

THE PLAN

SWEDISH

INTERARX

EUROPE GETS THE

FIRST PART

Dear Still Flyin' (every member, even the late friend additions)

Its OJ – and I am here delivering itinerary #2 (dos). Remember the jams we have had together? Mind Zap, Birthday Zap, all of em - well they are nothing in comparison to what ya'll are about to witness first hand. You will be sculpting your mind here folks. Mind sculpting. In case you are reading this and aren't aware as to what you are doing - **YOU ARE ABOUT TO FLY TO SWEDEN TO START THE FIRE!!!!** Consider this the first of many trips across the old Atlantic (respect it, its mighty and a great divide – more on that later). Don't even start to consider this an average set of shows – **NO FUCKING WAY** – you guys are about to teach em a lesson on amazewonderment. Also consider this to be the point where you guys start getting rich, because trust me – the word is going to get out. Take that to heart and don't half-ass any of the shows. Intensity – full throttle. Remember that when you guys are touring the east coast next year (and I am speaking the itinerary to you – you are not reading it) in the 20+ person party bus brigade. Woah, right?

Ok get to the point – if you've read one of these before – you know what to do – if you haven't – you are in for the ride of your life – obey the hammjamm and you will have stories to tell for years to come. What is the definition of HAMMJAMM you ask? Ask the alien as you hover past it wearing a beer helmet munchin' on a treat. He'll tell you...

HERE WE FUCKIN GO!

THURSDAY AUGUST 10, 2006 – DAY 1 (AWESOME!)

Alarm clock rings – smile before you even open your eyes. It can't even harsh your mellow. Turn on some tunes as you are getting ready to leave – maybe something upbeat and bouncy. I'm going to go ahead and suggest Michael McDonald because only that dude truly knows how to capture the spirit of the jam. But whatever pats you on the back is cool – just jam with a smile. Drink a beer in the shower. Get everything together for your trip – don't forget your clothes, don't forget your pills, don't forget your ipods, don't forget your itinerary, don't forget (if you are single) your condoms, don't forget your sensibilities, don't forget your freedom, don't forget the chips. If your loved ones aren't going with you jam them a full body hug – they'll need it – you are going to be gone for a while. High five them when you leave (or a Hammfive if you want) because this is an upbeat thing, not a lowbeat thing. Get up. Get really up. Talk with someone on the BART on the way to the airport. Just a random fella – maybe talk about the Giants or tell the person you are on your way to Sweden to Jam with your band. Its not bragging or boasting – it just sharing the feeling. Look around at your surroundings take them in with a brain picture – this is your home base, you will be gone for a while but remember where you came from. Keep smiling, think about friends and the future.

Airport – not all of you are jamming the flight together so make friends where you can. Big Brah if you get arrested and miss the flight you are going to be kicked out of Still Flyin – not to harsh on you brother but seriously you gotta squash the rage while in the terminal. If someone spits on you and you get firemad, high five them and then call me.

I'll get you pumped back up. Might want to pick up some water or gum for the first part of the flight – its going to be a long one. Sit close to one another if you can. If you are flying alone – get acquainted with your seat. Pat it down to make sure there isnt anything funky about it but just sit down and get used to it b/c your ass will be sitting there for like a mile. First hour of the flight – no talking – just ignite your brain with thoughts of what is to come. If someone talks to you – you can respond but be kind and say “hey we got a long flight, I'll get to talking with you in a bit, I just need to meditate on it for a bit and get ok with the flight”. Maria / Marj – watch out for each other give reinforcement when you can. Yosh – Becky – Frank – here is a test for you guys – if you pass it, you will get a prize. Now I realize this might be tough because planes are no playing grounds these days – but give it the college hurrah. Try to lay down in the isle for a minute. One of the other two take a picture of it – as a matter of fact anyone in Still Flyin who gets a picture of themselves laying in the isle (talk to your row mate) will get a prize.

Mainly just enjoy yourself on the flight – have a few cocktails if you wish – just cool out and have a time. If the movie is fucking HOODWINKED – don't watch that shit! Your head will explode. Bullshit kids shit.

FRIDAY AUGUST 11, 2006 – DAY 2 – ARRIVAL GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN!

GOTHAM FACE! Oh shit just joking.

