



# big

brother

No Kris  
Markovich  
interview

All in  
english

No bothersome  
page numbers

Printed entirely  
on paper!

\$3.00  
# 1  
Collectable

# Sal



Taken from  
the video.



So it



must be done.



Plan B

# THE EDITOR SPEAKS



We couldn't fuckin' run ads in Transworld and Rocco flips out all the time. So we fuckin' decide "Fuck This!" this is fucked. We'll do our own fuckin' mag.

So whatever. We spent huge fuckin' amounts 'cause we got huge fuckin' wads of cash to do fuckin' whatever. And anyway what the fuck?

No man, check this shit out. We sit around and fuckin' think of this dumb shit, but nothin ever gets fuckin' done and Rocco fuckin' flips. Then, well then we fuckin' get fucked 'cause fuckin' fucked up Transworld won't fuckin' run the ads. We're fucked. But fuckin' Rocco's a fuckin brain and shit and gets all this fuckin' computer shit and hooks the shit up. All like we fuckin' crank out a magazine and shit.

So what if we fuckin' couldn't make it all fuckin' hooked up and shit like Transworld's editor's column and shit. We got a rad computer and tons of cash. We can

do that fancy shit. so fuck **Off.**



credit where credit is due

Skater

photo-grapher

Pat Duffy .....Jacob Rosenberg  
Oscar Jordan .....Jacob Rosenberg  
Mike Carroll .....Jacob Rosenberg  
Rick Howard .....Jacob Rosenberg  
Danny Way .....David S.  
Rodney Mullen .....Jacob Rosenberg  
Sal Barbier .....David S.  
Shiloh Greathouse (cover) .....Spike Jonze

any others photos we neglected to credit were probably shot  
by Jacob Rosenberg

tedious full-color page layout

big brother  
15631 condon ave.

Lawndale, California 90260

big brother, June 1973, Vol. 189, #1234567891011121314

published by I don't know who publishes it, Inc.

single copies: \$3.50, double copies: \$7.00, triple copies: 3  
timeses what it costs for single copies, etc., etc.

Send in dollar bills (no checks) for crummy big brother  
stickers that were never supposed to be made because  
they look more like a logo for a pedophile organization  
than a logo for a skateboard magazine, but were made  
anyway.

# We weren't kidding!

Subscriptions to the magazine are now \$15.00 for one year (12 issues). For all of you that already subscribed at the old price of \$29.95 per year (Joe, Dave and Jim), don't worry, you'll get two years instead of one.

Boy, am I sorry I didn't subscribe earlier. If you can find it in your heart to take my hard-earned money and spend it on booze and women, I'll be happy just to get a subscription to your fantastic color magazine.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Fuck subscribing. I'm not about to put any of my hard-earned money into the hands of our fucked up postal system. If you don't mind I'll just take the time to go down to my local shop each month to buy your magazine in person.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# Mail

Dear Big Brother;

Wow! Your interview with Gator in prison scared me lots. That part about the soap made me pee. Some of the other things you described violate god's law. Can they do that in prison?

Brian in Temecula

Dear Big Dicks;

You suck! Fuck you assholes. Your 'zine is shit. I'd rather eat my own vomit than read your crap.

Dear Editor

I'm a Christian and don't think that the trash you print is appropriate for young people to read. Why don't you spend more time making skateboarding fun for children instead of polluting their minds with garbage.

Just because of your magazine we will have to take our child out of school and move to the midwest where people have proper morals and know the value of a Christian upbringing.

God Bless Your Wayward Souls,  
Violet Majora

Dear Big Brother;

I never thought I would be writing you a letter of my own. In fact, I used to think all your letters were made up until last week end. Let me explain.

My friend Bob, who is pretty well hung, and I were working on my classic '79 Vega and

after a few beers we noticed the next door neighbor's daughter checking us out in her bikini. She's got a killer bod and sucks a mean rod. Some fellas fistfight over her. Well, then Bob starts to get a little crazy and rips off his shirt and jumps on the top of the car and yells "I'm John Stamos! I'm John Stamos!"

Just then the jack slips out and my car falls on top of my foot. When I looked down there was blood leaking out of my shoes so I started to cry.

*Name and address withheld*

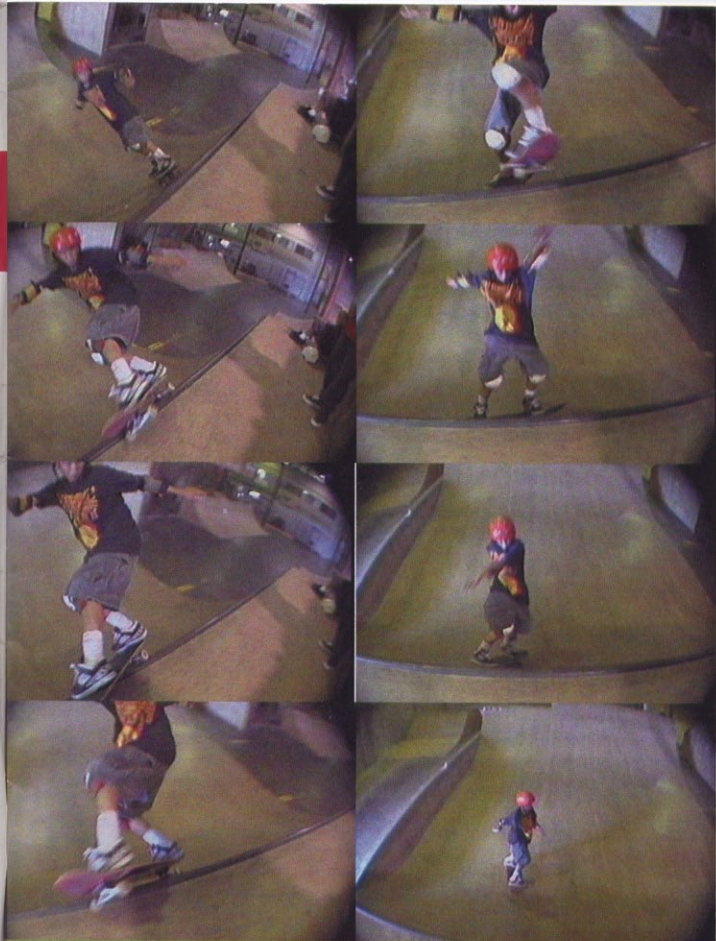
Dear Big Brother,

Your magazine is really lame. What makes you think that anybody wants to read a bunch of stupid articles that have nothing to do with skateboarding? Give it up.

