

BIG BROTHER

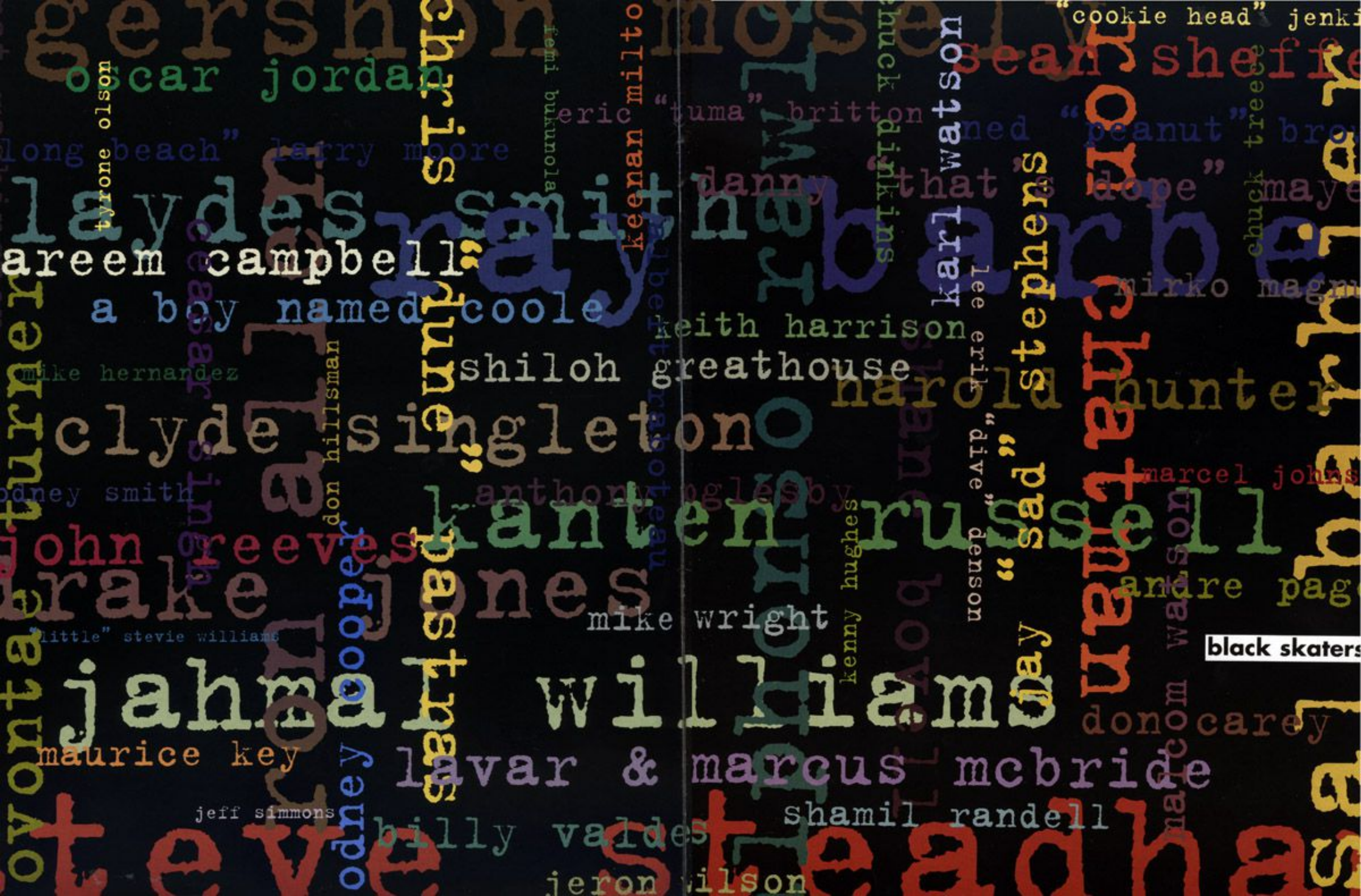
NUMBER SIXTEEN

\$3.95



the black issue





oscar jordan

tyrone olson

larry moore

chris

femi bukunola

keenan milto

eric tuma britton

huck

dinkins

karl watson

lee erik denson

cookie head jenki

stephens

sean sheffe

peanut bro

dope maye

treeee

mirko magnu

areem campbell

a boy named coole

keith harrison

mike hernandez

shiloh greathouse

clyde singletone

harold

hunter

odney smith

don hillsman

anthony glesby

john

reeves

kanten

kenny hughes

rus

marcel johns

brake

odney coope

ones

mike wright

sad

andre page

jahmal

william

day

man

black skaters

maurice key

lavar & marcus mcbride

dono carey

jeff simmons

billy valdes

shamil randell

matcom watson

jeron wilson

ot eve stee adha



TOBIN

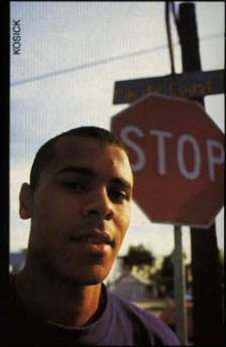
Photo: A soft spoken man of few words, Caesar is not prone to many violent outbursts other than the occasional frontside railslide or mutilation of a small, furry mammal.

Sequence: Dancing on the grave of Roskopp's professional skateboard career, Caesar switch heelflips to noselide. Rob has stumpy legs and skated poopy.

caesar singh

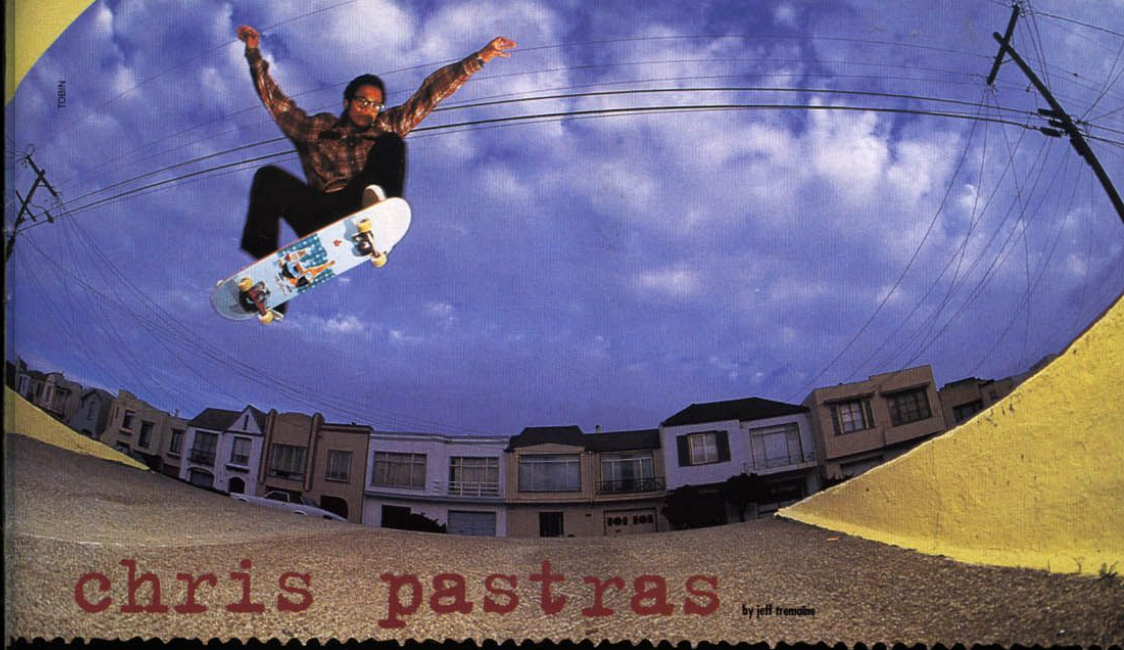
by mark oblow

Did your parents ever tell you why they named you Caesar?
It's my dad's name.
Do your friends call you "Pizza Pizza"?
No.
How about "Little Caesar"?
Sometimes, yeah.
How's riding for Planet Earth?
It's cool. I like it.
What happened with Santa Cruz?
Not much, I was just kinda ready for a change, like something different, a little bit better. It was kinda getting stagnant.
Did you ever meet Rob Roskopp?
I skated with him at the Cannery, but I've never actually met him.
Was it hard living in his shadow on Santa Cruz?
Oh yeah, all the time. It's pretty hard to keep up with Rob.
They used to call Rob "the Barn," did they ever call you anything?
No.
Was there any racial tension between you and Santa Cruz, because they seem to be like the white punker team.
No, not even.
Have you ever experienced racism?
Not like directly, just maybe from my friends joking around.
Who's your favorite skateboarder?
No comment.
Who's your worst?
No comment again.
Do you like Mirko Mangum?
Yeah, I like him a lot. He's nice.
Do you think Gershon Mosely sweats a lot?
Yeah.



KOSICK

Do you know why?
No, I don't actually.
Were you bummed about the prank phone call on the Big Brother audio cassette?
No, I thought it was cool.
What's your favorite AC/DC album?
Back in Black.
What's your favorite movie?
Roadside Prophets.
What do you think about the O.J. incident?
I kinda really don't care about the O.J. incident.
Who do you represent?
Me.



chris pastras

by jill francione

Chris Pastras is not a supple gazelle of the Serengeti. He is an urban black man on the move in the streets of San Francisco.

What happened to "Dune," do you use that name anymore?
Only when I'm going undercover.

Have you ever experienced racism?
Yeah, sure. Definitely. When I used to skate down in Huntington Beach, CA, there was all kinds of fuckin' idiots and Nazis. I used to skate vert kinda, and when I went to the ramps there'd be this guy with a swastika on his board and I'd be all "What that mean?" and he'd go "Oh, uh, it means peace, bro," or some shit, like make up a meaning for it. I've never had anybody outrightly do it y'know. Usually if they do or say something racist they try to cover it up. No one ever goes up to you and goes "Hey nigger boy on the board." Like little kids who think they're punk or something and try to act like skinheads and then once someone whose of color comes around they like try to say "Oh, they're fuckin' two tone," or some bullshit. That's what's always happened to me. At least in skating.

What about through companies and stuff?
The biggest thing I've seen that's racist is people making fun of blacks on skateboards. Like the "coon graphics." To me it's racist. It's funny, sure, anybody could laugh, but so is pretending you're retarded and limping while you're drooling on yourself. It's funny, but not in skateboarding because something good or positive could come out of it instead of something sarcastic that doesn't do any good for anybody and a bunch of middle class suburban kids are laughing at it. I don't think that's cool.

What kind of music are you listening to these days?
Whatever, anything. I don't just listen to hip hop like some people do. I just listen to whatever influences me like maybe to skate or because it sounds right or because I want to play it. I like John Coltrane, Mingus, some blues stuff. John Lee Hooker, old ska or soul, Charles Wright, Archie Bell, Booker T, Curtis Mayfield, and then stuff like Velvet Underground and Dinosaur Jr.. I just got a Ventures record and a soundtrack to Russ Meyers' movies. I'm really eclectic when it comes to music. I try not to limit any kind of music taste with myself.
Remember Blue? What was up with that?

Well, we tried to do a company and it's just all about Hangers Clothing at this point so we had to bail.
How's Stereo going?
Great, I love it. We're on the forefront of skateboarding technology, we've got the team of the century. We're going back way back to the Schmitt Six days and trying to re-invent new products like more technologically advanced core wheels and all kinds of crazy stuff. And then we're paying for Nauticus training for our team so they can take everybody out at the next comp.
Wow, that's advanced.
Nah, I'm just jokin' around. It's just fun. It's something that keeps everybody busy and hopefully interested. It's not like we're out trying to prove some points, we're just trying to do what we want to do. Just keep busy, skating, or if somebody wants to draw their graphics, or has their opinions, or is the kinda guy that wants to take a million pictures and be a great skateboarder then that's good too.
Do you think O.J.'s innocent?
That's just the fuckin' crack in the American dream right there. Some guy who makes it out of his neighborhood and becomes a football super hero and makes all these carry videos and sells his name to Hertz and what do you think's going to happen? If it wasn't this it'd probably be like he stole money from Hertz or something like that. I don't even know or care if he's innocent. He's just another head. There's plenty of cases like that going down everyday.
What are some of your favorite movies?
I liked Crooklyn. I just saw that. I like all of Spike Lee's movies, they're my favorites—Mo' Betta Blues, Do the Right Thing, Sha's Gotto Have It, I love all of 'em.
What do you represent?
I'm gonna use a quote from Eldridge Cleaver "A black man lost in the wilderness known as North America."



KOSICK



CANNINE

john reeves



KOSIBACK

There goes the neighborhood! Houndstooth plaid jacket and skirt, Chanel (\$385), purse, Gucci (\$170), sunglasses, Armani (\$80), shoes, DKNY (\$135), hair and makeup by Daniel Dunphy; Ollie, 11's 180 over handrail, and railside to fakie all by John Reeves (\$8).



Are you really "the Man?"

That name just stuck with me since Hocus Pocus when either MT or T. Mag said it at the beginning of me and Danger's part. Some people kept calling me it so I got a belt buckle with it. I'm turning into a man. I'm 21 years old and becoming more of a man every day, learning new shit all the time. Like not just being apathetic about everything and being punk rock and not caring. Just understanding other peoples feelings.

Have you ever experienced racism?

Only just certain little vibes from people at like restaurants or stores but I've never really experienced like straight up harsh racism like Nazi skin-heads or KKK.

Who are you skating for now?

I skate for Invisible. It's gain' pretty good right now and I'm stoked on the stuff, we've got good boards out.

Do you still wear GTO clothes?

Not too much 'cause the guy that I was working with, Dennis, he doesn't even run it anymore. Someone else is running it now. I think Dennis is working for someone else in the industry now. I ride for Tribal Gear now.

What do you like about skateboarding?

I like that it's an independent sport and you can do whatever you want and not have to cater to anyone else's needs.

Who do you skate with mostly down in San Diego?

Danger, Jason Carney, and lately I've been skating with this guy Dan Connelly and Willy Santos.

What kind of music do you like?

I like all types of music. I've been listenin' to the new Black Sheep and Method Man, Nas, The Roots, and Slick Rick—that's pretty much it in hip hop.

What about AC/DC?

Not too much, I traded in my Back in Black cd. I heard it too much on tour 'cause they kept playing it in the van. I liked it, but I just didn't want it anymore.

What do you want to do after skateboarding?

I'd like to get an education before I end skating so I'll be able to do shit. I started some classes but I didn't continue with 'em so I'm gonna start 'em again. I want to learn about marine biology 'cause it's like a whole different space under the water.

What are some of the other things you're into?

All sorts of shit, watching Japanese animation films, I'm into my car—I just got a new paint job, midnight metallic blue on my '85 GMC Jimmy. I've been building it for a year and a half now. It's lowered, it's pretty sick.

Any message you want to send out?

Everyone be mellow and chill and do what they gotta do to get the job done.



KOSIBACK

Blaxploitation Films

by dave carnie

I hate movies. What a waste of time. Sitting in a dark room, in an uncomfortable chair, watching some retards stumble around for two hours. It's torture. That's why I got other people to review these fucking cartoons for me. I tried to watch a couple of them. It was no use. I'd fall asleep or I'd forget that they were on. I'm only a narcoleptic in front of a movie screen.

CLEOPATRA JONES

I even got beat reviewing these. I went to this trendy bar looking for some idiot to review this movie for me, and instead I found this gorgeously drunk little bird named Gloria. She was beautiful. She had a heavy accent, Nicaraguan, I think. Very nice. Not the idiot I was looking for, but she'd have to do. She had a body guard with her. He's the one that showed me how to dance. He was just doing his job. I have a knack for befriending the wrong people. I guess her husband is involved with the Mafia, or something. That's what they told me later, anyway.

"Gloria, tell me about Cleopatra Jones..."

"I don't know about Cleopatra Jones, but I'll tell you this.

I know how it feels to be fucking busted, especially if you're black or Latino, like I am. It sucks. And like where I come from, I'm from an island, I come to this country and expect to be treated in a way that—I don't know how to explain it. You're putting me in a tough position." I know. I had to prod her at this point. Keep going, keep going. The gorilla was preoccupied with his reflection in the mirror.

"Let me tell you. Where I come from, it's called Corn (?) Island. Ninety percent of the people I grew up with are black. I grew up with Rasta and at Christmas time, what you get for Christmas is 90 pounds of marijuana that is just thrown away from a ship or a boat. I live 3 hours away from Jamaica, and whenever boats cross my island, it has mostly boats that were taking pot or drugs from one place to the other, and whenever the sea was rough—you can turn that off." She meant the tape recorder. She was smart. She knew she was babbling. I began to like her even more.

"No, this is interesting."

"Okay, Christmas time. I wake up in the morning and what I find in front of my house, you walk out and you have the ocean there and when you wake up at Christmas time you find a bag of fucking pot! I was 13 years old and pot for me was like a fucking savior. My father smoked it, like a cigarette. I never thought of drugs as being a bad thing.

Right then the spull wore off, and the gorilla came over and sat with us. His handshake let me know he meant business. I asked him what he thought of Cleopatra Jones, but he just gave me the, I'm-going-to-beat-the-shit-out-of-you look.



SHAFT

Gloria had seen this one. She had some interesting things to say about it, too.

"Shaft? Oh, Shaft! The guy with the coat! I was a young kid. I remember the guy's coat and I have always thought it was a cool one. It's leather like half, like a mid-thigh coat, you know, pockets on the side..." She turns to the gorilla, "Do you remember, Shaft? The movie? The black guy, with the coat? You don't remember that? Oh, it's pretty cool!"

"Yeah, this guy...is like a black guy. Big afro, sort of, and he has this leather coat. It's like smooth leather, and, uh..."

At this point, the gorilla wanted to know just what the fuck we were doing. I could smell my licking coming up.

"Were reviewing movies, do you remember Shaft?" He remembered it. "Okay, c'mon, talk about it." Gloria had also sensed the danger I was in and she was trying to help me. Bless her heart. But, alas, it was no use. The gorilla didn't want to talk about Shaft. I couldn't blame him. I didn't want to talk about it anymore, either. As far as I could tell, it's about a black guy who has a leather coat and a big afro. Not much going on there. Sounds as exciting as a box of rocks.