Step off the plane and take in the air – sit down Indian style in the first patch of grass you see – just jam that shit. Locals will understand and be nice. Think about a joke – tell it to your cab driver. If your cab driver is Wyatt – tell him. Did you sleep on the plane? If so – continue your jam throughout the day – if you need to sleep – just jam that shit when you can catch a wink. Meet up with Wyatt and Josephine – hug them cause man its been a while. Congratulate them with a soul hug – this is going to look funky but trust me they will appreciate it. This is where you put one arm over their shoulder and one under their leg – so you literally hug their soul. This is a more powerful hug than a normal one and shit- should only be given out in circumstances like these. Once the group assembles fully – get a greeting circle going. Everyone get in a circle and go around to each person and let them tell about something awesome that happened to them on the trip there. Everyone will fucking love this part of the day – it will rejuvenate you and get you excited about being together again. Everyone jam one brew. If you don't feel like a brew, drink it anyway.

Next you gotta take it to practice to get the newbies ready. HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF STILL FLYIN??? Sa, check. Yosh, check. Wyattdaddy, check. Josie, check. Big Brastafari, check. Brody The Bod, check. MariaairaM, check. Mama Marj, check. Lucky Mark, check. Gary No Rabies, check. Jens My Man, check. Gooseygator Nick, check. Becks, check. Frankenkong Brew, check. Swede Terese, check. JAH, FUCKIN CHECK! Jam the practice – teach the tunes – instruct life – magify the room. Sounds are swirling, brews are being jammed, probably some weed too – good enough. This is going to be a major high five zone – let them rip, man. Don't hold back – spirits are soaring. This is your life, dudes. Forever awesome. Forever Friends. Forever Dudes. One song that you have to jam extra good in practice for me is fuckin COUPLA

SMOKIES – burn that one to the god damned ground. SLOW BURN TILL IT HURTS!!! That is the jam that will drive em wild and yet sooth them into a good spot.

After practice if time permits – tear it up. Not too much like you are going to wreck the town, but cut loose a little bit. You’ve fuckin earned it to the max. Sean – teach the Swedes about the magic of Makers & Ginger. Do some shots of Jager – I know they have that shit. Also take an exotic shot – like a blind taste test. Whomever is the most adventurous will feel it in the morning, but also gain the respect of a thousand men/women before em. Start this chant at the bar – STILL FLYIN’ NEVER GONNA TOUCH THE GROUND! WOAHH! This is the jumpoff – people feel it – they pay for your drinks. Thanks, Sweden city. (Don’t you wish there was a place called Sweden City? Cause it would probably rule like hell!) Who’s got the pizza at the end of the night?

SATURDAY AUGUST 12, 3006 – DAY 3 – EMMABODA FESTIVAL JAM SESH

DID YOU CATCH THAT?!?! IF NOT YOU ARENT PAYING ATTENTION!!!!
You are going to jam this place like its fucking year 3006 – future jam, they aren’t going to be ready at all. Think about that year 3006, woah too much. Pile up in the VANS, we gonna JAM TONIGHT! TAKE A LOOK AT THE CROWD ON THE EARF CAUSE YOU ARE LEVITATING ABOVE THEM! Before yall get in the van – take a ROLL CALL – SA will teach you how to jam this, it is fun as shit and will definitely start the day off right. Also circle the van – like last time – do the wave around it. This will seal the safety of the drive. It sucks to have to split up in two vans, but you’ve done it before – so just pick good teams like kickball – the two captains are JENS and GARY. They will pick van teams and then each of them will pick a CO-CAPTAIN – those co-captains will each pick the first topic of discussion in the van. Whatever they say goes for the first talk session. From there – the world of chats is in the palm of your hands. Talk about whatever you wish – like last time – encourage one another and keep the spirits high for your first show. Remember though JENS and GARY are JAM ADMIRALS for this leg of the trip - so if they gotta piss, pull over. If they gotta jam some Christopher Cross on the stereo – let em go, they wont do you wrong.

Get to the fest and show them why you guys are a GANG. Don’t worry you will get some wondering time, but stick together and DOMINATE. You will probably have some high profile interviews – tell them about your HAMMJAMM philosophy. A hammjamm a day is worth 19 tawties. Pick up some food and think about where you are again – you are on tour and having the times of your life. There are also going to be mini-parties going on all over the place like a carnival. Lucky Mark and Nick – you guys go do a preliminary run of the place and report back to where the JUMP ZONE is. If there is not a JUMP ZONE in the place, guess you guys are going to have to create it – go buy some yellow spray paint or some sort of equivalent marking off thing and mark off a box about 10’x10’ – THE JUMP ZONE – get off the earth for a while – just jump. EVERYONE JUMP – if you have a boombox or some tunes near by and another band isnt playing – just do it – jam some tunes and just your asses off. Awards – 1) most jumps 2) most

