
INSTITUTIONALIZED

Music, Biking, Beverages, and More

Issue # 2
Summer 1998

THOSE BOYS CAN DANCE!

Well for the second issue of Institutionalized I got some new writers.

The Hepcat/Slackers/Gadjits tour was well received across the country. Andy and Big D wrote excellent write-ups of the shows in Boston and San Diego respectively. I saw the show in Ft. Lauderdale and NYC. Two things that you can't take away from the front men for Hepcat are: they can sing and man can they dance. I enjoyed the shows but could never do justice to it like Big D and Andy. That's probably best since I am not writing any more reviews.

Check out The Pilfers if you get a chance. They are great. Coolie Ranx

is singin' and Vinnie Nobile is playing trombone. Their self-titled CD is one of my best buys this year.

John Joesph helped organize a benefit show for the Lower East Side Food Relief Fund. It was quite a collection of 15 or 16 NY HardCore bands, and they were giving out free Indian food too! The highlight of the show was definitely seeing the Cro-Mags. Also any time you see ten NY bands in one show you are going to see some of the ex-Murphy's Law family. I think I saw four guys who used to play in Muprhy's Law playing this show. I also got a chance to say hello to Bad Brains guitarist Dr. Know. The original Dr.

South Park disappointed me on April Fool's day when they held out on telling us who Cartman's dad is. I don't care for Terrence and Phillip either. The episode was definitely a miss.

I have yet to see an episode that surpasses the Christmas Southpark with the lovable Mr. Hanky. How can you go wrong with a Christmas turd.

Sorry for the extended delay in putting out this issue. If it was any good I would at least have an excuse. Enjoy!

dr.bhatt

WHAT'S INSIDE:

Music Section:	Hepcat At The Belly Up Tavern, Rocket From The Crypt, What It Means To Be Free
Biking Section:	No Am Snowboarding Tour
Beverages Section:	Malt Liquor Review
More Section:	Steak and Ribs, Advantages Of Living In A Sketchy Neighborhood

MUSIC SECTION

HEPCAT AT THE BELLY UP TAVERN

Daniel Ramirez

How do I even start to describe a show that includes Hepcat and BRC/TNP under 1 roof; on top of that, it was the roof of Belly Up Tavern in Salona Beach. Once again, Hepcat was there to represent, and BRC/TNP was also there to rep and resent. Also in attendance was the Mexican Mafia (excluding Ocho bee ... as you may remember from the last Hepcat write up, Ocho bee was banned from any other Hepcat shows).

The night started off pretty early since Slackers were the opening band. We all rolled up and bought our beers. Of course joh666n had to get on the Crazy Ho (that's Crazy Horse for the Beer impaired) along with most of the Mexican Mafia. They really bonded that night. As the 10 of us were finishing up our beers, the infamous security swiftly and quietly rolled up on us. When the Dark Ninja realized it was our posse, he was like, "What's up!! Where's Ocho Bee?" Of course he left us alone and went on about his business as though he never saw us. Mother nature wasn't so nice. The combination of night and Mr. El Nino caused us to

cut our drinking fest a little early.

So, we roll up to the ticket booth, and roll right past the line which extended about 50 people. Five of us had tickets, and joh666n has five reserved. Tickets were on sale for \$8. Can't go wrong! It was kinda funny because right when we got to the ticket booth the ticket lady said, "we're sold out". joh666n's response, "but I got 5 reserved though". Now who's gonna turn down somebody who's got 666 in their first name. We roll in like there ain't nothin' wrong. Mexican Mafia took their time because they hit tha bong. George the bartender had a Guinness and an MGD for joh666n and I before we even reached the bar. joh666n and I looked at each other and knew it was going to be one of those nights. We then went around and gave some dap to all the management and security bouncers. (e.bowla, the big security guy with the shaved head clowning joh666n for having hair) And of course, Mike was asking about you. You know something just isn't right when the WHOLE (the known felons) posse isn't there. I just wanted to let you know that you were dearly missed and it