Then I fucked up. The gorilla said he liked Isaac Hayes. I should have left it at that. I don't even know who Isaac Hayes is. But I pretended to like Isaac Hayes, also. (Who's Isaac Hayes?) The gorilla saw right through me. The jig was up. I was dead meat. No more movie reviews for you smart ass. He really taught me a lesson. The way I look at it, I only wasted 5 minutes rolling around on the floor getting my ass kicked, while I would have wasted 2 hours watching the movie.

blackandy

by kendra

I remember being small, maybe three or fourish; a time when temper tantrums and shopping malls were commonplace and synonymous only saving random siblings and various family members not present at the scene the utter embarrassment at the hand of a fourish me. Promised a stop at the candy store, my sister took me and I really don't even remember why or anything, but suffice to say that I got really pissed at my sister, bit her and started whipping her with none other than my black licorice whip. Half-eaten, the sloppy ends of the rope wet with spit, I hollered and convulsed my body until my sister started to cry. She was a grown up in my eyes, and at an awkward 13 she hardly wanted to deal with my attention getting mischief. So she's crying, and do you think I stopped? No, I bit her harder and I think that I drew blood that day. I got scared because I knew our mom would find out, and you all know what that means. So I tried to drag her away so I could tell her that I was very, very sorry and if she could please do me one thing and not tell mom. Ha. Licorice got me into so much trouble that day, and it wasn't probably the first time. Licorice isn't the pansy candy that so many of you probably pawn it off as.

At Easter time, black jelly beans are considered taboo in my family (nobody else really likes them, and they turn your poo green), but in my basket, they are welcomed little treats. My pink, yellow, and baby blue plastic basket could even be considered a "safe haven" for these fine, fine black beauties. Snazzy little licorice pipe candies can also be purchased at any top rate grocery store and are lots of times over in the health food section which makes you wonder even more about the greatness to be beheld in a sweet that can be shelved next to the world coveted "Tiger's Milk Bars."

Licorice has power. Licorice means power; and yet so many people despise it, loathe it, and even pretend that the red kind of ropes can even compare to that which rightfully holds the name "Licorice." Red Vines, Twizzlers, all of those who take the shape of licorice, aren't. So stop saying that it is. Urban folklore, kiddies. Unless it's black, it isn't licorice.



KOSIBACK



JASON CARNEY



drake



jones

by jeff tremaine



There's 18 ways to break a clay pot. Drake Jones demonstrates one of those ways by doing a butt-first bottom skidder (switch pointer grind).

W

ho do you skate for?

Real, lady, Metropolitan, Droors, Vans, and FITC.

Have you ever experienced racism as a skateboarder?

Yes. Back when I lived in New York, when I was like 14 and 15, all my black friends used to like say, "Why do you skateboard? That's like a white guy's sport," and shit like that. I used to get downed on for skating and being black.

How did you deal with it?

Skating's what I like to do so fuck them. Just hung out with real friends.

How long did you live in New York?

4 years, 14-18.

Who did you skate with back there?

Pretty much just like locals like Billy Waldman and Bill Bakker, 'cause I wasn't from the City. I was from White Plains.

How long have you been growing your afro?

Like a year.

What would you tell someone who wanted to grow an afro?

Just don't cut it. It gets hot, but don't cut it.

Are all your t-shirt collars stretched out?

Nah, it ain't that big.

Do you need a pillow?

Everyone always asks me that.

Do California helmet laws apply to you?

I don't wear helmets at Woodward.

Do you think you could ollie your afro switchstance?

I think I could switch tre-flip it. How many hair questions are there?

There's a bunch more, we're fascinated with your hair. We used to like Billy Pepper 'cause he had such a big afro, but then he cut it and we dropped him. Seriously?

Yeah, we got sick of him.

Okay, I won't cut my hair.

Do people get pissed at you when you sit in front of them at movie theaters?

My girlfriend.

Does it impair your hearing?

Does it what?

What happens when you go swimming with your hair?

I don't go swimmin'.

What about when you take a shower does it get all water-logged?

Nah, it never looks like it gets wet.

It's waterproof?

Yeah.

Do you ever shoplift using your afro as a hiding place?

No, but I wanna say that Jim Thiebaud's favorite show is *Malrose*.

Do you think you could pin Thiebaud wrestling?

No, that dude's tough. Short guys are tough. He arm wrestles at Deluxe sometimes.

What about a straight up fight?

Me and Jim? Why not. I beat Joey Bast up. I'll fuck that dude up anytime.

Do you ever get in fights?

Nah, I don't think there's really a point to fighting, especially in the City 'cause they'll just come back for more.

Have you ever been jacked in San Francisco?

Not really, but hanging out in the Tenderloin one night I saw some dude runnin' down the street with like 8 Mexicans chasin' him and they like seriously beat the fuck out of him right in front of me and my girlfriend. He got up and stumbled away, he was fucked up.

Do you like it in SF?

It's cool, but you can't really skate downtown that much no more 'cause of cops.

Who do you mostly skate with up there?

Keith Hul, Scott Johnston, Chris Keelo, my friend Jesse McMillen, and Josh Kalis.

Are you smoking right now?

Yeah, Newport.

Oh, I thought you were smoking pot.

No, I quit smokin' weed like 8 months ago. It ain't good for you, I guess. It depends on the person.

What else do you do?

Hang out with my girlfriend, Monica.

What do you want to do after you stop skating?

Direct movies. Go to a film school.

Are you gonna stay in SF?

Maybe for a couple more years while I still skate, then maybe move back to New York.

Anything else you want to say?

Keep your heads up, niggas. And I just wanted to say what's up to Dyrdek and all the Alien guys.

Lately we have been receiving a ton of complaints about all the cocks in Big Brother. So what if they're all from Jonas Way, the guy has a point. Anyways, just to fuel the fire, here once again is the biggest dick ever to soil the pages of Big Brother, the one, the only, the amazing...

SCOTTY DAY!!!!

Rather than prompting an issue of Black and White, or posing a Q&A type format for some "Negro Symposium," I prefer we treat this literary offering like any other excerpt from *"The Memoirs of a Half-Assed Gigolo"*.

There's some stinky ganja on the table and we are ready to pull some serious tubes. But my request for Cool Jer to flip the channel over to B.E.T for "Rap City" is met with indifference and a dour facial expression. The reason for this is not because he doesn't want to hear some hip hop, but because the City of Boca Raton—an affluent resort town for big spenders south of Palm Beach—is too white to carry B.E.T. on their local cable system.

So it's back down the coast a ways for some flavor. As I meander home, taking in the lush and sprawling forestry of Camino Real, I watch two teenage couples come rollerblading by. Judging by their collective mirth, they are no doubt celebrating their overt caucasian-ness.

I arrogantly tell the cuter female, "If you ever want to trade-up for a boyfriend who skateboards, give me a call." (Yeah, that's sure to impress her). But judging by the way she blushed, Door #1 was undoubtedly moved by the boldness of my sentiment.

I then repeated this phrase—verbatim—to her scrawny poser boyfriend who had sternly inquired as to what I asked his girle-girl. Even I was able to laugh at him; I just seen the chicken he stole his chest from a couple of blocks earlier, and boy was it pissed.

White Chicks Can Hump, there hasn't ever been any dispute to that, but in life, certain exotic females transcend time, race, and religion and get you sprung no matter what. Here, let me map it out for you.

Along with our nation-leading crime rate, South Florida has a racial blend unrivaled anywhere else on our continent. Which means there is plenty of Brown Sugar around. But this one stunning, ebony-jet showcase in particular only likes honkeys. I don't know the reason for this policy, but I am glad. Her name is Jamie Rozier. Aside from mildly resembling Naomi Campbell (and having the nicest rack ever), Jamie is a cool friend. Mainly though, two words spring to mind at the sight of her: Jungle Fever.

Jamie is Jamaican-American, not unlike Patrick Ewing in that regard. At first, ours was a fleeting relationship similar to that of Steven Urkel and Laura Winslow. Unrequited, yes. I barely got any love, which soon began to annoy my randy, physical sensibilities. But I am a persistent little bastard. My "boy next door" charm and forward nature proved to be too formidable a combination for this Nubian Goddess to fend off. I figure I'll never get to boff Robin Quivers or Sade, so here's a consolation prize worth winning. I'm not complaining.

As for this negro-erotic fixation, well, we'll have to trace back to my childhood for the source. Now I may be dating myself here a bit with this old chestnut, but back in the fourth or fifth grade, I recall being the only Klepto on the block to have scored a Reggie Jackson MVP card on the many shopping sprees we urchins had all partaken in.

Enter Kelly Chapter, elementary school temptress and fellow negro. It seems that Kelly had a most serious interest in this elusive baseball card. The obsession was later diagnosed as an affliction clinically referred to as "Reggievion." Kelly's one intent of owning the Reggie card meant it being obtained at any cost. So after subsequent Nolan Ryan and Carlton Fisk trade offers failed to generate any action, "little freak" made me an offer that no 10-year old in his right mind would refuse. "I'll take all my clothes off for you," she offered to my disbelief. Next thing I knew, an emergency game of doctor was taking place and Kelly had the invaluable Reggie card (which I, incidentally, had triplets of) under the disheveled pile of pants and Underoos next to her. This singular incident stayed with me and began a chain of torturous pre-pubescent nights, courtesy of the voluptuous Thelma from "Good Times," Vanessa Williams' Penthouse spread, and "What's Happening's" Shirley Hemphill.

"Booze is a good gift," Jamie comments, referring to the leftover Christmas gift bottle of Crown Royal we are intermitently sipping. I concur and pour us another.

At any rate, this article will more than likely be construed as racist or what not by certain people; but nothing could be further from the truth. I can relate to black people. Just ask Jamie. She thinks I'm smoother than a mashed potato sandwich. And besides, I've seen "I'm Gonna Get You Sucka" and "Blacula" so I know what's up.

"Scotty's as yet unfinished autobiography"



"The yin and yang concept"—Scotty Day



"The miscegenatin' fool."

oscar jordan

by jill trimane



O.J., that's an infamous name to have right now.

It pulls hello blonda girls in.

What do you think about O.J.?

I love the man. He's a crazy sword fighter. Look at him. You know he's guilty.

Have you ever experienced racism as a black skater?

Sort of in this white neighborhood I live in, Ocean Beach. Not really, but they just look at me and get intimidated cuz they've never seen such an intelligent version of a black madman in their life.

Who are you skating for right now?

Bald clothing, Gullwing, Etnies, and Sam at Pacific Drive helps me out a lot, and so does my friend at this other skate shop that I went to school with.

How did you get into skateboarding?

I started about 8 years ago when I moved here from Washington DC. I was born in Nebraska, but moved with my mom to DC two months later cuz my dad was beatin' her ass too much when they had the divorce. After 12 years there we moved out here. I saw these kids ride by on bikes and I wanted to get a bike, and I became friends with a guy across the street who skated. He got me into it, and I was bummed cuz my birthday was like a week after I moved out here and I thought I was gonna get a bike, and I opened this big ol' box and it was a \$20 piece of shit Variflex board with a demon on the bottom of it yellin' "Shaka!" at me. Turned the thing over it and went "Fuck!" Learned how to ollie the first day I had it bumping off of cracks in front of the house, and there you have it. The loser skateboarder guy that I am, the professional with no board sponsor.

Do you have anything in the works?

Nope, I thought I did, but I don't even want to talk about it. Pure hell. I'm having the worst luck with board sponsors.

How was it riding for Mike McGill?

Well, I just didn't quite know what I was getting into. I guess. Mike's a good guy, but I'm a street skater and he's a vert skater. This is the '90s and he's still in the '80s.

He never made you learn McTwists?

No, I learned that on my own on a mini-ramp.

What happened in that fight with Steve Berra? Everyone heard his side of the story, what's yours?

All right, basically I slammed on my ass at the Encinitas contest years ago and got a cramp in my hip. I guess I was getting a little extended on the ground, but hey, that's how it goes when you're hurt. I had respect for the guy all the way up till that point. It wasn't like, "Steve Berra, caught him laughin' at me, I'm gonna kick his fuckin' ass!" That's not how it went. I just went up to him and told him that I'm not gonna let anyone laugh at me when I'm hurt. He started bein' a real smart ass, and he pushed me. One thing led to another, and once he pushed me it was on. He ended up with 2 black eyes, especially after that cheap shot he tried over Mike T.'s shoulder. He couldn't hang with the quickness, he didn't know what he was getting into. Everything's all cool now. I wouldn't even consider that a fight, I consider it an ass whoopin'.

Have you gotten into any other conflicts in contests?

No, I keep it mellow in public always. I'd try to just keep to myself. But if anyone steps in my world, they're gonna get stepped right out.

What about all the heckling you used to get from Jeremy Klein and Ron Chatman?

First of all, Ron's my man and everything, but I don't see what he had to say about me, the guy looks like a black fucking lizard. And Jeremy Klein, that guy has too many skittles lodged between his crooked ass teeth to even talk about me, but it's all good. I'll stand up for my own. I still love Ron Chatman though.

That guy rules.

What are you all about besides skating?

Living for the moment, kickin' mad crazy freestyle. One day I'm gonna make my attack from the rap scene.

So you're a rapper?

I don't write 'em down or anything. Let's just say I'm heavily involved in the freestyle fellowship.

Any crazy stories from when you were growing up?

When we first moved here my mom got heavily involved in drugs and my dad wasn't doin' too good either. Livin' over in East San Diego it got pretty rough so I first started gettin' good at skating. Still didn't think I was any good, but shops started wanting to give me stuff. When I first found out that I was gonna get somewhere skating, the craziest stuff was goin' on at home. Early in my life I found out that I had really nothin' to live for when both of your parents are complete shit. What is that gonna make you wanna do? All you have is a skateboard and you go to a crazy-ass school where you can't learn at. Too many fights, and even myself, I couldn't avoid it. I'll admit I got into some bad shit. I've done some bad things, even just to keep skating. Stashed purses, I've ran rocks for people just to get skateboards. I was a poor ass nigger, and I had a new set up every week, new clothes. I was the cleanest lookin' kid on the block from way back. I'm still tryin' to live up to my status now even though I still have nothin'. No job, but I make it somehow. Survival. That's all my life's ever been.

How do you survive, what keeps your head up?

Just keepin' myself happy and just livin' to impress myself only, and shut out all the carbon copies.

Has your home life mellowed out?

Yeah, my mom's got her shit together now, but so much shit's happened that it's crazy. We didn't even talk for like 8 months. We are now, it's back to normal, but we don't hang out, I don't go over there.

So you live on your own?

Definitely by myself. The only friends I have are the people I skate with.

Do you consider yourself positive?

Oh yeah, definitely. To myself. I wouldn't to kids who are reading this goin' "Yeah, whatever you bad ass, I'm leavin' my home right now." That's not some thin' I'd choose. I'm gonna have the best kids in the world from growin' up how I grew up. After seeing how fucked up my parents were, I got my lids screwed on tight.

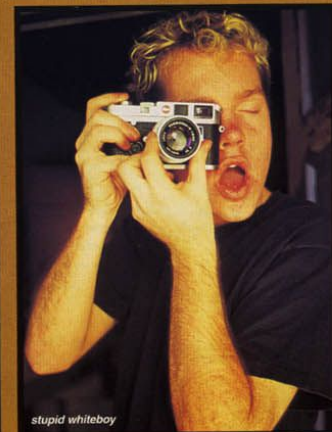
Anything else you want to say?

The thing that pisses me the most off about skateboarding, more than anything, is when I go to a spot and all the skaters sit down. I feel like kickin' all of their asses. I seriously want to fight. I get so bummed out. I deal with it so much, that if you ever see me pissed off at a spot—that's the reason why. If any skaters read this, skate with the pros, don't sit there and stare them down like a fuckin' male stripper. You can get along better with pros if you deal with them on a friendly basis, don't treat them like a fuckin' superstar.

Shouts out to the Pink Panther himself Kanten Russell, the old drunk, dirty bastard crazy Gilbert himself, my drinking buddy and my all time homey, and Bill Weiss. Those are my favorite people to hang out with. Thanks to my Grandma. That's who I live with now, she helped me out good. She totally disagrees with my skateboarding and how I'm livin' my life, but I've talked to her and she knows I'm gonna do what I'm gonna do—but she's still mad super hardcore. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be here where I am now. Her pissin' me off makes me go out and skate good everyday.

The idiot and the \$4000 camera

by marc



stupid whiteboy

"My dreams are coming true," Earl told the bank teller as we stood there and watched her count out his money, "thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty... There you go, four thousand dollars. Have a nice day."

"Fuck yeah, I will... Thank you."

Earl's dreams were coming true. Earlier that day I took him to pick up the long-awaited advance on his forthcoming movie script. Now he would finally be able to confirm his status as Master Journalist with the purchase of the ultimate 35mm camera, the \$4,000 Leica.

From the bank it was straight to the camera store, Sam's in Hollywood. Luckily Earl had them put the camera on reserve just the week before—they have a tough time keeping these things on the shelves. (Sarcastic.)

Earl plunked down the pile of hundred dollar bills on the glass counter. "Can you see if I have enough there?"

The salesperson took up the cash looked at his co-worker. "Look at this. Do you think it's real?"

"Where did you get this kind of money?"

Earl explained; he was working on a movie.

"Oh yeah? Who are you working for?"

"Do you guys know Spike Jonze?"

"Yeah, yeah." Instant recognition. Earl looked at me knowingly.

Then the guy continued, "Hey, why's that guy always make white people look bad in his movies? Did you see Crooklyn?"

But Earl wasn't listening. He had the Leica in his hands.

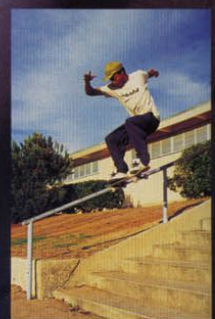
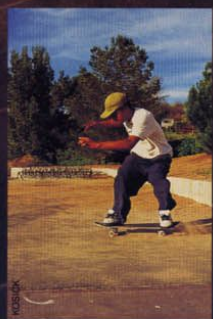
Immediately after getting the Leica, Earl bought a bus ticket to San Francisco, the world's most photogenic city. After a matter of days, though, and the disappointment of an incorrectly loaded roll of film, he was down to only 5 dollars with no place to stay and on the verge of selling his lens for food money. (By then he had realized that the 50mm lens that came with the camera was just too heavy to be of much use for street photography.)

