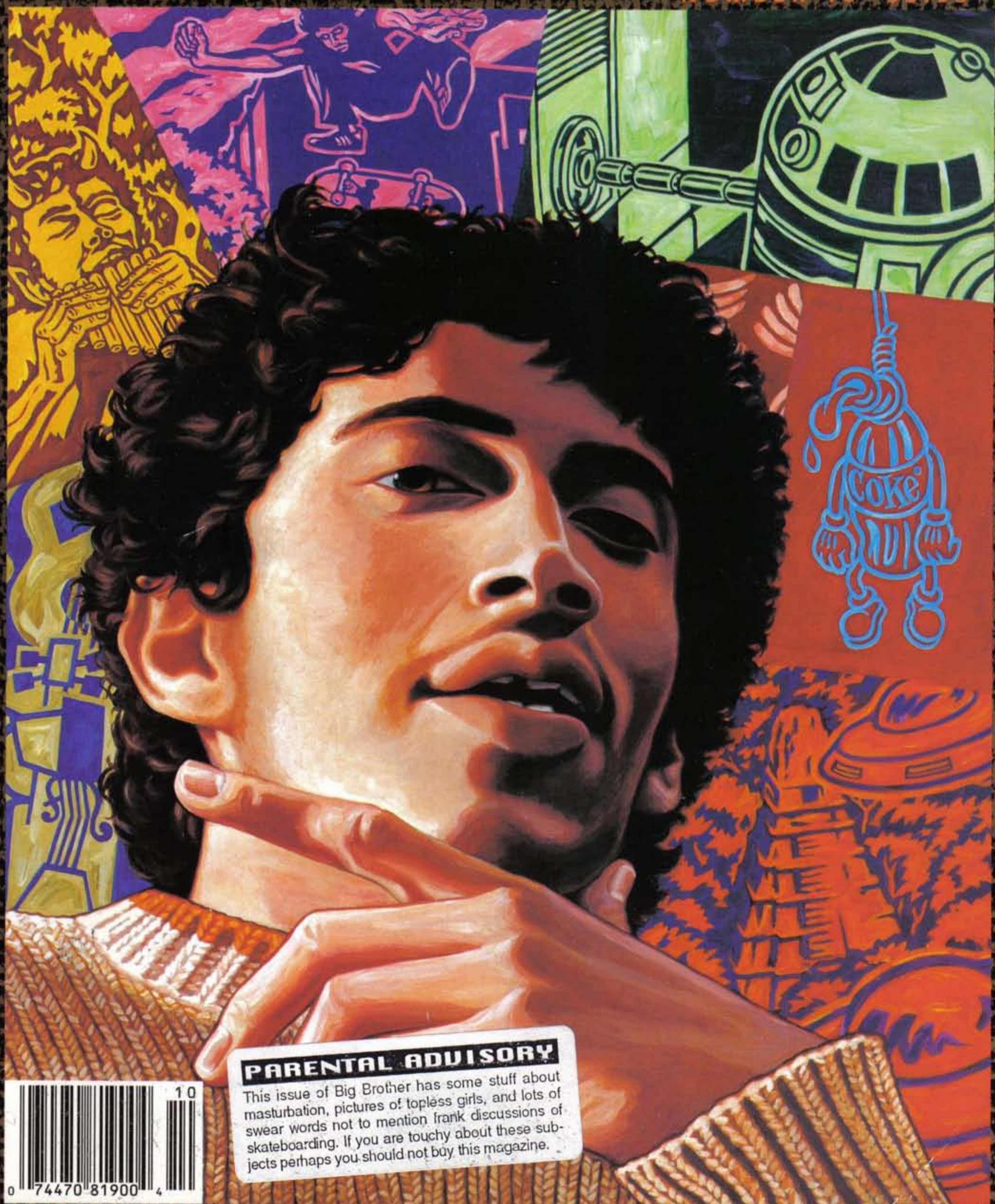


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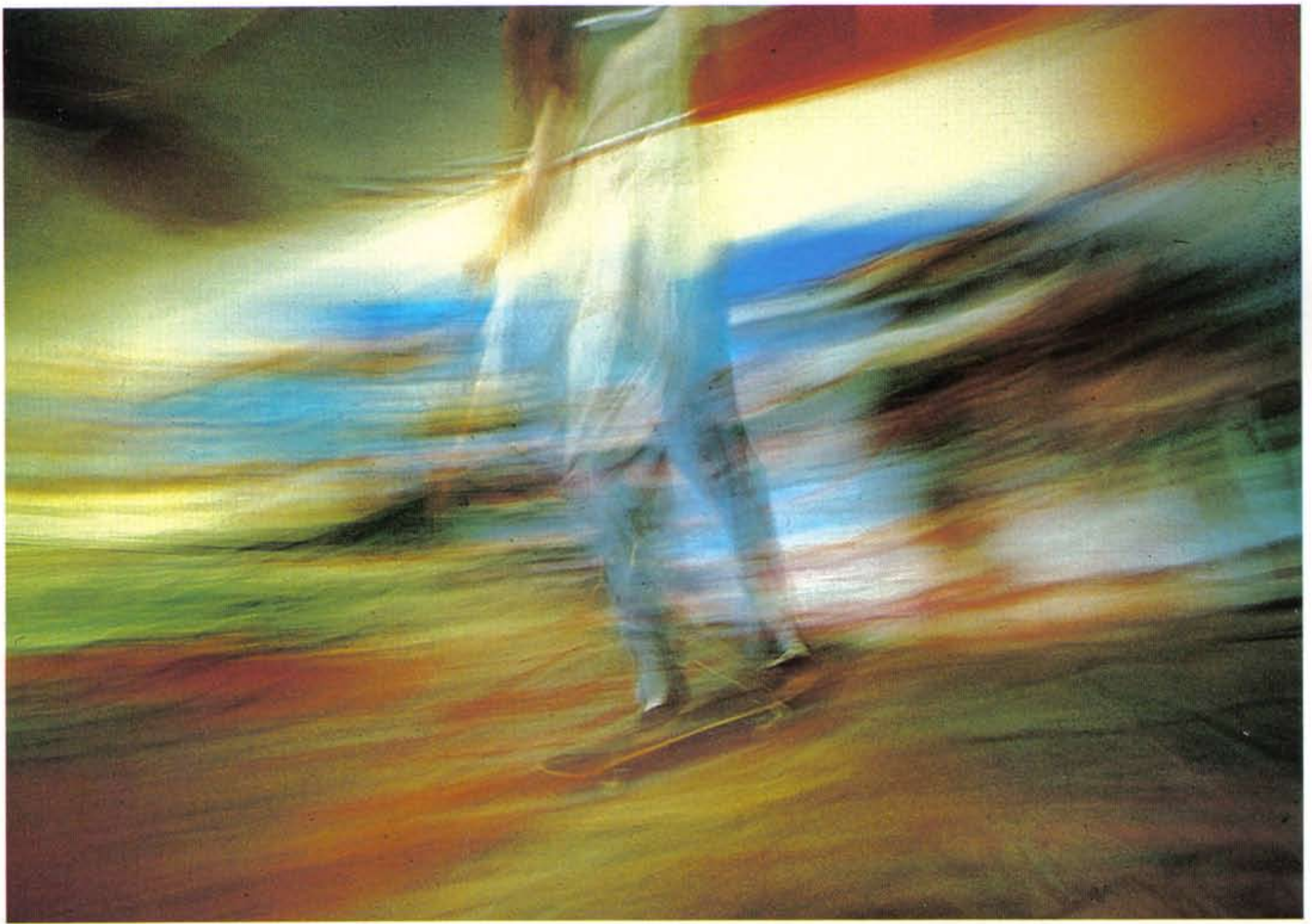
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PARENTAL ADVISORY

This issue of Big Brother has some stuff about masturbation, pictures of topless girls, and lots of swear words not to mention frank discussions of skateboarding. If you are touchy about these subjects perhaps you should not buy this magazine.





101



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steve olson*

* individual humanistic qualities. ** switch-stance frontside hardflip

mike santarossa



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STAFF

Writers

Sal Rocco Jr.
Earl Parker
Mike Ballard
Mike Daily
Kendra
Greg Barbera
Shea Johnson
Deanna Templeton
Josh Swindell
Chris Pontius

Brethren of Intersep

John Thomas

Cameramen

Nikophotography
Tobin
Socrates
Dave Schlossbach
Geoff Kula
Greg Barbera
Tod Swank
Mike Ballard

Models

Kiayah
Toni Plummer
Jenna Jenison

Boring Nerds

Sean Cliver
Marc McKee

Big Baby

Rick Kosick

Automatic Asshole

Jeff Tremaine

Guamanian

Michael Arayata

Sensitive Artist

Dan Dunphy

Publisher

Steve Rocco

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Address

Big Brother
815 N. Nash
El Segundo, CA 90245

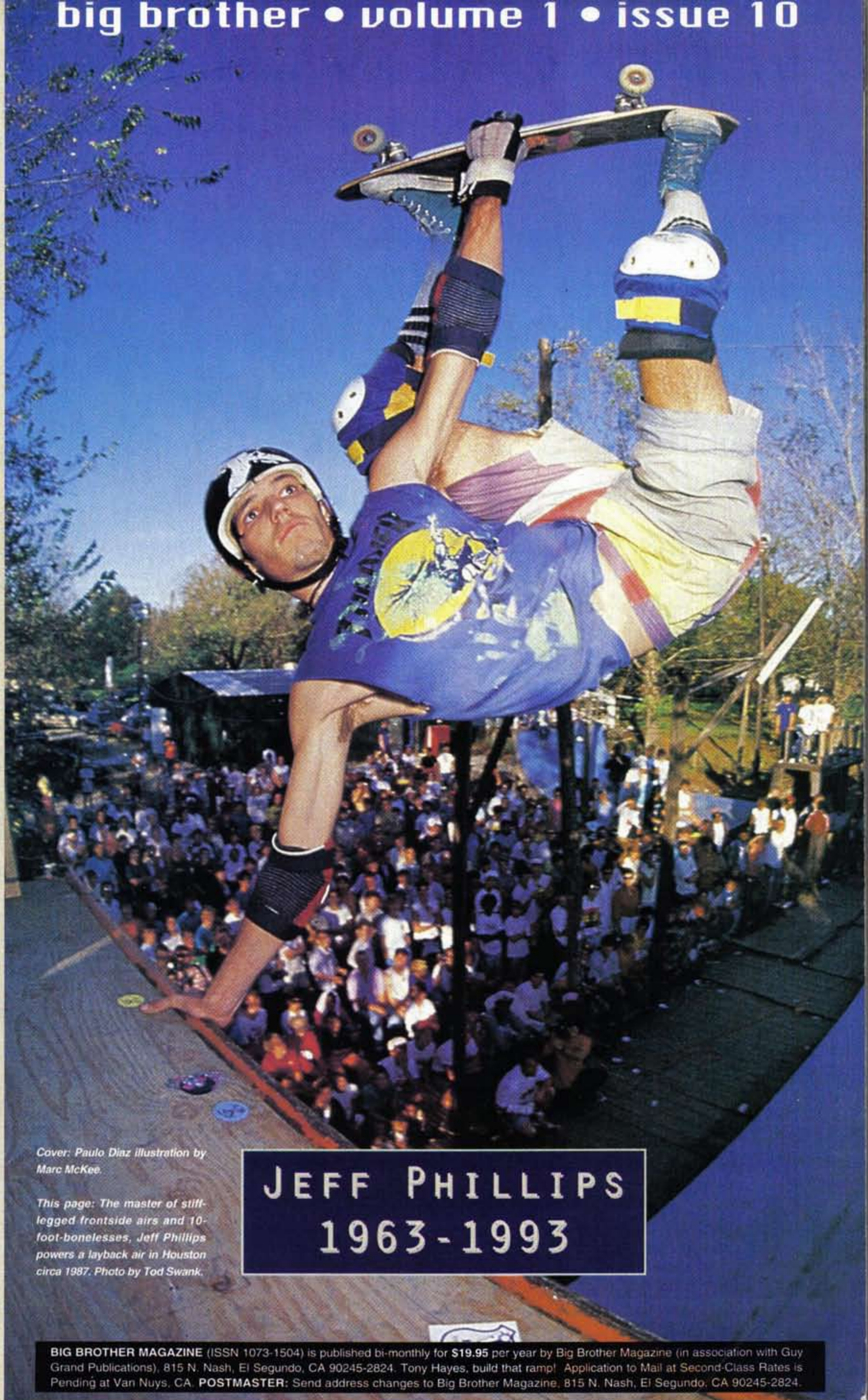
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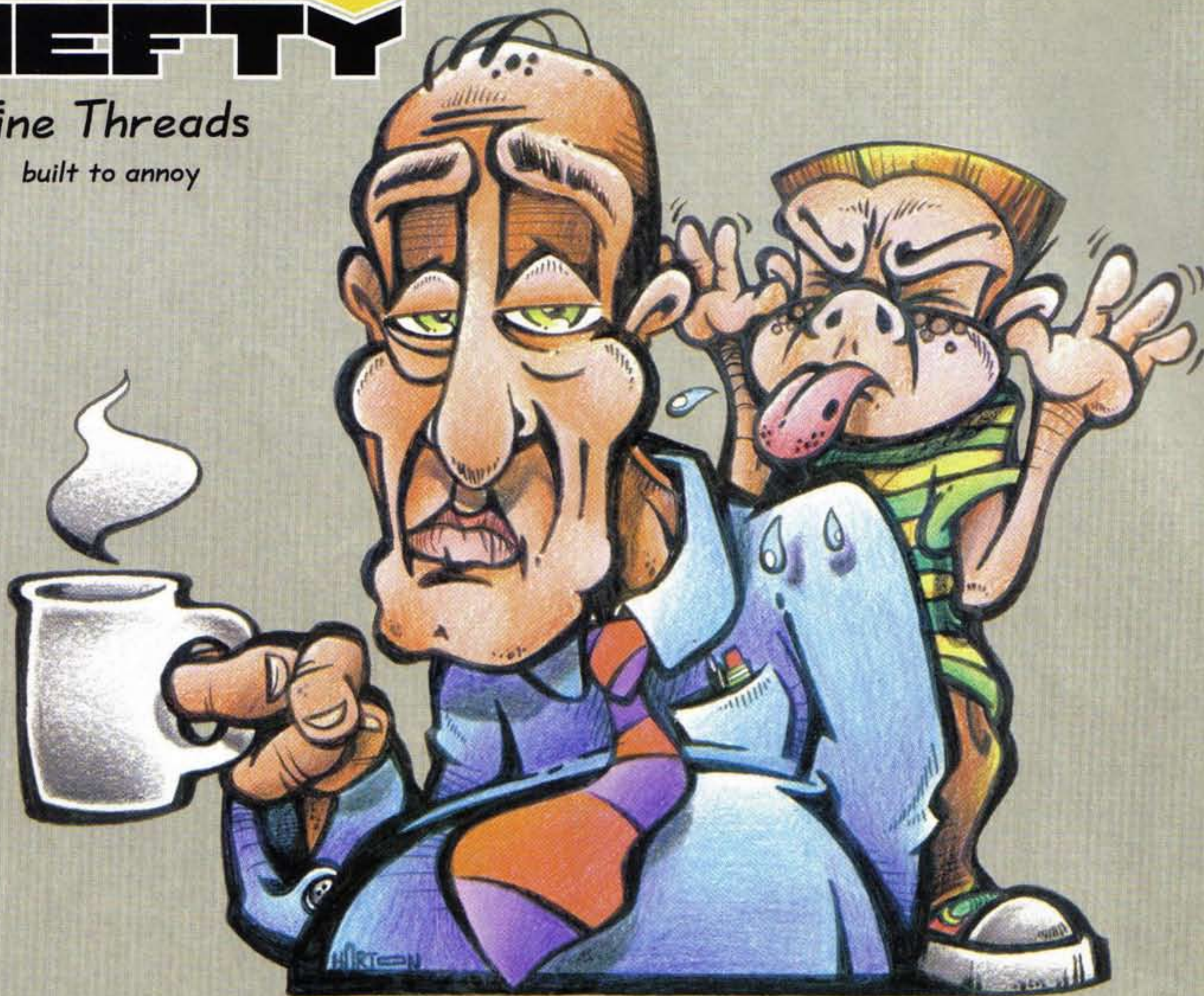
This page: The master of stiff-legged frontside airs and 10-foot-bonelesses, Jeff Phillips powers a layback air in Houston circa 1987. Photo by Tod Swank.

JEFF PHILLIPS
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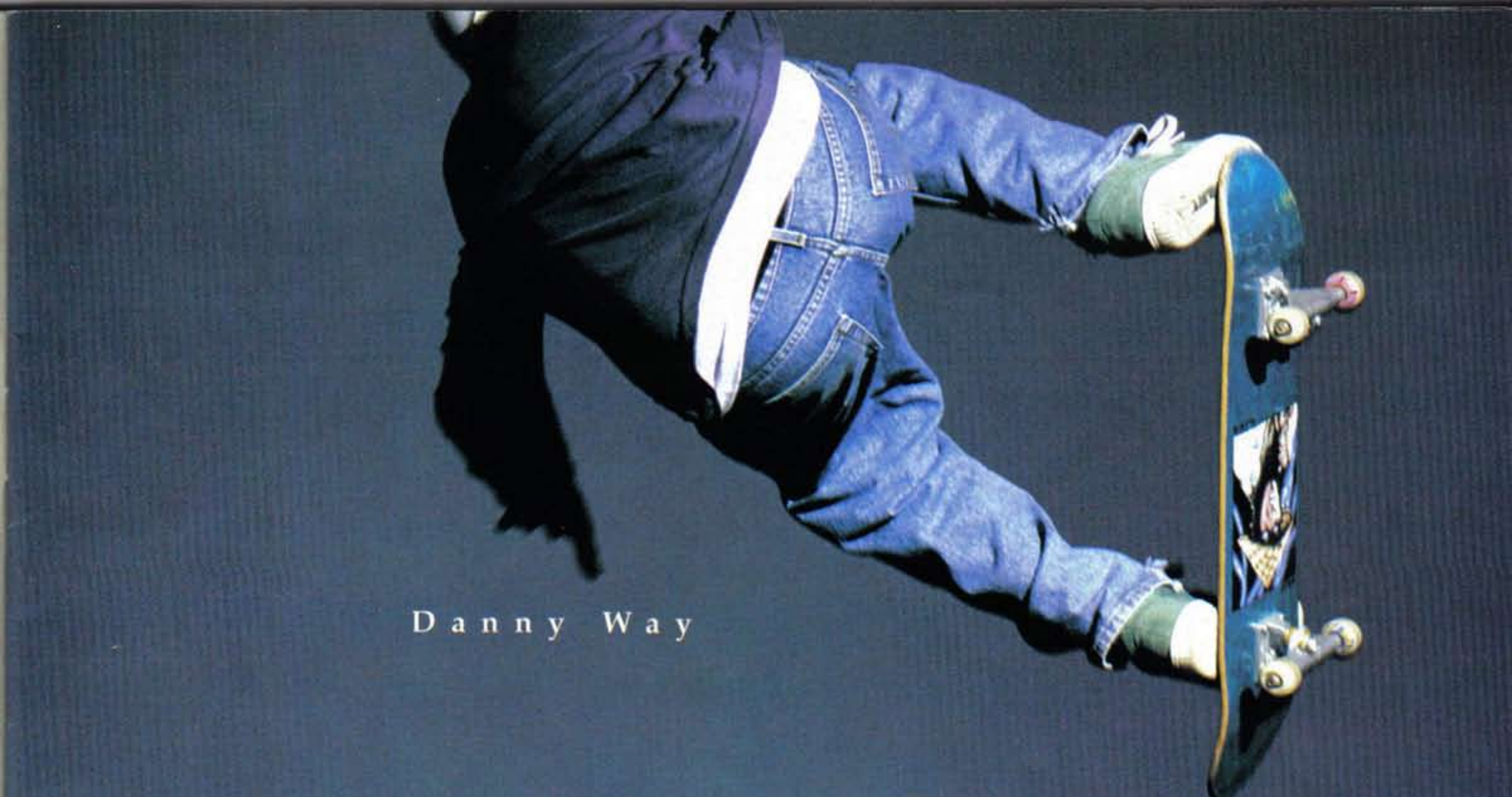
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letters

This month's letter responder is the lovely Deanna Templeton, wife of Ed, who is known for her extremely high and friendly voice. She is also deathly afraid of earthquakes, so much so that she is considering moving to San Diego—without Ed. Mail letters to: Letters Dept. • 815 N. Nash • El Segundo, CA 90245

Keep America Beautiful

I am the mother of a 16 year old boy who has been skateboarding for many years. Today while hanging a blind in my son's room, I happened to pick up your magazine and flip through its pages. What I saw horrified me. The pictures, violence, and sexual nature of what I saw was revolting! It seems you have taken a simple sport and turned it into a satanic cult. I will be talking with my son tonight about how I feel and how it may not be in his best interest to continue skating. I am forbidding him to buy your magazine any longer. I am also planning to send copies of this letter to all of the companies that advertise in your magazine to let them know why I cannot continue to buy their products as long as they advertise in such youth destructive material. America is a great country but people and magazines such as yours is destroying it and its youth, those who are our hope for the future.

Shannon A. Lee
Anchorage, AK

I have a couple of questions for you. Does your son watch TV? Does he go to the movies? Does he attend a public high school? If you answered yes to one or more of these, your son has probably seen more violence and sex since he hit the boys locker room. Not to mention all the murder and rape on TV. Instead of censoring your 16 year old young man, why don't you talk to him with listening ears? Why don't you find out why he likes Big Brother, if it's for the sex and violence you might just have a perverted bully on your hands, and he might need some long hours with a shrink, but I'm sure, like all the other 16 year old boys, he just likes it for fun. As long as you've done your job as a parent he should be able to tell the difference between right and wrong, real and unreal. And as for making your son quit skating, all sports have their downfalls—even more popular sports such as football, baseball, and basketball with drugs, sex, and violence. And one last thing, as for America being a great country for our youth, it could be if we stop censoring and start communicating.—Love, Deanna



Deanna Templeton

What?

The reason for this letter is that in other magazines there is a lot of slugging of today's skaters as being mindless and willing to follow anything. Has it not been this way for years? I remember when I started in 1985, that all skaters wore either Vans or Chuck Taylors—no exemption until Neil Blender and Mark Gonzales started wearing the first Air Jordans. Then in a month me and all my friends had them. What about the painted griptape? Upside down mounting hardware? Ho-hos? So how come all the sudden it is such a big issue? If you were to look through today's magazine it is almost all street—look at an '85 issue of Transworld all vert except a street picture of Natas or Mark Gonzales, a freestyle picture of Rodney Mullen and not much else. Is it not the same except with street as the main focus except freestyle merged with it all? As for the level of skating you can't beat today's switchstance and technical skating. Anyways, thanks for a good magazine keep up the good work and to all the people who complain look in the past and you'll see how much really hasn't changed.

Shawn Fosnight
Massillon, Ohio

Well Shawn, guess what? Your letter didn't mean a whole heck of a lot to me. I mean it seems like you were just rambling on about the good-old times, and how they can be good times now if people would just stop complaining. Did I get your point? I really wasn't sure what you were getting at with your letter, but I guess you had something to get off your chest and the people at Big Brother thought it was important enough to print for their readers. Maybe they think someone out there can relate with you. I think you just need group therapy. Oh well.

—Love, Deanna

Support Your Local Skate Shop, Not Blockbuster

Have you seen the movie "The Skateboard Kid?" Oh, man I can't believe this fucking movie. What a sack of shit. They should've put a warning or something on it like "Warning this video contains a skateboard that talks," this would have warned off all possible skaters from something as hideous as this video. If you ever want to experience pure terror, rent this video. I spent 2 hours beating myself on the head for renting the \$1.99 turd. So if you think you're tough, rent this video and good luck.

We hate this movie
Johnstown, PA

I'm so sorry to read about your horrible experience with "The Skateboard Kid." Luckily, I have never seen this movie, but then again, when I rent movies skateboarding ones are never on my list. You see that's where your town made its mistake. If you want to see good quality skateboarding you go to your local skate shop and purchase or rent a skate video made by a skate company. Or find the local kid who gets everything he wants for Christmas, including every skate video ever made, and make him lend (give) you the video of your choice. See, it's that easy, and more logical. Leave the video stores for Star Wars like it should be.—Love, Deanna

Wannabe Porno Man

Hi. My name is Mr. P. The P stands for porno man. I need some help. I tried sending a picture similar to this one to Playgirl for a modeler but they rejected me. I would be very grateful if you would at least put this picture in your newest issue of Big Brother and maybe write a thing or two about me. I can't tell you much, so just make shit up. I do live in Indiana though and I've got lots and lots of pornos and devices in my secret closet. I am the biggest porno man around and I'm willing to have a tournament with anyone that thinks they compare.

Mr. P



Wow, Mr. Porno Man! I am so impressed about you being the biggest porno man around! I wish I could shake your hand, well, maybe not shake your hand, but yes, I would love to meet you. Well, no. Not really. Actually, to tell you the truth, your letter was pretty much "a bump on a log." I would expect so much more from such a porno man. You didn't even mention your penis size! What kind of porno man are you?!? Where are your sexually explicit stories? How can you expect us to believe you're such a porno man with out any sex stories? Your photo just doesn't cut it, you're not even naked! Personally Mr. Porno Man, you're a big disappointment. And about your toys and secret closet—your toy is probably a cane and for your closet, walk in and shut the door.—Love, Deanna

Time On His Side

My mom loves your mag, isn't that funny? I'm only writing you a letter because my ass hurts from sitting on the floor playing Nintendo. So all I've got for you is a few observations of BB #8—first, River Phoenix is alive and his name is John Blaylock. Joey Boy looks like one of those half human/half alien creatures from the movies. What's the deal with the picture of Jaya Bonderov from the Back to the City contest? There's a guy in the crowd with red hair and glasses and there are like eight of him. Shit I'm sick of writing this crap. Don't print this it sucks.

