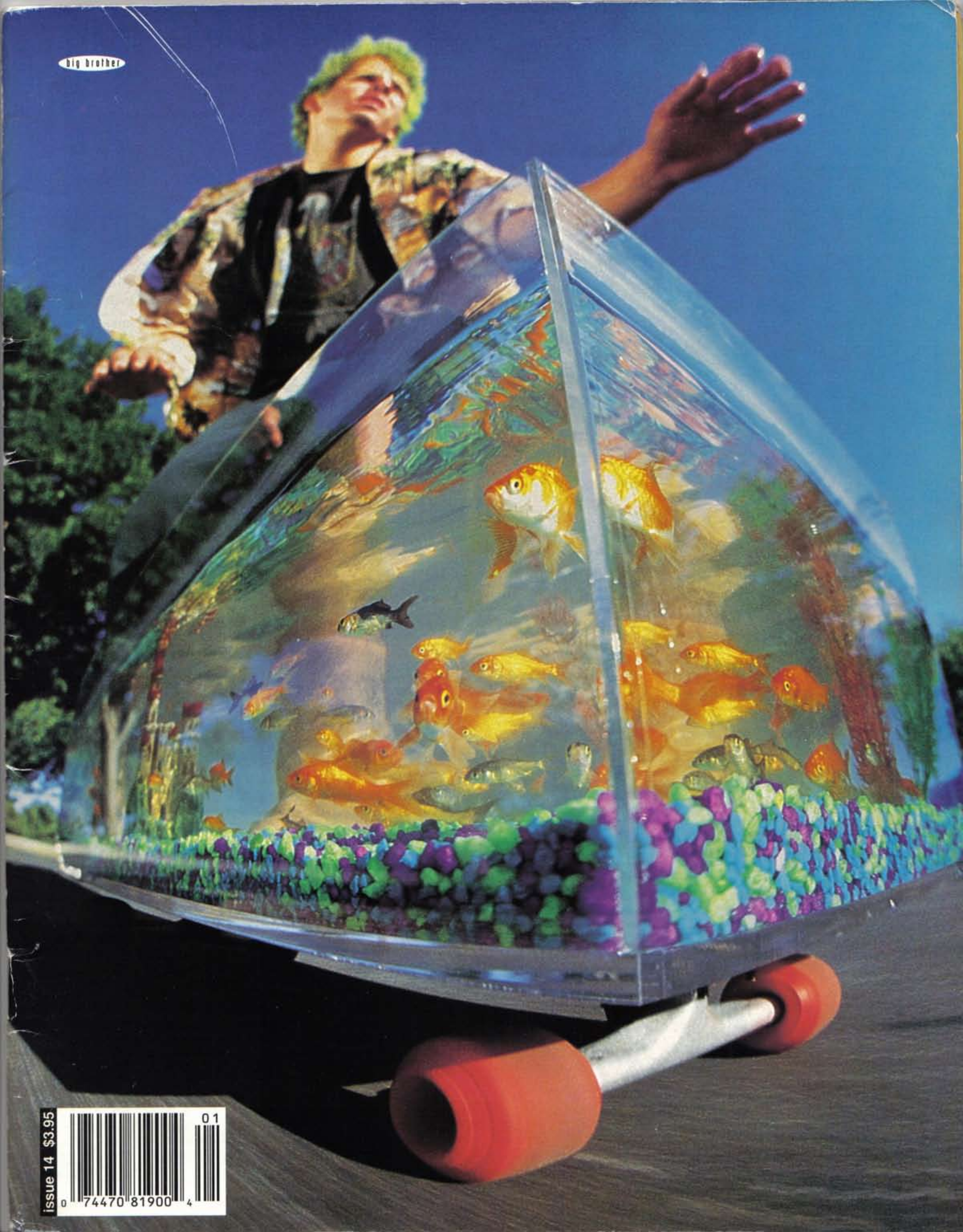


big brother



issue 14 \$3.95



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I Feel One 0 One !

toy machine



josh kalis!
josh kalis!

switch backside flip



sonic BOOM!



toy machine kooks unite! 7151 warner ave. #e-372 huntington beach ca. 92647
(attn. parents! subliminal message says "ditch school")

mike crum



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Contributions Policy:

All unsolicited material usually lies unopened in a pile for months until we decide to look at it when we're really bored. Then we make fun of it and throw it in the trash.

i left Spike Jonze's apartment to go to the convenience store nearby. I purchased two candy bars with nearly the rest of my money.

I was riding a bike; it had a basket, and I saved one of the treats within. The other I began eating right away, while I rode in circles around the parking lot.

I was accosted by a glossy street man. He ushered me to the store's side, and stood right next to me to begin my facial. His finger rose to my face, and he began pointing out all the acne, or counting it. I shied away, but he would not allow it:

"I'm fifty-two years old, son." That means he had seen it all, and I need not shame.

"You need to stop with the sweets. It's tearing apart your face. You know it is..."

I had another candy left. My conspicuous eyes looked at the basket; he reached in and found proof of my ugly demise.

"Girls are gonna start thinking there's something wrong with you."

"I try not to talk to girls."

"Do you wash with soap?" he needed to know.

I did answer yes, and now is when all my embarrassment paid off. He leaned very close, to drop the secret: "Rubbing alcohol," he enunciated.

A slight discomforted, I made a small motion for leaving.

"Don't leave yet," he cautioned. "You will be very grateful to me later—I'm helping you out."

I recognized him as a prophet and opened my mind.

"No soap, and no Stridex; that's just stuff somebody's trying to sell you. Rubbing alcohol only costs a dollar. You can clean any part of your body, and it doesn't dry the skin. Nobody tells you about this but me; nobody can see it..."

The moon reflected off his eyes. We both entered the store, and he showed me where the slim white bottles were. He asked for one beer for his help, and I bought it for him.

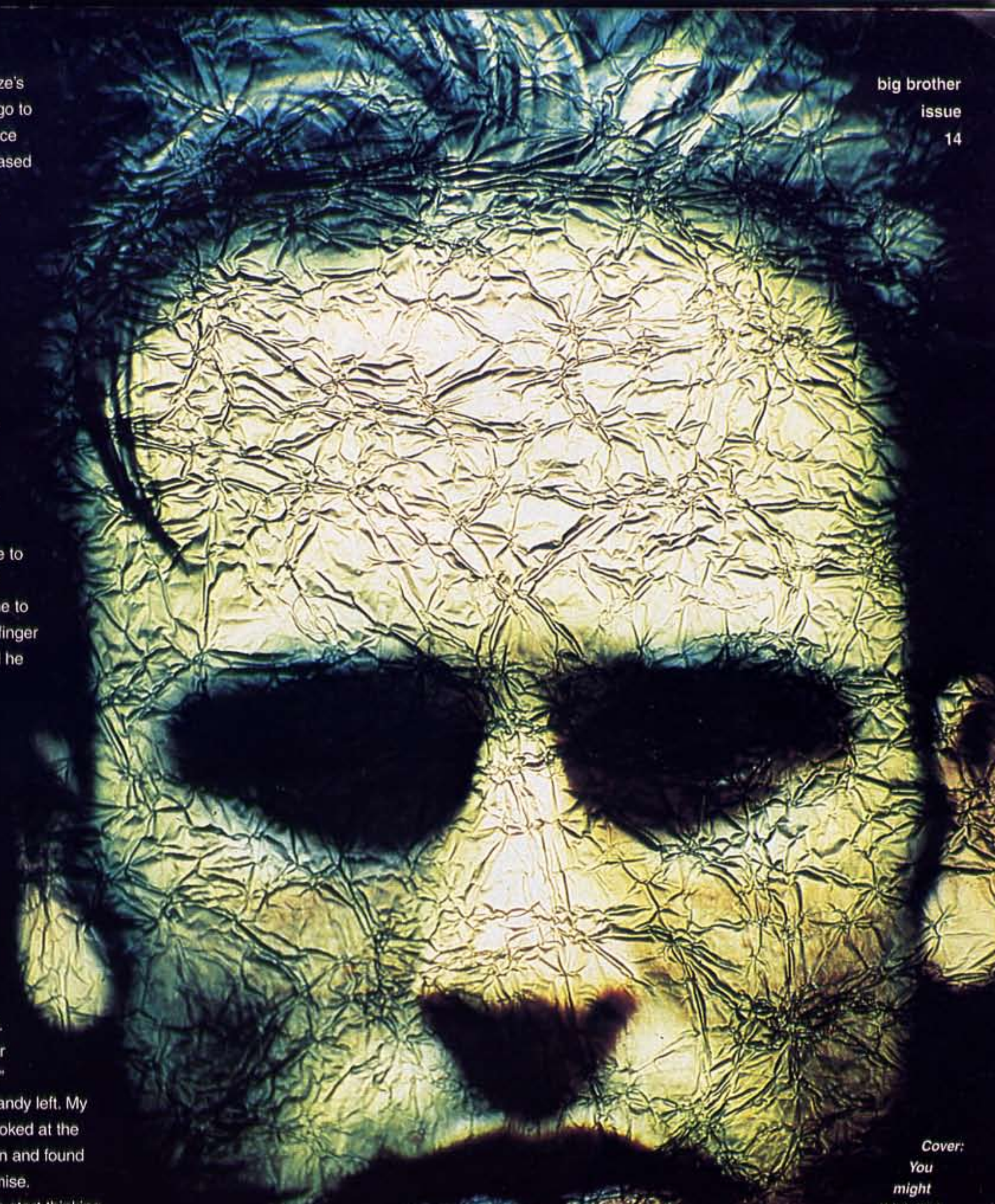
"Don't use cotton swabs; that's got chemicals in it."

Another insight.

"Take a paper towel folded up or a napkin, pour some of this on, and *clean* the face."

He tested it on one of his hands, and removed ten shades of dirt. I soaked a napkin, and as fast as I could in that parking lot, wiped my whole head except my eyes. Then the effect of the alcohol surrounded me—I dropped my bike, squinting blindly, and ran to the wall. The Alcohol Prophet rushed beside me, speaking into one ear, "Suffer for less than a nickel pretty boy," and by the time the pain settled, he was gone.

When I got home, I offered Spike the candy bar, but he declined. Like the mysterious one, he too knows the secrets. —Earl Parker



Cover:
You
might
think that
Simon's being
his usual wacky
creative self, but if
you carefully exam-
ine the current skate-
boarding trends you'll
realize he's just following
everyone else. Goldfish are
officially played out now.

Photo: Ballard

This page: Ed Templeton believes in allowing his body to naturally excrete with no man-made personal hygiene intervention. Obviously it's worth it.
Photo: Ballard

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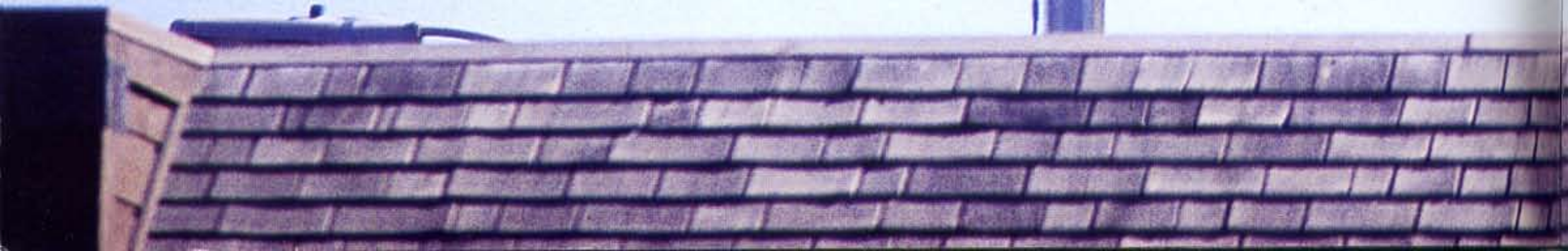
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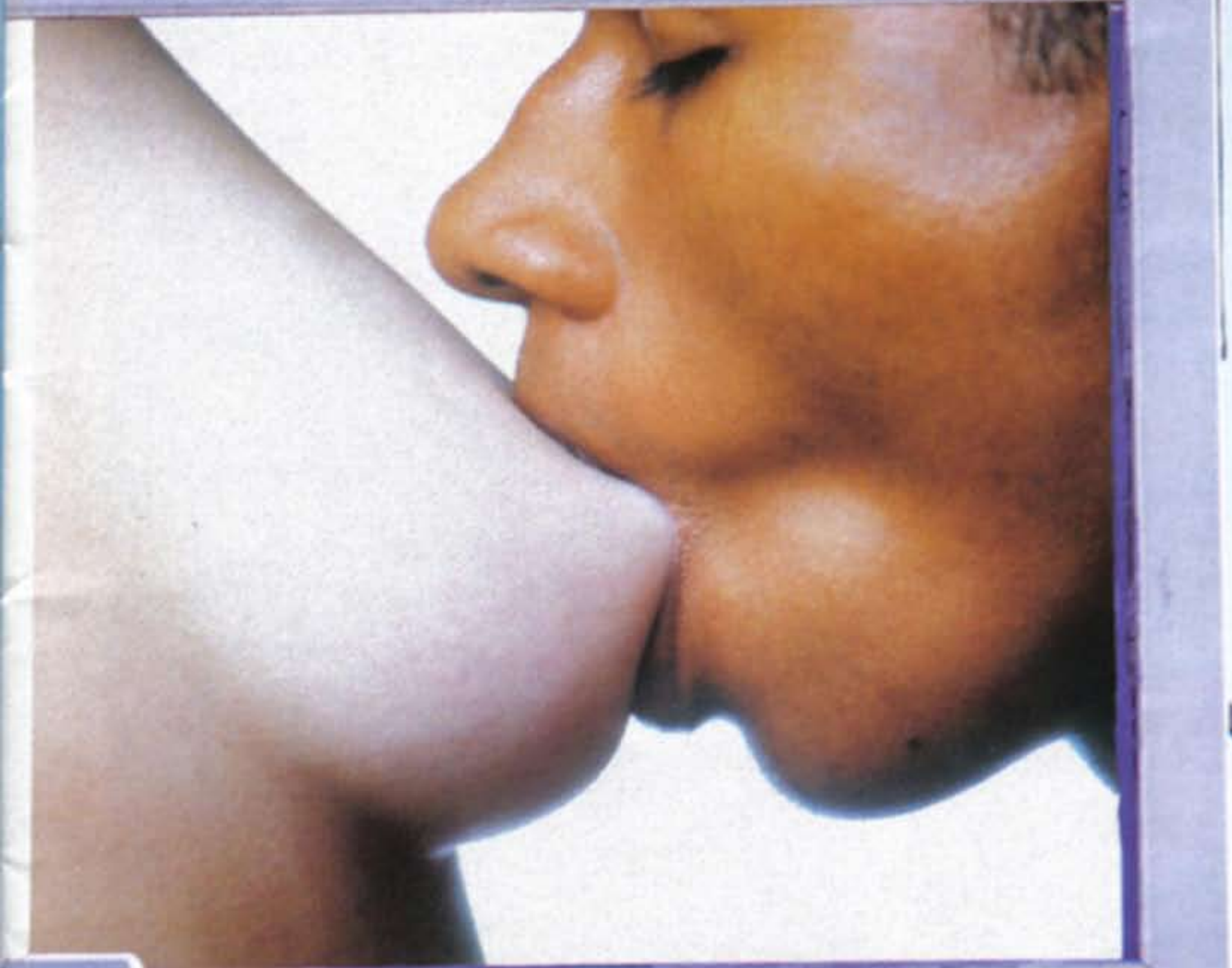
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got milk?

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ETNIES
Skate Shoes



Jesus Lives!

This year I've been on vacation in Australia, where I stumbled upon a real sensation. In some hippie place called Nimbin I met a longhaired dude, who was there on holidays as well. I engaged in conversations with him and found out that this guy was Jesus from Nazareth. Better known by his stage name: Jesus Christ. (This was bigger than seeing Elvis, fucking a melon in a supermarket.) Jesus was in a cool mood and gave me a complete interview. Since I know Big Brother is a specialist periodical on religion, I want to offer this journalist stroke of luck for publishing. If you are interested, please let me know.

Kurt J. W. Witte
Mainz, Germany

I am only interested in two things, our Lord Satan and big jagged hunting knives.

—Tracie

Chipmunk Love

This is a positive letter regarding how Big Brother changed my life. The Dumbass that I am, decided to learn about skateboarding from a book in my Jr. High. The book—published in 1973—to impress a girl in my class. I decided upon the trick "the coffin"—down Mt. Mission. The steepest fuckin hill in Bellevue, NE. The "coffin" is this trick, I'd once thought cool—it entailed laying on the board arms crossed in an x over your chest—so here I am in 8th grade 1987 rolling down Mt Mission into a school bus. I crushed my nuts and popularity, the fuckin girl didn't even notice. I've had .um problems getting it up too... until... that is... issue #10, (of this year) the "Do the Dog not the Donkey" article, and now I got that sucka up there. Thankfully. Where can I get a hold of that video. The only setback is I like gettin it from my dog then my bitch. Can ya help me?

Love 'n kisses
M.M. & Lifeguard
Omaha, Nebraska

No. —Tracie



Good Lord

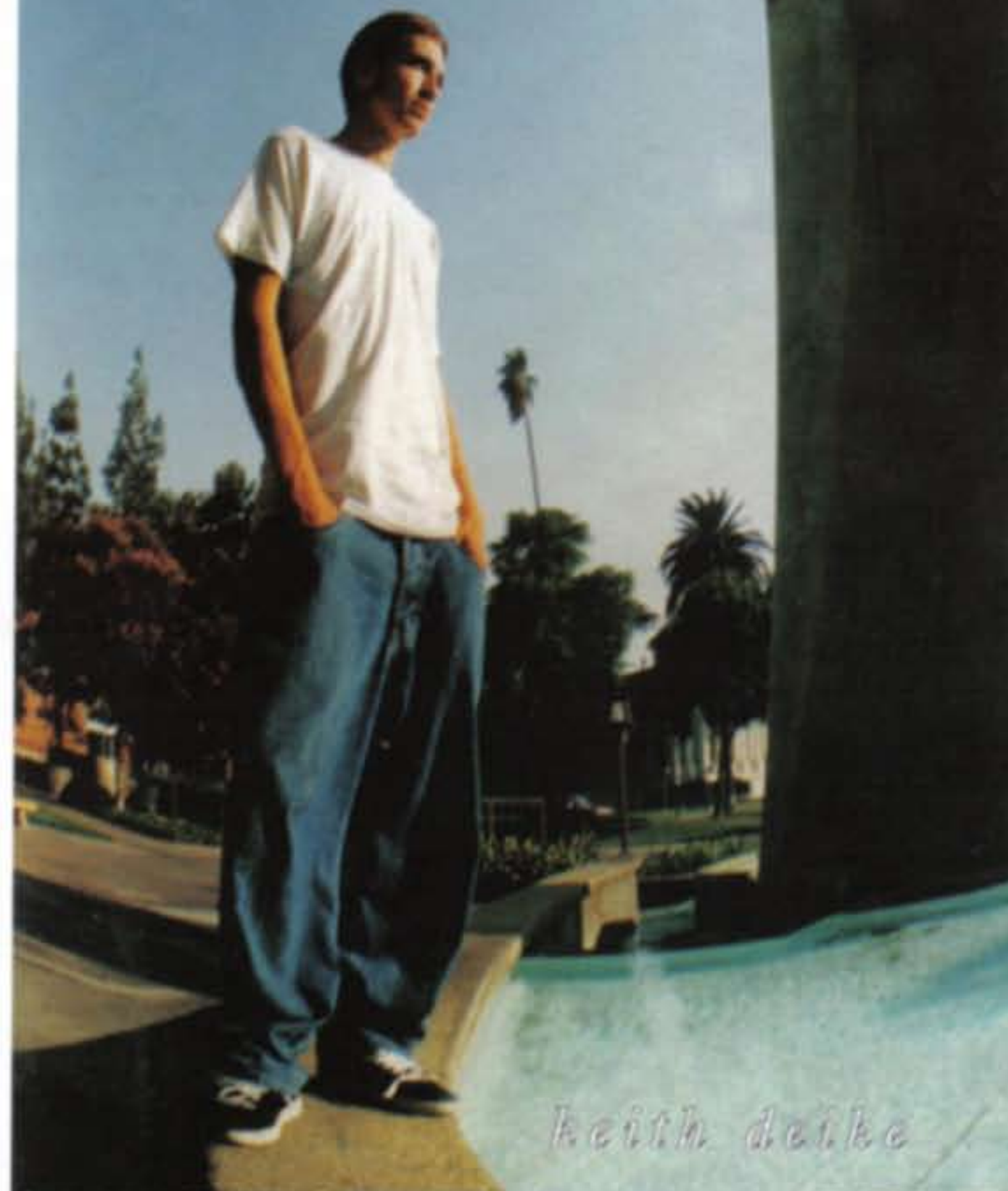
I met this girl in church.