Earl eventually made it back home to his dirty futon in the Big Brother offices with the Leica intact. Soon after he traded in the cumbersome stock lens for a sleeker 35mm one (at the cost of an additional \$300). Extending his streak of self-inflicted ruin he purchased a pair of \$60 tailored Polo pants just for the fuck of it, and saw to it that they were all ink-stained before the creases were gone. Then (predictably) he dropped the Leica, breaking the \$1,200 lens. With no money and starving he finally ended up selling the Leica to Tobin for a mere \$1,000 and boarded a bus to his Grandma's in Denver. In all he shot just three rolls of film with the Leica—an average cost of \$1,000 per roll.



- Famous Oscar list:
1. Oscar the Grouch
 2. Oscar Meyer
 3. Oscar "Academy Award"
 4. Oscar Madison
 5. Oscar de la Renta
 6. Oscar de la Hoya
 7. Oscar Kokoschka
 8. Oscar Schindler
 9. Oscar Robinson
 10. Oscar Peterson

Nosegrind and noselide courtesy of Oscar Jordan.



BRINGING YOU
THE NEWS IN THE



THE EVENING WHIRL

An Uninterrupted Publication... Since 1938

MAY GOD
GUIDE THE
BRAVE 50¢
TILL
VICTORY
IS WON

"They Got Me" Says Vincent Alford



Vincent Alford

"Selling dope was my game, but police got me just the same. I didn't kill anybody so I'll breathe easy and just prepare to be gone for a while. You see I'm frowning. I can't smile."

At 13 and weighs only 140, but with his girlfriend and his dope he knows how to act right naughty. Hey lady! He is a single dude and available to a woman who will help him peddle dope when he is free.

WOMAN BEATERS AND TORRID MISTREATERS I Don't Like What I See They Are Going To Report To Me



I'm The Ruler Of The Roost; Will Give Any Fine Woman A Boast!



Be Good And I Won't

Title block for the Whirl's list of ousted wife-beaters.

review by sidney pathka
The Evening Whirl of St. Louis, Missouri is billed as the "Only Crime Newspaper in America." It not only reports who's doing crimes, but in so doing it poorly rhymes. This is the only print news that editorializes outside of the editorials, of which, there are none. If the paper doesn't like a dude they flush him. And if they suspect a girl is gettin' it dirty, they take no heed in telling us if her buttocks is sticky more than once a day. I first picked up a copy of this badboy pulp when I was 17. Although at the time I laughed so hard I couldn't pull up my pants, I still thought "Wow, someday I will take this paper over as my own." That didn't happen, unfortunately. But I did get laid later that summer.

How would you like to be pictured with the caption, "They got me?" And on top of that called a coward? It can be very humiliating if The Whirl throws your name around like a frisbee.

Take Joann Spencer who pleaded guilty to heroin and cocaine possession: "...She loved to be called 'The Rich Bitch with the right switch,' but now she can be called 'The Prison Cow'..." Someone gotta milk Joann.

With its mugshots and arrest lists this paper keeps low income residents abreast of the baddies around the way. Most of the hard-working gentry that read it can't necessarily afford TV sets to watch the local news. The only way to get the word is from The Whirl.

I once had a girlfriend who read The Whirl cover to cover. She would pick it up and devour it every-time we intercoursed in the afternoons. After she "finished" (even if I hadn't) she would read The Whirl. One day I finally asked her why she treat-

ed me like man with no clout, only to hear her reply, "if you don't know, you don't get it." Then she would light up a square, roll over, and fall asleep with the crime report between her thighs. Another satisfied customer.

This brings up another point of interest. Not only does the paper's name rhyme with "Shirl," but it also serves as a wide-eyed citizen. And that is good. It is an example of a business which helps its neighbors, just like McDonalds or Wal-Mart. However, unlike Mickey D's or the "Mart," the Whirl doesn't sell fries. But it does account for all those with hamburger breath. Take for instance, the following Whirl report:

"The dude likes easy money. To him it was funny, but with his tail in jail he will ride the rail, and maybe till he gets pale."

from the whirl vol. 56, #13

"...Some dude pulled a blade on Tyrone George up on Natural Bridge and then placed a pistol upside his head and took his car keys. The brazen man then took Tyrone

car, and drove off like it was his. Ah lady!! Ain't nobody want that mistreatment for the sake of powder cocaine."

It has been said that missing an issue of The Whirl is worse than missing a meal. Put me in court, I'll testify. And The Whirl is truly an example of one of our best corporate citizens despite what some may say is swag-gery language. So what if they call a bitch a bitch? They ain't tellin' us anything we don't already know.

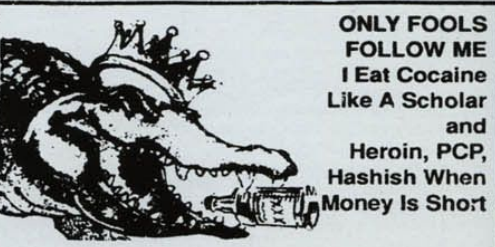
The Penitentiary Caught Pet In The Net



Reginald Lee

This dude, Reggie, is 42 and maybe he is through. He weighs 175 and is 6 feet tall. Oh how he likes to have a ball making that easy money. Honey!

Reggie sold some cocaine at 3651 Cass to Doc, Louis Berry and was promptly swagged in. He frownd, stumbled and fell to the ground. He was nervous and shivering, but it was too late. The "Bitches" the detectives' boss. Oh what a sad fate!



ONLY FOOLS FOLLOW ME I Eat Cocaine Like A Scholar and Heroin, PCP, Hashish When Money Is Short

YES, WE ARE DOPE EATERS OR PEDDLERS

Title block for the Whirl's list of ousted drug users.

What's your name?

My name is SAD. Jay Stephens is my real name, but I'd like everyone to call me SAD 'cause it pretty much defines me. It stands for "Simple As Death" 'cuz if you can understand death then you can understand me—it's just that simple. You may think you know me, but then again, you may be way off.

What's up with your mustache? Why's it shaved in the middle?

That's just me. That goes along with SAD and everything. Somethin' I just picked up from like O.G. ees or some gangsters. Chinese lighters and stuff. Mustache just long on the ends, like a strollin' or somethin'.

What kind of music are you into?

Raggae, rock, classic rock, speed metal, death metal, jazz, opera, all types of shit. No country. I'll listen to foreign music before I'll listen to country 'cuz I'd rather not understand the words. Country and Mexican music is sickening.

You don't go for salsa music?

Some of it. That stuff from Florida, that's alright. Like on Miami Vice. Latin Linggo shit.

That's Cuban music.

Smart ass.

How does it feel riding for a legend, The Goonz?

Riding for Mark is the ultimate privilege for me. I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for him. I give Mark much props, respect due, thanks, and all that. He's nothing like I thought he was going to be, but that's all for the better.

What about the whole fashion scene?

Fark that. Just put your clothes on and go skate. Ability and style shows through everything. Clothes is clothes. Ain't gotta be Polo. As far as fat tongues in your shoes, let it stay on East Coast thing West Coast skaters, cuz that's where it came from. Keep individuality and stop jumping on the bandwagon.

Did you watch Colors?

Yeah, but that stuff isn't entertainment. I see that all the time. Even if I didn't, I hear about it so much, why would I want to see it? I'd rather see something like *Armistead*. That's entertainment. That gangsta shit ain't entertainment. It's depressing. I've witnessed all that.

I heard you had a little experience being shot at.

I brought that on myself. I hit this dude's side mirror with my board skatin' back from South Bay to Slousson and Crenshaw. I guess they heard us or saw us. When we got to the corner I was ahead of my friend, and a grip of them pulled up in a truck and yelled to come here. I seen a dude with a gun at his side, so when my friend caught up to me I told him the guy had a gun, so we took off running. They ran up to the corner and then started shooting at us. We were running serpentine so we wouldn't get hit. We got away, but kept running into them for the next hour or so. We'd see them, they'd shoot, and we'd run again.

What's up with the Crenshaw-Slousson scene?

There's not a whole lot to skate, but the scene is cool. You just gotta go there with the attitude that you're out to protect yours, but at the same time, you're not out there to harm anybody. Just give respect to the locals. There's the girls too. You just gotta be on point cuz you never know when someone is gonna hit one of them parking lots and let off. Whether they're shooting at you or not, it doesn't even matter cuz you know what they say—bullets don't have names on 'em.

How has growing up in South Central affected who you are today?

Nothing really affected me in a negative way except things in my own household, but as far as like what's around me, I think that stuff helped me be more open minded cuz I can look at things. I'm not no South Central victim. I understand what goes on here and I understand what goes on in other cities. The difference has made me be so more open minded than bein' straight narrow-minded like "Dude, I'm a 'stay like this, I'm a 'stay like that, I'm a 'live by my own kind," like people in Orange county. I wanna stay universal, I wanna be all over. I don't wanna live anywhere else though.

You ever killed a man?

Nat, yep. Don't push it Pat, you may be the first.

Is there anything that you want to say in dosing?

Individuality is what really makes a man. You can't sit there and follow everybody else cuz you don't know where everybody else is going. And that's SAD for you.



sad
by Pat Canale



Photo: Switch heellip over gap. Sequence: Switch pivot grind.

larry moore



by Jeff Tremaine

How old are you?

18. I'm in my senior year at Wilson.

Do you represent the LBC?

Yep, everywhere I go. Long Beach Larry in effect.

Ever seen Snoop Doggy Dog walking around Long Beach?

Not Snoop, but I know like C Style, Little C Style, and Tike cuz they live down the street from me and we've hung out and kicked it for some time.

Who do you skate for?

Four, Converse, Independent, and Zimbabwe Clothing.

Have you ever experienced racism as a skater?

Yeah, I experience racism everywhere I go. Through school with teachers, they try to say so many words and call me ignorant, when I know my intelligence is a lot more higher than that. People look at me funny cuz I'm black and I skate. They call me "oreo," but I don't let that get to me cuz they wish they had what I have. I let the actions show and let the words stay in the book. Yesterday I was down in Huntington Beach with my friends and we drove over to Spartart, and I noticed as I opened the door one of the employees and a manager were havin' a conversation and soon as I came in they just dropped it and stared at me. I deal with it all the time, but I have to look past it cuz they're ignorant. Even if someone looks at me wrong, I still try to give them a nice look anyway. I got no shit with white, black, Cambodian, whatever. Ain't no peace nowhere—seems like everywhere you go everybody got a grudge. We should all just be kickin' and loungin'.

Has your life ever been threatened?

Yeah, a lot of times. I wear blue a lot, cuz where I am that's just my color period. I was skating one time and some person called me a name and I turned around and gave him a response, "What's up? You want to get a fair word?" cuz that's what we call a fair fight. Next you know, he was just like, "Hey, what you talkin' about?" he pulled up his shirt and I saw a strap. I just turned my back and boned off. I can't beat no bullet. I remember goin' to the Santa Monica curbs one time and on our way leavin' we almost got jacked by 7 Hispanics. A guy came up to me and said I beat up his friend, and I did recognize the dude, I had a fight with somebody before back here in Long Beach. We got into it and we was fightin' and they ran back to their cars and got weapons, and we had to run cuz all we had was our skateboards.

Do you have any feelings on the OJ case?

I don't think OJ did it, to tell you the truth. I think he was set up. Why are they worryin' about all this extra evidence on OJ? The whole thing is who killed the two people. They're always worryin' about how bad the defense made the prosecution look, and that's all about bein' a lawyer. They're worried about their egos. I put it like this: if I'm gonna kill somebody, if I've got time, I'm gonna cut myself the best way I can and don't leave no traces. I don't think he was that dummy.

Anything else you want to say?

I'm just Larry Moore, that's it. Just a cool person who'd kick it with anybody, but I don't kick it with Busters. I don't like fake people. I kick it with the real. And God is for real.



Eat, drink and be Larry; Approach hydrant, compress, shape hands, flip board.

marcelle johnson

by Kareem Campbell

What's your name?
Marcelle Johnson.

What's the worst thing that's ever happened to you being a black skater?

Skating downtown, it was a bunch of us like 4 blacks and 5 whites, and we got busted for skating some alle bump. It was weird, this black dude steps out of the police car, I guess he was some kind of rookie cop or something, and he said "I'll take these 4 you take the others." Then we got tickets and the others didn't. I was like "What's that? Are they getting tickets?" and he was like "You don't worry about that. You worry about what I'm doing." I gave him a fake name anyways.

Being black how does some of your peoples respond to you skating?

They like it. They say that black people can do it too. That's how my mom is.

None of your friends be callin' you "oreo" or nothin'?

They used to, but not anymore.

How did you handle it when they did?

I just told 'em "I'm doin' somethin' good and ya'll niggers ain't doin' nothin'."

Do you think O.J.'s innocent?

Yep, I think he got set up.

What kind of movies do you like?

Have you seen that movie *Higher Learning*? That was pretty dope. My favorite movie is *Colors*. I thought that movie was fresh.

What do you like about it?

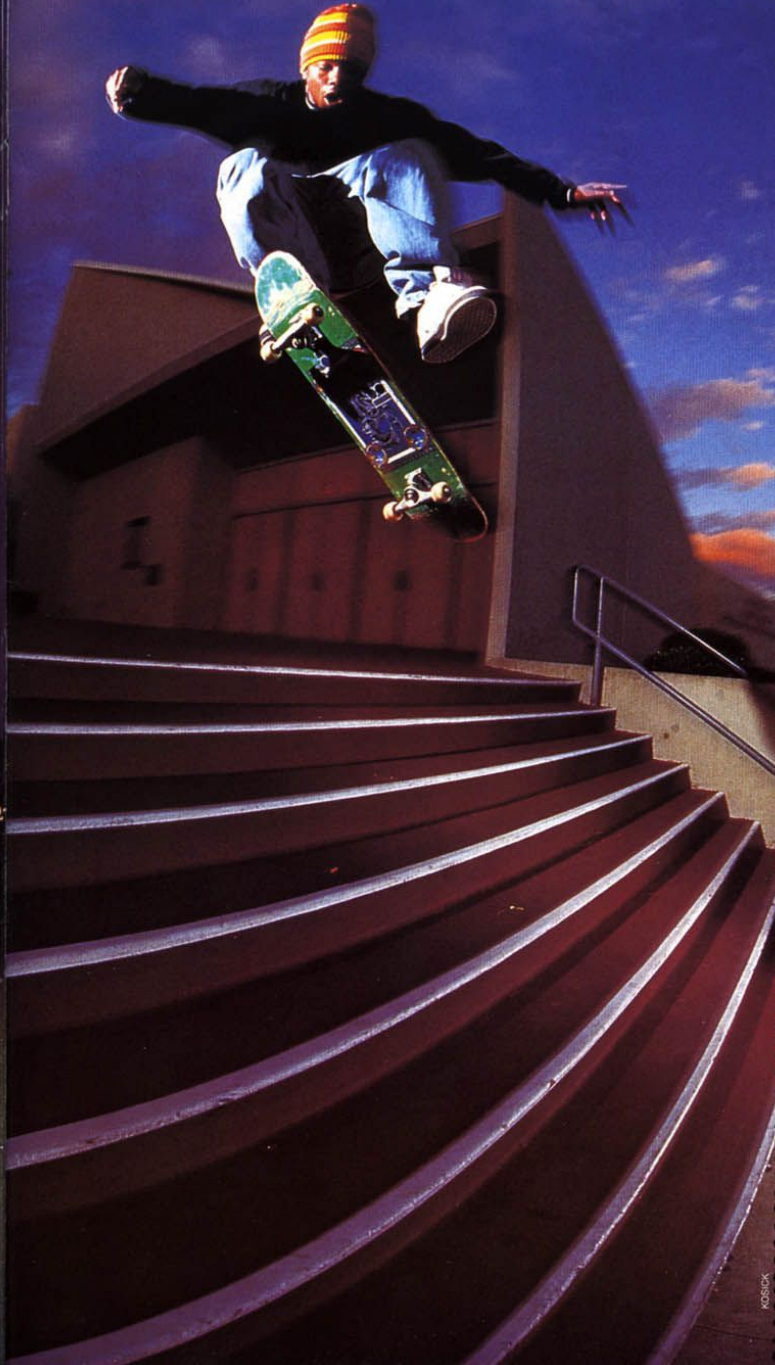
It shows it how it is.

Who are your sponsors?

World and Etnies. I need to get on a truck company.

Anything else you want to let be known?

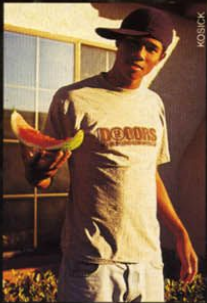
Hmm, I don't know if I should say this or not, well, I'll just say it—I don't give a fuck. When I used to ride for Evol, Tony Magnusson wouldn't give us boards sometimes. We'd stay the night at his house and he'd bone out and shit and go out with his girl and leave all night, so we'd find the keys and break into the garage and take all these boards, me and Pat Chanita.



Board thief or badass? You decide. Left: Shove-it down eight steps. Right: Tail and truck graze the surface of a foreign object.

REDBULL

alphonso
rawls



by jeff tremaine



The Fonz frontside nose slides a rail, you read the caption like some kid trapped in an After School Special. OPPOSITE PAGE: A good way to get electrocuted.

So you skate for Natural now?

Yes sir.

Do you do graphics for them?

Sure do. I've done all Bucky Lazzak's, Danny Mayer's, logo boards, t-shirts, pretty much every graphic that comes out.

When you do a graphic for Danny Mayer, does he say "that's dope?"

Oh, that's his favorite word.

How did you get into art?

I've been doin' art since the beginning of my life. I was one of those kids that never really did my work, just sat in classes doing artwork. I was basically taught by Mike Ternosky 'cause he knew a little bit from the old H-Street days. I did some of the old H-Street graphics.

Are you a tagger?

No, fuck no. Everyone gets caught up in it thinkin' it's a cool thing to do 'cause a lot of the LA pros do it, but I think it's bull-shit. Tagging is the dumbest thing you could get caught up in, and you don't realize it until you sittin' your ass in jail thinkin' "I'm in jail for writing a fake name." It ain't like you can get real credit for it. You get nothing from it. If you get caught you can't say "Well, at least I got up all over the place and I get credit for this and that," 'cause you get shit in the end. You get nothing but fuckin' hard time paying bills and shit.