Mike from Lawndale

P.S. Nobody wants to read a bunch of fake letters.

*Mike, Thanks for your consideration and concern. We always welcome criticism from our readers, nevertheless we assure you that every letter in this magazine is real. Even yours. -ed.*



Spencer Fujimoto



# How to get Graphics

By Natas and McKee

The best way to get graphics is to take expensive field trips using Rocco's money. You always start with an idea, but you can't just draw it out of your head cause that's too hard. That's where the field trips come in. You basically take your fuzzy, nebulous graphic idea and go and find something already out there that you can copy. It's always important to keep Rocco in the dark about these ideas unless you want your original concept changed into a 20-shot sequence or a fully animated short film. It's also important to hit up Rocco for big amounts of cash by explaining to him that without this initial investment nothing will get done. Keep in mind that even after giving you the money Rocco is still clueless as to what you're getting with it.

One time we went to Disneyland to get stuff for the Jovontae board. This required all of Rocco's Polaroid film and a couple hundred bucks for admission.

We got there at 3:30 with traffic, and knowing the park closes at six we stuck to the business at hand, not going on any of the formerly-known-as-"E"-ticket rides. Instead, we just went on the rides with short lines. Rides whose height requirements we easily exceeded by 3 feet. You know, those rides whose



FIG. A

attraction hinges on the magical combination of black light and fluorescent paint. We made mental note of possibly installing black light displays in shops that would recreate this mystical effect. From these rides we also got the idea to install crates labeled "high explosives!" and "TNT" in the skatepark that suddenly



LOOK OUT !

move out of the way at the last possible moment when you're barrelling toward them down the transition.

"It's a Small World" was high up on the list of must-see attractions. However, after going on that ride six consecutive times, using up three rolls of film in the process, and that annoying song stuck in our heads, we decided, contrary to our initial hunch, that "It's a Small World" had little graphic



FIG. B

potential. McKee at least hoped to get something from that Africa scene where the two Hyenas are laughing at the little spear-toting negro child, but for some reason they got rid of that since last time he was there in the mid-70's. Go figure. Next we stopped at the shooting gallery where Natas staged a minor scene, protesting at the top of his lungs that the sights on the guns were off. Throughout the whole fiasco McKee was able to keep his cool. In doing so he was even able to come up with the idea of having board displays in the form of shooting galleries with guns mounted on the glass countertop where you could shoot at boards with graphics of bears and squirrels on them.

After lunching on cotton candy, caramel



CONSTRUCTION LAND!!

apples and corndogs we forgot about going on any of the spinny rides like the teacups or the ride where you spin and the ground falls out while you stick to the wall (luckily they don't have this ride at Disneyland so we didn't worry about accidentally going on it).

Next we visited the Disney gallery, where we toyed with the possibility of buying an original animated cel from "The Little Mermaid" to use for a slick bottom. But, thanks to stingy Rocco, we were about \$6400 short of the asking price. Besides that, the salesclerk informed us that even if we bought the cel we might not be able to use it because of some copyright infraction mumbo jumbo. Still we didn't leave the gift shop empty-handed. Working within the means of our meager budget, Natas settled for some crappy unframed flying saucer poster replica, while McKee made the fine purchase of a Minnie Mouse soapstone figurine, which was lost in the excitement of the "Pirates of the Caribbean" (McKee swears a cannonball

was going to hit us).

We bypassed the "Enchanted Tiki Room," the "Swiss Family Robinson Treehouse," and the inaccessible "Construction Land," (not open 'till fall of '93).

After testing ourselves on the Penny Arcade Love Tester/electrocution device, a clammy McKee and a red-hot Natas entered the Haunted Mansion. As we stood in the scary room with no windows or doors, something marvelous happened. Just as McKee was remarking how perfectly proportioned the framed portraits on the walls were for top graphics he fell silent as they began stretching, and stretching, until they scarcely resembled top graphics at all and assumed the lengthy proportions of full-board bottom graphics. The momen-



FLYING SAUCER POSTER REPLICA.



tary silence was shattered as McKee shouted "Eureka!" Pande-monium ensued. Flashbulbs shot off amidst bewildered foreigners and frustrated short, short-tempered ushers. Two-armed security guards



LIVE TESTER/ELECTRO-CUTION DEVICE

(four of 'em) lunged at Natas, camera still flashing, adding a frenzied, strobe-like effect to the whole goings on.

There's a certain advantage to being arrested in Disneyland which should be noted. For one thing, the oversized styrofoam handcuffs they use aren't as



000000000000!

constricting as the real thing, though more humiliating, as was being escorted out by Huey, Dewey, and Louie, all dressed in Keystone cop outfits. Following what we concluded must have been some sort of a reprimand from Donald Duck, we were dropped off at the edge of Adventureland and told to make straight for the exit. But before leaving for good we just had to stop at a few more souvenir stands, we still had money left! Natas had his picture taken with Bambi for a paltry twenty bucks, (see 101 pamphlet #3), and with the remainder of the money Rocco gave us McKee bought a \$35.00 Little Mermaid plate for his roommate. Also on sale was the original movie poster with the undersea castle tower that looks like a penis. (Interesting aside: Since Disney officials discovered this subliminal insertion and the original artist was fired, subsequent artists have each interpreted the Little Mermaid differently creating the illusion of a whole range of Little Mermaids. All it seems that they were able to agree on is that



MOMENTS BEFORE...

she has red hair and the lower part of her body is like a fish.)

Although this particular field trip proved to be a success with the eventual release of the popular world industries stretch series, similar escapades have had disastrous(?) consequences. Remember



EUREKA!!

the "Rock is King" board? This excursion began in much the same way as the Disneyland trip, with Rocco handing us wads of money and us taking off in the middle of the day, this time for

Hollywood. Arriving in Hollywood was quite a shock. At The Mann Chinese Theater (formerly Grauman's Chinese Theater) Natas was horrified to find that his shoe size was at least two sizes bigger than Sylvester Stallone's. Reeling from disillusionment, we went into a tattoo parlor for graphic ideas. Inside Natas got a tattoo for himself as a permanent photo-reference even though McKee stubbornly insisted that



Scary stuff!