Love,
Pastor Ed
Santa Barbara, CA

Liar, liar, pants on fire. —Tracie



This is Tracie. She'll kick your ass.



Keith Dike



...s/s f/s kickflip

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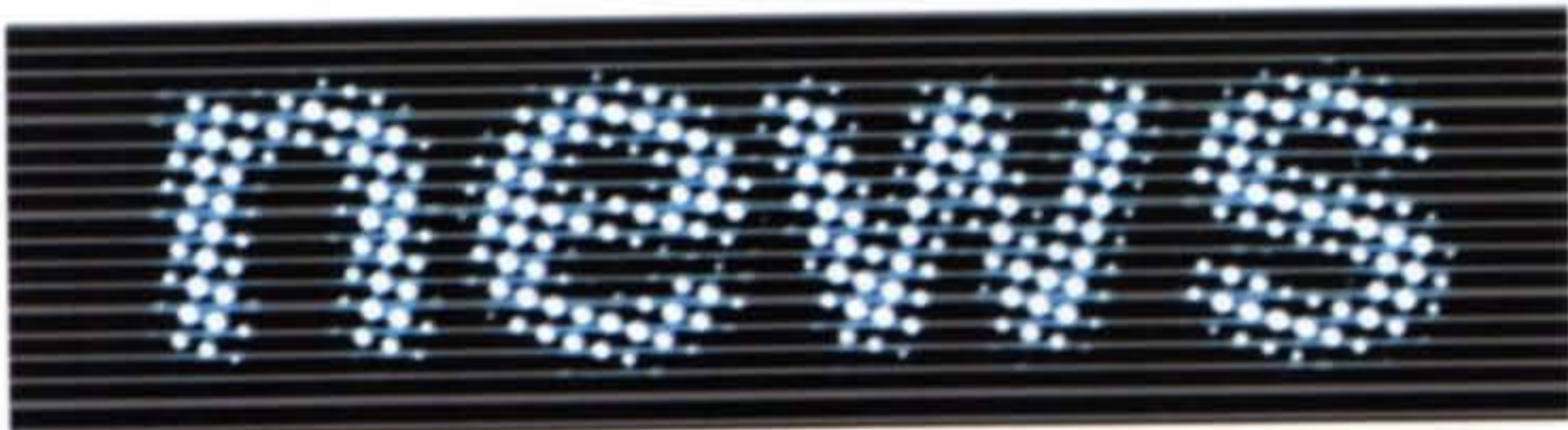
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The 1994 clutch car hereby challenges the Quickies™ GT0 to a quarter mile straight line race. Please contact Big Brother for time and location, the gauntlet has been tossed.

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shark attack

Pat Canale requested to no longer be mentioned in the magazine, but then he went and got attacked by a shark! While hanging out with his foreign friends (our theory being that he speaks so much that they don't really understand everything he's spewing, thus making it easier to tolerate him)



Shark not to scale.

they decided to go and jump off the Venice breakwater, and when Pat leapt off he landed smack on the head of a sand shark. Instantly the little 3' shark proceeded to maul Pat's arms, legs, and back with minute punctures and scratches. When a bloodied Pat emerged from the bacterial waters, a kindly lifeguard treated his wounds and all was well. Although the injuries incurred from the traumatic experience left him unable to skate, Pat turned up at the Courthouse that same weekend, kicking around a soccer ball.



Unknown boner at the last Powell party.

powell and world

Two skateparks in California have closed. First, the Powell facility up in Santa Barbara due to lack of funds, and then the world park in Lawndale 'cause the owner of the property sold the building and needed to repair all the damages within it. This is a considerable loss to California as it's now less one great, legal place to skate, and one great, legal place to tag. However, 2 new parks have just opened up in Huntington Beach and Fresno, and Kosick swears a vert ramp is going up in Costa Mesa.

girl, x-large, acme, and transworld

Joel Patterson was fired for thievery practices from Girl. Apparently his regular duties as team manager and intl. sales must've felt limiting so he began to borrow product from the warehouse to start his own distribution network (even before Rick Howard and Spike decided to leave X-Large and handle their own distribution at a new location in Torrance). This is the second time Joel's been fired for stealing, the first being when he was with Acme. Joel's now employed at Transworld, where with minimal black market demand for magazines, his criminal activities should be greatly diminished.

asr trade show

The big selling point for this year's ASR show was that Rocco was finally coming back after being kicked out 4 years ago, and what a sight it was—a two-story eyesore of lumber created by Fleck that sat like a monolith of shit among all of the other hip, brightly designed booths. Only 4 hours into the opening day though, the booth was declared off-limits by the ASR folks and camped out in by the Samoan security guards after the following series of events: an Etnies mannequin was gaffed and strung up by the rafters, a large amount of water was dispensed on neighboring booths and passersby via \$60 worth of water cannons wielded by Tracie (world sales rep.), Sean Martinez (creeper), and Mark Oblow (height-challenged team manager), and a Nerf football that was hucked into the vert ramp crowd by Jeremy Wray (who quickly disappeared leaving a small guilty-looking Jody Morris to face the 6' 5", 400 lb. heat).



Fleck!



Creeper, gangsta lean, enjoys a minute with Rosa, au natural.



venice psi street contest

This contest was about as successful as Jeffrey Dahmer's battery acid zombie tests, the only difference being that he had the optional pleasure of skullfucking the mess after he was done. All anyone left with from this was confusion and a sunburn. The only real contest that took place was for Carlos, the guy from Venice Street Wear who co-sponsored the event. He got to compete for a life beyond the weekend after he made the mistake of pissing off Jesse Martinez by not allowing him to enter a rider and put up a Venice 1905 banner. As it turned out, Jesse beat him down on Thursday during practice runs, and had most of the pros wearing his Venice 1905 shirts during their runs. The top 5 guys—Omar Hassan, Mike Carroll, Willy Santos, Rick Howard, and Josh Beagle—all won dope black Venice snowboard gear and should look very hard on the slopes this winter.



CSG with CSB—the legacy continues.

thrasher, flip, and foundation

Fausto filed a cease and desist order against Flip for the unauthorized use of the Thrasher logo on their boards. In an unrelated legal move, the lawyers representing the Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love estate filed a cease and desist order against Foundation for their unauthorized use of a board graphic portraying Courtney giving Kurt head. Allegedly, Courtney saw the board in a skate shop window, and although the store was closed she pounded on the door until the owner responded. She then offered him \$100 on the spot if he would open up and sell her the board. He complied. Andy Scott, Flip import pro, took up a manual labor position at Foundation so he could earn some extra cash and stay in the glorious U.S.A., but got canned after a week because of tax problems. Just for the record (mainly 'cause Mark Waters felt slighted) both he and Swank co-own the Goldenrod record label, and they're gonna be releasing a limited edition double 7" with GSD, Frank Hirata, Ray Barbee, and others playing music. By the way, you can't call Ron Cameron at Foundation anymore—he quit! Ron isn't sure what he's doing now.



DIMITRY ELYASHKEVICH

The photo's exciting, but Harold's in here for a boring reason.

news in brief

Harold Hunter is now riding for Experience, Ricky Higgins is skating for Clean, and Clyde Singleton quit his "sponsorship" with Acme (usually when a company turns a skater pro they provide him with boards to ride and a monthly salary, neither of which Clyde was receiving). **October 1 Skateboards** is a new company off of the East Coast with Pete Heffile, Sarif Font, and Ralph Halles as riders. Santa Cruz has swallowed its subsidiary company SMA, and absorbed all of its riders onto the Santa Cruz team. Lang Communications has canceled both Sassy and Dirt, its two publications for uptight young girls and cultured young men. Spike and Andy Jenkins had already quit months prior to the cancellation, but Mark Lewman stayed to the bitter end. We're mildly looking for an intern, so if any of the ex-Sassy employees want to send over a resume we'd be willing to look them over.

art exhibition

For those of you who will be in the New York City area between the dates of November 4-30, the **Alleged Gallery** is hosting a show of Ed Templeton's "hauntingly provocative paintings" entitled "Waiting for the Earth to explode." If you're unfamiliar with Ed's work, his paintings "deal with issues of sex, introspection, the wages of sin, and the fruits of innocence in a very powerful way, yet maintain an unstoppable youthful edge," and "he displays a '90s sensibility towards art and life that may now be exclusive, but is guaranteed to make long-standing waves in the future." Look for polaroids of Ed's cock somewhere on the wall too.

we fucked up—again!

Because skaters are very particular about this stuff, Jerry Fowler and Jahmal Williams weren't kicked off, they heard they were getting kicked off and quit before they actually were. Jerry's now riding for **Foundation** on probational terms. In the **Markovich** interview, Kris wasn't 360 heel flipping, it was one of those 180-varial-inside-hard flips. During a conversation with Natas, Jordan Richter stated that he wasn't in a drug rehab program, so my apologies to him. Now that everything's all better in skateboard land, here's an amusing little story:

Over the past few months all of us here at the magazine have been noticing an increasingly belligerent and confrontational attitude on the part of our previously happy-go-lucky photo editor and advertising cheese, Rick Kosick. Finally, during the making of this issue, the inevitable happened—of Ricky got in a fight. It happened when Rick was out shooting with Mike Vallely and Jerry Fowler, when someone from a passing vehicle yelled out, "Kosick's a fatass!" The truck sped away, leaving Rick fuming, but that wasn't the end of it; Jerry knew where the guy lived. They drove to the guy's house and he wasn't home, but Rick soon found him, along with a truckload of friends, at a nearby stoplight. Rick grabbed one guy out of the car (not knowing if it was even the right one) and proceeded to clobber him, failing, however, to take a few things into consideration. One, he was outnumbered, and two, he forgot to take off his glasses, the last of which he saw (or didn't see), lying in the middle of the street, getting stomped on by the hecklers into a million pieces.



In memoriam to the late glasses of Richard Kosick; special thanks to Tom Campbell, Josh Beagle, Steve Berra, and the Templetons.



"it was dope!"

—danny mayer regarding the road trip in big brother #12

"that's the kind of shit that makes me want to write on walls."

—sean martinez, tagger, on secret nuclear testing in the '80s

"starting new companies is out of style."

—jason dill

"i don't do prophecies, but i'm putting the pieces together and it's scarin' me. it's over."

—rodney mullen ringing his "end of the world" bell about plagues, saddam hussein, and the illuminati

"i felt kinda bad when i acted all fucked up."

—kendra on her blind date with keith hufnagel

"i would never cheat on my wife, but i just love women."

—jim gray after being caught flirting with some young girls

"the magazine wouldn't be shit without me."

—kosick

"i'm really worried about rick. i hope he doesn't really believe what he tells me about himself."

—deanna templeton

"tell kosick he's a piece of shit."

—billy pepper

"tell kosick to quit calling me and acting like he's king of the hill."

—jeremy klein

"you're not a loser if you're having fun"

—dave duncan



Concluding Big Brother's extensive Venice contest coverage—Chris Senn makes large gaps and small babies.



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**mike
vallely
interview**

photos: kosick interview: tremaine



Photo: The last time you may have seen a picture of Mike doing an ollie airwalk, he was a strapping young fashion plate decked out in the infamous Life's A Beach Metal-wear clothing. Roots!

Sequence: Schoolyard flip to 5-0. 10-4, good buddy.



No doubt many skaters will be surprised to see Mike Vallely spilling his guts in *Big Brother*. Almost as surprising might be to find that we didn't ask him a bunch of stupid smart-ass questions. Well actually, we did. The night before leaving for a week long trip to his native Wisconsin, Cliver drafted up a whole page of real zingers. For instance: "Is Henry Rollins a passionate artist?" "Remember running through that graveyard?" and "Do elephants ever forget?" What was really surprising was that at no point during the interview did Mike choose to respond by punching Jeff in the nose.

Are you still a vegan?

No, and I probably never was by some people's definition. But yes, I eat dairy products and wear leather shoes now. I had a pretty strict diet for about two years that I took very seriously, too seriously. It got to the point where my diet and the standards I set for myself were negatively affecting the way I looked at and interacted with others. After a while I didn't feel like I was doing it for me anymore, that I was doing it for my friends or to maintain an image. It was very uncomfortable. After our daughter was born my wife started eating dairy products again and bringing them into the house and I was jealous. So I broke to some extent. But I don't feel bad about it. I feel very secure about myself—more so now than when I was a vegan. The hardest part now is dealing with the people who can't deal with it. I've had people come up to me on tour and hassle me because I'm not vegan anymore, and they give me this guilt trip about how I turned them on to it and how it's changed their lives. And now they see me wearing leather shoes and eating dairy products and they don't know what to do. Should they continue to subscribe to my every move or get their own lives? The answer's obvious.

Are you still a vegetarian then?

I really don't use those words anymore. I'm not a slogan, I'm me. Mike Vallely doesn't and never could eat the flesh of another living creature, that's just part of who I am. I don't feel I need to make a stink about it. When I first came out and said I was vegetarian it was a radical statement; these days it's not, and I don't really care. It's hard to break your own mold, you know? If you don't, you don't grow. My biggest problem in my life was that I've always mistaken my politics for my spirituality. Because I got into vegetarianism, I took that on as my religion. And that's just worldly politics. I know I could never eat meat, at the same time, I pretty much consider dairy products meat, but I'm willing to eat them. So I'm probably one of the biggest walking contradictions there is. I'm a lover and a fighter.

You fight a lot. Does beating ass solve anything?

No, definitely not. But yeah, I've gotten into my share of stupid encounters. I'm a knucklehead. I resort to throwing blows way too often when I could easily walk away. I'm too proud and my foolish earthly pride is gonna be my end one of these days if I don't get it under control. It's obvious violence is a major problem in our society and I feel like shit every time I lower myself and add to the problem. I just don't know what to do with myself sometimes. I explode and lose it. Violence disgusts me, but I'm drawn to it; I use it to express things I know no other way to express. I'm the first person to say fighting is lame, but I'm also the first person to get into a fight.

Have you been in fights with other skaters?

I've come close, I guess. Paulo Diaz, he got real brave with me one day. A long time ago, Julio de la Cruz was talking some shit to Ed Templeton about, "Oh Ed, let's go eat a turkey dinner." Something stupid like that, and Ed can not defend himself, so he just let Julio walk all over him. So when I was in the San Francisco contest last September Julio was

and I said, "Hey Julio, lets go get a turkey dinner, man." And he's like, "What? Oh, I heard you were sick, are you all right?" And I was like, "Yeah, I'm all right. Let's go get a turkey dinner." And he was like, "I don't know what you're talking about." So I just said, "Yeah, you're a pussy, dude." And Paulo Diaz was sitting right next to him and he was laughing, and I go, "What the fuck you laughing at, scarecrow?" That was it. Then one day, I'm skating in LA, and Paulo was with the whole LA crew hanging out, and he comes up to me and goes, "Hey, let's go get a turkey dinner." So I was like, "Dude, you better just sit down." Then he said, "Come on!" So I kicked him in the chest.

Karate kick?

Yeah.

Whoa. What about Henry Sanchez?

That was a recent one in Germany. That was real stupid. I was standing on the course watching everyone, thinking, "Man, there's too many kids out here." And I said to Jim

Thiebaud, "I wouldn't be surprised if there was a fight."

So I go out there, skating, and I come sliding down the handrail, crashing into Henry. And he gets up and goes, "What the fuck, man!" and pushes me. So I pushed him back, and then he pushed me again. So I ripped his shirt off, and I was going to hit him, but then, once I gained control of the situation, I realized what I was about to do and I stopped myself, and it got broken up. I talked to Henry later, and he said in the contest in England I knocked him real hard and I didn't say anything. I told him I didn't know anything about that. Then he goes, "Yeah, remember, your watch got broken." I was like, "Oh yeah. I remember my watch breaking. I didn't know that was you. That was a hard collision, I got up, I didn't see anyone standing around, so I just collected myself and went about my business." And he was like, "Well, you got something out for me." I was like, "Dude, I ain't got nothing out for you. I have respect for you. You're Henry Sanchez."

One time, I choked Jeremy Klein for like thirty seconds until he was on his knees and his eyes were watering and shit.

What for?

He comes up to me and goes, "Do you hate me?" That just pissed me off for some reason. Cause that's so Mark Gonzales. Mark Gonzales always used to say shit like that. To me asking a question like that is like just asking for trouble.

Have you ever had any clashes with Gonz?

Physical? Never. He pranks me.

You mean he would say it to you and it wouldn't get the same reaction as it did with Jeremy?

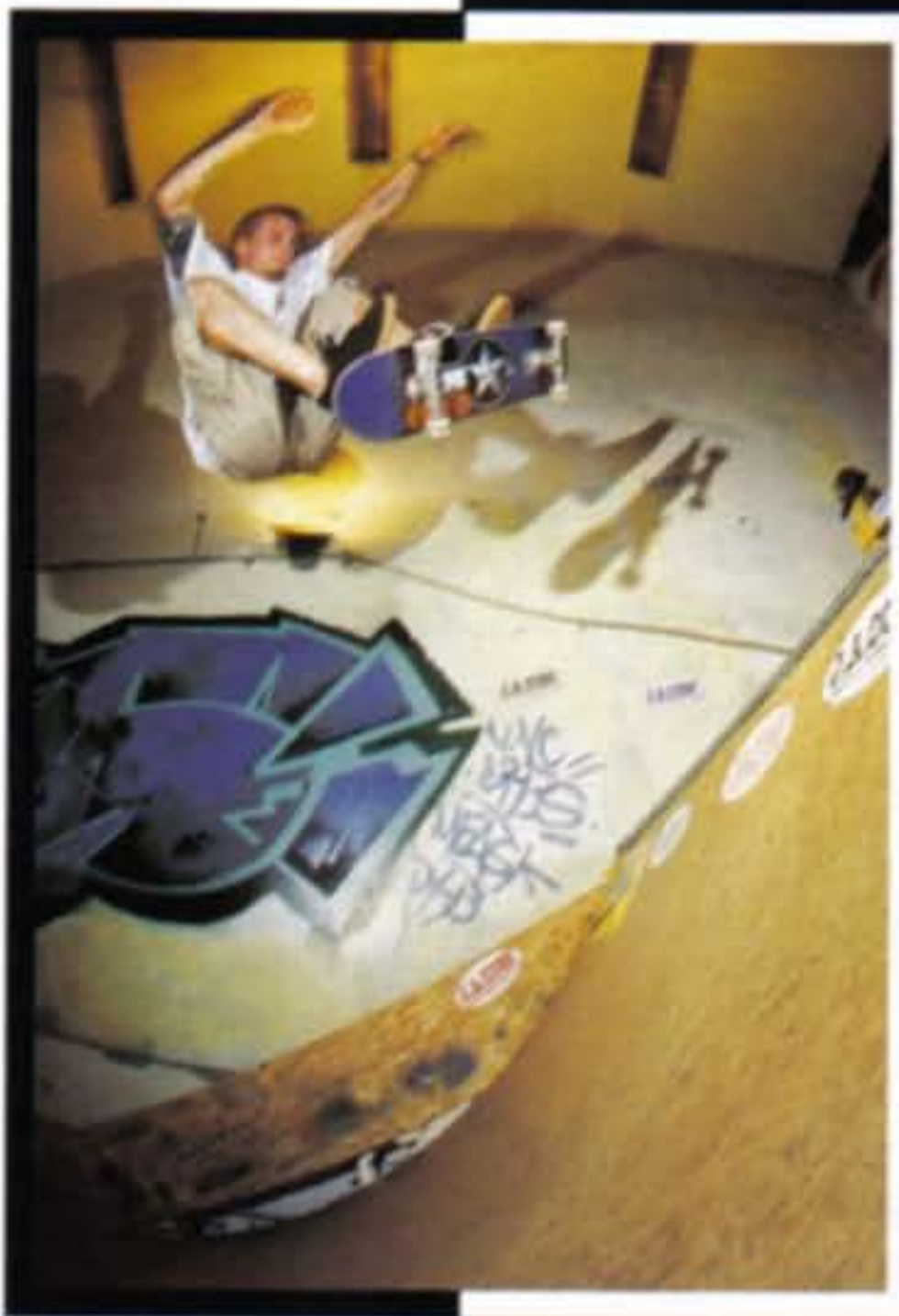
No, cause he's Gonz. It's different. I mean I always got pissed at him, but I can't imagine what getting into a fight with Gonz would be like, he's just such a character. And then a week later, Jordan Richter comes up to me and says the same thing, "Do you hate me?" I said, "Why would I hate you?" "Cause I skate for Rocco." So I said, "Get out of my face, man. Are you Rocco?" "No." Then I told him I was gonna kick his ass, and he started crying.