Mike Hanes

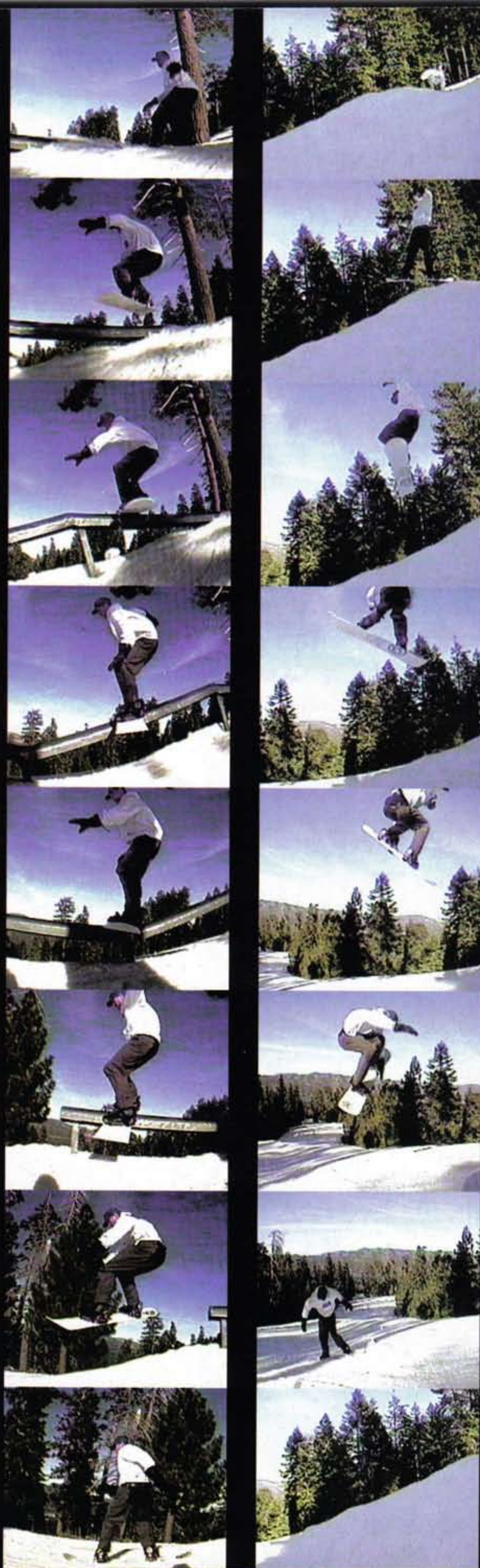
P.S. The new Earl will never compare.

It sounds like you have a lot of time on your hands to be reading Big Brother, playing Nintendo, and writing meaningless letters. Are you by any chance a high school drop-out with no motivation or direction in life? Well no, I take back the direction in life part, you obviously have direction, and you're directed towards the truth. So lets start with #1—you're right! River Phoenix is alive and well and he's sharing a little apt. with Elvis and Jim Morrison, though I'm not sure about the name change to "John Blaylock." #2—about Joey Boy looking like a half human/half alien creature from the movies, what movie exactly are you talking about? #3—about the eight red hair-glasses guys, I think you've paid too much attention to Sal Jrs. pot smoking articles. #4—I'm sick of reading this crappy letter, and #5—you're right again, your letter does suck and they shouldn't have printed it.—Love, Deanna

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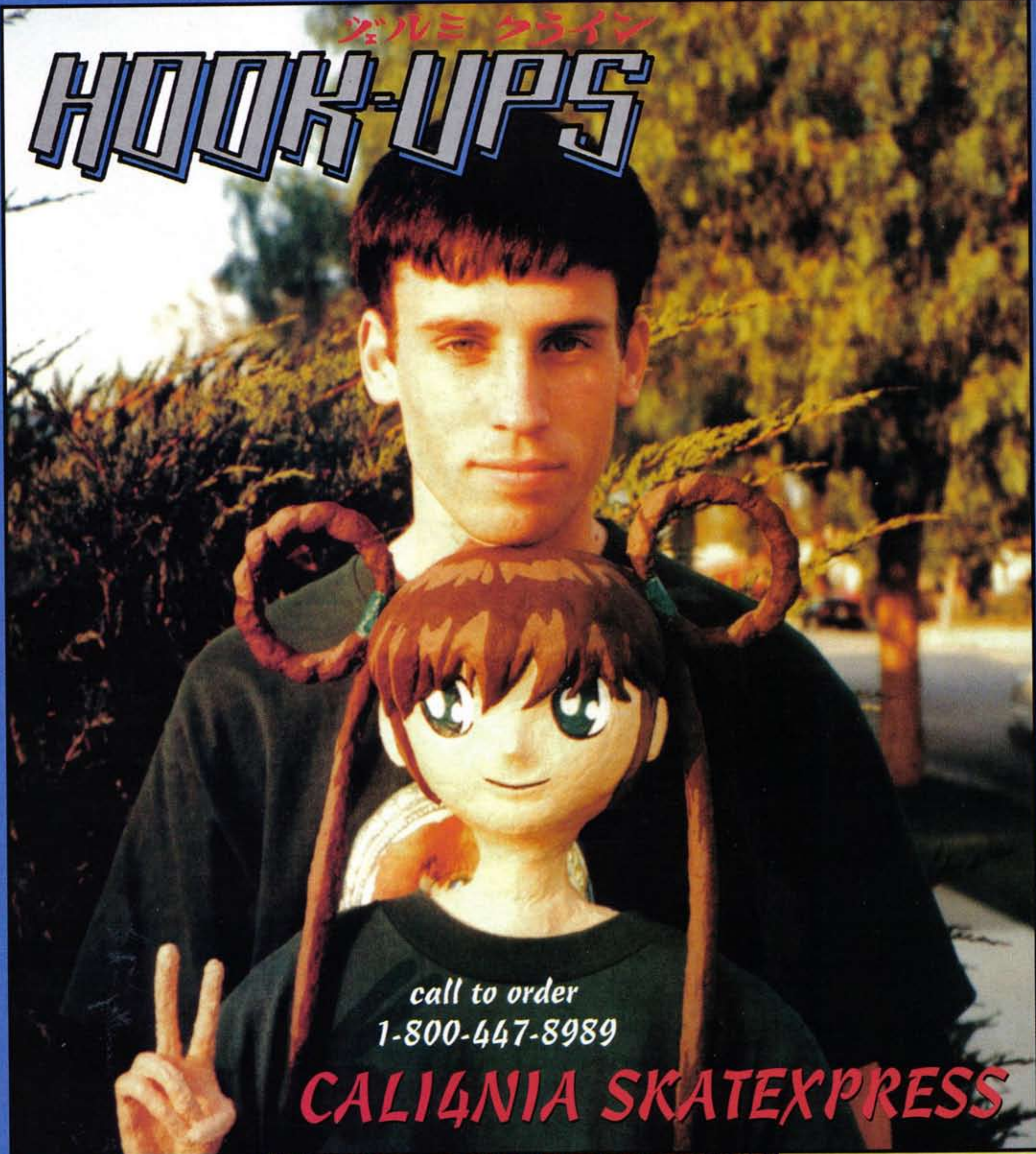


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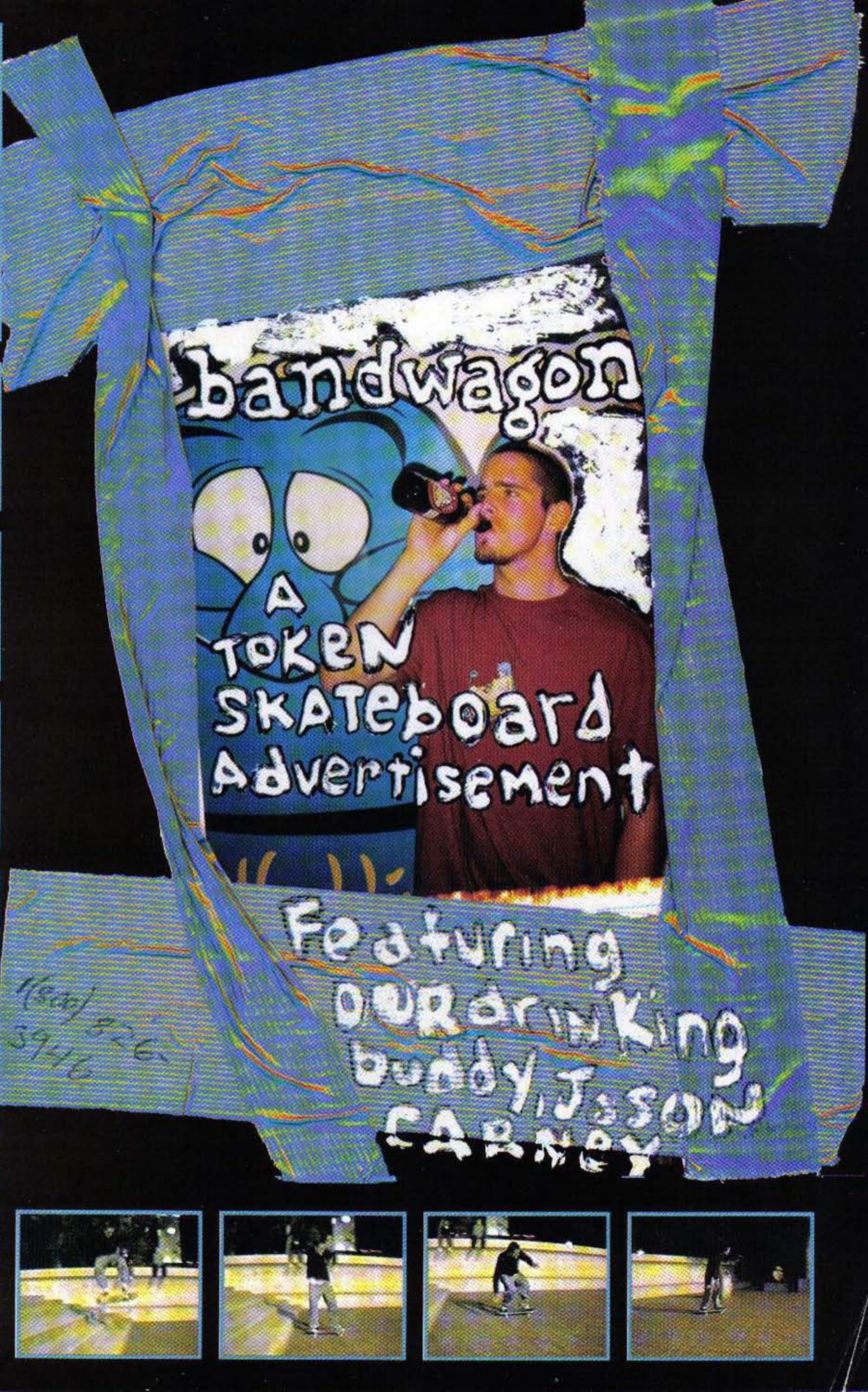


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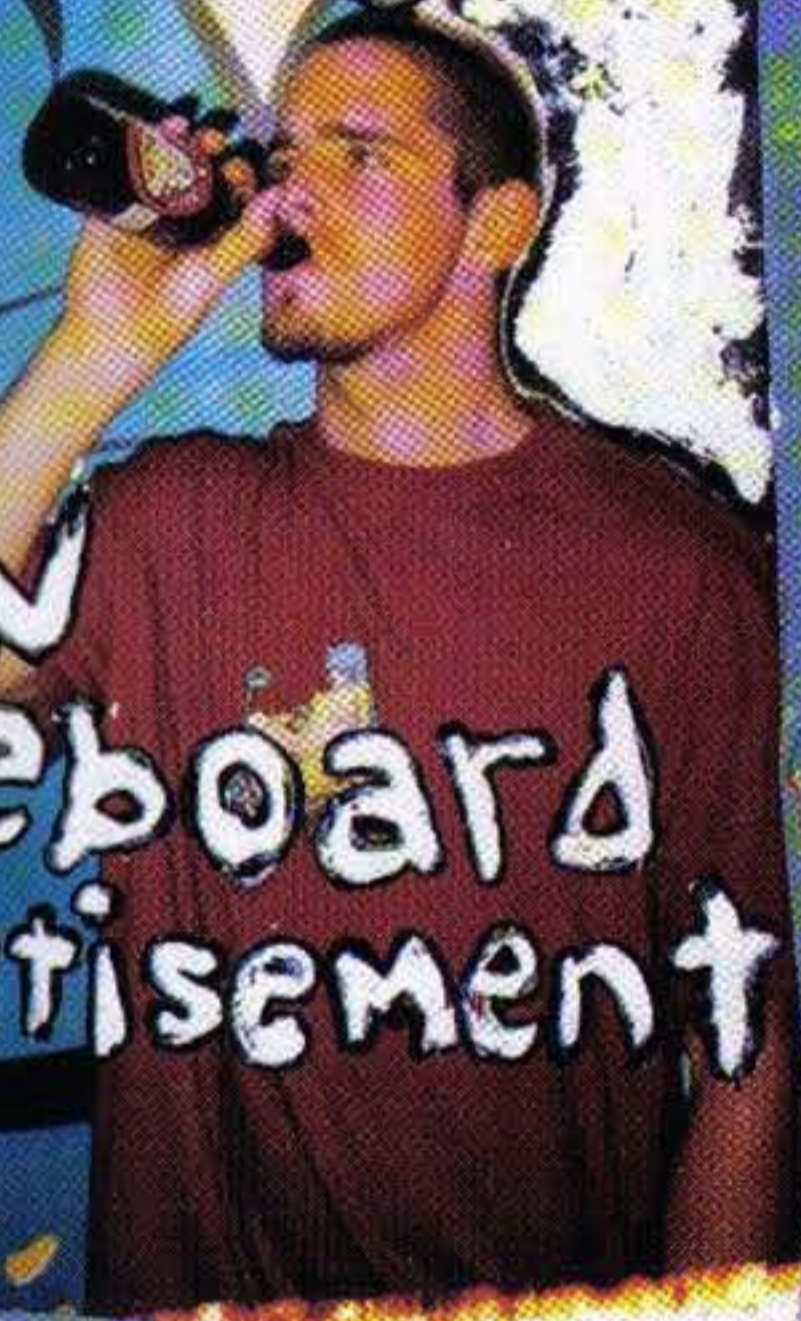
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Some of you may remember Kit as one of Sal's all time favorites in the legendary video Hokus Pokus. You may know him from his recent coverage or his days lurking on the streets of Santa Barbara. For those of you who don't know of Kit, here he is vaulting over a 2 lane street in Frisco, going down a hill that a car struggles up in low gear. Kit is pro for Sonic.

famous quotations

"he's just some kid who wanted to go and see a contest, and now these guys are wrecking his life."

—doug responding to orb's question "who's goofy boy?"

"our magazine wouldn't be any good if we weren't more immature than our readers."

—jeff tremaine

"if i had a powerbook i'd write everyday."

—earl parker

"have you seen the new issue of penthouse—i mean, big brother?"

—henry sanchez

"if hustler goes under at least there'll be big brother."

—bill nelson, art director of hustler

"i used to be able to be creative before i got a team."

—tod swank

"everything i do is noteworthy."

—ed templeton

"you can't fall in love with a stripper, doesn't he know that?"

—greg higgins regarding kosick's new love interest

"danny way—he's like one of the best isn't he?"

—ron jeremy, porn star

"atari's gonna take over again."

—jeremy klein about the new atari jaguar

"when the oldest and newest magazines in the industry (thrasher and big brother) stop serving the skaters that buy the mag, and the advertisers who support it, by promoting only their company's skaters and products, something is rotten."

—george powell

"i wish i could look at that new big brother, but my weed's on it."

—jason carney during a post-skate bong session

"grunge is dead. it's over."

—rick kosick

"i don't need riders. i can sell skateboards with or without 'em."

—jim gray

"why don't you talk about how big brother got buttfucked by faggots in santa monica?"

—rich novak of santa cruz referring to last issue's news column

NEWS

Earl Parker Update

We received a drug-induced call from **Earl Parker** one night in which he informed us that he had discovered the benefits of Canadian cough syrup (apparently they use both Codeine and Caffeine as ingredients so your pleasure is maximized by being able to feel all mellow yet not fall asleep). Earl's new goals in life are to purchase a power book and a white van. He also



Vintage Earl.

gave us an update on **Alternative Eric** saying that he has found a girlfriend and is enjoying his life at college in the suburbs of Chicago.

Skateboarders and Skateboarding

Straight edge artist **Ed Templeton** finished 62 paintings during the year of 1993 and is working on the new **Toy Machine** video. All sponsored riders for **Acme** are now able to buy Acme's clothing at a special discount price—kind of



Edwina Templeton.

like a "shop sponsorship" program. **Powell** has adopted the Acme marketing plan and dropped all signature models. George attributed this to the fact that pros these days just don't do anything. All of the pros were cut with the exception of **Caballero** and **Vallely** (who has moved back to Edison, NJ and been promoted to team manager) but both model-less. **Santa Cruz** has discontinued advertising with us because we posed the question that they were dropping skateboards for mountain bikes. Babies.

Alfonso Rawls, **Bucky Lasek**, **Jason Rogers**, and **Donger** were talking with **Metiver** about doing a new company until **Mark Gonzales** informed Rich not to do any other companies besides his. **Mark** has also been doing spoken word readings in the SF area, and **Randy Colvin** was able to confusedly attend one of them before being **allegedly** accused of rape. Famous music video filmer/director **Eric**

Matthies underwent reconstructive surgery on his ankle following a skateboard injury. He now has a thousand dollar Erector set where his heel bone used to be. **Chapter 7**



Eric's screwy foot.

has phased itself out and now operates under the title of **Shaft** with **Kanten Russell** as pro. **Rick Jaramillo** is now pro for **Planet Earth** where **Mirko Mangum** is double-shifting as a sales rep besides being pro. **Salman Agah** has retired from professional skateboarding. Texan ex-professional skater **Jeff Phillips** committed suicide on Christmas day in 1993 with a gun. He was 30 (unless his birthday was in the last 5 days of Dec., in which case he would've been 29).



Heelflippin' stab victim, Omar Hassan.

Omar Hassan was stabbed up in Big Bear while on a snowboarding trip. He received the knife wound to his shoulder during a bar fight, and a friend of his also received some jabs. Both ended up bleeding a lot but survived the ordeal.

& Skateboards, the last vestige of **G&S**, has discontinued its skateboarding line to focus on swim fins and boogie boards, and from its remnants has sprung **Maple Skateboards**. Their pros include **Jason Carney**, **Donger**, and **Thom Hornung**.





Phresh phlyer.

while the bands **Pharcyde** and the **Phunk Junkeez** played. Later that evening, police allegedly broke into Livingston's and Carter's apartment and arrested them for marijuana possession. Christian has also developed the Hammerhead 3—a slightly wider version of a modern board with notches cut into the nose and tail sections roughly around the placement of the trucks.

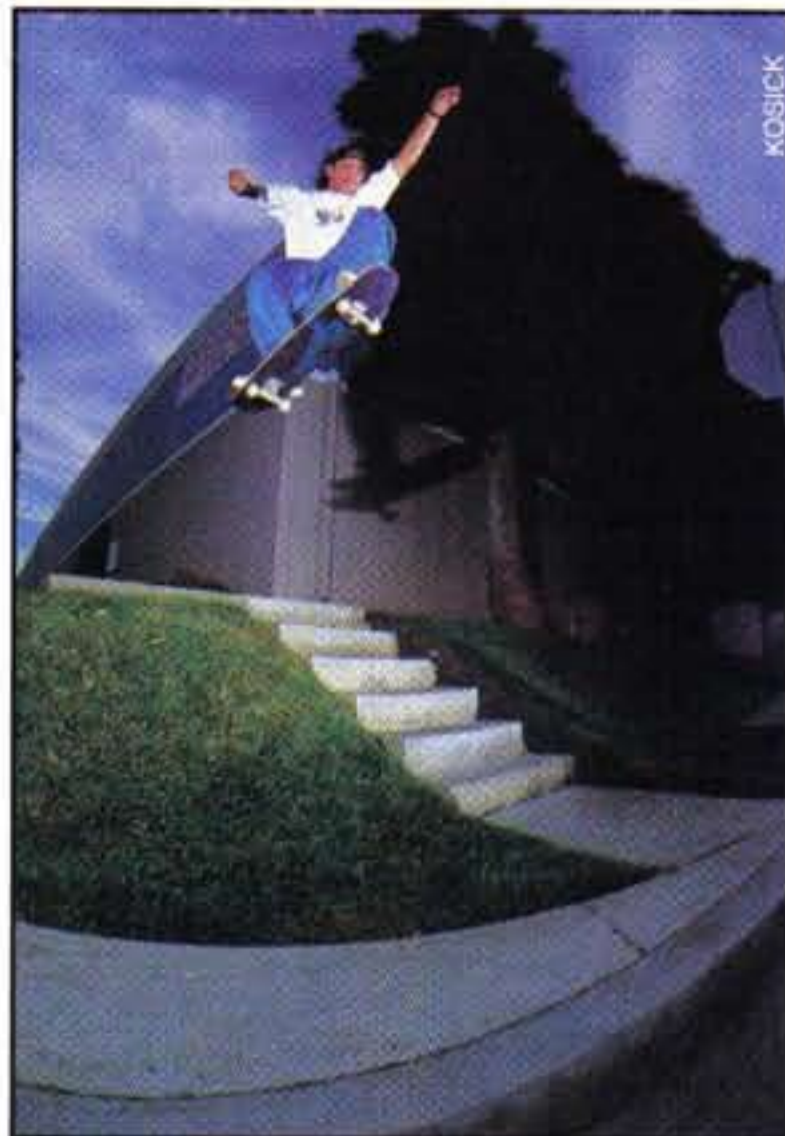
The slider on the **Imperial** steps is no longer skateable because of handrails put up by the Hughes Corp. There is a new shop/distribution outlet in Amsterdam called **Vives**. **New Deal** is

going to be releasing the last **Danny Sargent** model. **Leigh Peterson** now skates for **Foundation**, **Alfonso Rawls** now rides for **Bitch**, **Keenan Milton** is now an amateur for **Plan B**, **Steven Cales** is off of **ATM**, **Mike York** rides for **Zoo York**, **Drake Jones** now skates for **Real**, **Ben Sanchez** is riding for **Blind** now, **Bucky Lasek** and **Lance Conklin** are both skating for **Change**, and **Andy Stone** now skates for **Underworld Element**. **One Eagle** wears **Eternity** cologne.

Henry Sanchez and **Chico Brenes** were involved in a car crash on Bear Mountain while going snowboarding one day.

The Highway Patrol had stopped them as they were headed up the mountain and informed them that they needed chains for the higher elevations and as they headed back down to buy them, Henry lost control on a patch of ice, went up an incline, and flipped over back onto the road. Neither one was injured, but the Civic was a total loss. Henry now drives a 4-wheel-drive Isuzu. This makes the third Honda to be crashed by a **Blind** rider with **Rudy Johnson** and **Tim Gavin** having the previous crashes.

The Phoenix Civic Plaza played host to a New Years Eve skate party/demo which included **Colby Carter**, **Chris Livingston**, and **Christian Hosoi**. Kids were allowed to skate all night on the street course



The benefits of advertising—George Morales, pro for Focus.

Rock and Roll



Mike Ballard, God of bass.

bassist **Mike Ballard** citing Portland as having a hot scene while being severely let down by the highly overrated Seattle scene. **HR** stopped by the Big Brother offices to hang out with brethren **JT**. Other famous musicians who have come by include **Adam Yauch** of the **Beastie Boys**, **Sharveen** (guitarist of **Who is God?**), and the drummer of **Helmet**. Lastly, **Racecar** has broken up.

Wish For Eden concluded a 3 week long tour that began in Phoenix, AZ, went up to Seattle, WA, and back down to Southern California with a final show at a burger joint in Santa Barbara. A total of 15 shows were played with



JT and HR both love Jah.



Plan B's Keenan Milton hurdles out of the fire and into the frying pan with a switchstance inside heelflip varial.

The following document was drafted by George Powell back in Sept. of last year as a guide for his employees on how to deal with embarrassing questions regarding the Powell Corp. It has been edited for the sake of brevity.

The Powell Corp./Skate One Corp. Restructuring Company Confidential

As has been the case for many years, there are those among our competitors who would love to see us fail so that they can take our place. In the past they have spread baseless rumors about us going bankrupt every time they heard that we were having any financial difficulty. The structural metamorphosis that we have just gone through will certainly not be ignored by our detractors. In fact, it will provide them with the opportunity to create an even more intense rumor than ever before, because this time there will be just enough truth in the rumors to warrant consideration by our team, skaters, dealers and distributors. It is of great importance that you be aware this destructive misinformation will have spread throughout the industry by the time you read this. Thus, you will be called upon in the days ahead to explain our new company status and how the formation of Skate One Corp. will improve our ability to serve the industry, to those you deal with. In order to communicate the right information effectively, you must know exactly what has happened so that you will be able to separate the half-truths and negative distortions from the simple truth. Each conversation must leave our friends and enemies alike knowing that we have passed through the flames and risen from the ashes like the Phoenix of old, to become a better company than we have ever been. Now we are a new, young company with the people, team, equipment and experience of the most famous and successful company in the history of the sport. Yes, our success led to our large size and this became a weakness, but that is now behind us and we will no longer be hindered by our largeness. We are small, lean and mean. We know what to do, we know how to do it, and we have the tools to do it with. The news that the Powell Corp. is going out of business will sound good to our enemies in the beginning and they will spread this news as if it were the whole truth. But as the complete truth of what we have accomplished and the results of our hard efforts replace their rumors, our competitors will be left with the nightmare truth that we are not dead, we are back and we are tougher than ever! Here are some answers for you to use when you are asked about our recent reorganization. If you get questions you can't field, ask me and we'll work out the best response and pass it on to everyone else.

•It is best to say as little as possible and to be as positive as possible. Please only answer the questions they ask.

•They will take their entire impression from your attitude, so BE POSITIVE! The changes we have made will enable us to become a successful, profitable company again, and that is worth getting enthusiastic about.

What is going on at Powell? I hear you are having some serious problems? Well, yes and no. We have had our share of downsizing problems, but now they are over and we are finished with our reorganization. We have gotten rid of the huge building payments and debt payments we had by reaching an agreement with our bank. We are now leasing about 20% of the building and will continue as a new, mean, lean Powell Skates! We are really pleased by the change because it will allow us to become profitable at our present size, and sales are improving!

Didn't Powell have to file bankruptcy? NO! The deal with the bank was not done through a company bankruptcy. The bank was our only real creditor and we just made a deal with them to settle the problem. The new company will be carrying on from where the old one left off, and we didn't even miss a day of production.