is never the same when you're not there. But back to the show. We ran into your savior, who's only known as James. He once saved the lives of e.bowla and joh666n, but that's another story. James works for SKUNK Records, and was taking pictures of the whole show. I'm pretty sure he hooked our picture up, but neglected to tell us if it was going to be in a 'zine or not. We then ran into Alex Desert, who is one of the lead singers for Hepcat. I had to let him know that O'side was rep and resenting at the show. I also proceeded to tell him, "just blow it up...NIA". He just modestly looked at me and said, "we'll try". Slackers were up, and they threw down. I tend to think that Slackers are not a very popular band in SoCal, but they blew it up. The sound system was very clear that night, and the vocals were just as clear. The set was very short, maybe eight songs or so, but the only gripe that I had was that they did not play "Rude and Reckless". That is like every rudie's anthem. It was a shame, but the show had to go on.

Now Hepcat...Came on the set and started with Train to Skaville. Before I

MUSIC SECTION

get started on this review, let me give you a slight clue on the way San Diego is. For some ungodly reason, the patrons of any San Diego show are very timid and quiet. When provoked they will go off. So, in short, if somebody in the crowd doesn't SET IT OFF, the show doesn't go off. Which brings me to my posse. I remember the when we first started to go to shows at the BUT. We had every bouncer trying to kick us out of every show. "Too Tough" "Too Rough" they said. After about the 5th show, I think everybody (management, security, and bartenders) knew we weren't there to start troubles. We didn't take shiite from anybody. And most importantly, we were there to SET THE SHOW OFF! (If the management, security, or bartenders from the BUT get a hold of this write up, I just want to give you guys much props for letting our crew run rampant in your tavern, and then loving us for doing so).

So after the show gets started Hepcat started with their new album titled, "Right On Time". They played about half of the songs on the new album. Then they played songs from "Out of Nowhere" and "Scientific". Hepcat also came with about 4 or 5 songs that I haven't heard yet, and that was all good. In the meantime, we had a small to medium sized pit for every song that was played. The pit was pretty good, because it allowed 1-4 people to go nuts and skank for their lives like there was no tomorrow. Each person gets about 15-30 seconds of skank time before they let somebody else go off. The pit always starts off as an exclusive pit to the crew, but by the end of the night we saw about 10 to 15 new faces enjoying the pit. I guess they figured, if you can't take 'em, join 'em. And that's the way we like it.

Hepcat tried to leave 3 times before they finally left. It was cool to see that the band was really enjoying themselves, and

the crowd going nuts each time Hepcat left the stage. And like Out of Nowhere they left on the Train to Skaville.

After the show, the band members got together and gave my brother a signed t-shirt. That was really cool. Much love!

Needless to say, we were all pretty dunn that night, but we couldn't break tradition. We headed for the famous Juanitas in Encinitas. It's always a day under the sun there. For some unknown reason, they have come to love us as well. You know, there's nothing like ordering a plate of 3 rolled tacos, and receiving a plate of 5. Two for free. Every time. Someday we'll go out of our way to hook them up as well.

So if you ever visit a show at the BUT, please take my advise and SET THE SHOW OFF! Oh yeah, and don't forget to show me love up in da club.

Big D



Everything your looking
for in a breakfast beer.

MUSIC SECTION

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

Gregg Garcia

Besides having a great band name, Rocket also knows how to rock (get it). Their music is a wonderfully potent combination of heavy rock, rockabilly and punk. And, make no mistake - they deliver in a live setting. One of my favorite shows of all time was a Rocket concert at the Troubadour. They come with the dual Les Paul attack and never quite let up for the entire show, hitting chord after chord and rhythm after rhythm until the night draws to a close and you're left wanting more. John Ries, dubbed Speedo, is Rocket's frontman and lead guitarist. Although his guitar work with Drive Like Jehu was far superior (see the album "Yank Crime" for the pinnacle in

noise/heavy/grind guitar), his Rocket playing style remains solid and seemingly appropriate for the type of music they're creating. RFTC's drummer, dubbed Atom, knows (like any rock drummer worth his weight) how to hit, and I emphasize the word HIT. If you play rock-n-roll, the drums should be thoroughly beat into submission at every opportunity. I think we can all agree how unsatisfying a wimpy drummer can be. Rocket also features a classy horn section (well, a trumpet and sax), and a dancing roadie. The entire band is typically decked out in very stylish, matching bowling shirts. At the last show I attended the shirts were black

with silver sequins on the shoulder patch. In that regard, they get extra points for presentation (and fashion).