unique jump 3) highest jump (both meaning who was the highest jumper and who got the highest before jumping). The Swedes will appreciate the jump zone. Don't over extend though – you still have to rock the mind and slay the beast later. Pow-wow and come up with a killer set list. FIRST SONG OF THE NIGHT – ART OF JAMMING – I know you guys save that one for late in the set but you need to SLAM THEM HARD, EARLY! Wyatt – jam that bass harder than ever – killer line bro. The crowd is going nutz and you guys are feeling it. Play the best show you have ever played, BUT don't forget where you came from – you gotta pay homage to the dudes who couldn't be there with yall – ZAC TATERFLAP, MURDAH MOOK, JAMIE J, ALICIA-DREW COMBO, STILL FLYIN' BABY! Give them some props because they helped you guys get here, they cant be forgotten. If someone needs a drink during the show – designate a beer runner – jam the brews – let it flow like wine through the streets. You guys are playing second to last so the crowd is going to be frothing at the mouth – close it out, send em home – make the next band not even want to step on the DEMOLISHED stage. Its on fire still – oh shit call some fire dudes to douse the heat. They weren't ready – you showed up and rocked them all out of their headspace. Good work, be confident in your skills. Post show – jam some drinks and some libations. Someone find out they have ever heard of a doublestack shot - rounds. HAS SWEDEN EVER HEARD OF AN AFTERPARTY, DAMN IT!?! – find out where the fuck it is – if there isnt one – MAKE IT HAPPEN. Why not? Why ask anything at this point because you guys are flyin'!

At the afterparty – its time for another chant – you guys can pick whatever you want but I might suggest this – “JAMMIN ETERNAL WITH ALL OF THAT JAZZ!” That will kick the shit into high gear. If someone offers you peyote – avoid it – heard that shit in Sweden is lethal and will keep you babbling for like 4 weeks. No deal, dude. Hotbox the house though – in the meantime someone search out an acoustic guitar and quickly learn “No Rain” by Blind Melon. Just jam a funny one. End the night wherever but be sure to take a look at the moon before you go to sleep – if its like 4 moons in the sky – your hammjamm is complete – lay your head down on a roll of paper towels and dream.

SUNDAY – AUGUST 13, 2006 – DAY 4 – RETURN OF THE GOTH!

Brah you better have broken out the charcoal pills the night before to soak up all those hangovers. Cause everyone is going to be super-jammed. Probably not feeling great, but no bitching, it was worth it. No crybabies. No halfjammers. Get some breakfast and food in your system – have some bloody mary's to get the hair of the dog alive. Pet the dog – feed it too. Name the dog KAL. Another low grade van trip today back to the GOTH – it's a cool one though because everyone will need some down time. If you gotta take a crap on the ride home – find a good spot and let it go. Once the hangover ends and you are rolling back into GOTH – clap it up. Clap freedom songs. Cool out music on the radio – maybe some soft rock equivalents. Usually in foreign countries you can find a radio station with some smooth ass American shit that is from way back – singer type shit – just rock with that – you don't need a NINE INCH NAILS JAM.

When you get back to Goth – have a cookout maybe. Horseshoes. Brews. More Brews and some brats. Veggie Brats. Who has a good idea for a game? Throw some mind riffs around to see what the best thing going is. Get it going. Cap off the day with double decker. Everyone get on someone elses shoulders and have a laugh off. Smoke some weed, whatever. #1 rule – enjoy the engagement. You feel your arms start to tingle and that is JAH telling you to do some arm whips. And also he is telling you that you are awesome and yes, you do deserve to be here, and also you are the sons and daughters of awesome earf. Log on to the infranet and web mail some friends back home – loved ones. Go to bed with a buzz, for real.

MONDAY & TUESDAY – AUGUST 14 – 15, 2006 – DAY 5 & 6 – JIVE ALIVE

Coupla days off. Coupla laughs. Coupla mind tokens. Coupla sights. Get out there and see the world. Becky – you are on lead on Monday – dictate some awesome ass shit. Nothing less of mandamus. Go to a phone book and pick a random number out of the yellow pages- call that number. Whom ever answers – try to converse with them – hopefully they will jam English. If they do – ask them what they think you guys should do as a day trip – what would be fun to JAM in GOTH?! If that doesn't work out after 5 or 6 tries, ask Wyatt. The other thing you guys are going to have to fucking deal with is the departure of Gatorwise Nick and Swede Terese – sad to see them go. Give them some love and thank them for upping the ante. Soul hug 2. Mind flip zoo. Take some photos of them leaving. Remembrance. Monday night – get a Frisbee game going in a park – meet some folks. Think about Phil, cause you know he would love that hippy shit. Did you remember to bring some brews to the park, good. Some tunes too? None of this coldplay shit.