Did you lay off a lot of people? Some, the new company is designed to make money from the beginning and a few people who could not be afforded by the new SOC had to be laid off. However, SOC has the people it needs to continue making and marketing the finest products in the industry.

What is going to happen to the building you are in? SOC is leasing a small portion of the building that it needs for its manufacturing, distributing, and offices. The building is being sold to someone who will need a large part of the building but not all of it, so we expect to remain where we are.

Does this mean that the Skate Zone will be closing? Most likely, the Zone will have to close because we cannot afford to subsidize the \$15,000 dollar per month rent on it. We built and supported the Zone for the past 3 years as a service to skaters and the industry, and we will keep it open as long as is possible, but we expect that it will be forced to close by the new owner of the building before next summer unless the industry and our sales grow enough to let us keep it open. It was one of the ways we chose to give back to the industry for all the success we have had and we have done it as long as we could. When the industry grows again, this kind of gift will again be possible, but not now.

SOAPBOX

by Josh Swindell

I'm writing this letter in regards to my incarceration and all the shit talking, rumors, and assumptions that have been made about me. In this letter I want to explain what really happened and put a couple people in check at the same time.

Back in July, Ronnie Bertino, Danny Way, and I went up to LA to see our friend J.P. do a show at a private party. At the party, Danny was confronted by a man who asked him for some sexual favors and to get a hotel with him. Danny then told me what the guy had said and at that time I escorted the man out the front door and explained to him that it was a private party and that everybody at the bar was straight. I went back to the bar and resumed drinking and partying. About an hour later, some kind of fight broke out at the front of the bar. As I arrived I saw Danny out cold being carried back into the bar. I asked people what happened and several people told me that the white trash guy knocked out Danny. Later on, the same guy I was told that knocked out Danny walked out the back door of the bar and I followed him out the back, we then fought for about 30 seconds and the fight ended. That's how the shit went down. There was no brick involved and I sure as fuck didn't hit him from behind with one.

Now, about the deceased. He was in the hospital for 1 week prior with a life-threatening head injury and on the 6th of July—1 day prior to his death—he walked out of the hospital against doctor's orders, or actually escaped, when they let him out of his restraints to take a shower. His brain had a large hematoma or a hemorrhage an inch wide and 3 1/2 inches long when he was examined at County USC Medical Center 1 day prior to his death. Both the coroner and the neurologist said the man's old injuries are the ones that caused his death. There it is. Now that you've read this you can make up your own opinion whether I'm a murderer. At least now you've heard the truth and facts about what went on instead of some rumors from an obese, sorry excuse for

a photographer named Rick Kosick.

Now it's time to wreck some fools! I'll start with the #1 fool on my list—Christopher Pontius. There's only 1 thing that comes to mind when I think of that name and that's "claimer." From now on we'll just call him Claimer instead of Chris. Claim #1—he says Danny Way, Sean Sheffey, Colin McKay, and myself stole his younger brother's Santa Cruz bag at a contest that took place 1 1/2 years ago. Claim #2—says he stole 5 boards and took a shit on XYZ's floor in front of store owner Tommy Caudill. Claim #3—says he's King Kung Fu, but don't forget his name's still Claimer. Claim #4—states that he's sending his friend to kick my and Danny's asses

“There was no brick involved and I sure as fuck didn't hit him from behind with one.”

since he's too busy training for a Kung Fu match. Back to Claim #1—why in the fuck would we steal a Santa Cruz bag? I understand times are tight, but seriously a Santa Cruz bag? #2—this one is about the stupidest lie or claim you've made so far. First of all, you said you shit on the floor in XYZ. Why would you shit on a floor or claim that you shit on a floor? Didn't your mother ever teach you how to use a toilet? I feel that Claim #2 came out of pure jealousy. Claimer's mother owns a skate shop called Cheap Skates. You've probably seen the low budget black and white advertisements for their mail orders. Well, since XYZ started their mail order, Claimer's mother's shop has started on their going out of business sale. Don't worry, all they have left is Zorlac and Acme. Anyways, let's get on to Claim #3 and #4—both are pretty far out, even for the Claimer himself. Why would you start talking shit after I'm incarcerated? It seems to me that you've waited a year and a half to talk shit 'cause you really didn't want your ass kicked. Wait

till there was no way I could get at you, the only thing is I'll be getting out by summer and when I do I'm gonna box your brains out. I'm gonna play you like baseball, I'll be stealing on you and swinging homers while you're playing catch using your face as a glove. I really don't want to waste much more effort putting you in your place 'cause you've already pretty much done that yourself with your last picture in Big Brother swinging your penis around. That one must really get the women excited. Anyways, off to fool #2—Rick Kosick.

First of all, I would like to describe Rick (who we'll call by his former name, Grimace) so you readers out there can kind of picture him in your head. Grimace is an obese male, wobbling in at a plump 6 ft., he wears glasses that go well with his chubby cheeks, and he's definitely a well rounded blimp weighing in at around 300 lbs. Grimace is the type of guy that everyone picked on as a juvenile, you know, the fat kid on the playground. Next on the list is Grimace's sex life. Grimace is a definite player. Currently he's been playing the field with 2 sexual partners—his right and left hand. In fact, that's the closest thing to a girlfriend he's ever had. He even has cute little names for them "Lawna and Rene." Yep, a 30 year old virgin. Grimace has had many jobs in his life, and done lots of commercials. Some of his more famous ones consist of Michelin tires, where he played the "Michelin Man" from 79-82, Pillsbury dough where he starred as the "Pillsbury Dough Boy," and his last and most memorable was with McDonalds as he

played, yep you guessed it, the fat purple piece of shit "Grimace." Anyways, the next time you see Grimace out there filming or wobbling around, don't feel shy about calling him by one of his old stage names, and be sure to treat him just like you did the old fat kid in school—give him one of those punches in his belly or a kick in the ass.

When it comes to reporting news or events in the world of skateboarding, we've always tried to print the truth or the factual circumstances. The story we ran, which coincided with an interview of Frank Hirata, was an alleged version that was received from fairly reliable sources. We consider Big Brother to be an open forum for people's viewpoints and opinions, and do not encourage shit-talking; however, if the person wishes to express themselves in such a manner we will not interfere. Just for the record, Rick Kosick had nothing to do with any of the items that were previously printed in Big Brother.



Josh Swindell, backside tailslide at Chicken's pool.

chinks kick ass

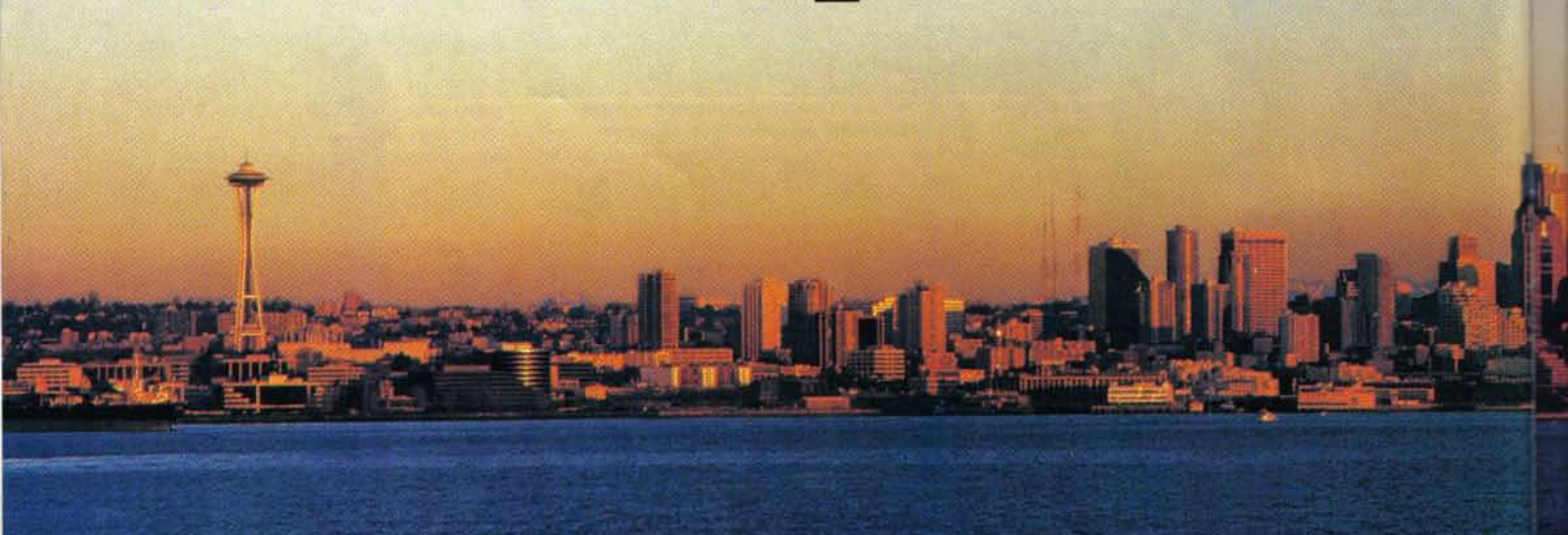


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servin' up beat-downs since ninety-one

a roadtrip to the



by marc mckee

The drive from Southern California to Seattle is 17 hours long. We took off at 5 pm Friday and, as a tribute to the "Grunge Capitol" we vowed to listen to Nirvana's "In Utero" nonstop until returning to LA which wouldn't be for another 6 days and 2,500 miles. This is called "conditioning." For Rick though, it proved to be too much. It was only a mere 3 or four repetitions into it (we were barely past the fuckin' grapevine) before he began pleading with us, "Couldn't we listen to all of the Nirvana albums instead of just one?" It didn't take much for Rick to change his mind about his "favorite band."

Standard practice for hooking up with skaters in new and foreign cities is to call the local shop and ask if they can arrange for some of the local talent to meet up with us. In the case of Seattle we called Per at U-Skate. He said there'd be some guys there the following day at noon. So the next day we're sitting around waiting for the skaters to get there when lo and behold Leigh Peterson walks in. Leigh is the one skater we associate most with Seattle, and we thought it was strange that it turned out that he was one of the skaters that Per had called the day before.

After a day of shooting (see photos for details) we went to a pool hall where Leigh made a total of six bucks off me at \$2 per game. It would've been more but I kept double-or-nothing-it and won twice this way when he scratched on the 8-ball. Leigh is a good pool player. "For a while," he told me, "it's how I made my income."



"You just gotta relax, and take your time. Most people just get too anxious and blow the shot."—LP'



SeaSk8

I'm not sure I was surprised to find SeaSk8 located next to a toxic waste site. With property costs what they are in a big city like Seattle, I suppose a site like this is the only space cheap enough to put a skatepark. I can even see how the low cost of building parks near distressed real estate like this could lead to a public skatepark revival, along with a rise in the cancer rate among skaters.

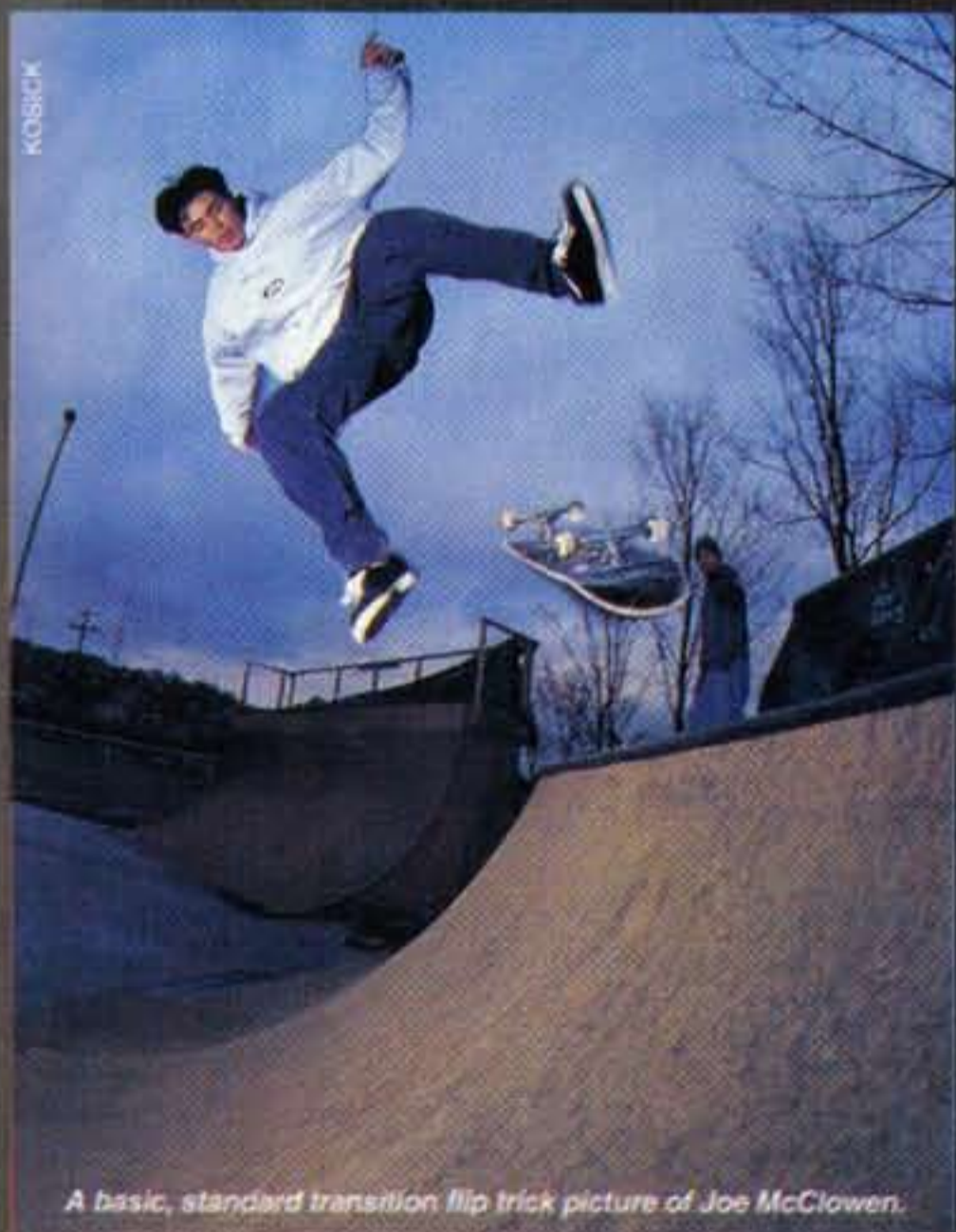


KOSICKFASHIONPHOTOS



Leigh Peterson is a lot bigger than he used to be, and so is his skating with this fakie heel-hard flip to tailslide.

pacific northwest



KOSRICK

A basic, standard transition flip trick picture of Joe McClowen.

Rick's Dad

Rick's dad makes his living as an insurance salesman and lives just across the bay from Seattle on Bainbridge Island in a beautifully renovated house with "a million dollar view of downtown." He was eager to see the latest magazine (issue #9), and after leafing through it, in a touching moment, he proudly offered his son a few words of support and encouragement. "Say Rick, I like your magazine. I see you took my advice and put some nice-lookin' babes in it. Yeah. Hey, I have an idea, why don't you have a whole section with babes posing with skateboards? You could call it 'Babes on Boards' or even 'Buns on Boards.' Something like that would sell a lot of magazines." Ahh, but dinner was served and we were all hungry, except Rick who voiced fears that eating too much might make him throw up. On that note we dug in to a hearty meal of turkey with all the trimmings, while Rick's dad regaled us with jokes.

"What did the elephant say to the naked man?"

"It's cute but I'll bet it can't pick up peanuts."

The next one was a Christmas one.

"There's a boy sitting on Santa Claus' lap, and Santa says, 'Have you been a good boy this Y-E-A-R?' (touching the boy's nose with his finger with each letter). And the boy says 'Yes.' So Santa says, 'Well good, and I'll bet you like T-O-Y-S.' And the boy says to Santa, 'Yes, I do, and I bet you like G-I-R-L-S.' And Santa says, 'Why yes, how did you know?' And the boy says, 'Cause your finger smells like P-U-S-S-Y.'"



CLIVER

At home with the original Porno King.



CLIVER

Flyers are everywhere. Seattleites contributing to their own state's deforestation.



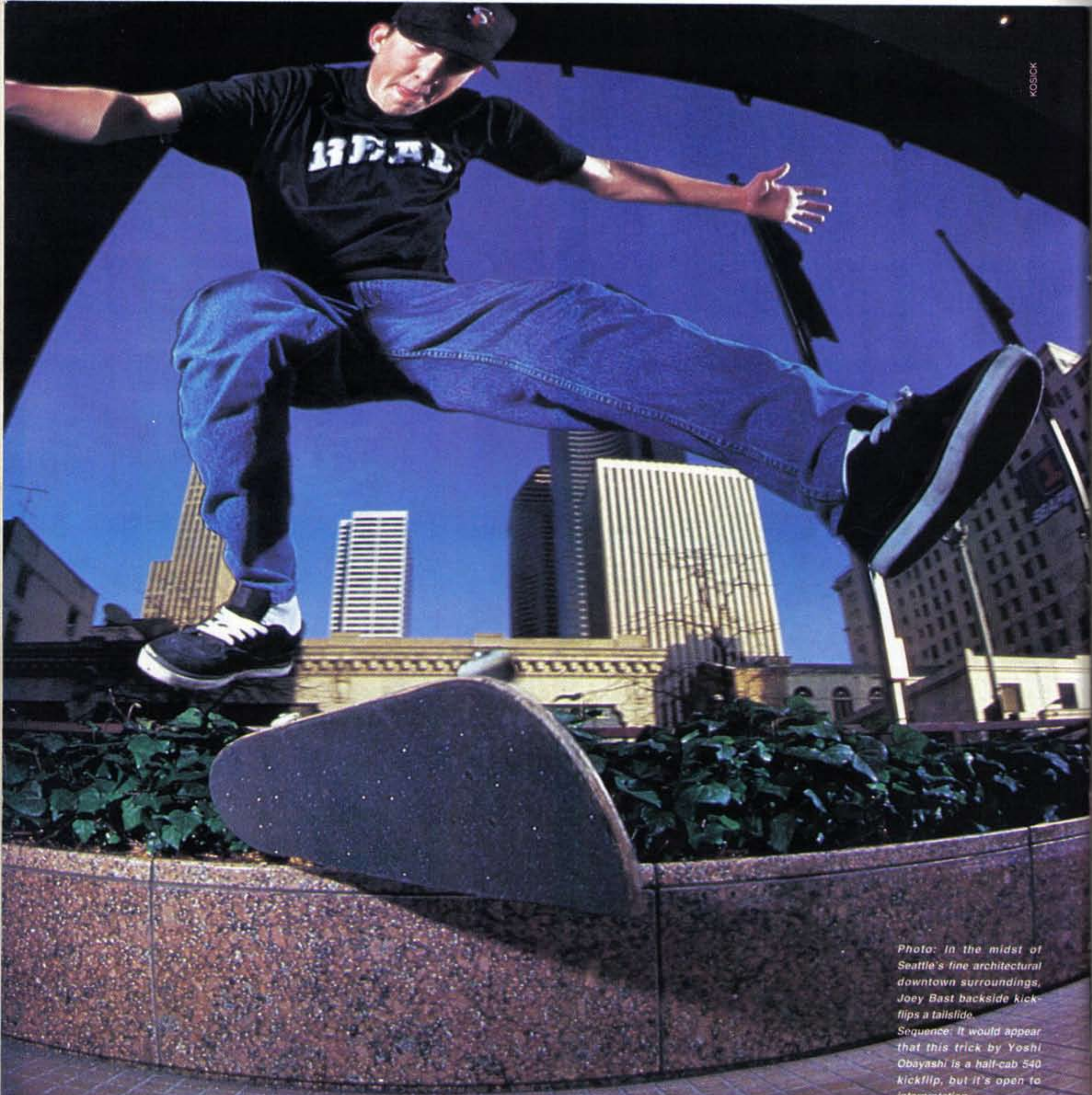
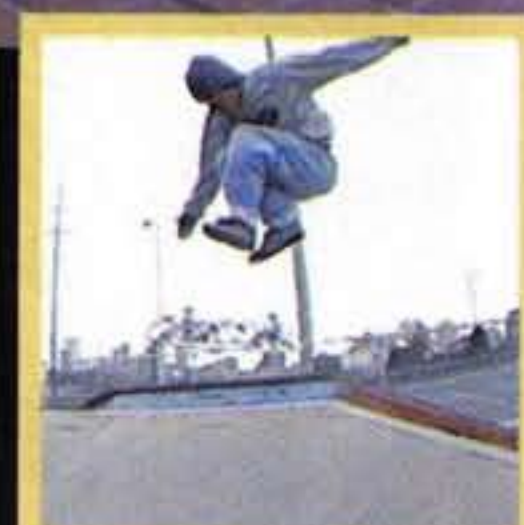
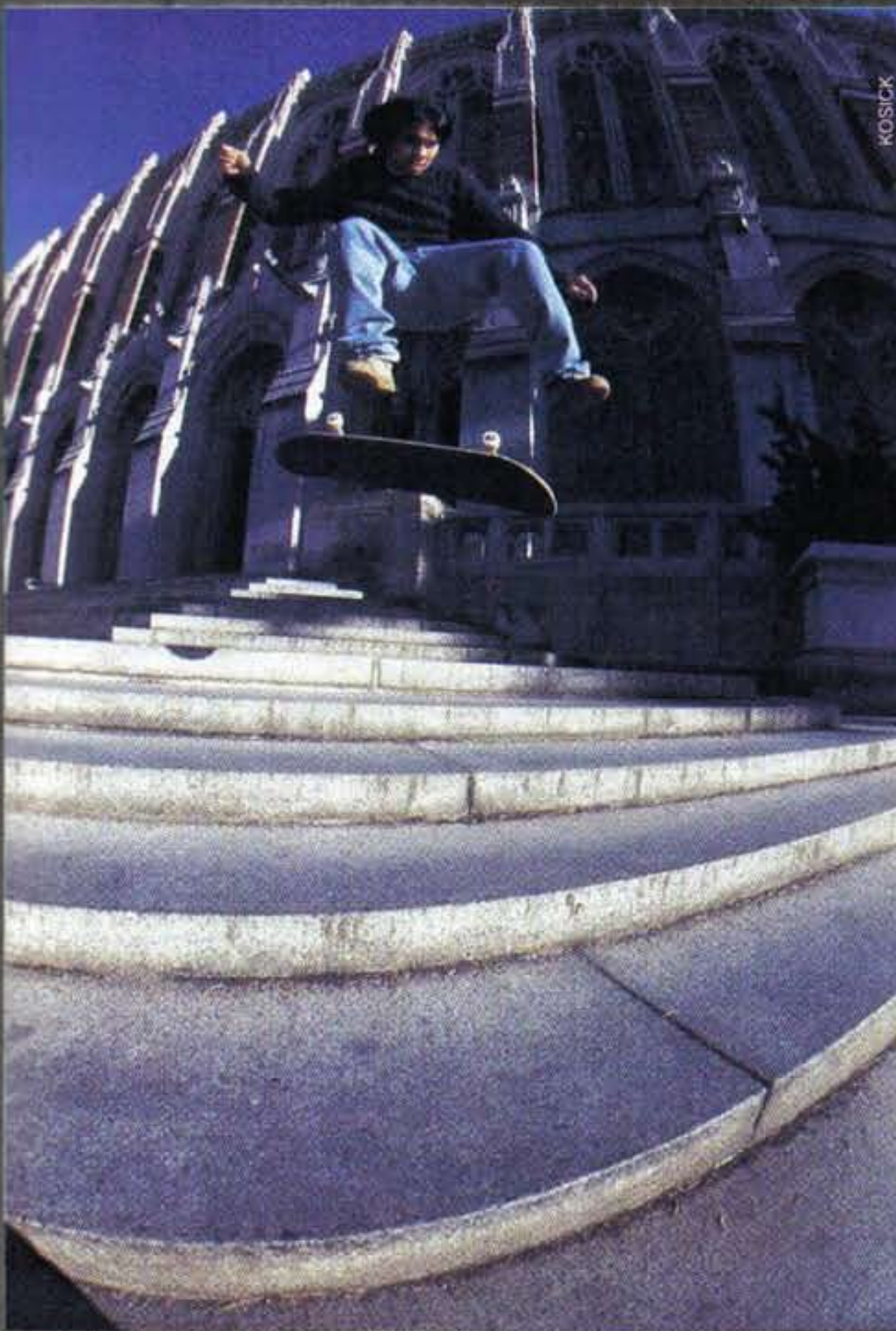


Photo: In the midst of Seattle's fine architectural downtown surroundings, Joey Bast backside kickflips a tallslide.

Sequence: It would appear that this trick by Yoshi Obayashi is a half-cab 540 kickflip, but it's open to interpretation.





Ryan Aningalan kickflips the library stairs at U-dub.

Rick's Music Store

Marc—Rick, who do you think is better, Nirvana or Metallica?
 Rick—Well, it depends. They're two different kinds of music. Metallica is like really intricate metal, and Nirvana's more like straight to the point, punk rock and roll.
 Marc—So which one is better?
 Rick—OK I'm gonna have to say Nirvana. Nirvana definitely.
 Marc—Well, who would be in the same category as Nirvana?
 Rick—I don't know.
 Sean—What about the Pixies?
 Rick—No.
 Sean—What? Not the Pixies? What kind of category would they be in?
 Rick—I don't know they're just different. Probably like Nirvana but they're totally more intricate.
 Sean—What about the Breeders, would you put them in the same category as the Pixies?
 Rick—Well one's got a girl singer.
 Sean—Alright, so if you had a record store you would have all these different categories of music, wouldn't that be confusing?
 Marc—If I had a record store I wouldn't divide the records into any categories—just put them all in alphabetical order.
 Rick—Helmet. I'd put Helmet in the same category as Nirvana.

Sean Cliver's Nature Portfolio



Title: The Plundering of Solitude
 City boys invading the tranquility of Gold Beach, OR.



Title: Fauna Monochromatic
 There was a herd of 30 things which we think were elk alongside the 101.



Title: Preoccupation of the Human Condition
 Politically correct graffiti in its native territory of Seattle.



Title: Birth of a Nation
 Whitey hit rocks like this a long time ago and declared it a discovery.

