
INSTITUTIONALIZED

Music, Biking, Beverages, and More

Issue # 1
Winter 1998

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

This is the first installment in what I hope to make a regular publication. For years I have been reading 'zines written by people from all over the world and decided that it was time to seriously try to start my own. I also used to write a rag called the Bhatt-zine but decided to end it after the Murphy's Law Halloween '97 show. The Bhatt-zine was something that I did in some capacity for about a year and a half and sent out over e-mail (sic) to a bunch of unfortunate droogs. The basic idea behind the Bhatt-zine was to write about the shows I was going to in NYC, or elsewhere, for my friends, both of them. Over the year and a half I started sending it to more and more people, until at its

demise it was going to a bunch of different people including four unfortunate droogs in Japan. Well, some of the people who were getting the Bhatt-zine started writing their own reviews and sending them out. I was so pleased with their reviews that the Bhatt-zine was ended and left for others to carry on.

Two months have gone by and I have not written any new Bhatt-zines and have missed writing. I also need something to keep me awake until 7 a.m. This is not a revival of the Bhatt-zine, but hopefully something on the next level. I do not plan to write reviews of the shows I go to, but would love to receive reviews written by others for inclusion in the

Music section of "Institutionalized." This rag will cover some of the other things that I like other than music, hence the lead-in "Music, Biking, Beverages, and More." With a broader range of topics people who do not listen to hardcore, punk rock, or ska music will also be able to enjoy this 'zine.

I guess part of the inspiration for "Institutionalized" goes to Lee Greenfeld at Sound Views. I love reading Sound Views and have read the phrase, "Don't just sit there. Do something ...," too many times. I hope you enjoy this piece of garbage.

dr.bhatt

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MUSIC SECTION

RAYBEEZ MEMORIAL SHOW



- Photo by e.Bowla before the Raybeez Memorial Show CBGB's 10/12/97

Back Row: Toby Morse H2O, Jimmy "Gestapo" D. Murphy's Law, Roger Miret Agnostic Front
Front Row: Midori Miura, Michi

This is the one of the last quality Bhatt-zine reviews I wrote. It was for the Raybeez Memorial Show at CBGB's. I have edited it down from the original four page version that was sent out as the "Best Bhatt-zine Ever." This will be the only time I revive the Bhatt-zine, for better or worse. The biblical theme is purely accidental; I am Hindu.

10/12/97 Sunday 3 p.m. --
CBGB's -- Agnostic Front,
Murphy's Law, Madball,
H2O, 25 ta Life, S.F.A.

It is with great pride and
sadness that I write this

review. This show was
incredible and only hope
to do it justice.
Unfortunately, the cause
of this phenomenon was
the death of Raymond
Barbieri, a.k.a. Raybeez of
Warzone.

Friday night the one they
call e.Bowla came to NYC
from Boston with two
friends from Japan, Midori
and Michi. We make an
exodus for the Scofflaws
show and I pick up a copy
of the Village Voice. The
show of Biblical
proportion is listed, but
Sold Out. A CBGB's
Sunday Matinee tribute to
the recently departed

Raybeez of Warzone. The
line up: Agnostic Front,
Murphy's Law, Madball,
H2O, 25 ta Life, and S.F.A.

The four of us head down
to CB's on Sunday
afternoon. We are hangin'
out front and Roger AF
comes by. I say hello and
introduce him to Midori
and Michi. I tell him they
came from Japan for this
show. He asks if we have
tickets. I tell him we don't
and Roger says, "don't
worry about it, we're
going to get everyone in."
So everything is cool.

I bought the "In Memory
of Raybeez" shirt. As it

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says on the back, "No One Gets In For Free." Even if you were on the guest list you had to pay \$10. This is a pure example of what hardcore is all about. All the money went to pay for Raybeez's funeral, help out his fiancée, and make a donation to a local support group for street kids in his name. CB's got no money from the door or t-shirt sales.