Have you ever been in a fight with Jordan?

I body checked him in Vancouver. One of the skaters there, Rich Colwell, he was one of our amateurs, he collided with Jordan, and Jordan pushed him on the ground and told him to fuck off. I saw it happen, so I skated all the way around the course and built up all this momentum, then I just got him up against the fence and body-checked him.

And what did he do?

Oh, nothing. Then in Europe there was one more incident I had with him. He was like, looking at me real weird, and I was like, "What the fuck are you looking at? I'll kick your



This is a psychological layout that applies not only to Mike's thoughts, but his tricks as well. Pop shove-it with no gray area.



ass." And he jumped down like he wanted to fight me. But I didn't know that he was in the condition he was in. Everyone's like, "No man, don't kill him! He's tripping on acid! He won't even know you're doing it!" Then later he said something really weird to me. He comes up and goes, "I love you, Mike." I was like, "Yeah man, I love you too, but you gotta be careful." Then he just went crazy, his eyes fuckin' went blank, and he goes, "I have your baby."

Rick Kosick says you're a racist, is that true?

You said I'm a racist, Kosick? Why would you say that? Did I say something about jigaboos or something?

Rick: Something when we were crossing the San Pedro Bridge. You said, "Tell that nigger I want a receipt."

You say some pretty crazy shit too, Kosick. Um, I wouldn't say I'm a racist, but I would say that I am very aware I have certain prejudices.

Have you ever used the phrase, "Nigger work" to describe mundane jobs?

I probably have, yeah. I don't want this to turn into "Mike Vallely is a racist" or "Mike Vallely hates black people," because I don't. Like I said, I'm aware of certain prejudices I have inherited. I'm no different than anyone else.

You've been a pro for a long time. Is it weird now 'cause you're like a separate generation than most of these kids?

Yeah, it is weird. I'm a "veteran" now, and it seems like it was just yesterday I was a new kid on the scene. Being older than most of my peers and being "Mike Vallely" makes it hard. I've never really considered myself to be a part of the "scene." I've always felt alienated by it. I get the feeling sometimes everyone wishes I would just go away. It's hard being me, sometimes I just want to shed the shell and be absorbed by the walls. But I absorb walls and I'm never really comfortable anywhere.

Is that what the "ALIEN" tattoo on your arm all about?

That's the word that sums it for me. That's how I feel. It's not just skateboarding, it's my entire life.

Were you bummed when we wrote that you were a washed up skater?

That was pretty painful. I remember Ed calling me up and telling me, "Hey man, I saw the new Big Brother, it says you're a washed up skater." An he seemed to get excited by that—that he wasn't and I was. Ed's always had this competition with me, and when he saw that I was a washed up skater he couldn't wait to tell me.

What happened to Television?

I guess the main thing was that I realized that I could not keep a business relationship with Ed and still remain friends, so I wanted to end it, end the business relationship. But in doing that it ended the friend relationship, and I guess that was coming. Once Ed moved out and started Toy Machine with Vision, I tried to keep Television going on my own with Jahmal, doing it out of my house, with all my own money, but it had no chance, really. And I didn't feel good about doing it anyway. Ed wasn't there and the team wasn't there that we originally had. It wasn't really Television anymore. At the time I had to cling to it 'cause I didn't really know what I wanted to do.

Are you and Ed still friends?

I'd like to be friends, but when I see him he's a stranger, man. He acts fake to me and bullshits to me. He was my best friend for a long time, and now when he sees me it's like we have no history, you know, and that kinda hurts. When the whole Television thing went down, I told him I wanted to remain friends, so I made an effort. I called him up to go skating and do the things that we usually do together, but he kinda just shined me and stayed away. Then he would call me when he needed stuff, like a videotape I had with a trick with him on it or something like that, and I told him, "Man, you call me when you want something, but you're not calling me to see what's going on or to do something or to be

so I don't want nothing to do with you." I still see him and we talk, but not really. It feels like shit. I hate it.

What's going on now with you and Powell?

Skating for and being involved with Powell for the last year has been rad. I'm really glad to see Powell up and running, and it feels good to know I played a major role in their resurgence. Recently, I've stepped back from being team manager and politician to concentrate more on my personal skating. I'm definitely not ready to hang up my hat. My goal in life right now is to get out a good video part. I want to have an awesome video part to just put the exclamation point on my skate career. I don't think I've reached my potential as a skateboarder. I've never been able to just skate, and be free with my skating and just let it evolve. I feel like I'm at a point in my life where I can accomplish that.

How old are you?
24.

What was holding you back before?

Well I felt like, when I did the Public Domain video for Powell, that was gonna be it. I had my spots lined up, I was pumped and ready to go. Then Stacey Peralta came out to New Jersey to film me, and it was a disaster. We'd go to a spot, he'd film me warming up and say, "OK, let's move on." And I'd say, "Hey man, I haven't done anything here yet," and he'd go, "Don't worry, we've got good footage." I was so intimidated that I couldn't stick up for myself and go, "Hey, man, what the fuck? I want to do this trick. Sit there with your fuckin' camera, and wait, 'cause I'm gonna pull it." People tell me they really like that video part, but I know it's mediocre. Every video since then has been that way.

Do you have any current conflicts with anyone in skateboarding? Any grudges?

I can't really think of anyone that I walk around going, "Man, if I run into this guy..." I heard that Lance Conklin, Scott Conklin, and Bo Turner were supposed to kick my ass because I kicked Lance off Powell.

You kicked Lance Conklin off of Powell?

I suggested it. I just saw that with team that was around the energy was gone. I was trying to get the team pumped up and make them feel good about skating for Powell, but they didn't want to feel good about it, so they were of no use to us. So I guess I kicked him off, but it wasn't for me disliking him, it was me trying to accomplish what was best for the company.

Are you still pissed at Rocco about the ad with Chris Branagh?

Yeah, I'm still pissed about that. But actually I'm not pissed at Rocco—I'm pissed at Transworld for running it. I knew Rocco was going to do something when I left.

Why do you blame Transworld?

Because they refused so many ads in the past of Rocco's and then here comes this ad, a personal attack on my character, and they run it. I felt like no one was looking out for me down there. I don't think the magazines should be a place for personal attacks on anybody. It was really inconsistent, and they knew it too. They could not give me one damn good reason for running that ad except for advertising dollar.

I got a good story about Rocco. A long time ago, I doubt if Rocco would even remember, before I skated for world, I was in the SMA office laying on the ground, eating a bowl of cereal. Natas, Rocco, and my friend Kevin, were there, and something happened and I started laughing, and I spit cereal out all over the place. So then fuckin' Rocco comes up and kicks me in the stomach as hard as he could. He had those big, stupid surfer boots on. So I jumped up, and I pushed him against the wall, and I told him I was going to kick his ass, and he got all scared and started shaking and shit. It was such a weird situation. I was like, "Don't you ever touch me again, Rocco. I'll fuckin' kill you!" And he was just like, "Oh, sorry Mike, I'm sorry. I'm just stressed out." That was years ago. I was just a young punk.



Mike, Emily, and Ann—it's a family affair.



Photo: The world's a mess—12 yr. olds are holding people up at gunpoint, mothers are shoving baseball bats 2 ft. up their children's assholes, and David Koresh's Seven Seals have been revealed—and all Mike Vallely can do is no-comply over a waist high fence.

Sequence: Flip hoppin' over some fuckin' table ain't no wack shit, you know what I'm sayin'?



BACK TO THE CITY

SAN FRANCISCO

by earl parker



With a glint of grim determination in his eyes, Jesse Paez's nollies were picture perfect as he refused to do pee-wee tricks and fall back on the Nor. Cal./San Francisco factor to propel him into the finals.

I enjoyed going to San Francisco's yearly contests, but the following story will tell why this one was the best.

I walked to the fountain, carrying my skateboard. It was about to start. There were all the pros, girls, and food. A grueling preparatory pre-contest freestyle demo was taking place on the fountain's floor, starring Hans Lindgren and Denny Riorden, but the Mutt was rumored to be in the city.

Jeff Hartsel went before anyone was called. He did a gigantic air off the launch, then dragged off the floor. Apparently he had signed up for the contest, but decided against it. Though he couldn't resist showing how good he is.

Frankie Hill tried to ride second. In practice this morning, Frankie did a no-comply so high off the parking block that his knee cracked his chin. Apparently undisturbed by this accident, he chose to begin his run off the judging stand's rooftop, with a caughten kickflip acid drop. But the drop to the bank below was either too far, or Frankie had gone far enough, and both his feet were broken...

The crowd was very disturbed as Frank was stretchered away in obvious pain. Without a doubt, this opening scenario demonstrated the merciless danger of the sport, and made a show of the magnitude of gnarlers we had amongst us on the day.

When Brian Lotti's name was called he approached the same microphone and spoke: "This run is dedicated to Frankie." That statement assured the paying crowd that the attitude of fearlessness was still present.

Brian looked thinner and like his mind was in another universe. He began spinning 180 shove-it after shove-it. Trying to make each one more perfect than the last. When he landed ten in a row he pushed real fast to the 4 ft. jump ramp and did a real high backside 180 kickflip mute grab. Although the trick was unbelievable, Brian's face seemed unnoticed even of its happening. Lotti quit early, leaving the arena thinking: holding hands with a small girlfriend.

The contest officials, I could see, were working to rearrange the skater order. They had to get some-



Jake Phelps, SF!

SECRET

As Frankie Hill was being carted off the course, he reached up, grasped Tom Knox's hand, and whispered, "Kiss the stork," to him right before he passed out. Visibly shaken from the episode, this kickflip was one of the few tricks Tom landed when it came time for his run. It was later heard that Frankie's right leg had to be amputated from the knee down. Photo: Ballard



NORTHERN
SNOW

EVANS

EVANS

EVANS

Bottom left photo: Much to the crowd's amazement, Jeff Hartsel flowed out onto the course and caught his vintage '70's cue in a darkslide across the box. Cool runnings.

Right smack here: Word has it that old freestylers never let their grudges die, and Per Welinder displayed that perfectly when he crept up behind Rodney Mullen and snapped the Mutt's board. Out of the goodness of his Christian heart, Simon Woodstock offered Rodney his board (luckily for Rod it didn't have 6 trucks attached to it or anything—not that it probably would have mattered though) to ride in the finals so he could blow doors with tricks like this ramp-to-ramp 360 flip.

Far right: Billy Pepper boldly threw his 5'2" frame around the course in a pint-sized manner because he moves in mysterious ways.



one tough in there fast.

"Wade Speyer," they announced. He appeared in the arena's corner. Riding a small surfboard he began pushing and pushing until he was going faster than necessary. His tail hit and he rose gradually into the air. Wade leveled off and steered his deck slowly backside. I could not tell where he was headed, before "crack!" He had touched down on a 4 in. curb, balancing on his hind axle. He could have stalled longer but the truck lost its strength and shattered under him. Speyer left the smattered pile on the curb, and was tossed a fresh board. It was obviously not adjusted to his rigid specs, but he fooled his best with it, landing a rare backside 180 no-comply (backside boneless style) off the parking block. When he showed that boneless style, few noticed, but sections of cirrus clouds overhead stirred. Into some southern spells...or dreams left unlivid...

Bill Lee Pepper had been anxious all morning to show off, tic-tacking and kickflipping on the sidelines. I had seen him chuckle when Frankie went down; that's just how he is. Bill looked especially wiry today; his slacks were the perfect bagginess and his shoes were good. Nobody would be copying them, because they couldn't even tell what they were. He did a backside kickflip varial to noseblunt on the quarter pipe. He did all his tricks very punk, without smiling. What a bunch of tricks they were... a 360 on the quarter, a 180 frontside inside varial to backside nosegrind to fakie landed shifty on the marble block, numerous unaccountable flatground tricks, and a ten foot high ollie to tail grab off the launch.

Tom Knox won the practice session landing every trick, but only landed half for his run. He did a slappy, ollie melancholy, and grapefruit grind.

Thomas Campbell had mysteriously made the contest. He was wearing an evergreen felt coat with a feather, and an impressively preserved Bennett Trucks t-shirt of

Results:

1. Rodney Mullen
2. Jesse Neuhaus
3. Chris Senn
4. Mark Gonzales
5. Jesse Paez
6. Bill Lee Pepper
7. Wade Speyer
8. Tom Knox
9. Kareem Campbell
10. Thomas Campbell

in manual, or landing four-wheel square.

Mark Gonzales was glad to go; his theme for this run was sort of a circus show. He avoided obstacles and did many nose wheelies. He did frontside 360 slides and high backside 180 ollies; a frontside nose powerslide switched to a backside nose powerslide. He threw me a glance before he pulled a six second pivot stall to beat

and his feet and legs showed no sign of moving. It was the big one for Neil. Not a single soul made a sound, not even the restless one above(?). The seconds passed... more and more. Some people in the audience looked sad. Nobody knew they had a body; they were just staring. But we didn't know when he started, so we didn't know why. Finally Neil's arms began to move. He fought for every last drop of his crowning glory, grimacing, swinging his arms artistically. When the moment came to land his masterpiece, he glanced down the ramp's face, applied the needed pressure from his toes, and drifted smoothly down the transition successfully fakie.

Still no one in the crowd spoke, though some people moved. Neil ducked from the arena quietly. By now, numerous questions were rummaging in my head: Why did this day's contestants seem to be reaching some new plane of difficulty? Why was there so much emphasis on basic manipulations? And why so many supernatural tricks?

Michigan Lake resident Jesse Neuhaus skated as the final entry in this day's contest. If he didn't climax the event and take first, then another winner would have to be decided. Jesse had a fresh haircut, a nearly black, dark maroon windbreaker, and fitted soft leather gloves. The only one not stunned in disbelief of Neil, Jesse had arrived seconds prior, from a solo jaunt in the SF streets. Warm and ready, he demanded command of the course: He hit the bank with a *ridiculously* stalled indy nosebone, managed a fast ollie layback grind on the block, an ollie christ air over the parking block, a smooth frontside helipop, a 2 ft. high half-cab one foot ollie, a 360 judo air from the launch ramp, and lastly, high above the quarter pipe, a kickflip to beautiful japan grab. Magnificent, every trick was landed on the bolts.

Jesse was announced as first place, and just as some of the crowd began to disperse, a mighty cry was pronounced. Some heard it, some didn't. Anyhow, a mangy ugly beast came bolting down the bank from the judging platform. Heading at a dangerous rate directly at the 4 foot jump ramp. "It's John Grigley,"

many said. And it truly was... He grabbed backside, and launched rotating more than ten feet into the air—insaned in a 540 salute. As he flew he yelled, "Old Texans never die!!!" And with that there came the epic sight ten stories high in heavenly translucence of the mighty Jeff Phillips ravishing the most devastating 360 Texas Bone Out of all time.

And when he landed it and disappeared, everybody looked back down, and there, in a whirlwind of skateboard trickery, was the King of all Kings, Rodney "The Mutt" Mullen, storming all his greatest tricks ever, into a single line for the most magnificent victory-overtake in the history of skateboard contests.

—The End



antiquity. No one knew where he got it. Thomas got quite applause for everything he did: a backside wallride and flicked cool hair, some bitchin' backside tailslides, and a streetplant where he looked like a fancy crane bird while he did it.

Jesse Paez was given the opportunity to go next. He did a 180 slide, then a fakie ollie variat, a backside alley oop chink-chink on the q. pipe.; then pushed real fast and did a five-o powerslide. Jesse didn't want to launch the jump ramp. He relaxed and did a series of g-turns before approaching the ramp at a perfect moderate pace, positioning a pivot fakie and holding his breath. It lasted 4 seconds before he had to ride back the way he came.

Chris Senn invented all the primary gaps and large stuff being done in the arena. He had an eye for this as most of these lines had gone unnoticed until Chris powered jolting ollies over ten and twelve foot areas, landing

me. Then he did a big ollie stalefish on the quarter and shit his pants in the air.

Following Mark's approach to the show was another as clever. Neil Blender wore a collar shirt from an extinct record company. He used the jump ramp as a q. pipe. He backside nosepicked, then switched his stance to frontside pivot fakie in. He did a s/s pivot fakie, s/s frontside hurricane, inside air tap, and a woolly mammoth before a great thunder made vibrations from the heavens. Everyone looked but Neil.

When the thunder disappeared, I and the crowd saw Neil hanging in the clutches of a Guinness-quality pivot fakie stall. His arms hung for balance at low angles, his eyes remained focused in unmeasurable concentration,



tom penny

interview





Above photo: Tom Penny fulfills his Flip requirements by flipping.

Sequence: Clint Eastwood was lucky he wasn't born and raised in England because "A Fistful of Quid" doesn't sound very marketable. F's 180 flip. Huh?

photos: kosick
interview: templeton

Where is England?

In Europe.

Is England big?

No. Not really.

What language do they speak in England?

English.

How many people are in England?

I don't know.

How old is England?

Fuck, this is really bad. Millions of years old.

Are there bears in England?

Bears?!? No.

Do you have a Big Ben?

Do I have one myself? Yeah.

Do you have a large Cockney?

No.

Double decker buses—why?

So you can fit more people on the buses.

Do you own any red coats?

No.

Are they made by London Fog?

This is fucked.

Did Monty Python kill Benny Hill?

No, he was way before Benny Hill.

When is tea time?

4 o'clock.

Cricket anyone?

Okay.

Do you need cable to get the English Channel?

I don't know, we don't even have a TV.

Does god save the Queen?

This is fucked.

Do you love your mummy?

Yes, sure.

Does the sun ever set on the British Empire?

Um.

Is it fun driving on the wrong side of the street?

I don't even drive.

Are you mad you guys lost the revolutionary war?

Yeah. Asshole pricks.

Do you live on Penny Lane?

No I lived on Plantation Road.

Is there a barber on the corner selling photographs?

Um, no.

Did you ever mow Scotland Yard?

No.

Are there English Lesses near the English Moors?

No.

Are English muffins just called muffins in England?

I don't know.

Is London Bridge falling down?

I don't know.

When you play pool do you like to put English on the ball?

Yeah.

Would Sherlock Holmes and Christian Hosoi be friends?

Yeah.