The Redwood Highway

Northwestern California is primarily known for 2 things: an inordinate amount of back-woods marijuana harvesters, and its majestic Redwood National Forest. The stretch of highway that traverses its way through these gigantic trees is the 101, conveniently nicknamed the Redwood Highway, and it is no stranger to America's commercialization and exploitation of natural wonders. Traveling this famous route, you will encounter signs every 50 feet proclaiming "handsome one-of-a-kind gifts of enduring redwood, creatively designed and hand-crafted here." Unique items which can be found at most every gas station, restaurant, or trailer home you may pass. Authentic redwood clocks, paperweights, jewelry boxes, and chainsaw-carved statues of bears and Indians being the standard faire. I feel confident in making the brash assumption that every white trash household west of the Mississippi contains at least one fucked up touri [*tohr-eye*: a slang-plural form of "tourist" which can also be used as a definition of items relating to and of tourists] gift from our nation's great redwood forest.

In and among the aforementioned billboards, you will also notice some industrial-sized ones touting "the Trees of Mystery, a place of wonder." You will encounter this one so often that it becomes a subconscious mental barrage where you will actually think you want to view the supposed enigmas. My curiosity was so piqued that I went so far as to pick up a brochure in a hotel some 200 miles from its location in Klamath, CA. Had it not been for "Mission: Ursula" we just may have strayed off our path to feel the spiritual intrigue of the Cathedral Tree—a one root structure with 9 trees growing out from it; or have been inspired by the Candelabra Tree—a testimony to the tenacity for life as a redwood tree; or gazed upon perhaps the most mysterious one of all, the Grizzly Bear Tree—a tree bearing a distinct likeness to a giant bear and cub. A true wonder in the land of rape and honey.—SC

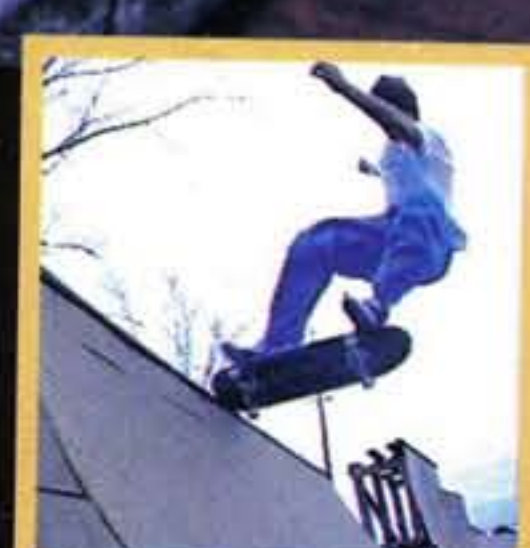
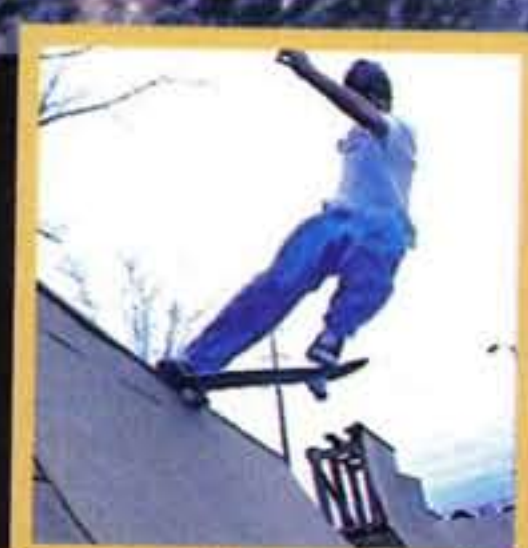
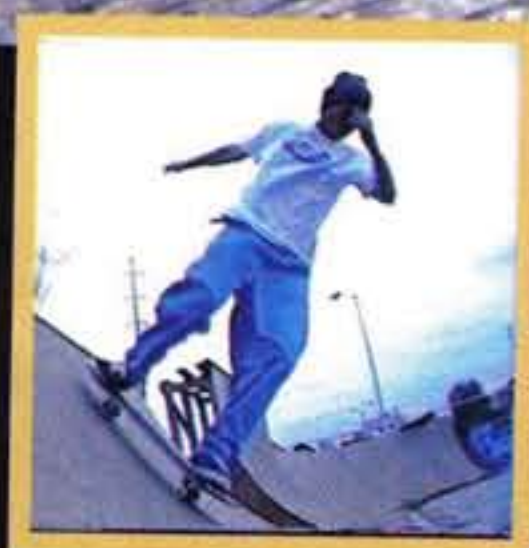


Rick—Matt Beach is the best skater ever. He pulled every trick every time.
Sean—What about Tony Hawk?
Rick—Alright, Tony Hawk is the best, but Matt Beach is the best street skater.



Photo: Kosick made Matt Beach do this frontside 180 kickflip in Portland 15 times. He landed 12 of them.

Sequence: Chad Vogt nollie heelflips to tailslide as toxic substances leach out of contaminated soil not 50 ft. away.



Ursula—Phone Girlfriend



A couple weeks before our trip we made friends with a girl over the phone named Ursula who is a student at Humboldt State University in upper California. After talking to her just a little while we found that she was nice and intelligent and didn't mind talking about her tits. It was not long before Ursula became our latest "phone girlfriend." A phone girlfriend is a girl who calls you at work and generally just helps you pass the time. Once you get names straight in order for the conversation to flow more smoothly, what you do is try to achieve a mental image of the girl by establishing height, weight, breast size etc. Then if the measurements fall into a favorable area the request for photographic proof is made, preferably nude or in a swimsuit/lingerie. Most all phone girlfriend relationships disintegrate as a result of an unwillingness to supply photos, but in this rare instance it seemed that Ursula, who had described herself down to the very diameter of her nipples (about 1 1/2 inches—nice), was more than willing to supply the requested cheesecake shots, which we soon received after a minor-debacle when she first sent them to our old address. Incidentally, for all you girls wanting to send in naked pictures our current address is: 815 N. Nash, El Segundo, CA 90245—make a note of it. As you can see, Ursula is beautiful, but the catch (there's always a catch) is that she's already engaged to a skater named Herve who only speaks French. We tried to convince her at first of the foolishness of having a "fiancee" at age 19, but gave up finally after she kept telling us that she was "in love." Anyways, it was Herve that urged her to call us in the first place.



Ursula and Herve.

EVEN SOME OF MY FEW FRIENDS, ON WHOM I DEPENDED FOR A BIT OF WARMTH & HONESTY, COULD BE CRUELLY INCONSISTENT...

--YOU MEAN YOU REALLY BELIEVED THAT FAR-FETCHED STORY I TOLD YOU ??? MAN, ARE YOU GULLIBLE!! HA! HA! HA!

CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN ENGAGED IN SEXUAL ESCAPADES WITH A WOMAN OLD ENOUGH TO BE HIS MOTHER.



OH, I GET IT... YOU WERE DELIBERATELY LYING TO ME, IN ORDER TO MAKE ME FEEL INCREDIBLY STUPID--SO I'D NEVER AGAIN BELIEVE A SINGLE WORD YOU'D SAY!! HA! HA!

WHAT A PAL.

Portland

Strangely enough, the above comic relates to this story. Coincidentally it was done by J. R. Williams, who lives in Portland, but more to the point it describes a fun activity me and Sean engaged in called "Lying to Rick for fun." This was our primary source of amusement on an otherwise uneventful trip, and we told Rick so much bullshit that for a while we had it in mind to call this story "Gullible's Travels." This light-hearted fun eventually ended in Portland when Rick suffered a complete mental breakdown where he lost all control and spun donuts in the hotel parking lot nearly crashing into trash bins, parked cars and bushes, all while I tossed kleenex (used and unused) on top of him. He subsequently parked the rental car safely, but that wasn't the end of it.

"OK, Marc, go inside and pay for a room. And make sure you get two beds."

This is the kind of thing that Rick would say that would really piss me off. I mean what does he think, I'm gonna come out with a key to a single room for three people? I had my own way of dealing with it though. Each time something like this would happen I would take it as my cue to add a little misery to Rick's life. So I came back out to the car and Rick's still sitting behind the wheel, and Sean's in the back.

"Uh, OK Rick, I got a double room but I wanted to save eight bucks so I only paid for two people. Only I didn't know the only way in is through the lobby where the manager is so you'll have to sleep in the car."

"Fuck it man, you're sleeping in the car, I had the floor the last two nights!"

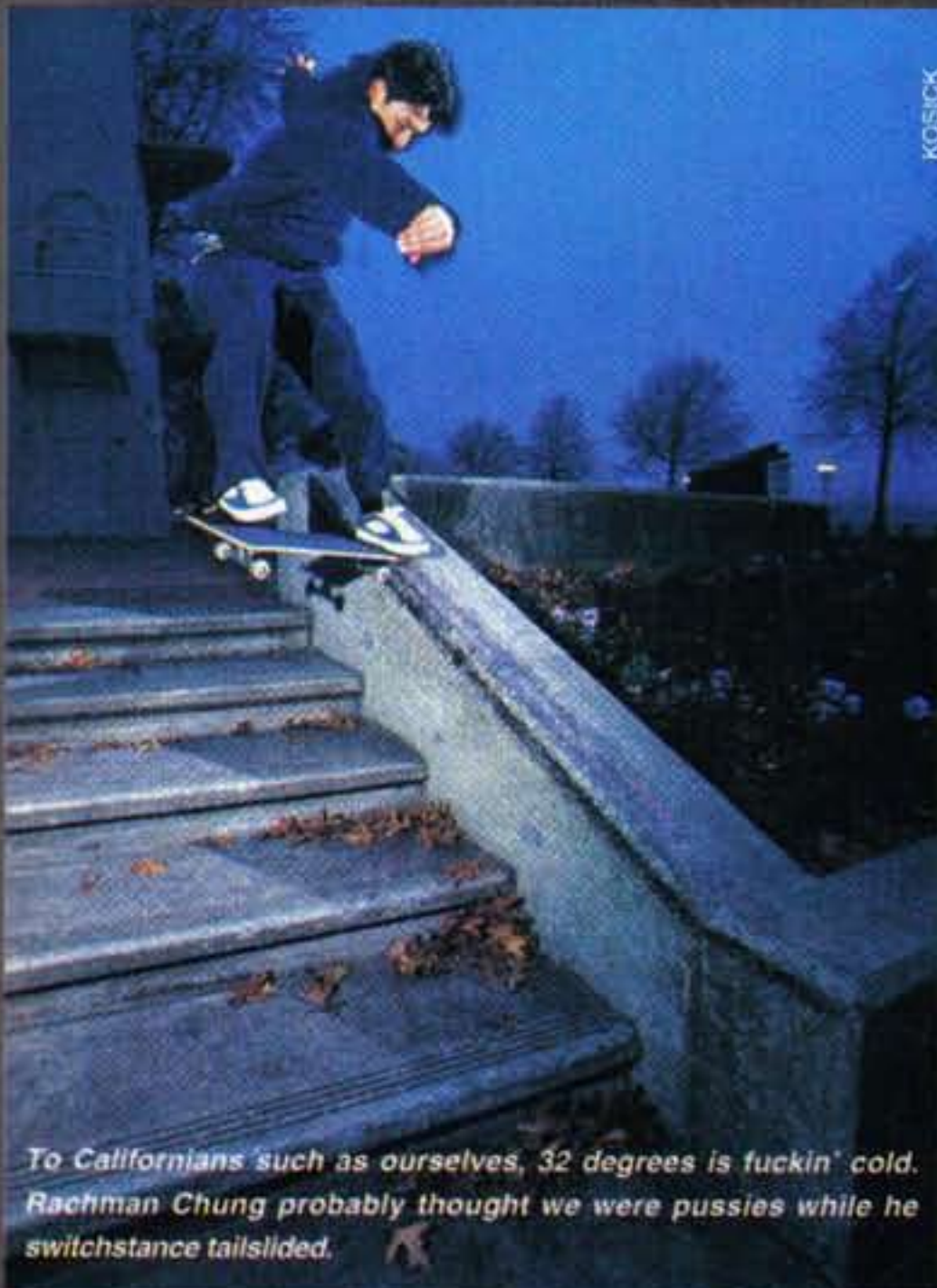
(Ha ha. He actually believed me!) So I continued...

"They had these other rooms called "quadruples" with two bunk beds each, but they sounded sort of sketchy 'cause the beds are waterbeds and they said sometimes they leak, but if you time it right you don't have to shower in the morning..."

"Shut up!!!"

"Wait, I have a plan, Rick. We'll stuff you in Sean's bag and..."

At that point he got out of the car (slamming the door of course), and no sooner had me and Sean begun our behind-the-back snickering, we felt the whole car shake. We turned to see Rick walking up the trunk, over the roof (slightly caving it in) and down the hood, all while emitting a triumphant roar. After that everything was cool. The End.

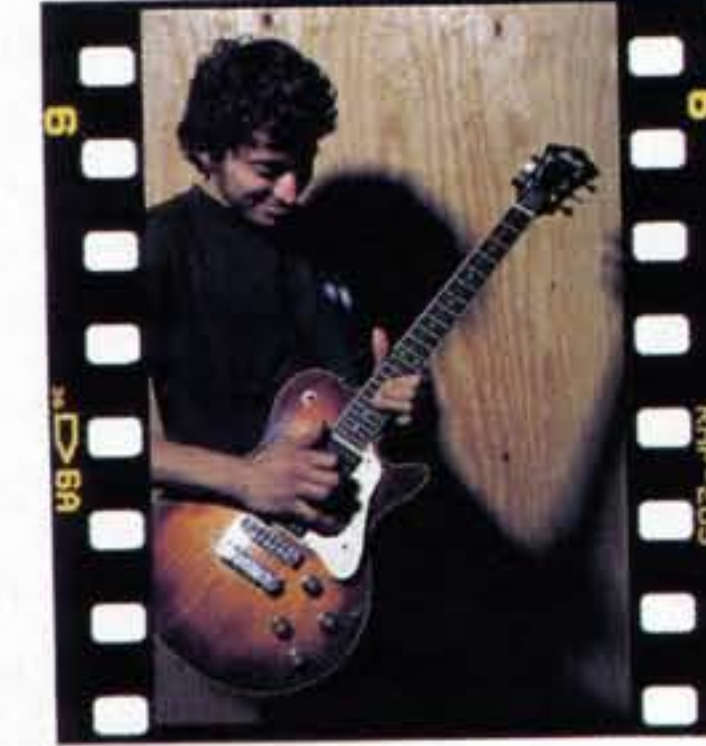


To Californians such as ourselves, 32 degrees is fuckin' cold. Rachman Chung probably thought we were pussies while he switchstance tailslided.



The torching of Nirvana.





paullio

di azz



KOSBICK

Under the watchful gaze of the Hollywood sign, Paulo hops over a trash container while a small human patiently waits to dispose of her trash.

Where do you come from Paulo?

I came from Guatemala.

How long did you live there?

For 5 years. Then we moved to East L.A. for 3 years, and then to North Hollywood. We've moved like 20 times, but I've always lived around North Hollywood. I live on my own now in Echo Park.

What was the transition like moving here from Guatemala?

I was pretty young. It's kind of better 'cause over there a lot of kids were bullies. I used to be so scared, they used to wrestle me. It was crazy. I was stoked to come over here 'cause the kids were so mellow.

How did you adjust to the move, you didn't know English did you?

No, I didn't know any English. My sister already knew it, 'cause over in Guatemala they teach more, so in 1 year she was already hanging.

How about your parents, how did they get along?

bust. He used to steal boards and he sold me one. Then I just started skating.

How long did it take you before you got good and sponsored?

I got sponsored 5 years ago by Rene's, this one shop on Melrose, and I skated for them for a long time. Then Gabriel got sponsored by Powell, and he told them about me. Stacy saw me skating and he got me on. I started skating with Gabriel and Guy a lot and then Rudy got on a month later. We'd go up to the Powell place with all those big quarterpipes where Tony Hawk and those guys were just busting everywhere. There were no ramps in L.A. so all I did was skate street. I never thought I could be pro then. Guy and those guys would always want to go to contests and all that so I stopped skating with them. After that they quit Powell. I told Todd Hastings I would just skate on my own, and whenever they wanted to film, to just come around. I didn't like the skateboard scene that much, there was too much obstacle skating going on.

all the technical tricks. I'm out there trying to nollie, half-cab ollie, switchstance ollie, and straight ollie over everything perfectly before I do any flip trick. I'm totally into the flip tricks, but just simple ones. I like when a person takes a trick and it goes with him—he flows with it. I'm just trying to get my rhythm going good so I can get flip tricks where I can land them all the time. I just want them consistent with strong, big skating. I've noticed that that's the way I like to skate. It's fun, it's really fun.

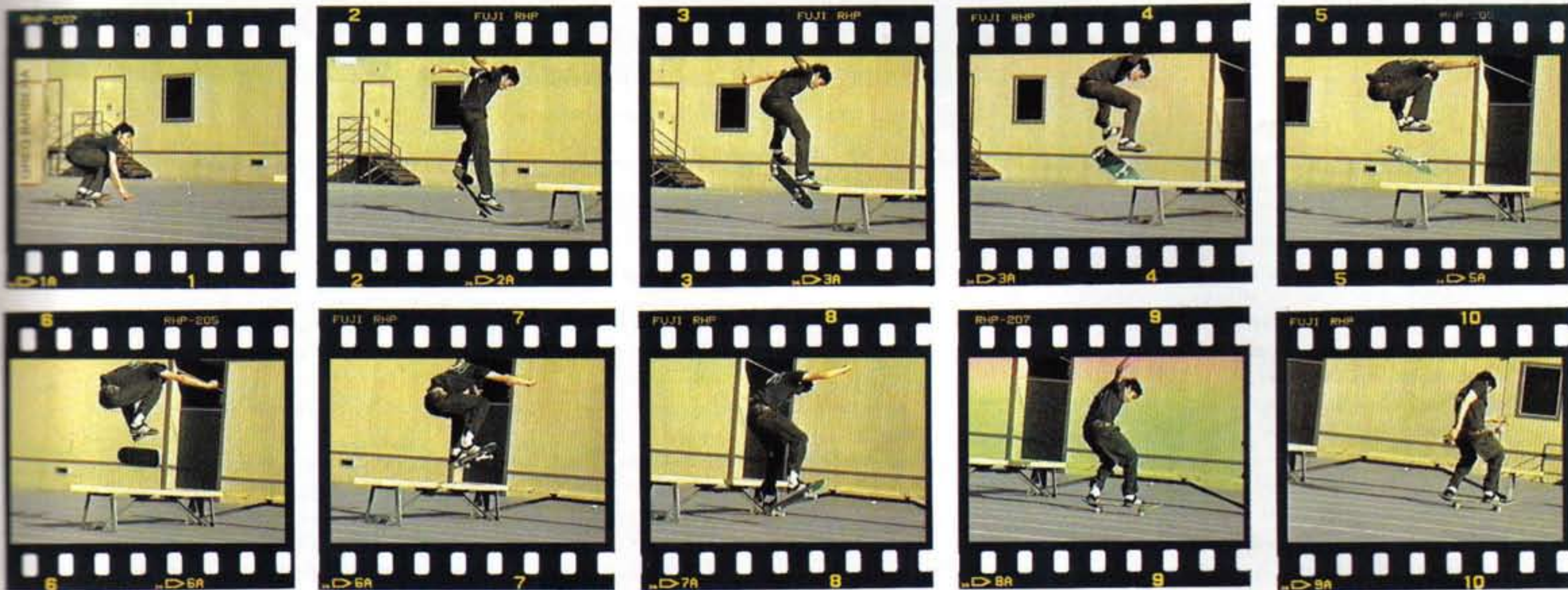
It seems that everyone tries to be like each other, no one wants to stand out.

I'm not trying to stand out, I'm just trying to skate the way that feels the funnest to me.

Where do you think skating's gonna go?

It seems like skating has gotten more solid, and solid skating looks more fun and powerful, so it is getting better, more styley.

Where do you see your life going? What do you want to do?



One of the world's foremost leading nolliers, Paulo heelflips this one over a LA schoolyard bench.

They were pretty poor. We came over here 'cause we had some crazy problems over there. My dad used to work for the Coca-Cola company and that's American, and over there there's a lot of Contra stuff. They were gonna kill my dad, and they killed a couple of my uncles. They hung them 'cause they were affiliated with Americans.

Did you ever have any desire to go back there?

I went back 2 years ago with my parents. It's really cool, there's a lot of culture. There's this one place that was a Mayan city, and it's big with these ruins everywhere. I went and stayed there for a couple days 'cause there's a lot to check out. They made it into a park now, they have a museum, and you can go up there and climb the ruins. It's crazy, you can look out and see all these peaks of the ruins and it's far. I saw monkeys, snakes, and big old colorful crickets over there—just in the wild. It's never quiet over there, there are all these noises. That's a place that I recommend to go.

Do you think you're gonna stay here or would you like to live somewhere else?

I've been to Europe and I don't really like it over there. I like L.A. and North Hollywood a lot. Feels like home. California's pretty good.

How did you get into skating?

I got into skating through this one guy named John who used to skate with Jesse. I used to see him skate and he'd

It felt unproductive back then. All the kids would do was bag on each other. I just got bored of that. Then my knee got hurt and I quit skateboarding for awhile and got into soccer. I'd still get boards from Powell and I'd sell them and I'd tell them I was still skating and learning all these tricks so they'd send more. I'd sell them all in one day. It was funny, I'd get the money for the boards and go off—buying weed, smoking out all the time. I got into partying for awhile.

Did you go to clubs and all that?

Yeah, I started going to the clubs, partying, and getting drunk.

Do you think that's been a positive experience for you?

Definitely. It was fun, but now it's burning me out.

Did you do anything productive in that time?

Yeah, that's when I got into music. I said "forget the scene, I want to get into music. Try and learn to play my guitar."

Which skaters inspired you early on?

Rick Ibaseta, Julien Stranger, Salman Agah, Guy, Rudy, and Gabriel.

Who do you like to skate with now?

I like to skate with Guy, Gabriel, Rudy, Billy Valdez, Steven Cales, Joey Suriel, and Fabian Alamar.

You seem to be more of an individual about everything.

Do you try to cultivate your own style?

Yeah, I do try to. But only in the sense that I'm not doing

I want to take my skating for the next couple years as far as I can, for it to help me with my music, or my art, or just a better job.

Doesn't your brother paint?

Yeah, he taught me to draw. I've learned a lot from him. He's been drawing for a long time. He learned to draw on his own. He's been doing my graphics for the last couple boards.

When did you start collecting your instruments?

I started getting into flutes 4 years ago when I was in the 10th grade. I stole an orchestra flute from my high school, that's when I started.

Where would you find them?

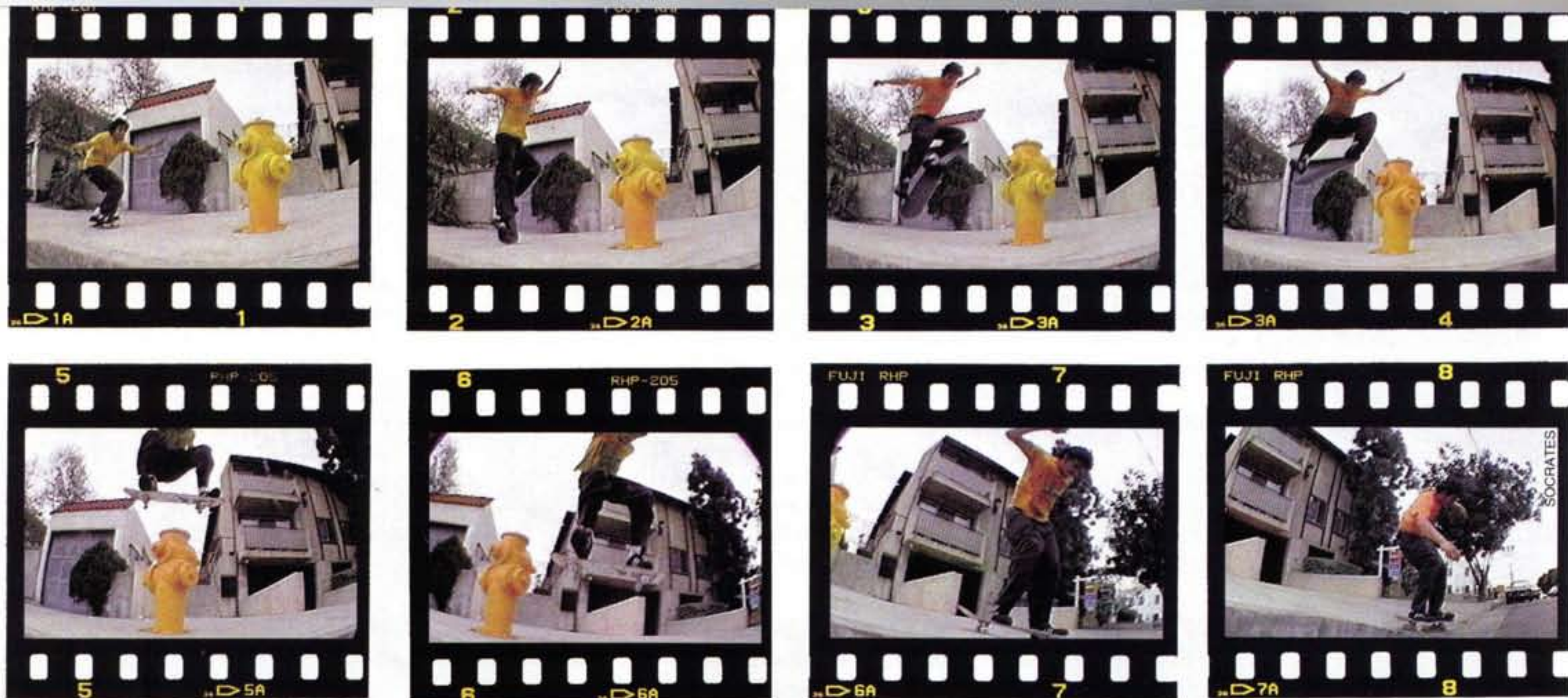
I researched through the city to find stores that imported instruments. Luckily I met people who would go to Central America and India who got me better deals on instruments.

Are most of the people you associate with pretty much artists and musicians?

No, but I wish they were.

Have you played any live music?

Yes, I have. I've played live a couple times and it's a pretty good feeling. That's why I definitely want to get a group together. I want to make music that nobody has done before. I want to make music like the old style, the way they did back in the 60s and 70s, make music that people would want to sample.