Yoshi – you tag team with Brah on what in the fuck to do on Tuesday. The thing is you guys cant rage too hard because Wednesday awaits. That shit is going to get buck ass wild like fucking SATURN HAND so mentally prepare. Tuesday though is a good day to party, so I understand – you guys are on vacation – I get it. Eat some local cuisine and get stoned. Find a moose. Someone has got to ask a waiter: “Who built the earth cop?” and see what they say. That will dictate how heavy the police will be prevalent on this trip – hopefully absolutely fucking zero – if you get my fuckin' drift. No HARSH ZONE, COPS!! Has Wyatt learned Swedish yet? If so get him to translate this to say at your next show – “HELLO MY FRIENDS, WE ARE STILL FLYIN' – WE ARE HERE TO JAM IT TO THE BONE!” Get some laughs from that one. Ride a goat on this day.

Jive alive – realize this on Tuesday. This will be a common theme on this trip – Jive alive starting forth from day five. Everyone meet up at 6pm and SA you take make the conference happen over dinner. Jam some brews – and create the jive alive. What does it mean master? YOU DECIDE YOUR FATE STUDENT!

All of a sudden Frank is jamming the sax outside somewhere and you know Tuesday was a success.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 16, 2006 - DAY 7 – WYATT FOR PREZ OF THE EARTH

Its dudes day – its his day – he invented Scandisplayinya so pay him his dues. If you haven't gotten a funky fresh present, you suck – go get him something funny. He will probably laugh but not really like a black dong so skip that shit. He will probably really appreciate a beer bong with a SF Giants sticker on it – so make him one and make that shit happen. HERE IS WHERE THE SHIT GETS SERIOUS – Wyatt has to be buzzin' well into the 90's before yall leave the house for the festivities. Jam some 90's rock music, Nirvana or whatever you can find. Its gotta be like that. For real – this is Wyatt's zone so let him run free – you know he loves to jam that shit. Freedom. Tell Josie not to worry about a thing – you guys will cradle him with the love of a lion to its cub. Some dude is going to show up to the house that you guys don't know trying to join in and play some Soundgarden and Days Of The New – but fuck that guy- kick him out.

During the day – mentally prepare for the nighttime. You gotta get some fresh Za today – no matter what – no matter when. Just get that. Maybe make Wyatt a pizza that is decorated like his face – chuckle forth. What's up pepperoni face?! HA!!!!!!
LAUGHTER! Before everyone goes out for the night – lets give Wyatt a roast. Just a mini one – nothing too harsh. Just get him in the funny bone. Tell a joke about that time when he called you at 4 am and was jogging around SF hopped up on horny goat weed and met David Hasselhoff who invited him over for a few “adult drinks” and then touched Wyatt's leg. Woah, dude! This hammjamm night has to be set off right with a fun area just not a harsh zone – so roast it but follow it up with a comment about why Wyatt rules- because we all fuckin' know he does – one of the best dudes the dinosaurs ever birthed. You guys know we all came from them.

IF the dudes and dudettes decide to split up for the night – all the dudes have to give Josephine a hug and all the ladies have to give Wyatt a hug. No whispering.

[dude only read] Dudes is this going to be a boob fest or what? I am going to say probably not because I don't think any of us are like that – but shit maybe go buy Wyatt a playboy or something just so he can laugh at a set. He has to see one set before the end of the night. Nothing nasty or anything – just the dude rule. I know we don't roll like that but hey – let him get a peak. [end dude only read]

[dudette only read] You gotta get Josephine to grab some butts tonight. Hot dude butts! Get a good laugh after you have some liquid courage and get her to pinch a butt cheek. Don't worry Wyatt wont care because he has grabbed a dude butt in his day. Independence pinch. Get some giggles going, those are the best! [end dudette only read]

Start Wyatt off with a Jagerbomb – don't let him give you any of that business like “I don't do that sort of shit – its gay” BULLSHIT – you are doing one. Handcuff him to the bar and pat is back. Maybe put a sign on his back that reads “PAR FOR THE COURSE, MAN!” Get him an extra can of redbull to hype it up. He is not falling asleep on this one. A group of two dudes leave and go rent a bear and dress it up like a clown.

Rest of you just keep jamming Wyatt on funny thoughts and actions. See if you can find an arcade and let him play a game of that golf game where you have to slam the ball. Or a basket ball game where he can only shoot with his opposite hand – trust me this will be hilarious after a few bites off the SPACECAKE!!! OH SHIT YOU THOUGHT I FORGOT!!! Nope - hyperflip back into the game. You guys gotta bake that shit up the day of – BRAH you are in charge of that shit, but don't make it taste bad. Taste good – wyatt eat – wyatt laffee.