So we still don't have tickets and S.F.A. and 25 ta Life have already played. Jimmy Gestapo and Roger AF are about to walk in and Jimmy looks over at me and asks if we have tickets. I say no. He yells over to Roger to get the stamp and we get our stamps. e.Bowla, Midori, and Michi went to get some breakfast but I had to see H2O, they are the best band out there. At this point e.Bowla knew about H2O but it wasn't until he came in and saw H2O did he understand H2O. He now understands H2O and why they are the best band around.

H2O kicked ass. They played old songs and songs off the new CD out this past Tuesday. I don't have it so I still don't know the new songs. It was sick nonetheless. I moshed, rolled a good amount, sang some, and loved every minute of it.

e.Bowla loved it too. I saw him going nuts in the pit. H2O are so DAMN good it is not understandable, even when you are seeing them, so you phoolios are only lost sheep.

I have never seen or heard Madball before. They are fucking awesome! Since this was my first Madball experience all I can say about them is they were great. Madball played NY Hardcore exactly the way I like it, not too hard, good vocals, good guitars, and not too fast. During the Madball set the singer from Killing Time got up there and they played "Fool's Day."

Murphy's Law, why do I even review Murphy's Law anymore. This show was awesome. It has been eight years since Murphy's Law has played CB's. It was awesome. They started with Cavity Creeps and followed with Panty Raid. Then they moved on to Sarasota and even Midori and Michi were impressed by the height and duration of the roll I got during this song. I couldn't believe it myself. Midori and Michi quickly figured out that the reason I get good rolls is because I only weigh 125 lbs. I carried another skinny guy. I asked him after the set how much he weighed, 110 lbs. I gave him a good roll but I was

the only one supporting him, but at 110 lbs. it only takes one. I got a really good roll in during the last song, Some One Is Going to Get Their Head Kicked In. Steve sang back up on a couple of songs and it was awesome, totally eerie sounding. I wish I knew how they did it. I didn't get any beers, other than in the eye, but e.Bowla got a beer. Any way their set was great, as usual.

Agnostic Front!!! Wow, they were awesome too! I just asked e.Bowla if I could stop writing here but he said no. Sometimes nothing said is better than trying to say something that can't possibly do justice - kind of like military justice. They played all the great Agnostic Front songs. Roger sang some songs with his brother. A shout out was made to Vinnie Stigma's son little Vinnie, the only shout out of the night. I loved the Agnostic Front set; at CB's every band sounds their best. Hearing Agnostic Front at CB's, I understand why CB's sound system is world famous. Roger dyed his hair red, didn't wear his bandanna, and didn't take off his shirt so he did not look so intimidating. I did not mosh during this set. I wanted to see Agnostic Front; I normally wear glasses. Last time I saw

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Agnostic Front was at The Palladium during the summer of '92. They only played a couple songs that time because the bouncers were stopping the kids from getting up on stage and Roger got mad. He responded by trying to drop a monitor on one of the bouncer's head. At that point the show was canceled. Tonight's show was a true hardcore show, CB's and of course no bouncers. The stage at CB's was a little higher than I remembered it. The stage was really slippery since it was soaking wet with water, sweat, and Murphy's Law's beer. I

fell a couple times when I was up on stage dancing/skanking during Murphy's Law's set. Back to Ag Front. They killed it. They might be 35 years old but they still kick ass.

e.Bowla and I were trying to think of a better show that either one of us have been to. Given the line-up and it was at CBGB's clearly makes it the best hardcore show ever. This was what hardcore is all about: standing up for what you believe in wholeheartedly, UNITY, helping each other out and not going for the money. They didn't have to do

this tribute for Raybeez's family. They didn't have to give money to charity in Raybeez's name, but this is what hardcore is about.

Until this show me and e.Bowla thought the best show we ever heard of was the Beastie Boys, Public Enemy, Murphy's Law show Andy went to, or I thought maybe the show I went to at The Palladium with: Agnostic Front, Murphy's Law, Warzone, Leeway, Lunachicks, and some other bands that I can longer remember other than Nuclear Assault.

