

The *International* Adventures of Drunken Dragon

by Marc MacDONALD

Welcome the international edition of ADD, or Bars I Went To On My Christmas Break. This week I'll tell you about some of the hot spots in Europe, and for all the homeboys who have to travel on a tight budget, I've included a few clubs that you can hitchhike to.

If you are one of the fortunate few who have your parents paying for your higher learning and you got some cash flow to blow on your winter break in February, I suggest you get your ass to an all inclusive resort in the Carribean (all you can eat and drink. I hear dat!!) or head to Europe. The thing about Europe is that it is a looong flight over so you can get tanked on the way there. Just make sure you ask for a drink every time the Dutch or Italian stewardesses comes by. Even if she asks you if you want a pillow or a newspaper, say, "I'll have newspaper and a Heineken." Or if you

are feeling really lucky say "I'll have a pillow, a White Russian and your phone number." Sure its corny and lifted from Fast Times At Ridgemont High, but she ain't never seen that flick, and she might think its cute. Plus it will give her a chance to practice her English, and if it works you might get a chance to practice your French!

Actually ask for her cell phone number because everybody over there has one. Eleven-year-old girls, bellmen, you name it. And they all have those annoying digital songs instead of rings. Why the hell do you want to torture everybody with a pitiful rendition of Beethoven's 5th every time somebody wants to holla at you?

Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah, get all the extra drinks you can. There is nothing like arriving drunk in a huge international airport in a foreign country. Just keep your Canadian passport on you, and you will be fine. For good measure stick a maple leaf on your back too, or the stars and stripes if you have a death wish.

Belgium, Leuven and Hasselt

Leuven was totally wack. The whole town was filled with bars but they were all sit-down-and-talk-all-night patio bars. There was one dance club in the whole town and they wouldn't let me in after 10pm. Hasselt was cooler. I went there with a group of British Air force pilots and some Belgian girls. The Brits thought that mainland European beer and Canadian beer were like drinking chemicals. They preferred the weaker English or American beer. Damn Yankees and Limeys, they might be able to conquer half the world but they can't drink and chase women like Canadians, Belgians, French and Germans. The soft livered Brits also were not prone to dancing so I went solo to the dance club. I could not read or pronounce the name of the place but it was one of only two bars in the town and it had loud music bumpin' out of it. The place was like a huge tent and they

played mostly American music. They also played the theme to the Muppets and everybody in the house went nuts. I stumbled out of that place and then realized that I didn't have a drive, I didn't know where I was, and I didn't know how to get back to my hotel. I followed my wise drunken instincts and ventured over to the town's only other bar. The pilots and Brits were there, and I was saved.

Holland, Amsterdam

I did not go to any of the bars or coffee shops while in Amsterdam. I know, I should be drug out into the street and stoned to death. But I was there with my family and had nobody to party with. However, the Drunken Dragon will return to the world's best party city in the future. It has legal places to puff chronic, the pop machines have Heineken and the prostitutes have pensions. Nuff said.

Quebec, Jonquière and Hull

If you only got a little bit of coin to work with, shake yo' stanken ass in la bell province. I lived in Jonquière for five weeks and loved every minute of it. It's a university town, so there is a sweet strip of bars. My favorite was Harlem, an all hip hop bar that bumped phat shit all night long in both official languages. There were several other dance clubs and a SuperSex club. If your are in Hull check out Le Bop. It is only small but they have good music and it is the best place in Hull. Montréal is the party city but if you go there, watch out for drug dealers, bikers, sovereignness and as Breeze and Cinnaphile will tell you, scary ass prostitutes.

Newfoundland, St. John's

Definitely one of the best places to party in the world. George Street has one of the highest number of bars on one street anywhere. I liked Ralph's and Turkey Joe's myself but there are plenty of places to get screeched at,



Who needs to go to bumpin' in the Amsterdam clubs when I can get a Heineken from a Coke machine?

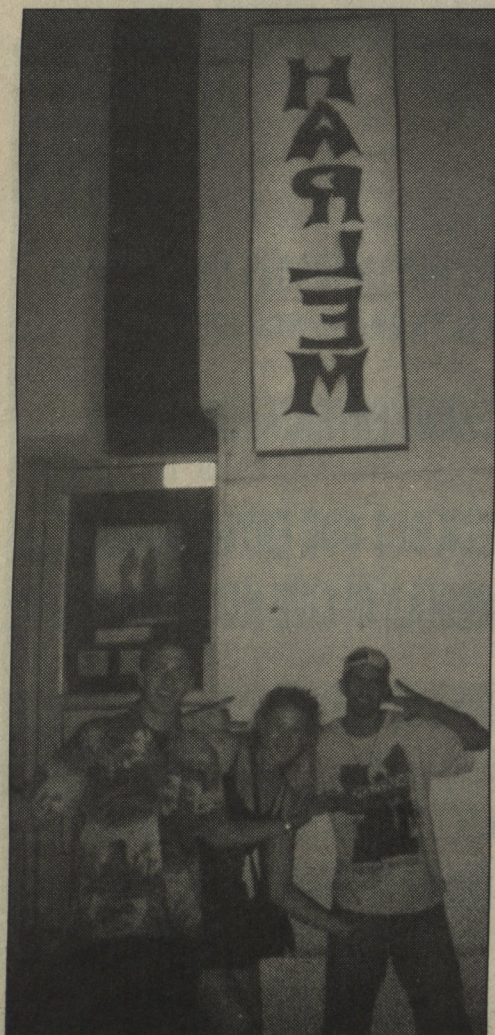
and the people everywhere are friendly and drink like they got jobs.

Nova Scotia, Halifax

If you are on a fixed budget, are travelling by car and you like gambling, go to Haltown. The Palace and the Liquor Dome are the big places to go. They will both be crowded and fairly expensive but you can have a good time and they stay open till 3 am. After the bars kick you out, head to pizza corner to cure your munchies, or go to the Sheraton to gamble your student loan on blackjack. But watch yo back. Last time I was there my homie got a gun pulled on him for crossin the street and a transvestite named Blake tried to pick him up.

New Brunswick, Moncton

If you are really broke, but gotta get off this sandbar, head to Moncton. There are several bars on Mainstreet, including Coyote Ugly. Last time I was there it had a different name but was a happening spot. And if you don't hook up with anybody at the clubs head to Angie's where you can see women strip while you sip on expensive drinks.



"Yo, this club is dope. Let's go check out the SuperSex next."