"Born to Lose" in old english lettering above a cobra just wouldn't wash with today's cartoon-character-based-preschool-level graphics standards. Skimming the menu one last time, stubborn McKee settled on Skull #4. Three hours later, bleary-eyed with pain, we stumbled into a poster shop. In



this condition we somehow found ourselves liking a certain selection of posters in the back of the store. These posters were different. Their use of the "no-pen-smaller-than-a-Sharpie" technique and flagrant disregard for perspective raised them above the scores of other posters of girls with cars, girls with motorcycles and girls with power tools. "Rock is King," McKee muttered with the same sense of revelation he experienced in that stretchy haunted mansion room. Natas turned to him, clutching an armful of day-glo neon velvet backlight



posters. This was it, (we thought). Natas had the makings of a great graphic, or even a series

of graphics, in his arms.

Well, as we now know, it wasn't the makings of a series of graphics, or even a single great graphic, that Natas held in his arms, but rather the makings



of a mildly amusing, popular with the art department but not many else, including Rodney Mullen, graphic. Since then he has even quit world industries and joined Plan B, of all teams, whose graphic getting techniques are far less elaborate. So, as you can see, basically what it comes down to is that the field trip approach to graphics getting is a fun-filled-yet-not-always-producing-the-don't-eat-my-friends-big-time-seller-graphics you're looking for.



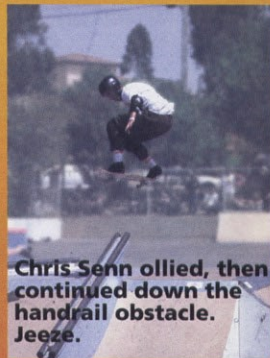
THE FINEST QUALITY SINCE 1991

ACME SKATE BOARDS

# NSA San Diego Contest Coverage

by Walter and Sean

We arrived,  
it was hot,  
Hawk won,  
but by then  
we had left.



Chris Senn ollied, then continued down the handrail obstacle. Jeeze.

## This Space Left Intentionally Blank

MIKE SANTAROSSA



"HEY JIM, DO YOU  
WANNA ADVERTISE IN  
ROCCO'S MAG?"  
"NO!"

### superply

102 plys... who cares



VIDEO NOW

# Board Reviews

Hello skaters, for this month's product review we're going to look at three boards, the Guy Mariano "Accidental Gun Death," the Mike Carroll "Nevertrend" and the Gabriel Rodriguez "Driller Killer." Now, as we all know, it just so happens that there's a certain connection between the staff of Big Brother Magazine and the manufacturers of the three aforementioned skateboard decks. How then, you may ask, can Big Brother possibly conduct any kind of a product review that is not without bias? Well fear not, we have a solution and we call it "Person on the 3rd Street Promenade Product Review."

We began by gathering a handful of people on the street, or rather, promenade, showed them the boards, and recorded their reactions. The resulting reviews were heartfelt and candid.

Our first participants were Hannis and Scott. This is what they said:

**Hannis**- "Wow man, these boards are gnarly. Check out the dead kid on this one, dude."

**Scott**- "Oh man, the one with the bloody drill is crazy. I'd buy that one for sure. It's a fully symmetrical board... a double-ender. When I look at its symmetry and down that long soft bow in the rails I reach nothing short of full aesthetic satisfaction. The wider hips are, of course, made for switchstance, but they also give it better snap and stiffness since there's more meat back there. The nose and tail are narrow for control, but still a little fuller for big stuff; they have a rounder look than the usual oval--no corners whatsoever around the tips. Total functionality is derived from its wider hips, its wide spot being in the middle."

**Hannis**- "Fuck yeah."

The lovely Marya and Jennifer contributed this review:

**Marya**- "You guys didn't draw these did you? I don't like any of them."

**Jennifer**- "There's too much violence. I guess this one is OK if you like the music." (points to the nevertrend)

**Marya**- "If I had to buy one it would be that one." (kicks the Mike Carroll with her Birkenstocks) "But then again, everthing about that one with the dead baby is whittled down for the sole purpose of function. The rails have been pulled into practical linearity, smothering any contention of flab--the true essence of a 'svelte'



board. The wide spot is definitely under the front foot. From there it turns straight and, in turn, melts into a soft, full tip, with plenty of front foot width for nose slides. In the rear, the narrow hips turn into the roundest tail, without the slightest waste on bow; a full look, so as not to overweight the nose, yet so much control. Combined with its extra short tail it would undoubtedly give the tightest ollie with the most snap and lift. The attention to minutiae is astonishing."

**Jennifer**- "Let's go get coffee."

The High Fivin' White Guys, despite a lengthy quorum, could not arrive at a consensus. They were, however, able to coerce us into taking about 15 polaroids of them in sundry fresh poses.

Our final guest reviewer was Mr. Clyde Edward Appleberry. He contributed thusly:

**Mr. Clyde Edward Appleberry**- "I like the one with the hundred dollar bills on it. Gimme that one with all the money. (again the Mike Carroll garners all the attention) It's the perfect middle ground, most relaxing to the eye. The rails, with their healthy bow, yield the satisfaction of symmetry without all that added weight. The bowed, full hips facilitate skating switchstance, while dispensing with the associated inertia. Gazing at the tail I find no abrupt changes: a smooth stretched roundness that doesn't bulge, almost a reflection of the nose. The nose is plenty full, without corners... a bloated roundy look--a veritable nose sliding machine with just the right level of bulbousness. Small wheelbase and small tail mean a small board with nose a-plenty, perfect for any nose slide/blunt maneuvers. All in all, an axiom of modern deck design.

Gimme some money.





# Soap Box

this month's editorial by Steve Rocco

I just finished reading the opening column, *Speak*, in the July transworld. Michael Ryan writes of the skate book, *Tale of Two Cities*, and ineptly tries to make an analogy between it and the current state of the skateboard industry. I now quote from the article "We write about manufacturers making better skate equipment, like slick bottom boards, faster wheels or safer knee pads while others seem more interested in name calling, making offensive board graphics, or ripping off other companies ideas." The latter manufacturer, though not mentioned by name, is World Industries. Whenever I read one-sided bullshit like this I laugh and forget about it. This time however, I could not. The article closes with "We're all the authors of this book. I think it's time to erase our mistakes and start writing a new chapter."