Do you like to skate on cobblestones?
 Yeah.
 There was an American werewolf in London, did you see him there?
 I've never seen him.
 Does English leather come only from English cows?

Yeah.
 How many Druids can fit into a Land Rover?
 5.

Who was London calling?
 I don't know.
 Did you read "The Call of the Wild" by Jack London?

No.
 Did you like *Nightmare on Elm Street* with Robert Englund as Freddy Krueger?

What's that supposed to mean?
 Do you hate Kathy Ireland?

Yeah.
 Do you watch *Mr. Belvedere*?

No.
 Are English people lime-flavored?

Who wrote these?
 Is there panic in the streets of London?

Yeah.
 Do you like all your steaks to be London broil?

Yeah.
 What color are the White Cliffs of Dover?

White.
 Do they have a show like "Cops" in England called "Bobbies"?

No they have one called *The Bill*.

Do you drink a lot of Olde English 40s?
 No, not really.
 Is there a lifeguard on duty at Liverpool?
 No.
 Do bobbies carry harpoons in Wales?

No.
 Is *Moby Dick* the Prince of Wales?
 What? How am I supposed to answer these questions?

Were you a part of the British Invasion?

No.
 Have you read the *Encyclopedia Britannica*?

No.
 Do you like the British Bulldog?

Yeah.
 Do you wear British Knights?

Used to.
 Are there a lot of Engs in England?

What's an "Engs"?
 Is the North Sea north?

I guess so, yeah.
 Do you believe in Stonehenge?

I've been there once. We got thrown out by the police.
 Is Grant Brittain your favorite photographer?

Yeah.



Sequence: Blimey, it's a bloody takie ollie flip! Jolly good show Tom. Cheerio!

Above photo (not the penny): B's 180 dirt clod flip performed by the quaint young British sod.

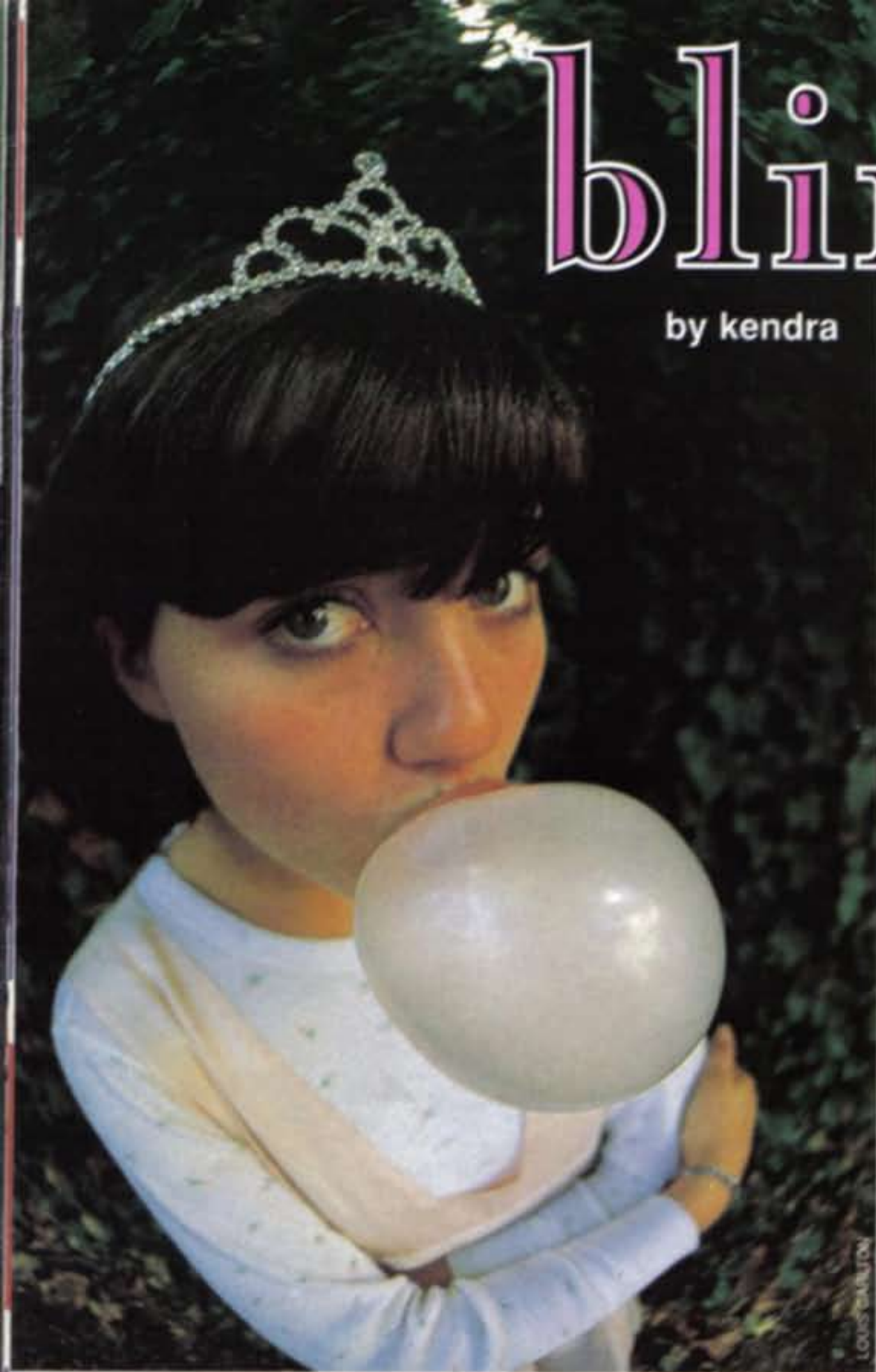
Large photo: If someone would've told Kosick not to shoot Tom until he saw the whites of his eyes, Rick would have never taken this photo! Nollie flip.

-The End



blind date

by kendra



Lately it seemed like pro skaters had begun to grow a bit too comfortable with Big Brother, so we decided to shake things up a bit and infiltrate their private lives. With the assistance and whole-hearted effort of Kendra, we arranged a "blind date" scenario, and systematically went through the ranks of pros until we happened upon an unwitting victim—Keith Hufnagel. Here is the result.

The plan was all set and ready. Keith only had to accept an invitation to go out with a perfect stranger. I told him my name was Phoebe and I was friends with Ethan when he lived in Iowa. I said I was visiting my uncle in San Francisco, and before I left I wanted to take him out. Keith said yes, so I lucked out and got to surprise him with a blind date from a crazy girl called Phoebe, who was actually me equipped with a satin pink dress, an old fashioned pink sweater, a brown wig, and a beauty queen jewel crown like Miss America's. San Francisco gets cold and windy at night, so I threw some thermals on to keep me warm too.

I met him at his house; his roommates were there along with another skateboarder person. They made cracks about my dress, the crown, and my thermals, but all was taken in stride and expected, so it was fun. I got to be silly because it was Phoebe.

Keith and I left the apartment looking for dinner, and we walked to the bus stop. He had no ideas where to go, so instead of taking the bus somewhere, we ate at some pizza place on the corner. During dinner I tried to twitch a lot. I blinked my eyes a lot, real hard like I had a problem, but I'm not sure he noticed. We made plans to

go to North Beach to play video games and then go skate around. All during dinner I had a hard time telling if he was miserable or shy. Keith didn't say much. He has a nice voice though, it's very deep.

We sat and waited for the bus to take us to the video game place. The whole time Keith held strong that nothing would be open and there was nothing to do. He had done a demo that day and was tired, I could tell. Between that and this goofy girl he had on his hands, the guy just wanted to go home.

While we sat and waited for the bus, I pulled out a tape player and played the theme to Star Wars. He thought it was weird, but pretended like it was okay. Keith's nice like that, I think. On the bus, Keith got shy for the camera and hid behind himself while I snapped photos. I felt bad because he genuinely didn't want his picture taken, but I had to. If I didn't, what would you guys have to look at?



Keith tries to look distracted as Phoebe snaps one for the folks back in Iowa City.

At the video place we played pinball and blastem-alien-destroyer games together. He's very good at pinball. I started to feel really self-conscious there, because people were looking at me and making fun of my crown. So be it. I felt more bad for Keith.

With enough video games, we headed back to his apartment. We took a taxi and you should have seen Keith run for that cab. Like a pro. I think that's maybe because he's from New York. I could tell he was going to be too tired to go skating by the time we got home. There wasn't anything else to do really, and as far as the whole Keith and Phoebe thing, it was about to be over. As we got off the elevator on his floor, I told him I wanted to show him something. He stopped and asked me what. I pulled off the wig kind of slow and his face made a weird one—his eyes got big and his mouth opened up a bit. Only a camera could've captured that moment, but it didn't, and it really is too bad because that was the best part of whole night. I put the hair back on before we went inside, and his roommates were there again. In the living room, we watched music videos and Keith excused himself to his room and his roommate Ben followed. I think they were up to some whispering because Ben came back and sat down smiling at me. Then another guy and Ben went into another room, maybe they were kissing, but I think they were whispering also because they both came back smiling.

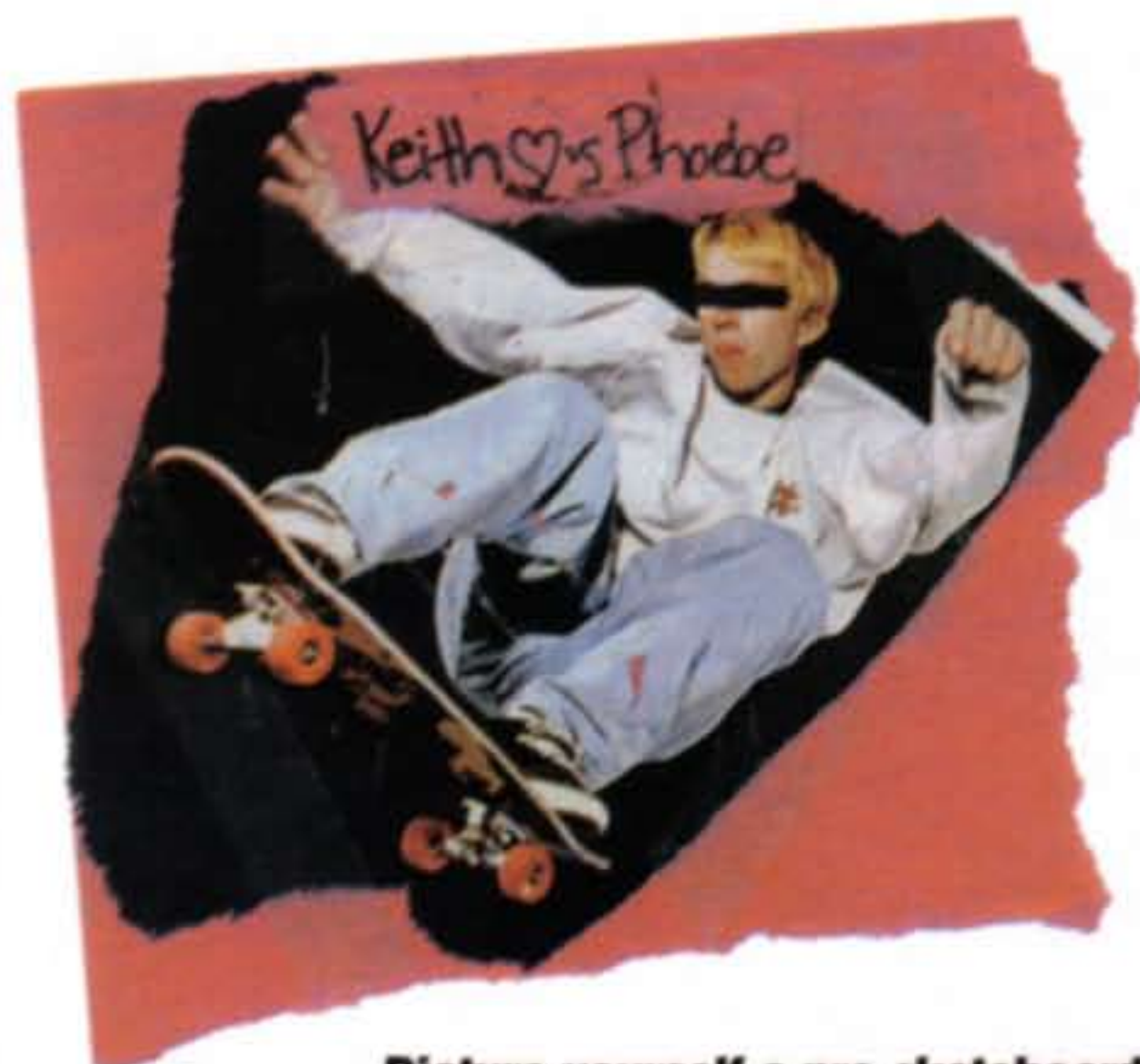




There's some definite chemistry goin' on here.

Keith started cleaning out the refrigerator then because it was smelly. He was throwing slimy black things into the trash, and I took a picture. He wasn't happy that Phoebe was busting out with the camera again. I think he was beginning to lose it. Then he went back to the living room and sat on the couch where I

told Keith I had a surprise for him again. I gave him a little gift I made from a Transworld photo of him. It was all ripped out and slashed up a bit, mounted on construction paper, and had I used a black marker to line out his eyes. I also wrote "Keith loves Phoebe" on it. I pulled it out of my backpack and told him not to be scared. Picture yourself a pro skateboarder. This crazy girl asks you out who you've never met before, and because you kick ass, you say yes. Phoebe the freak from Iowa City shows up wearing a crown, and now she's telling you not to be afraid that she keeps mangled up pictures of you in her backpack. Keith smiled though and asked me if it was for him. I said yeah, he could have that one, and he put it in his pocket.



Picture yourself a pro skateboarder. This crazy girl asks you out who you've never met before, and because you kick ass, you say yes. Phoebe the freak from Iowa City shows up wearing a crown, and now she's telling you not to be afraid that she keeps mangled up pictures of you in her backpack.

After that, Keith went to his room. I knew he wanted me to leave. I told him I would go, and I said goodbye to his roommates. Keith walked me downstairs, and it was funny when I pulled out a knife in the elevator. It was this crazy "I'm going to kill you"/hunting knife. "I figured I'd need protection," I told him. He said, "That's for protection?" and I replied, "Sometimes." Sometimes do I use it for protection, or sometimes does Phoebe kill? Kill, Phoebe, kill.

The evening had been sort of lifeless, but on the same token real wacky, so I just told Keith I had a nice time, and he pointed out where the bus stop was. The bus had stopped running long before though, so I had to take another bus that got me only kind of where I needed to go. From there I skated back to totally killer Tobin's house, and I got a lot of attention from jerkys who'd never seen a babe in a pink dress on a skate before. It was okay though, at least I had my knife.

—The End



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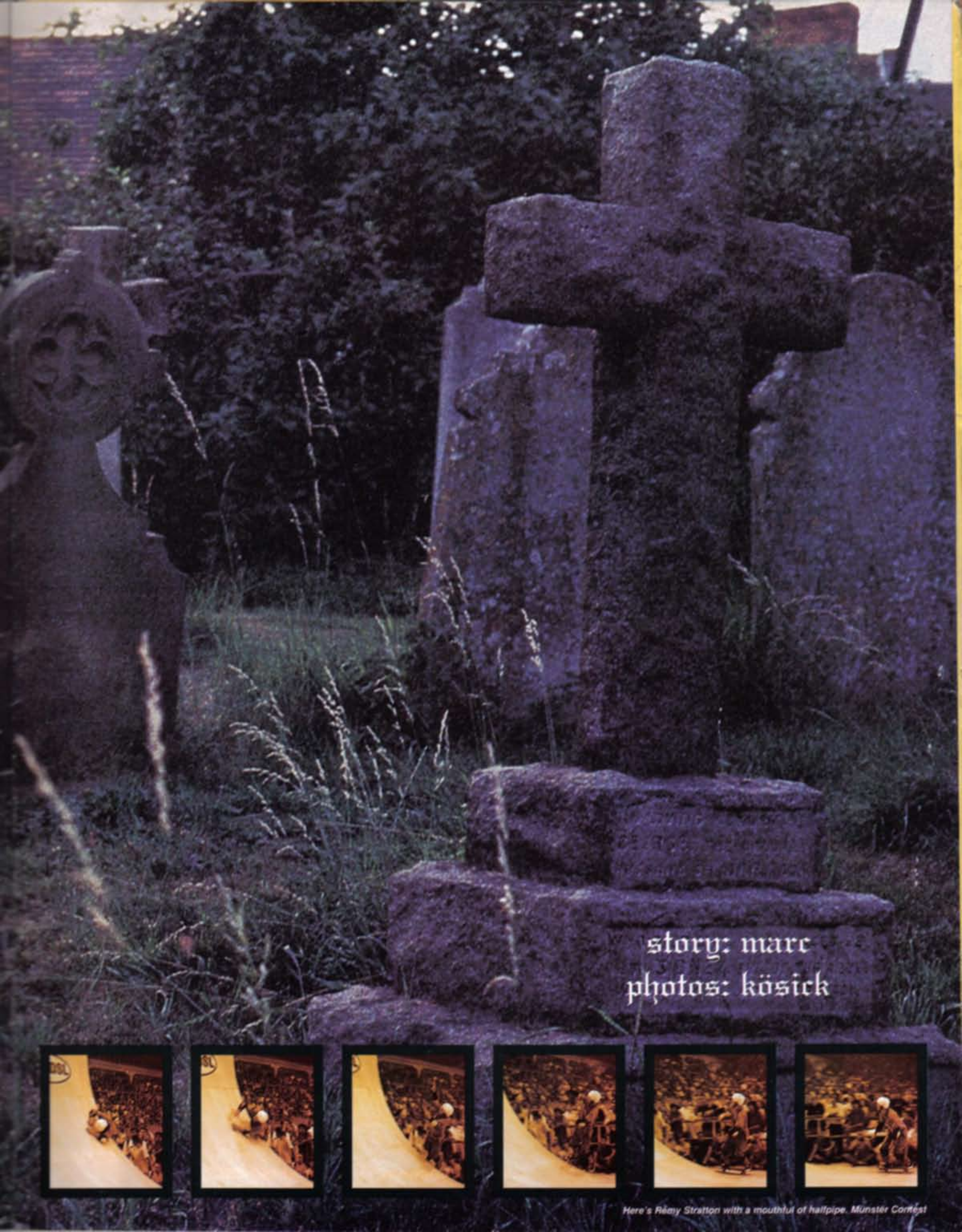
—November, 1994—

Here lies the late
european article.

a chronicle of two contests
and the various shenanigans
of the many skateboarders
fortunate enough to attend.

May its soul forever
rot in hell.





story: marc
photos: kösick



Here's Rémy Stratton with a mouthful of halfpipe. Münster Corrfest



OBLOW



ENGLAND

"Look at that! They're driving on the wrong side of the street!"

—Jason Maxwell

Believe it or not, in England they drive on the left side and the steering wheel is on the left too. They talk funny too and spell "tire" with a "y." They even have completely different words for some things:

America	England
french fries	chips
truck	lorry
trunk	boot
parking lot	carpark
popsicles	lollies
elevator	lift
gas	petrol
tits	bo-bos
cigarettes	fags
fags	kosicks



All right, now I've done it. I called Kosick a fag. I don't really think he's gay. I only put that in because Rick is homophobic and I know this'll really get him steamed. An angry Rick is always a funny sight—



Kosick took this photo —he's heterosexual!

garbage cans get crushed, walls are kicked in, threats are made—it's quite a spectacle. Seriously though, I keep trying to tell Rick there's nothing wrong with being gay and he shouldn't get pissed if someone says this about him. But he won't listen. He even acts like I'm insinuating that he's gay, which I'm not. Then again, if he really was it wouldn't matter. It might even be cool, having the only gay skate photographer for our magazine, kind of a novelty. But that is not the case. I repeat, Rick Kosick is not gay.