A Rocket from the Crypt show is well worth the money. In general, I wish John Ries would get back in the studio with Drive Like Jehu (it's coming on four years since they're last album with no official break-up). But, Rocket is his baby, and I can understand his priorities, no matter how they may not correspond to the desires of the rock world. Whatever the case, one has to appreciate Rocket for what they represent - great rock sensibilities with a love for big guitar sounds.

WHAT IT IS TO BE FREE

Andy Schwartz

A sort of rambling review of the Hepcat show at the Paradise in Boston on 2/21/98.

You all know that "second" that Jesse sang about so many years ago. "Just a second when we're leaving all that shit behind. Just a second but it's leaving just this much in mind." That's how I judge a show these days. Hell, that's why I even go to shows at all these days. I know a show is worth the price of admission if I

experience that "second". You can't miss it when it comes. I have to admit... the life of a computer programmer isn't all that exciting. It seems that my demented brain can find time to work on programming problems even in the midst of a great band like the Slackers. It isn't necessarily happening right up front, but it's there somewhere running in a background process. I know it's sick, but it's something that I have to

live with. It's too late for me to do anything about that now. In any case, that "second" came to me last night with no mercy. It hit me about three seconds into Hepcat's "Ska Train". That's not bad considering we're pretty much just talking about a warm up song. Now, here's the reason why I want everyone who reads this to go see Hepcat (I know all you west coast guys already know about this, so I hope you can back me up on

Check out "Sweatmoore's On The Web" and see my FBI home page link there.

<http://home.mci2000.com/~leone@mci2000.com>

MUSIC SECTION

this). That "second" did not end until after the band stopped playing. The second time. In fact, it didn't even really end then. I think it ended sometime after I paid respect to Deston Berry (keyboardist/vocalist) when he came back on stage to break down his equipment, by shaking his hand and asking him to come back to Boston soon. I think it finally ended just about when I ran into the backed up combined souvenir/coat check line and realized I wasn't going to get a chance to pick up that Hepcat T-shirt that I had my eye on.

But let me start by backing up a bit to where this story really begins. It's been maybe three years since I found myself standing outside of the sold out Skatalites/Hepcat show at Slim's in San Francisco. I had been eagerly awaiting my first chance to see the Skatalites perform in California and to check out the folks in Hepcat since I picked up their (now classic) "Out Of Nowhere" CD a couple of months before. So there I was listening to the sweet Hepcat sounds coming through the door out onto 11th St. wondering why the hell I wasn't bright enough to pick up a ticket any time during the month or so that I had been looking forward to the show. It didn't take me

more than a few seconds of hearing the music coming through the door to know that I was missing something big.

So, three years later, when I heard that Hepcat had answered my prayers and decided to come to my newly found home town of Boston, I got my tickets early. Now here it is - 5:00AM the morning after the show, and I'm writing this review for you. It would be cool for me to say that the night was filled with all-night partying up till now, but that would be far from accurate.

The Hepcat show at the Paradise was a very early show. In fact, I got home in time to catch the Saturday Night Live Chris Farley tribute. (Kids in the 60's had martyrs like JFK, RFK, MLK, Malcolm X. We've got Chris Farley. But hey, that's better than Sonny Bono or Michael Kennedy. I mean, they could have at least been snowboarding, right?) I was happily fast asleep by 1:00AM, composing this write-up in my dreams, when I suddenly awoke at 5:00 with the realization that I had better get it down on paper before the memory starts to fade. So, in the fine tradition of the early morning Bhatt-zine review, here we are.