That's good advice. But first, let's erase some mistakes from the previous chapters. Starting with the nonsense written by someone with absolutely no credentials in the skateboard industry whatsoever, Michael Ryan. I have a few questions for you Mike. First, why don't you just come out and say who you're talking about? Only a fucking coward would write such back-stabbing trash. Do you honestly assume everyone reading that crap is as ignorant as you and your publishers? If you had even one ounce of integrity or courage you would just come out and say "world industries is fucked" period. That would be your opinion and I can respect it. Beyond that everything else you wrote is a giant pack of misleading lies.

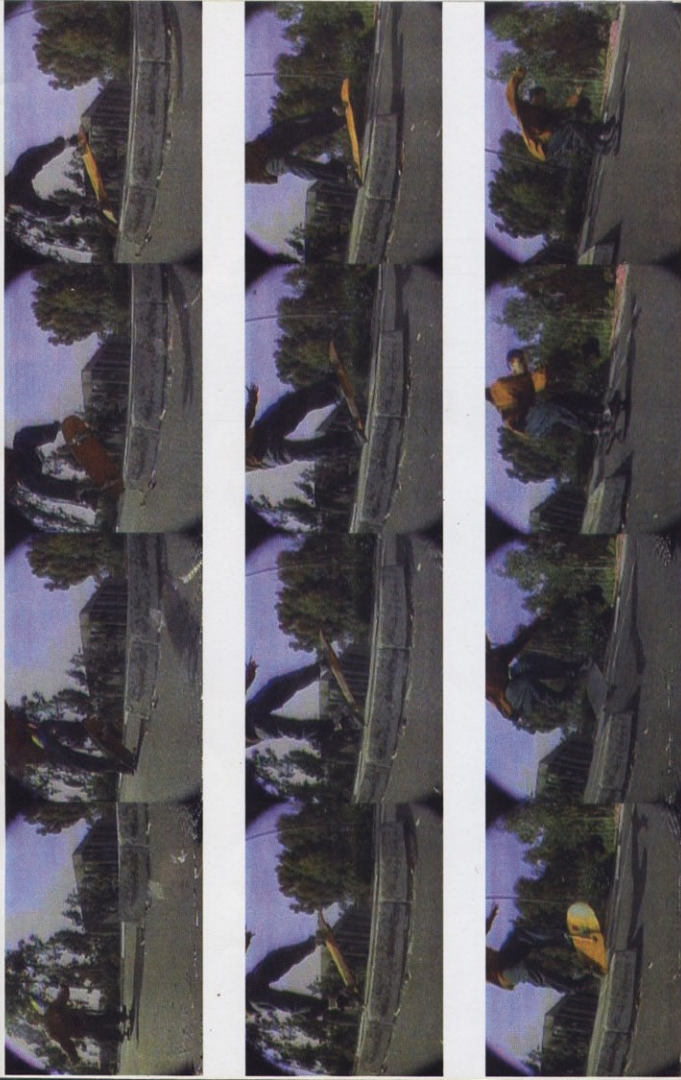
Beginning with "We write about manufacturers making better skate equipment." Here's a few basic facts that you may not be aware of. World Industries was the first company to bring double kick boards to the public. We were one of the first companies to make small wheels and slick bottoms. We were the first company with 1" bolts and riser pads made for nose slides. Not to mention minor improvements like low tails, thin wood, full board graphics, loose baggy skate clothes without huge logos or hideous skulls and finally companies owned by skaters and not old piece of trash business men like the people who published your article. Our main problem is we don't advertise on a level that appeals to moronic ostriches such as yourself. Consequently you remain uninformed and in the dark until someone, like me, comes along to pull your head out of your ass.

Now we move on to "making offensive board graphics". Yes, we've done graphics with devils, crack pipes, nude women, aborted babies and condoms. These are the very same items we see in the morning paper, the cover of *TIME*, and the movies. Why is it OK for us to see them on TV but as soon as we put them on a skateboard they become offensive. Don't you think if a graphic of a condom or small child shooting his little brother can save just one life it's worth doing. I don't know about you, but what I find really offensive are narrow-minded hypocritical horn blowing "puritans" that spend their days pointing the finger at everyone's problems but their own.

Last and least "ripping off other companies' ideas." It was over two years ago that manufacturing "guru," George Powell, first said "double kicks and slick bottoms are just passing fads." It then took him, and all the other losers (like the fools who signed your check) over a year to produce double kick boards and another year for slick bottoms. I could go on but what it basically boils down to is every idea we've had has now been "ripped off," from cartoon graphics to naked girls.

So Mike, do you feel stupid enough yet? Well don't, because nobody could possibly expect a gullible, low-level, brain-washed imbecile, such as yourself, to keep a few simple facts straight. After all, look at where you submit your work, Transworld. And we all know what Transworld is. Transworld is the whore that works the village between the two cities. Anyone's money, including mine, is good enough for them. So if I were you, I would be a little more discriminating, not only about what you write but also where it's printed. Because if I walked in there tomorrow with ten grand to spend on advertising, the next victim of a biased editorial attack would be you.

**\*Attention prospective advertisers:** The rantings and ravings of Steve Rocco do not reflect the views of anyone else affiliated with this magazine.

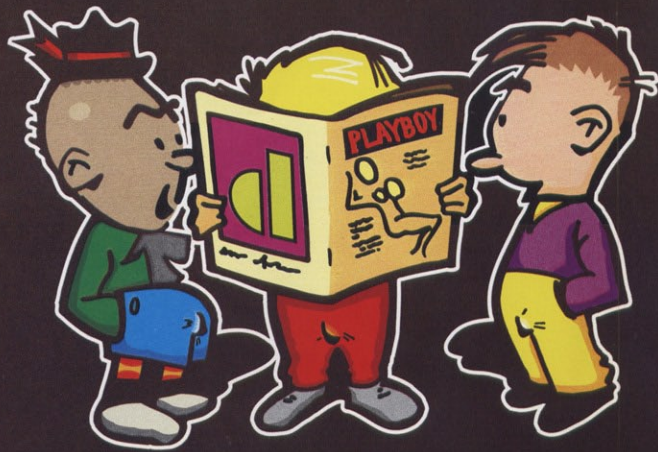
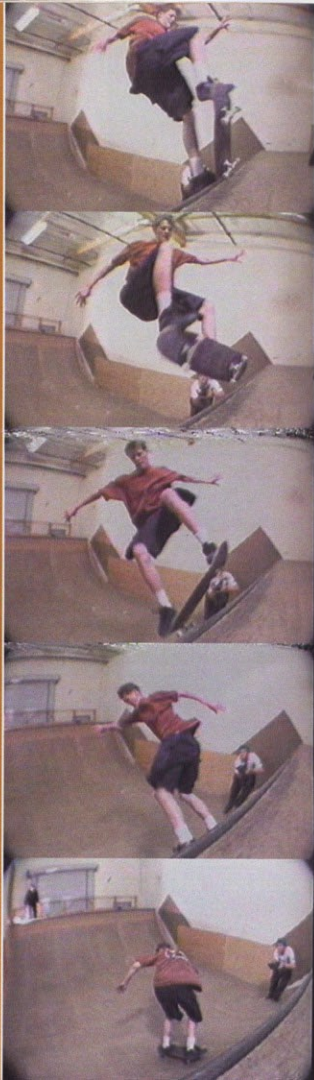






Caballeria B-side nose blunt gazelle

Danny Way



remember your first woodie?