Frame 2 says it all for this sequence, Paulo is all that! Backside 180 nollie.

What else do you do in your spare time? Do you have a girlfriend?

No, I don't have a girlfriend, I'm free right now. I'm a mellow person. I like to be around friends all the time. I have a salt water fish tank that I take care of, and I want to get a dog—a bull terrier. Me and my brother want to get a male and female to breed them. I also like to smoke some weed and sit and think about my future.

What are some bands you like?

The Kinks, Jimi Hendrix, Bob Marley, T. Rex, Love, Captain Beefheart, the Upsetters, the Impressions, Brenton Wood, Al Green, the Rolling Stones, the Dead Kennedys, Bad Brains, the Germs, the Plugz, David Bowie, Mandril, Sly Slick and the Brothers Johnson, the Meters, Shoogy Otis, Isaac Hayes, John Coltrane, Sid Barret from early Pink Floyd, Velvet Underground, and the Minutemen—

—The best band ever. Do you believe in ghosts?

Yes, I do, and I also believe in UFOs. I've seriously seen them.

Are you religious at all?

I'm a spiritual person, but I don't say Krishna or Buddha or Jesus. I like Jesus and all, but I'm not to down with the being born again. Just for myself, I thank the Lord all the time for everything and not getting hurt.

How do you like being on Blind?

I like it a lot. I like Henry, he's bad. A lot of tricks he does are the tricks I've always wanted to learn. I was stoked when I saw the video with him 'cause I was like "damn, I used to think of those tricks!" I'm pretty stoked to be with him. Rodney's cool too.

You're gonna work with Henry on recruiting and rebuilding it?

Yeah, getting good people. Try to make a stronger team, and it seems to be working out. I was kind of picky about the skaters that I wanted on the team.

Why did you leave Stereo?

I'm kind of picky about the pro skaters I want on my team. Also, they lagged 'cause they were in San Francisco.

Are you into the crazy ideas that marked the "old" Blind? Not necessarily coming

down on other companies, but just how it was sort of a "raw" company. It was pretty bold.

I would want it to get strong on concepts and stuff, but only if it was for what skating really stands for.

What'd you think the first time we called you up [Big Brother #3]?

I thought you guys were gonna bag on me or something. I didn't even think he was really from Big Brother. I was just like, "Ohhh, who are you?" And then I remember kinda being rude to him too. I was being sarcastic. And then he just started asking me cool questions so I was like, "okay, cool" and I just kept on answering, then it got mellow.

At first I thought the name Earl Parker was a fraud. I guess I was right, 'cause it was!

Were you happy with that when it came out?

Yeah I was stoked. Just that one picture of my face looked funny, though. My face was all "nyahharr" with the fish-eye. That was bad though, I was stoked on that.

You haven't gotten that much coverage have you?

For a year I totally stayed out for a long time, but for the last 6 or 7 months I've been in every magazine.

There was a lot of hype when the Powell video came out.

Then I was in. I got like 4 ads. Then I just quit for awhile and stayed out of the scene. It was too much hype. I was kinda glad that I stayed out of it 'cause my mind stayed fresh, my tricks are good—I stayed original, you know?

Yeah that's key. You're a good influence on people if they can see it. That's what was so good about Gonz and Neil Blender.

Neil Blender, I like Neil Blender. I used to always ride his board. Oh yeah, I wanted to say—where's Illinois [ill-ih-noy-iss]?

It's in the middle of the country.

Yeah, but what country is that?

Illinois, U.S.A.

Well, these kids they told my friend they were super stoked on me, and there was this one band from Philadelphia—Illinois?

Illinois or Philadelphia?

Phila—I don't know what it was.

You know what you need to do Paulo?

You need to get in a car, and you need to drive around this country a little bit. Philadelphia is on the East coast in a State called Pennsylvania. Chicago is in Illinois.

Illinois—

Illinois [ill-ih-noy], it's a silent "s."

No, say some more cities in Illinois.

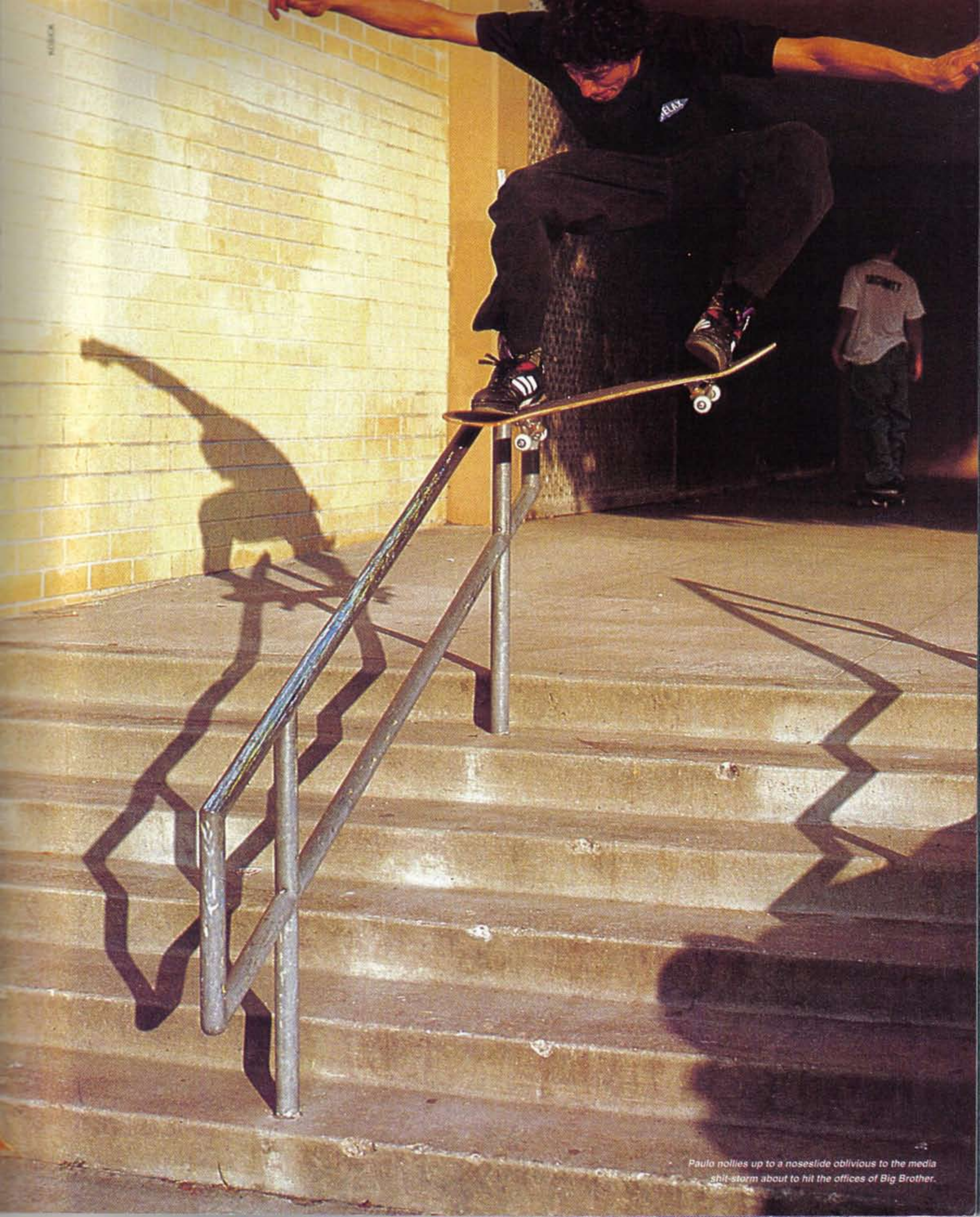
Illinois, forget the "s." The "s" is silent.

Alright, I'll tell you about that later 'cause I wanted to say "what's up," to those guys.

Do you have any closing comments?

Free the weed.





Paulo nollies up to a noslide oblivious to the media
shit-storm about to hit the offices of Big Brother.

We had the idea to do an "amateur spotlight" section of sorts where we'd make prank phone calls. Then we realized that some of the skaters' pictures that we had chosen were pros, so we just made it into a prank phone call photo pictorial. Mike Ballard made the calls.



skater prank calls:

hello?

Is Brian there?

No, he's not home yet.

Who is this?

His mother.

Do you know what time he'll be home?

No, I sure don't.

He rides skateboards doesn't he?

Yes.

I'm trying to get ahold of him 'cause I heard he's really good.

Well, he had a meeting with Tony Magnusson and the original owner of H-Street today. I don't know when he'll be back. He was going to do some filming after the meeting I think.

Well, I'd really like to talk to him about maybe doing an interview with him or something. Can I ask you a couple questions about him?

Sure.

I just want some basic stuff. Did you guys get him his first skateboard?

Yeah. Well actually his grandmother did when he was 10—

Oh my gosh! That's awesome!

—which we've kind of regretted.

Presumably so, because it got to be a pain going through so many skateboards that it got to be expensive. And it seemed like skateboarders were getting in trouble every time we turned around.

Really? So you guys have a pretty negative outlook on it?

No, we took him to contests and that type of thing. We always supported him. It

was just that the public was so against it that it was kind of hard.

Wow, does he have a girlfriend?

He had a girlfriend he'd been going with on and off for a couple of years. They'd break up and get back together, and they're broke up now.

Is it because of skateboarding?

No, I don't think so. No, it's not that.

Do you know who he's riding for now?

He's still riding for Evol.

Do they treat him pretty good?

Oh, yeah. Definitely. Tony's real good to him.

Does he have a really strong relationship with Tony?

I think Tony watches out for him, I don't really know what it is, but I know that Tony cares for him.

What's your name?

My name's Elaine.

You're really nice. I think Brian has a really nice mom from what I can hear. I think it's even better talking with you than him. I never really get to talk to anybody's mom.

Well, I'm not sure he's gonna stay in skateboarding all that much longer. He's not going to be real active with it, at least I think that personally.

You think he's gonna take on the snowboarding thing?

No, I just think he's becoming more of a company man for their skateboards and snowboards.

Really? Does he wear a tie?

No, not Brian! No clothes that fit either. I bought him a pair of pants and a dress shirt so that if his girlfriend wanted to take him somewhere, which they did want to over the Xmas holidays, because he had nothing but his skateboard clothes.

We were kinda hoping that Brian would have a girlfriend to talk about.

Well, he's still got a big picture of her on his wall.

Has he thrown darts or anything at it?

No, you know when they break up he still keeps her picture. She used to model and she is pretty. I don't know, I always ask him—him and I talk a lot. He just likes to look at the picture.

What else can I find out about Brian?

He's got a great personality. He's extremely nice and courteous to older people, and I like that.

Was he ever strange as a child or anything?

No. He's not a loner. He's never been a loner. He can't just be by himself, he's always got to be on the go or something like that. It bothers my husband that he doesn't have one solid best friend. He's got a couple friends that he's had since grammar school, and they are close, but they've gotten out of skateboarding.

Every once in awhile they'll come here and stay.

Well, shoot, I wish I could find out something strange about him. I like strange stuff, it makes them unique.

Well, he likes to shock people.

What did he do that was shocking?

Only one thing comes to mind right now other than clothing—well, the hair. You know when they used to do their hair different colors? He did that a couple of times and he'd like to go to the shopping center. He liked to have people look at him. One time we were at a laundromat in a mobile home park and I was griping at him 'cause his pants were so big. I was nagging him that he needed to wear a belt. He thought it was funny and we went walking up the street and turned the corner and his pants fell down to the ground! I thought I was gonna die, and all he did was bend down and pull 'em up! I just walked away from him, but it didn't embarrass him. Nothing embarrasses him.

Well, he sounds like he's a good guy. I appreciate you talking to me, and I really had fun talking to you.

You're welcome.

Alright, bye.

Bye.



brian barber

hello?

Is Richard there?

No, who's this?

This is Steve.

He's not home right now.

Oh, really? Is he out skateboarding?

Yeah.

Are you his sister or mom?

I'm his sister.

How is he doing? Is he still skateboarding?

Yeah, he is.

Is he sponsored?

Um, I think so by word. I think he's sponsored, I'm not sure.

Hey, does he have a girlfriend?

My brother? I don't know, why?

'Cause I know this girl who wants to go out with him. Does he like girls?

Yeah.

Does he go to Fontana High School?

Why?

I know this girl Sally who goes there and she told me she liked him.

She goes to Fontana High School?

Yeah.

Probably, my brother goes there.

What grade is he in?

Why are you asking all these questions about him?

Just because. I like Richard.

Who's this?

Fred—Steve.

Who? Are you a guy or a girl?

I'm a girl.

This is a girl?

Yeah, actually I like Richard and I want to go out with him.

You do?!?

Uh-huh.

This is a guy!

I know I sound like a guy, but I'm a girl! I want to ask him to Sadie Hawkins.

Nuh-uh.

Yeah, I do.

(other sister) Melanie, who is this?

I don't know.

(o.s.) Talks like a guy, huh?

Yeah.

(o.s.) What's your name?

You guys are bagging on me!

(o.s.) Well, you're a guy! If you're a girl, man you've got a fucked up voice! What's your name?

Steve!

(o.s.) Steve?!?

Yeah.

Nasty!

Seriously, my friend Sally wants to go out with him.

I thought you did?

No, I was just joking.

Are you a girl or a guy?

I'm a guy! Did you know he was out with a girl tonight? She's older. She's like 20. She's got a nice car.

Nuh-uh.

And Richard's out with her right now.

How do you know?

They have a hotel room, I swear!

Where?

(o.s.) He's bullshitting with us!

Well, we gotta go.

Alright, thanks.

Bye.



richard mulder

hello?

Hey, is Judd there?

Yeah, this is him.

Hey Judd, this is Frank with 16 Magazine, a teen magazine. I understand you're a skateboarder, do you mind if I ask a couple questions?

Sure.

Are you a virgin?

Yep.

What are you doin' these days?

I'm skating for this company called Shaft that's owned by Mike McGill.

Shaft, that sounds kinda sexual. Kinda reminds me of a bong too.

No, it's just a cool name. It can mean anything. I think Shaft is just about having fun. Kicking back with all my friends.

Who do you think is the most happening skateboard company out there right now?

Probably this company called Plan B. They're the biggest thing.

Are their riders cute?

Yeah, but they're older. Like say, older than me.

Well, you're only 16 man, you're prime meat! Are there a lot of chicks at your school?

I just moved to San Diego from Connecticut, and there's a lot of hot girls out here compared to there.

Do you try scammin' on them?

I'm more down for a relationship than just sex, 'cause a lot of girls out here are just down for messin' around. I like that, but there's a certain time to do that. That's just how I am. Do you just call people up all day and ask questions?

Yeah, totally dude. Do you do drugs?

Yep, but I don't do any heavy drugs. I smoke pot like once a week. I'm trying to cut down 'cause I see my friends getting destroyed by it. I don't drink 40s and do all that stuff though.

So, you do drugs, you want a relationship, you're not just out to get fucked, and Plan B is the best skateboard company. You seem pretty boring man.

You don't even know me, and you're already judging me! Fuck, how can I be more pleasing to you?

Well shoot, rip on somebody. You don't know anyone famous who you can just make fun of?

I can't think of anybody real quick. You sound bored. I should let you go.

Yeah, you're pretty boring dude. What are you gonna do tonight?

We're gonna have a "victory party" 'cause my friend won a contest.

That's boring man. You don't drink beer so it's gonna be a boring party.

No, I drink wine and booze. I just don't like 40s. You're fuckin' lame dude. You're just tryin' to get me to talk shit about people and that's fuckin' lame.

But it makes for really good press.

That's fucked up!

If you talk shit hard enough I could sell it to the National Enquirer.

National Enquirer is like the dumbest thing. It's like Hard Copy. Those are fuckin' lame things.

But they pay really well.

But they pay well?!? So what! They fuckin' hurt peoples feelings dude, that's fuckin' lame dude. You're fuckin' lame.

You sound like you're getting pissed.

I am getting pissed. You must fuckin' go home to all your friends and be like "I talked to this fuckin' weird-ass kid today, he has fuckin' stupid ideas," and shit like that.

Hey, I've done enough time on this. I'm done.

GEORGE KULA



judd hertzler



billy pepper

hello?

this is Billy. Can't come to the phone, leave a message, and I'll return your call. (beep.)

Hey Billy Pepper, this is Mike Ballard from Big Brother magazine and I heard you had a pretty big afro and I was just trying to give you a prank call and see if you could talk some shit about somethin' or just be rude to me on the phone would be really nice too. Later.

SKATER: BRAD HAYES

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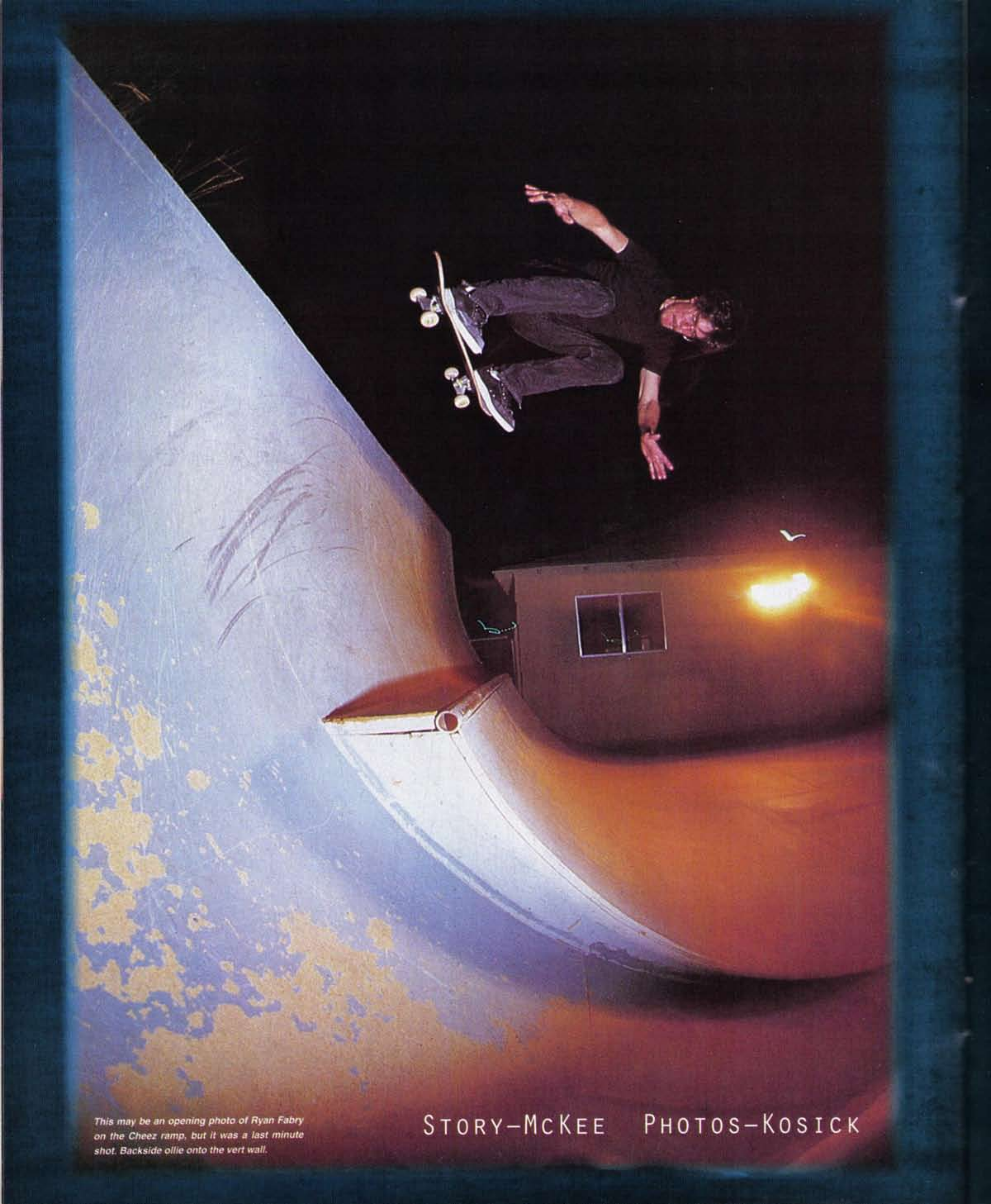
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etnies
a m e r i c a

ORTIZ



This may be an opening photo of Ryan Fabry on the Cheez ramp, but it was a last minute shot. Backside ollie onto the vert wall.

STORY—MCKEE PHOTOS—KOSICK

MID-DECEMBER WE GOT A CALL FROM KIAYAH TELLING US ABOUT A PORN CONVENTION SHE WAS GONNA BE AT IN LAS VEGAS IN JANUARY. IT SEEMED THIS WOULD BE OUR OPPORTUNITY TO MAINTAIN THE LEVEL OF SMUT WE HAD ACHIEVED IN ISSUE #9 AND AN EXCUSE TO DRIVE OUT ON I-15 TO COVER SOME OF THE VEGAS SKATE SCENE.

LAS VEGAS



The Cheez Ramp



Phone Girlfriend



What about KY?



Businessman

THE PORN CONVENTION

It didn't occur to us immediately, but after overhearing some passing remarks from people who happened to get a look at our press badges we realized that "Big Brother Magazine" is a misleading name if you happen to be at a convention like this. With all the pornos these days, there's probably already one out there called "Big Brother," devoted exclusively to gigantic black men, but I didn't feel like explaining to everyone that we're just a skateboard magazine. Despite its being in an entirely

separate building the "adult video section," as it is called, is really a part of the huge CES winter convention which showcases

the latest in the electronics industry such as video games, stereos, cellular phones etc. In the case of the adult video section, all the famous porn stars were there to promote their upcoming features for 1994. Besides all the video production companies there were also a lot of other sexually-oriented product mer-

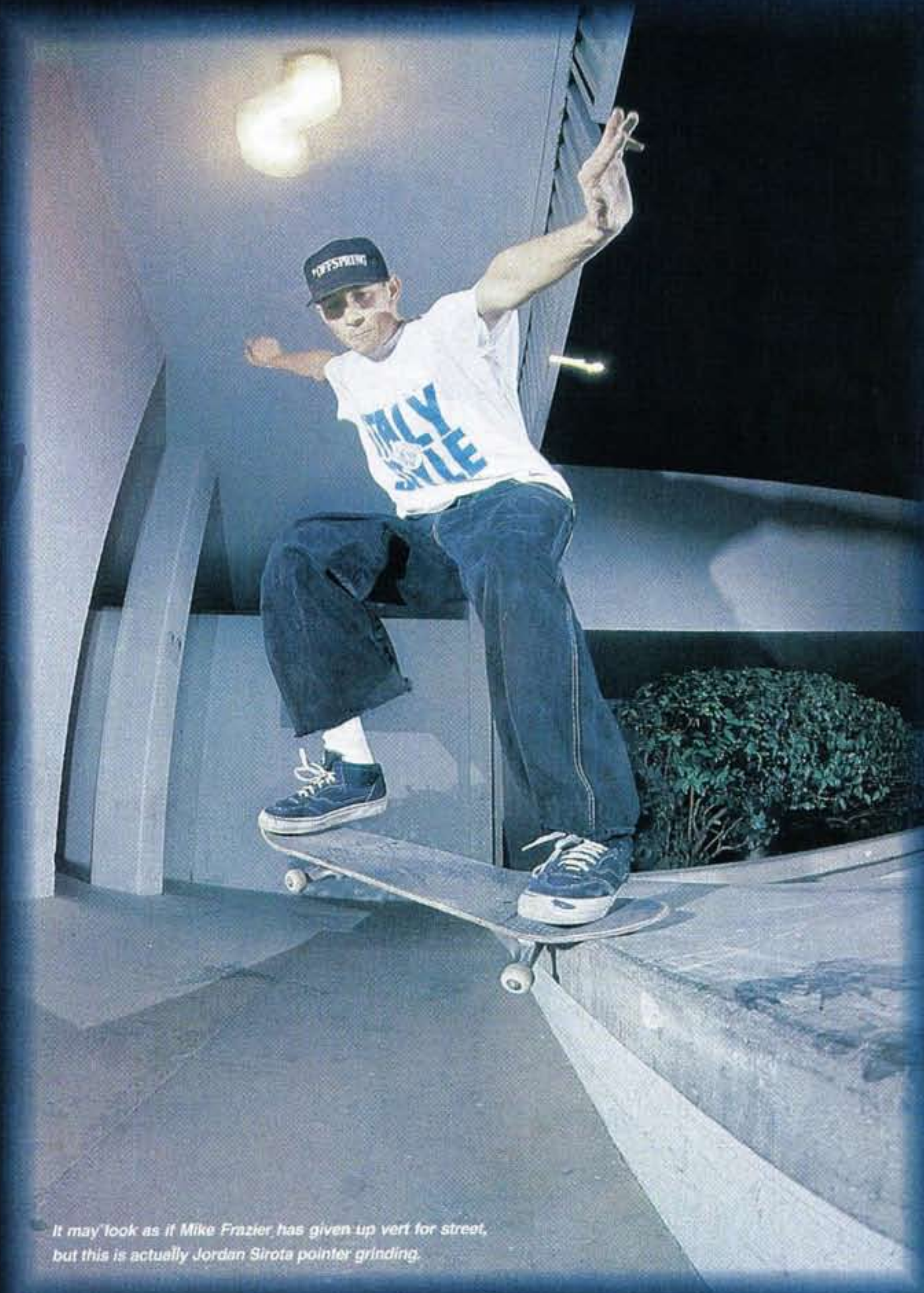
chandisers in attendance. As you might expect, the lady in the phone sex booth wasn't nearly as attractive as any of the girls in the other booths, but she did have a sexy

voice. At another booth which was filled mainly with various sex gadgets, I had Kosick pose with a jar of anal lube, but I think he sabotaged the camera before handing it to me

because the shot turned out way overexposed. In years past the adult video part was with the rest of the show, but convention organizers began having problems with all the



During our brief stay in Vegas Kosick developed a severe case of the "fever."



It may look as if Mike Frazier has given up vert for street, but this is actually Jordan Sirota pointer grinding.

porn stars walking around (Vegas local and fine artist Greg Higgins even told me about an orgy breaking out in a previous year). This time out we saw the organizers/security continue to uphold their tradition of being dicks when they ousted Kiayah early on in the show because she had Chronic with her, and it was "no dogs allowed."