Dudes return with the bear dressed like the clown (if a bear is too hard to find, make due) then get those handcuffs and handcuff Wyatt to the clown friend. He'll get some good looks for the rest of the night, man he is flying high. The clown will be telling jokes and squeaking a horn. You guys will be on the floor laughing like damned hyenas. Someone tell Wyatt a story that is fake but pretend to be an expert on it – like about the Chicago Cubs. Tell him they invented the candy cane and he will explode. But seriously everyone pull Wyatt aside throughout the night and give him a good convo about your friendship. Take it to the streets but don't get arrested. Have a race. A race to the victory lane of an awesome fucking night.

End the night at 6am – with a dude gang hug.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY – AUGUST 17 & 18, 2006 – Day 8 & 9 – NEW ARRIVALS / BEER RUNS

Unicorn dancing. Com-puter throws. Dreams are real. First person to wake up before noon gets shot. Sleep until mid afternoon – when ya'll do wake up someone get the stereo going – light tunes. Count the memories from last night and jam some water. You will need some dehydration. Bloody mary's for the brave. This is the start of another double day chill sesh. Wyatt and J are probably going to be busy as fuck getting ready to get freakin' married so stay out of their way. Give them encouragement throughout the day though they will need it. You finally get your asses going around evening time. Its alright though – get into something good. Its not a wasted day of no sightseeing – it's a beautiful thing to jam eternal like that and bring home the dream. Maybe have a little light acoustic practice – not to remember that shit, because you guys know it already – but just to reconnect with the jams. The people who best know the songs can do some beer runs. Get some peanuts too – because that shit goes well together and ya'll need some energy. Megaforce the night. Is there such thing as too much party? I think the answer you were looking for is “FUNK THE JAM”!!!

The phone rings – FUCKING RICHARD BALLYHOOTS JUST LANDED AND THE LIMO IS ON ITS WAY! Told you guys there was no such thing as a lame jam. Once he gets there you guys are going to do some arm locks with him – lock arms and give a foot tap. Someone put on some SEGER cause we gotta get this shit going tonight. Smoke – smoke again – smoke a third time. Out in the street on the way to the bar look to the sky and see the sun split in half and then the two halves start clapping – that is JAH clapping for you guys – the jam has been upped. Look for trinkets on the way – clues.

Countdown to collision happens and all of a sudden you guys are dipping your toes in a local pool – GOTTA MAKE THIS HAPPEN. This is actually before you get to the bar because you need some time with water before destroying the preconceived notions of the party alive. Skip some stones and high five each other. Double high five in some cases because the friendship has solidified itself and cant be touched. Talk about what you think is the expectation for the next show. Ask Richard to jam the lyric on NGTTG. High five him when he says yes. Jens – crack a brew. Yoshi – crack a brew. Did someone break out a calculator and add up the number of times you guys smoked today? Space smoke. Smoke can be seen from space shuttles. No – nothing lame or anything, just have a good time smoking.

SATURDAY – AUGUST 19, 2006 – DAY 10 – ULTIMATE WEDDING!!!

Fuck have I even used the word ultimate yet – or even cosmic?!?! Well today is that – COSMIC ULTIMATE!!! The marriage. Marry your mind with the thought that you guys are going to send the couple out in unmatched style. LAKE WEDDING JAM. WOAHH, DUDE – I almost cant handle it, but yes I can – you can – you will soar tonight in the friend sector. Guess who shows up to the wedding party? Prez Bush – BOOOOOOOO - DRACULA – BOOOOOOOOO – GENE SIMMONS – BOOOOOOOOOO – JOE MONTANA – YESSSSSSS!!!! DAN ACKROYD – SNAKEEEEEEEEE!!!! Stocken isnt going to know what in the fuck hit it – A JAM SQUAD! Have someone translate the nuptuials which will probably involve “do you swear to kick an awe-inspiring love?” YES! Don’t be surprised if during the ceremony some robots come in and start humming old west tunes – this is what the couple wanted. Groove to it. Jam the lake at the reception. Maria and Brody – you guys get the drinks for everyone while they are taking it all in. Nice gesture. Everyone give a toast to the couple. Make it hilarious, not crude you punk ass. Swim in your fancy clothes – don’t get down to your skivvies...its better when you can slop that shit around and get better speed in the water races. Chicken fights. Marco SMOKO!!! Drunk-o. Don’t do anything obnoxious like hug the wrong person who you think is the groom but is actually the bride’s uncle and say “someone’s getting laid tonight!!” Bad idea. Everyone grab Wyatt and J and hoist them over your heads while yelling “HA-ZZA!!!” Who’s got the wine and the late night stash? Make some friends with the local Swedes – they are cool dudes. See if they have any Styx to jam lakeside. Don’t piss on each other. Count the moons again – how many are there – what level hammjamm have you reached? How many heads have you touched at this wedding? Maybe you need to step it up. Maybe you need to do a headstand at the wedding.