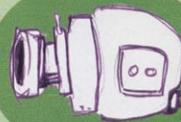
droors clothing distributed by eight ball 619-598-5450



Another fascinating layout featuring Mike Carroll



# VIDEO



Send it in.

Get it back!

See your name in print! Maybe spelt correct.

You could get famous. You will get a shirt.

If the trick you film is hard enough you could have 1000's of skaters trying YOUR TRICK. You may even spearhead the next fasion craze. Just think about it.

Send to:

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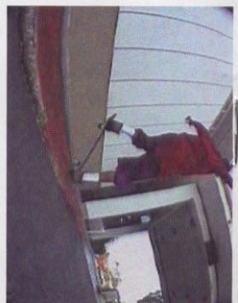
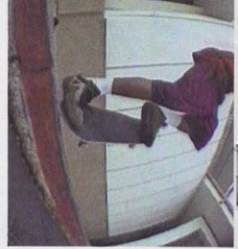
## Fun Topics to Choose From!

- Slam Of Death
- My Sister The Slut
- I Can Skate Better Than Those Pro Fags
- Here's \$50.00. Just Put Me In
- Oh Lord, Am I An Idiot
- My Drunk Parents Fighting
- The Power I Have Over My Little Brother
- Me, I'm Great



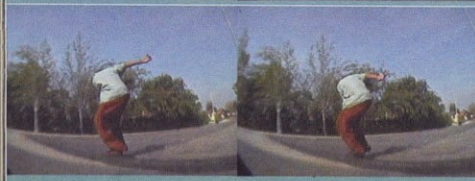


Pat Duffy Long Ass  
50/50 down double kink



Oscar "Mach 2" Jordan  
Switch - Stance blunt  
slide to fakie





Shiloh Skates  
(Not A  
Company  
He Just Does)



Willy Santos as featured in 's Transworld each month.





# The South

By Neil Brown

**R**oughly speaking, between 15 and 20% of America's skateboarders call the south home. I'm really surprised the number isn't twice that, because of the total lack of other forms of entertainment. The other 80% of you might never get to experience the fine culture of the South up close, so I'm going to bring it to you.

The South is one of the last places on the Earth where racism is accepted and condoned. Religion is the only viable industry in the South, that and slave labor. In short, everything is fucked up. Let me explain.

What is there to do down here? Well, if there is nothing on TV and you're sober enough to drive, how about a quality evening of professional wrestling. Who really believes that stuff? you may ponder. People with only one set of grandparents or those with lead pipes in their house? My guess is that most southerners just like looking at fat, sweaty men in loincloths knock the shit out of each other while wearing makeup. A vicarious thrill similar to smoking Marlboros and pretending you're a cowboy.

Professional wrestling can get pretty



confusing. Particularly tag teams, lumberjack rules and double grudge matches. But don't despair, the monster truck and tractor show will be coming to town soon! No rules. Just 500 cubic inches of nitrous burning hell guaranteed to fill you with enough male aggression to make you want to brawl with total strangers. A lovelier bunch of folk there is none. Skating downtown when the monster truck show is in town can be a distinct pleasure, but take my advice, stay home.

If all else fails and you are left with nothing to do; you can always cruise the square. An intricate mating ritual

involving beer, halter tops, and driving around in a circles. You'll need an IROC Camaro, Firebird, Trans Am, Monte Carlo or any other GM muscle car that goes really fast in a straight line. A faggot ass jap car will just get your ass kicked. Don't forget trucks. Trucks are very important down here. They were once actually used to haul shit around like tools, kegs of beer, piles of manure and fat girlfriends. These days your truck either has to be raised enough to walk under or lowered enough to step over. Either way, it can't be used as a truck. After an exhausting night of cruisin' to Guns-n-Roses you can retire to the comfort of your trailer home and watch the ceiling spin.

In the South everyone wakes up at dawn. That way they can watch religious programming, fishing shows, and Captain Kangaroo, while still drunk from the night before. Before he opens his eyes, a true redneck will put in a fresh chew. (Kids start sleeping with chews by 11 or 12 years old) Next on the agender, rough hump the ol' lady and have her make you breakfast. Later you can hook up with your buddies and all go drinking and hunting because no one has a job.

Ah, hunting, the sport of men. Down here they go after those man-eaters like squirrels and rabbits. My

neighbor cleans these pesky little rodents with pliers. What he does with the fur and the meat is subject to debate. But who cares? It's just a sport. He lives in a red shanty and the lawn is littered with rusty lawn mowers, kids' toys, beer cans and his trees are festooned with yellow ribbons.

Southerners don't hold skateboarders in the highest esteem. It is hard for them to consider it a sport because you can't do it drunk and no one wins. This confusion often manifests into hate and aggression. My advice: skate with a loaded gun in your hand and make a sport of it.





# Your New Bible

*Swindle 9:32*

**HOLY BIBLE**

**Swindle Skateboard & Anarchy Co.**

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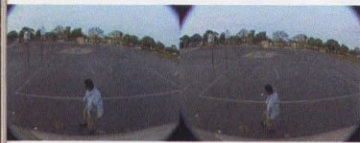


Josh Beagle, switch stance big spin.