1997, THE YEAR IN REVIEW

This is here as filler, maybe next issue I will have an ad or something better to fill the page.

Last year was a really good year. I saw a lot of first class shows and bands, and missed even more. Last year I saw the NYC debut of two major shows, The Warped Tour and The Epitaph Summer Nationals. I probably saw about 25 bands between those two events. Unfortunately I got to the Warped Tour at 3:00 and missed Sick Of It All and Hepcat but I thought I had alcohol poisoning.

A run down of the bands that I can remember seeing:

King Chango
Avail
Agnostic Front
Madball
Murphy's Law
H2O
Snuff
Scofflaws
Skatalites
Descendents
The Bosstones
Social Distortion
Vision of Disorder
Kill Your Idols
Pennywise
Millencolin
Guided By Voices
Sleater Kinney

Ten Foot Pole
Down By Law
NoFX
Gas Huffer
Wayne Kramer
The Joykiller
Voodoo Glow Skulls
New Bomb Turks
The Slackers
Hepcat
The Pietasters
Electric Frankenstein
The Articles
The Allstonians
9 Lives
Crown of Thornz
Down Low
Inspector 7
Red Aunts
Pulley
Distraught

BIKING SECTION

CENTRAL PARK COURTESY

I live in Manhattan and love to bike. Central Park is one of the few places that I can ride without engaging in what I call sudden death biking. Although it was in Chicago that I first experienced sudden death biking, it is even more rampant in NYC. I chose the term sudden death biking to describe my experiences in Chicago because the bike I had had coaster brakes that didn't really work, the front wheel would hit my foot whenever I turned, and the bike was entirely unstable. I used to have a near death experience every time I rode that bike.

When your main focus is speed, riding the Central Park perimeter loop is probably your best bet. The only problem is that everyone else knows this too. There is a limit to the number of times you almost get hit by a car before you take on a self preservationist view on riding in Central Park.

Here are my views on how to make it less hellish. Ideally we get NYC to ban cars in Central Park from 7 a.m. until 10 p.m. weekdays and all weekend. I still need to figure out how to get a petition together to send to the Mayor to enforce this.

Here are some basic park courtesies every one should follow.

1. Walkers, joggers, roller-bladers, bikers, and cars use the park loop. Speed should be the determining factor on where each park-goer travels. Slowest traffic on the inside and fastest on the outside. Therefore walkers and joggers are closest to the park with roller-bladers and bikes moving away from the park and cars on the outside. Unfortunately, many times bikers do not have enough room to safely pass slower traffic. For some

reason walkers, joggers, and roller-bladers feel compelled to get as close to the moving cars as possible.

2. Roller-bladers need to recognize their strides result in their feet becoming obstacles for bikers passing them. Yes, your legs really do swing that far out when you roller-blade. If you don't believe me watch a roller-blader for five minutes.
3. DON'T listen to your Walkman while you're on the park loop! You cannot hear me yelling at you before I ride straight into your back. I figure it will hurt you more than me and you will learn this lesson the hard way.
4. The sidewalk is for pedestrians. If you stay off the sidewalks they will stay off the loop.
5. Don't fight the flow. The loop is set up to go counter-clockwise.

THE RIVERSIDE PARK HALF-PIPE

For all the skaters, bladers, and BMX freestyle bikers in NYC, there's a half-pipe in Riverside Park at 108th street. I think it is open everyday but Monday, and maybe Tuesday. It

closes at 8 p.m. This past August, ESPN and Roller-blade hosted Blade Jam 3 there with professional and amateur bikers, bladers, and skaters. I saw part of the skaters

Vert competition and the professional bikers Street Freestyle competition. It was three days long, kick ass, and Roller-blade let everyone try out their new skates.

BEVERAGES SECTION

THE PATRON SAINT OF IDES

I felt obliged to write my first beverage section about the preeminent malt liquor. Of course that would be St. Ides, a.k.a. Crooked I. I guess it's clear that I am not even remotely straight edge. Fortunately, it seems many of the hardcore kids today are straight edge.