Were you ever a breakdancer?

Oh, hell yeah. Every once in awhile I'll still do it messin' around. I went to Japan a couple months ago with the Danger, John Reeves, the Beatnuts, Danny Mayer, Jason Rodgers, and we met up with the breakdancing crew New York City Rock Steady.

Have you ever experienced racism with skating?

All the sisters, they don't dig it too well. None of the sisters like me 'cause I skate. They think it's like surf related and white boy shit. They don't know nothin' about me so they can just fuck off.

What was it like working with Sal Rocco Jr.?

Oh my God. He's a fuckin' complete idiot loser. Complete crackhead. I don't mean to bust on Steve's brother, but it was the hardest time ever. Just explaining the simplest things to him, it was too hard for him to comprehend. I'd go through 3 hour conversations and get nowhere trying to explain simple shit like the number 1 comes before 2 or some shit like that. He'd be all "Wait, I don't get it, slow down! You're gainin' too fast for me." Fuckin' crackhead wife and dirty non-bathing kids—I really don't like that guy. He's just not in the right state of mind to run a company or anything.

Why did you even consider riding for Bitch?

When I first started I thought it was all going to be overseen by Steve. I was put on that team by Rodney, so I was figuring it was gonna have some type of coordinated guidance, but little did I know, huh? It was retarded. I look back on it and feel so stupid.

I had nothing to do with all those stupid ass anti-Girl graphics. Those guys were kinda bummed at me, but I had no problem with those guys, they just took it the wrong way. They didn't realize that was what I needed to do at the time. That was a whole bad scene. That was one of the worst times of my life.

What does the "d" stand for in Draws clothing?

Fuck, I don't know. I don't have anything to do with that company. That's a pretty clever marketing scheme having my name in there. I need to hunt 'em down for a check.

Is there anything else you want to say?

I think the kids out there skating shouldn't let the pros influence you to do stuff you know is bad. The pros in our industry are still kids themselves, they're easily influenced by other pros or TV. A lot of times they're not headed the right way. Like tattoos and fuckin' smokin', a lot of pros do that 'cause they're fuckin' stupid. So don't do it 'cause they're doin' it 'cause they probably don't know why they're doin' it themselves. Do what you know is right for you.

So what do you think about the image out there right now?

I think it's cleanin' up and it's way better for the sport. Kids are more into fashion and cleanin' up their image and that makes skateboarding look better by far instead of a bunch of dirty ass kids sessioning a spot with fucked up green hair and all that punk rock dirty stuff. Now it's better 'cause it's cleaner like Polo and people actually care more or less how they look.

You didn't like it when people were dressin' all crazy?

It made the sport look way more violent, but now with the cleaner image it looks more—I don't know if "preppy" is the right word—but more respectable.

What about all the partying?

Oh, I'm into partyin', don't get me wrong. I hit up the Green Circle in downtown San Diego every once in awhile. I just turned 21 so I'm experimenting, y'know?

You're drinking yourself into the gutter.

No, not even. I've never been drunk. I can honestly say that. I sip a little bit to get a buzz but I like to speak clear or to the ladies—just kidding.



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Photo: Mo' better 360 flip, it's all good.

Sequence: Maurice hip-hoppin' a 1/8 half-cab heelflip. He's in Orange County, invading the home of white pride. Fight the power.



maurice key

by kareem campbell

What's your name?

Maurice Key.

Where you from?

Brooklyn.

How is it being a black skater in Brooklyn?

It's chill.

Do niggaz ever bug out on you?

Nah, some niggaz and shit, but it's all good cuz I'm on my own and shit. They really don't say nothin' it's just like they trip and think I'm a punk or somethin'.

Give me a little background on the black scene out there, how's it lookin' skate-wise?

Black skaters out there are pretty much comin' up in all parts. I'm starting to notice a lot more black skaters now comin' up in New York.

Do you think you have any advantages over white kids cuz you're black and sponsored?

Not even, it's like whatevs. Equal opportunity. I'm trying to get mine just like everybody else is trying to get theirs.

What's the worst thing that's ever happened to you being a black skater?

When I first started skatin' and shit, some redneck white skaters tried to beat and shit, but it was all good. I just had to set 'em straight. It was like down South. They tried to get all racial and name-calling. They just came up and they was all just talkin' all this shit and I started talkin' 'shit back. Just punked 'em down. They just stepped off and gave me respect after that.

Do you think SF is more interracial than any place you been?

Yeah, it is. Word.

Who do you skate with?

Keith Hu!, Chris Keefe, fuckin' everybody pretty much, the whole SF/EMB crew. But in New York I skate with my original NY heads.

What would you say to a young black skater that's comin' up?

Keep your head straight and focus on you. Try and maintain. Just be yourself.

What do you think about white kids tryin' to be black?

To me they all pussy and shit, you know what I'm sayin'? Tryin' to be like somethin' they ain't. Wanna be down cuz I'm down—no respect comin' my way.

Anything else?

Peace out to all my NY niggaz—all the original NY heads. Peace to my mom, brother, sister, and my whole fam.

femi bukunola

by rodney mullen

What's your name?

OluFemi Bukunola

Where are you from?

Manchester, England

How long have you been out here?

Since June of '94, but I've been coming to Frisco since 1990, ever since I was old enough to have my own passport.

What's the main difference between San Francisco and Manchester?

In England people are a lot more ready to fight. They're more on edge because

they're less afraid of getting a gun pulled in their face.

Over here you have to be weary of stuff like that, so people are a lot more subdued. In England people are prepared to fight over anything. I mean like if you look at somebody for too long they're ready to brawl.

They'll be fuckin' with skaters. In certain things England is lot more free, like over here you need an ID to

take a shit. In England all the club ages are 18, and they'll serve you alcohol as soon as you look 18. Over here they kind of dangle things in front of people, like you can go out and buy a gun at this age, but you can't buy a drink, and you can drive a lethal weapon like a 300 horsepower car, but you can't get into a club. It's like stupid man, the government over here is bug-gin'. America seems to be the only culture in the world where money affords you the right to buy only what you want to see, so if you've got enough money you don't have to see anything that you don't want to. That's why people be livin' up in penthouses 30 stories above all the bullshit and you only have to come down to the street level whenever. I guess it must be scary. Racism over here is controlled by money. It's subliminal, underground. In England it's a lot more blatant. They'll see someone and say, "Oh you're a pak" or "You're a nigger," and if they've got there boys with them then they'll beat the shit out of that person 'cause they know they can get away with it. It's a lot more institutionalized over here, a lot more organized. Which is kind of cool in a way because you don't have to deal with it from day to day, but it's a lot more scary because you realize that when they do want your ass they'll be at your door and you're out. It's that simple.

We've got quite a history. Here you see different levels. According to what race you are, and I guess blacks are at the bottom over here. At least it seems that way. Is it the same way in England even though you don't have the same history of slavery?

No. There's like the Pakistanis, the people from India, and they're kind of viewed as lower than blacks by a lot of people. That's fucked up, and the thing that annoys me nowadays is a lot of black people are practicing reverse racism. It's like they'll see something that's blatantly racist but as long it don't affect them they'll just let it slide, which to me is like ignorance.

What stuff do you like to read?

There's a book that I read in Frisco lately called "Behold the Pale Horse" which talks about the genetic engineering of AIDS, and the way it was targeted toward certain aspects of society. Like how in America the black male is the most endangered species.

Do you believe in the Bible?

I believe in God, yeah. It's not like, fuckin'... I'm not no saint or nothin'. You know I do things everyday that are fucked up.

What are some of your other interests?

I'd say I have pretty basic interests, like, lyin' in the gutter, girls, and weed, if I can say that, and music. Pretty much, if we be chillin', we get high, find some cuties (pronounced Cuz-E's) and just bump some new tapes. I like writing.

When you gonna die?

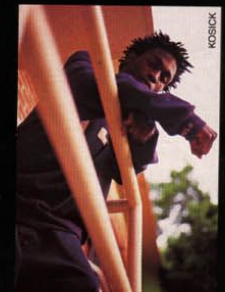
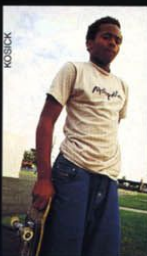
I wanna die at fifty, not a day older.

Any last words?

I'd like to tell Thiebaud I never called Africa from his house.



In Swahili, Femi means "dive" and Bukunola means "bomb." Rick didn't even bother to roam more than a block away from his office. Crappy LAX banks.



clyde singleton

by karoom campbell

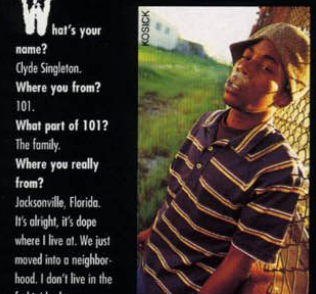


When you're a baby, poo usually comes out in mustard and green colors. As you grow older it will stay mainly in the brown spectrum with the extremely rare dashes of white and red. Clyde has probably never shit a white log. Around the clockwise world of Clyde: Backslide 3-6, fake heelflip, an ollie, and a f* 1/2 cab heelflip.

SOGRATES



KOSBUCK



What's your name?
Clyde Singleton.
Where you from?
101.
What part of 101?
The family.
Where you really from?
Jacksonville, Florida.
It's alright, it's dope where I live at. We just moved into a neighborhood. I don't live in the fuckin' burbs.
Who do you skate with out there?
Sometimes Bear and shit. I pretty much just skate by myself. Nobody don't like to go skating, nigga? a bunch of lazy inbreeds.
How is it being the first black skater to ride for 101?
It's dope, it ain't no different. Not that I know of—unless I've been smokin' too much. I like Natas, Gino, and Dilis.
How does it feel bein' black and riding a skateboard?
It's pretty dope, nigga? bring new styles and shit into it. Definitely gotta respect that. I think it'd be dope to see a nigga on vert.
Word up, we need a black vert skater, that sounds lovely.
Why don't you get up on that vert shit?
I been up on that shit sometimes, I used to back in the day, until my tooth and the ramp french-kissed. Nigga? is just outta control on that shit. You see what happened to Steadham.
What else has been goin' on in your life?
Nothin', just chillin' with Drake and the Workshop. Chillin' with the SD's.
Are you ready to drop your new board soon?
Yeah, that shit's about to pop up. Probably in the summer.
What do you want to tell kids?
I don't know, I forgot.

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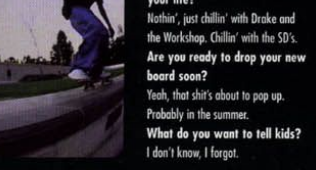
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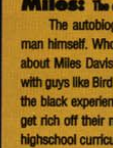
What do you want to tell kids?
I don't know, I forgot.



DUNE'S BOOK REVIEWS



Howard Street by Nathan Heard
Fuck Melrose Place, try Newark, NJ during the late '60s. *Howard Street* contains stories from Heard's actual experiences, this was written while he was in Trenton State Penitentiary. This junkie, pimp narrative documents the underbelly of black cool. Bad asses, bar scenes, dope, sluts, love... this book has it all. In a world where nobody plays fair, you might as well own a Cadillac.



Miles The autobiography of Miles Davis with Quincy Troupe
The autobiography and escapades of the motherfuckin' man himself. Who in their right mind would not want to read about Miles Davis? He talks about his music career, traveling with guys like Bird and Coltrane, kicking his drug addiction, and the black experience. Miles was one of very few musicians to get rich off their music in the '60s. This book is a must read, highschool curriculum should be math, English, and Miles.



Angela Davis: An Autobiography
According to Angela, this book is "For those whose humanity is too rare to be destroyed by walls, bars and death houses." The afro she sports on the cover is enough to let you know, Angela is not to be fucked with. She tells her story of becoming politically active, getting framed and jailed, and living to tell all. Much more interesting than examining O.J.'s dirty laundry. She is free today and lecturing like it was still the '60s.

Soledad Brother, The Prison Letters of George Jackson
George Jackson was locked up for stealing \$70 from a gas station in 1960, and the man is still locked up today. While in jail he was framed for some prison riot murders, not because there was substantial evidence connecting him to the killings, but because he had been previously identified as a "black militant." Blacks holding crack pipes are O.K., blacks owning guns illegally and killing other blacks are O.K, but when an intelligent, educated, organized black owns a gun, crosses will burn. These letters clue you in to the struggles that have been going on from the perspective of a true revolutionary.



Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto by Gilbert Osofsky
After blacks were emancipated, many moved to the North with little or no money. Many of these people were shackled with a new form of slavery—poverty. With limited or no education and lack of equal job opportunities, most blacks were forced to live in tenement buildings in affordable areas. Whites who had lived in these areas, such as Harlem, staged racial battles before finally moving out and staying out of what many of them called the "darkie" sections. This caused property values to drop and businesses to close. This book contains facts and statistics along with some analysis about the creation of Harlem as a ghetto. This information can be applied to just about any ghetto populated with blacks and is information everyone should be aware of. The common beer-belly, wife-beating American who thinks blacks created ghettos and brought problems such as poverty and drugs on this country needs to check out the track record of the good of U.S. of A.

Soul on Ice by Eldridge Cleaver
I've just started reading this one, written by the former Black Panther Minister of Information, and it's already made it to my bookshelf of fame. The book includes commentary about people like James Baldwin, Malcolm X, some prison letters, and does a good job of questioning this nation's policies. It's pretty easy to find in used book stores and the writing is much more relevant and informative than a Tupac song.



BLACK HORROR

By Sean Cliver

From sports, to music, comedy, drama, fashion, and even the judicial system, black humans probably contain more entertainment value per square inch than any other individual race. They've prospered within most every facet of the American entertainment center all except for one: horror films. You drop 'em in that genre and they seize up like a mime with Turrets. Aside from the stock voodoo/jungle roles, the Black American has remained largely irrelevant within the folds of the white curtain of horror. Whitey just has that uncanny knack for scaring people, whereas blacks are inherently funny, and that's precisely why these flicks succeed, because they couldn't scare the shit out of my incontinent grandmother.

When the '70s finally rolled in, the formula was simple and the ingredients ripe: a base of previously pioneered turf, healthy doses of the thriving jive era, dashes of social commentary, and a smattering of white entrepreneurs—mixed and sufficiently cooked until half-baked, laughable, or an angry dance-re-mix of a Paul McCartney/Stevie Wonder collaboration. Instant Blaxploitation.

Son of Ingagi i

Suburban black folk find themselves spooked, befuddled, and murdered by a jungle man done up in a home-grown ski mask in one of the original all-black "horror" films. Your basic Amos n' Andy, bugged-out-eye feature minus the lip paint. (1940)



Blacula iii

In his downtime, Blacula fronts mild mannered and clean-cut while ordering Bloody Mary's in his smart black cape while everyone else chills in wide lapels and upholstery, but when pissed and lustful blood, sprouts unkempt afro and sporty, racing stripe facial hair patterns. Funky animated credits lend to the atmosphere of an After School Special. (1972)



The Thing With Two Heads iiiiii

Not yet released on video, but a brief tracing of late-night childhood scar tissue surfaces to mind the hilarious images of Rosy Grier arguing and romping about with a racist, white head transplanted onto his shoulders. Ol' Rosy is one of O.J.'s best buddies, so cross your fingers and click your heels for this rare slice of film noir to be released in the finest sense of exploitation possible. It's the bomb. (1972)



Blackenstein i

I live alone in a single room—often going entire days without speaking a single word—only to emerge from subconscious states to find myself emulating Gregor from Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, lying nude in bed for uncharted hours on end while plotting the sun's progression through its shifting bronze shadows. For societal fulfillment I'll ease into a slipstream, instinctively wind my way to a grocery store, and make unusual personal hygiene purchases. Later, in the lingering segment of the day, I'll conduct various experiments centered on the artificial inducement of sleep. It's funny, but you'd think a square afro would've been more entertaining. (1973)



Dr. Black and Mr. Hyde iiiii

Who would win in a fight: Betty Crocker (legendary temptress of the kitchen) armed with five 1 lb. bags of Gold Medal bleached flour and a stainless steel sifter, or award winning UCLA physician Dr. Henry Pride wielding a topless black prostitute and a hypodermic needle filled with an experimental liver serum. The battle would occur on top of a Rolls Royce's rag-top roof while circling the Watts Towers. (1975)



Scream Blacula Scream iii

Riding in on the original feature's tidal wave of success, Count Chocula's back on the streets of LA, this time to locate the area pimps on the ethics of slavery and its applications to their own specific trade. When they refuse to engage him in philosophical repose, he whoops ass to the accompanying backdrop of an electronically cross-pollinated voodoo/jive score. (1973)



What's your name?

Keenan Milton.

Where you from?

I was born in Atlanta, but I'm from New York City, Harlem, 123rd St. and 1st Avenue. That's where I first started skating. I was young, so I didn't know how to take the trains and shit. I just skated around the neighborhood.

Did people bug out on you cuz you was black and ridin' a skateboard around Harlem?

They'd be like, "Wassup little skate nigger?" If you'd fall they'd laugh at you for dumb long.

Did you ever get into it with anybody?

Nah, I pretty much knew everybody in my neighborhood. I pretty much try and stay away from trouble—until it comes my way. I kinda throw like down lows and shit, and don't sweat nobody.

How is it ridin' for Chocolate now?

It's dope, I just feel good about it. That's a hard one to talk about.

What else has been goin' on in the life of Keenan?

Nothin' much man, just chillin' out with California. I like California, just hangin' out with all the heads. I've been tryin' to get a place for dumb long. I've just been stayin' with people.

What can we expect from Keenan in the future?