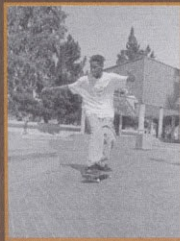
## Foundation Coverage

Steve Olson, 180 nose grind fakie

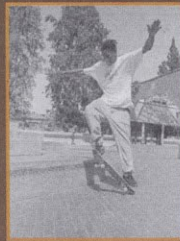




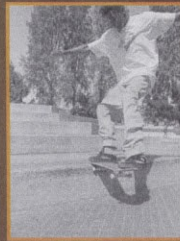
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Daewon Song



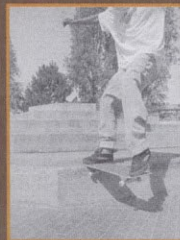
**fresh**



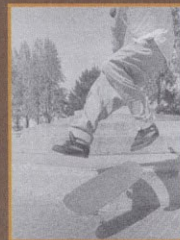
**dope**



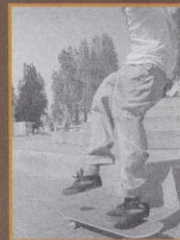
**hype**



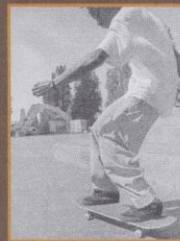
**word**



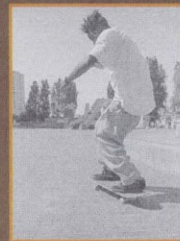
**fly**



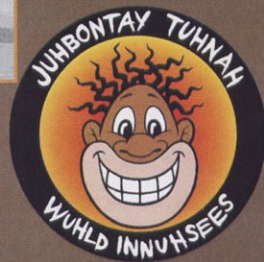
**dizzy**



**mackin'**



**def**





# Back Issues...

## Grateful Dead

Trading tapes  
Jerry's Trick Tips  
Skating on Acid  
Spin Art Board Graphics

## Street Luge

Downhill speed records  
Rubber Body Suits  
Skin grafts explained

## The Vert Issue

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Bong hits under the platform  
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Build your own patio for \$40.00  
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At work at Seaworld

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Do girls get smelly?  
Are scabby shins a turn on?  
How tits make you fall  
Easy fuck?

## Totally Pushead

New Pushead Art  
Old Pushead Art  
Pushead's Mom  
Pushead's Tattoos  
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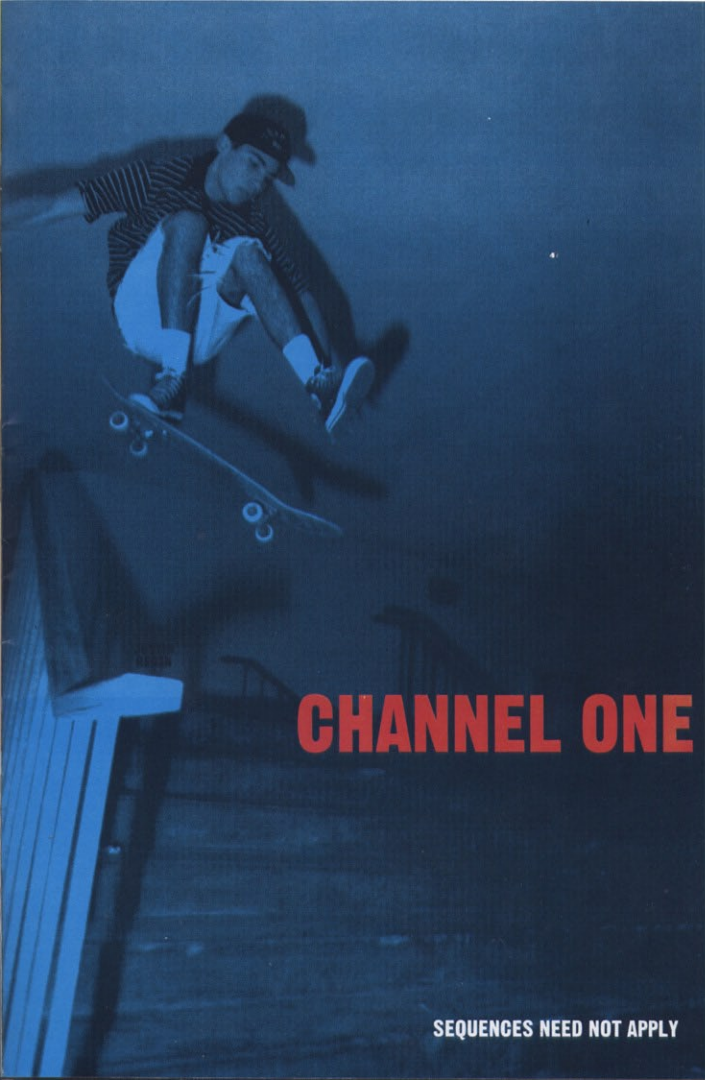
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# CHANNEL ONE

SEQUENCES NEED NOT APPLY



# An Article About Skating & The Police

by Alex

Have I got a story to tell you. I live in Livingston N.J. which is just 20 miles away from New York City. We have a pretty good scene; some good street stuff, a few minis and tons of indoor parking garages.

It was about mid november and it was starting to get cold out and the skating was starting to move indoors. We'd get kicked out of most parking garages, and the nearest indoor park was an hour and a half away. We were getting really bummed out so one day I went for a walk in an industrial park by my house.

Unlucky for some landlord I found a huge warehouse (about the size of the Powell Skate Zone<sup>®</sup>) with the backdoor wide open. I ran home, and that night I called all my pals and by the next evening we had a mini ramp, 2 quarter pipes, a spine-launch ramp, a fun box (sic) with 2 hips and a handrail.

Man were we stoked! We sessioned the building non-stop for a week. I even slept over a couple of nights. Every day we had at least 75 people in there.