I am not sure when St. Ides became my beverage of choice, but I remember as far back as 1993 I would show up at parties with two 40's in hand. Last time my parents ventured into the concrete jungle I recycled 16 empties of St. Ides double deuces.

What makes St. Ides so tasty is that for \$1.59 I can get a 40 of malt liquor that is full flavored and probably about 7% alcohol! The double deuces go for a buck a piece in upper Manhattan, where I live. The St. Ides marketing guys in the Motor City figured that they could sell even more of this malted nectar with a devious pricing scheme that put two 40's at \$3.

AN ODE TO IDES

I must confide,
it is the St. Ides,
that gives me reason
to wake each day.

What makes St. Ides so nasty is that for \$3 I will have no memories of the night before. Just for the record I currently weigh in at a buck thirty-eight, which is up six pounds in the past month when I started weighing myself every day. Since October I have been working in Florida and getting in plenty of beverages, no exercise, and I have become a club member at the "Beverages and More" establishment. I have even contemplated starting my own business venture called "Beer Island." Yes, that is an island that would serve all your beverage needs while you mosh it up on an island. Any venture capital funding would be appreciated.

With recent advancements in 40 oz. glass bottle design, St. Ides 40's now features the St. Wides mouth to ensure that the Patron St. of Ides is consumed without hesitation or delay. This may be the single biggest

It has a flavor,
that I truly savor,
with each 40 I buy
and the \$1.59 I pay.

advancement in beverage technology in the last decade. It is a pity the first beverage maker I saw using/marketing this break through technology was Coors. Unfortunately Coors products suck! and I have a strong feeling that Adolf Coors does not wear the SkinHeads Against Racial Prejudice (SHARP) emblem on his sleeve.

A shout out to e.Bowlz for procuring a case of St. Ides 40's. An event every one who enjoys malted beverages should do at least once in their lifetime.

For beverage value per dollar I think St. Ides is the golden winner. In a battle for beverage quality per dollar St. Ides has some strong competition. More on beverages to come in future issues. You can probably look forward to reviews of the following fine beverages: Guinness, Chivas, Prior's Double Dark, Mickey's, green tea, and other liquid treats.

It is the malted beverage,
not the straight edge,
that I am committed to
or so I say.

Ides - *n.*, The 15th day of March, May, July, or October or the 13th of the other months in the ancient Roman calendar

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THE YOUTH OF TODAY JUDGE TOO QUICKLY

The original title to this outburst was The Youth of Today, but I felt like putting two band names together in chronological order that shared a common member. I think the term they use when someone does that is “fuckin’ stupid ass.” That is the reason why the title does not really fit with my outburst.

I heard a guy who doesn’t even listen to hardcore/punk rock/ska music tell me the other day that Rancid are sell-outs because his “punk rock” friend told him that. This is ridiculous! Rancid are not sell-outs!!! In my opinion a sell-out is someone who changes for the wrong reasons, which doesn’t include growing or expanding your music, going back to your roots, or making money doing something you love.

Rancid did not sell-out. When they play they do it out of love, not out of greed. ‘And Out Come the Wolves’ is not an anthemic hardcore album like the Rancid Self-Titled album, but that does not mean they sold out. When I bought Rancid S/T I didn’t take it out of my CD player for a month. When I bought ‘And Out Come the Wolves’ I listened to it for

a day or so and filed it away in the archives until some girl said listen to ‘Time Bomb,’ it is a ska tune. Sure enough, after pulling it out of the archives and giving it another listen, this time not expecting a great hardcore album, I listened to it and said this is a pretty damn good album. ‘And Out Come the Wolves’ is going back to Tim and Matt’s ska-punk roots. Those roots being Op Ivy. Anyone who says Rancid are sell-outs obviously doesn’t know Tim Armstrong’s history. Rancid made some money doing something they love and kept Tim alive in the process, and people want to call them sell-outs!!! If a friend of mine is killing himself and I can do something to help save his life, I hope that no one calls me a sell-out. Every day I go to work and hate what I do, but I make enough money to live in Manhattan, go to shows, and drink beer when I want, yet I am the only one calling me a sell-out. Neither I, nor Rancid are role models, therefore, no one should judge how we choose to live our lives. If you do choose to judge someone else, they are not sell-outs if they stand up for what they believe in wholeheartedly, or save a friend’s life in the process.