Needless to say, being sequestered from the rest of the show did not prevent the porn section from being the most popular area of the convention. Long lines and crowds formed around every booth where models were signing autographs and posing for photos. No doubt come the following Monday many businessmen would be returning to their offices, not with new electronics accounts, but with pictures of themselves with Lisa Lipps and Wendy Whoppers, among others. We took it upon ourselves to collect as many signed posters and 8x10's as souvenirs for Sal Jr. When we presented him with the pictures (over 30 in all) he was stoked. "Fuck yeah bro! These are all goin' up in my room." What will your wife think?" interjected Mark Oblow, who happened to be there with Mike Santarossa. "Fuck dude, she'll be stoked."



-FIN



"There were all these porn stars there, and you could have your picture taken with them grabbing their tits or they'd stick them in your face ..."

LITERATURE: DOUBLE ENTENDRE

A double entendre is a word or phrase that carries two meanings, one of which is usually sexual. Look at the following autographed photos that we collected for Sal Jr. and see if you can recognize the one that uses this popular literary device.

INFINITY VIDEO PROUDLY PRESENTS



TIFFANY TOWERS

"Sal—Love & Lust, T. Towers"



VENUS DE LIGHT
PUBLISHER
CHERI Magazine

"To Sal—Lust! Venus De Light"

VIDEO EXCLUSIVES proudly presents...



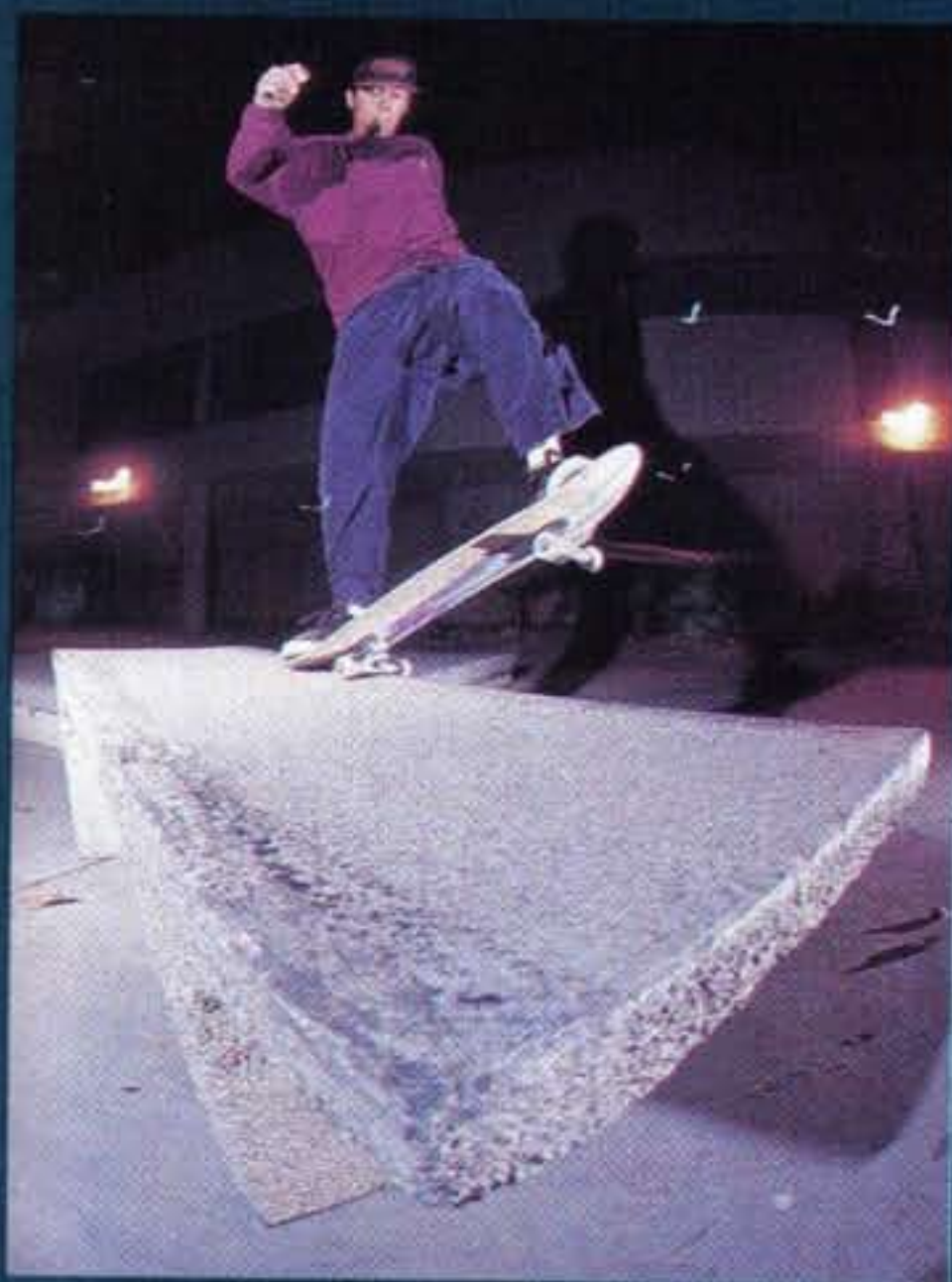
RON JEREMY

"To Sal—From one stud to another,
Ron Jeremy"

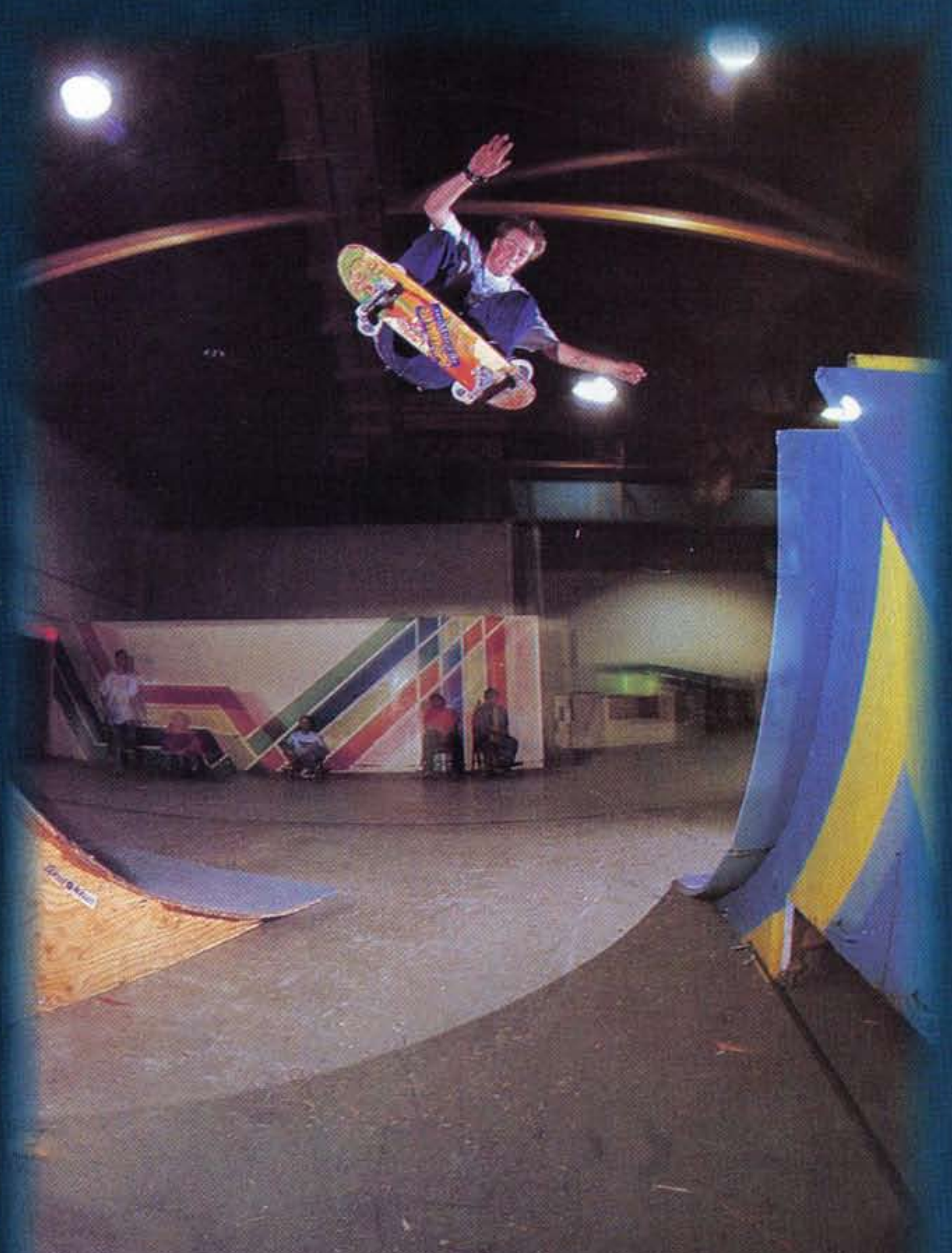


KRISTA

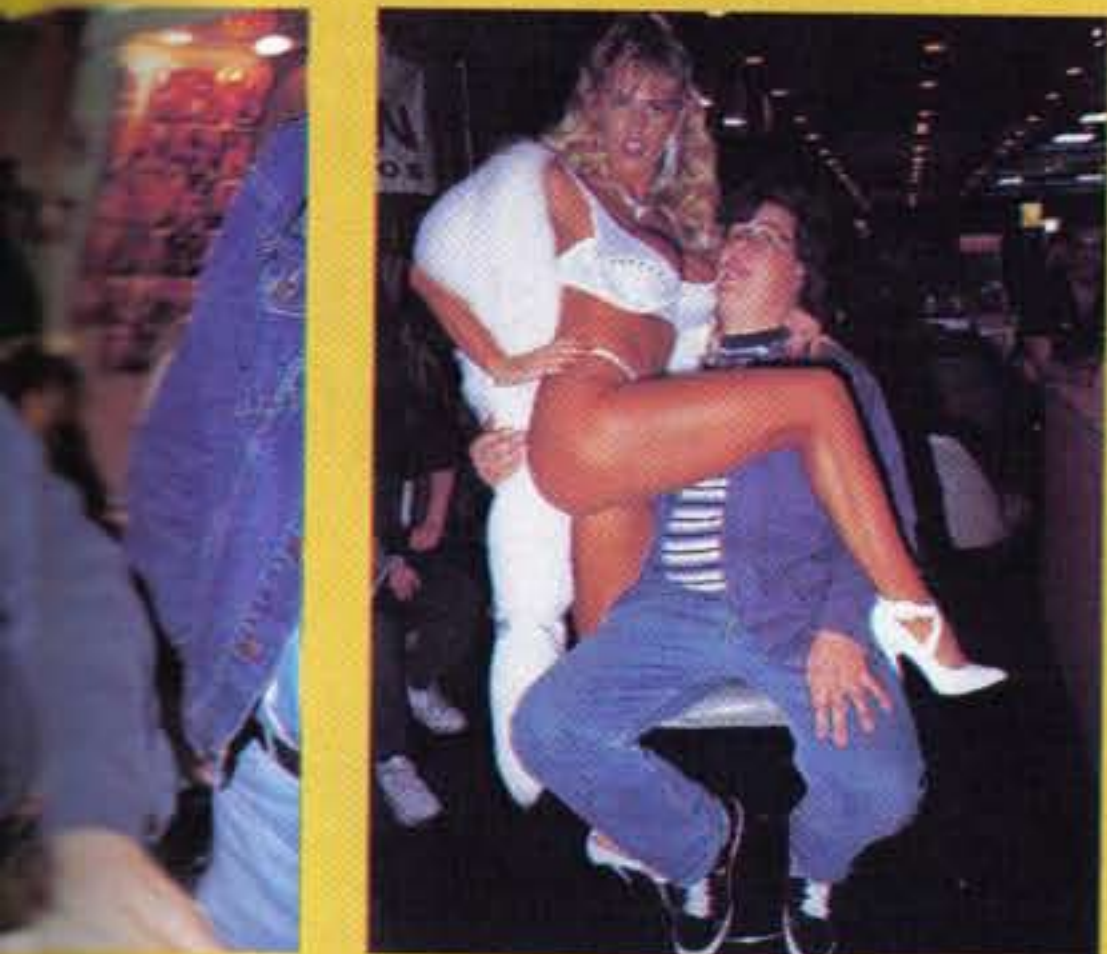
"Sal—Let's have a party & have loads
of fun, Krista"



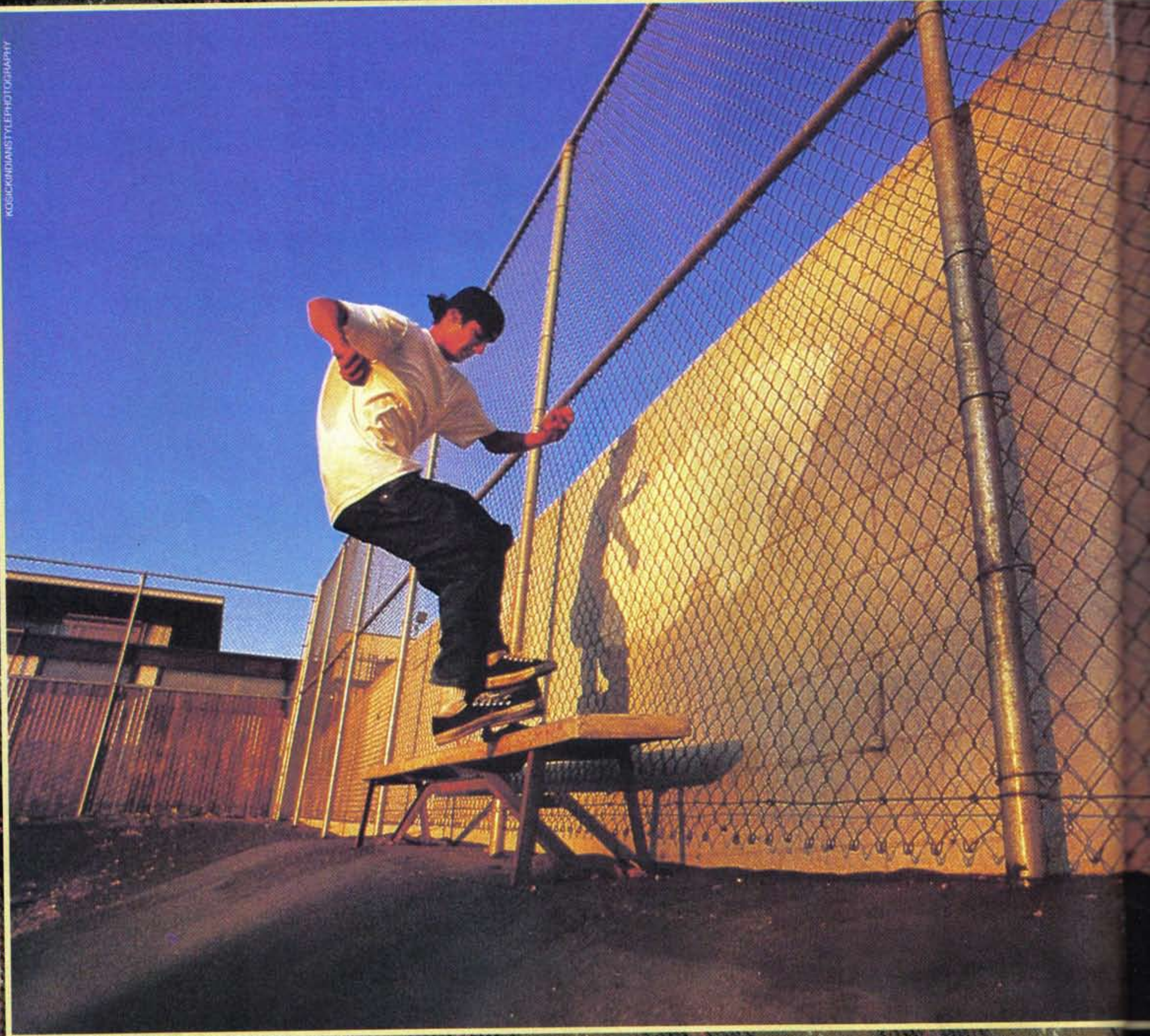
Frontside 180 nosegrind by Mike Chu. Gesundheit.



Joe Nemeth, former quarterback of the New York Jets, lofts up a 'Hail Mary' with this backside ollie to fakie ramp-transfer.



...they didn't even care! I just went off!"—Kosick



Last issue we said that a photo of Randy Colvin was extremely rare, but compared to a photo of Gabriel Rodríguez it makes Randy seem like a publicity whore. Fakie pivot grind at Lockwood.



Kanten Russell flips and catches the largest backside 180 kickflip known to man. Flannel courtesy of the extensive Tremaine earth-tone collection.

ask sal

by sal rocco jr.

It's me again you fuckhead. Let's get it clear, I don't want your car, it's a pile of shit. I don't want all your money 'cause I'm a nice guy. And I don't want your cheesy-ass, smelly, brown dirt weed you asshole. What I need is girls and skateboards. If you don't help your friend out, I'm gonna kick your ass, you fucker.

Jesse Strickland
Livermore, CA

Thanks for letting me keep my car and dirt weed. I really want to say thanks, but I can't, so fuck off. You don't need girls or skateboards. What you need is your ass kicked. Why can't you just be cool and tell the truth that you couldn't kick ass on anything except the toilet seat that you crawled out of. I'm not going to send you anything. I hate you.—Sal

Hey man, what's your trip with the whole dildo thing in the last issue? Do you like taking it in the butt with your fag toys? You think you are so bad-ass dissin' Girl Skates. I think you want to be a girl. But since you can't, you are just a bitch! Go smoke your weed and try to be a chick, big man.

Man-hater

What's up with your letter? Are you mad at me? Anyways, let me answer some of your questions:
#1—Do I like being fucked in the ass?
No. Not all the time, only when my wife sticks her small finger in my ass. Does it feel good when she wiggles it around.
#2—Do I want to be a girl?
Yes. I want to be a girl. Doesn't everyone? That's no lie. Girls can stick all kinds of fun things in their pussy like broomsticks, giant dildos, baseball bats, etc. Plus, they can les' off with other girls and carpet munch each other, where guys can only beat off and stick small things in their ass and it hurts. Don't worry, if I could suck my own dick I would never leave my house. Would you? I wish I was a girl. I'm jealous.—Sal

Special thanks to the people who wrote in but their letters were too fuckin' stupid to answer:
Mike O'Connel, CA; Cameron Thompson, WY;
Danny Butchers, Australia; Kelly Mahorn, TX; Mark Bowan, CA; and Greg Burman, AL.

Skarfing Material

by Klayah

How to Make: Banana Bread

Ingredients

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 laughing eyes | 1 fur-lined mixing bowl |
| 2 loving arms | |
| 2 well-shaped legs | 1 very large banana |
| 2 firm milk containers | 2 large nuts |

Directions:

Look into eyes, spread well-shaped legs. Slowly squeeze and massage milk containers very gently until fur-lined mixing bowl is well greased. Add banana and gently (or briskly) work it in and out until well creamed. Cover with nuts and sigh until relieved. Bread is done when banana is soft. Be sure to wash utensils and lick the bowl. If bread rises leave town.



earl parker's guide to GOOD TELEVISION



My favorite regular show is **Hard Copy** because it's the best thing to watch on cough syrup. Today's program wasn't good, but yesterday was kick-ass because they had "Hollywood's Big Guns." As told, stars in yesterday's Hollywood never had to worry about the problems of the common resident. But as the movies got worse and worse our stars coveted lifestyles were perverted. Today stalkers, criminals, and killers are attacking the stars, coming right up to the gates of their estates. Even to Madonna's castle. Damned if they'll live anywhere else, the stars have bought hand guns. Stallone, Kidder, Hollingsworth, and Taylor to name a few. Then they had zoom shots of the Hollywood sign and showed Taylor giving a speech about her mishap of getting raped. After that, a segment called "Hollywood's Hottest Hunks."

Youngblood (the movie). This is the one that Rob Lowe looks his hottest. And guys like this movie because of his girlfriend who looks like a puppy. There's a sex scene and everyone is tanned in the winter. But you won't be seeing the stuff I watch unless you have cable.

When cable was released everyone got or wanted it. But years after, some families saw it wasn't being viewed and began to drop it. Finally, in the late '80's and early '90's, being 'anti-TV' became 'in' and the fact of whether or not a TV set had cable hardly mattered. (Sesame Street is way cooler, right fellas?) Little did any of these "we're being brainwashed" types realize that a small host of half-hour commercials had emerged, and continue to continue today. Called "infomercials," they are the best stuff to ever be on a tube. Usually found up near MTV in the center of the night, they lay uninterrupted, because they are in fact commercials.

Flowbee- An instant classic since it's release in '91. Advertised on the 'Flowbee Home Haircutting Show.'

The California Diet- When a friend found this he said to me, "Look at this one, it's the best." What did he mean? Well, the hostess was Janet from "Three's Company."

Psychic Friends Network- Easily recognized by its incorrect aperture setting; this program is overexposed and hosted by Dionne Warwick, a washed up, pre-Nirvana songstress. She's the ugliest Satanic witch I've seen.

"Who should we give a fortune to now, Dionne?"

"Me," she says. A psychic comes out. "Well, first I see wedding bells for you, Dionne. I also see your new album going gold." This would double her money and since the subject of her career is up, she sings a song for us: "Friends Can be Lovers." The nostrils are mighty.

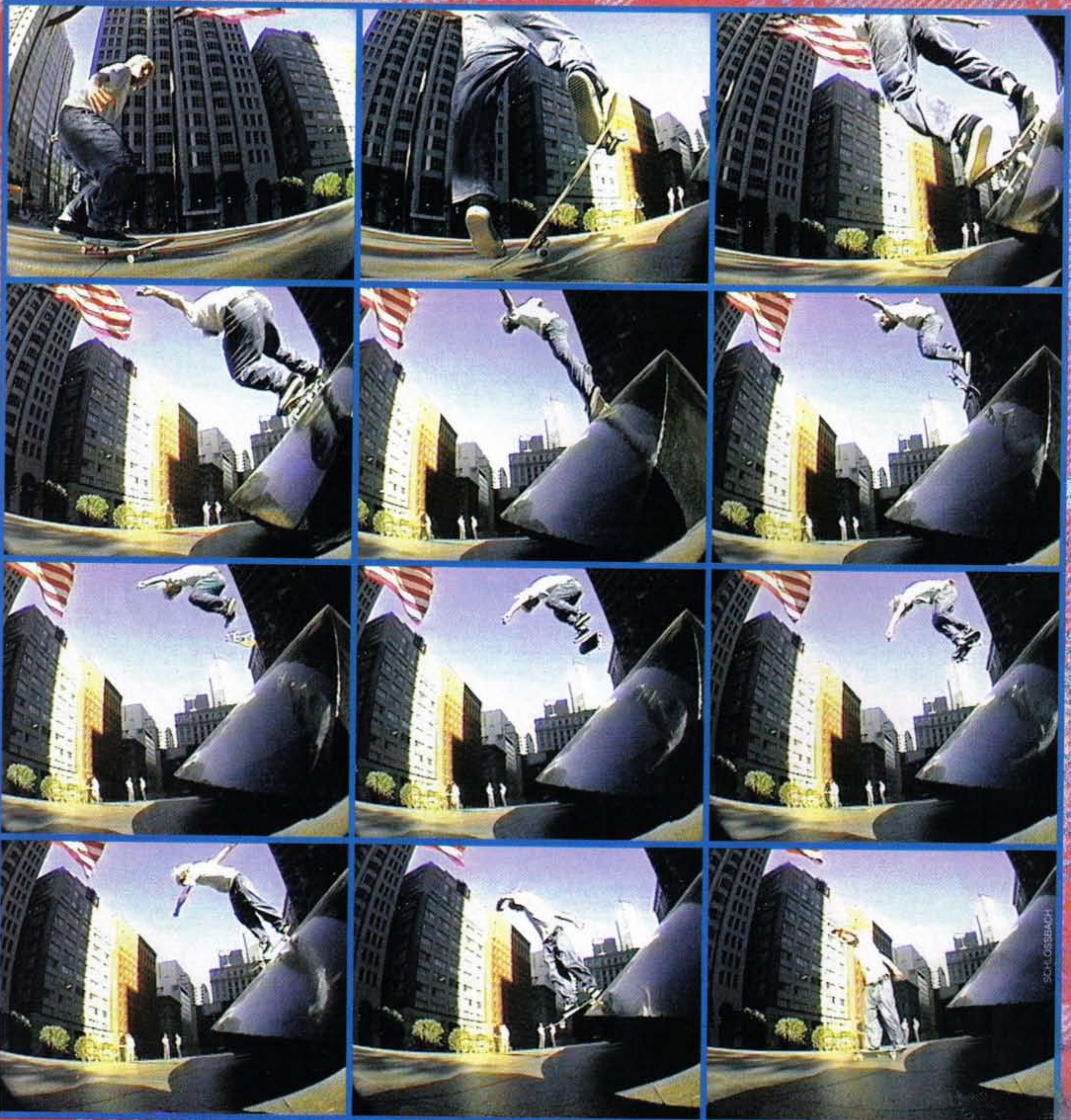
Dream On (HBO)- a sitcom with tits.

Making Money- Don LaPre is a cool white dude and a tan millionaire; the secret lies in placing thousands of classified ads in newspapers across America. He dresses to show you he's rich in a Polo denim shirt, stone-washed jeans, and little brown leather boots. He'll go to hell.