The schedule was like this - doors at 7:00PM, music starts at 7:45, Hepcat

goes on at 9:30. Being used to seeing shows at the Middle East, where the headliner usually goes on after 11:00, I at first thought that there was something wrong with the early schedule. The 9:30 starting time turned out to be a blessing, as I expended every bit of energy that I had available, and when the show got out at 11:00PM I was exhausted and more than satisfied with the evening's offerings. The pre-show game got started at Elbert's place. I swung by around 5:30 to drop off the tickets. On the way out of my place I decided to grab my copy of "Right On Time", to help get the evening off on the right foot. I had a feeling that nothing would get Elbert psyched like a few minutes of the latest Hepcat, and of course it did not fail. This is an outstanding CD, and I really believe it to be their best. Hell, the first cut alone makes it worth the money - it's a dub of one of the Hepcat member's father - a righteous pro-Hepcat answering machine message over some fine old style reggae rhythms. If you ever wondered where the term/title "Scientific" came from, here's your chance to find out. The recording of "Can't Wait" has better mixing and sweeter harmonies than the one on "Give 'em the Boot" - (another comp on which

MUSIC SECTION

Hepcat represents with the finest track). The CD is filled with great original traditional ska, rock steady and reggae tunes. There's a superb slowed-down, reggae version of "The Secret" which shouldn't be missed. Check out the updated backing vocals on this track and you will begin to understand why I like this CD so much. For all of you Hepcat fans that haven't bothered to put out the cash to pick up this CD... Do not hesitate! Go to the store pick it up today.

We were in store for a great lineup - Gadjits/Slackers/Hepcat. Another "Give 'Em the Boot" tour, and surely the best one yet. I'm not going to go into the opening bands. This is getting too long already. Let's just say on a normal night I would be psyched to see either of these bands, especially the Slackers, who have a nice traditional sound and really know how to do the ska/rock-steady thing. But I have to confess that there was really only one reason why I was at the show. All through the first two bands I had one thing on my mind - the upcoming Hepcat performance. Some might say I was "obsessing" ("Some" being my girlfriend Kelly, who I think was just about ready to punch me since I had

been bugging her all week about the show). During the Slackers I was pretty much busy planning strategies for getting to the front of the stage in time for Hepcat. When the Slackers played a tune which had a "Train to Skaville"-like bass line, I could only think of one thing... Hepcat!

The long awaited time finally came and we found a good spot up front and over to the side of the stage by the horns. A few moments before Hepcat took the stage, I had a moment of doubt. I mean, my expectations were extremely high. Could these guys live up to my hopes? I asked Elbert about this and he reassured me that there was no need to doubt. Looking back I feel foolish for my momentary betrayal. But unlike Judas, I must have been forgiven, because instead of going to hell I was rewarded with a show that far exceeded my expectations.

There are two things that you need to know about Hepcat to appreciate why they are so great. First, without doubt Hepcat understands and expresses the spirit, soul and sound of the traditional Jamaican ska and rock steady music more than any "ska" band that wasn't actually around when the music was first

performed in the 1960's. Second, they do this with amazing amount of creativity and originality for a kind of music that has been around for so long. I need to explain this a bit more so you all understand what I mean.

Since the 60's ska has been done in every way imaginable. For better or worse, I think that the resurgence of interest in ska music in the late 90's can qualify as the "4th wave" of ska. Ever since the Two-Tone days, bands have been coming up with new ways to express the spirit of ska. From the Specials to Op Ivy, I would say almost every hybrid - ska-punk, ska-core, ska-metal, ska-la, ska-funk, ska-whatever has been explored. Most of these bands respect the roots of ska, and pretty much any band will throw a traditional ska song into the mix, just to keep the rude boys happy. Occasionally you find bands like Dion Knibbs and the Agitators and Jump with Joey, that truly honor the roots and dedicate their musical careers to playing and perfecting the traditional sound. Usually this means playing the old gems - songs written by the likes of Don Drummond, Tommy McCook, Roland Alphonso, Baba Brooks, Freddie Hibbert, Desmond Dekker, Bob Marley, etc...

MUSIC SECTION

These bands are performing a great service to the ska kids of today by keeping the sound alive. So, just maybe some kid who starts listening to ska because the Bosstones made it popular will get a chance to see a band like the Pressure Cookers and learn something about the tradition of the music that everyone likes to skank to.