A lot of kids are getting into bands like Rancid and H2O now. When I go to shows I hear people saying these kids coming out to shows today with Rancid T-shirts never knew about bands like Reagan Youth, Cro-Mags, Angry Samoans, MDC, Day Glow Abortions or for that matter recent bands like Outcrowd that have ex-members in H2O. Most of the kids today probably listened to Rancid before they listened to Op Ivy, and probably don’t know what Rancid and Big Rig have in common. That is all right though. In ten years when I am 36 years old and at a CB’s Sunday matinee I will hear some 26 year old kid say, “look at that kid with the ‘Popular Band’ shirt on, I bet he doesn’t even know who the ‘Home Wreckers’ were.” If the kids getting into the hardcore/punk rock/ska scene today don’t learn the roots on their own that is O.K. If you know the roots of the music, take the time to tell them. They have got to start somewhere.

I grew up listening to AC-DC, Pink Floyd, The Beatles, Neil Young, LL Cool J, and Run DMC. A couple months before I moved to NYC in 1989 I

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got hold of GWAR's 'Hello' album and loved it. This was years before Beavis and Butt-head. When I moved to NYC I dragged some friends to a GWAR Halloween show at the Rapp Art Center and confirmed my love of hardcore/punk rock/ska music.

I missed the whole 80's NYHC scene, but with time I learned the roots, the history, and the music I missed. I also learned every one has a place in their heart for hardcore/punk rock/ska music, it is that just not everyone has found it yet. Bands like Rancid, H2O, and The

Bosstones are helping the masses find that love. When you see that kid who doesn't know what the hardcore scene is about, tell him! That was me nine years ago burning for knowledge. A person doesn't need to go to school to learn or be a teacher to teach.

ON MY ABSOLUTE LACK OF TASTE, CLASS, OR ANYTHING RESEMBLING STYLE

By Mark Driver (<http://www.crashsite.com>)

I really should do something about my appearance. I realized this earlier today as I got breakfast at a diner near my house. The waitress smiled and poured a cup of coffee without me having to ask for it. Nice enough. Then she leaned in close to me and said, "you can sit here for as long as you want, I'll keep bringing you coffee." That seemed a bit odd. Had she been under the age of 90, I would have assumed she was hitting on me, but there was something uncomfortably maternal about this waitress. When I tried to order eggs and biscuits she paused for a second and asked, "do you have the money to pay for it?" Her world suddenly came into blinding focus for me, I was some sort of homeless runaway, seeking a brief respite from the mean streets in a neighborhood greasy spoon, free to drink nice

warm coffee until my insides turn black and dissolve. I actually had to show her a \$5 bill before she'd put the order in. I really must be putting off some strange vibes.

I can't really put my finger on where I went wrong, but I do have some suspicions. I think I stopped trying around the age of 15. My hair was shaggy, I wore Black Flag T-shirts, religiously abused low-top black Vans with the white stripe, and I shaved my fuzzless face about once every two weeks. This got me through high school, my college stint, and various cities just fine. But now, I'm 25 and I couldn't get dressed up if I wanted to. I'm a fashion cripple. Besides my impressive collection of camouflage and my seven Cleveland Browns shirts, my wardrobe doesn't amount to much more than a pile

of oil stained T-shirts, a few wifebeaters, eight pairs of flannel underwear, a black hooded sweatshirt, a pair of khakis, and a pair of torn jeans. It's not that I couldn't afford to go out and get some new duds, it's just that I never really think of it. It doesn't enter my mind.