You can expect my board comin' out pretty soon on Chocolate, and expect to see me maybe on tour.

keenan

by kareem campbell

MILTON

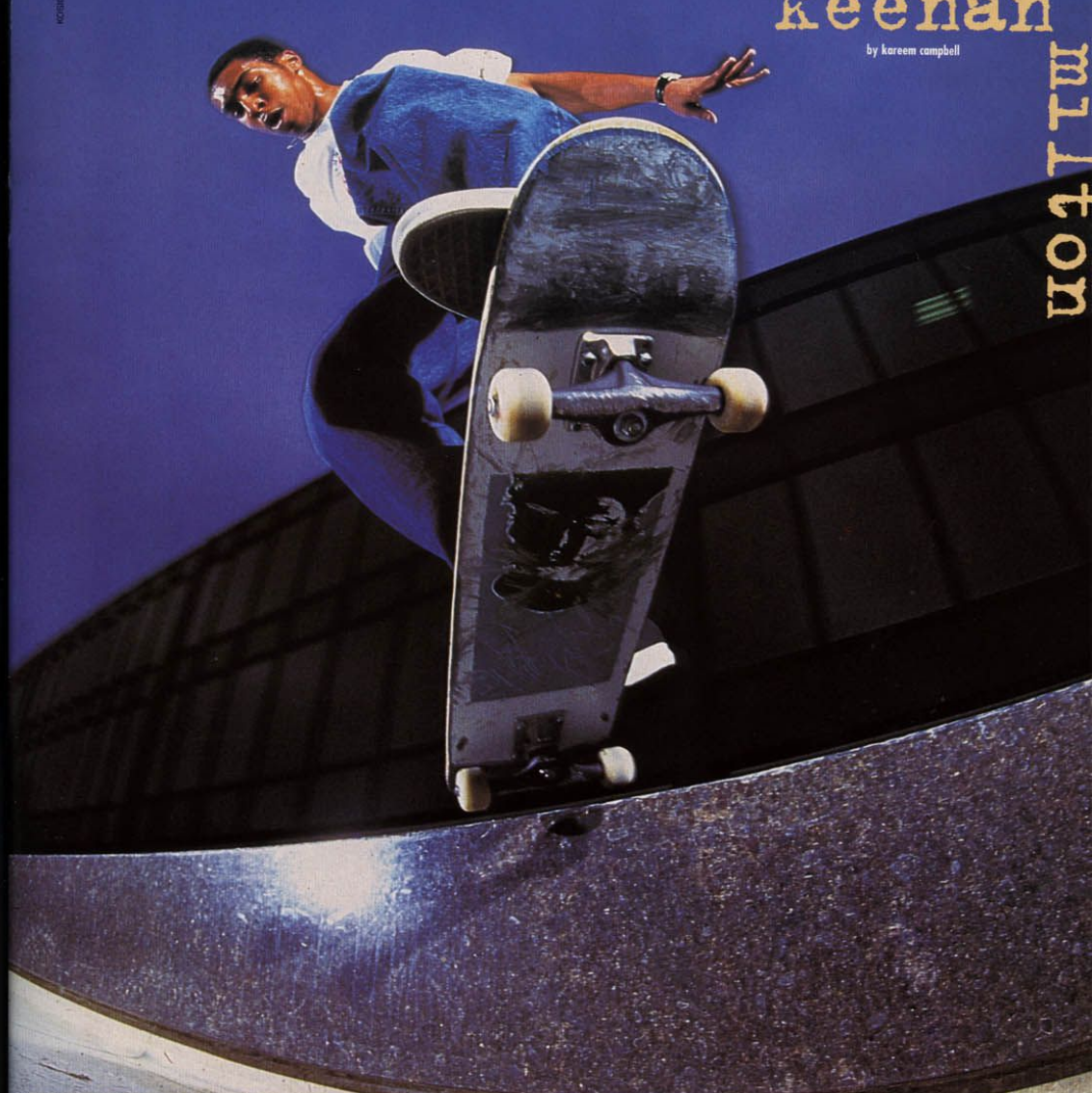


Photo: This marble ledge is going to be bigger than EMB, bigger than Courthouse. Keenan does a switch-b's tailslide before the weekenders show.

Sequence: This switchstance frontside heelflip shove-it over the Santa Monica sand gap is a hard trick, best left to professionals like Keenan Milton.

THE STORY OF QUAZAR

by Earl Parker

I tried to assume another pseudonym recently: "Quazar." A number of subtitles or mottoes were to accompany him, among them "supernatural" and "other-worldly." Rick was distraught when briefed of my new identity. "I just heard we're gonna have to call you Quazar now. What the fuck is that all about?" Unfortunately, with aspirations to be the best writer in America, Quazar's reign came and went; he was but a flash in the pan.

But the beginning was great. Quazar's first writing, the masterpiece, "Black Americans in America," established him right off the bat as highly congruent. Within that story though, several crucial lines had to be deleted, because even Big Brother couldn't handle the intensity of his approach. Among the lines were:

"They were niggers then and now," followed the sentence. "They couldn't even stand to be sold."

And also...

"Chicken restaurants line the ghetto of Compton and the shores of the Gulf. The New York streets are doused with niggardry. Like many neighborhoods in nice areas, taken over by drug bums."

Subconsciously I always knew Quazar wouldn't last. His heart and spirit were faint from the long hours when his first work was pounded out, burrowing a famous attitude of his past identity...

He exploded into a black hole.

Quazar was inclined to taking huge amounts of opiates and Depressers, a new drug that took him down. Took him to the brink of suicide. Whenever he spit, it would land on a penny. His dick glowed like the sun.

Favorite game: Space Invaders

Quazar was a long-winded hippie. The first day he took so much acid that blood vessels in his forehead burst. He was found reading a gun magazine in an LA pantry and deli.

If he was not dismissed, he would have found the needle by now.

"BLACK AMERICANS IN AMERICA"

by Quazar

So timeless are the black, and so envious are we...

...but we, conservative white America, are stuck in between because we want to be like them, but we cannot, because they are not like us. They are blackskinned.

When the slaves were brought over from Africa, many Americans were appalled, and tried ushering the first few home. But they were hesitant to go, and so we let them stay. How they didn't want the boat ride any longer. How that had worn them out—they couldn't even stand to be sold. Soon after the Emancipation Proclamation, Black Americans and peaceful members of senior citizen society, befriended one another in household scenarios. Like in *Driving Miss Daisy*.



Actual scene from a TV show.

Now, unfortunately, we are in the middle of the most childish phase in American race relations: "Blacks are in." In South Dakota a gang of teenagers developed called the "Whiggers," which meant "white niggers." They disbanded after shooting three townsmen. The TV side of the "Blacks are in"

trend, is somewhat over. In its wake is a mumbo-jumbo of Asian and Indian programs.

Anglo-Saxon protestant communities continue growing, creating revenue for those in rural America. Many black farmers grow cotton weed, and wear con hats. The city is streamlined; no matter what decays, your will is to isolate "Ed," the new nickname for the blacks. Meanwhile the legacy of Slavery lives on in the rich south, still initiated in remote areas. In Los Angeles it's white slavery—forcing a woman into prostitution. Much abuse is dealt on the weaker women. How sad.

Part of the Blacks' rise to success is due to their "strength in numbers" theory. This goes without second thought all over America, but often still they shoot each other.

First it was crazy handshakes; now it is intricate hand symbolism.

Poem:

My black friend ran down the river.
There he found his favorite comb.
He combed his assblack hair in the sunlight.

I let my bonnet fall beneath.
A ladybug was on my toenail.
It tickled to let it go.

I ran my fingers through my white girlfriend's hair.

She looked like vanilla pudding and tasted like Girl Wine.

Next part:

We lavished in the sun, and then in the burn. So bright were our foreheads, and so smart were we.

When a Black American walks into a crowd of whites, it creates an air of style. Some people take offense, Black or not, when angry mouths shout "nigger." These people are not sarcastic enough. Anything bad about a black should be taken with malice; they did their hard work, and the beatings are over.

If ever there is a black president, how stoic he will be...

The Black Athlete, His White Wife, and the Yellow Judge

by the pink screenwriter

Samuel Jackson plays Orange Juice, a psychotic kick-boxer who is paid by Lau Tsu, a depraved Supreme Court Justice played by Johnny Woo, to "take a dive" in his next bout. The thick skulled kick-boxer lets pride get in the way and he kills his opponent with a walloping boot to the head in the third round; the round he's supposed to take the fall in—the irony!

As expected, the Chinese/American Supreme Court Justice is not very happy. He vows his revenge, and he nearly gets it in the airport during a fantastic chase scene that lasts two hours. Orange Juice just keeps running and running and running. Jumping over suitcases and small children, showing us why he was awarded the Heisman Trophy. He gets away of course and catches his plane to Nicaragua where his wife Nicole, played by Uma Thurman, is waiting on a lesbian snatch ranch with a big plate of blueberry pancakes.

Meanwhile, Lau Tsu, pissed off and unable to think of anything else to do, kills all of Orange Juice's pets, packs them into a rowboat, and sends them off into the sunset. Orange Juice and his wife think they are going to live happily ever after after snorting coke and making baskets, but that's just not the case. First, Orange Juice's thumbs swell to an unbelievable size and he has to have them amputated. He took both shoes off during the operation. Then the remains of the pets in the rowboat wash up on the same beach that Orange Juice lives on with his coke-whore wife. (She hated the dogs, but she was sad that her sea-monkeys were killed).

The SPCA gets wind of the situation, though, because they have an Aquaman-like sense of what's going on in the animal kingdom, and they have the two extradited to the United States.

During the trial, Nicole throws a temper tantrum on the stand, the bailiff gets the hiccups, and his gun accidentally goes off, blowing her face to smithereens. Even her ears get blown off. There are brains everywhere and it's obviously Orange Juice's fault, so he spends the rest of his life in prison, catering to the sexual needs of his fellow inmates.



Aquaman!

peanut butter surprise

a fun recipe you can make yourself!

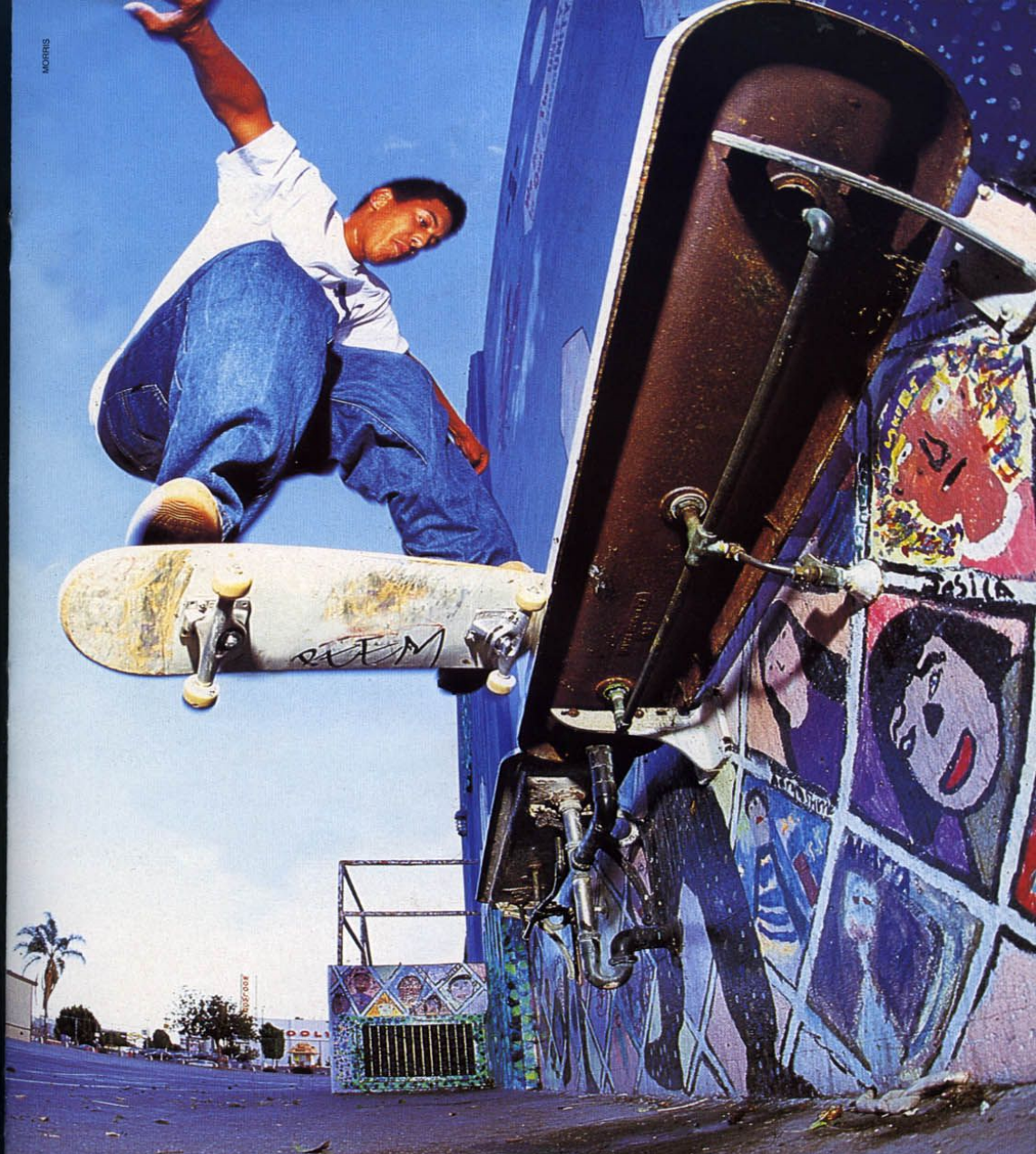
by Miles



1. Eat 3 oz. peanuts, taking care to swallow them whole.
2. Wait 6 to 12 hours, then shit the nutty brown residue onto a plate (or bowl, if necessary).

Et voilà! Peanut butter surprise! serve it up to your gran', next time she comes to dinner.

*Limy for Grandmama?



In NYC there was this guy who had AIDS and he was running around peeing in all the public drinking fountains. So when frontside nose-sliding, Mr. Bighouse-uh, Greathouse, please use caution at all times. Thank you.

shiloh greathouse

HELLO
my name is

"Dive 1"

Interview by Jeff

Every so often this guy everyone calls "Dive" shows up at our office with Eric Ricks, who he's been skating with for years, and when he does it's never too long before he has us all rolling with the fucked up stories he tells with the delivery of a master comedian. (We're talkin' early Richard Pryor or Eddie Murphy circa the SNL days—only funnier, 'cause all the shit he's talkin' about is real).

Why does everyone call you "Dive"?

I used to be graffiti writer back in the heyday, but I've slowed down now.

What's up with your uncles?

I got Uncle Denny there. God, this dude's been messed up since way back. We just got some oven cleaner the other night, and my Grandma took the caps off of it so he wouldn't use it as deodorant. He's fucked up in the mind. Wears his pants inside out. Every so often at night he gets to the twitchin' and kickin' stuff, hittin' himself, yellin'. "Turn that shit off! Oh fuck me, fuck me! I'll kick your ass!" He's talkin' to nobody!

Why is he so fucked up?

He went to the army and when he came back he hasn't been straight since. My man gets up at 3 in the morning to go get burgers off the trash, McDonalds, KFC... He found some ice cream pops on the street one time. What'd he do? Brought 'em home, put 'em in the refrigerator.

Now what's the deal, you're claiming they steal everything from you?

Uncle Kurt—he's a master thief. I was movin' one time and he said "Oh yeah, I can move that for you." He got rid of a whole place. Couches, TVs, 3 bedroom sets... One time me and Eric went on a little skateboard mission. I come home and my VCR is gone. I had a gang of comic books, about 400, worth money. They're all gone. I went to use the phone, and the phone's gone. Uncle Kurt done came in a window and took our phone. So I confront him about that and then I was like "Okay, cool," and he asked me if I could cut his hair for him. I said yeah and just cut it all up. Patches in his head. I was like "Yeah, payback."

Does he steal from other people too?

That's the worst thing about it. It's a family thing. One Christmas my dad let my Uncle stay at the house, my sisters had about 50 presents under the tree. Christmas morning we got up and didn't have shit! My dad whooped his ass.

How did you get shot?

I was heavily into taggin'. I was leader of 2 crews,

one's called FS, "Fuck Society," and the other's NTS, "Next To Serve." Me and my friends were writing on everything and we had beef with another crew. They were jealous 'cause me and my friend was up a lot, and they were like, "We gotta get them."

They just freak out 'cause you're up all over the place?

Yeah, if they would've taken me and my friend out it would've been like they got something accomplished. So one day when me and my homeboy were playin' some old school Atari I see this dude come up and he's like "What's up? Come outside."

Did you know who the guy was?

Yeah, he was from the opposing crew KWS, "Kings With Style" or "Kill With Skill," and I used to be from that crew, so they knew where they could find me. So my homeboy's on the phone and he was like "Go handle this," and I'm like "I ain't got time, I'm beating you're score!" Then that guy's like "What's up fool?" He'd be like smoking "sherm" or something. That's like embalming fluid they're supposed to put in bodies, it's like PCP. His eyes were starting to spin and they were all glossy. Next thing you know—Pow! Pow! The first one hit me, and the second 2 went at my head but he missed.

"Our little thing is if you got stress you start hittin' stuff, so I said 'Dude, you know what? Since we're boys and all, just for a couple bucks you can hit me. But if it starts gettin' too violent the rate is goin' up.'" —Dive

Where did it hit you?

Right through my stomach. All I started tastin' was the gunsmoke in my mouth. I went and sat in the kitchen and called 911, and his mom's goin' "Don't die on my kitchen table!" and I said "I'm not goin' nowhere." Then the police got there and they're like "Look at this! The bullet's hanging out of his back!" Then they all started touching it and started asking me questions. They must have asked me what my name was 60 times. That's when it started slinging too. Then the paramedics came. They were liket "Oh my God, look at his veins, they're too small! We can't get the needle in there. He's not gonna make it!" I got a rare vein, they look good but they're thin. So we get to the hospital and I'm goin' through the emergency center fuckin' with no clothes on, only my boxers, and people are lookin' at me goin' "Damn, he's major!" What's scary is, in surgery they strap you down, then you got this oxygen mask on your face that's flowin' air into you so fast you can't even breathe. Then they tried to put me under, and the next thing I knew I woke up and my moms said, "Oh they scared me for a little bit 'cause they told me you were dead!" There had been another black kid who'd been shot that night and had died.

Was your ass bleeding when you woke up?

They check you for that! Internal bleeding, dude. The doctor got a glove, and I said "No man! I'm not bleeding!" but he said they had to check and he got a gang of grease and said, "When my hand goes in there—squeeze." Fuck, man, it scared me. He did it with two fingers, *whunngh!* and went "Squeeze... Good no bleeding!" I was fuckin' mad!