Here's the important point. Hepcat isn't just keeping the roots of ska alive. They are adding to the foundation of traditional ska music by making more new traditional ska music in the original vein than any band since the 60's. Hepcat may be writing songs in the 90's, but their original music is some of the only post-60's ska that could truly be placed side by side with the original music. (I've been going on about traditional ska music, but I think you could say the same of Hepcat with respect to rock steady and reggae music too.) Hepcat is one of the few bands in the last couple of decades that combine a song-writing, instrumental, and vocal talent that rivals that of the original masters. This all became clear to me as Hepcat opened the show with a tribute to the roots, "Ska Train".

One of the benefits of not drinking during the show is that I have a perfect memory of every song that Hepcat performed, in the correct order. (Also, I swiped the play list from the stage so that I could use it for my write-up. Ajay, I'll send you a copy so that you can put it in Institutionalized if you want.) Here we go...

Ska Train
Nigel
Can't Wait
Rudies
3rd Man
No Worries
Dance With Me
Hooligans
Goodbye Street
John James - the old
Toots and the Maytals
tune
Together
Earthquake
Hopeful Village
Country Time
Bobbie & Joe
Cameo
Caravan

And for the encore:

The Secret
Monkey Ska
Marcus Garvey
Ska Train

It was a perfect mix of the classics off their first album, with some of the greats from their two newer albums as well as some old traditional tunes

that we all know and love. Everything about their performance was strong. Much fun watching the two singers dancing, which brought more than one roar of approval from the appreciative crowd. There was plenty of room up front for dancing (sorry to anyone behind me if I bumped into you too much). It was a great crowd - the best crowd I've seen since coming to Boston - and the show went off without incident. For me, it was a perfect evening that I was glad to be able to share with old friends and new.

I'm left with this thought: It's probably going to be a year or so before Hepcat comes back this way. What hope is there for me to re-live that "second"? Is there any chance that I'm going to reach that level of intensity at any other show this year? Maybe not. At times like these it's best to look to lessons from those who are wiser. And that's why I know this - "To resist despair, that second makes you see... To resist despair in this world is, what it is..." Well, I don't feel that I have to spell it out for you. It doesn't matter anyway. The Skatalites are coming to the Middle East on 4/2/98.

Check out the "Legion Of Filth"

<http://home.earthlink.net/~staleyji>

BIKING SECTION

NO AM SNOWBOARDING TOUR

Daniel Ramirez

The 1998 No Am Snowboarding Tour was a success to some degree, but of course we had to deal with El Nino, El Monte RV center, a brutal driving schedule, and Idaho. Overall, I was able to deal with all the elements against us, but time was not on our side. How can I complain... I had some of the best pow wow at my disposal, and some of the best friends in the world to experience it with me. The tour included Heavenly, Mt Bachelor, Mt Hood, Snowbird, and Solitude. The tour also included stops in Tahoe, Reno, Portland, Boise, Salt Lake City, and Las Vegas. We attempted to board Kirkwood, but due to a severe snow storm that rolled in the day we got to Kirkwood, we not only skipped the day, we also got stuck in the parking lot when the roads to the city were closed to traffic because of avalanche hazards. We didn't mind getting stuck out in the middle of nowhere with improper snowchains, but what really pissed me off was the fact that we got stuck out in the middle of nowhere without any girls around.

If you ever get the chance to visit Kirkwood on a good day, make sure you hit up the good

bathrooms. They have restrooms across from the main lodge that are clean. There's even a deadbolt on the main door. So if your colon builds up pressure that reaches biblical proportions, you can bet this bathroom will be your private savior. The beauty of this bathroom is that most people think the only bathrooms are in the MAIN lodge. There must have been at least 400-600 people stranded in the main lodge, and they were all sharing a bathroom with 2-4 stalls. That cannot be a good scene. On the other hand, I had my feet kicked up on the handicap handrail and whistling the tune to "Too much pressure" (extended mega remix) by The Selecter. Oh yeah, and take your own toilet paper like we did. Kirkwood supplies the waxie one ply toilet paper that hooks down your starfish (butthole) by smearing and shanking your starfish with a barrage of papercuts.

