

BIJOU
492 E 13th 686-2458
For the week of January 2nd!
Sign-up for our weekly WebPage Update!
www.bijou-cinemas.com

Premiere
"ENCHANTING!"
-Glen Verry

Official Selection
Sundance Film Festival

From Jim Sheridan, The Director of
MY LEFT FOOT and IN THE NAME OF THE
FATHER, comes his most personal story.
5:10, 7:20 & 9:30 nightly
Sat & Sun Mat 2:50
coming: THE COOLER PG-13

SEAN PENN
BENICIO DEL TORO
NAOMI WATTS

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE
ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATED
AMORES PERROS
They say we all lose 21 grams at
exact moment of our death...
5:00, 7:30 & 10:00 nightly
Sat & Sun Mat 2:30
returning: THE CREATURE FROM
THE BLACK LAGOON in 3D!!

พิศมัย
Tasty Thai Kitchen

Traditional Thai Cuisine
by Owner and Chef Pismai

WEEKLY SPECIALS
FOR LUNCH & DINNER

VEGETARIAN & VEGAN
OPTIONS AVAILABLE

BEER ON TAP
& WINE LIST

NOW OPEN FOR LUNCH ON SATURDAYS!
Mon - Fri 11 AM - 9:30 PM • Sat & Sun 12 PM - 9:30 PM

80 E. 29th & Willamette
302-6444

EUGENE Weekly
movie Times

Due to early deadlines
for the holidays, specific
movie times are unavail-
able for print this week.
For movie information,
please contact theaters
at the following phone
numbers or websites:

Cinema World 8
342-6536
www.fandango.com

Albany 7
541-928-7469
www.fandango.com

9th St. Cinemas 4
541-928-7469
www.fandango.com

Cinemark 17
746-5202
www.cinemark.com

Movies 12
741-1231
www.cinemark.com

Avalon Cinema
752-4161
www.avaloncinema.com

THE WAIT IS OVER!

COMING JAN. 22 ...

CHOW!
Eugene Weekly's
Restaurant Guide

CHOW!
Eugene Weekly's Summer 2003 Restaurant Guide

Wining & Dining
in Eugene & Corvallis

Chow! features reviews of
area eateries and a
directory of Eugene and
Corvallis restaurants.
Ad reservation deadline is
Monday, Jan. 15th.
Contact Mark Frisbee
484-0519 ext. 28

EUGENE Weekly

HEY MOONCHILD!

YOU MIGHT NOT BE FROM EUGENE IF ...

BY KELLY MICHAEL JAMES

I'm a recent transplant to the geographical spot on the globe known as Eugene, Oregon. I had a friend where I moved from who was from here. She warned me that folks were a bit "different" in these parts, hippies, anarchists and such. I laughed it off. I've always believed that, for the most part, folks are folks. And if the politics in Eugene were somewhat left-of-center, that'd be just fine with me. What the heck — I've been known to muse that Stalin ruined it for the rest of us. I've always been OK with "free spirits." I know skunk ganj when I smell it. I was sure it would be a refreshing change to live in a community where "raising awareness" was a civic duty.

Then I moved here.

I never realized just how vitally crucial it was to know the difference between "vegetarian" and "vegan." I guess I have a lot to learn. And believe me, I want to learn. Hear me now, Eugene: I pledge to you that someday I, too, will master the art of taking myself ridiculously seriously and on that day you will have no choice but to say, "Welcome, my son — you are now one of us."

I know I am not alone in my burning desire to learn all I need to know to be accepted into the bosom of this fine city. As a service to those of you still struggling to learn the superior ways of the locals, I humbly offer the following guide:

You might not yet be a Eugenean if:

- You don't believe that there are four primary colors: Blue, red, yellow, and tie-dye.
- You have a hard time accepting the truth that certain crystals can give you supernatural powers.
- You can't help but wince when someone introduces herself as a "slam poet."
- You have never fashioned a bong out of a Pepsi bottle and a Bic pen, and then were just a little too satisfied with the artistic value of the finished product.
- You still look both ways before crossing the street because you haven't yet achieved the smug, self-satisfied state of absolute Zen-like certainty that cars are evil and pedestrians, especially someone as special and superior as you, have the inalienable, God-approved, right-of-way in all circumstances.
- You don't understand that during "harvest season" a lot of cars will be driven by people with hanging, droopy smiles and will be going 40 miles-per-hour—in the fast lane.
- You don't fancy that your hair-curling BO is an alluring, natural "musk."
- You are not currently in a band, have never been in a band, or don't live next door to someone who is now in a band.
- You don't get weepy when you hear a Jesse Colin Young song on the radio.
- You don't smoke a cigarette while riding your bicycle, certain that it makes you look ironically complex.
- You don't have so much hand-made hemp clothing that you jokingly refer to your closet as the "stash box."
- You don't get so self-righteously angry

with people for being insufficiently devoted to peace that you could just kill them.



- You don't get so stoned that you sometimes forget all the words to "Give Peace a Chance."

- You get baffled as to why that woman feels it's OK to take off her clothes at a crowded public park and you have to resist the urge to yell, "Hey — put your tie-dyed 'Dukakis '88' T-shirt back on!"

Sorry you missed Woodstock, but you're grossing me out and you made my 4-year-old son laugh so hard he blew apple juice out of his nose!"

- You still accept that other people are allowed to hold world-views different than your own and there's at least a chance that they just might still be valid.

- You don't grasp what an unforgivable gaffe it is to not bring your own hand-sewn hemp bag with you to use for carrying your groceries home.

- You haven't yet attained the ironclad, unyielding, self-righteous belief that none of your opinions are minor, on every conceivable topic from the superiority of vegetarianism to the proper length of dreadlocks.

- You have a crisis when you are at a public park being assaulted by the screeching of an obviously very stoned moron who is butchering a Nirvana tune on his five-dollar, garage-sale guitar and you suddenly catch yourself thinking, "Jesus Christ, could Reagan have been right all along?"

- You find yourself having to resort to ripping off old Jeff Foxworthy bits to ridicule the locals.

- You still look both ways before crossing the street because you haven't yet achieved the smug, self-satisfied state of absolute Zen-like certainty that cars are evil and pedestrians, especially someone as special and superior as you, have the inalienable, God-approved, right-of-way in all circumstances.

Just kidding, Eugene! Hopefully, no one will take offense at this. Because look, if we can't laugh at ourselves, we might as well just stop the charade and tune in to Rush right now (when he gets out of rehab). After all, you don't want people to think you are nothing more than superior, intolerant dittoheads, only with a leftward lean, right? Now pass the bong, crank the Cat Stevens, and let's start making plans for our lives under President Kucinich.

Kelly Michael James is a writer living in Eugene with his wife and two children. He is an avowed Marxist (Groucho, not Karl) as well as a lawyer, educator, crackpot, crank, curmudgeon and miscreant. Fees vary.