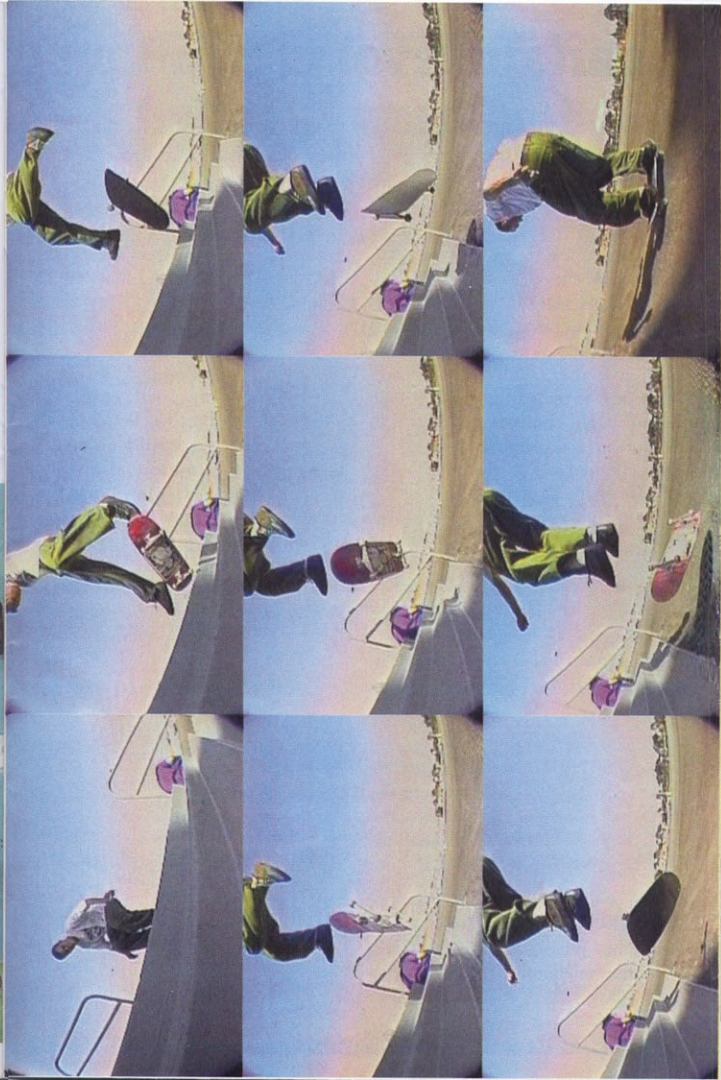
After skating for about a week just about everyone in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania knew about it. On Sunday November 24 there was at least 300 skaters there inside, outside, on the fuckin' roof!

To make a long story short (thanks - ed.) 4 cop cars pulled up with one of those swat milk mobiles bringing up the rear. They unloaded 4 or 5 canisters of tear gas on us. Meanwhile my friend Tim, who is a little fucked in the head,

took all his clothes off, ran up to the cop truck in bare nakedness and begged for Jello Pudding Pops<sup>®</sup>.

After the cops chilled and no arrests took place they labeled the situation a misunderstanding. Jeese, I wonder if they would have tear-gassed 300 volleyball players playing on a private beach.

-the end.





# A certain level of hesitancy has been reached

Steve Rocco has sent in the much hyped tour footage. This is one of the pages which was to contain the amazing and unbelievable images from this Hell Tour 4 (Highway to Hooters). Film man Socrates describes what-is on the video tapes. I look at Walter, Walter looks at me- pursed lips, heavy sigh. I leave, Walter sits through 2 sixty minute tapes of the WI am team annoying Denny's waitresses and Steve Rocco doing hand-stands to head first dive into swimming pools (full). Somewhere on tape 7 or 8 someone made a trick on a 2x4 handrail at a demo with 13 people in attendance.

Not much to work with unless we wanted you to be as bored as we were in the video room, which must have been at least how bored everyone was on tour. If you pull out the video camera & film you are bored, and how do you think it would be 2nd hand?

A new idea is needed. All we have is world industries shit. hype up the new boys. What. What. Hey Powell. Why they're almost in the same situa-

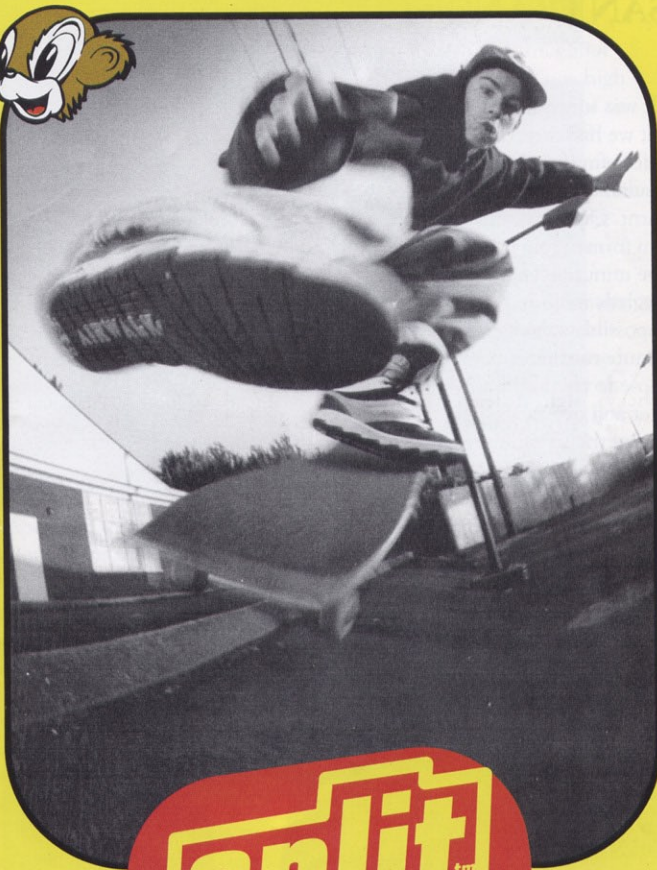
tion. a bunch of their riders just quit their company also. Jim Fitzpatrick is reached. Hey Jim. Me 'n Walter wanta come up & get the grand tour of your place and we'll just bring a camera and do a little article on your place for this magazine. The name still doesn't spill from my mouth easily. Big Brother. I'm going to record Rocco saying the name as a sound byte in my conversations. His name, let him say it. Jim Fitz says 'fine with him'. & he'll set it up for

the day after tomorrow. We finally get to see what goes on in that huge place.

Next day I'm informed that "A certain level of hesitancy has been reached." And whatever that meant - we weren't allowed in. Rocco's magazine - Rocco doesn't have a lot of friends. Just what goes on in Powell?



