

— which I invariably refer to just as Rogue — is very different from Bingo Night at Sam Bond's. For one thing, I've never heard someone at Sam Bond's yell, "Holla!" every time she gets a square. For another, they don't give away vintage stand mixers and mounted antlers at Rogue, just gift certificates you may use for beer. (Not that there's anything wrong with that.) The crowd in Rogue's cafeteria-like space is highly, highly collegiate. A row of tables pushed together is home to a 21st birthday party. Oregon sweatshirts, knee-high boots pulled on over jeans and flowy shirts dominate. When it comes time for two tied players to face off for a prize, twentysomething guys tell jokes that are not only horribly unfunny but astonishingly sexist. I want to tell a bad Michael Jackson joke just to break up the cracks about stupid blondes and noisy wives. Note to bingo players: Write down your jokes ahead of time. And make them good ones. Please.

THURSDAY

Before the UO men beat Arizona State: "If you promise we can go to two bars tomorrow, we don't have to go out after the game tonight."
 "..."
 "Well?"
 "OK, OK. I promise."

FRIDAY

Just two bars? Let's try three. But we go to the wrong bars, to places we've already been this week. We start out in the right place, though: at **Starlight Lounge**, just after work. Starlight is not always this quiet. We've been here later on a Friday when it was busy enough that we counted ourselves lucky to find a chair or two against a wall somewhere. Tonight, we have our run of the place and plopp ourselves into two heavy chairs in the bar. My companion says that the Starlight's wood-paneled bar, classy and classic, is ideal, and I agree. Our accommodating bartender mixes our off-the-list (the list is nice, but I want tart and he wants to feel like Ernest Hemingway) cocktails and insists that we taste them to make sure they're good. They are.

The days of \$1 Ninkasi at all times are long gone, but there are still deals at the Starlight, which is a funny mix of old-fashioned bar and the couch-strewn lounge area near the front. Sometimes, the clientele feels like it's partially made up of people scared off by the number of tattoos across the street at Horsehead. Tonight, pairs of friends and couples trickle in, ordering Tic-Tacs and pints. We don't know what the music is, but we like it. We like everything. And then we get hungry. Nachos at the Horsehead are



Couple at SNAFU.

followed by a couple of games of pool, which I lose horribly, and then a jaunt across the street to trivia at Rogue. It's less packed than I'd expect for a First Friday, but it is raining. We sit at the bar and can barely hear Mr. Bill. It doesn't matter. We never win anyway.

SATURDAY

More basketball. The Oregon men hold fast against Arizona, and my NCAA tournament hopes are raised ever so slightly.

We venture downtown as 10 pm approaches. I'm feeling bad that I forgot to tell Chuck to go to **SNAFU** and then, when we figured out that it's only open certain nights, he couldn't go those nights. So we walk past. But I'm tired and it's loud and I guess I'm really old. I also don't really dance. At least not in public. Sorry, SNAFU. We owe you a beer.

At **Luckey's**, the doorman says "There's a \$5 cover." This always confuses us. The bar's calendars say \$3-\$5. My companion points this out, and the doorman semi-grudgingly allows that we might pay \$3. Then he tells us about the drink specials.

Luckey's, we decide later, is a great place frequented by people who seem unaware of what kind of place it is. It's a live music venue and a bar, but more often than not, at least half the patrons seem unconcerned about the band onstage. The pool players are not here for the music. The nervous looking girls working the dresses-over-jeans look don't appear to be here for the music. It's cool, I guess. The band will play anyway. We stand by the unused snooker table and wonder aloud why the fantastic old booths — which made the place feel delightfully pubby — were replaced with black couches. The black couches are breeding. Their offspring lurk at Starlight, ready to swallow denim-clad asses whole. We keep standing and feel thankful for the coat hooks on the wall. Luckey's is a first cousin to my favorite city dive bars, just twice as big and half as expensive. Which, come to think of it, is true of most of the bars I've been to in the last week. One more reason to love them. ■



Bingo at Eugene City Brewery



FREEK NITE DANCE PARTY AT SNAFU

GET DOWN, DOWNTOWN

We take our dancing seriously. Out at the clubs, it's not dancing to pass the time, or dancing to pick up chicks, it's more like D-A-N-C-E, 1-2-3-4-5. The only thing a dance floor must provide is a high FUN factor. Throughout the past summer and fall, Indigo District held the FUN trophy (hence we picked it as the "Best New Dance Floor" in last fall's Best of Eugene issue), but then it became a victim of its own success. Once a dance geek and hipster hideaway, the Indigo is now filled with a cologne-drenched crew of university miscreants and Taboo graduates. OK, fine. Whatever.



DANCERS AT DAVIS'

Which is why we welcome a downtown dance renaissance. Leading the charge is **John Henry's '80s Night**. Sure, JH's has Reggae vs. Hip Hop, a packed orgy of cheap drinks and crazy mash-ups of bomb raps and low-down rasta, on Wednesday nights, but what really gets people moving with arms-in-the-air, mouth-the-lyrics excitement is the Thursday night mainstay. We recommend you have a few drinks in you to brave the shock of entering JH's, but once inside there's plenty of niches to squeeze just about any fanny's fancy. Like to lounge? Grab a booth in the stadium seating section. Like to shoot pool? Head for the back. Like to watch? Line up with the other gawkers along the ramp leading onstage.

A good plan for serious dancers like us (a good 60-70 percent of the customers on a given Thursday, which is damn good!) is to start on the floor and then move closer and closer to the stage. When Prince, Journey or that "99 Luftballons" song hits, jump up onstage, mount a speaker (if the current occupant doesn't snap at you), say hi to DJs Chris, Jen and John, and the night will hit a crescendo when you look out on the jubilant crowd and realize why they call this the "legendary dance party."

When your stomach sours from too much Madonna, stumble across the street to the open, airy dance floor at **Davis' Restaurant**, home to vocals-free beats from DJ Sunday Smith (Wednesday), Gaia Tribe (Thursday) and DJ Pristine (Saturday), primarily lapping a world beat, house, techno and hip hop centered mix. One of the few dance floors that you can preview from the sidewalk, Davis' provides a full bar, great late night menu (dancing makes us hungry!), a soft, easy-on-the-knees wood floor and the cleanest bathrooms of them all.



THE AUDIO SCHIZOPHRENIC AT SNAFU

For those afflicted with intense bouts of self-consciousness, Davis' large windows will probably do you no good. Perhaps you better stray over to the "gay and straight friendly" **SNAFU**, located behind Lazar's Bazaar. Our token gay friend succinctly summed up SNAFU as a "tiny, perfect box, [playing] techno and everybody on everybody." Sweet! They aren't open Thursdays, but check out Saturday's Freek Nite, another soon-to-be "legendary" dance party, hosted by the eclectic, French disco lovin' DJ Audio Schizophrenic. Shoot, what day is it? Time to dance! — *Chuck Adams*