and the Rise of Complacency

By Captain Morgan

It began as a casual conversation with someone I don't recall, in a place I don't remember. Some innocent discussion about the latest headline. A question of where our leaders stand on the "issues." The issues being whatever the politicians in question can get the American public razzed about. As a presumably concerned and informed citizen yourself, pause and reflect. What worries me? Why, terrorism, of course. It's all over the papers and in the halls of Congress. It's why the president signs bills like the Omnibus Counter-terrorism Act to keep us safe from...who? Oh, yeah, those dastardly Muslims and their suicide squads. Remember the '80s? The Cold War; the Good Old Days, East vs. West. Communism. That term used to mean something in this country. It was more than just a footnote in a history book. It was on the lips of our elected officials who ranted and raved about the invisible spectre of communism.

The Red Scare had everybody mortified in fear of sinister pinkos lurking in the streets, holding secret meetings, cooking up fiendish plots to utilize the public sector and redistribute a major portion of the surplus of value to the common people. Children scrambled under their desks while teachers terrified them with lessons depicting communist leaders as evil masterminds in the Kremlin designing treacherous plans to extend their malevolent grasp in the Western Hemisphere. You see, Jimmy... that's why containment is necessary... given the chance, those commies would kill you and everyone you care about. You get the picture.

Now you hardly ever hear mention of it in the news. Moreover, the average schmo can't even give you an intelligent definition of the word, let alone be horrified by it. Now communism has been reduced to being the butt of jokes, dismissed by historians as outdated and unrealistic. This will not do. In the world today, communism is confined to a few crumbling regimes that more resemble a neolithic third-world nightmare than a "communist power." North Korea? Not even a mini-power or a micro-power. China still talks the talk, but doesn't walk the walk. Behind all the red stars and Mao banners they're still implementing "free market reforms." They even attained Most Favored Nation trading status with the US. Hardly an image that Mao would have liked to convey.

In Cuba the tanks have given way to revolutionary nostalgia, where monuments to romantic icons replace missile silos. The once heroic and revered Castro is now a living fossil in a "socialist paradise" where food and adequate medical supplies are cut off, courtesy of the US embargo. No red menace, no Fidelismo, no COMINTERN, no parades or slogans. Only aging, narcoleptic (a product of Castro's "fiery" speeches) party leaders and convalescent war heroes from 1959 who didn't have the privilege of martyrdom and have their visages plastered on college dorm walls. Not only that, but Castro has gone soft in his old age: he's turned Cuba into a tourist trap, where certain regions are privatized to pave the way for resort towns catering to the foreign businessmen and rubbernecking Americans on vacation so see the "real Cuba." For Crom's sake, next Fidel is going to have his picture taken with Mickey Mouse in Havanaland.

where the admission is free but none of the rides work. So what's up with Fidelismo? I remember Fidel from such secret funding of Latin American Marxist groups like the MRTA (Tupac Amaru, Peru). Where's the threat of international communism now? It's a sad state of affairs when the Cuban people can't even get antibiotics while I have to explain to Tommy Hilfiger what COMINTERN is. Well no more Mr. Nice Guy! It's high time we reds put the menace back in Red Menace! I want to see the look of terror in a child's eyes when told of the evil commies in his closet. I want to see Helms shit his diapers when he finds that communism does pose a threat, especially when it's waiting for him in the parking lot with duct tape and a .38. We need to take socialism out of the history books and put it on the evening news. Make every red-blooded, flag-waving patriot choke on his Big Mac when he hears that there's nefarious plots to peel his ass off the couch and force him to think at gunpoint about issues that effect somebody else other than just his sweaty bloated bigoted ass.

I'm tired of reading history in a textbook. I am sick of watching news after the fact. Most of all I'm fed up with Pentagon parrots squawking the same line about "our interests" and "national security." What's worse is the American public throwing up their hands in resignation, effectively saying "What can I do?" The solution is simple--wake up and smell the communism! We're not dead yet, you mealy-mouthed chowderheads! We're here to spread our godless ideology to unsuspecting Americans, an ideology that advocates "revolutionary" concepts of universal education and healthcare, full employment, and economic equality. Your time has come, America. Whose side are you humpty dumpties on? Trash the McCulture! Raze the streets! Flood the rivers with the blood of the industrialists! Suck on this, you revisionist dogs! There can never be peace without justice!

Hold onto your guns!
 Tupac Amaru lives and will win!
 Venceremos!
 Long Live the 18th Anniversary of the People's War in Peru!
 Conquer Power!

The Adventures of

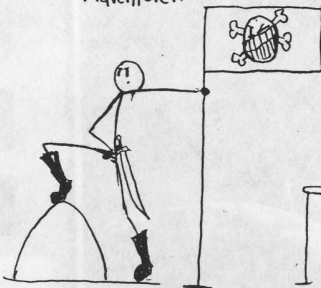
Stik Boy

By Kelly,
 Lord of
 Darkness!!

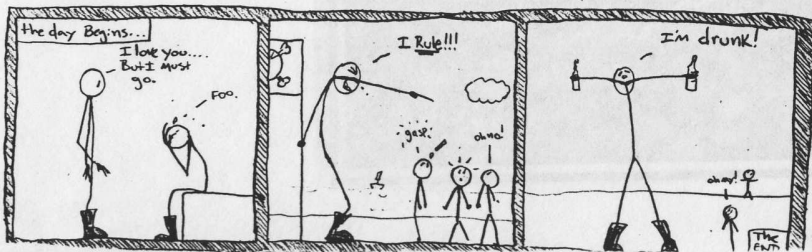
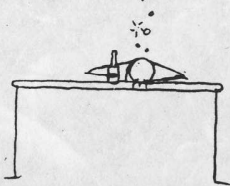
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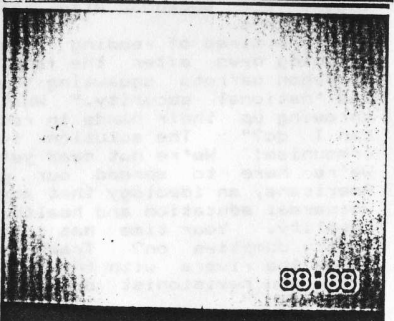
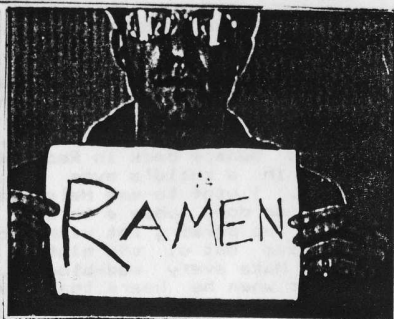
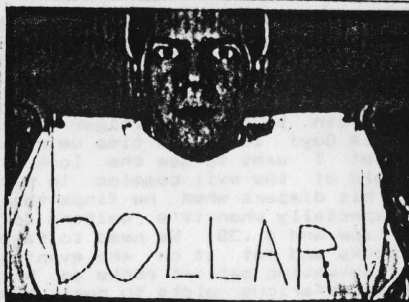


Adventurer.



Drunk.





**Time Is
Running
Out For
Planet
Earth!**