THE HAPPY EATER



OBLOW

One of the problems you may run into when you're traveling in a foreign land is adapting to the native cuisine. (I don't know how Ed and Deanna do it with how strict their diet is). The first place we ate was called "Happy Eater," which was the British equivalent of a shitty place to eat. Pork was the chief ingredient of practically every dish on the menu. Fortunately they also offered the ubiquitous veggie-burger. We were jet-lagged and starving, but our "food" was an excruciatingly long time in coming. Oblow was the last to be served. "I am definitely not a Happy Eater," he said. "They should call this place 'Mad sitter.' Look at what they have for a logo—it's a picture of a guy ramming a finger down his throat!"



Check it out, Jesse Paaz kickflips the pyramid at Redlands. Deja vu.



In a flash of brilliance, Markovich nails a 360 flip to fakie during the Northampton Contest.

STUPID GAME

No one had a name for this game and I wouldn't take this much space to describe its rules were it not for the fact that everybody played this game non-stop for the the entire trip.

1. The game starts when you make a sign with your hand, touching your thumb and forefinger together, and get someone to look at it. Then you get to sock 'em in the shoulder. You can say whatever you want to trick them into looking, the only thing is your hand can't be higher than your shoulder.

2. However, if they notice you're holding up the sign and avoid looking directly at it, they can try to stick their forefinger through the hole. Then they get to hit you.

3. On the other hand, if they're too slow, you may grab hold of their finger, and when you do, count as fast as you can (out loud so everyone can hear) until they yank it out. The number you get up to is number of times you get to hit them in the arm.

4. If you're set up to hit somebody you can take fake swings at them to get them to flinch. Each flinch means you get another hit. But if you accidentally make contact they get ten hits on you.



See Ronnie's hands? It means he gets to punch you in the arm.

I made no attempt to join in this game despite Ronnie's getting me to look at his hand about ten million times. I always hated all that "monkeys always look" crap. And what's wrong with flinching anyway? It took millions of years of evolution to develop the instinct to flinch, and I'm not about to unlearn that trait so one day I can have my eye gouged out. —marc



Eric Pupecki pops a heelflip to fakie with the aid of one of the four simple machines, the inclined plane. Newcastle, England.



NORTHAMPTON



Northampton is a provincial town (provincial=hick). This means people fight in bars instead of shooting each other like in America. The first night I was there I was out walking with Neal Hendrix, Deanna and Kosick(!), and we overheard someone say if you wear your backpack on both shoulders you'll be spotted as an American and beaten. That had already happened once that night, so we decided to head back to the hotel. With about one block left to go we rounded a corner to find a teenage boy in front of this taxi dispatch clasp his neck to cover the hole in his throat that was spurting blood. His friend stood next to him, panicking. Lots of people were around, but no one cared to help or call an ambulance. I approached the two, the blood and panic driving my senses wild. I asked what happened in a cop tone. His friend said, "We were walking, when a bloke just came from behind and stabbed his neck with a bottle." I ordered him to take his shirt off and use it to apply steady pressure on the wound. The cut was an uneven slice from his ear to adam's apple via the jugular. Death was almost certain at this point without immediate medical attention. Where was Matt Hensley when you needed him? The wounded boy slumped down against a wall, and in a distracted voice murmured, "I don't want to die." The ambulance arrived ten minutes later.

In writing about these contests (Munster too) I'm going to write about what impressed me, instead of going through everyone's runs. I noticed Chris Senn immediately because he was "destroying" the course. He was doing ollies over the box to grind on the rail,

and the box was very long which proves that Chris is not a wuss (wimp+puss=wuss). Adam McNatt doesn't practice much, but when his run came up it seemed like he practiced all day, doing hard tricks on all of the obstacles, surprising everyone, and making it to the finals. Then in the finals he did disasters on every obstacle, disappointing everyone, but making a funny statement about the overabundance of people landing tricks to disaster on tricks over the long box. However, this may not have been his objective, and therefore I am an idiot. I thought Jaya Bonderov was going to win. The Brazilians were back, and this time they had a plan which was discovered by Eric Koston. It goes like this: there were 30 brazilians on the trip, 4 of wich had a chance in the contest, the other 26 were "decoys" sent to distract the other pros. It worked, and one Brazilian, Rodil jr, spawn of Rodan and friend of godzilla, made the cut. Carl Shipman definitely knew how to do frontside180 ollieflips over the hip better than god. Jeremy wray who is god, but who has had "dodgy" luck in contests thus far, did very good this time. His brother Jonas who is the devil, in between utilizing his knack for getting in trouble, also skated well. "P.I.B." (person in black—Alan Petersen) was doing huge backside ollies that scare you because it looks like he's going to eat shit before he pulls it. Karma T. skated first in the contest and completely ruled, but got rooked out of the cut. Tom Penny skated extremely well at a place I'm sure he's skated before (because I see 411, dammit). Kareem Campbell was getting pissed at all of the skaters on the course and was about to kill some security guards. Rudy Johnson impressed me; his run was amazing. His teammate, Mike Carroll did sick nollieflips over the jump-to-jump. Chico danced when his bros did well.

Mike Santarossa who is in control of obstacle courses (Powell paid off) skated like a one legged cat hiding turds on a frozen pond. Trick to trick to trick with no setup, no axle stall, no wuss-out. He won with ease; his runs were exciting and made everyone scream at every pulled trick, especially the switch 360 flip over the pyramid. I like Mike. He was not stoned during his runs, and he was freshly shaved. Markovich and Oblow had boners! His next ad is gonna say, "Yo! This is Mike Santarossa, now why don't you buy me a fuggin' calzone!"

Neal Hendrix always gives me these wussy stories about being old and then he goes out and stomps the vert contest with "low" airs to "soft" disasters and "small" 360 backside airs. You're right Neal, you suck, and if a frog had wings it wouldn't bump his ass on the ground when it hopped. He won. Both winners of these contests, Mike and Neal, are from Costa Mesa, California. So, if you're dope you can say, "Costa Mesa represent!"

I heard that that guy got stabbed because he was gay. Some people think he deserved it then. Fuck you. On my taxi ride home the driver said that there was a murder and he had to be questioned. I felt strange being one of the last people to see him alive. In the morning someone asked the hotel clerk about the murder, and he produced a newspaper with a story about it saying the boy lived.—ed



Bryce snakes Rick for a closer shot of one of Neal's "low" frontside airs.

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For Rob Dyrdek, every day without seeing Kosick naked is a good day.

✠ ROMFORD ✠ SKATEPARK

After the demo in Romford skate park we spent our last night in the U.K. in the tiny hamlet of Thaxted. Darrin said he'd been there once on a class trip to see what England was like back in Shakespearean times. As usual we settled into the hotel bar where they had a yard long musket-shaped glass hanging on the wall—a Shakespearean beer bong. The bartender gladly took it down and filled it for Markovich who made a good effort,



A vending machine in the hotel lobby sold whiskey, wine and beer(!).

gulping over two thirds. Then it was Kosick's turn; he told me he wanted to "rage" when he got to Europe, and now was his chance. The rest of the bar had gathered round and everybody's hopes were high. They obviously didn't know Kosick. He didn't even get the thing up level with ground, and half spilled down his shirt.—marc



Markovich



Markovich lofts a billig frontside over the Romford crater. He's no tea-drinker.



MUNSTER®

The townsfolk of Munster (pronounced moon-ster) hate skaters, and rightly so. Every year during the contest the streets look like shit because these losers that get money for doing what they would be doing anyway come to their town and wreck it. This year was no exception. Matt Rodriguez and Shawn Mandoli both got arrested for throwing stuff out of hotel windows (600 marks each for bail). Ron Bertino got arrested for apparently no reason at all. Jose Cerda kept me up one night creating horrible ruckus by being drunk and doing crazy stuff on a stolen bike.



We stayed at the Hotel Corti which was labeled "the party hotel" because everyone hangs out in front all night drinking, smoking, and breaking stuff. The pros also have product tossed out the windows onto the street below. When a crowd gathers waiting for goodies, someone holds out a shirt and dangles it like bait, and everyone screams. Then the thrower acts like he's about to throw it and a bucket of water comes splashing down. Before long other things were being tossed out—water balloons, wet towels, flower pots, and innocent passersby were being victimized. But who cares? It's a contest and we came to destroy.

Kids from all over Europe come to this event, and Titus, the organizer of the contest, always opens up a large hall so the tons of traveling skaters can have a place to sleep—just bring your own sleeping bag and hold on to your stuff. One kid told me in his thick German accent that the hall was horrible for sleeping because everyone talks all night. But he also said it's worth it to watch the best in the business skate for three days on a wooden course crashing into each other and getting pissed.

During practice there were at least one hundred and seventy people on the course. Next year I hear they're having a pre-contest for the European pros so that the contest isn't so bogged down. At first it seemed as though no one was landing anything, but then people started to pull stuff.

Fred Gall is Alien Workshop's new pro. He has longer than average hair and was quite beautiful with nollie to 50-50's on the big rail, and switch stance backside 50-50's too which are very hard. 360 flips were performed down the 7 steps by Pat Duffy and Jonas Wray. Mike Carroll had a perfect run in qualifying, pulling every trick with no apparent plan. Ron Bertino did hard ass runs. Kris Markovich dominated qualifying with a near-perfect run, including an ollieflip to 50-50 down the 7 steps ledge. The sold out arena went wild, and he qualified in first. I want to point out here that Willy Santos could win every contest if he would just try easier runs, but he doesn't compromise and that's clutch (jock for rad).

Ryan Monihan of H-street fame was the announcer. Dave Duncan who was a judge tried to beat him up because he said that Chet Thomas got ripped off. Five other near fights happened. Three of them involving Mike Vallely (against Henry Sanchez, Titus, and Jordan Richter), and two of them involving Kareem (against a Brazilian guy, and then against the entire crowd in a near riot). The only real fight involved Kris Markovich and some shit talkers. I heard he was being hunted.



FINALS

Chris Senn transferred from the vert ramp to the bank in the street course and everyone seemed to enjoy that. They called my name and I dropped in—I qualified first and knew I had to stay on, but I fell. I watched the other skaters' runs. Willy did great. Rick Howard showed his skill by doing an ollie up the big platform to nose wheelie. Jason Lee skated with an overabundance of style. Mako Urabe did no-bails runs. Berra k-grinded the rail. Suddenly I hear grind core blaring and it's Wade Speyer skating mach-Julien and wrecking the course. Wade got second place. Which brings me to wunderkind Ethan Fowler, world champion at 16 without even trying. Freshly moved from Iowa to San Francisco and freshly moved from Toy Machine to Stereo. You may hear the dagger twisting in my side, but I am stoked because Ethan does what is right for Ethan. They called his name and surprised to hear it himself he gets up to take his run. Loose and nonchalant, skating and having fun. Backside lipslides on the big rail every try. 360 flips over the hip, catching them high and sideways. First place and 3000 deutsch marks go to him and to everyone's beer that night.

Oh yeah, I just remembered that in Northampton Brian Howard was awesome on the vert ramp and Pat Duffy did a frontside 180 to fakie pivot grind across the "short" box. But that was a week ago. Good. Bye. —ed



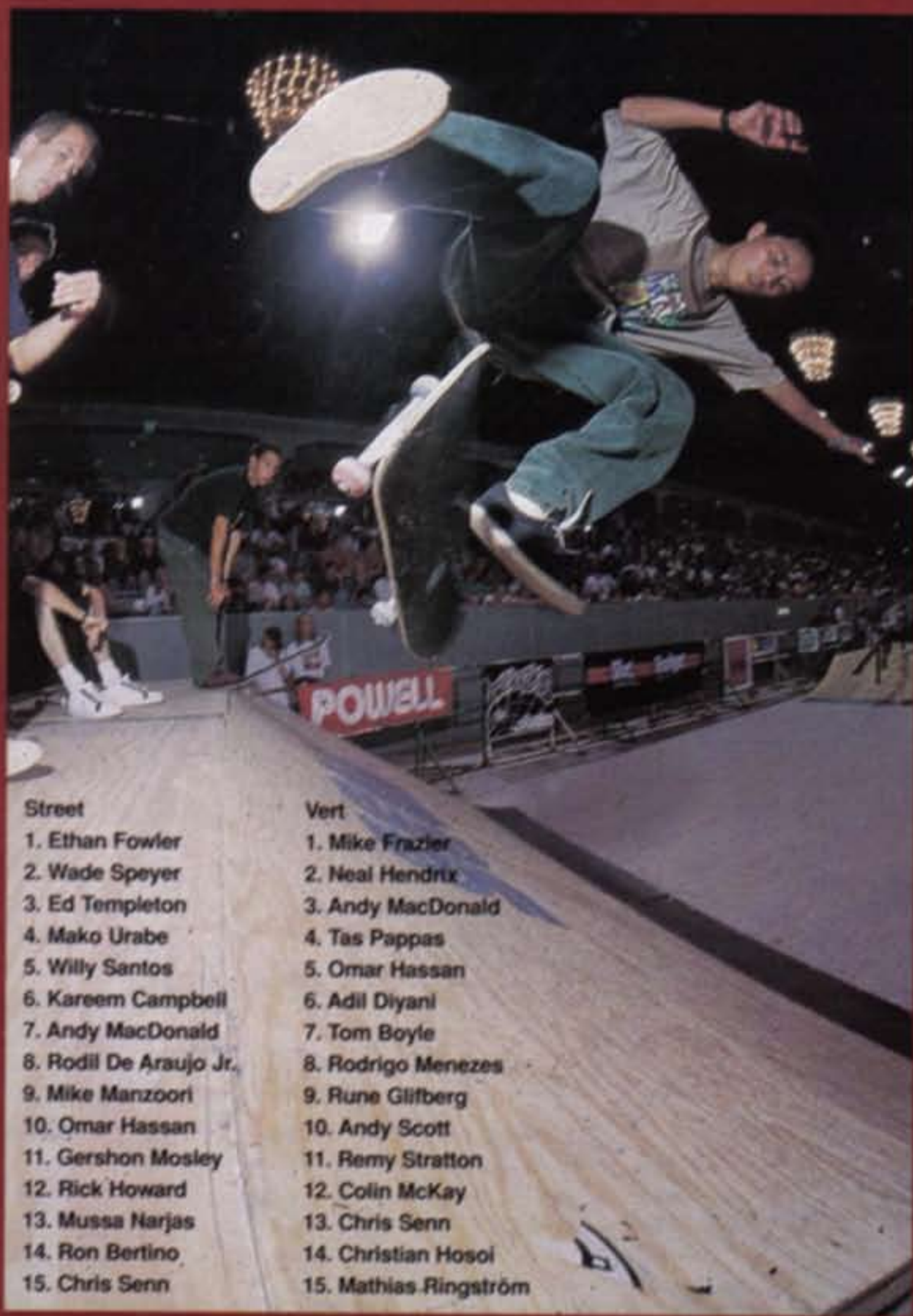
Remy's Stalefishes were this big.



Andy MacDonald doesn't have a farm, only fat fakie heelflip variial indy grabs, e-i-e-i-o.



Ron Bertino, nollie kickflip. Made you look.



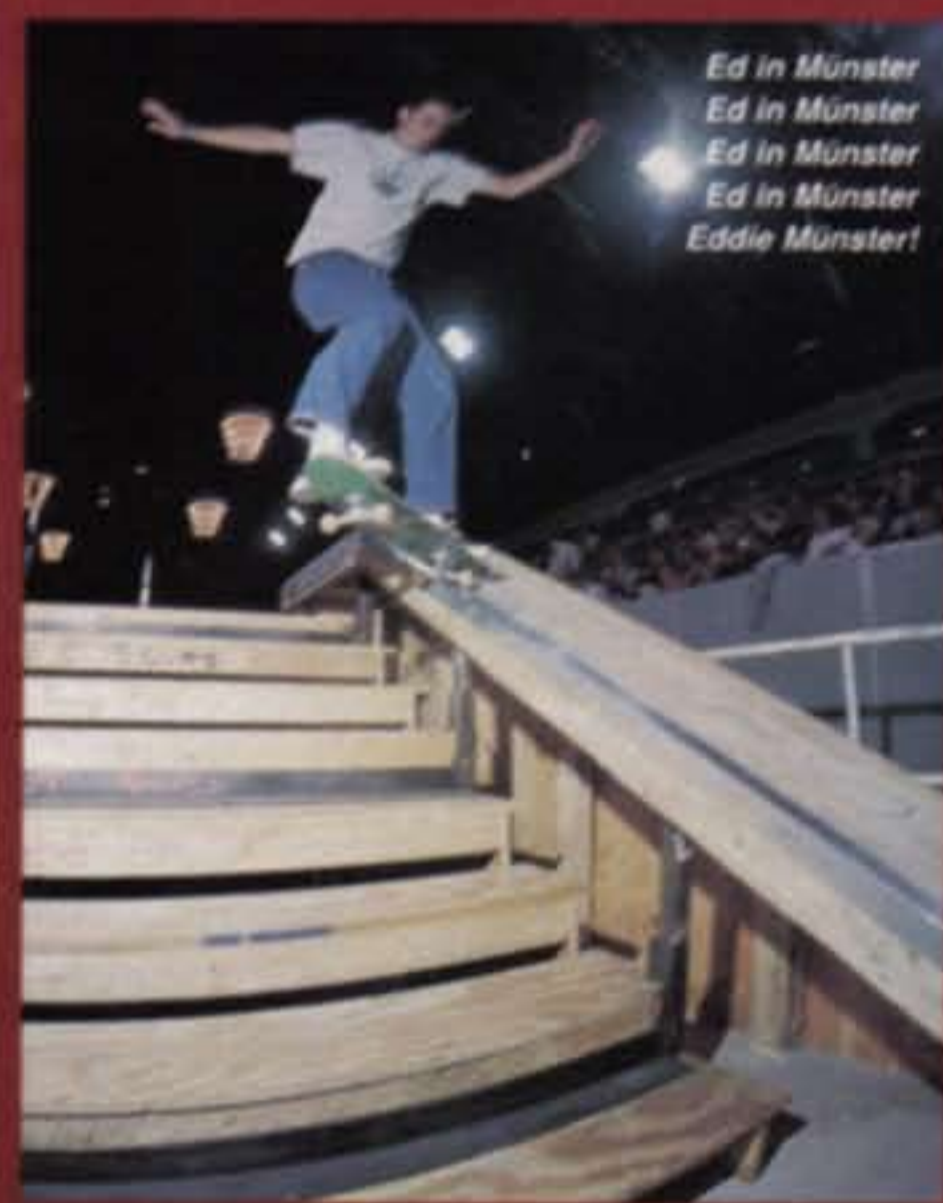
Street

1. Ethan Fowler
2. Wade Speyer
3. Ed Templeton
4. Mako Urabe
5. Willy Santos
6. Kareem Campbell
7. Andy MacDonald
8. Rodil De Araujo Jr.
9. Mike Manzoori
10. Omar Hassan
11. Gershon Mosley
12. Rick Howard
13. Mussa Narjas
14. Ron Bertino
15. Chris Senn

Vert

1. Mike Frazier
2. Neal Hendrix
3. Andy MacDonald
4. Tas Pappas
5. Omar Hassan
6. Adil Diyani
7. Tom Boyle
8. Rodrigo Menezes
9. Rune Gllifberg
10. Andy Scott
11. Remy Stratton
12. Colin McKay
13. Chris Senn
14. Christian Hosoi
15. Mathias Ringström

Willy's flip at Munster wasn't nearly as impressive as when Willy the whale jumped the jetty.



Ed in Münster
Ed in Münster
Ed in Münster
Ed in Münster
Eddie Münster!

DUCK FRIED RICE

a one act play (based on a true story)

Mark Oblow, Natas and several other skaters are seated at a table in a German restaurant. Rick Kosick enters and sits down to join them at dinner. He is *very* hungry, and they have already ordered and been served.

Rick: (To Natas and Oblow) That looks good. What'd you order?