Thank you SPACE CAPTAIN for the inspiration today.

SUNDAY & MONDAY – AUGUST 20 & 21, 2006 – DAY 11 & 12 – SUNDAY SURFING / MONDAY BIRTHING

HAVE YOU EVER SURFED BEFORE? Have you ever lived? Have you ever hammjammed, really? ALL SIGNS POINT TO COLLOSAL YESSS!!! Everything you

do today has to involve surfing in some manner. Seriously, this isn't a joke. Surf the infranet. Surf the ocean. Surf the shopping cart at the store. Act like you are surfing when you play tennis. Surf on someone's back after having a few. Shit, forgot – jam some brews to get everyone back in the game. You got it though don't worry. You know what you have to surf some thoughts about the upcoming shows – this shit isn't all fun and games just because you have had the week off from music. SHIT ASS NO! Practice. Mind practice. Go through your moves in your head of what you are going to do on Tuesday's fest sesh. Flyinettes I think you guys need to come up with a killer coordinated dance to get going while singing some of the songs. Like the 4 Tops or some shit. Surf some lazer tag. Surf over to the sub shop and get a mini-party sub. Get something that floats – put it in the lake and just fucking surf dude. No boundaries. There isn't such a thing as a rule. Jam life until it can't be jammed no more – substitute surf for jam in that last sentence.

Monday is sad and happy. Marjan goes home – Gabe and Lizeth arrive. Send Marj off in style guys – maybe write her a quick song and play it on acoustic and harmonica and accordion before she leaves. Include this lyric “Saw you when you were laughin’, saw you when you were smilin’, god, this is some great shit we did here”. Bye dude, we’ll miss you – SIGNAGE. Can you guys build a buffet and have it waiting for Big Lord? That would be like slipping your feet into a warm set of slippers before a night of Murder She Wrote. God he would flip wouldn't he. Maybe blindfold him and just take him on a buffet hunt. If not – its cool Big Lord is laid back and he can probably just go for a brew and a chat. Tell him about the trip so far and how you rocked the shit out of EMMABODA! What> pyramid?!?! Huh?!?! Pour some out for OJ – it's his 29th. Do some roundhouse kicks in the parking lot of the club/bar you guys leave at around 1am. This is the time when you need to take it up a level though so get ready – I was saving this – so its GOTTA HAPPEN. EUROPE loves to rave – this is a world fact. And where are you??? EUROPA!!! You gotta find a rave to go to – just rave. If its too expensive to get in or some shit, just stand out side and rave on the street – seriously you just gotta dance dance dance! Dance face. You guys saw the power of the double helix at the birthday zap – you gotta capture that force. On the way home someone find a broken computer and smash it. Friendly smash – but joyous.

TUESDAY AUGUST 22, 2006 – DAY 13 – CAMEL KICK TOWARDS ETERNITY

You had a dream last night about a boxing match between a T-Rex and an SUV – it was epic but you were stoked b/c the fuckin' TRex thrashed the shit out of that bitch – victorious he invited you into the ring to ride him around. While sitting atop the small saddle you fling a disc to the emcee of the night and he tosses it on the stereo – Maggie May comes on right when that fuckin' mandolin solo hits four horse strong... Stone Cold Steve Austin is ringside and tosses you a brew and you shotgun it until its done ass done right as the end coda comes back in. T-Rex is tapdancing! This is about as awesome as this fest is going to be today. Can you fuckin' believe that? Another van trip to Malmo – don't think its as long but still its important to get your pre-van trip ritual on. Salsa, who's got that shit? Get some chips going too and have a chat about what is expected