After I woke up and the chaos was over, I'm sittin' there with tubes in my penis, in my lungs, in my nose—they do more of



Dive pops up to 50-50 in El Segundo represent.

a mess in surgery than anything else. I can't even get up to go to the bathroom. I'm walkin' around like a little old man with like a skirt on with my butt hanging out the back. Then I got all these fuckin' police officers comin' in tellin' me if I don't say who it was I'm gonna go to jail 'cause they know who I am. I had warrants out for my name already. I kept hittin' this one wall, and it was \$2500 by itself. They wanted me to tell 'em who it was 'cause they were leuding for awhile. Everybody was drivin' by on each other. They knew that we were the cause of it and wanted a couple names and they'd let me go and not press charges. I gave 'em the name of a guy in our crew I didn't like and I put 'em on him. Then he told 'em. I got out of the hospital 4 days later.

You ever run into that dude who shot you again?

They caught the guy, but let him out like a year later, but I wasn't worried about it. He just got killed a few weeks ago.

What's the deal with you lettin' people beat your ass for money?

This is how it first started. All my homeboys, they got girl trouble, and I told 'em I didn't want to hear about it anymore, but that they could start payin' me for my time. Our little thing is if you got stress you start hittin' stuff, so I said "Dude, you know what? Since we're boys and all, just for a couple bucks you can hit me. But if it starts gettin' too violent the rate is goin' up."

So for just a couple bucks they hit you just once?

Yeah, a punch. When it first started out, it was only a couple bucks 'cause I knew they didn't have much money. You can give me like \$5 and kick me, but if you kick me toward the head the rate's gonna start goin' up. Like to \$7. If you hit me in the head and I start bruising, then that's like \$10. You let me curl up, you can get those kicks in, Reginald Denny's, long as I get the money up front, and you don't get all violent.

What's the most you've made?

Probably about \$8. That was from my man Revolve, 'cause he needs help to relieve stress. He's always stressed out.

Now why would it cost more for us to hit you?

Well, in the skater industry the guys got money. So my rates go up. I'm sky-rocketing. I'm in demand.

It's a \$10 shot now. That's for the arm.

What about the face?

Well, I've got work now, so if it bruised, we're talkin' \$20. If I bleed, I might add an extra \$5.

So it's \$25 for a bleeding face?

Yep, yep. Per punch though.

What's the highest thing you've jumped off of?

Dude, I've been runnin' from the police 'cause of writin' and I jumped off this heaven once. It was high, about 15'-20'. That's nothin', I'm an expert. I know when I can get

hurt or not. I got 9 lives. I'll

jump from the second story of the Galleria for \$2000. I'm ready. Top to bottom floor. They'll probably take me to jail too. Think I'm trying to commit suicide.

You don't think you'll get hurt jumpin' off of the 2 stories of the Galleria?

Yeah, I'll get hurt on that. That's why \$2000, 'cause I got free Medi-care. I have \$40,000 worth of insurance. I'm always tapped though.

A while ago Dive was ready to do a backflip off the 20 ft. high elevated Metro Rail onto the lawn just outside the Big Brother offices (see the contents page of issue #8 for photo reference), but all the people who put up cash (totaling near \$100) reconsidered out of concern for his safety. He was pissed. The jump in the sequence to the right netted him about \$18.

Encyclopedic Writing

by Kendra

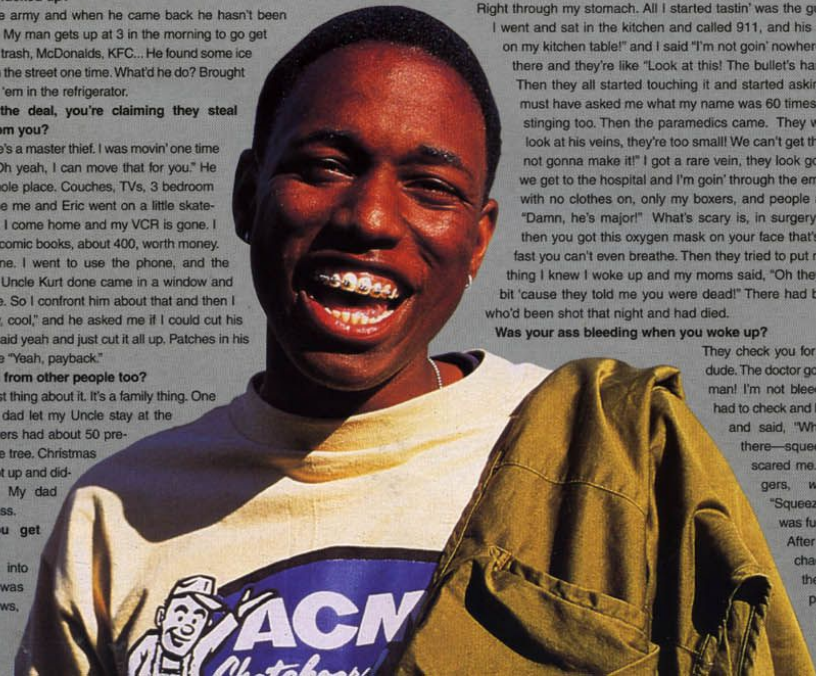
The fine tuning technique required to successfully demonstrate the boring dry text style of encyclopedic writing is both an art form and abuse. More than effort being put into leaving out any adjectives that may seem the remotest bit exciting, the writer is also put through some sort of flat wave brain machine, or so it would seem. Or so it seems right now. Sucking any nuances of style out through the same letters that could otherwise have been expressive, or at the very least, educational... have you made it this far? This article has been disguised as an article that nobody would want to read: I felt like if I outright wrote this it may seem like I'm trying to pressure you to try new things. I mean try things that might not really be good for you, because drinking cough medicine is a silly way, (almost a "Jonesser" way) to enjoy yourself. So at any rate, this article has been put in disguise, but here's the juke: At my house, it recently became a hot idea to down a whole bottle of generic DM cough syrup. (See the picture that goes with this article in the Bandwagon ad somewhere else in this issue). Any kind will work, as long as it's got the letters "DM" on it. DM stands for Dextromethorphan Hydrobromide, which is basically synthetic morphine, and it will rock your world. Look for the type with the most grams per bottle of the DM on it. Most bottles have between ten and fifteen grams; check between the different varieties, and go for it. Normally the bottle comes in four, or in some states, six ounce sizes. No matter who you are, you should n't need more than a four ounce bottle, and if you're little, start off slowly. Tracey-down-the-street was absolutely silly for far too long, lounging and complaining that her head felt like there were a lot of rocks in it, pounding around in circles... Don't be dumb, if you've bought a whole bottle it's not going anywhere, so who's macho if he's spinning daisies and hiding, wishing his trip was over? Moderate because you're way cooler if you can have a good time and keep it together. "Robbing." (from the root word "Robtussin") is an activity that you should definitely set aside about five or six hours for. You're an outright idiot if you think you can drive, so please don't. It's really nice to relax and do cool things at home, or walk to go and play pool. Painting and dancing are also nice activities that don't hurt anybody else, and they are silly too. Be sure you read the side of the box for the restrictions. It says you shouldn't even have a regular dose if you're taking certain kinds of medication, so be alert and pay close attention. Don't tell your mom you read this, and don't tell my mom I wrote it. Also, if you really were a good Christian, you wouldn't have read this far into such a sinny article, so you're already going down there anyway. So there.



The Shit List

by Allen Sneave

1. Dropping the kids off at the pool
2. Making teddy bears
3. Stocking the lake with brown trout
4. Charming a bowl of snakes
5. Downloading the powership
6. Growing a tail
7. Giving birth to Shaquille O'Neal's left arm
8. Dropping yarns
9. Passing footballs
10. Drydockin' the fudge barge
11. Flushing the PRAM (for techies)
12. Exporting a link
13. Doing some paper work
14. A grumper



don
carey



by alysha owerka-moore

If you ever thought that labeling tricks was easy, you never saw this spread. The big shot looks an awful lot like a switch backside heelflip. If it is, then the smaller shot of Don Carey could easily be labeled as a switch nosegrind. That wasn't so hard after all.



TOBIN



MACRATH

Things are pussy now basically, all slow and shit. They got no nuts, what the fuck is up?

They try to be too clean, too stylish. They put all their effort into that. They do good tricks, I'm not bustin' on that. It ain't like that shit is bad now, but I think it could be way more aggressive than it is. Like all of it should be like the time Pat Duffy busted out doin' crazy railings. That was ballsy.

Anything else you'd like to say?

For everybody out there tryin' to keep it real, just stay up, keep doin' what your doin', and stay positive. God bless, and most props and respects to my lady Lisa and may my child be healthy and strong on July 4th. Expect the fireworks.

Shorty Don on the way. And all you pussy slow niggaz—pick up the speed, you need to push. Stop that flippety-flip shit, if you do it, at least do it fast and do it big. No whittlers. Peace.

When did you move out here?
The first time I moved, I moved out to Santa Barbara cuz my friend Billy Bakker was kickin' it there and he said if I needed a spot he'd hook me up. I was 19. It was fun cuz Powell was there and UCSB and Isla Vista. Then I moved back to New York for a year. I came back out here in '90 to SF. I got hooked up first by Tommy and Jim, they used to flow me, and then I switched off to Think and Independent. I'd like to thank everybody in that scene for helping me out.

What do you skate the most?

Cement definitely. I like ramps—vert, mini-ramp, whatever—but the street is my home. The hills, ledges, bumps, everything is good.

Who're like your all time favorites now and who's knockin' now?

There's a line up of old school kids that I used to love watching their skating: Mark Gonzales, Nater, Tommy G., Vallety when he busted out on the scene, Shuff-dog the youngster. Nowadays it's Huf, Phil Shao, Wade, Eric Kostan's unbelievable, Kareem Campbell—those are the major heads.

What do you think of the transition between when I first met you in '87 compared to now?

Back then shit used to be bigger, ollies were a lot easier to do cuz you had all that foot room to keep your feet on the board. Everything seemed faster and bigger. Now it's like technical.

billy valdes



SCORPATES



TOBIN



Photo: Sheffey proves he ain't nuthin' ta fuck with by wearing his pants New York style. B's tailslide in SF.

Sequence: Afro-Cubano jazz enthusiast, Billy Valdes, kickflips a hydrant like Tito Puente plays the Mambo.

sean sheffey

karl watson jahmal williams

by jeff tremaine

by rodney mullen

How old are you?
I'm 18 years old.

What's your skateboarding past been like?
My first sponsor was Dogtown, then Think, then New Deal for 3 months, then Think again, then world, then I was on the flow team for Stereo, but got kicked off that 'cause Mike York got kicked off and he was the one trying to get me on, then I got on Clean. Ever since I'd been on them, but they just didn't progress. I had the same board since summer, but they're still a cool company. Now I'm on Profile, it's a company that Henry Sanchez started.

What's the whole San Francisco scene like?
In SF you can't skate the Embarcadero no more, so kids, forget about it. Wallenberg's a bust too now. We skate the Experience mini-ramp when it rains.

What else do you do outside of skateboarding?
I like to dance a lot, but I don't do it like professionally. We go out to clubs a lot, I got a girlfriend named Stephanie. She's nice.

Have you ever experienced racism as a skateboarder?

Yes I have. In Northampton, England, we got kicked out of the hotel, and one of the persons who works for Clean called the hotel lady and she said it was the colored kids fault. I didn't even do anything, it's just because I was there. She was givin' me weird looks like evil. I got it more out here though from my own race 'cause they see me with a skateboard or one of my other nationality friends and they flip out.

You got any crazy stories?
The other night, me and my friend Leo Smith were skating around 12 and got back around 1:30 am, and I live in a bad neighborhood, we got off the bus and started walking down one street and we saw this big dude on the bike in the projects, so we crossed the street. He rode up inbetween two cars and said he had a pistol and he was gonna make us strip naked. He was checkin' all around my balls. He only made me take my belt off and he took my keys. He robbed me and Lee.

Is it pretty violent in San Francisco?
Yeah, pretty much.

Have you ever had a gun pulled on you?
Yeah, this one time we were leavin' Embarcadero to go back to Oakland and my friend cut these gangsters off like an idiot. He didn't even say he was sorry or nothin', and they followed us all the way to the bridge and at one point turned their lights off like a drive-by. And we were like "Oh, shit," and the lights changed and we hurried up and got on the bridge. Me and Shamiel Ramdel were riding shotgun and I was right by the window, and the dudes pulled up beside me and pulled a gun out to show us. We coulda got fucked up.

What would you want to say to any kids reading this?
Don't skate just to be sponsored, it's worth it, but if you want longer, the results will be better.

How old are you?
Twenty.

Where did you grow up?
I was born in Boston, Mass. I grew up in a section known as Jamaica Plain, in the Jamaica Plain projects. For the most part it was cool because everyone in the projects back in those days was really tight. Then we moved out of the projects because of this really bad incident one time where our house was robbed and I was put at gunpoint. That traumatized my mom, so we moved out.

When you got into the teen years, did you want to get involved with gangs?

Well, you grow up with a bunch of kids in your neighborhood and you don't necessarily call yourselves a gang but sooner or later you get into a beef with another group of kids around the neighborhood and a name develops and you end up a gang. It happens a lot.

Do you have any good memories or bad memories from it?
One memory that let me know that the gang life was not for me was when I was coming home from school one day and I saw the police everywhere with bulletproof vests on. So I started hanging out with this group of guys, one was a cousin of mine, and we used to go on missions. One day this guy was beating me up 'cause he thought I was too little to be hangin' with them, and everyone was like "Leave him alone!" And later I was walking down the street and there was a body with a bullet hole through the eye exiting in the back of his head with a big pool of blood behind his head. I looked close and it was the same guy who had been beating me up a few days before. I didn't want to end up like that.

Do you know why he got shot?
Some people said he was making too much money, and I knew I didn't want to go out like that.

How old were you at the time?
I think I was about twelve.

What about racism? Growing up on the East Coast, do you notice differences?

Yeah, a lot. There are only a handful of blacks that skate in Boston on the serious level, so I mostly skate with white kids. Then when I see the people I grew up with and they're like "Why you hang out with all these white kids? You trying to be white?" and I'm just like "What?!" What's the color of my skin? I'm always going to be black. You can't change that. A lot of black people look at me weird and they see me hanging out with white kids, think I'm Uncle Tom or something.

What about white to black?
It's not as blunt as name-calling or racial slurs, it's more like when I'm walking down the street and there's a white woman in front of me and she grabs the pocketbook a little tighter. It makes you want to jump out and say "Boo!" One time I was going to the bank teller and there was a group of college kids in front of me getting money. They saw me coming and they scurried to break out and they left a twenty in the slot. They thought I was going to rob them. When I saw the twenty, I was like "It's mine and I didn't have to stick no one up for it." They left it for me I guess.

What about East Coast/West Coast differences?
It seems like right now a lot of East Coast skaters are getting recognition. It's harder to come up over here and become known. It's a little more hardcore over here. I don't like

to say that, but we drive miles and miles just to skate with skaters from other cities, and things are tighter like that. I've never lived out West, but it seems as though even the no-names can get coverage.

After Toy Machine, you were unsponsored for a while. Was it hard going on after you'd seen how easy it can be?

It was hard going to skate shops and running up tabs. And kids seem to think that if you don't ride for a company you're not good. It made me skate harder. I was skating for myself, and having fun. It was cool 'cause I got to step back and look at things. I put my heart back into it.

Did you ever feel that you turned pro too quickly?
Now that I think about it, I don't think that I was pro material. I don't think I was ready for it, but Ed and Mike were into it. After we went on tour, they seemed to have a lot of respect for me, with my skating and how I carried myself. I was flattered. I was thinking about getting paid for skating. It was a tough decision and I ended up turning pro, but I don't think I did what normal pros do with having money and products, because at first I didn't get paid for a while.

Who have been your influences, in skating and overall?

When I started, I used to just look through the magazines for the first black skater. There was this guy named Fred Reeves at first, but then it was Sheffield, Jovante, and those guys made me think. "There are black skaters; whites aren't the only ones." Then when I started recognizing talent more, I was looking up to Gabriel, Rudy Johnson, and Randy Calvin. Those were my three favorites. I used to trip out on photos of them. After that I started to get to know Mike Vally and he became a big role model for me.

Templeton became a model too. I used to look at his art, the way he and Deanna lived all hardcore vegan, and the way they disciplined themselves. That made me think he was pretty tough.

What do you do in your spare time?
A lot of the time I get caught up thinking a lot. I like watching people. Sometimes I'll just go to the mall and watch people interact. But if you think too much, you get twisted. I used to think about corrupt government, the whole alien cover-up, the whole food chain. I'd get tweaked. I also like listening to music.

What do you like to read?
On the last tour with Toy Machine, I read my first book. It's called *Their Eyes Were Watching God*. It was by this black female author, Zora Neale Hurston. Pretty soon I'm going to hit my renaissance stage and get totally into reading.

What are your goals?
I want to go back to school, maybe study sociology. I want to do more art. Skating's opened up my eyes. I'm just on the tip of the iceberg. I want to travel more, meet new people, basically educate myself.

Travelling is the best way to do that. Are you religiously motivated?
I definitely believe in God. I just haven't found the right religion.

Anything else you want to say?
I never got to do it before, but if you'll let me give some shouts out. I won't remember everyone's name, but I'll start out with Pat Noonan, Rob Gangemi, all the Boston skaters, the guys at Maximus, the skate shops that hooked me up, Rodney for helping me out with boards when no one else would, Mirko Magnum, all the New York guys, Philly guys, D.C. guys, Maurice, Joey Alvarez, Ivan Perez. Everybody else, I didn't forget you, but I'm sorry I didn't mention you.