Oblow: "Duck fried rice."

The waiter comes over to take Rick's order.

Waiter: May I take your order?

Rick: Yes, I'll have the duck fried rice.

Waiter: Excuse me?

Rick: The duck fried rice.

Waiter: What?

Rick: The duck fried rice, The duck fried rice!

Waiter: We don't have any duck fried rice.

Rick: Yes you do. (points to Oblow's and Natas's plates)

It's what they're having!

Waiter: "You mean *chicken* fried rice."

(Everyone laughs derisively)

Rick: Fuck you guys!!! Oblow, you're the main reason that everything's been fucked up on this trip so far. It was your fault Henry almost got beat up at that gas station! You wouldn't stop staring at that guy's friend!!!

(Everyone is still laughing)

Oblow: Seriously, Rick, who ever heard of duck fried rice?

Rick, believing there is such a thing as duck fried rice, sets out on a lifelong quest to find it. The end.



AMSTERDAM

"First thing I'm doin' is scoring me some big fat rhino buds that look like dicks!"—everyone.

Amsterdam was created for U.S. pros—legal hookers and legal drugs. The red light district is a scummy place where people pick your pocket, everyone you see is selling drugs, and you don't want to touch anything out of fear of disease. We walked in a group, some reluctant others eager, everyone curious. Cross the tracks, a left here, now a right, slowly things start closing in—that smell, a seedy burger joint, shifty-eyed swarthy men in leather jackets, drunk jocks. A window display shows raw close-ups of girls with dog penises in their mouths; other photos show people smiling while other people try to piss into their teeth. Three men crowd outside a large window. On the other side is a woman in a bra and panties; she's dancing, trying to lure one of the men into her door. Prostitution is legal here. All you need is a room with a window/door, your license and current AIDS test posted, and I suppose a pimp or boss to help if there's trouble.

We took a cab out of there, and the driver took off careening down narrow streets filled with people. I asked him if he had ever hit anyone, and he said, "Yes, of course." I asked if any of them got hurt. He replied, "Do you think it hurts getting run over by a car?" —ed



WEED MUSEUM



The growing room

Before the trip J.T. gave me the run down of all the places to hit in Amsterdam—the best coffee shops, nightclubs, where to stay, etc. But, once I found myself standing there, stoned, the only thing I could remember him telling me about was the Marijuana/Hash Museum that they always advertise on the back cover of *High Times*. Inside I found a bunch of typically stale museum-style displays informing me that weed can save the rainforest and cure cancer. Also, the leaf of the marijuana plant can have anywhere from five to eleven points. Fascinating.

—marc



The nice people at the Marijuana Museum let me take a complimentary toke of some really potent stuff they call "Northern Lights."

EPILOGUE



The photo to the left sums up nicely the problem I had with this trip. It's a shot of Cologne Cathedral taken from aboard the train as we whizzed by on our way from Munster to Frankfurt. You see, it was just a

little frustrating that this brief glimpse was all I got to see of this fuckin' amazing creation after spending day after boring day sitting around for hours watching skateboarding.

Uh, actually there wasn't really anything stopping me from striking out on my own at any time, except that I was a pussy. But let me tell you, if it was up to me, instead of going to all those ramps and contests and cement parks, our trip would have been devoted solely to an extensive survey of all of Europe's major gothic cathedrals. We would begin in Salisbury and Durham, then make our way across the channel to Amiens, Chartres, Notre dame, Reims, and Rouen, then perhaps over to Milan before finally culminating in Cologne in all its majesty!



Tuesday, August 9, we're standing in Frankfurt Airport in the baggage check-in line. A familiar feeling made even more familiar by the fact that, once again, Jason Dill is without his passport. The only difference is this time I don't think his sister will be bringing it from home in time for the flight. Natas was there though, and he knew it was his responsibility as team manager to take care of his teamriders. Unfortunately for Jason, that meant making sure Adam and Gino made it home safely.

Mako Urabe



Rick Howard



Adil Diyani backside 360 indy air. Der regenmantel Bleistift!



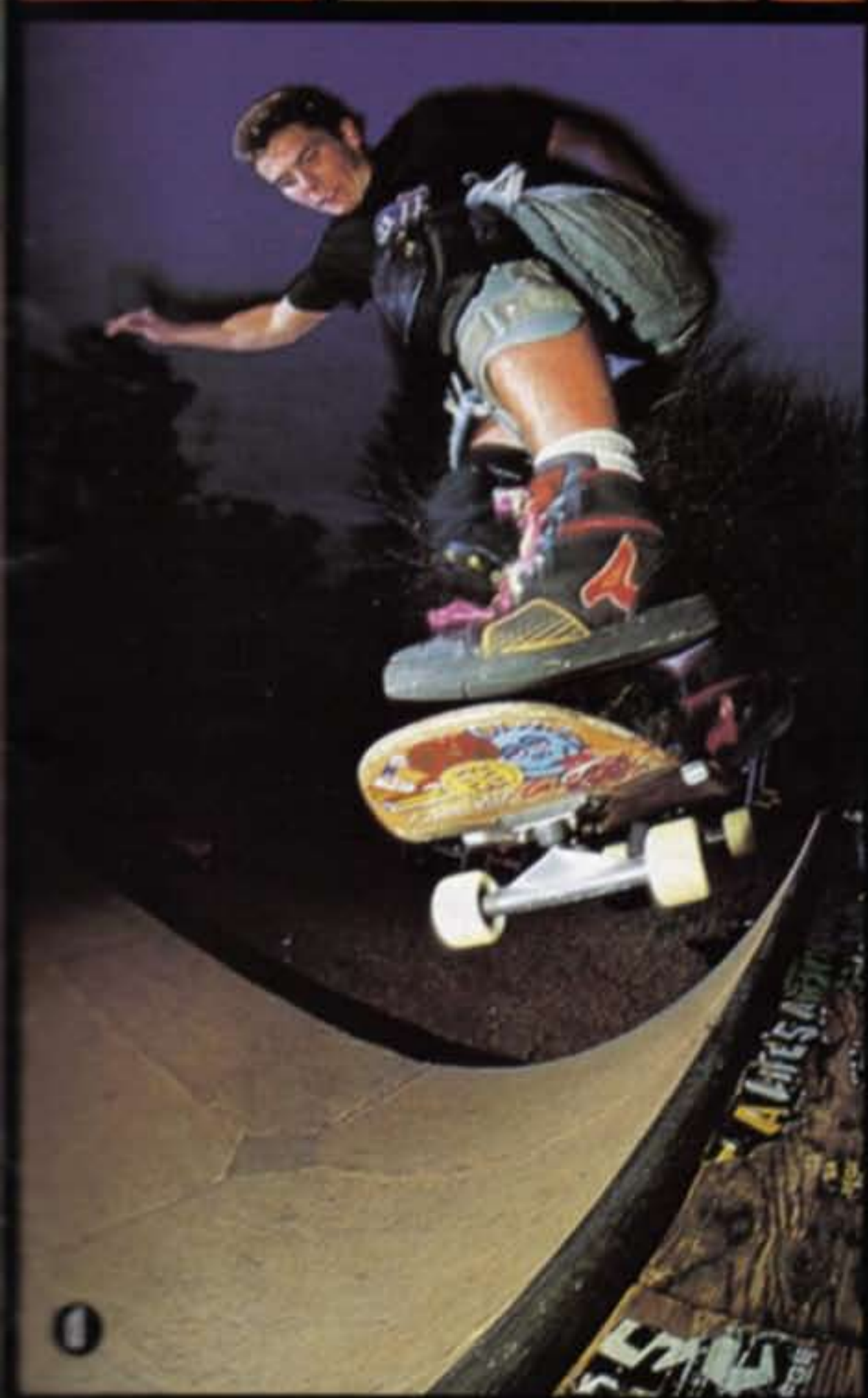
Omar Hassan airs to fakie over the channel at the world renowned Münster bowl. Fuck umlauts.



"I had all these old photos of Simon that were just too good to throw away. Can we just run them?" —Mike Ballard

SIMON WOODSTOCK





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a.) A creator in his own right with his own style, Simon carves one more out for mankind with a nod to Fred Flintstone. (1994)

b.) If Simon had stuck it out with the round ball, he'd probably be a halftime side show act for the Golden State Warriors with an ass that would give Barkley a run for his money. Steve Keenan used to be known for his extremely large afro. (1979)

c.) Oh shit! Simon passes time and wind on the rolling crapper while reading Jonathan Livingston Seagull. (1993)

d.) Goddamn did Airwalk make some silly-ass skate shoes in the late '80s, but with Simon hard at work behind the sponsorship wheel, watch out for the Clown™ shoe in '95. (1987)

e.) As seen in this clip from *Skating in the Rain*, Simon had everything and more goin' on back before the Great Diet of 1990. (1990)

f.) "Bro, Thunder doesn't give ads to unknowns."—Shrewgy to Simon. Another rejected photo. (1989)

g.) From the glory days of zines came Lard with Simon's ever present appearances. Never a dull moment. (1990)

h.) Over the hill from Sonic lies their arch rival Consolidated skateboards—a top security operation where no one is allowed access, even teamriders. Undaunted by their presence, Simon yanks this 360 hickflip with a fuck y'all flair. (1994)

i.) Simon obtained this costume from Brent Callahan who uses such props while being the front man and vocalist for the Diesel Queens. He's the guy who gave Simon his first clown suit and was responsible for teaching him how to sille. Historical note: This photo was to be used for the cover of the last issue of *Poweredge* that never went to press. (1991)

j.) When this ad ran in movie theaters around the San Jose area in 1985, Simon's parents had no idea who Steve Keenan was. They still don't.

k.) Leaving the bowl-cut back in the pre-puberty dust, Simon grew his hair long to attract chicks—a popular rumor kept alive in Orange County to this very day. Disclaimer on Simon's behalf: He didn't want me to shoot these photos of him modeling his fine self, but I needed the practice. (1991)

l.) I showed this photo to Simon the other day and he said "I can't believe I was ever that fat! I don't see why my knees didn't buckle when I did that blunt slide." That's 250 lbs. of hardcore pressure kids. (1989)

m.) Once he oiled this can Simon's 101 shirt burst into flames, so he joined Salman Agah in receiving the Lord into their hearts and lives during the Great Rebirth of San Jose skaters in 1992. Praise the Lord!

n.) Simon should've been busy filming a new technical sequence but instead the fool ran off in love and got married. A prenuptial tandem fakie rock by the newlyweds, Lisa and Simon. (1994)

o.) Here's the photo Simon's gonna kill me for, but I need money. You see, Simon doesn't like his prototypes to be photographed on their test runs until they're completely ready. Note: That's Brent Callahan on the assist. (1994)

0







Yellow photo: Drake Jones blasts his afro down a big six on a brisk SF right. Yeah Tobin, look at those windows—Hoo-hoo!

Left sequence: Since this guy's name is Gideon, I'm trying to write a clever caption linking his name to the bible, but I can't think of anything. Nollie b's 180 heelflip. Jesus.



Green photo: Well it certainly is nice to see Jerry Fowler finally riding one of his sponsor's boards as he hits this rail on Century Blvd. Historical note: this was the first handrail to be slid by Rodney Mullen at the tender age of 26.

Right sequence: Clyde "The Glide" Singleton hammers a 1's hardflip in the heart of white pride USA, Orange County.



THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD

By Greg E. Boy

Ben Carr has the best job in the world. His sole purpose in life is to entertain the crowd, like a court jester, at the Mighty Mighty Bosstones shows. Ben the Bosstone bounces back and forth like a Mexican jumping bean. He works in style—plaid suits from head to toe. He has no guitar, bass, or horn to hide behind. As a matter of fact he doesn't know how to play any instruments. Like the twelfth man in football, Ben is there to amp the band as much as the crowd. But there's a lot of pressure on Ben.

"Towards the end of the tour when everyone is tired and wants to go home they're like 'It's all on you Ben.'" Of course, he doesn't have to go to the sound check. He can sleep all day.

HOW DID YOU SCAM SUCH A JOB?

"I'm just their friend. I was just hangin', went to every practice, was their roadie, and dressed up with them. Then one day Dicky (lead singer) said 'Hey, you know all the words to these songs just come up here and help me get through a chorus'...and I never left."

SO YOU DON'T PLAY ANY INSTRUMENTS OR ANYTHING?

"No, I wish I did learn...cuz now I'm 26 and I can't be a dancer my whole life. I would like to move on."

GET A JOB ON THE MADONNA TOUR?

(He pauses real long) Yea, so I try to find time in my schedule to learn something.

LEARN ANYTHING YET?

"To try not to drink so much. There's always free beer in front of you every night so it's hard to get away from it. I do my fair share."

THE MURPHY'S LAW BOYS SAID YOU GUYS COULD DRINK.

"Oh! They lie! What are they talking about. They taught us everything we know. Like we'd be totally trashed at 4 in the morning going to the hotel and they'd go 'Alright this is what you do. Eat a turkey club, drink 8 glasses of water, and don't piss before you go to bed. You won't wake up with a hangover.' So we did just that. We'd drink and drink and drink and then eat a turkey club, drink 8 glasses, not piss, and wake up like 'Alright! I feel better!' and start drinking again."



Man, how Foundation does this spread look? Keith Deike pointer grinds in our dazzling Fisher Price® layout.



While Jim Gray manufactures cheap complete skateboards to sell in Toys R Us and Kay Bee toy stores under the G&S brand name, Richard Angelides does his last b's tailslide to fakie at Powell.

Captain's Corner

Hey stoners! It's been a while since the last Captain's Corner, but that's not to say I haven't been busy. Since my last article, I've played several "big" shows around L.A. with my band, Sinister Buzz. These gigs smashed attendance records* and set new standards for backstage antics! Also, I've been on the search for a new bong to introduce here in the corner. Last time, I brought you "Thunderdome," a motorized bong which is pretty tough to

beat, but if you don't have a source of electricity you are fucked. So this time for your amusement, I would like to present a recent addition to my collection: "Oblivion." This instrument of stone has a special high-speed carburetor feature that puts the smoke in your lungs before it has a chance to get stale. This special high-speed carb feature is due to the two carb holes drilled in the sides of the stem. These holes are covered by a metal spring-loaded sleeve that slides back to uncover the carb holes to clear the bong. When taking a toke, the stoner in ques-



El Capitan

tion must use caution to avoid popping his or her eardrums. Oblivion is also equipped with a special five-shot rotating bowl (pictured below). This device spins to align each bowl with the stem, one at a time. Although both the pump carb and five-shooter bowl represent technological steps forward in stoner know-how, neither are perfect, and both must be kept very clean in order to work well for long (as of right now, the shotgun pump carb has begun to stick).

Now I would like to announce a new contest. How would you like to come to Hollywood and spend a killer weekend with Captain Stoney? All ya gotta do is write to me care of Big Brother. Can you smoke mega-herb? We'll write in and tell me! If you win you'll be flown out, all expenses paid*, to experience all the glamour and excitement that is Hollywood*. You'll stay with me and have the opportunity to sample herb from every bong in my vast collection. During your two-day stay you will experience the night life, hanging out in exclusive* clubs with Rick Kosick and me, Captain Stoney. What's more you will also get to witness mayhem at a Sinister Buzz gig, and last but not least, leave town the proud owner of the world famous "Darth Vader" bong, chronicled in Big Brother #8. So what the fuck? Send in your entry today!

Write to:
Weekend with the Captain
c/o Big Brother Magazine
815 N. Nash St.
El Segundo, CA 90245



*Editor's note: these points are all open to debate.

Lennie Kirk—a San Francisco treat. Hey Tobin, next time write what the hell the skater is doing on the slide!





We promised Pat Channita that we'd run a sequence of him last issue but we unsurprisingly flaked, so here's the little grasshopper 1's half-cab flipping to manual.

Pictured here is a VIP pass to what was billed in the press release as "A very special live-in-concert appearance" by Danzig at the Whiskey in Hollywood. In about a year when Big Brother is fuckin' big time we'll be getting stuff like this all the time, but for now this sort of thing is a big deal to us, thus the need to write an article on it.

Melissa at American Recordings sent us two of these things, and we got to rub elbows in the Whiskey's 2nd floor bar with the likes of Rob Zombie, some soap star girl, Cheeseboy from Hustler and about fifty other very important persons. This is the kind of treatment we deserve, as I hope the rest of the record industry will soon learn. For now, the only cool people besides American are the chicks at Matador. Too bad Liz Phair isn't touring this year.

Now I will tell you why Danzig's new cd is less than perfect.

In order for a cd to be considered good you must be able to listen to it over and over again, unceasingly for days and even weeks. Although the new Danzig has some good songs on it, there's a weird Gregorian Chant sounding track at the end that comes after an awkwardly long pause, resulting in an imbalance that disqualifies it from consecutive play. As a consolation to Glenn, let me just say that the first Danzig is a prime example of a cd that does stand up to repeated listens. The first Led Zeppelin is also such a cd, especially since the last song is called "How Many More Times." Of course if you don't like either of these you are bound to disagree. Now, fuck-off. —Marc



90210 Update: Post Mortem

Time to put this friggin' article to rest. Why? Partially because I've become bored with it and may have continued ad-nauseam, but thankfully Ian Ziering (Steve Sanders) tipped the scales of indecision for me. In a recent *Entertainment Weekly* article Ian broke the cardinal rule of never taking oneself too seriously and was quoted as calling *Melrose Place* "a tits-and-ass kind of thing," implying that at the core of *90210* beats a moral heart. This would easily explain why for Brenda's replacement they chose Valerie the chipmunk vixen over, say, a waterhead or some chick with a flipper arm. Personally, I'd love to see one of Grafty Stiles' lobster children flopping around on Dylan's playground rather than this would be "bad" girl. I must admit though that Valerie's lingerie scene in Brandon's bedroom was particularly socially uplifting. Moral's my ass. Repent ye fucks, embrace and revel in thine absurdity. —Cliver



It's a raw jock thing to say, but Jamie Thomas' balls are so friggin' big that he needs a wheelbarrow to cart around his scrotum. A real manly man's heel flip.



Mike O'malley (our Australian photographer) told us a story about his dad's friend who was disemboweled by a bird called a cassowary. It's about 4 1/2 feet tall and has claws on it's feet like a raptor. Instead of sending us a gnarly photo of this monster, he gave us this shot of Phil Mackie. Oh well.

THE BIG RED BALL

The Big Red Ball is a classic piece of playground paraphernalia found in just about every school yard across the country. Many, however, are not aware of its history and vital sociological function. Designed by the United States Army in the late '40s to occupy troops waylaid in obscure outposts, it served as a means of enforcing the combative mindset necessary to wartime activity, through the activity of "Us vs. Them" games. The Ball was then moved onto the playgrounds of US schools in the early '50s, to indoctrinate the young into a militaristic world view. However, in those days prior to color-psychology research, the bouncy plaything appeared in the form of the Big Powder Blue Ball. It was soon discovered that this pacifying hue did little to inspire youngsters into scenes of the violent dualism so necessary in continuing the American way of life, and after many years of grueling research and progressive color experimentation, army technicians perfected the now familiar Big Red Ball.

With a new aggressive shading, this inflatable sphere was found to be the only component necessary to turn any playground into a grim grounds of brutal Darwinian contest. And that is why, to this day it remains a key element in the social engineering of American youngsters. Screaming through the air, skidding over the macadam and bouncing off innocent young skulls, the Big Red Ball serves children with a portent prelude to the playground of Adult America, where the winners win larger, the losers lose bigger, and the balls are much harder.



Thou shall not steal.



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by sean cliver

REVISITED

The fleeting affair between Wisconsin and I began in 1969 when I was born a poor, 98% white human out of the vast trailer park fields within its boundaries. I endured the tenuous relationship for almost 20 years until I won a life in California when George Powell vacuumed me out of the Bible Belt's northern clutches. Since then, all efforts have been made to superficially melt into the West's golden culture: I've bronzed my skin to an acceptable pallor, erased the gravelly accent that taints the Midwestern speech pattern, and in a celebration of life I wear shorts 340 days a year. However, beneath the wispy locks of hair covering my forehead, I still bear the mark of my origins: a white trash scar acquired from running full force into the aluminum handle of a neighbor's screen door.