One of those damn product tosses. Dirtville, USA

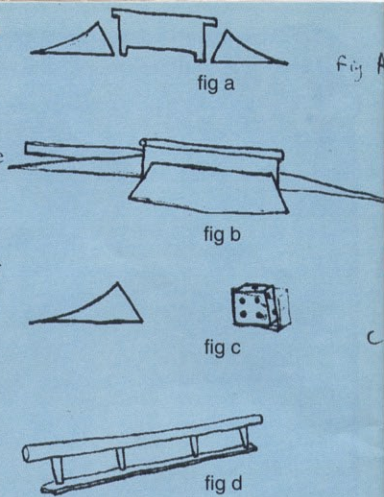


Chris LeBlanc

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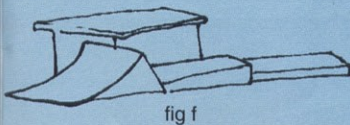
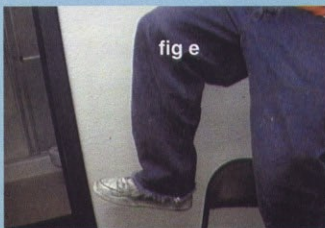
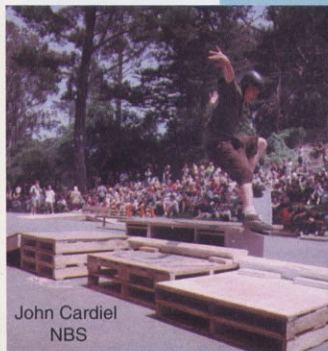
# SAN FRANCISCO

It was sunny and hot up there, but we had driven too far to leave before finding out the final results. Us whiter folk got sunburnt. Qualifications were run jam format; five people skated for five minutes. This was a higgledy piggledy mess and damn near impossible to judge. With five minute runs most contestants chose to try their hardest trick over and over, making only a few during the five minutes. Danny Way tried b-side 360 ollies ramp to ramp over the office table. (see fig.. a) Salman Agah tried and made a few switch-stance b-side tail slides on the small slant ramps to bar. (see fig.. b) The fifteen with the best try to make



ratio went to the finals.

Now the top 15 guys were grouped in three's and skated for three minutes (which was a little less messy) on a pretty good course. (Not that it was changed for the finals, it was a pretty good set up throughout the contest.) Set up: Knee high jump ramps on either side of an office desk.

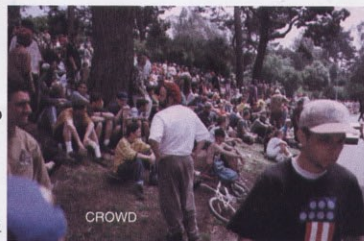


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changed for the finals, it was a pretty good set up throughout the contest.) Set up: Knee high jump ramps on either side of an office desk. (Fig. a.) Six inch high slant ramps in "T" formation with slider bar running from the two opposing ramps. ( Fig. b.) Knee high jump ramp with accompanying dice.( Fig. c.) Later John Cardiel would move the dice several hundred feet away from the ramp, then used the ramp to b-side 180 over the dice. A real long slider bar, just below knee high. (Fig. d.) Note: we are using Walter's knee. He is 6'1".( Fig. e.) Another ramp to office desk combination with curb size curbs attached.( Fig. f.) Also from the office was your basic file cabinet. No fig.

That was the contest sight and that was not where we were for





on slant to slider bar (fig. b), nose blunt slides on desk from ramp to ramp (fig. a), big, long b-side 180 ollies and hard slams. Second was Ray Barbee. Boy, are Kit Kats good, and Willy Santos got first.



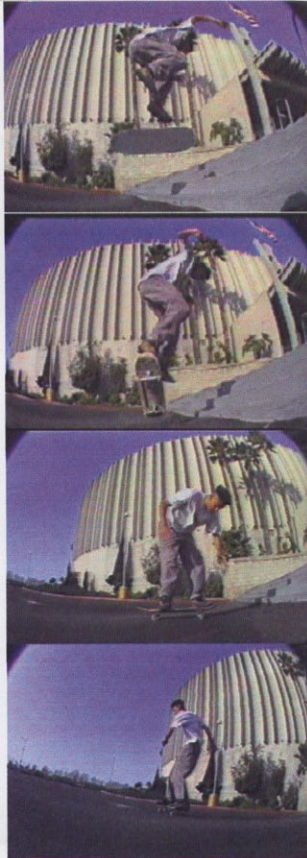
You look down here to find more contest coverage and find this notice. Notice that both contest articles in this magazine were intentionally written weak. This was done to leave plenty of room for improvement in future contest articles.



This page is a test to see how clearly a video image prints out when blown up full size, because you never know what you can do until you try.



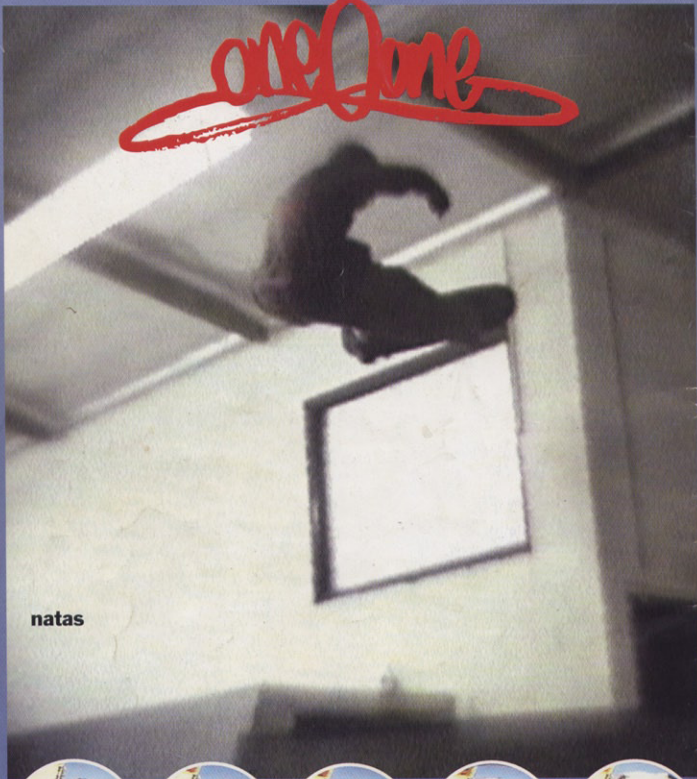
**Kanton Russell**  
**Back-foot big-spin flip**



Every weekend Tim Gavin flies from Arizona to Los Angeles to skate with Guy and Rudy. This costs \$5,148.00 a year. But don't worry, when he turns pro we'll take it out of his check. Blind, cheap as fuck.



# one line



**natas**



**markovich**



**video**