tonight. Same ol' shit right OJ? Fuck no – this time you are going to make a line going straight out from the front of the vans and you will count off in pairs – 1, 2, 1, 2, 1,2. Van teams and brain flip mates. Remember who is the #1 to your #2. At the end of the trip to Malmo give them a report on what happened in the other van on the way there. You need some rockin tunes here because you gotta get that shit up. You arrive at the fest and shit is this the one where the Yeah, Yeah, Yeahs are playing? SMOKE EM! Shit they aint nuthin' but a bunch of biscuits. You guys are a force and will really teach some people how to jam tonight – they will act all pouty and play emo music. Funk that. Junk that. Someone has to get the pre-show stretches going – I mean you have to pay homage to the Thrilla. He would have lead the stretch group if he was here. Just get loose and get your muscles flowing – you will need them tonight because there are going to be some fucking CAMEL KICKS raging forth. Here is how you do it – besides regular JUMP ZONE (see last fuckin' Saturday's entry) on the stage – we have to have someone do a camel kick. This is when someone is on the ground on all fours like a dog – and then another dude comes running over and jumps over the first dude and kicks into the air with a mighty strength. Camel kick. This will really get the crowd hyped and flipped and probably graduated. If you want to energize the camel kick even more have a double jump one dude from each direction and when they both jump over the dude high five in mid air. WHAT?!?! IMPOSSIBLE?!?! NO WAY DUDES YOU CAN DO IT!!! Its like a dandy game. Sean is going to need the increased levels of pumped because he is going to have to fucking belt out some gems tonight – also SA you have to come up with some witty ass banter tonight to get the festival on your side – (remember the translation!) also talk about America just being one huge trampoline – most people from foreign countries don't realize that. TONIGHT'S UBER JAMS – BIRD IS AWARE AND M'STERY TENT! Momo – kick that organ part righteous homes, it drives the song – BIG LORD – I'm going to need you to fucking nail those little trombone squirts – Wah wah wha wahn – you know what I mean dude...smoke them. Captains hat? Yup! Someone think about a cuddly koala bear onstage tonight – think about how fun that thing would have at this show – and how you gotta make sure he feels the vibes you are emitting. Space vibes. Cool dude vibes. Beach vibes. You guys strike the last chord of the closer and do one of those bowing lines at the front of the stage- Sweden is fucking insane chanting SF! SF! SF! You did it, you birthed a new country in the middle of Sweden – its called TOP GUN 2!!! Damn, awes.

After the show – catch a sweat wipe and cool off. Pass around some brews and some high fives. Hammfives. Who got MVP of the show – give em a clap ring. This isnt bullshit – it's the ITINERARY! Disperse and find cool people to detonate the AFTERPARTY. No sleeping just yet. Join back up with the people you found and shine sweet freedom. Find Richard because he is probably riding a motocross bike around the grounds of the fest looking for X-gamers. That might be a good theme for the afterparty tonight – who is the most extreme. Try some freestyle walking on the way to the party. Just freestyle whatever comes fresh into your brain. If it's a toe touch off a backslide double step – kick it righteous. If it's a bendy ankle slide – you got the touch. Mainly you just need to continue to show Sweden and the rest of the world what livin' is all about – they will follow and again – THE WORD WILL GET OUT. Great show today

guys, it was worth the energy and definitely worth an upgrade in points. Congrats – you are up to level 17.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 23, 2006 – DAY 14 –STOCKHOMES, MUTHATRUCKAZ!

At this point in the trip you have completely conquered the hangover. It don't mean shit to you any more. Its like a skeeter that you squash right before it takes a blood taste. Pscha! It flies away like nuthin'. So yeah – you guys really conquer the Swedish Hammjamm tonight because you overtake their capital city! CAPITAL OF THE COUNTRY! Jam Barn. Read this from the city's website – it sounds FRIENDLY: “In recent years, Stockholm has become a favorite destination for people looking for new trends, culture, fashion, design, music, entertainment, good food and a relaxing environment. Stockholm has become a favorite with gays and lesbians who demand more than just an area with friendly bars.” Hey go with the flow dudes and just have a fun time. Catch the lake view and maybe catch a catamaran tour of the breweries – shit try to find Hasselbacken the oldest brew house in the city. Jam an industrial sized brew to get your buzz going for the show tonight. Who give a shit if its 2:30 in the afternoon – you are aloud to drink during the day on your vacation right? Someone is probably going to want to smoke weed because the hangover is still lingering, let em. The main thing today is the hummin' buzz. Keep it steady all day and then pump it up tonight. You get to the club and the shit is sold the fuck out! Kids lined up for miles all with the news of the Americans who are the next coming. Go out and meet some of them – strike up some convos on whatever comes to mind – like the World Cup. Don't get in a fight though – Sweden lost a tough one. The crowd files in and they don't give a shit about the openers, they want fucking STILL MUTHERFUCKING FLYIN TO FLY THEIR BRAINS OUT OF THEIR HEADS!!! NEVER GONNA TOUCH THE GROUND BLOWS THE FUCK UP FIRST SONG!!! DO THAT SHIT! WOAHA MAJESTY!!! The place is so fucking nuts you wouldn't be surprised if Norman Schwarzkopf comes up and asks to sit in on a few jams with yall – don't let him though – he has a heart condition – you don't want that on your conscience all damn night! He is appreciative though and still jams it in the crowd. You hear him request ART OF JAMMING – deliver the letter. At one point in the show you guys all have to do unison clapping to lead Yosh into the song. Find the rhythm and everyone claps then Yosh gets the beat in his head and BOOM song slams home. Slam faces, ON!!! The crowd delivers a tray of shots to you – everyone jam one. Goes down smooth and so does the rest of the night. Sean crowd surfs!!! SERIOUS!