Had I not fled to the West of my own accord, Wisconsin would've found its own unique way to dispose of me. I was a non-alcoholic stray that was soon to hit 21 and bound to be deemed detrimental to one of its most distinguished statistics—the county in which I resided was in the top ranks of the nation for alcohol consumption. I would've gone out splendidly, most likely the frustrational end product of a disgruntled postal worker plodding along in the footsteps of some of Wisconsin's more infamous progeny, namely Ed Gein or Jeffrey Dahmer—just 2 of America's most influential and inventive cannibalistic serial killers ever.



The easiest way to assess the credibility of a state is to do a cursory examination of its more popular slogans. Here's Wisconsin at a glance.

Escape to Wisconsin

Popular bumper sticker of the early '80s often seen abbreviated on imports to "Escape Wisconsin." To its credit, Wisconsin offers 2 extreme havens (with 99 in between) where those of the free-thinking variety can seek cultural refuge at either end of the spectrum: for the metropolitan inclined, there's the city of Madison, and at the other, the unpopulated wilderness in all its unblemished splendor—prime territory for the true escapist to get nude and race around with the woodland animals. Provided it's between the months of June and August that is.

Wisconsin, You're Among Friends

Sappy, mindless propaganda that's clearly an offshoot of the American myth that the Midwest is populated by good, clean country folk. C'mon, this is the human race we're talking about! It doesn't just magically



Bumper sticker.

become any better by skipping a few latitudes into another region. What a silly notion. These doughy participants are no less corruptible than anyone else in the nation.

America's Dairyland*

"America's Dumping Ground" is more like it. Wisconsin's greatest service to the country thus far has been as a gracious and gullible receptacle for all of the flash-in-the-pan fads that our creative capitalist-driven nation can devise—all complete with matching hairstyles no less (the perverse law of American culture being: "where the Blades™ go, the mullet will follow"). They don't call this the "Land of Cheese" for nothing.

**Wisconsin was dethroned by California in terms of overall dairy output in '93, but still contributes its generous amount of intestinal blockades to the American diet.*

EYECRUSHER LEATHER (my friend makes bondage stuff)

When we had to go through all that "career guidance" crap in high school, I'm sure a counselor recommended something in the self-entrepreneurial field to my friend Brad Overacker. Well, they'd be pleased to know that he's found his niche in that realm.

How did you get started in the bondage business?

I basically started out making punk rock gear, chokers and stuff, and found out about this in magazines. It's pretty much a self-taught industry.

What's the common perception of this stuff?

There's still a lot of misconceptions about it. It's not like before when it was thought of as strictly S&M. That's one portion of it, but there's many different aspects to it now, and that's what seems to be drawing more people into it. It's kind of nice to have a mix of people rather than just the "serious" people only.

What are the more elaborate items that you've done?

The corsets are probably some of the more complicated pieces, but Kelly's done full-body outfits. She makes all the garment stuff and I do all the heavier leather stuff. We

like making things that you can wear out besides the things that stay at home.

What is the "Gates of Hell"?

That's a pretty standard one; people have been making those for years. It's a leather sheath with a strap that goes around the balls and then 3 straps that go up the penis. It's basically used as a restraint.



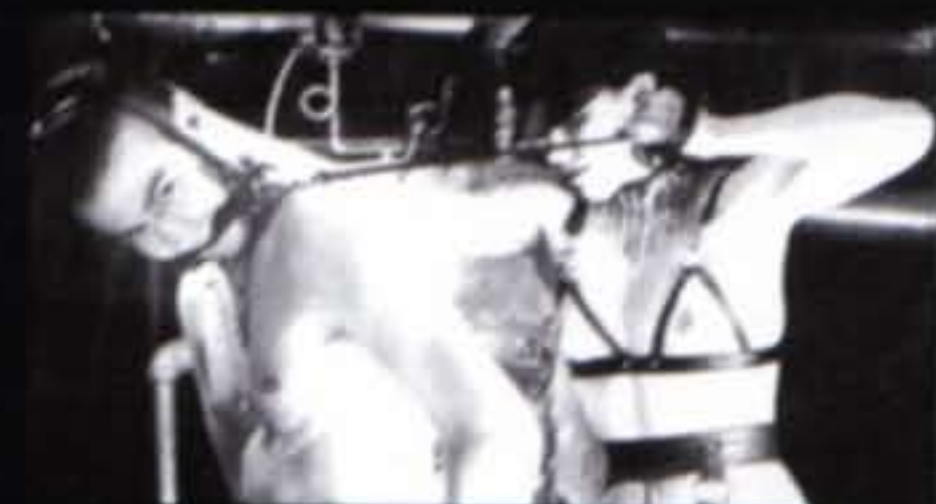
The Gates of Hell!

How do you sell your stuff?

There's more conventions and leather shows now 'cause it's in the media so much that it's easier to promote and not have problems with them. A lot of big ad agencies have used stuff like this in their ads, even though they don't sell the items, and a lot of bands like Nine Inch Nails are using the stuff in their videos too.

Who generally attends these shows?

The majority of the crowd is older, mainly couples that start experimenting after they've been married or been living with each other for a long amount of time to try and liven things up. A lot more younger people are interested in it now too, some of that's due to the fashion, and it's a getting a lot more acceptable which means there are more



Brad and Kelly test out some of their products. conventions and clubs to go to.

What are some of the stranger fetishes you've seen?

You can't really call any stranger than the other. As the saying goes "your kink is not necessarily any better than my kink." A lot of it's behind closed doors, but there's the standard ones: infantilism, foot worship, domineering—rubber is the new big rage at the moment.

What else goes on at these conventions?

Most conventions have workshops, stuff like rope tying, knife playing, electro-shock, spanking—it depends who they have at the convention. There's always something new to learn.

I found that Brad takes his field very seriously, and failed to draw any humorous stories (i.e. grown adults running around in diapers) from him, but I got the feeling he didn't want to offend any customers—even though I assured him this would mainly be read by 12 year olds with meager allowances.



Not even sleep deprivation can save this caption—Pete Lehman nollie inside heelflips on Camp Randall Stadium. Whoopee.

Obligatory Skateboard Segment: Aaron Snyder

How old are you and how many of those years have you spent in Wisconsin?

I'm 17 and I've lived here my whole life. I grew up in Green Bay and then moved to Madison 5 years ago.

What's it like being here?

It's pretty cool as long as it's summer time. It's cool here in the spring too, but it's so humid though. Almost too humid to skate.

Are you able to skate during the winter?

When I go out to California and for as long as I'm there, other than that just messing around in my basement. Last winter I skated like 3 times. If there's another skatepark this winter, that will probably be the only place we'll be able to skate. They might be opening a new one in Rockford, IL.

How did you get sponsored by Evol?

From the NSA Nationals in Encinitas, CA last summer. Dave Mayhew was on the team and I was out there with him, and Tony Magnusson was like "Hey, I'd like to talk to you after the contest," and then he just put me on.

Have they helped you out with any other sponsors?

Not really, they're not all that stoked on me. They're not really stoked on anybody. It seems like a lot of people involved with the company aren't really into it. Tony Magnusson's way more into snowboards, he doesn't even really follow skating. I've talked to Brian Barber, the team manager at Evol, about hooking me up with a truck or wheel sponsor or anything, but he's like "Dude, who do you want me to ask? Everybody's all filled up." I'm all just "Fine, never mind." I get enough stuff from them though. I'm never boardless. When I live here it doesn't even matter.



Aaron Snyder

Are you planning on leaving Wisconsin?

Definitely. Next year after I graduate I'm gonna take a year off from school, and I'll probably move to San Diego, or at least travel around California for awhile and see what it's like living out there.

So you're looking to turn pro and all that fun stuff?

I've been skating for 8 years and I'll be skating for a lot longer. If I get good enough to turn pro, sure. I'm not really thinking about that until I make the big move.

Do you have any interests besides skating?

I have a girlfriend named Willow that I've been going out with for about year. Other than that I guess I have every day normal interests. I skate a lot with



Skatepark in Oshkosh, WI.



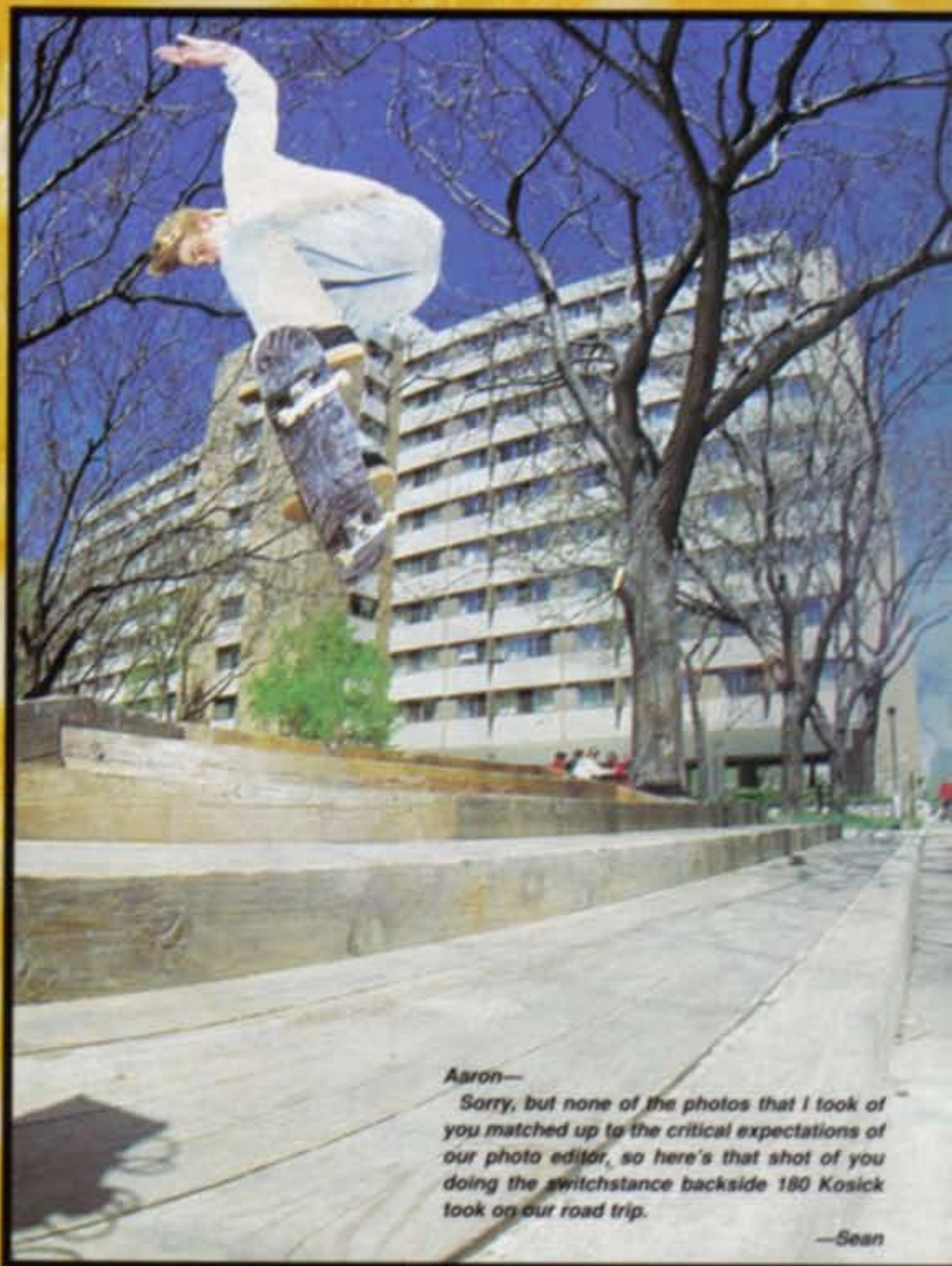
Skatepark in Wausau, WI.

my friends. All the skaters here are getting really good. Madison's always had its share of good skaters even though none of them have ever really gotten coverage.

What are the people like here in Madison?

It seems like they're way more relaxed here than in California. You get a lot less attitude from people here. There's been a lot of hippies here lately. This summer on the Library Mall of the University that's all that there was—hippies and drunks. They'd just sit on the lawn and drink all day and beg for money.

Have you ever seen anyone die?



Aaron—

Sorry, but none of the photos that I took of you matched up to the critical expectations of our photo editor, so here's that shot of you doing the switchstance backside 180 Kosick look on our road trip.

—Sean

No, there's not really that much violence in the city. A month ago I saw all these people and obviously something was going on and I went over to check it out and this kid got stabbed in a fight and everybody took off. Not much crazy stuff happens here though.

Have you ever tried Snakeboarding?

They had one in California Connection and we'd have races around the store, knocking piles of shoes and shit over. The last time I was at the Oshkosh skatepark I saw some kid with one with the straps on it and he got wrecked.

The only reason I asked that last question was because my first night back in Stevens Point while skating with my friend John, a whole pack of snakeboarders came gyrating across the parking lot toward us. After being laughed off the beaches of California, this fucked up product too has found a welcoming embrace within the arms of Wisconsin, and it's the newest rage in my hometown. How embarrassing. —end



John, nollie to smith.

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SOLDIER OF FORTUNE CONVENTION



words and photos by Eric Matthies

It's no coincidence they hold the Soldier of Fortune Convention in Las Vegas every year. The phone book is filled with a ton of listings of local gun ranges, and most offer machine gun rentals. By the end of this weekend an estimated 1 cubic ton of ammunition will be shot off at these places. The competition range is at a place called the "Desert Sportsman." Here you can rent fully-automatic machine guns for around \$200. They also have grenade launchers, huge .50-calibre anti-tank rifles, and a "mini-gun" that fires 1000 rounds per second.

SOF conventioners generally fall into one or more of the following categories: special forces/military vets, active duty troops, martial artists, memorabilia collectors, competition marksmen, police officers, munitions experts, knife makers, gunsmiths, adventurers, and "private contractors" just in from the Sarajevo Holiday Inn. And then there's the press.

day one

A lurking paranoia shrouds the low key registration process. The convention packet contains flyers warning off practical jokers, trouble makers, and Nazis. Additional flyers warn of the severe legal ramifications of having a gun in the casino. Let's see, you've got to cross through the casino to get to your room. Most of the conventioners are competing in machine gun, rifle, and pistol matches. Hmm. Lotsa guys in the lobby with, um, guitar cases? Another flyer expressed SOF's personal concern that no one fall victim to a "sting" by the ATF—wouldn't want the convention to be made an example of, remember Waco?



Richard Davis

Yeah, the troops are paranoid this year, but "Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean that they



Assume the stance! Great American pugil bouting.

who has intentionally shot himself in the stomach at least 60 times in order to demonstrate the fine quality of the "personal ballistic armor" he manufactures.



The "mini gun" and about 5 seconds worth of ammo.

aren't plotting against you," — Robert K. Brown, SOF publisher. The people at The Sands are just a little bit touchy about the convention too. I guess a bunch of guys in fatigues ain't too popular with Ma and Pa Kettle just in from Wichita. In the past they've rappelled from the casino roof and parachuted into the pool. This year, skydiving was cancelled for "insurance" reasons, and the emphasis was on war stories by the pool. The pool is also the sight of various evening demonstrations which tonight include huge black shepherd dogs taking running leaps at human targets, and 5 guys being shot with simulated ammo underwater from a machine gun.

On to the pugil bouts. A foot-bridge is built across the pool, covered in lovely brown astro-turf. The emcee this year is Richard Davis, a man



Bob Taylor and man's best friend.



day two

No pugil tonight so the evening progresses directly to Guinness poolside with the troops. Eavesdropping war whispers under laser lit palms. Parterrela cigars from Don Pablo. In the background, a boom box plays a strange mix of speeches, cadence, and song. Earlier, Mr. Bob Taylor had one of his expert police dogs attack him from across the pool deck. Nice doggie. Mr. Taylor trains dogs for various law enforcement agencies around the country. He is also very skilled with knives, and in a special demonstration attempts to throw them faster than the speeding bullets fired from a competing handgun.

day three

The world championship 3 gun match starts today! For the uninitiated, that's tactical accuracy with a rifle, pistol, and machine gun. In the afternoon I attend a martial arts seminar in which a man shows how to take a handgun away from someone before he shoots you in the belly, or in the head. Neat trick. Takes lots of practice. There are also lectures scheduled with such topics as: "The Phoney(sic) War on Drugs," "Killing Effects—bullet selection for

handguns and rifles," and "The Russian Maffiyatarget USA." I attended one on "Creating Constitutional Covenant Communities." The basic idea here is the creation of a peaceful(?) community that is self-contained, self-maintained, and exists autonomously within the broader parameters of the Constitution. So I'm told about irrigation systems, home schooling, co-op libraries, and shared work responsibilities. Sounds great, provided you want to live out in the woods of Idaho. The necessity of such communities is predicated by the belief of many here that America is falling apart. In other words, "Circle the wagons, the shit is near the fan!"



Everyone loves an explosion...



Boom!

The convention ends with an explosive firepower demo, followed by an awards banquet for the gun matches, and an auction to raise money for various freedom fighters around the globe. Among the auctioned items: "Cap acquired off dead Serb, blood cleaned off." The firepower demo is a massive send up of whatever ammo is left lying around from the previous few days. Richard Davis shoots himself in the gut to prove, once again, his product works. Then a long line of high-powered artillery is aimed at dynamited targets. At the command of "fire!" the boys and girls with the guns cut loose. Someone's barrel overheats and catches fire [main photo]. The car at the end of the range blows, and finally everything come to an eerie, silent stop. People start to leave, or, head over to the machine-guns-for-rent bus for one last blast. Some will return next year, some won't. I will 'cause the fringe has many faces, and it's good to see as many of 'em in the world as possible. At dusk I catch the Southwest shuttle back to the rampart division of L.A., where my neighbors are having their own gun demonstrations, and helicopters roar over the hills like screeching rabid pigbats.



featured blur-billy valdes



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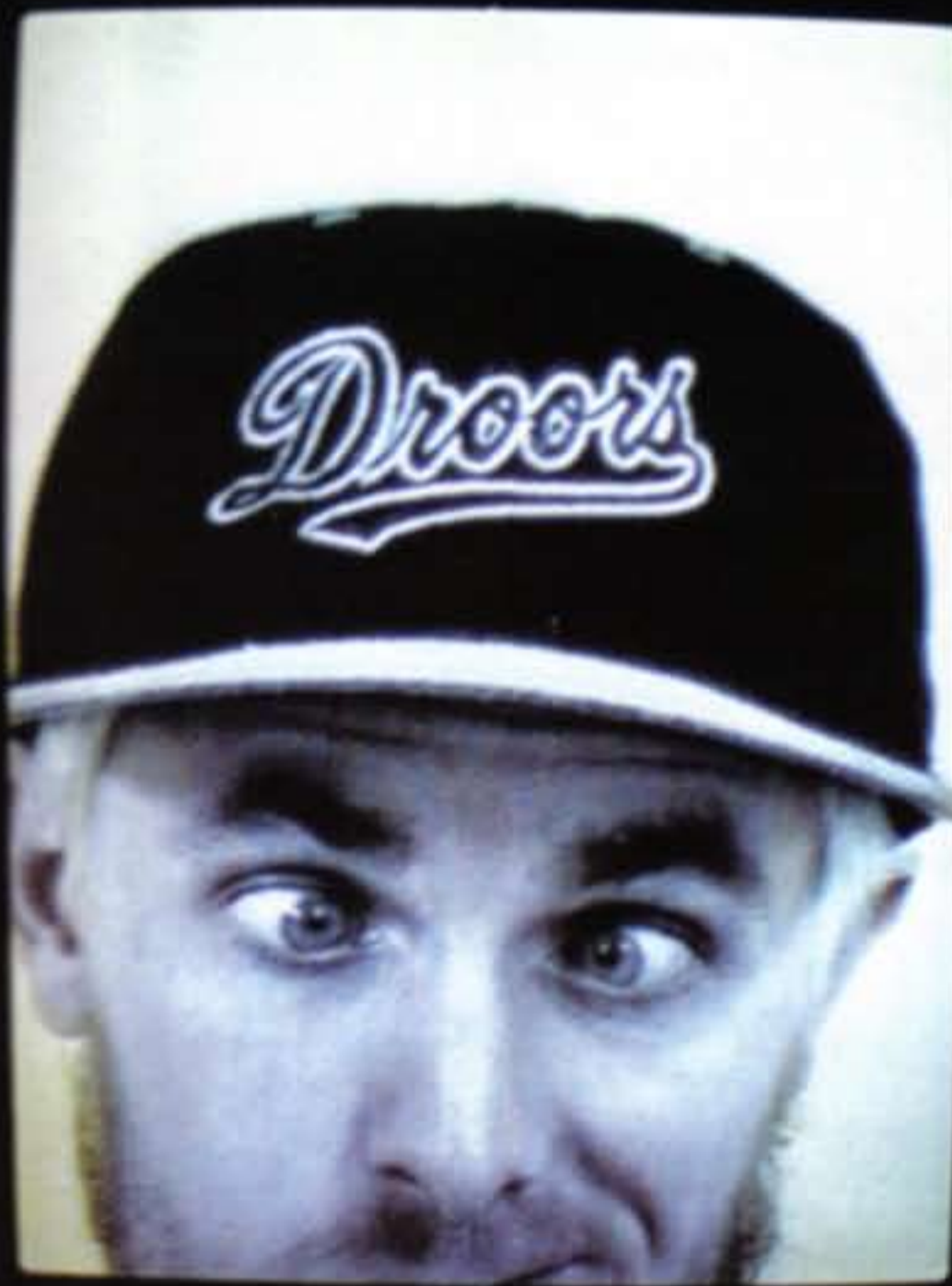
by earl parker



Jack off to Liz Phair.