Another possible reason for my lack of style could be my favorite kind of relationship - the long distance relationship. Under what other circumstances could you have a girlfriend and wear the same pants for nine days straight? Under what other circumstances could you maintain a tight emotional bond and still spend your weekends naked, drinking Jim Beam from the bottle on the couch, playing Nintendo and listening to Oi records while eating sauerkraut and raw potatoes? Sure, if

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you had a cool girlfriend you might get away with one of those every so often, but you'd be hard pressed to make a habit out of it. Yes sirree, with a long distance relationship, all your loving passion is saved for those motel weekends where you try to fit in as much screwing before your plane takes off, and no one really notices any personal decline on your part. Even now with my live-in girlfriend, I get cut a lot of slack because hey, she's seen me puke on myself while wearing a dress. Use that as your bottom level and you can go nowhere but up. Plus, she works 80 hour weeks, so any time she sees me is late at night. She assumes that I've changed into 'comfort clothes' since getting home from work. Baby, I woke up in these clothes.

I don't really know if things can get any better though. It's not that I'm avoiding anything, it's just a rare morning when I wake up and say, "Driver, we're buying you some nice pants today." Haircut appointments rarely get made by themselves, and when they do happen, they're usually nothing more than borrowing a friend's electric razor. But fuck it, my bills get paid, I buy food, I can get my car fixed, I don't really see the

need to change. Sure I still get carded for 'R' movies. Sure I still get harassed in Nevada casinos. Sure I don't get quite the service that some moussed dipshit in a golf shirt gets, but I can live with that. That's my trade off for being able to go to sleep in the clothes I'll be wearing the next day so I can set my alarm for two minutes before I have to leave my apartment. I suppose the only thing that might make me change one day is the fear of being That One Guy. You know, the 50-year-old dude that drips with a teenage vibe, who hangs out at college parties and talks about how inspirational Radiohead (or whatever semi-hip corporate band was cool six months previously) is. The only person who really gives me hope for getting older (besides my boss, who doesn't need to get his head any bigger) is Keith Morris, who I see all over the place around this city. He's getting old in a way I can respect. Sure, you might say he's getting a little haggard, but you don't have anything on him; you didn't sing for the Circle Jerks.

Regardless, I suppose I'll have to eventually overhaul my entire wardrobe and start getting ready to be a senior citizen, but I don't really

understand how that's going to happen. I have many questions concerning the leisurewear of our golden agers. Have people over the age of 65 suffered from poor taste all their lives, or do biochemical changes in the aging body make one more prone to wearing yellow pants? Is it like dying taste buds that need more salt that suddenly terrycloth seems like a great material for shirts? Not that all senior citizens are poor dressers, there's plenty of salty dogs who have the good sense to keep their clothing in line with common Earth standards. But for the most part, any respect I would have for my elderly elders is usually tempered by the trousers pulled up past their nipples. Maybe they're like me, and just haven't found the time to update their wardrobes in the last few decades. I suppose that would place their last significant clothing purchases around 1975, a poor fashion year by anyone's standards. But maybe when I'm old, what looks perfectly normal to me will fuel laughter and ridicule within the throngs of teens threatening my existence as I politely shop the Space Mall for a new liver. Maybe when I'm old, the urge to don cotton pastels will overtake me like incontinence as I watch

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Wheel of Fortune from my Ft. Lauderdale retirement compound. I think the government mails you those stupid slippers with

your first Social Security check as well. But I guess by that point, you don't really give a shit about impressing anyone, you

just put on what's comfortable and force everyone to deal with it. Great attitude for 70, questionable at 25.

What's To Come In The Future (just some ideas)?

Music Section: Depends on what happens in the next month or so. Davis (my creative consultant: all ideas and no delivery) is contemplating writing a review of the Rolling Stones show in Miami.

Biking Section: Still open, suggestions are welcomed.

Beverages Section: Wit-ta-know may do a ranking of all the fine malt liquors. Davis will impart his experiences and knowledge of the Brew Sack for our readers.

More Section: A social commentary on the brilliant t.v. series South Park.

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