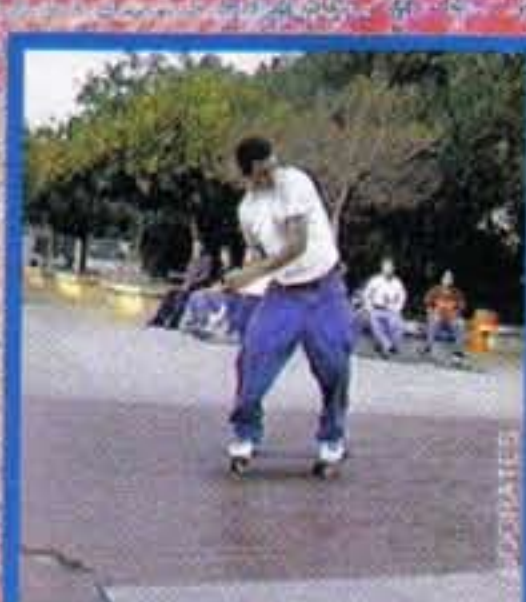
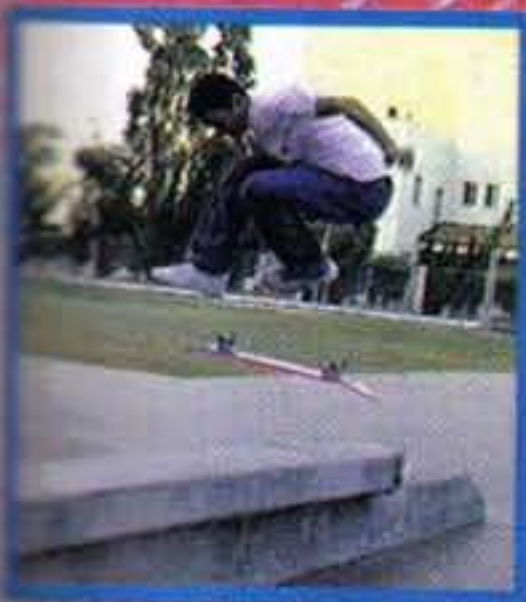
Video Professor- The greatness about this: it's hosted by "the guy from Grease." An actor that played in the movie—aged now, and not looking so good. But, hey, his face caught my eye and directed my attention to the 'Learning Paks.' Video professors that teach you computers—he got the lamest commercial. But if he took better care of himself he would do better. When you're a star and your agent tells you your career is over, you go to one of two offices in NY or LA, "The Office of Post-Stars." There you fill out papers and discuss your plunging money situation. By then, all you can do is walk out, hoping you'll get a call someday. The O.P.S. works with infomercial, commercial, and selling agencies. Then writers and directors who need a familiar face for selling can contact the said office. This establishment benefits corporations and post-stars alike. For example: being the guy from Grease, you might have a crappy time working a public job. With the help of O.P.S., you maintain respect for yourself, get to polish up your old acting skills, and finally return to that easy spotlight.

Mild mannered Jeremy Wray serves up a cab of a kick-ass to professionals everywhere with this fake 360 flip over a cement wall-type thing.





Kerth Humagot, a.k.a. Animal Man, combines powers with that of a gazelle to perform this kickflip ollie on urban modern art in downtown San Diego. Free People (above) at Urban Outfitters, Santa Monica, CA. \$36.



SCHLOSSBACH

ESTRATERE

DO THE DOG NOT THE DONKEY



by greg e. boy

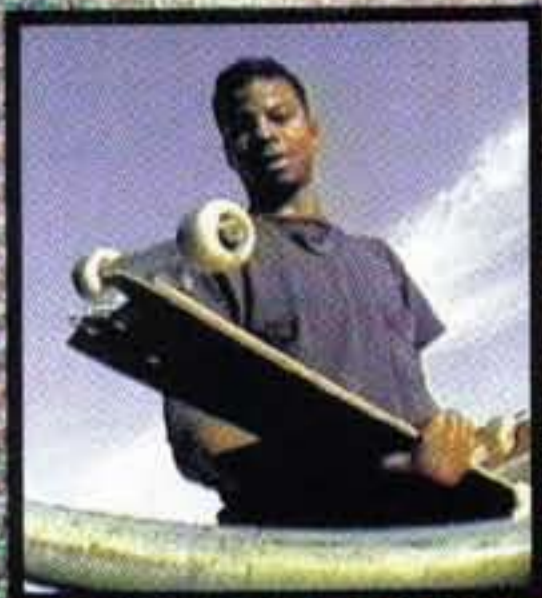
Rumors. We don't know where they come from or how they are start. And then they circulate around. Town to town. City to city. At my college it was the Dorm Room Killer. A girl hears clawing at her door late at night but never answers it. Passes it off as prank. Next day she finds her roommate's bloodied body outside. Another rumor was the Dog-That-Choked-On-The-Baby's-Arm. Or the Guy-Who-Hides-Under-Cars-At-Malls-And-Slashes-Women's-Ankles.

The facts to disprove these never arise and eventually they fade into the wind. A few years back I heard about a sex show in Tijuana where a woman fucks a donkey. I've been there a handful of times and never saw it and have never met anyone who can "prove" they ever witnessed it but people claim it exists. Humans have this natural curiosity, much like cats, to check out the unfamiliar and the obscure. This is why we have traffic jams from rubber-neckers trying to catch a glimpse of death and decapitation.

Can't say I'm much different. I watched at least three videos in the Faces of Death series. Usually disputing the reenactments with those who are watching and giving into some that everyone claims are "real."

So you can imagine my surprise when my roommate Craig came home from work talking about the sickest porno he'd ever seen. "Did it have people eating their own shit or drinking piss?" I said. "No" he said. "Well then I've seen worse my friend. Say no more." He started walking towards the kitchen and chimed "...but it did have some chick fucking a donkey." "A donkey!!!" I screamed. "Dude, you must tell me more. I must see this. Can you get it?" And so on he went about various sexual acts with dogs and chickens and horses and brooms and bottles and whatever else he could think up. I egged him on. "Naw, you're fucking kidding me. No FUCKING way, man." He said it was all true. I told him to prove it. Told him to bring me the video because I wanted to see it with my own eyes.

Well, he did bring it home. And it was all true as you can tell by these frames we grabbed off the tape. The generation was terrible. Probably been duped like twenty times or something. Most of the "cast" appeared to be rollin' with the late '60s early '70s style. A bit surreal at times with soundtrack by Pink Floyd, the Animals album. Might not be able to ever listen to that record again. It would conjure up too many images of girls sucking the cocks of their dogs. Or Farmer Ted fucking cows and chickens. Cows and chickens!!! You heard me. The sickest video I have ever seen. And yes, she did do the donkey...and the dog. The occasional bottle up the ass or banana up the pussy I can maybe understand but fucking dogs? Horses. Cows. Chickens. Man, we are sick people. And now I begin to wonder about all the rumors I heard and how true they probably are. This one was.



90210: mid-season synopsis

What began as a boring year soon turned into a tumultuous half season as the kiddies endured their first semester of college at California University. Brenda, who began the year in Minnesota, came back to LA where she almost wound up marrying a tall, muscular version of ex-pro skater Steve Saiz. It would also appear, if you compare tapes of previous seasons, that before Shannen's last year on the show is up that she is preparing to have a "pale-off" with co-ghost Jennie Girth—I mean—Garth. Meanwhile, Kelly and Dylan seemed to be deep in love, appeared to have broken up, and now might have gotten back together, but who seems to care anymore? Brandon, competing with Dylan for the coveted spot of most intense male, took off on a soul journey (in search of the only girl who ever dosed him, Emily Valentine) following some tight spots which included one of his professor's nymphomaniac wives. I'd like to console myself by saying things like this only happen on TV, but I can't. I know someone who actually had a neighbor that was a nymphomaniac—a mother who liked young boys. He grew up in California. I didn't. Andrea's been bouncing around the racial spectrum of love. First, losing her virginity in a moment of uncircumsized passion to a fun loving Yid-bigot (scenes not for the squeamish), and now she's rolling with a balding brown named Jesse. For the token frat storylines, Steve endures as his father's legacy and he managed to survive the Nazi-esque rally entitled "Take Back the Night" when a confused lass accused him of rape, when in fact it was she who had thrown herself at him in a loose manner. Of course Steve one-timed her quicker than a Gretzy to Kurri goal, but what did she expect? Donna and David almost got it on, but it was her parents who decided to come first and put an end to their maiden voyage. David's got so much semen built up that when Donna does finally go down on him he's gonna blow a hole straight through her.—Sean



KOSBICK



Photo: *Ab Ruddy Johnson* 360 kickflips to fakie in downtown L.A., plates in the earth's crust jostle for position 11 miles beneath his feet.

Sequence: *Oscar Jordan*, sponsorless and noseless as he 360 kickflips down 6 stairs.



SCHULZE



Photo: This is Ethan Fowler ollie shiftying, but as a correction to last issue, we called Jerry Fowler "Jeffy," by mistake. He's still a sweetheart though. Sequence: Dave Mayhew makes a successful migration from Wisconsin to Southern California with a nollie tallside-ollie out of sorts. Mood flannel.



SCHLOSSBACH



KOSICH

THE VELVET PUSSY

by not tom

The smut drawer opens. Out comes the new Big Brother and into my office walks Bran, the 6'8" typesetter where I work. He smokes like a fiend and his favorite food is ground beef. I offer him a chair. I call him Bran because he's always good for 2 scoops of bullshit, maybe 3. But you never know.

"Hey, the new Big Brother!" I show him the "Field Trip to Hustler" article. "No kiddin'. Buddy o' mine used to sell photos to porn mags. Ever hear o' one called Velvet?"

Yes.

"He raced hot air balloons and he had these photos from a regional up north, all these goddam balloons takin' off at once, real great shots. He'd shoot car shows, boxing matches, horse races, comic book conventions, you name it. And he'd sell 'em to all these girlie magazines. He—his name was Chet—Chet asked me if I wanted to go over to Velvet one day 'cause he had these balloon photos to show the editor. Third or fourth floor o' this place in LA, looked like a warehouse, we walk into Velvet and there's this drop-dead-gorgeous secretary at the filing cabinet. Boy was she a piece o' work: long straight red hair, tits from here to San Diego, long legs, high heels, the works."

"What year was this?"

"'78 or '79. Maybe it was '77. She had on a miniskirt. A short miniskirt. Our tongues are hangin' out like ties at this point. She took her time sittin' down and Chet said we were there to see the Editor, that he had an appointment for 3 o'clock. She buzzed the Editor and told us to have a seat, the Editor will be with you shortly. Balls! I could barely sit down! All of a sudden a door down the hall opens and this guy comes out yellin', 'Goddam whores! Can't count on these bitches for anything! The fuckin' whores!' I guess this chick was scheduled for a photo session with him and she didn't show, didn't even call to cancel. He's pissed off, pacin' the floor, then he goes to the secretary, 'Brandy, we've got deadline tomorrow, everything's ready to go in there. I'll give you a \$100 if you'll do it. It won't take half an hour, I promise.' And you know what?"

"Do you mind if I go get my recorder? It's out in my car."

"She says yes and takes off her top right there! The photographer goes, 'Not here! In there!' and points down to the room. 'Oh!' she says and walks down the hall. She had on this black lace bra, mmmm! It was unbelievable—"

"Man Bran, you oughta be the writer, not me."

"All writing is pigshit," he said. "I think it was Artaud who said that."

"He wrote it, yes. So where was the Editor?"

"If he was anything like you he was probably sleepin' or takin' a 5 hour lunch or whackin' off in the back. We didn't give a shit at that point. He followed her into the studio there and pretty soon we hear the whir of the cameras and the flashes poppin'. This goes on for 20 minutes or so—still no Editor—and then it stops and we hear her moanin': 'Oooooohh! Aaaaahh! Aaaaohh!' 10 minutes later she comes out adjustin' her skirt and fixin' her hair...just like nothin' happened!"

That's quite a story, I told him.

"Wait—then the photographer comes out tightenin' his belt and as he walks by he stops, smiles and winks at us. Me and Chet just looked at each other, like what're we doin' we're in the wrong business!"

"What happened with the balloon photos?"

"They didn't buy 'em. The Editor finally came out and they didn't buy any of 'em. Well, I'll see ya later. Mind if I read the new Big Brother?"

No.

All writing may be pigshit, but editors have it made. Kurt Vonnegut said it best when he wrote: "This is what I find most encouraging about the writing trades: They allow mediocre people who are patient and industrious to revise their stupidity, to edit themselves into something like intelligence. They also allow lunatics to seem saner than sane." Fuck it. I went to lunch.



zine convention

words and photos: sean cliver

Back on Dec. 4, Marc and I attended a "Classic Rock Expo" in downtown LA. Mainly to find some rare Led Zeppelin CDs, but also to meet Gary Dell'abate, producer of the Howard Stern show. Marc took care of the first priority and found a vintage, unreleased studio recording of Zeppelin. We also discovered a fine 70's poster of an aborigine dwarf popping the finger, but regrettably neither of us purchased it. After a final perusal of the show, we were dismayed to notice that the line to meet Gary was 2 hours long. However, we soon discovered how entertaining the conversations going on around us were. Two of the people behind us got into an argument over Howard's true height. One claimed it was 6' 6" while the other adamantly swore that it was 6'5," but both finally came to the conclusion that, exact measurements withstanding, Howard was indeed a tall human. While most people brought *Private Parts* for Gary to sign, we had BB #4 (Stern article) in hopes of sparking a conversation with him. When we finally got to where Gary was, Marc presented it—to which he responded with a confused look, then said "Oh, cool," signed it, and waved us on. Oh well.



Bababooley

Later that same evening we went to Zine Scream, a zine convention taking place at the Park Plaza Hotel. Arriving late, we found a parking spot and were instantly accosted by a homeless man asking for change so he could buy a new bottle of Windex. After we unloaded our coins, he escorted us to the hotel and offered up bits about its history including that, according to him, Michelangelo had painted the interior ceiling fresco in-between his Vatican gigs. We bid him farewell and entered the hotel—neither of us quite sure what to expect. While the first rooms were fairly sparse of people, a great deal of sound could be heard coming from a larger enclosed room so we headed over there. What we walked into was a room filled with the booming voice of a lisping homo. Confusion levels soaring, we found some chairs and sat down. Not particularly into homo-erotic poetry, I began to fidget with my camera—that is until I was startled to attention by a flamboyant, obnoxious black transvestite that traipsed out onto the stage with his ass showing. With dumbfounded amazement and cursing the fact that we didn't bring a video camera, Marc and I watched as he broke into a song entitled "Grande Penis" while another man danced around him holding a gigantic 5' plastifoam dick. (To our later discovery, this was Ms. Vaginal Creme Davis—the emcee of the festivities and renowned LA drag queen.) He then introduced the next reader, a militant dyke who spoke of her molestation as a child and her first lesbian love. After her performance was a petite homosexual in bondage gear and tighty-whiteys. Despite tales of how he perceived his "puckered rosebud" as a work of art, and a lay-man's description of rimming, it wasn't until after the "how to drink piss" speech that Marc and I decided it would be best to leave.

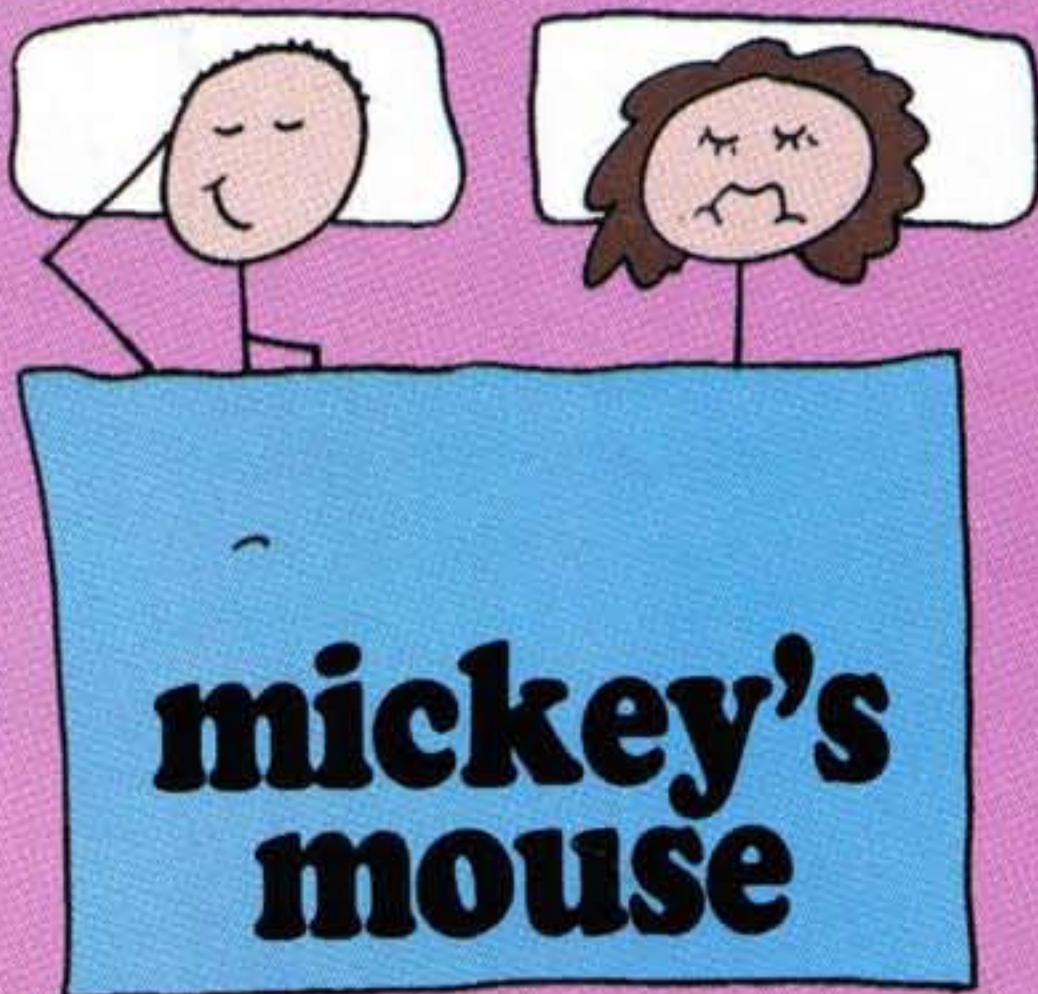


Ms. Vaginal Creme Davis and the Grande Penis.



Gay poet.

You would do these things too if you had a magazine.



by kendra

Halloween is a time for play. On Halloween night, a couple of friends and I did the normal party hunting and ended up with not a whole lot to do. After the party mode was lost for lack of luck, not lack of trying, all but Mickey had gone home. Mickey and I have known each other for awhile. When I was in high school he was too, and mutual friends made us acquaintances. When I moved out, Mickey did too, and we were town mates. Often we cruised to the other's house, and we would hang out. Mickey's a cool guy and everyone knows it.

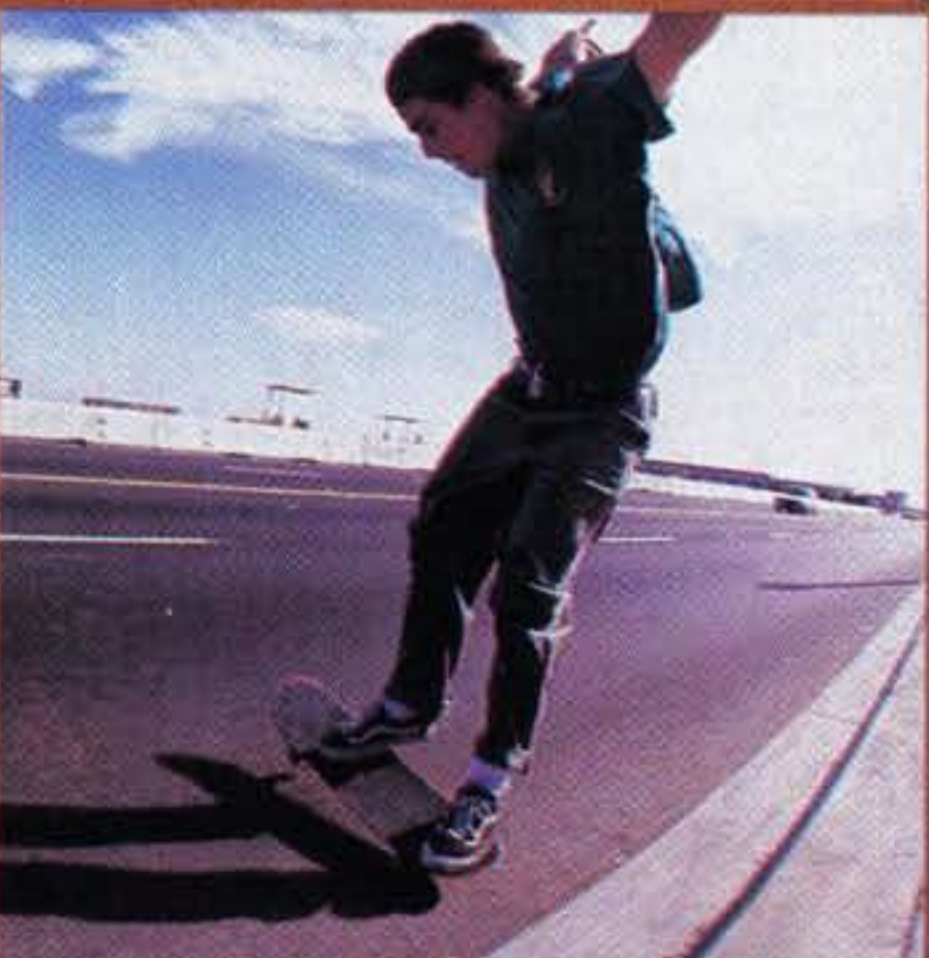
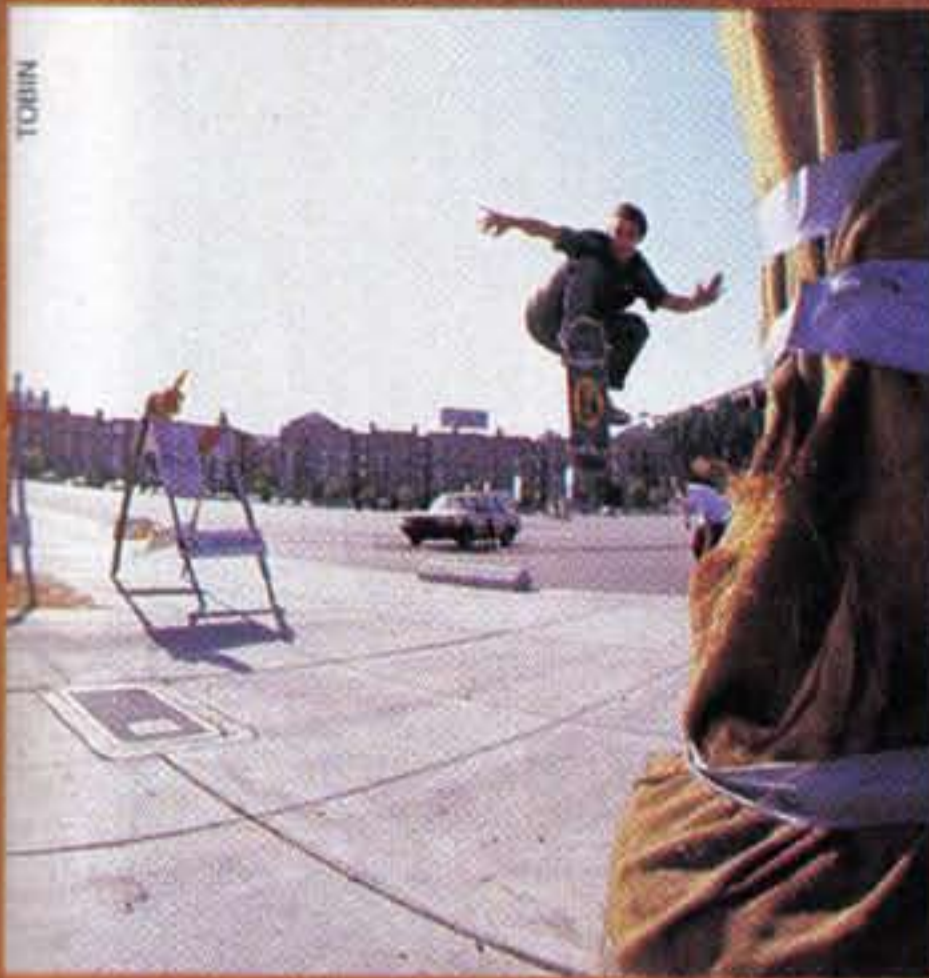
We ended up back at my house, and we watched that movie *Carrie* with Sissy Spacesack. After that it was late and I was burnt. I told Mickey that I could either take him home then, or I could just drop him off on my way to work the next morning. Without even deciding, Mickey fell asleep on my sister's bed. The TV was still on and I watched until I fell asleep too. So far Normalsville. But okay, here's the weird part right here: in the middle of the night, I woke up and heard something coming from the in-between-the-sheets-area of Mickey's side of the bed. Oh God. I knew what it was, but I peeked with one eye towards his portion of the really big bed. Both hands were under the covers with just his head sticking out. Mickey was on his back and he was beating off. For reals.

I absolutely have no problem with anyone doin' it solo, but in bed next to me is only kind of inconsiderate. Really, couldn't he have gotten out of the bed and into the bathroom and jacked it there? Plus, what makes it worse is that he's my friend, someone who I can just hang out with and be normal around. It was sick and I had to sit through the whole thing. I had no idea what to do. I thought about kicking him out of the bed; maybe just a "Hey, take that to the other room," type of thing, but I just felt too lame. For as embarrassed as I felt about the whole thing, I could do nothing except let him get done with it. It was bad.

So Mickey, finally you know why I don't really hang out at your house anymore.



Shiloh Greathouse switchstance heelflips in a bastardized version of the original world park.



John Cardie lives life on his own terms and popping a real humdinger—you can't be a pussy, you just gotta go for that shit.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN WATER PIPE

Construction: Devin Words: Shea Photos: Cliver



Supplies you'll need and where to get them (all this should cost you around \$20. You can also split the cost with a friend to save more money):

Plastics Company:

- 6' long, 2" outside diameter piece of acrylic tubing.
- Weld-on #4 acrylic cement
- glue applicator
- 3/8" thick plastic sheeting (you'll need less than a square foot)

Hobby shop:

- 7/16" brass tubing (1' long)

Hardware store:

- plastic or metal-grade sandpaper; 50,80,100,150, and 220 grit

Head shop:

- metal downstem and bowl (If there's no head shop around, mail-order or search a hardware store. Be creative.)

Plus:

- drill
- hacksaw or radial saw
- 11/32" drill bit
- dust mask
- eye protection
- marbles, rocks, colored sand, or whatever you want to fill your base
- fan
- terry cloth or towel
- vice (optional)
- exacto knife or razor blade
- rasta knit skull-cap
- paper clip and coat hanger
- ruler
- music

Nobody wants to pay the high prices that head shops charge for cheap, plastic water pipes that crack a month later, but everyone does 'cause they're too lazy or too stupid. Well, now there's no excuse. Here's how to make your own and save money.

