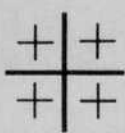


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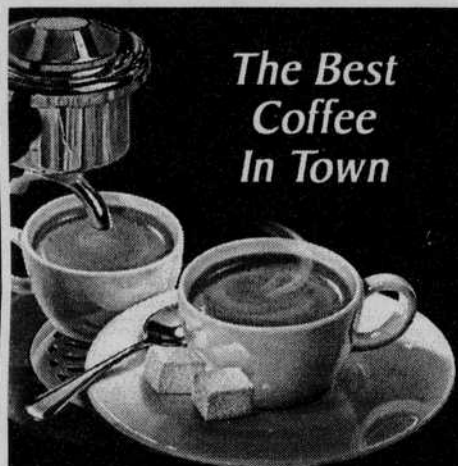
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WASHBURN

continued from page 7

Local Mariachi and salsa acts like Caliente and Lo Nuestro pulled hundreds of fans to their summer shows with ease.

Laura Niles, Business and Communication Relations Manager for the Hult Center, said overall turnout has been high despite a diminishing budget.

"Since the mid 90s all the budgets for all the city arenas have been cut dramatically," she said. "And because artist fees go up and expenses go up we don't always have the same number of performances each year."

Promotional efforts have also been compromised, but Niles said that with more feedback from the campus population, the summer concert series would flourish.

"Our desire is to reach out to students and it's not happening," she said. "It would be helpful for us to know where we might be falling down or where we need improvements."

Niles is confident that in the end, the concert series' purpose will be served.

"In the past, it's worked very well because of accessibility. People are able to transport themselves to an entire summer of activities."

Unfortunately all of this summer's multicultural shows are already over, but next year the park series will return with more jazz, blues, hip-hop and world music.

In the meantime, if you're looking to hear some light symphonic music, particularly for wind and brass, head out to Washburn Park any Sunday up until September 12. Shows start at 6:30 P.M.

Kevin Miller is a freelance reporter for the Emerald.



Erik R. Bishoff Online & Photo Editor

Classical group the Sweet Winds performed at Washburne Park on Sunday, August 1, as part of the Library, Recreation and Cultural Services Department's series of summer concerts.

PLAY

continued from page 7

weather and health, she is still a crass guttersnipe at heart. The reactions of Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Eynsford Hill played by Suzanne Bunker and Elizabeth Siegel were just as priceless as Eliza's deadpan blunders.

The highlight of the musical was the "Get Me To the Church On

Time" number. Patrick Torelle played Alfred Doolittle, Eliza's loutish, drunkard father with precision. His animated expressions and frolics deserved the spotlight during the song. However, the complete ensemble cast dressed as street-dwelling paupers and the orchestra, conducted by James Paul, made this otherwise useless scene the most memorable of the entire show.

"My Fair Lady" has no business

being almost three hours long. However the song and dance are what pull the story forward, allowing us to forget the musical's length. The show opens at the Hult Center Friday, Aug. 6 with only four performances. Ticket prices range from \$22 to \$48 and can be purchased at the Hult Center box office.

Kenneth Mendribil is a freelance reporter for the Emerald.

RECORDS

continued from page 7

collection there was in such disarray as to be unrecognizable. Only a fool would make the attempt, and I would never be considered anyone's fool.

This left us with two Goodwills, another St. Vincent's and a Salvation Army. Planning the rout, I decided to begin with the Seneca Street Goodwill, go next door the St. Vinny's, then out to the Salvation Army and end the journey at the Coburg Street Goodwill. Looking back, I must say it was a sublimely brilliant plan of action, though at the time I had no idea what horrors would unfold. After collecting our supplies (coffee and driving music, both essential items) we began our journey. The first Goodwill was simple to traverse, with the records stacked in piles that were easy to sort through. But the simplicity of the search proved deceiving, as there was simply nothing of substance or quality. I left disheartened, the opening chapter of my expedition already an abject failure.

Our search moved to the St. Vincent's, and there met with more successes. Though the record selection required a more tenacious approach to search through, the work was fruitful. Beginning with a Robin Williams album from the 1980s (when he was

funny and probably on coke) I found a dazzling array of music from the past 40 years of popular culture. Avant-garde classical, folk rock, surf music and a variety of oddities from long gone and more recent past filled my coffers, though the Great White Album still eluded me. By chance, I came across an empty sleeve for "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." Taking it as a sign, I purchased the sleeve for a paltry price. I left the store feeling weary yet satisfied.

We crossed town to our next destination, the city's sole Salvation Army outlet. This time the selection proved more difficult. The records were stacked on a dozen shelves reaching from the floor up seven feet. I soon found that there was no position in which I could search through these records with comfort. But some early finds from Jimmy Buffett and Jackson Brown hardened my resolve and I went at my monotonous work with zeal.

It was during this search that I began to contemplate the nature of my surroundings. Second-hand stores collect the cultural detritus of half a century, dealing away the broken and the discarded to the undiscerning consumer. Having examined so much of the record stock in these places, I had begun to notice patterns. The bins and shelves where full of what was once, for a fleeting moment, popular. Much of the

music was soulless, substanceless garbage that had once been cherished but would probably never see the light of day again. This place was truly where trends went to die. I contemplated what artists might end up in this pop culture graveyard within the next 20 years.

Some quality did slip through the cracks though, good music that had enjoyed mass popularity or had been caught up in some trend-of-the-moment. Astoundingly well-produced disco, bossa nova collections, baroque pop, soulful country and a variety of once-trendy world music. I gathered these morsels with helpless abandon. But soon the search became too difficult for even my hardy spirit. My fingers ached from record flipping and my neck was in such pain that I worried it would have to be amputated. Taking my purchases, I moved on to my next location.

The final Goodwill proved to be as fruitless as the first. Weary and feeling sharp pangs of hunger, I returned home with my bounty. Though I had found much of worth, the Great White Album still eluded me. Maybe it was only a myth. Wrapped in melancholy, I put my CD version on the stereo and dreamed of what could have been.

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