



KABOOM!

How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb BY DANTE ZUÑIGA-WEST

Portions of life require catalysts as extreme as the trials we often endure — chemical fuses to ignite our ambitions, explosions to hurry forth the entropy cycle. This is why we have the bomb.

Not the type that ruins cities, guides diplomacy or hides in the sneakers of some religious fundamentalist ready to detonate himself after take off. Not the type of bomb you drop first thing in the morning, post Raisin Bran, magazine in hand, air freshener within reach. We're talking the type of bomb you drop on a Friday night, when you're out with your friends, looking to skew linear thought — shots in pint glasses, bang for your buck, civilian casualties.

At first, I was unable to see the merit in dropping bombs. I'd dabbled in pacifism in college, and was somewhat opposed to this type of violence. Who in their right mind would think that soaking their system with a flash flood of booze in a short period of time is an excellent idea? Who wants to wake up face down in the bathroom of their chosen watering hole, unaware of what discharged?

I was skeptical of such behavior, though not above it, and to gain a true understanding of the bomb I assembled a small committee to investigate.

This coalition of the willing made its way to Cowfish because, while places such as The Old Pad and Sushi Ya can bust out the ordinance, the Fish has a wide variety of bombs in the bay.

"It's not the experienced drinker who comes in and orders a bomb," says Patrick Campbell, bartender and liquid explosives expert. "It's usually the newer bar patrons, or people who know they aren't interesting in general and are looking to get interesting fast."

With this said, the investigation continued as Campbell presented the committee with bombs for consumption and consideration, two of which managed to make their way into my own personal testimony.

THE VEGAS BOMB

Only people of undiluted masochistic character would do this to themselves. In fact, bar owner Brian Hebb speculated that this drink is "perhaps the greatest evidence that we are a herd animal more likely to follow the ass of our fellows into a chasm, than trust our own good sense to stand aside."

The Vegas Bomb involves Crown Royal and Malibu in a shot glass being dropped into peach schnapps and Red Bull. The committee was shocked and awed, appalled that anyone could do this to his fellow man. It didn't taste like that sinful hellhole in Nevada, but rather like a shipwrecked night on an abandoned beach, when a man finds himself wretched, alone, assed-out and sandier than a wounded seagull.

THE SPRINGFIELD CAR BOMB

In sheer contrast to the Vegas Bomb, this drink is as smooth as it is terrible — Oakshire Stout, Bailey's Irish Cream and whiskey combust to blow you away. Whereas one member of the committee referred to the Vegas Bomb as tasting like a "date rape gummy worm," other members speculated that the Springfield Car Bomb was "the chocolate milk he always wanted."

In the end, we stopped worrying and concluded that not all bombs are bad, though the people who drop them are of questionable character to say the least. Please bomb responsibly, and mind your collateral damage. ■

Note: All references to bombs, explosives and shit that goes "kaboom" are intended to be received within the context of drinking. If for some reason this article were to fall into the hands of an agent from the Department of Homeland Security, we would urge that agent to have a stiff drink.

VOTED NUMBER ONE BY EUGENE WEEKLY READERS

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2010 BEST LATE-NIGHT EATS

2007 BEST BAR FOOD
BEST HAPPY HOUR

541-683-3154
99 WEST BROADWAY

THE FISH BAR

SCAN FOR MENU

M A I N T A I N E

THURS. MARCH 15TH
AMERICANA / 10PM / \$3
Satori Bob & THE HI-FI RAMBLERS

FRIDAY, MAR. 16TH
CANDY-O
Rock / 9PM / \$3

SATURDAY MAR. 17TH
ACOUSTIC MINDS
ELECTRONICA / 10PM / \$3

ONGOING EVENTS

SUNDAYS
POOL TOURNAMENT,
BEER PONG, & GIANT JENGA

MONDAYS
OPEN MIC 8PM SIGN UP WITH MC AMBLIN'

TUESDAYS
KARAOKE 9PM-CLOSE WITH SLICK NICK

WEDNESDAYS
ELECTRONICORN 10PM
LIVE HOUSE, BREAKBEAT & TRANCE

LOUNGE

13TH & OAK
541.485.FOOD