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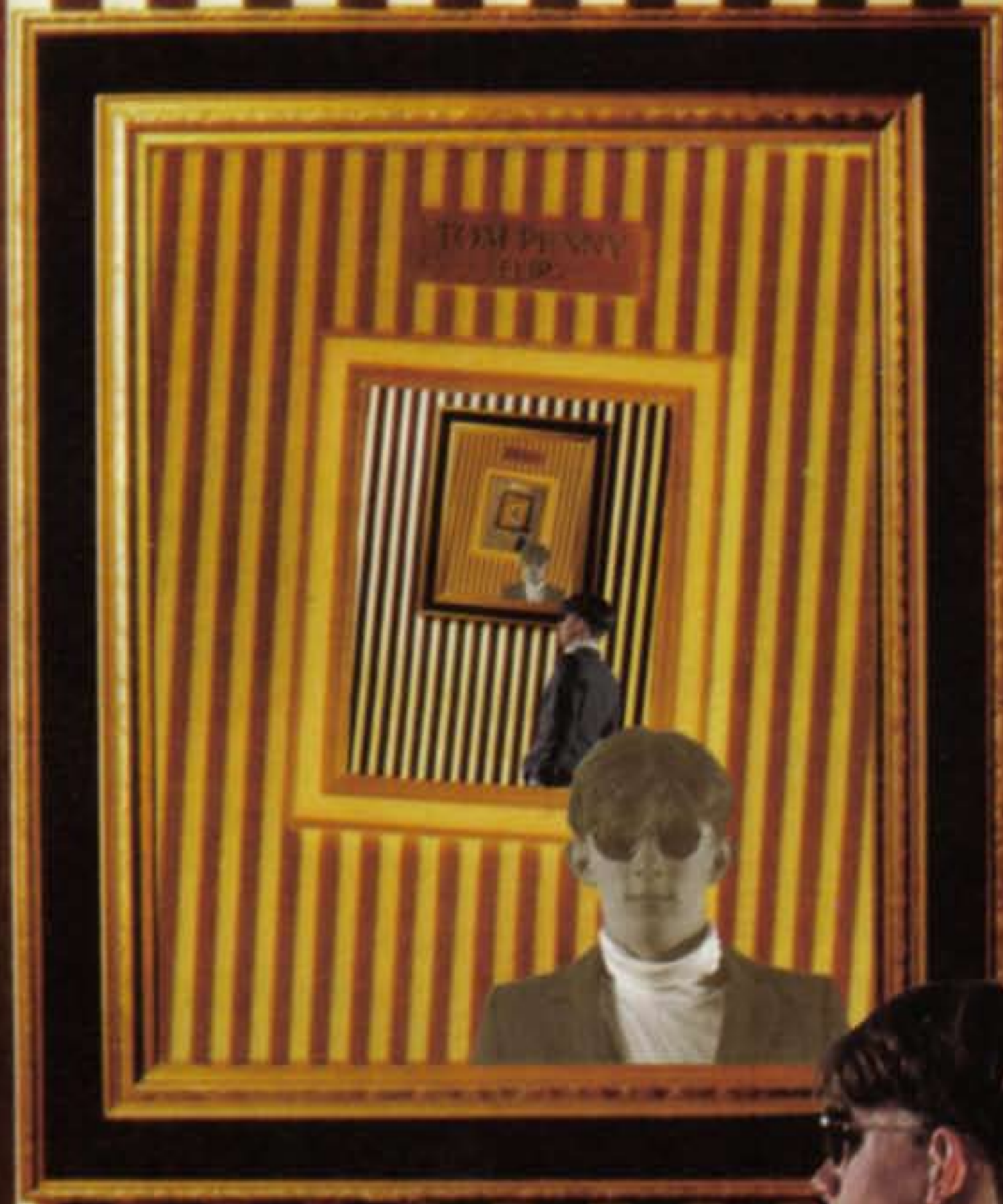
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A photograph of a book engulfed in flames. The book is the central focus, with bright yellow and orange fire consuming it from all sides. The book cover is dark, possibly black or dark brown, and has the title 'CHURCH OF SKATAN' and a phone number printed on it in a light, bold font. The flames are intense and appear to be coming from a source below the book, as the bottom edge is more heavily charred and the fire is more concentrated there. The background is a plain, light-colored surface, possibly a table or a wall, which makes the fire and the book stand out prominently.

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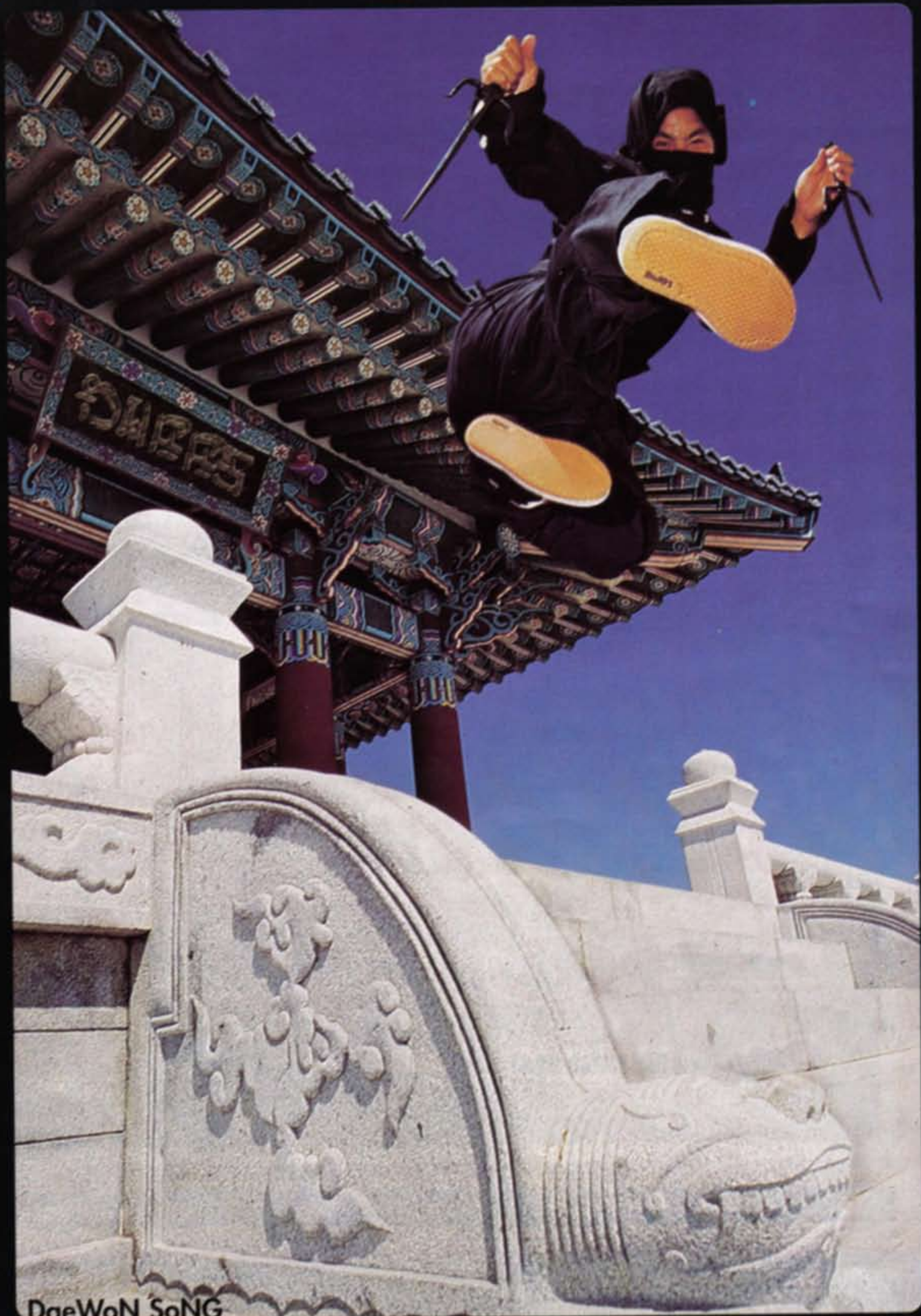
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CHRIS MOUNTJOY
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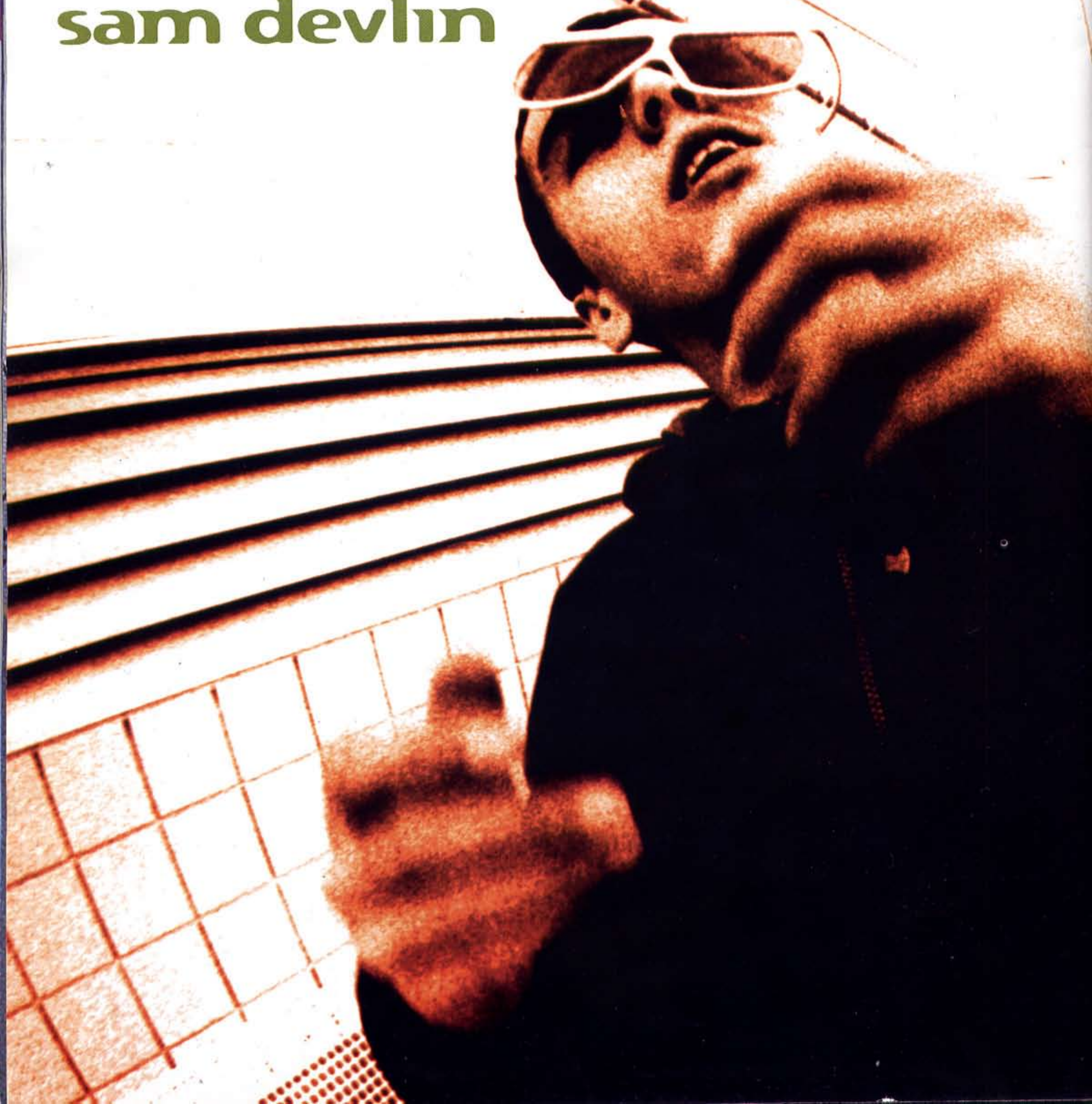
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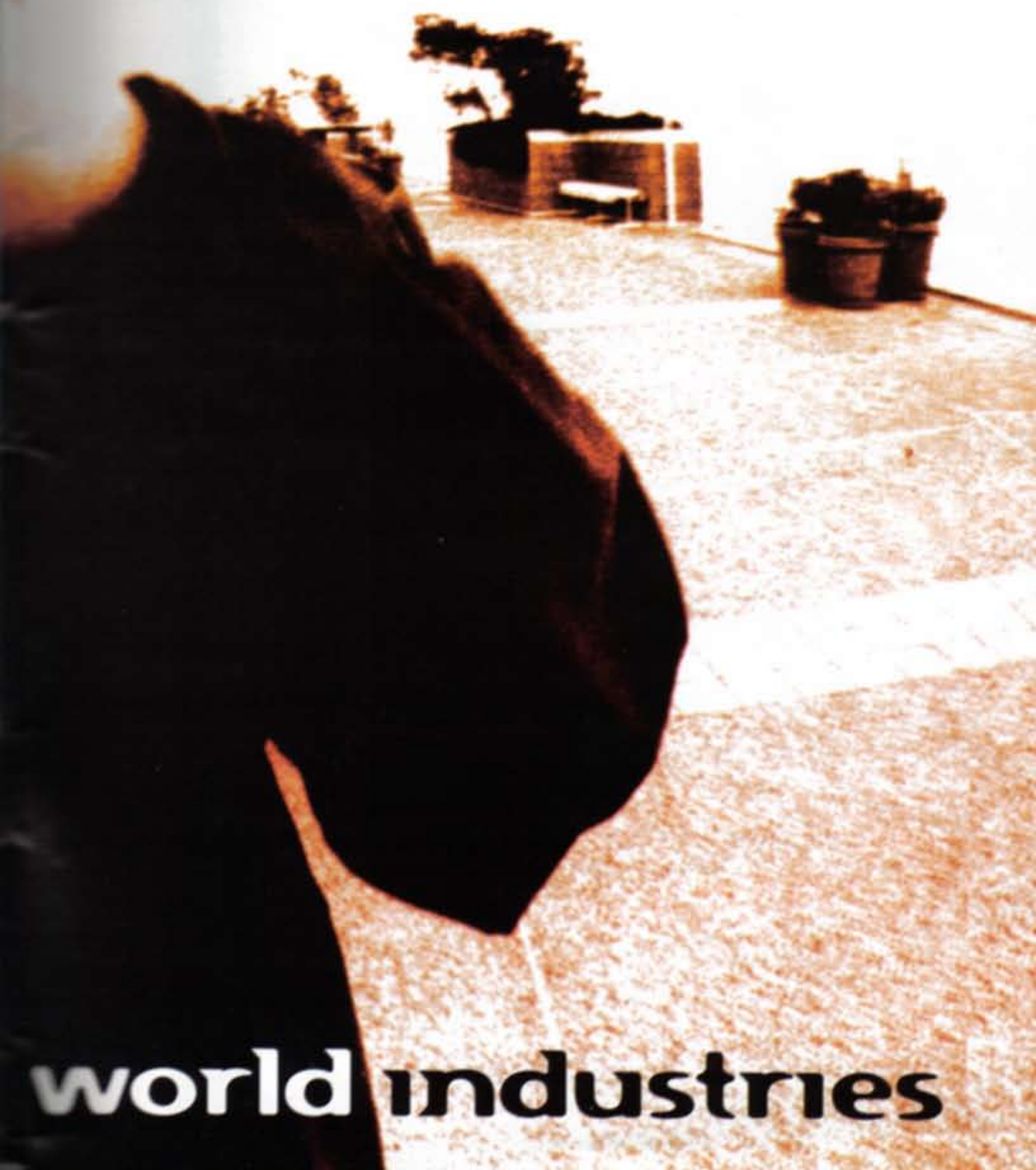




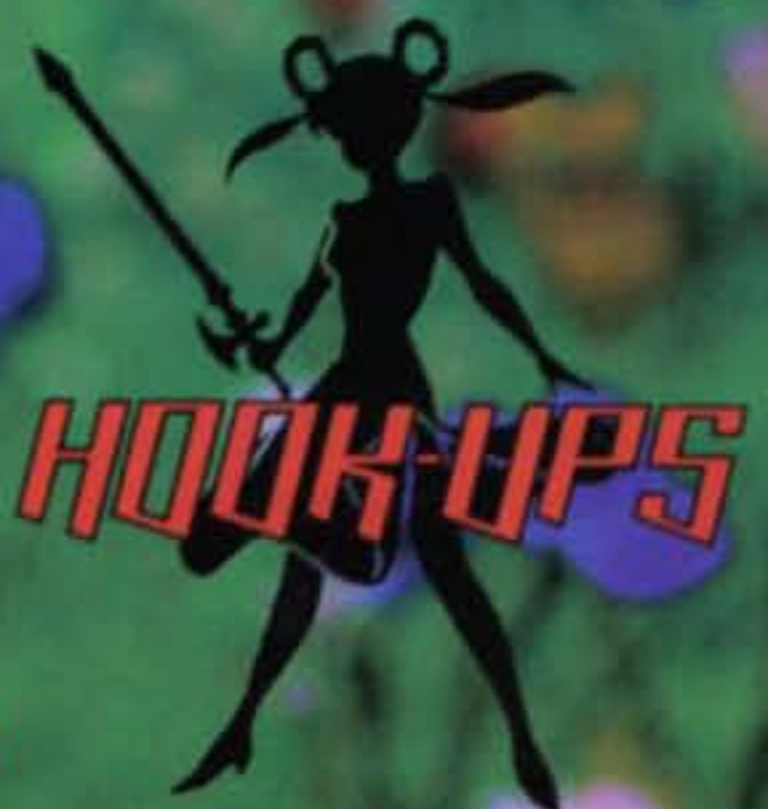


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