Tonight you have to have a friendship jam – tomorrow is the last show. No harsh zone – I know there are going to be some cranky dudes because yall have been together for a fucking half a month – but shit – friends are always friends. Forever. Tell someone why you are their friend. It really is the best thing to have in life. Do a bird call. Jam it free tonight but remember – you gotta save that shit up for the BEACH FUCKING JAM TOMORROW! PING PONGIN LIKE A BITCH!!!

THURSDAY – AUGUST 24 – DAY 15 – VAR IS THE BEACH? PONGGIN’

Wake up today like you woke up the first day – smile on the face. It all comes around full circle you know. Before you talk to anyone this morning be sure to recap the journey in your head. Think about the fun you had and then think about what you can do more of today – think of the bandmates who couldn’t make the jam and do a little extra for them today. Seriously – you might need to cartwheel that shit with a cardinal jam tonight. What is better in the world than a BEACH PARTY? Ok maybe a party with Shaq and Livin La Vida Loca but not much. The minute you get there – your shoes go flyin. Feel the earth – feel the sand in your joints. No one can wear shoes on the stage tonight – well maybe Yosh if he needs them to drum – its not hippy dippy shit its real. You don’t need a permit to party so cut loose like a kid on a raft the second you can. Volleyballs. Badminton – all pales in the brilliance of the PING PONG TOURNEY – who’s going to win – my bet is Brah – his wily ass is going to be hyper as fuck on like 21 cups of java and he’ll have just taken a huge shit so he’ll be really light in his stances. Who ever wins gets to write the setlist for the final show. BUT THAT PERSON MUST FUCKIGN REMEMBER TO BE AWESOME!!! No slack-asses tonight – no party fouls. Definitely no party owls. They will tear loose the party with their big ass talons so keep them at bay they are the vultures of the ‘00s like Donald Trump was the asshole of the 80’s. Bring out all the big guns tonight – by big guns I don’t mean big buns – I mean big brews. TO START THE SHOW – THIS MUST HAPPEN – everyone grab a beer – and toast it – hold it aloft with pride – then sean will nod and everyone will crack it open and chug half of it. Toast yourselves, toast Sweden, toast the beach party – the crowd will be appreciative – and if you see a bunch of people leaving to go get beers- hey that’s cool they just want to fuckin’ join ya. If you gotta resort to a low blow to get the crowd jazzed – do it – a low blow may mean jamming a song twice to get it carved in their brain. In tonight’s show it would be a fucking mind blow if we did this shit – the flynettes pick sean up as he is laying sideways – so it looks like SA is laying down but floating about 3 feet above the earth – SA – jam a few lyrics that way – or until the flynettes cant hold you any more...side jam. Open the bag of antics tonight because its your last one. Spill them out on the stage and finish it off with a human pyramid...maybe during COUPLA – one of the long jams where you can get some time away – just pyramid it up and smile at the crowd- pics will probably be flashing from the paparazzi but roll with it – you fly home to see your face on Billboard Mag – the new RULERS N ROCKERZ!!!! You cant fucking stop em – its like a plague of thundercats – its like a tidal wave of tremendous – its fucking Still Flyin’, man and that shit can not stop ever. You are hitting your stride right towards the end of the set – the music sounds perfect – perfect location – perfect atmosphere – perfect everything – you look up from your instrument and the stage is engulfed in light – its like a dream or you have died and gone to heaven – all you can do is smile hard – all you can do is live. This is the apex of the journey – you have reached the heights of that dude who first climbed Everest – but you have tons of oxygen flowing through your lungs and blood – blood brothers all of you. You wish the others could see you now – wish they were there to see the dignity of your labour. You are making them proud – look skyward and catch a glimpse as a comet flies across the sky and sprinkles honor dust on your head. This is anything but a bunch of bullshit – your music is making

so many happy, liftin' them up to super heights – superior sky. Still Flyin' you are it, you are the jam of life.

I hope you guys make everything safe and sound. I hope this helped in the slightest to make you guys realize how much you mean to a lot of folks. I am proud of every one of yall. I love you guys a lot!

Eternal Hammjamm -

OJ

Fuck – you gotta have one final chant....

THEY GAVE US A CHANCE, NOW WE'RE GONNA TAKE IT FROM EM!!!!
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