Heavenly- The 1st day of boarding on the No Am Tour. Although it took 3 hours for us to drive 29 miles, it was well worth it. We were rewarded with sun, warmth, and blue skies. All the troubles with the chains were now just a painful memory. The one thing that really sticks out

in my mind about Heavenly is the backcountry pow wow through their trees. We were at least knee deep and in some places were waist deep. I was so deep into the backcountry, that all I was thinking was "don't crash and don't stop". We only had the opportunity to board for 4 hrs on that day, and that 4 hrs flew by. We did hit up some groomed runs for about 2 hrs, but without seeing a park in sight, I was depressed. Coming from O'Side and enjoying the many hits of Westridge at Snow Summit, the 2 hits that I did see at Heavenly made me cry. They were about the same size as the 1st 2 hits in Westridge, but you know I still busted my b/s 360. I couldn't resist. Although it was for only 4 hrs, I made the best of it and prepared myself for Oregon.

After hittin' up Reno, NV and losing some precious money on the Blackjack table, we hit the road to Oregon. Obviously we rotated on the road and split the shifts in 2-4 hr drives. We barely made it to Mt Bachelor in time to board a full day. Since we got there before anybody else, the crew had called me out to make my famous Breakfast of Champions. You know I

BIKING SECTION

hooked it up, right? We were so ready for Mt Bachelor.

Mt Bachelor- What I remember most about Mt Bachelor was the terrain. It took a couple of lifts to work our way over the side of the mountain that we wanted to board, but after we made the traverse, we were in for a ride of our lives. There were natural hits, 3 feet of fresh pow to crash in, and the groomed runs were about 50 yards apart with trees and ungroomed, unadulterated, unviolated, rudimentary, fresh pow wow; and if ridden just right, you could board the virgin snow for a good 500 yards through the trees before exiting the pleasure domain. We even hooked up a posse run that was reminiscent of some of the old school posse runs we hooked up at Summit a couple years back.

The other jawbreaker about Mt Bachelor was the peak. The peak of Bachelor had these trees that were so covered with snow that it resembled snow animals. Some looked like white elephants, polar bears, a donkey, and the Michelin Man. After boarding what felt like 8 hrs and feeling the "gear failure" start to take place, we decided to call it the day. We then realized that we only boarded for 5 hrs, but that gave us plenty of time to

hook up with Don's mom in Portland. By the way, if you get the chance, check out the soft 2 ply toilet paper that Bachelor supplies.

Portland...after driving what felt like 16 hours in a tunnel of trees through Oregon, we finally made it to Portland, OR. We were welcomed with a private shower, a hot plate of curry made Okinawan stylee, and a laundry pad for all our wet clothes. Don's mom even hooked up a tear in my jacket while I was sleeping. Big, big props to Don's mom. We loved every bit of her hospitality.

I then woke up to Body By Porn Stars, it was a fitness program that targeted snowboarders on a long road trip. Fitness fo really doe. By the time we had gathered enough strength to turn the TV off, it was about 8:30 am, and we were ready to hit up Mt Hood.

Mt Hood- I knew just by looking at the mountain on the drive up that this was going to be a good day. The sun was so bright, the winds were non-existent and there was a wealth of freshies waiting for my crew. The weather reminded me of a spring day at Snow Summit, the only thing different was that we were on a mountain 10 times bigger than Summit (and there

were no girls boarding in bikini tops). Although we got to Hood at 11 am, we decided to pay for a full days ticket and just enjoy the ride.

Hood had almost everything I was looking for. Pow wow, cliff drops, trees, and some groomed runs, but the sickest thing about Hood was this bowl it was hiding on the east side of the mountain. This bowl was so huge! Just looking at it put a smile on my face. Riding it made my day. When we made it down, we decided to look at our lines and watch others make their descent. We must have seen about 10 others, but they all looked like ants in this bowl.

This was by far the most enjoyable mountain on the trip, but I could not find a park to save my life.

After boarding Mt Hood, we decided to drive over to Idaho and hang out for a day and pick things up at Sun Valley in a couple of days.