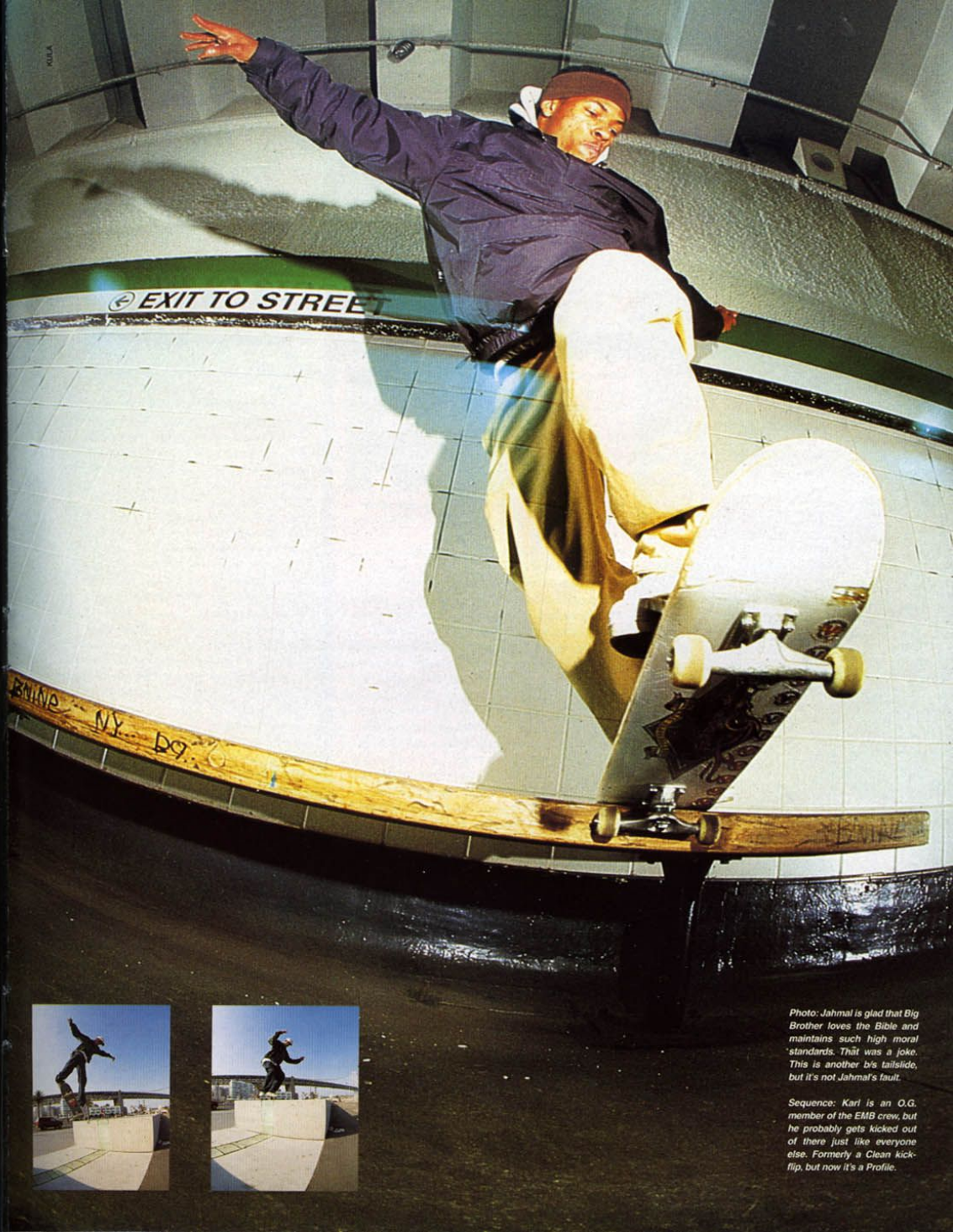


Photo: Jahmal is glad that Big Brother loves the Bible and maintains such high moral standards. That was a joke. This is another b's tailslide, but it's not Jahmal's fault.

Sequence: Karl is an O.G. member of the EMB crew, but he probably gets kicked out of there just like everyone else. Formerly a Clean kickflip, but now it's a Profile.



Fact: All forms of popular music are based on African rhythms, including rap. Here are two interviews of rappers that are about to blow up—Ka-bang!!! by Crystal Chang

Tell us about life in L.A.

Ras Kass: It's always on cruise control.
Bird: It's hard.

Mean Green: Nothin' but baseheads. Niggas willin' and ready to jack.

RK: Do you know anyone with big ears? I know someone who can put two blunts in his ear. Let's interview you.
OK.

RK: You like it rough?

B: This nigga's a pervert; yesterday he grabbed a nine-year-old's titty. She was walkin' with her mother!

RK: He's lyin'.

B: She had on a training bra, and he did not even care.

MG: I'll co-sign for that shit. (pointing to Ras) This nigga's a sick little fuck. Watch your daughters.

RK: Hold up, first of all, (pointing at Bird) this nigga masturbates with sandpaper.

B: That's movie shit. He jack off with spit in his hand!

RK: Bird, where were you yesterday? This nigga spent

\$25 in quarters in a

jack off booth, and there weren't even

no live dancers.

MG: I'm a real pervert. If a man was

not filming right now I'd pull my dick out, you know what I'm

sayin'.

Let's move on with the interview. Do you live with your mom?

RK: I live by myself.

MG: We all live on our own. We're grown men.

B: My mother's a basehead. She smokes ice.

RK: Bird, tell them about when you were molested.

B: I don't really want to talk about it... I was molested

when I was twelve. On the real though, our music doesn't sound like what we're talkin' about. This nigga Ras Kass is

a really lyrical nigga. But me, when I come out with my shit, it's gonna be

some real porno shit, and I'm gonna have Ras talkin' about pussy and shit.

When we was twelve we ran a train on this girl in Jr. High.

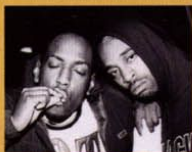
RK: That was the first train I ever had. I fucked and he got his dick sucked.

B: Y'all know what a train is? 'S when two niggas be on one girl.

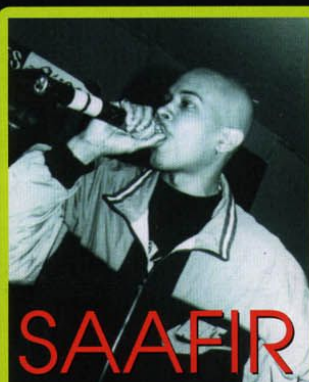
RK: Do you like anal sex?

It depends on who it is and if I'm into the person. Any last words?

RK: Niggas everywhere get high. It's either skate or die, it's time to change my clothes. It's time to make these ho's get on their knees... and that's all I have to say.



Bird splits 'n Mean Green is in the hood



Do you have any advice for young black males?

Get ready for the revolution. 'Cause it's about to jump off. That's why I'm rhymin' to get my mudda-fuckin' loot, so I can be ready for the revolution when it comes. Jus' do for yourself cause ain't no one gonna do for you. You know you gotta look out for yourself basically.

What do you do in your free time?

Make beats, sell bomb, and, recently, jack off. That's about it.

How do you know Ras Kaas?

From LA, kickin' it, talkin' 'bout how underground niggas don't get no pussy. Niggas don't get no love! You got to be a fuckin' superstar to get some mudafuckin' recognition.

So you like meeting lots of different girls?

I like talking to them, see where they're at. Some be sexy and shit, but they gotta have some character to them or I can't fuck with them. Now it's been a while since I've had sex. You've noticed my hands have been in my pants since I came up here, so you know I'm a freak.

You live in West Oakland?

Yup.

Who's "Hobo Junction"?

Is my little family and shit: S.J., J.T., that's my cousin, King Simeon my brother, Big Nose, Poke, Marshall, Rashinal, IQ, Destructive, J.Z., J. Groove, Protest, Nando, Young Dupe... All of them are dope. All of them can rhyme—they all tight. That's basically Hobo Junction.

What's your new single called?

My new single is called "Just Riden."

Anything else you wanna say to the youth of the world?

Jus' keep that hip hop shit real.

Record Reviews

by Kevin Odie

Black Dick For President

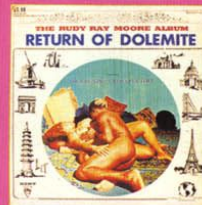
Black Dick for President is the LP that explains to the people the real fear behind racism, and that is "BFD"—Black Mother Fuckin' Dick. The biggest fear of the white American male is that his women are going to be taken by the "long, hard, smooth Black Dick"—The Black Dick that knows how to please the woman. The Black Dick that can get behind a woman and "fine that diltr... clearo... that little man in the boat!" Black Dick is 12" soft, 14" hard, and 13" when he's trying to get his shit together. *Black Dick for President* was made to be the catalyst for a new campaign, a new world order, a new power—the power of Black Dick. The Black Dick that made the slave owners look up the black man so that they wouldn't be able to get at the white man's woman.

The Black Dick that the white woman was looking at out in the fields knowing that he could please her better than that little white speck of a dick that her white man tries to give her once every few months. The liner notes tell it all, "This album is not approved by the NAACP; Urban League, half-ass black business man that sold out, nor the educated Negro gone white who got high on white promises. Can't forget that old-fashioned, Sunday mornin' jive-ass preacher talkin' heaven and we catchin' hell. No, no, this album is for the new black filled with pride. For he knows his value is in programmin' his long, hard, 14", sweet, rhythmic, melodius dick. Not as a weapon of violence, but as a way to peace. Register Today—Campaign Tomorrow—Vote November 2: Black Dick for President!"



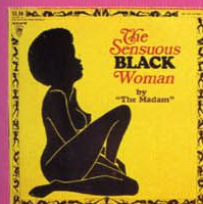
Rudy Ray Moore "Return of Dolemite"

Rudy Ray Moore is Dolemite, comedy king. Kickin' down his comic philosophies on fuckin', suckin', lickin', and lovin'. "Pussy is the wound that will never heal," says Dolemite and he has got plenty of ways to keep the pain down. The "Return of Dolemite" is the 7th album of Rudy Ray Moore, a "best of" with hits like the A-B-Cs—"A is for ass and everybody's got one... I is for inches and we all wish we had at least 10 so we can be sure to keep it in." Rudy Ray answers some burning questions, such as "what's the difference between Castro and a jockey strap?" Castro is a dictator, and a jockey strap is a dick toter, and he has stories too, like "Adam and Eve was sittin' on a rock. Adam told Eve, 'Bitch I see your cock' and Eve looked at Adam and said 'You should be ashamed to call my pussy such a nasty name.'" Rudy Ray Moore albums should be played at all family gatherings because Dolemite really knows how to bring people together and spread love to all.



The Sensuous Black Female and the Sensuous Black Male

The Sensuous Black Female and the Sensuous Black Male are wonderful albums that can be put into the "how to" category. The Madame hips us to the latest scene on how to please our man. How to use that pussy and get what you want. She says "fuck him, fuck that man, fuck him how you want to, as long as you want to, and as hard as you want to." It's a step by step description on how to use your hot black pussy and body to grab that dick and get a whole lot a fuckin' goin' on. "Sex is like cookin' and everybody knows how to cook, but not everybody knows how to season the pot." This record will tell you how. Flip this record over and the Prince (Rudy Ray Moore) tells us how to please our lady.



He explains it so everyone can understand: "I ain't gonna use all them high-class fatutin words like penis and vagina. I'm gonna use plain English words like dick, tongue, and pussy." It's a message that everybody has thought about, but not everyone has had the chance to listen to. Here is your chance.

malcolm

by pat canale

How old are you?

Seventeen.

What do you do?

Skateboard.

Who do you skate for?

Shaf, Gallwing, Vans.

What happened with Entity?

It didn't work out.

Where do you live?

South Central, L.A., in the Watts area. Not much to skate around there.

What's your daily routine?

Get up around eleven 'cause I'm off school right now. Then talk on the phone, look at talk shows, then go skate at around four.

Who do you skate with?

Jay Stephens, Rob Gonzales, O'Neil or O-Dog, the Tran—that's the usual crowd. We usually skate at the legwood library.

Get any good stories, tales from South Central?

We were skating, then we went to the Burger Palace to get a drink of water. Some dude came up to us and asked where we were from and we said nowhere. Then some other dudes rolled up, grabbed the one dude and started stompin' him. Then another car rolled up, a little dude got out, got some links on the guy, then shot him twice. Killed him. Then they just drove off.

I was at your house watching a video once and the cops raided the house across the street.

They were dealing some drugs there.

Why don't you join a gang and get some protection?

That's not protection, kid. I don't represent in that way.

Have you ever experienced racism, in skating or otherwise?

Yeah, Huntington Beach. Just waiting on the corner for a ride home then some surfer pulled up and shot at us with a pellet gun.

You still play basketball at school?

No. They kept me ridin' the pine. Couldn't get any playing time.

Can't you dunk?

Yeah, but you never get to dunk in a game.

What do you do besides skate?

Rap, write, watch TV, and hang out.

You want to give any shout outs?

Mike McGill, Ray Underhill and Steve Saiz, Vans, and the West Coast. Don't say that.

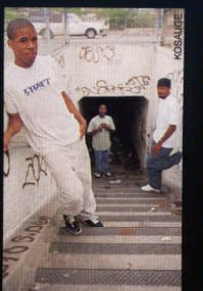
Why not?

Because every time someone says "West Coast" people on the East feel like they have to represent.

They do have to.

Why, there's East-West conflict?

I think there is.



Malcolm Watson is kickin' his mad flava down, not out. He looks just like Craig Mack, even when he's not doing inward heelflips. He's not nearly as hard as his friends make him look in his picture.

gershon

mosely by mark oblow

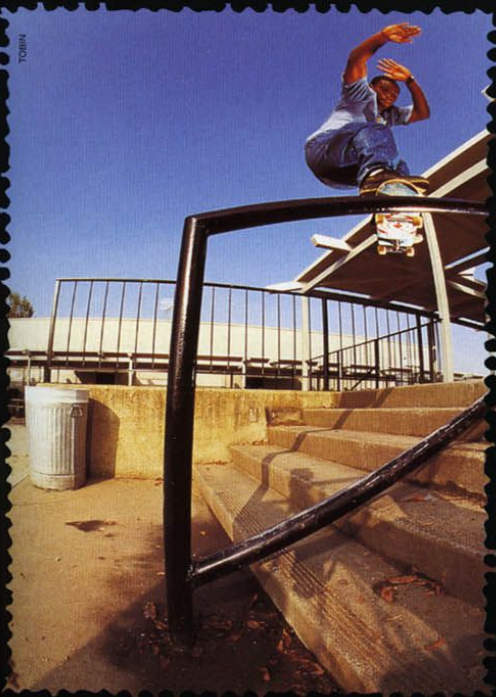


Photo: In the new scientific world of skateboarding this trick will be labeled S's 1/2 N's. Go figure.

Sequence: Switch tailslide to fakie, Gershon slides like an eel.



TOBIN



DAVE CARME

TOBIN

Photo: Compressing his body like a bug, Gershon fits snugly within the parameters of Tobin's photographic composition. He's a good guy that Gershon.
Vertical sequence: A fluid switch 1/2 180 flip. Sweaty ol' Gershon!

H

ave you ever experience racism? Yeah, like at restaurants. I was in Idaho and me and a friend went into a Denny's late at night, and just the way the waitress was treating us. She was a white waitress and the majority of the people in Boise are white. It just seemed like she was taking her time to wait on us. Then she'd be more friendly with the other customers and talk to them for awhile, and we sat there and waited for our stuff forever. It took at least like an hour for us to get our food.

Have you ever been singled out by security when you're skating with some white guys?
I can't really say anything like that has happened recently. If it has happened before I didn't think about it like that cause when I'm skating with friends I don't really think of them as white or mexican.

How was it riding for Santa Cruz?
Santa Cruz was rad up until I turned pro. Once I turned pro everything started to change. Basic company problems.

How was the whole Grind King circuit?
Grind King was rad. It was pretty cool, they set me up pretty good until towards the end. Things like going to Japan, they were going over there and I tried to get it hooked up where I could go too and there was a way where they could have got me over there without paying for it, but they chose not to. It wouldn't have just helped me it would've helped them too. Just bad choices. In a way it kind of helped me 'cause it was a time when I didn't have much. For trucks they were payin' me pretty good which was helpin' me. Haz-Mat wasn't all it could've been.

How's everything with Powell now?
Powell's pretty rad. They're doing a lot for me. They actually got a video out pretty quick, and it was a decent video. I was stoked with it.

How's your relationship with Mike Vallely?
Personally I've just really started talking to Mike since Powell, and he's really cool. One thing about Mike though, I didn't read the whole interview [Big Brother #14], but some people say it came out sounding racist. I don't think he's racist to be honest. I talked to him when he was on Television and he was really nice then. I think that he was misquoted.

Do you feel any difference with contests?
Actually, now I feel a lot more comfortable with them. I was stoked I did good in the San Jose contest. Mainly because I was at home and I felt comfortable, I could just skate like normal. I think after doing good in that I can relax more in contests, it's not whether I do good or bad it's just about having fun.

What about the whole vibe scene at contest with certain skaters thinking they're cooler than others?
Basically the vibe thing—it seemed like Menace had it at San Jose. The vibing I don't even think about. The only time I think about it is if someone is directly saying things to me or looking at me kind of strange 'cause we bumped into each other. It kinda pisses me off because I'm human, but I try not to get into it. That's not what it's about. People take it too seriously. If we weren't gettin' paid it would be about fun.

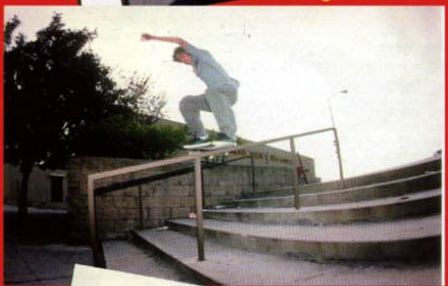
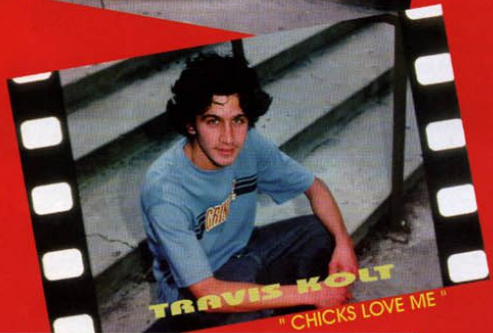
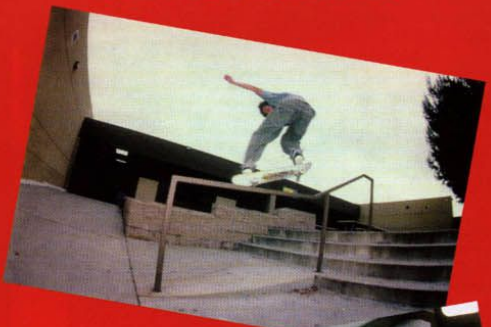
How do you look at skateboarding now compared to when you started out?
When I was an amateur it was a lot mellower. You'd go out skating and have fun trying. You'd watch the videos, like when I was amateur Frankie Hill was pro and he was sick and you'd watch the video and go out and skate. Maybe not try the things he'd try or maybe you would, but it was fun. It's about fun for me now too, but for awhile it was kinda hard to just focus on that. Trying to deal with the business end and skate. Sometimes the business will bum you out so much that you don't really feel like skating. It just feels like it's too much, too linked. Once you realize that it's still fun there shouldn't be any problem.