Note: Read through these steps and understand them before you begin. It will make things easier and quicker. Make sure you wear your mask and eye protection, and are awake and alert during construction. You can zone out with your creation when you're done.

Steps:

1. Clear table space and have all supplies ready and visible in order of use. Turn on some music. Put on your safety gear. Keep the fan on when sawing because the dust is harmful in large amounts of exposure. Select the length of plastic tubing that you want for total standing height (18" is very nice).

2. Using hacksaw or radial saw, cut tubing. Now cut a 3" piece off of one end. This will be your base.

3. Sand both edges of the 3" piece and one edge of the longer piece. Hold tube upright and sand in a circular motion on table. Start with 50 grit and upgrade until completely smooth and flat.



4. Take the 3/8" thick plastic sheeting and measure off one 2 1/2" square and one 3 1/4" square. Using the exacto knife, make deep cuts on the lines. Brace on edge of table and then snap off the excess plastic. You should have 2 squares. Sand the edges.

5. Line up the 3" piece of tubing with the 3 1/4" square, making sure they are perfectly flat together. Take the glue applicator and draw a thin line of glue connecting the tube and the square. Apply steady pressure without letting the tube slip out of place. It'll dry in a few minutes. Then apply a few drops inside of tube and swirl it around to seal the inside. Let dry.

6. Add colored marbles, sand, or rocks into tube and then glue the 2 1/2" square onto the top of 3" tube. Let dry. This is your base.

7. Take the long piece of tubing and drill a 11/32" hole in one side, 2 1/2" from sanded edge. You can secure the tube in a vice with terry cloth or towel to prevent scratching.

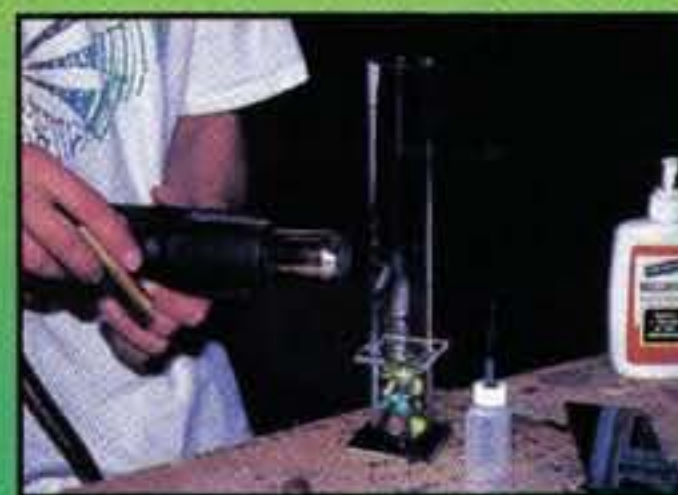
8. Roll 80 grit sandpaper up into a stick and sand the inside and outside rims of the other end of the tube. This will give you a smooth mouthpiece.

9. Cut a 3 1/2" long piece of the brass tubing and heavily sand both edges.



10. Repeat the glue process with bottom of long tube and 2 1/2" square piece. Make sure it's water tight or it won't work. Let dry.

11. Now, pay attention. You must heat up the hole you have drilled so that you can insert the brass piece at a 45 degree angle. You can use a blowdryer (it takes awhile), range top, toaster, or blow torch if you know how to use one. You must watch the tube closely 'cause if it gets too hot, it will bubble and collapse on itself (this is why you have 6' of tubing). Tap the area with your finger to see if it's soft. When it's soft enough to mold, insert the brass tubing, tilt it up 45 degrees, and push it to the back of the tube all in one motion. The brass piece must fit snug or air will leak. The hole is smaller than the brass piece so you should have no problem. Let cool. Your brass piece will be removable for cleaning.



12. Insert downstem and bowl into brass tubing.

13. Twist a paper clip around downstem for a bowl grabber.

14. Make a poker out of a coat hanger.



Wait at least 30 min. to an hour before trying it out. If you followed directions, wore your safety equipment, and took your time, you will have a top quality work of art. The creative possibilities are endless with dyeing and multi-chambers for expert builders. And remember, it's for tobacco only!





Numerous people have deemed Big Brother to be a self-serving biased magazine, yet neither Julien Stranger (frontside 180 kickflip) or Chet Thomas (switchstance varial heelflip) skate for us or any of our advertisers. World doesn't even supply their respective companies with wood.



peter weinberg

Muchos gracias to all who sent in entries. We got around a couple hundred letters and still haven't chosen a replacement for Earl, but here are some of the ones that we thought were kinda funny. The contest is not over yet, and for those of you who are still thinking of submitting something please remember to include your phone number. A lot of people probably didn't hear from us for this reason alone.

Joe Perg— Staten Island, NY

A lot of reasons why I should be the next Earl Parker!!!!!!
(in no order)

1. I can deal with people calling me Earl instead of Joe.
2. I'm from New York City and I've never been to California and think it would be cool.
3. I can light my farts on fire.
4. I know the Wutang Clan—I write their songs.
5. I'm pretty good at Street Fighter II (arcade and super NES).
6. I have six years experience doing my own zine.
7. I have Spike Lee's social security #.
8. I believe Sal Rocco Jr. looks like Michael Penn.
9. I buy all my stuff from Sunny @ world and she's cool!
10. I'll let other BB and world employees use my bean bag—for a fee of course!
11. I know how to spel and use an IBM and a Mac, but that means shit.
12. My mom would really like me out of the house again.
13. I'm really, really, really, really good at wiffle ball.
14. I'm short, so Sal and the rest of the guys can dunk on me.
15. I spoke to Jeff T. on the phone once, O, and I also spoke to Rick K. too! They both didn't seem that busy, so I guess the job isn't that hard!!!
16. I live close to New Jersey where that kid in issue #4 lives. I could kill him and bring his carcass back to the west coast for you guys to look at.
17. Me and David Letterman go way back.



Ronnie Seward— Alexandria, VA

Hello, my name is Ronnie Seward. I am a 22 year old skateboarder from Alexandria, VA. I would like to be considered for the position of Master Journalist. I was born in Morristown New Jersey. I do not know who my real parents are, but my adoptive parents found me in the bathroom at White Castle while I was still a wee toddler. Shortly after I turned three, the whole family piled into the Country Squire and moved to Fairfax, Virginia. It is here that I would spend the bulk of my formative years. In 1979 I was expelled from the Fairfax county public school system, a result of my consistent refusal to wipe my butt. With all

sorts of free time on my hands I decided I needed a hobby so I joined the Illuminati. I was directly responsible for a wide variety of global events including the U.S. boycott of the 1980 summer Olympic games in Moscow, the appearance of Colecovision in the expanding home video game scene, the attempted assassination and resulting paralysis of publishing magnate Larry Flynt, the introduction of the "Casa Buena" line of microwaveable burrito products to Seven Eleven stores by the Southland Corporation, and Men at Work's sudden disappearance from the music scene (I still have them locked in my parent's basement)...

We got back to Ronnie and learned that the Illuminati is a clandestine international spy organization that has been around for centuries steering the fate of the Western world. He sent in some sample articles (the photo is from one he did on the subject of driving), but by far the best thing he submitted was the following movie synopsis.

"Crippled Masters"

This action-packed kung fu adventure begins with our hero, Li Ho, getting his arms chopped off for some unknown transgression against his master, Lin Cheng Kung. The punishment is overseen by Teng and the ruthless Mr. Pao. Now armless, Li Ho stumbles into a restaurant to get some much needed nourishment only to be ridiculed, beaten and literally thrown out. Li Ho is then beaten again when Mr. Pao and some of Lin Cheng Kung's toadies discover he is still in town. Badly hurt, Li Ho stops at the edge of a river to get a drink only to fall in. He washes up at the edge of a farm and is discovered by the owner while trying to eat pig swill. The farmer takes Li Ho in and helps put him on the road to recovery. Meanwhile, Lin Cheng Kung has decided that Teng "knows too much" and decides to pour acid on his legs and roll him down a steep hillside. Amazingly, when Teng reaches the bottom he arrives at the very spot where Li Ho is fishing. Li Ho immediately recognizes Teng and starts to administer a torturous beating on him in revenge for the loss of his arms. Li Ho, however, stops short of waxing Teng at the insistence of a wise bald kung fu master who emerges from a nearby basket. The bald man teaches Li Ho and Teng to compensate for each other's handicap and forges them into an unbeatable fighting force. Li Ho and Teng then proceed to get revenge on those who have wronged them. They inflict severe beatings on both the staff of the restaurant where Li Ho was humiliated and three of Lin Cheng Kung's associates, including Mr. Pao. Last but not least on their vengeful agenda is the Lin Cheng Kung, but first they must steal the "Eight Jade Horses" which depict the secret kung fu techniques necessary to defeat him. After learning the techniques, Li Ho and Teng beat Lin Cheng Kung in a climactic final showdown.



We were going to call this article "Earl Parker Replacement Contestants," but that was too long. So then Marc thought of calling it "The Replacements" but that was too sassy. Then we decided to call it "Peter Weinberg" because that's what Marc's friend, Jean, thought was the name of the Replacement's lead singer. His real name is Paul Westerberg.



Juan Fernandez-Sarasota, FL

Dear to whom it may concern:

I'm Juan. I would like to be the next Earl Parker. I've been writing since 6th grade and received many rave reviews from my hair poodle teachers. I should write articles for Big Bro cause I'm a bad-ass. I'm a Junior at Booker High, and have no friends cause I'm Heterosexual. I would also like to

be Earl so I can "meat" Rosa. If you consider me, I'll send you guys a taste of my writing (sorta like a poo-poo platter).

Scott Charles Stucker-Las Vegas, NV

big brother,

my name is Scott Charles Stucker. most people call me by my nickname "jasper." I like polar bears. In Canada there are cartoon books and stories about "jasper the polar bear." some people say I look like a polar bear...



Jeremy Mazgaj-Hamburg, NY

Big Brother,

I'm not going to write to you guys and state how much my life is like Earl Parker's, I figure that you guys probably want something more. Something more evil than just picking up another bum off the street like Earl. So I'm going to offer something different. You see, I'm a young kid about to enter the adult world. I've had a nice childhood, I grew up in the suburbs of Buffalo, NY with my suburban house and suburban family. I was sent to Catholic schools all my life, and I'm now finishing up my last year of high school in a college prep school. I don't drink or smoke. Now what you get to do is corrupt me, and we all know you can. Think of the stories you could get about me? (before and after shots etc.) So if you want, snatch me before I go off to the local university in the spring and make something of my life.

Scotty Day-West Palm Beach, FL

Marc, I have good news—

A fantastic story is upon us. I've been invited to attend a lingerie fashion show in NYC. I'll have full coverage and photos (that goes without saying). If hired for the full-time staff work, I will donate the needed 0.6¢ to keep Earl alive plus an additional .94¢ from each paycheck. Why this extreme generosity on the part of Scotty Day? Because I feel partially responsible for unfortunate Earl's recent plunge into the depths of homelessness.



We soon received these shitty photos of Scotty in bed with an ugly girl in her underwear along with a computer disc which contained his article on the lingerie show. Unfortunately(?) it was unreadable since it was done on a program we don't have on our computer system. Darn.



George Morales Los Angeles

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Big Brother back issues are a rare commodity and hard to find—unless you go into the back of our warehouse that is. However, this may change due to the recent amount of earthquakes in the Los Angeles area, so order now 'cause this may just be your last chance.

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Remember: add \$2 shipping for every magazine. Friggin' foreigners add \$10.

dan Drehobl is the best skateboarder in the world. He skates really fast. I tried to get him to do obscene things and bad mouth people, but he wouldn't. I tried to take a sequence of Dan trying to pound down a 40, but he failed and vomited all over the place. Matt Piales tried to stop me from taking pictures of Dan. I was forced to subdue him. His roommates called me a schizophrenic and an Earl Parker wannabe. Their attempts to break my spirits failed, for I knew all too well how East Coasters were, and wasn't bothered a bit.

Was San Francisco what you expected?

No, I was expecting something different. I moved here to go to art school and live with my girlfriend. I ended up breaking up with her, dropping out of school, and becoming a professional skater.

Did you think you would be a pro before you came?

No, I rode for Foundation then, but right when I got here he kicked me off the team.

Were you mad?

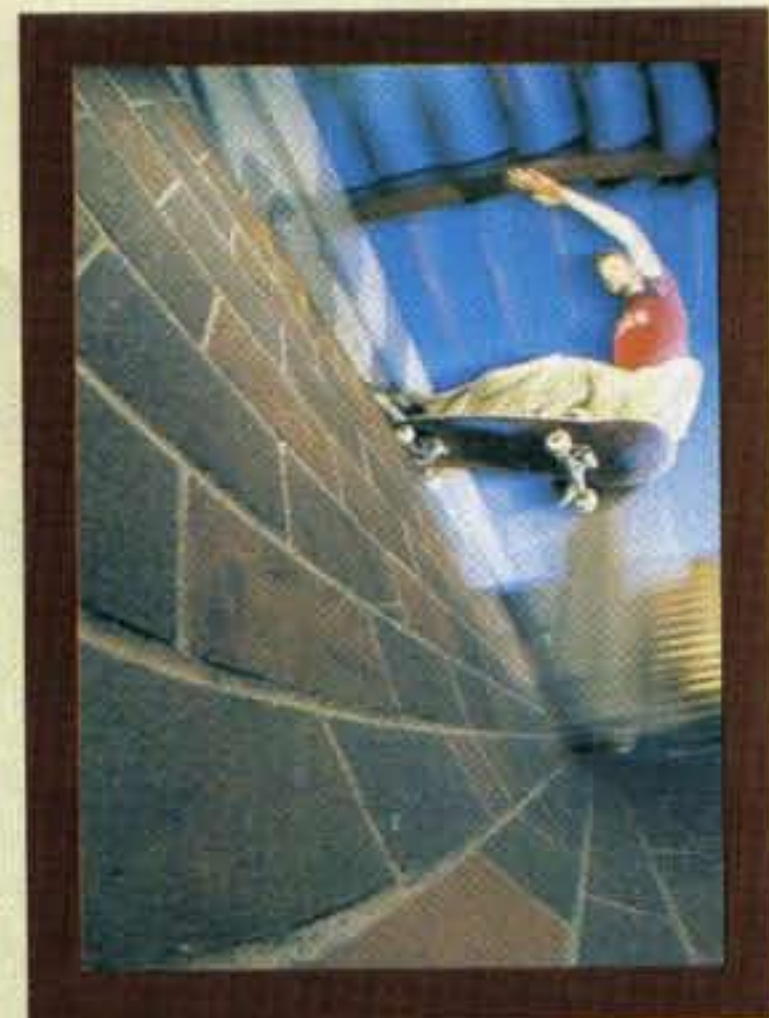
No, Tod's a really good guy. He was kinda lame about kicking me off by putting an ad in the magazine though.

What ad?

One day I found out my girlfriend fucked 30 guys when I was going out with her. I broke up with her and went to the skate shop and read Slap. I read this Foundation ad and I got to the bottom and it says "Dan, you're off the team."

Have you ever been in a fight?

Yeah, we were just hangin' out in my hometown, which is a really small hick town, and this fuckin' hick-metal head guy came up and started giving my friend shit about skateboarding and trying to fight him. He didn't want to fight him, so he came up to me and started givin' me shit about my car. He said "Real cool car, huh?" 'cause I had this Le Baron that my parents bought me and it looked like a grandmother's car. I said, "Fuck you!" and started pushing him and telling him he was a pussy and skateboarders rule. I punched him in the face, pushed him on the ground, and started beating him up. The cops pulled me off.



They thought he was a dickhead and arrested him.

What's the deal with the rock quarry?

It's this place we used to go hang out in Maine and drink beer and go swimmin' and have parties. My friend Rob was walking through the woods and I didn't know he was there, so I threw one. Then I hear this "ouch!" so I went across the quarry and he's layin' there with blood coming out of his head.

Was he dead?

No, but he was pretty hurtin'. I was gonna take him to the hospital and this guy Abe was givin' me all this shit. He was sayin' "Real cool guy, fuckin' hurt your friend throwin' rocks." He pissed me off so much I was like "Fuck you guys!" and I took off and left 'em in the woods 2 miles from anywhere so they had to walk down and call their parents to take him to the hospital. The next day I went to apologize, and his mom kicked me out of the house and told me never to hang out with Rob again. This other guy Felix came to Maine as a foreign exchange student and we hung out with him 'cause he was a skater, and the day before I hit Rob in the head, I threw a rock across the quarry and broke Felix's toe.

Let me take pictures of you jacking off.

I've been getting too much action lately. Besides, I don't want to. I can't just jack off for the sake of jacking off. I have to be horny to jack off.

Do you think KY is the best for jacking off?

I think "blanket" style is the best.

Would you use KY with the blanket?

No, just the blanket.

dan



drehobli

interview: pontius photos: tobin



JUSTIN-BACKSIDE NOLLIE KICKFLIP

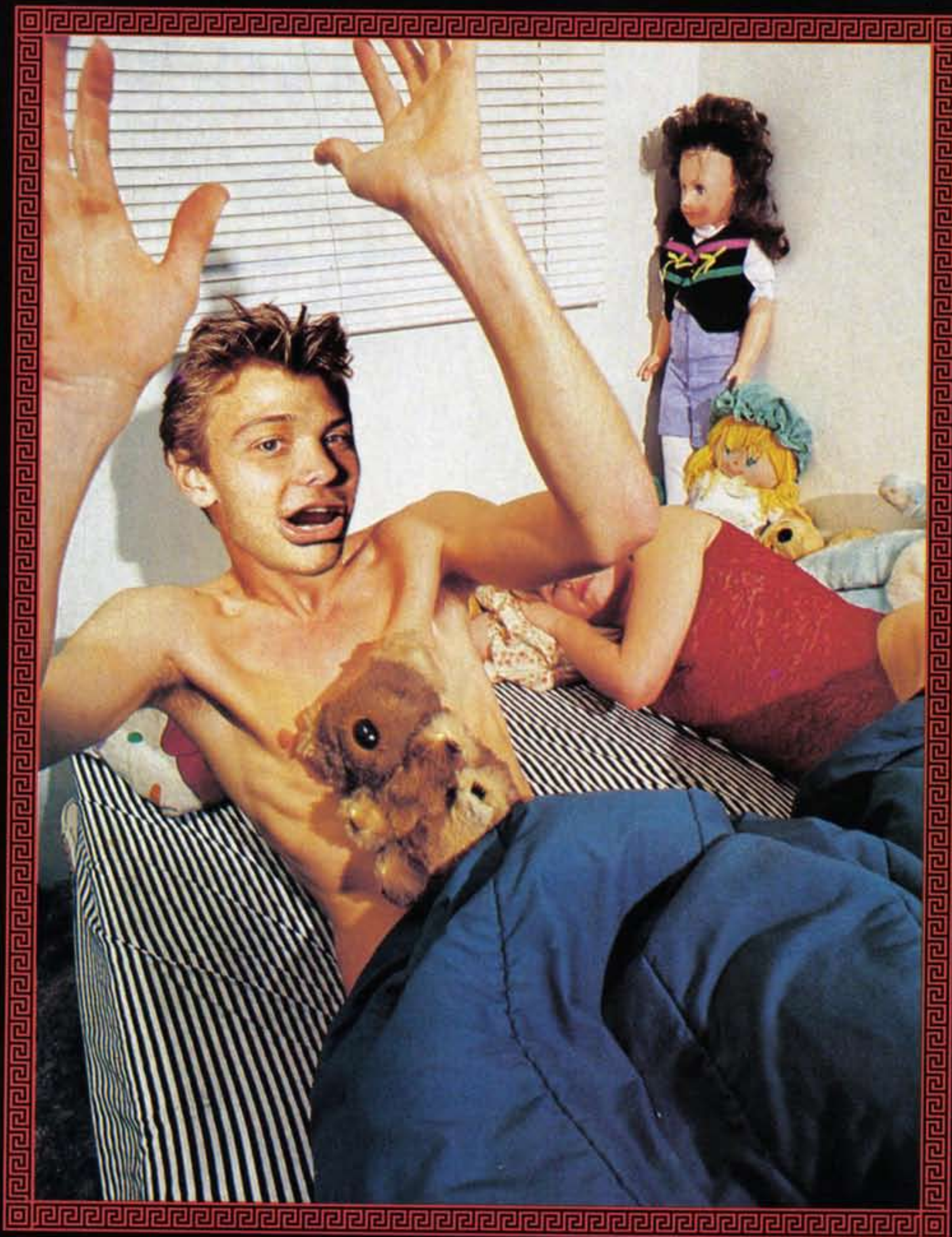


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I imagine waking up from a nightmare, cold and covered in sweat. In this nightmare an attack by a deranged madman has flushed your otherwise utopic existence down the toilet. Equipped with only a 3 digit bank account and a two digit I.Q. he has succeeded in humiliating you, your team mates, your company and even your "girlfriend" on a global scale. When you finally confront him, tears flowing down your eyes, you ask "Why would you start a company knowing it would make us so miserable" He replies "Just doing my own thing"

The words ring in your ears as you fall back to sleep. Thank God it was only a dream, things like that could never happen in real life.

good morning girls



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subscribe

Ironically for this issue's subscribe ad we have chosen the kind of photo that typically gets subscriptions cancelled. It sucks that this happens, but for all of you who have overprotective parents and the mail comes before you get home from school we have the solution--rent a P.O. box! It's easy and cheap. (The cost of the rental on top of a subscription to **Big Brother** should still be lower than our over-inflated newsstand price). And besides, with a P.O. box you can get real pornos and drug paraphernalia and no one will ever know. Why, you could even start your own mail fraud racket.



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Several months ago some of the top riders in the world set out to design a shoe. Rodney Mullen spent hundreds of hours agonizing over rubber outsole compounds, split leather configurations and N.B.S ratings in order to bring you the most advanced skate shoe ever produced. The results: all that could be decided on was this nifty logo.

DUFFS

the nifty logo company

share a moment... share a toy machine.



1 small heelflip



2



3



4

ryan fabry



5



6



7



8



1



2



3



4



5



6



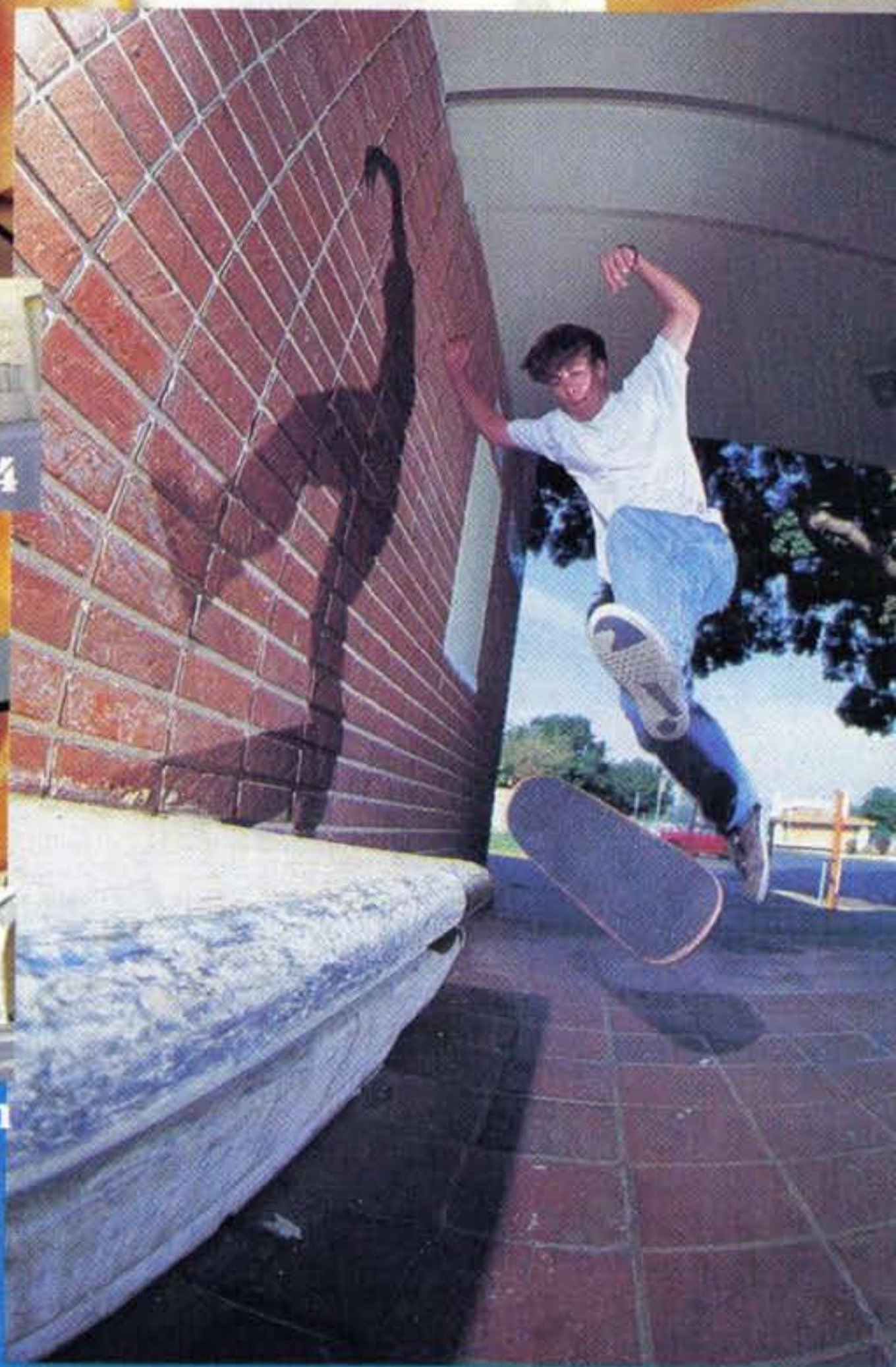
7



8

180 heelflip

ed templeton



COMING SOON
a video!

photobykosick videobydeanna 7151 warner ave #e-372 huntington beach, ca. 92647 the DORF is no longer a trademark of toy machine skateboards. Select Distribution 714-722-8556. Someone licks bung and chews rim and eats chode.

jerry fowler



toy machine
bloodsucking skateboard company



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lavar mcbride

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MIKE FRAZIER

STEVE BERRA

SCOTT JOHNSTON

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Sorry, Rosa was sick this month



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