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February 28, 2004 11:00 a.m. — 12:30 p.m.

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Slow Pixies fans despair at news of sold-out show

Sundays are often spent dreading the coming week instead of enjoying a day away from class and work. This Sunday was especially trying. All I could think about was how I didn't get a ticket for the now-sold-out Pixies show at the McDonald Theatre in April. The show will be one of the band's first since they broke up in 1993.

Five years ago, on a sunny day in July, I purchased "Doolittle," the album that is probably the group's best-known and most loved. In high school, I became so hooked on their music that I started a fan zine called "Rock Me Joe," a title taken from the lyrics of "Monkey Gone to Heaven."

When the news of a possible reunion first broke last September, it seemed as though a dream never thought possible was coming true. As one rock journalist put it, not since The Velvet Underground has a band been so influential to so many musicians. The Pixies had an amazing ability to capture the energy of punk rock, but with a sound that was more complex than the traditional three-chord song structure of most punk music. The band practically invented the loud/soft dynamic that is a staple of rock music today.

Tickets went on sale last Saturday. The woman at Safeway from whom I tried to buy one told me the show sold out in 30 minutes.

But on Sunday I was able to develop a multi-pronged, all-invasive, failure-is-not-an-option plan for getting into that show. The most straight-forward method for getting a ticket would be to buy it from a scalper. But the \$21 tickets are now going for \$249 a pair on eBay. And seeing as how I have to take out an emergency University Short-Term Loan to make it through this term, spending that

much isn't really a choice.

Instead I've come up with some other tactics for getting through the door. My first step was to create a Pixies shrine. I've decorated a shoe box with construction paper, glitter and photos of the band members, and at the beginning and end of every day, until I get a ticket, I'll light a couple of candles and beg the rock gods for a miracle.



Helen Schumacher
Notes from the underground

Just in case this doesn't work, I'm also taking a more active approach that relies on a ticket holder getting sick or dying and not being able to make it to the show, instead giving the ticket to me. So, if you're reading this and have a ticket, please let me know if you get sick. Not only am I spreading the word through this column, but I plan on putting an ad in the paper, making flyers and posting them around Eugene and standing outside the McDonald with a cardboard sign that reads, "Will Work For Pixies Ticket."

This is the rock 'n' roll experience of a lifetime. And it's looking as though I might miss it. It has only been a couple of days, but already ticketholders are driving me insane with their bragging. I am being torn apart just imagining their tales of the show that are sure to come for weeks after the performance.

My last resort is to go see the Pixies when they play at Coachella, the music festival that takes place about a week later in Indio, Calif. Also playing at the music festival is Le Tigre, LCD Soundsystem, Belle & Sebastian, Prefuse 73 and The Cure. I'd be able to see all these other great bands, but it just wouldn't be the same.

Contact the Pulse columnist at helenschumacher@dailymerald.com. Her opinions do not necessarily represent those of the Emerald.

Generation names highlight realities of lasting inaction

At some point, while cutting high school classes, drinking illegal beers and realizing we didn't fit in, we were assigned a letter. We didn't even get to decide. No one could really cluster us, no one could condense who we were. But we were breaking the old rules, the tired patterns. So they crossed us off the list with a big fat X.

Generation X. Plain, sad and simple. The first time I heard that phrase, I laughed. I knew someone would have that T-shirt soon. But as soon as I learned of this new human category, Generation X was out of style, a new generation was on its way, and now I had a choice of which generation to associate with. I hoped it would have a better name. Nope. The authors weren't trying so hard anymore; they just moved up the

alphabet.

Generation Y, or maybe we should call it Generation Why, took X's place and became the new target market. And what was worse (or better), I didn't belong to this group any more than I did to the other. That's when it dawned on me. It really doesn't matter anymore. Why should we even care about this labeling? We didn't get to vote on the name. We didn't choose this. It was a marketing strategy, designed to sell us crap we don't need. Why should we participate? It's so trivial.

One moment while I fill your head with facts before moving on: Generation X is the 45 million people born between 1965 and 1976. Generation



Carl Sundberg
Reasoning with Madness

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