What's your deal with heights?
Just afraid of it. Sometimes when I'm skating I don't think about it, but like if I'm walking on a bridge it's just not me. The only thing I can think of is when I was young my uncle was really tall and he put me on his shoulders and we were on a tall building and he made me look over the side. That's the only memory I can think of.

I hear that you're afraid to stand up on a vert ramp?
Yeah, I've kinda been working on that. I've been dropping in, but I don't like standing on the deck.



TOBIN



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russell by sean diver

kanten

How old are you?
21.

Who are you skating for now?

This company called Voice. It's pretty much my company. This guy named George who used to do H-Street is backing it. It's me, Mika Rafer, Peter Smolic, and Jamin.

What happened with Shaft?

It was an all right break up. I left on good terms with Mike McGill. He's a good guy and he helps everyone out, but me and him just had different ideas of where we wanted the company to go. Some of the things we had planned, I just didn't see them progressing in the company as far as I would've liked to. That's why I figured I sorta wanted to control a little bit more how things are run and who has the say.

What's the San Diego scene like?

It's pretty good, there's a lot of people moving here, just like from all different states, so you see new faces all the time. You can pretty much go anywhere in San Diego and hook up with people you want to skate with.

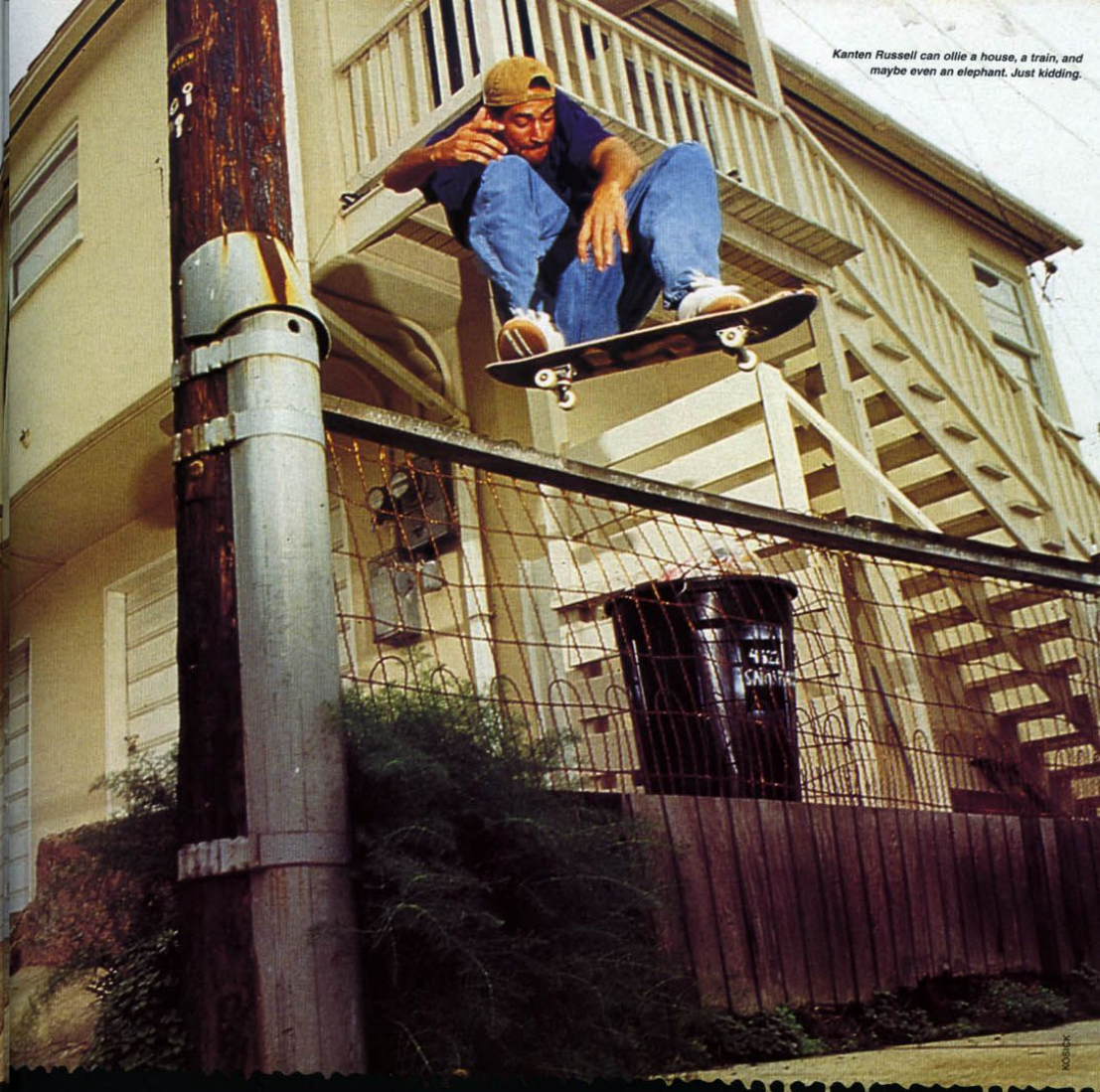
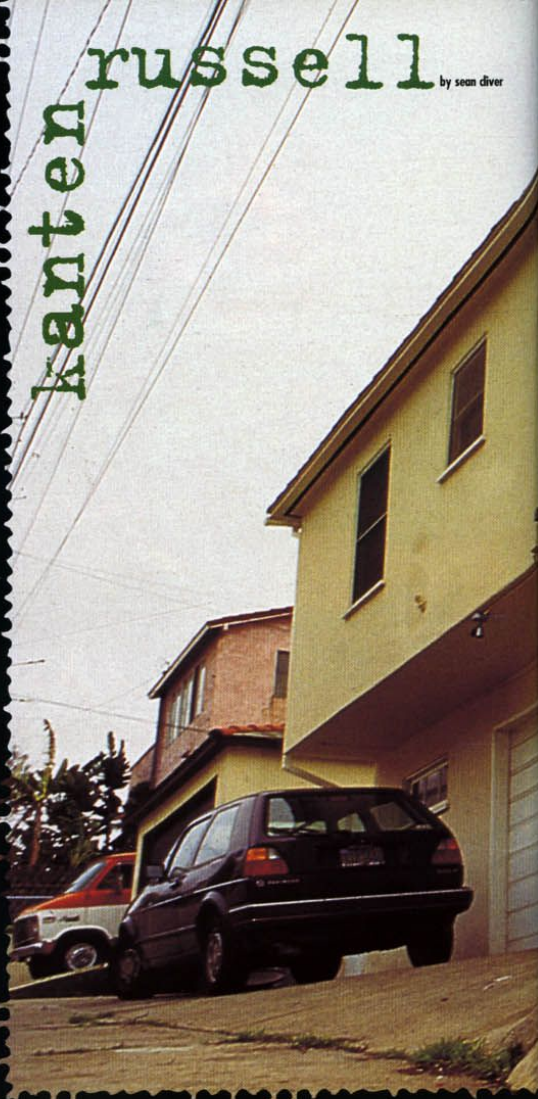
Why do you look kinda Mexican?

I'm a mix of all kinds of stuff gain' on. I got Black, Ecuadorian, Indian, and white. Those are the major things I have in me. What have your experiences with racism been like?

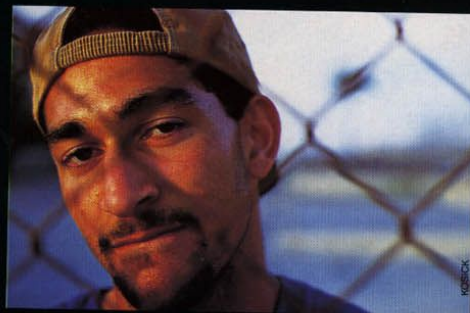
I was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, and we moved out here when I was 7, but I remember when I was a little kid someone called me a nigger. I came home and told my Aunt, "Some kid called me a nigger, but he said I was a good nigger." I didn't no any better 'cause I was just a naive little kid, and she schooled me on that. She said "Don't ever let anyone call you that again." Ever since then I've just had such a hatred for it and any other type of racism. A lot of times, 'cause I'm kinda lighter than most, people have said things around me like, "You know those niggers," and I'll say, "Hey, don't even be trying that around me 'cause I'm black." Then they'll change up.

Last words?

There are 2 different kinds of people I think, the people who say, "Racism is never gonna go away so we might as well quit worrying about it," and the others who say, "Let's really try to make this happen now—let's end racism this day." All I have to say on the whole thing is that everything takes a certain amount of time for something to happen, it was only like 30 years ago that we got Black Rights, and I think it's just gonna take a little more time for everyone to think on the same level. If they have a little more patience, things'll change. It's just persistence, that's all it is.



Kanten Russell can ollie a house, a train, and maybe even an elephant. Just kidding.



tyrone olson

by sean cliver

How old are you?
19.

Who are you sponsored by?

No one. I was sponsored by Goodtimes, but there was problems with me and Greg just not getting along.

Why did you move to San Diego from Wisconsin?

To get out of the snow and just skateboard.

Did you finish school before you left?

I didn't finish in Madison, but when I moved out here I went to continuation school and got my diploma.

Do you go to the beach now?

Yeah, it's pretty rad. Lot of people, but there's not too many skaters down there.

Do you do anything else down there?

Nope. Just skateboard and hang out with friends.

Has anything crazy happened to you since you moved here?

Me and my friend Caylen were skating through a trolley stop and these trolley cops told us to get off our boards. So we got off and they started talkin' shit and we started talkin' shit back, and homey pulled out his flashlight. I was like, "What are you gonna do with that flashlight?" and I turned around to walk away and he hit me in the face with it.

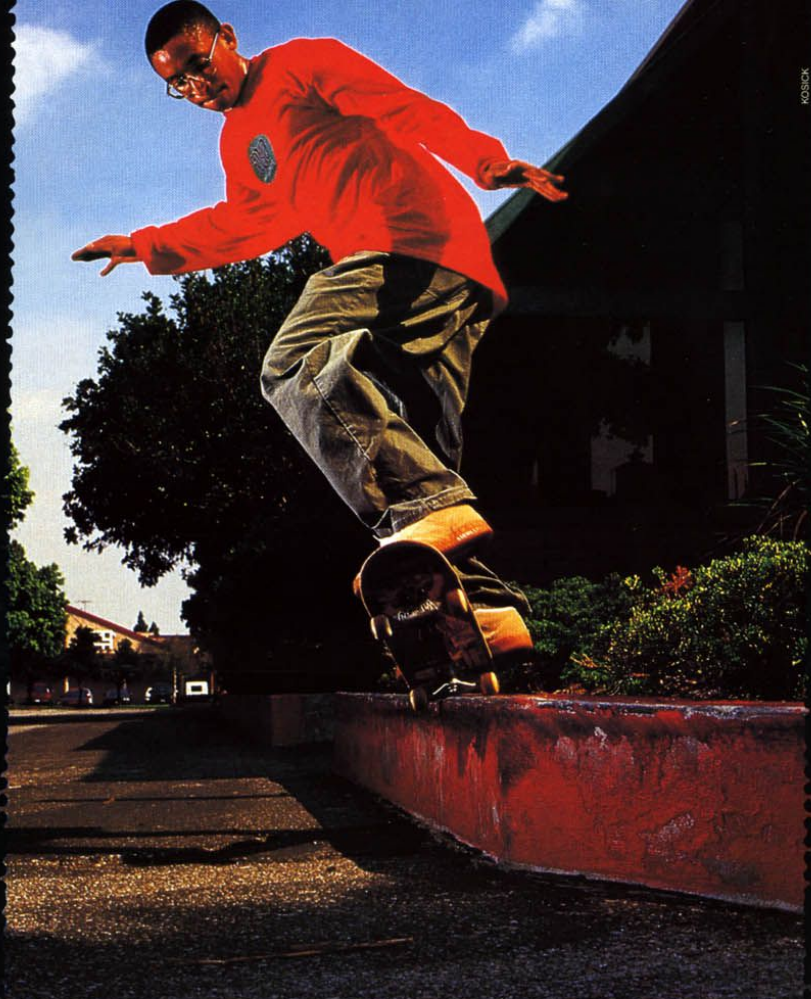
Then he started beating up Caylen. Witnesses came and I went to the hospital and they said my nose was broke. We're pressing charges right now.

What's your favorite food?

Chicken.

Any last words?

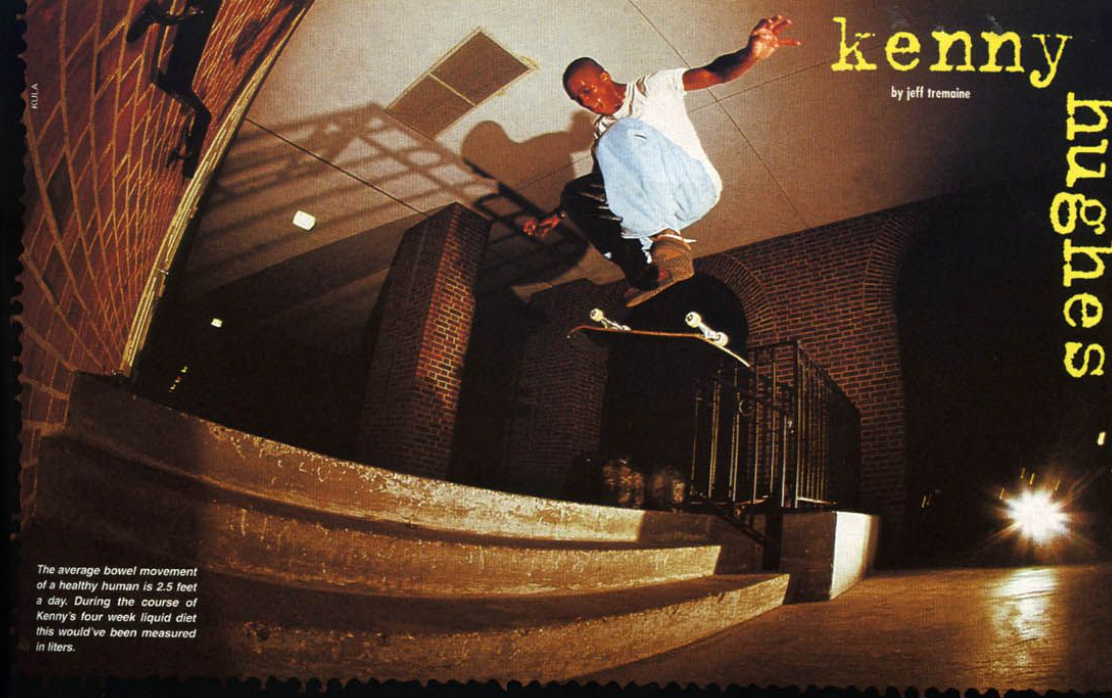
All skaters go out and have fun.



ron chatman

In the early 1970s, a series of underground scientific tests were conducted by the Air Force regarding the afro and its wind resistant properties. With the release of these findings to the public in 1995, Ron shaved his head and noticed a marked improvement in his switch K-grinds by 1.75 feet.

KOSICK



kenny

by jeff tremaire

hughes

The average bowel movement of a healthy human is 2.5 feet a day. During the course of Kenny's four week liquid diet this would've been measured in liters.

Where are you from?

I was born in Philly, but I live in North Carolina

What's the scene like in Wilmington?

It's kinda laid back. Not many places to skate. I travel a lot.

Like where do you go usually?

Usually up north to Spunk and around Philly. And around Florida and Tampa.

Is the Philly scene good?

It's great. There's a whole bunch more stuff to skate. It's a great city to live in as far as skating goes.

Have you ever experienced racism as a skater?

I used to a lot but not so much now.

Can you think of any specific instances?

Not really, not off hand.

What else do you do besides skating?

Hang out with my friends... I drink a little bit.

How old are you?

Twenty.

Has anything crazy happened to you lately? Any crazy stories?

No, nothin' crazy. I just got hooked up by New Deal. Everything kinda hit me at one time 'cause I was skating for this one company and they weren't really flowin' me boards.

What company was that?

I don't wanna say any names. It's strange 'cause I was on agreement with this company for getting three boards a

month. Then I went to Florida and got hooked up by New Deal on an eight board a month thing.

That's better.

That's a lot better.

Do you have any other sponsors?

I skate for Wheelie Co. this company out of Delaware and Jersey. They make wheels.

Do you ever skate vert?

I used to be really into it until I broke my jaw.

How'd you break your jaw?

Frontside nosespick tail grab. I was leaning too far back and I slammed and hit my face and jaw.

Where'd your face hit?

Like right in the arc of the transition. It sucked. I had to have my jaw wired shut for four weeks. I had a liquid diet, I had to eat that meal-in-a-can stuff. "Ensure."

No more vert after that?

I still mess around, but I haven't been into it really. I'm about to start skating it again though, 'cause there's a vert ramp at Eastern where I work.

What kind of music do you like?

Hip hop. Gangstarr, Del, 10,000 Maniacs and Edie Brickell. Just depends on the mood, I guess.

So you can't think of any crazy life-threatening situations you might've been in recently? If you're on the road you usually run in to shit like that.

Yeah, yeah. No, nothing crazy at all. Things have been kinda mellow. Something'll probably happen though.

WONABLE



A charter member of the American Stunt Men's Association, Tyrone Olson skateboards in his spare time when not busy doubling for Wesley Snipes and Bruce Willis.



CECERNA



Sal's shoes have the number 23 on them, presumably in honor of Michael Jordan. Will Sal now change the number to 45 like Mike? A 1/s 180 heelflip amid the confusion.