Idaho- This place sucked. We thought spending a day relaxing and cruising a city that is on the map might be cool. We were wrong. After having lunch, we decided to hit up their mall. It was one of the loneliest malls I have ever seen. Some of the workers at the mall suggested we hit up a

BIKING SECTION

couple of bars that evening. So at about 10 pm and a case of Coronas later, we hooked up Radio City. It was supposed to be hip hop night, so I requested the DJ to play something from the West Coast. He ended up playing Notorius BIG (big props to biggie, but he ain't from the Wesside). I then requested something from the West Side Connect Gang; and when the DJ didn't know who that was, I then realized I was in Boise, Idaho. We did hookup with a couple of girls that hooked us up. I have to give Amy the big pow-wow for hooking up my crew at her pad. Amy if you get a hold of this...Thanks!!

Sun Valley- After a long evening and misinformation from Amy (damn you), we ended up skipping Sun Valley.

Snowbird- after getting a goodnight's rest, we got on the road to Snowbird early and ready. Unfortunately, the roads were closed due to avalanche hazards. So we waited and waited. When we finally got to Snowbird the weather was really bad. Most of the mountain was closed, and we had to deal with the elements. We boarded half day, but the weather was so bad that I really can't remember much of the mountain.

After we finished boarding, we drove down the mountain to a small parking lot and parked our RV. The day was so bad and we were all pretty worn down from the whole trip. We were contemplating driving to Las Vegas early. While we were trying to make a decision, we all fell asleep. We woke up to sunny skies, and decided we should board 1 last day.

Solitude- What can I say, it was our last day. After a good breakfast, we were ready to board. We had some fresh pow (again) and we were going to do some damage. The first half of the day was slow. We really didn't accomplish anything new, but the 2nd half was the best part. I found some hits and a long ¼ pipe that I was able to hook up. If you get the opportunity to board Solitude, check out the tree with the bras on it. I ain't talkin' about 1 or 2 bras, there's like 50 on the tree.

After the day was complete we decided not to try and beat the crowd out of the parking lot. We basically chilled and drank what was left of the Coronas and Rolling Rock. We met 3 others (Courtney, Diana, and Lucy) that were all cool, and hung out with us while the crowds were leaving.

Las Vegas- Back to civilization. During the whole trip we may have seen about 400 girls total, and coming back to Vegas damaged my central nervous system. I was on tilt for a good 3 hrs before getting adjusted to normal life.

We cut our visit slightly short in Vegas, but we had to get back home. The drive back wasn't fast enough. O'side, CA... what can I say? I was glad to be back home and glad to say I survived the '98 No Am Tour. Next year we're invading Brazil and calling it: '99 Bra Invasion.

Big D's Bathroom Ratings

Snow Summit-Bring your own TP, and flush the toilet first; unibomber package needs to be defused

Kirkwood-1ply waxie with private and undefiled stalls; spacious

Heavenly-2ply soft tissue, but old facilities

Don's moms house-2ply soft & scented with bomb facilities

Mt Bachelor-2ply soft with pretty clean facilities

Mt Hood-1ply waxie and aging facilities

Snowbird-1ply soft, large facilities and very clean

Solitude-1ply soft, small facilities but clean and new

BEVERAGES SECTION

MALT LIQUOR REVIEW

Wit-to-the-Klown-to-the-Ska

In a small suburb just outside of Detroit, my first sip of the divine nectar known as malt liquor came at the ripe age of 11 years old. It was a quart (known as a "Q" in the days before the 40) of Colt 45.



The moment I got to the bottom, I knew that indeed it "works every time." I'm now 29 and I'm an avid homebrewer, some say "mad brewer," with a lifetime goal of getting the Man off my back and opening a microbrewery. However, I haven't forgotten my roots. I still like to stop at Ocean Liquor (Hermosa Beach, CA) and pick up a 45 (ouncer) of 45 (Colt) for \$1.45.

Unfortunately, I currently live in the Seattle area. Malt liquor selection is poor thanks to the microbreweries of the Great

(?) Northwest. I did my best to find some new and unusual malt liquors given the circumstances.

The rating scale: * = asscrack in a bottle / ***** = Nectar of the Gods.

HURRICANE ICE (7.5%), \$1.89/40oz. As with most malt liquor, start out ice cold. Hurricane Ice is relatively smooth and tolerable for an "ice" malt liquor. Beware, Hurricane Ice is not your sippin' 40. Consumption pace should increase as beer temperature increases. Excellent for a pre-show warm-up. ***

BULL ICE (8.0%), \$1.89/40oz. This is a cousin of the Schlitz Malt Liquor Bull. As part of the Stroh's acquisition of Schlitz brewing, they should have kept Joseph Schlitz around to make malt liquor. Bull Ice starts out slightly tolerable and is butt nasty at the bottom. *½

STEEL RESERVE 211 (8.1%), \$1.69/40oz. Everything about this malt liquor says "FUCK ME UP!" Brewed by Steel Brewing in Detroit. Starts out smooth and remains smooth throughout the temperature range. A great malt liquor for

any occasion. The price is right and the power is right. Get some! ****



STORM (10%), \$0.69/pint. This is a self proclaimed "Super" Premium Malt Liquor imported from England. The only thing super about it is how loaded you are after you choke down a few pints. Imagine OE 800 mixed with fruit punch MD 20/20. If you see the colorful purple can on your local shelves, pick one up and give it a try just to say you did it. The novelty of the high alcohol content quickly wears off as the gag reflex kicks in. *

Hopefully you've found this review helpful when you stop to make that special purchase. Coming soon, "Make Your Own Malt Liquor Using Common Household Ingredients."

SOPHIE'S BAR 507 EAST 5TH STREET BETWEEN AVENUE A AND B

SHITTY BEER AND A SHITTIER ATMOSPHERE - HAPPY HOUR PRICES ALL THE TIME

MORE SECTION

STEAK AND RIBS

Buck Mandingo

I hope my assumption isn't correct, but I figured that you, like myself, is probably without steak & ribs. If you are estranged from these succulent treasures, you're most likely salivating as you dream of a time in the near future when you will have them both in your mouth.

I like to eat. Meat is without question, my

favorite food, but pork is a close second. They are both so very tasty; it is only my ass that regrets our frequent get-togethers. Is there any greater joy to man than to have his porterhouse served bloody, direct from the grill? To have his wench leaving at his feet rack after rack of delicately seasoned baby

backs, doing so quietly so as to not break his rhythm. Yes, this is truly the state for which all men should aspire. To be served steak and ribs by a well trained and obedient harlot, who knows of nothing else but the preparation of grilled animal flesh.

Indeed, I do like to eat.

ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD

Mark Driver: <http://www.crashsite.com>

Sometimes having a sense of humor helps when you live in a poophole. I came up with the following list of things that I appreciate about the place where I live.

1. Liquor stores on every block.
2. When my apartment gets broken into I can usually buy all my stuff back from the pawn shop across the street for a reasonable price.
3. Constant bass-pumping low riders eliminates need for a stereo.
4. There's always a nice broken beer bottle within reach to defend myself during my daily mugging attempt.
5. I don't have to worry about paying my bills, because my mail gets stolen, and my landlord won't even go near the place.
6. Drive-by shootings keep

the bear population in check.

7. I don't have to worry about making trash day; I just put it outside for the wild dogs.
8. I can score drugs, guns, hookers, or stolen credit cards without leaving the front porch.
9. There's always a cop around, unfortunately, he's usually making deals with my neighbors.
10. Lots of places to dump a body.
11. It's easy to lose weight because Burger King closes at dark, and no one delivers pizza to my street.
12. I'm never embarrassed about my beat up car, the mere fact it hasn't been stolen yet is reason enough to beam with pride.
13. Nightly gunshot volleys make my too loud TV seem like small potatoes to the neighbors.

14. Rats eat the cockroaches and my cat eats the rats, which really cuts down on pet food costs.

15. I get to see my house on COPS all the time.

16. No unexpected friends drop by, in fact no friends stop by at all.

17. Door to door panhandling saves me from having to leave the house to get hit up for spare change.

18. Abundance of spent ammo casings and crack baggies on the ground allow for my lucrative urban jewelry side business.

19. Firing warning shots out the window keeps my handgun in proper working order.

20. If I get lonely I can talk to the drunk who sleeps in my doorway.